Sex and Sin in Hollywood!

Date Bait or Fess Parker

Robert Mitchum - The Man Who Dared to Sue

ANN BLYTH
"There's no finer complexion care!"
says Mrs. Julian A. Frank, a radiant Camay Bride. Cold cream Camay, the beauty secret of so many exquisite brides, can caress YOUR skin to new loveliness, too, and leave it softer, smoother.
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Listerine method of stopping bad breath
with antiseptic germ-killing action!

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4 TIMES BETTER THAN ANY TOOTH PASTE

Germs are the major cause of bad breath—
and no tooth paste kills germs like
Listerine . . . instantly, by millions

The most common cause of bad breath is the
fermentation of proteins which are always
present in your mouth. Germs in your mouth
attack proteins, cause them to ferment, and bad
breath can result. The more you reduce germs in
the mouth, the longer your breath stays sweeter.

Listerine Antiseptic kills germs by millions!
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contact . . . instantly halts the fermentation
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with Listerine, tests showed that germs on
tooth, mouth and throat surfaces were reduced
up to 96.7%; one hour afterward as much as
80%. That explains why in clinical tests Listerine
averaged four times better in stopping bad
breath than the tooth pastes it was tested against.

Listerine Antiseptic acts on many surfaces
You see, tooth paste depends largely on mechani-
cal and masking methods of removing un-
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septically on many surfaces . . . the teeth, mouth,
throat. It kills disease-producing germs as well
as many types of odor-producing germs. No
tooth paste offers proof like this of killing
germs that cause bad breath.

LISTERINE
. . . the most widely used antiseptic in the world
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"Baubles, Bangles And Beads"
"This Is My Beloved"
and more!
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KISMET
M-G-M presents its spectacular CINEMASCOPE and COLOR production of the Broadway extravaganza!

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PHOTOGRAPHED IN EASTMAN COLOR

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HOWARD KEEL
ANN BLYTH
DOLORES GRAY
VIC DAMONE
WITH
MONTY WOODLEY • SEBASTIAN CABOT

BOOK BY CHARLES LEDERER AND LUTHER DAVIS
Adapted from the Musical Play "KISMET"

DIRECTED BY VINCENTE MINNELLI • PRODUCED BY ARTHUR FREED

The Oasis of Delightful Imaginings...
A garden paradise where lovers may daily forever drinking deeply of the joys of love!

The Secret Wall of the Wazir's Harem... Strange device that permits an intimate peek and innocent pleasure!
I'd like to know Grace Kelly's dreams. . . . When Debbie Reynolds, in "The Tender Trap," spoke to Frank Sinatra about a man and marriage, didn't you get the idea that she could have been talking to Eddie Fisher? I did . . . Alan Ladd is a movie fan. Diplomatically, he says he enjoys all movies but his own. . . . For frankness, I refer you to Gina Lollobrigida's remark when given a Blue Ribbon for her performance: "It is so good to win an acting award, and so amazing." . . . You can enroll me as a member of the Eva Marie Saint fan club, I like her more after getting to know her personally. . . . I don't know of any guy who was more interesting to visit on a set than Marlon Brando during the filming of "Guys and Dolls." Brando, incidentally, spent eight hours recording just one song—"My Time of Day"—for the film. Then a sound technician spent more hours trying to piece together the best parts of the tape in order to get a complete version of the song. Result: "My Time of Day" landed on the cutting-room floor! . . . June Allyson is trying not to wrinkle her nose so much when being lovable in a love scene. . . . With a smile, Leslie Caron told me: "There's no daylight saving in France. They lengthen the nights." Sheree North claims that henceforth she intends to speak straight English instead of bop, "because you can't really gas anything in bop." . . . Who is the tallest heroine in pictures? Answering quickly, I'd say Cyd Charisise or Esther Williams. No fair going to a book for measurements! . . . Terry Moore appears to be in a hurry even when she's merely standing around. . . . Kim Novak, discussing her plans with an interviewer, told him: "I don't give a damn who knows it, but please do me a favor and keep it a secret." I'd sure love to overhear an Audrey Hepburn—Mel Ferrer conversation as they were making their plans for tomorrow. . . . Piper Laurie shoots a fair game of pool. . . . My bet is that Alfred Hitchcock isn't going to improve his movie box office by supplying his name to that ordinary TV film series. . . . Tab Hunter goes to the movies and behaves as though he weren't in the movies. . . . Jimmy Stewart got a deserving big hand when he won the Star of the Year Award, presented at the Theater Owners of America Award Dinner. . . . New faces and stars appear on the screen practically overnight. I'm rooting for the majority of the newcomers—therefore I'm not belittling when I say I'll still take Greta Garbo. Kenneth Tynan not only explained what I mean but also explained the quality of Garbo best when he wrote: "What you see in other women when you're drunk, you see in Garbo when you're sober." . . . Tyrone Power has to shave three times a day while making a movie. . . . At a recent party, Zsa Zsa Gabor said, among other things: "The secret of a happy marriage is still a secret." Anita Ekberg works just as hard in still pictures as she does in moving pictures. . . . My idea of an actor who is dignified without being stuffy is Spencer Tracy. . . . My friend Tom Jenk, discussing Ava, Lana, Marilyn and all the glamour dolls, concluded with: "A girl's best asset is a man's imagination." I can't understand why Rodgers and Hammerstein permitted the scene of Shirley Jones swimming in the nude in the pure and wholesome "Oklahoma!" . . . Glad to see Paramount's finally letting Carol Ohmart act—in "The Scarlet Hour." . . . Practically every actress in town believes she is Marjorie Morningstar and should play the part in the picture. Each one has read the book and still believes it, which makes it more incredible. . . . I'd hate to have to eat some of those meals I see prepared by heroines in the movies. . . . Joan Crawford sends her pooches to school to learn how to behave on a movie soundstage before letting them accompany her to work. That's Hollywood for you,
The moment had come... the girl had spoken... the story was told!

The explosive true story of Billy Mitchell—a fighting hero who risked disgrace by setting off the most sensational trial in U.S. history!

STARRING GARY COOPER in his role of roles

Co-Starring CHARLES BICKFORD - RALPH BELLAMY - ROD STEIGER

WITH ELIZABETH MONTGOMERY - FRED CLARK

Story and Screenplay by MILTON SPERLING and EMMET LAVERY

Produced by MILTON SPERLING • Directed by OTTO PREMINGER • Presented by WARNER BROS.
PHOTOPLAY GOLD MEDAL
AWARDS BALLOT FOR 1955-56

This is your last chance—to send in your votes for the best male and female players, the outstanding film of 1955!

STARS
Adams, Julie
Allyson, June
Angeli, Pier
Astaire, Fred
Barcell, Lauren
Baxter, Anne
Belafonte, Harry
Blaine, Vivian
Blair, Betty
Blyth, Ann
Bogart, Humphrey
Brown, Cornelia
Borgnine, Ernest
Brady, Scott
Brando, Marlon
Brnardzi, Rossano
Burton, Richard
Cagney, James
Calloun, Rory
Campbell, William
Caron, Leslie
Champion, Gower
Champion, Marge
Chandler, Jeff
Charisse, Cyd
Collins, Joan
Coooper, Ben
Coooper, Gary
Cran, Jeannie
Crawford, Joan
Curits, Tony
Dailey, Dan
Durnin, Frank
Dundridge, Dorothy
Davis, Bette
Day, Doris
De Havilland, Olivia
Derek, John
Douglas, Kirk
Egan, Richard
Ellen, Vera
Ewell, Tom
Ferrer, Jose
Fleming, Rhonda
Fonda, Henry
Ford, Glenn
Forsty, John
Fosse, Bob
Francis, Anne
Gable, Clark
Garrett, Betty
Garson, Greer
Gaynor, Mitzi
Grable, Betty
Grahame, Gloria
Granger, Farley
Granger, Stewart
Grant, Cary
Harris, Julie
Hayden, Sterling
Hayward, Susan
Heflin, Van
Hepburn, Katharine
Heston, Charlton
Holden, William
Holliday, Judy
Hope, Bob
Hudson, Rock
Hunter, Jeff
Hunter, Tab
Johnson, Van
Jones, Jennifer
Jones, Shirley
Kaye, Danny
Keel, Howard
Kelly, Gene
Kelly, Grace
Kennedy, Arthur
Kerr, John
Ladd, Alan
Lamas, Fernando
Lancaster, Burt
Laurie, Piper
Lee, Peggy
Leigh, Janet
Leigh, Vivien
Lemmon, Jack
Lewis, Jerry
Liberace
MacLane, Shirley
MacMurray, Fred
MacRae, Gordon
Madison, Guy
March, Fredric
Martin, Dean
Martin, Dewey
Mason, James
Mature, Victor
Mayo, Virginia
McGuire, Dorothy
Meredith, Ethel
Milland, Ray
Mitchell, Cameron
Mitchum, Robert
Monroe, Marilyn
Murphy, Audrey
Nader, George
Nelson, Gene
Nelson, Lori
Newman, Paul
North, Sheree
Novak, Kim
O’Brian, Margaret
O’Connor, Donald
O’Hara, Maureen
Olson, Nancy
Paget, Dehra
Palame, Jack
Parker, Eleanor
Parker, Fess
Pavan, Marissa
Payne, John
Perry, Gregory
Peters, Jean
Powell, Jane
Power, Tyrene
Purdom, Edmund
Quinn, Anthony
Ray, Aldo
Reagan, Ronald
Reed, Donna
Reynolds, Debbie
Richards, Jeff
Rogers, Ginger
Roland, Gilbert
Rush, Barbara
Russell, Jane
Russell, Rosalind
Ryan, Robert
Stacy, Barbara
Stewart, James
Strasberg, Susan
Tamblyn, Russ
Taylor, Robert
Tierney, Gene
Todd, Richard
Tracy, Spencer
Turner, Lana
Wagner, Robert
Wayne, John
Webb, Jack
Widmark, Richard
Wild, Cornel
Wilding, Michael
Williams, Esther
Winters, Shelley
Wood, Natalie
Wyman, Jane
Young, Alan

MOVIES
African Lion, The
Ain’t Misbehavin’
Americano, The
Animal World, The
Bad Day at Black Rock
Battle Cry
Bengazi
Blackboard Jungle
Blood Alley
Bridges at Toko-Ri, The
Captain Lightfoot
Carmen Jones
Chief Crazy Horse
Cobweb, The
Conquest of Space
Count Three and Pray
Court Jester, The
Daddy Long Legs
Davy Crockett
Deep Blue Sea, The
Desperate Hours, The
Divided Heart, The
East of Eden
End of the Affair, The
Far Country, The
Female on the Beach
Footsteps in the Fog
Gentlemen Marry Brunettes
Girl in the Red Velvet Swing, The
Girl Rush, The
Glass Slipper, The
Glory
Good Morning, Miss Dove
Guys and Dolls
Hill’s Island
Hit the Deck
House of Bamboo
How to Be Very, Very Popular
I Died a Thousand Times
I’ll Cry Tomorrow
Interrupted Melody
It’s Always Fair Weather
Kentuckian, The
King’s Thief, The
Kismet
Lady and the Tramp
Lady Godiva
Land of the Pharaohs
Last Command, The
Lawless Street, A
Left Hand of God, The
Life in the Balance, A
Long Gray Line, The
Love is a Many-Splendored Thing
Love Me or Leave Me
Lucy Gallant
Magnificent Matador, The
Man Called Peter, A
Man from Laramie, The
Man Without a Star
Marty
McConnell Story, The
Miracle in the Rain
Mister Roberts
Moonfleet
My Sister Eileen
Night Holds Terror, The
Night of the Hunter, The
Not as a Stranger
Oklahoma!
One Desire
Pearl of the South Pacific
Pete Kelly’s Blues
Piffit
Prince of Players
Private War of Major Benson, The
Prize of Gold
Prodigal, The
Purple Mask, The
Purple Plain, The
Queen Bee
Quintin Durward
Quest for the Lost City
Racers, The
Rage at Dawn
Rains of Ranchipur, The
Rebel Without a Cause
Rose Tattoo, The
Run for Cover
Scarlet Coat, The
Seven Chasers, The
Second Greatest Sex, The
Seven Cities of Gold
Seven Little Fays, The
Seven Year Itch, The
Shrike, The
Silver Chalice, The
Sincerely Yours
Six Bridges to Cross
So This Is Paris
Soldier of Fortune
Son of Sinbad
Strange Lady in Town
Strategic Air Command
Summertime
Tall Men, The
Tender Trap, The
Tennessee’s Partner
Texas Lady
That Lady
There’s No Business like Show Business
Three for the Show
Three Ring Circus
Three Stripes in the Sun
Tight Spot
To Catch a Thief
To Hell and Back
Treasure of Pancho Villa
Triumph
Trouble with Harry, The
20,000 Leagues Under the Sea
Ulysses
Unchained
Underwater!
Underwater!
View from Pompey’s Head, The
Violent Men, The
Violent Saturday
Virgin Queen, The
We’re No Angels
White Feather
Wildfire
You’re Never Too Young

Vote for your favorite Stars and Movie of 1955

BEST MALE PERFORMER

BEST FEMALE PERFORMER

BEST FILM OF 1955

Mail your ballot to PHOTOPLAY GOLD MEDAL AWARDS, Box 1424, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. Ballots must be received no later than January 7, 1956. You need not sign your name—but do mail your vote today!
20th CENTURY-FOX PRESENTS
THE LIEUTENANT WORE SKIRTS
Starring
Tom Ewell • Sheree North
COLOR BY DE LUXE
CINEMASCOPe®

with Rita Moreno • Rick Jason • Les Tremayne
Produced by BUDDY ADLER • Directed by FRANK TASHLIN • Screenplay by ALBERT BEICH and FRANK TASHLIN
Story by ALBERT BEICH
"I WAS WRONG"

Out front, Dean's public was streaming into the Bowl, eager to applaud the barber's son who'd made a name for himself in Hollywood. A name which meant nothing now, unless the girl he loved continued sharing it.

A restless Italian kid named Dino Crocetti, prizefighter and singing protege of some gamblers in Steubenville, Ohio, had slugged and starved and sung his way into the spotlight, building that name. Today, he had the security he'd striven for. He could provide those he loved with all of life's luxuries. He had an elegant house in Beverly Hills with sweeping lawns, a swimming pool, and a playground that's a child paradise. A house that was now no longer a home—because those who gave it meaning were no longer there.

"I talk to them every day," Dean said. And little Dino's questions were almost too much to take. He couldn't understand why his daddy wasn't with him. "It tears your heart out," his daddy was saying now. Without them, success was a no-splendored thing.

Ironically enough, the demands of that success—the personal appearances, the night-club dates, the movie location trips—had played a part in their estrangement. To a reporter-friend, remembered phrases from the past were coming to mind.

"I'm a little unhappy with myself," Jeannie had said one day. "I don't have emotion any more. I was alone so much...you can cry yourself out." Jeannie couldn't understand why Dean didn't take her along on some of his personal appearances. "Dean doesn't ask me to go—and I don't say I want to go. I'd like for him to call me sometime and say, 'Please come,' but until he does..." She didn't finish.

She tried to be philosophical about it, tried to form other interests. "It's taken some understanding, but I can understand why now," she'd said finally. "When I don't go along, there are fewer problems. Dean doesn't have to worry about me—about my luggage, who's going to sit with me during the shows, and various other things. He can play golf and cards with the boys. It's less trouble if I stay home."

Jeannie found some of her own answers. But Dean failed to fill her in. He never got around to elaborating on his reasons why. "Do you know why I didn't take Jeannie with me?" he was saying now. "Because I thought it would be too hard on her. Traveling around, living in hotels, sitting in night clubs. To me this is work. I thought she had a nice home here, our children, a nice car, her friends, everything she could want. I didn't know what she wanted most was to be with me. I didn't realize..."

Far from the debonair self-assured fellow he seems, and with the scars of too many years of insecurity, it's still hard for Dean to realize he could be that important to anyone—even his wife.

His division of his personal life and professional life was a growing wedge, as he discovered—almost too late.

"I didn't make her part of my life.
Dean’s story is a pledge and a prayer that Jeanne will know, before it is too late, all the things he should have told her long ago.

BY DIANE SCOTT
Dean's admission of guilt comes from heart of the man who cherishes home, wife, children

be confessed. "If Jeannie comes back, I'm going to work very hard to make her a bigger part of my life in every respect, and to make her know her importance in it. I'm going to ask for her opinion. Things are going to be a lot different from now on."

Nobody who knows how much Jeannie means to Dean—how much marriage and children and a home mean to him—would doubt that he would make that attempt.

That they reconciled following their separation three years ago and tried again—and are still trying—reflects the deep feeling between these two who, from the moment they met, have had little in common but their love. Their marriage has survived conflicting temperaments, backgrounds, and beliefs. Many an impasse has resulted because of Dino's fine Italian hand in drawing a line between a man's work and his home and Jeannie's industrious German heritage... his reluctance to talk and her inquiring mind.

"As Jeannie's observed in the past, 'I think Italians are by nature old-fashioned about their women. Dean thinks a wife should take care of the children and then be a good, faithful wife and look charming and pretty.'"

Their oil interests and real estate holdings—as well as his motion picture and television career—have always been a mystery to her. "God forbid anything ever happen to Dean—but if it should, we could be stripped of everything. I don't even know what we have. I want to be a vital part of it, I don't want to be completely shut away from his problems. I'm by nature a very inquisitive person, and it's natural for me to be interested in what Dean's doing."

Problems, Dean was saying now, he still had. Plenty. "I can really take home problems for Jeannie to share now. I've got so many problems—we can both be busy, full-time, the rest of our lives."

But his desire, he added, had always been to shield her from these problems. "If I had worries, I worked them out. I didn't want Jeannie to know my problems, and I didn't take them home. I didn't want to worry her."

This he had felt ever since he'd fallen in love with the pretty college co-ed, a former Orange Bowl Queen. To Dean, Jeannie was the youth he'd never had, the softness in life he'd never known—and its beauty. And she was equally fascinated by the handsome, sophisticated man of the world who'd experienced all of life's sides. She was wide-eyed about the adventures they would share. But Dean's concern during their whirlwind courtship was to assure her parents: "I will take care of her—and I won't let anything happen to her."

To Jean, during the years since, Dean has seemed a little too faithful about keeping his word. Too little happened while Dean was working to give her the world. But she tried harder to make more interests of her own and to adjust herself to Dean's way of living and working.

"I'm pretty adaptable," she's said. "I think in this business you have to be. You can't have the same attitude as other women. Your husband is made up of different stuff. Otherwise, he wouldn't be able to get out in front of 5000 people and crack jokes, sing songs, laugh when he doesn't feel it—or cry when he doesn't feel like doing that. I love him and I love my children. And you can weather anything—if you try hard enough."

But finally the weathering of two opposing temperaments—two such different patterns for living—seemed a little too rough. And the words which might have softened them too often remained unsaid.

"He's the quietest man I've ever known," Jeannie has said.

In all honesty, Dean wouldn't dispute that. "Not talking—that's been a lot of our difficulty. I've always had a shell about me, to some extent. I never did talk much," he's said. "Jeannie always used to ask me, 'What happened at the studio? What's exciting today?' Then I was really dead. Something has to explode—for me anyway—to think it's exciting."

Dean never had talked enough—not about the right things. The things close to his heart, which he settled by himself while swinging a golf club. "I would probably be a nervous wreck," Dean has said, "if I didn't play golf."

He didn't realize how strongly Jeannie felt about being left out of the "conversation." "I didn't know she wanted me to talk—like that. Now that I know, we'll be able to talk more."

"I should have taken her out a lot more, too. I found out I wasn't taking her out enough. I never did like to go out. really. I'm a lot different than many people expect me to be. They expect to find me out on the town. But all I like to do is go home, be with Jeannie, play with the kids, and maybe have a few friends in and watch TV."

But to Jeannie, as she's pointed out, Dean had already lived considerably, and she would like to live a little, too. Dean thought he was improving, but as Jean put it, "We still don't go out. He makes a big effort, but we wind up home."

Last summer, Dean and Dino flew to Hawaii for a holiday. But, two days later, they flew home. "It's a beautiful place," said Dean, "but Dino didn't like it. He got to crying and wanting to come home. When we got back, he ran around the house for an hour just to make sure he was back. You never saw anybody so glad to get home." That is, not unless it was Dean.

This was during the height of the controversy between Dean and Jerry Lewis. Though this troubled time had no direct bearing on his personal difficulties, it undoubtedly added to the strain and conflicts then mounting between Jeannie and Dean. Jeannie, losing weight and with her nerves on edge, told Dean two and one-half months ago they should be apart for a while.

To his later regret, Dean fought the idea. He felt they could make any necessary adjustments without that.

"I was wrong. I should have let Jeannie leave then. But I thought we could work out our differences together. But at home. I tried to show Jeannie it could be done. I tried to make things different. But it didn't work. To Jeannie, it all appeared forced.

'They'd argued, and finally Jeannie said she was leaving. "I know I'm probably wrong," she said wearily. "But I've got to do it. I've got to get away."

"There's nobody else involved," Dean was saying now. "It's nothing like that. Nobody for her, nobody else for me."

And the way he sang "Some Enchanted Evening"—there on the stage of the Hollywood Bowl—proved there never would be. He sang all that he couldn't seem to say. He curved a note, caressed a phrase, with a special meaning—all for the girl he'd met across a crowded room—finishing softly with.

"Once you have found her, never let her go... once you have found her—never let her go." The way Dean sang them, the words were both a pledge and a prayer.
The naked truth about the girl next door!

She's the girl of many charms and one very important secret. She's the girl with a come-hither look and come-hither figure—a figure you think she was born with. (You're wrong!) She doesn't wake up with those smooth hips, flat tummy, trim waist. But she has them when she goes out. Her secret? Her Playtex Girdle, of superslimming Fabricon!

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New Fabricon gives Playtex Girdles "hold-in" power no other girdle can match—and in comfort! Fabricon is a new girdle material of downy-soft cotton and latex! A material so strong, yet so comfortable, you don't know you have it on! Air-conditioned, split-resistant Fabricon slims stunningly for the new narrow look. Has more stretch and "hold-in" power than any other girdle material! Only Playtex is made of Fabricon.

There's a Playtex Girdle for your figure

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For most control, Playtex Magic-Controller . . . . . . . . . . $7.95
Playtex . . . known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube. At department stores and better specialty shops everywhere.

P.S. You'll love a Playtex Bra . . . perfect fit in perfect comfort
SOAP BOX:

My heart was filled with joy on September 18th, as I watched Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis present their fall comeback on the Colgate Comedy Hour. It must have taken a lot of nerve to get out on stage in front of forty million people and admit they were wrong in fighting.

The way the show was rolling along was remarkable. You might not have thought it was from their hearts. I really think that particular show was the best they ever did.

They are a great team and it would be a great loss to the entertainment world if they broke up.

Keep it up, Dean and Jerry. And thank you for making up. We all love you.

PATRICIA HAUKOM
Berkeley, California

As representative of one of the largest fan clubs, I am writing to call your attention to some misinformation which you printed in your September column, concerning our honorary star, Rick Jason.

Rick did play the lead in “This Is My Love,” as you stated. However, the correct year of his birth is 1926, not 1922. Also, he is not single but has been married for several years to actress Aria Allen. And he did not appear in “This Island Earth” at Universal Studios.

Our members would very much appreciate your printing this corrected information about Rick. His newest picture incidentally, will be “The Lieutenant Wore Skirts” with Tom Ewell and Sherree North at 20th Century-Fox.

How about a picture of Rick? Though he

won a Photoplay Award, you have never run a story about him. His fans throughout the country and associated fan clubs in sixteen countries all over the world would be most grateful.

MISS NANCY STREEBECK, President
Official Rick Jason Fan Club
Los Angeles, California

Columbia, for whom he made “The Saracen Blade” in 1924, sticks by the May 21, 1922 birth date for Rick. But we’re glad to see anyone recover four lost years of youth.—Ed.

Received my latest Photoplay—very much surprised to see a Crossword Puzzle. I enjoy doing them. Please try to have one every month.

J. STUSS
Detroit, Michigan

We will.—Ed.

I have just finished reading the novel “Sara Dane” by Catherine Gaskin, which is about a girl who has been convicted of theft in England in the 1800’s and sentenced for the rest of her life to Botany Bay in Australia. I think it would make a terrific picture with Grace Kelly as Sara, John Derek as Andrew MacIlay, Louis Jourdan as Louis De Bourget and Rock Hudson as Jeremy Hogan.

JUDY GREEN
Larchmont, New York

I have just finished reading the novel “Sara Dane” by Catherine Gaskin, which is about a girl who has been convicted of theft in England in the 1800’s and sentenced for the rest of her life to Botany Bay in Australia. I think it would make a terrific picture with Grace Kelly as Sara, John Derek as Andrew MacIlay, Louis Jourdan as Louis De Bourget and Rock Hudson as Jeremy Hogan.

Jack is the only star for this classic

CASTING:

I have read over 500 novels, since reading is my hobby, but only one book I keep reading over and over again. It’s the wonderful “Heritage of the River,” by Muriel Edwood. It thrills me anew every time I read it. It would make an outstanding motion picture, a classic; and my friends all agree.

After seeing “Jump into Hell,” I feel that the only person to play the part of Paul would be Jack Sernas, and Jeanne Crain would be very good as Marguerite. I think Jack Sernas is terrific; I’ll certainly be sure to see him in “Helen of Troy.”

JANET ANN BENSON
Hartford, Connecticut

As the chief interest in the book “The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant” is in the Senators winning rather than the Yankees losing, I think it is swell movie material.

James Stewart should play Joe, with June Allyson as Bess, Sherree North as Lola and Jack Palance as Mrs. Applegate.

ARTHUR STOCKMAN
Longmont, Colorado

I think that Booth Tarkington’s novel “Kate Fennigate,” would make a wonderful movie. I think M-G-M should produce it in true “Executive Suite” casting, with the following stars as the leads.

Kate Fennigate, Ann Blyth; Lila Copper, Elizabeth Taylor; Ames Lanning, George Nader; Tuke Speer, Van Johnson; Celia Lanning, Lois Smith; Henry L. Roe, Charles Bickford; Miles Stuart, Ben Cooper.

I’ll admit I’ve too many top stars in my casting, but many of these roles must be filled by capable, Academy Award acting that I think would be given by my cast.

DIANE BADA
Dearborn, Michigan

called sex dolls of Hollywood. She is not only sexy, but she can act.

Please let me know how old she is and where she was born.

MRS. FRANCES HAYLICK
Pomona, California

Mari was born in Long Beach, California, twenty-eight years ago.—Ed.

Please address your letters to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 265 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters not published in this column. If you want to start a fan club or write to your favorite stars, address them in care of their studios.
I heard that the book "Queen Bee" was being made into a movie, so I reread it. Now I wish you'd tell me who will play the parts of the "Queen," Jen and "Beauty"?

Sue Linsbury
Corumna, Michigan

Joan Crawford plays the "Queen," Lucy Malone plays Jen, and Barry Sullivan plays "Beauty." This film will be released by Columbia in November.—Ed.

Will you please settle a debate? My friend says that Scott Brady is married to Dorothy Malone. I say he is single. Who is right? How tall is Scott Brady?

Eleanor Figoski
Newark, New Jersey
You are. Neither Scott nor Dorothy are married. Scott is 6'2'' tall.—Ed.

I have just seen the movie "Blackboard Jungle" and thought it was great. I wonder if you will tell me who played the part of Artie West and something about him.

Martha Gitto
Brooklyn, New York

Vic Morrow played Artie. Vic's voice will be heard narrating, from the dog's point of view, the film "Wildfire," and Vic himself will again appear in "Tribute to a Bad Man."

Vic, born in Asbury Park, New Jersey, is 5'10 1/2'' tall, weighs 155 lbs., has blond hair and blue eyes. After high school in New York City, Vic entered the Navy. Later he dropped a pre-law course in order to study acting; supported himself by cab-driving. Those fans who see some resemblance to Marlon Brando will not be surprised to learn that Vic studied for two years with Elia Kazan, and once toured the Eastern seaboard playing Stanley Kowalski in "A Streetcar Named Desire." Vic has traveled, studied, and acted in Mexico, too.—Ed.

I would like to know what Danny Kaye's next picture will be, and who stars with him.

Robert Pagano
Waterbury, Connecticut

See Angel Skin smooth, whiten rough hands right away! Chapping heals!

"Medically-matched" to skin — it's deep-softening!

Not just a "cosmetic" softener — new Angel Skin by Pond's is scientifically years ahead! Different from other leading lotions, Angel Skin is medically-matched to the skin's own softeners! This is why Angel Skin acts so quickly to smooth, whiten, heal chapped hands!

Clears, heals detergent chapping! Angel Skin is the only leading lotion with this formula that neutralizes the harsh alkali effect of today's detergents!

Never sticky! New Angel Skin contains a special ingredient that speeds penetration. Its rich goodness goes in at once!

Get creamy-pink Angel Skin today. See its healing effects on your hands!

Note to doctors: Angel Skin is the only leading hand lotion with a pH rating similar to the pH rating of human skin. This is why new Angel Skin heals chapping as no old-style lotion can.

Heals detergent chapping! — Angel Skin counters the harsh alkali effect of detergents — as no old-style lotion can.

No stickiness! Angel Skin has no gummy "thickener." It goes into your skin at once.

Now! Creamier, richer!

25¢, 49¢
plus tax
Slightly higher in Canada
ANYONE who gets about Hollywood could have used eight legs and three sets of eyes and ears this month—what with all the charity events, openings and parties.

One of the biggest to-dos was the Deb Star Party at the Palladium, attended by nearly two thousand, and staged by the Make-up Artists and Hair Stylists of Hollywood. Jerry Lewis, Bob Hope, Jimmy Durante, Vic Damone and Janis Paige were some who entertained. Liliane Monteverchi—named by the make-up lads as one of the most promising young actresses of movies and TV—was a stunner in a skin-tight sheath of white lace over white satin. Liliane was with her "sponsor," Walter Pidgeon. Tab Hunter sponsored Cathy Crosby, who looked like a doll in fluffy white. Other belles honored included Lori Nelson, Gloria Talbott, Kip Hamilton, Mara Corday and Jody Lawrance. Pier Angeli came swathed in an enormous white fox cape and had her hair softly framing her face in a longish bob. Her sister, Marisa Pavan—in strapless white satin bodice topping a skirt of same with insets of white net—was exchanging hairdo hints with Lori Nelson, who was importantly gowned in a white strapless taffeta banded with narrow strips of gold lamé. Gloria Talbott looked gorgeous in her gown of white—with the fullest net skirt at the ball.

Honored at the Deb Star affair, Liliane Monteverchi was a knockout in a skintight sheath. Also in the spotlight were Lori Nelson—who had a hairdo chat with Marisa Pavan—Gloria Talbott, who sprouted bangs.

As for preemps, there were two, "The Desperate Hours" found Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis clowning it up on-stage during the awful minutes when the film broke—and Richard Jaeckel getting a big hand from fans. Opening of Audie Murphy's "To Hell and Back" brought forth a goodly share of celebs, plus a lot of Army brass, happy to honor Audie.

Then there was the crazy day that Marla English, Myrna Hansen, Joan Weldon and other starlets modeled thousands of $800 worth of furs right out on the corner of Hollywood and Vine—as part of a Chamber of Commerce campaign! And there was the party Liberace tossed at his valley home—with candelabras floating in the swimming pool. Liberace took people on a tour of the place in which almost everything is shaped like a piano. When Jack Warner got an eyeful of the piano-shaped bed, he flipped: "What tune does it play?"

... There was the Olympic Games Fund Dinner at the Moulin Rouge. ... and Tony Martin's hetic opening at the Cocoanut Grove. ... Last but not least, the Awards Dinner for the Los Angeles publishers, for the City of Hope, held at the Beverly Hilton. Jane Powell and Pat Neary, the Kirk Douglas, Grace Kelly—who was honorary hostess—and scads more shared a high-light night.
If Hollywood had written the scenario it wouldn’t be believed—the Cinderella story of the secretary who married the movie star, that is. But Rock Hudson, who once drove a milk truck, delivered mail, then later worked his way to stardom in tinsel-town, could fill in the romantic details of such a script. He could make it believable—for he married the girl.

Rock Hudson and Phyllis Gates—secretary to Rock’s agent, Henry Willson—said their marriage vows in a ceremony performed by Rev. N. B. Thorpe of the Trinity Lutheran Church at the Hotel Santa Barbara Biltmore on November 9. Thus ended almost a year of speculation as to whether or not Rock would marry Phyllis. Rock has promised that he would announce his intentions on his thirtieth birthday. He was on his honeymoon eight days after the ceremony when he celebrated that birthday.

It was typical of Rock that he told no one of his plans. He and Phyllis simply picked up their license in the small town of Ventura, California, and went on to Santa Barbara for the ceremony. With Rock and Phyllis were Rock’s best friend, James Mateoni (who dates back to kindergarten in Rock’s home town of Winnetka, Illinois), and Phyllis’ friend, Patricia Devlin. When Rock took out the license, he wisely registered under his legal name—Roy Fitzgerald—thus avoiding any last-minute mob scenes at his wedding. The romance between Rock and Phyllis began in quite an unspectacular manner. Rock had returned from Ireland—where he made “Captain Lightfoot”—and a trip throughout Europe. He dropped into the office of his agent, Henry Willson, during this period. Rock was about to go into “All That Heaven Allows” for his studio. Also, details of his being starred in “Giant” needed straightening out, and arrangements were in progress for other big deals. It seemed perfectly natural for Rock to find himself in Henry’s office more and more frequently. Then came the inevitable premiere that must be attended, and it seemed equally natural to invite Phyllis Gates. However, after Rock had escorted her publicly two or three times, the glare of Hollywood’s speculative spotlight grew too bright for the couple and, if they went out at all, it was to out-of-the-way places.

In the meantime, Rock was building a new house—one roomy enough to share with a bride. Ignoring all comments, Rock refused to commit himself. But all his close friends knew that Phyllis was helping with the decorations—and advising on such bridal-like arrangements as where the kitchen appliances should go. It was to this house that the two returned after their honeymoon at the end of November and Rock went back to work in “Written in the Wind” with Lauren Bacall.
Dewey Martin, with date Ellie Kent at preem of "The Desperate Hours," plays poignant role of Bogey's kid brother in film

INSIDE STUFF

Tux and Tucks on Liberace men almost stole the show from Mom, George's wife Janie at recent big preem in Hollywood

Dates with Frankie are just publicity for "The Man with the Golden Arm," says Kim Novak—Mac Krim's still her best beau

WAIF Ball was a ball for Doris Day and husband Marty Melcher, who were glad to be back home again after wonderful trip abroad

Love and Marriage: Typical of Debbie Reynolds, she didn't forget studio friends who were unable to attend her wedding. Several days after the surprise ceremony, the gang in M-G-M's makeup and hairdressing departments received a package from the bride and groom. Inside was a huge slab of the five-foot wedding cake. Debbie also sent a slice to her good friend Lori Nelson, who has been sleeping with it under her pillow ever since. So far—nothing! Edmund Purdom is still reluctant to discuss marriage plans. With a shrug of indifference, he categorizes Linda Christian as "my best friend." She, however, insists: "We plan to be married when we are clear of legal complications."

Tired Trouper: Rock Hudson, now that "Giant" is in the can, insists he's going
to get a long rest, “even if I have to take a suspension.” In the meantime, he’s trying to finish furnishing his house. Returning home from one shopping tour, he walked in and found Phyllis Gates looking like a mammy singer! It seems that while she was cooking dinner for Rock, leaves from an overhanging tree fell into the chimney and filled the place with black smoke. So they cleaned and scrubbed until dawn. Those shillelaghs Rock bought in Ireland are anchored on the fireplace—“Handy to reach when guests happen to forget to go home,” grins the big fellow.

**Brief Moment:** Contrary to a ridiculous rumor, James Dean had every desire to live. This past year, Jimmy had grown closer to his estranged father and was beginning to feel he “belonged.” Psychiatry was also helping him to mellow. Says Dick Clayton, his agent-friend who knew him best: “Jimmy was very thrilled about his new million-dollar contract and doing the Rocky Marciano story. Born lonely, he was confused at times and, as a result, his behavior was unorthodox. But every day he lived he struggled to improve. There was only goodness in Jimmy Dean’s heart.”

**On the Town:** Kim Novak insists that Mac Krim is still the guy in her life. Her dates with Frank Sinatra have been purely to publicize their movie, “The Man with the Golden Arm.” . . . Number one sneak-preview hounds, Ben Cooper and Natalie Wood, are sneak-previewing together. . . . And Susan Hayward had her “friend” Don Barry by her side at the sneak preview of “I’ll Cry Tomorrow.” The audience cried all over Susie!

**Girls-ville:** Hollywood was surprised when June Allyson and Doris Day became intimate friends. The Dick Powells and Marty Melchers hope to make a movie together. Doris wants to dance in it and Junie wants to sing!

**To Cal from Tony Curtis:** “Just want you to know I’m still in Paris swinging on that ‘Trapeze.’ Burt Lancaster and Lollobrigida have been great to me. I love the people here, but I’m so homesick for a hamburger I can taste it. Wait until you hear me parlez-vous with a Brooklyn accent. It’s the craziest! Now that Janet’s back from shooting in Africa I feel better. That girl sure is my life. Best to you, Hollywood and Vine. Always, ‘Pierre Schwartz’.”

Continued
Dark Brown Taste: Press-agentry hit a new low when someone planted a story that Elizabeth Taylor's hospitalization was due to shock over James Dean's death. Lovely Liz was actually stricken with severe abdominal pains, and the fabricated story embarrassed her, as well as others who knew the truth.

Der Fatherland: Mother Nature dealt an unkind hand to the Clark Gables. The King has always wanted a crown prince of his own, and he and wife Kay were so happy making plans for a new arrival next spring. Then Kay suffered a bad attack of the flu and lost the baby. Greatly saddened, they are hoping for better luck next time.

John Wayne had just broken the news to his four teenage children by his first marriage when newsbouds discovered he was about to become a father again. One thing they didn't discover: John's oldest daughter, Antonia, is getting married in the spring.

Hats Off: To Delta Phi Omegas, wherever you are! Tab Hunter said he swallowed baseballs when Georgia Carr called him from the University of Virginia to break the big news. What an admirable gesture for your sorority to select a representative personality each year and honor his name. When Tab learned you were adopting a seven-month-old baby and donating $100 to the Mental Health Fund, he was deeply touched and grateful.

Escape Artists: Hollywood represented too many heartaches for Ava Gardner, which is why she established permanent roots in Spain and will commute to Hollywood for picturemaking. Meanwhile, Ava's ecstatic letters to Lana Turner set Lana to thinking. Result: Her big Bel Air home is up for sale. Lana and Lex fell in love with Acapulco, Mexico, where they vacationed last year, which inspired them to build a home there, and they, too, will commute.

Romance, Hollywood Style: Contrary to rumors, Marlon Brando's appearance on the 20th lot had nothing to do with seeing Rita Moreno. While working in "Desiree," Marlon started going to the studio dentist, and he just went back to finish up! . . . Love walked out of Piper Laurie's life—and right back in again. Shortly after David Schine was recalled to Alaska for Army duty, Gene Nelson returned from Europe. He's been teaching Piper to play golf, ride horseback and not be lonely. . . . Now that his marriage is on the rocks, John Derek's getting around—with Ursula Andress, especially.

Cloud Nine: Catching up with Jane Powell as she was gift-buying for Pat Nerney, Cal didn't have to ask. "I'm so happy," she volunteered, "I could explode! Everything good is happening at once. I love M-G-M, but they haven't kept me very busy. Now that my new contract calls for one picture a year, the rest of the time I can cook, free-lance and have babies. We expect our first in February. Next week I'll be shopping for diapers!"

Rose-colored Glasses: Russ Tamblyn and Venetia Stevenson are walking on air and their world is bursting with dreamy plans for a February wedding. One day, while driving around, they saw a "for rent" sign on a charming, vine-covered cottage. They dashed in to take a look and flipped. The owners, however, refused to talk turkey, "Come back and bring your parents," they said. Poor Russ—just turned 21—couldn't convince them that he is his own lord and master!

Hollywood Believes: That Rita Hayworth has finally learned her lesson and will allow the right persons to run her career after she divorces Dick Haymes. . . . That there's a "new" Lori Nelson just around the corner. Even her best friends are amazed at her newfound self-assurance and determination to become a good actress. . . . That the Aldo Rays have every chance for a reconciliation—if the lo-
able lug would become more objective in his thinking and grow up emotionally. . . . That it's only a matter of time before Ann Blyth announces her screen retirement. Starring in the role of mother appeals to her more than seeing her name in lights.

Fond Farewell: Hale and hardy at 41 was John Hodiak, and his sudden death saddened Hollywood greatly. John, who was loved by everyone, suffered his first "heart attack" when Anne Baxter divorced him in 1953. He adored his little daughter Katrina, too, and the family breakup left invisible scars.

The Good Earth: Dreams do come true—if you're George Nader and you're willing to work hard. On his 35th birthday, an excited George bought his first house, in Sherman Oaks. "It's modest," he says, "even if I do have a kidney-shaped swimming pool. I've always wanted lots of land and a dog. Now I have both." When beautiful blond Dani Crayne gave George a kitchen shower, Rock Hudson walked in with a setting hen under one arm and an egg beater under the other!

Beautiful Booster: Leslie Caron has fallen in zee beeg way for our town. She signed up again for the house she leased while her parents were here visiting, and she wants to become an American citizen.

Many Happy Returns: At an adjoining table in the Beverly Hilton Bali Room, Cal watched the happy Jeff Chanders celebrate their ninth wedding anniversary. Every hour on the hour, Marge received a pretty package from ever-lovin' Jeff. . . . And the William Holdens, who "have everything we need," donated their fourteenth anniversary present money to charity.

Family Affair: Everyone at Paramount has fallen in love with Marlon Brando's remarkable dad. "To Tame a Land" will be made on that lot, and Brando, sr. is on the production staff of Junior's first Western. . . . Guy Madison and his handsome brother, Wayne Mallory, are collaborating on an original screen story. It depicts the adventures of two critters from the cow country who get stranded in New York. . . . When Tom Ewell's six-month-old son played their son in "The Lieutenant Wore Skirts," co-star Sheree North presented the pint-sized thespian with a director's high chair with his name, "Tate" Ewell, lettered on the back.

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It's GARDOL—To Give Up To 7 Times Longer Protection Against Tooth Decay ... With Just One Brushing!

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Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol

Cleans Your Breath While It Guards Your Teeth
In his song, Gordon takes Shirley Jones on a gala surrey ride

Awkward as it is, Burt's wooing softens Anna Magnani's heart

Oklahoma!

All the wonderful music and the fresh outdoor zest of the Rodgers-Hammerstein classic come to you in this utterly charming musical. More relaxed yet more vigorous in his acting style than ever before, Gordon MacRae does full justice to the songs and to his scenes as the cowboy hero. As his sweetheart, who thinks he's over-confident, newcomer Shirley Jones is demure and spirited. Playing the evil-minded hired man who wants her, Rod Steiger adds substance and a dark note of contrast. Gene Nelson, Eddie Albert and Gloria Grahame team engagingly in the comic triangle of the cowboy, the peddler and the girl who "cain't say no," and Charlotte Greenwood's likable as Shirley's hearty aunt. On the curved screen of new Todd-AO, the pioneers have plenty of room.

The Rose Tattoo

Strikingly unusual in theme, this lively comedy-drama marks Anna Magnani's Hollywood debut. The fiery Italian star brilliantly portrays a widow in a small Southern town, a warm-natured woman who has lost interest in life since the death of her passionately loved husband. Emotionally hungry herself, she turns suspicious when her daughter (Marisa Pavan) falls innocently in love with a sailor (Ben Cooper). A surprising way out of the tangle is offered when a truck-driver comes courting the widow. With no effort toward dignity, Burt Lancaster makes this fellow laughable and likable, though not very bright. The whole picture bubbles with the unexpected, from Burt's clowning and Anna's assurance with dialogue to the affecting work of Ben and Marisa.

LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

with Janet Graves

Best Actress: Anna Magnani
On a fling in Cuba, Jean begins to see Marlon in a new light

**Guys and Dolls**   **GOLDFYN, M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR**

★★★★ The lavish movie version of the Broadway hit about Damon Runyon's Broadway generates the delightful feeling that anything can happen. Marlon Brando turns crooner. Jean Simmons uncorks a sweet, rhythm-wise soprano and an enchanting abandon in comedy scenes. While Frank Sinatra fits into the locale and the musical tempo as neatly as you'd expect. Vivian Blaine does a stunning comeback opposite him, repeating her stage success. Gamblers Frank and Marlon kick off the plot with a strange bet. To win, Marlon must lure to Havana with him any girl that Frank names. Jean's the unlikely choice, a prim lassie wearing the uniform of the Save-A-Soul Mission. As Frank's long-time fiancée, Vivian joins a fine lot of character actors in building up the rich, gaudy atmosphere.

**Rebel Without a Cause**   **WARNERS; CINEMASCOPE, WARNERCOLOR**

★★★ A performance of great force and fire by the late James Dean gives life to this study of unhappy youth. Jimmy plays a high-school boy whose home gives him no peace or sense of security. His mother (Ann Doran) is a shrew; his father (Jim Backus), a meekly henpecked excuse for a man. Though Jimmy keeps getting into trouble, they can't understand why. At school, the boy is challenged by a gang of delinquents. But he does find two friends, facing problems similar to his: Natalie Wood, who is denied her father's affection; and Sal Mineo, neglected son of wealthy, estranged parents. Without so much as a glimpse at any normal, healthy family life, the story presents an off-balance, relentlessly violent picture, but the three young leads create many touching moments.

**I'll Cry Tomorrow**   **M-G-M**

★★★ Though Susan Hayward uses her own melodious contralto in several songs, this filmed biography of Lillian Roth is no musical, but a searing portrait of degradation and regeneration. Susan pulls no punches in showing how a young, successful singer could become a beaten alcoholic. As her domineering yet loving mother, Jo Van Fleet joins in revealing a complex relationship. The men involved have limited roles: Ray Danton, as the fiancé whose sudden death sends Susan to the bottle for escape; Don Taylor, as the flyer she marries during a spree; Richard Conte, as her brutal second husband; Eddie Albert, as a fellow member of Alcoholics Anonymous. Grueling to watch, the film seems at times less a drama than a tract or a plug for A. A. But it has genuine power.

**The Second Greatest Sex**   **U.S.; CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLORED**

★★★ In a light, rollicking comedy-with-music, Jeanne Crain and George Nader duet appealingly. The setting is Kansas of the 1880's, where the men of three neighboring towns stage a running fight for the possession of a safe containing local records. Whichever town gets it, they believe, will eventually become the county seat. Sick of being deserted at regular intervals, the women follow Jeanne's leadership in denying their men the pleasure of their company until the foolish "war" is called off. But the featherweight plot is less important than the gay songs and dances and the romances, teaming Jeanne with George, coquette Mamie Van Doren with preacher Keith Andes, canary Kitty Kallen with hoofer Tommy Rall, spinner Edna Skinner with travelin' man Paul Gilbert.

Continued
Sincerely Yours
WARNER'S, WARNERCOLOR

Here's a treat for Liberace fans, who've had the chance to spend only a half-hour at a time with their idol on the airwaves. In this music-drama, the genial pianist is on display for nearly two hours. He offers generous helpings of his unique fingerprint, including one boogie-woogie number that shows how remarkably fast he can tickle the ivories. He throws in a snatch of song and even a dash of tap-dancing. Aptly, Liberace is cast as a popular pianist. His heart is given so wholly to his art that he doesn't recognize Joanna Dru's more than secretarial devotion to him. But socialite Dorothy Malone's attractions do catch his eye. Both romance and career go by the board when he is stricken with deafness. Deeply depressed, he regains spirit by intervening to solve the problems of others: a crippled little boy (Richard Eyer), a selfish young wife (Lori Nelson). As a composer, Alex Nicol is Liberace's rival for Dorothy's hand.

Hell's Horizon
COLUMBIA

Modest and straightforward, this vignette of the war in Korea concentrates on a crucial bombing mission. Pilot John Ireland is a hard and apparently self-centered type—too inclined to take dangerous chances, his crew thinks at first. Between John and the younger Larry Pennell, there's a tense rivalry for the affections of Marla English, a gentle Eurasian girl. John takes her casually; Larry's intentions are honorable. The navigator has marital problems; the radar man is green; but co-pilot Bill Williams provides a steady influence. As the youngest member of the crew, trumpet-player Chet Baker does an appealing job.

Texas Lady
RKO; SUPERSPACE, TECHNICOLOR

Returning to the screen in a brisk Western, Claudette Colbert takes over a small-town newspaper and thereby faces a battle. Cattle kings Ray Collins and Walter Sande think they own everything and everybody in these parts. Claudette's cause isn't helped when she repels the advances of Greg Walcott, their cold-eyed young gun-slinger. But she has a champion in the personable person of Barry Sullivan, a gamblin' man who's also mighty quick on the trigger. Conventional in outline, the story moves along at a nice clip.

Tarantula

A fast and generally entertaining slice of science-fiction offers chills for the susceptible moviegoer, giggles for the sophisticated. In his desert laboratory, scientist Leo G. Carroll has invented a formula that's supposed to be a syn-

Quentin Durward
M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

Robert Taylor takes moviegoers pleasantly unawares with this post-medieval adventure yarn, for it's all done in a cheerful, tongue-in-check style. Bob's a gallant Scotsman—born a little too late. In a more cynical age, his devotion to the knightly ideals of honor, courage and chivalry is considered quaintly old-fashioned. But he goes stubbornly on upholding the right and defending womanhood. The lady in question is no standard heroine. England's handsome Kay Kendall doesn't wait around to be rescued. On occasion, she hikes up her ample skirts, clutches her jewel box to her bosom and takes herself. Kay's a French noblewoman innocently involved in a violent struggle for the mastery of her then-divided country. For political reasons, she's supposed to marry Bob's ancient uncle. Bob comes to France to look her over, falls in love with her, but must remain silent out of loyalty to the old man.

More sly comedy is provided by Robert Morley, as the wily King Louis XI, and George Cole, as a gypsy who's terribly embarrassed by his twinges of honesty. Genuine French chateaux of the period and the lovely surrounding countryside make a splendid setting for all the colorful goings-on.

Lease of Life
L.P.E., EASTMAN COLOR

Once familiar to American audiences, Robert Donat makes a welcome comeback in a British film that combines inspirational qualities with gentle humor. As a country parson, Donat has led a rather dull and difficult life, barely getting by on his scant salary. When a doctor tells him that a heart condition leaves him only a year to live, at the most, Donat's reaction is surprising. His world suddenly takes on new brilliance for him; he finds extra zest in daily routines and unexpected reserves of courage and wit. While a starting sermon he preaches makes him a controversial figure, he also has his daughter's problems to worry about. A talented pianist, pretty Adrienne Corri has a chance to win a scholar-ship—but the family hasn't enough money to support her during her studies. As her patient, devoted mother, Kay Walsh takes desperate measures to get the necessary cash. Denholm Elliott's attractive as a musician in love with Adrienne, and Vida Hope does a creepy sketch of evil, as a farm wife waiting vulture-like for her aged husband to die. Though the locales are mostly drab, subtle use of color draws beauty out of them.

The View from Pompey's Head

With Richard Egan giving a thoughtful and newercomer Dana Wynter doing a provocative debut, this close-up of the present-day South holds the interest consistently. After fifteen years in New York, building a successful law career, Egan goes back to his Dixie home town to investigate a mystery in the life of novelist Sidney Blackmer. At once, Egan is plunged into the social conflicts of the town. Dana, a lovely aristocrat, is still in love with him, though she has married, rough-mannered Cameron Mitchell, so that her husband's money could buy back her family's old mansion. As Blackmer's wife, a faded, ancestor-conscious belle, Marjorie Rambeau has threatened a law suit, the reason for Egan's visit. She wants the publishers to account for a missing portion of the writer's income. While Egan seeks the answer, he also has a romantic dilemma. His love for Dana revives; but he, too, is now married—and contentedly.

The Trouble with Harry
PARAMOUNT; VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

Forgetting about suspense to chase laughs, director Alfred Hitchcock comes up with quite a few chuckles in this leisurely comedy. All his characters are a little nutty, except Harry. He's dead. Unlikeable in life, he proves a nuisance as a corpse. Coming upon the remains on a Vermont hillside, lovable old Edmund Gwenn promptly convicts himself, figuring he must have shot Harry while aiming at a rabbit. Spinster Mildred Natwick thinks she dealt the stranger a fatal blow while defending her virtue. And pixie Shirley MacLaine had good reason to wish the man dead; He was her husband. An artist as eccentric as the rest of the crew, John Forsythe gets mixed up in the business of burying Harry and digging him up and burying him again, etc., according to where suspicion falls and which way the law is looking. Meantime, love slowly links Shirley and John, Edmund and Mildred. The splendor of New England in autumn—flaming trees and smoke-blue mountains—makes a dreamy backdrop for a story that doesn't move much faster than our friend Harry does.
thetic food. Though it enormously speeds the growth of test animals, when it’s tried on people it causes glandular disorders that fearfully distort the features (a nice, horrible make-up job, this). One of the human victims wrecks the laboratory, killing most of the animals but letting a tarantula escape. Upon its getaway, this monster is about the size of a spaniel, but as it hungrily roams the New Mexico mountains it grows to the dimensions of Grand Central Station. Doc John Agar, scientist Mara Corday and the U. S. Air Force subdue the menace.

**A Lawless Street**  
COLUMBIA, TECHNICAL

✓ Randolph Scott rides again in a horse opera as crisply efficient as most of his vehicles. A marshal who has his town firmly under control, he’s weary of his long-time job, and friends warn him that his luck’s about due to run out. It was his work, too, that estranged his wife (Angela Lansbury), a dance-hall entertainer. But there are still elements among the citizenry, headed by Warner Anderson, that want to make theirs a wide open town once more. And Randy can’t retire until he has the situation licked.

**Running Wild**  
U-1

✓ Though William Campbell turns in an effective performance, this cops-and-robbers yarn isn’t likely to give his career much of a boost. At least, he gets to play the hero and at the same time to assume the more colorful mannerisms of a juvenile delinquent. Bill’s cast as a cop detailed to break up a gang of youthful car thieves by pretending to join it. His chief target, he soon learns, is the older master mind (Keenan Wynn) who plans these operations. Winsome Kathleen Case also has a double-edged role: Obviously a nice girl, she is Wynn’s girl friend. It takes Bill most of the picture to unravel the contradiction, with love to motivate him. Jan Merlin and, opposite him, Mamie Van Doren are gang members.

**The Crooked Web**  
COLUMBIA

✓ As it eventually works out, there’s an ingenious idea at the heart of this melodrama, but it’s revealed too slowly and with too many complications to be entirely believable. As owner of a drive-in restaurant, a man with a weakness for gambling, Frank Lovejoy is apparently scheduled to be the victim of a swindle. In love with Mari Blanchard, he agrees to go into partnership with her “brother” (Richard Denning). Denning needs money to get to Europe and retrieve a collection of solid gold trinkets he “liberated” during the war. Actually, Mari and Denning are sweethearts—but Frank is the bad guy, not the deceived innocent. As a GI, he murdered two fellow servicemen, but was returned to the U. S. and honorably discharged before the crime could be traced to him. Now justice stalks him.
DOCTORS PROVE A ONE-MINUTE MASSAGE WITH

Palmolive Soap can give you a cleaner, fresher complexion... today!

Gets hidden dirt that ordinary cleansing methods miss!

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

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

Only a soap this mild can work so thoroughly yet so gently! Palmolive beauty care cleans cleaner, cleans deeper, without irritation!

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

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

Try mild Palmolive Soap today. In just 60 seconds, you'll be on your way toward new complexion beauty!

**Doctors prove Palmolive's beauty results!**
Good news for moviegoers who enjoy a truly adult story! Good news, too, for those who like their entertainment robust and warmly alive. Paramount's "The Rose Tattoo" rates headlines on both scores. Producer of the Oscar-trimmed "Come Back, Little Sheba," Hal Wallis has done it again with his movie version of Tennessee Williams' Broadway success. Courageous casting gives "The Rose Tattoo" extra piquancy. In the lead is no Hollywood name, but the first lady of the Italian screen. Lady? Well, Anna Magnani is that, but mostly she's all woman, a wild-haired, sumptuously proportioned brunette of mature years, who can show the slim, sleek, youthful glamour girls a trick or two—or three or four, or more. Opposite her, Burt Lancaster again proves that he's more than an acrobatic action hero. Yet the cheerful role he plays is entirely different from his dramatic work in "Come Back, Little Sheba" and "From Here to Eternity."

With a stroke of daring, the important young romance is entrusted to a pair of comparatively untried players. Marisa Pavan, who has done only a few colorless ingenues, suddenly comes across as a vivid and unique type, entirely different from any other actress in her age bracket. And fans may take the choice of Ben Cooper as a bow to their good judgment and foresight. For the past year, Photoplay has been showered with letters demanding bigger chances for Ben. "The Rose Tattoo" answers all these pleas.

In its approach to the subject of sex, the picture deserves further applause. Its attitude is forthright and healthy, without a single side-wise leer. Here's the special surprise: Though the story centers on the emotional problems of a widow and her teenaged daughter, a wealth of hearty, human laughter arises naturally from its situations. Hard to imagine? See it, and you'll see.
New discovery Liliane Montevecchi is in a dilemma—but with the help of her studio and that New Year star, it won't be long before U.S. gets her message!

BY BEVERLY LINET

• What do you want for this bright New Year? A man? A mink? A million? Or is your wish a prayer that this year will be one of peace and happiness for everyone? That's what Hollywood's bright stars asked for, and we know it's a wish in everyone's heart.

But because we're only human after all, we wondered out loud, "But what do you want for yourself?" The answers were as varied as Liberace's fabulous wardrobe!

Piper Laurie has had so many things happen to her, there's hardly anything left to wish for. First she moved from her family's home and took her first bachelor apart. (Continued on page 54)
If the wishing star will cooperate, sexy Swedish Anita Ekberg, who has a million men vying for her favor, won't be bothered any more by the Cold Front she encountered in certain quarters!

Now that Piper Laurie has an apartment of her own and a shiny new convertible, she's happily dreaming of faraway places. Leaving that new beau behind?

Blissfully happy Mitzi Gaynor had to come down out of the clouds to make her 1956 wish. But it's going to make husband Jack Bean glad that she did!

Colleen Miller, as Mrs. Ted Briskin of Chicago, is having trouble getting to work on time. So she has a whiz of an order for that wishing star!

Hollywood, remembering Anne Francis' quiet courage during her troubles, echoes the wish that this talented young star's three wishes will come true.
He was afraid of disappointing those who believed in him, scared of the responsibility of stardom, ready to call it quits as an actor...

Then Hudson Got

At one time, the idea of working with veterans like Jane Withers, Liz Taylor, director George Stevens, would have had Rock groaning, "What am I doing here!" But with "Giant," Rock was ready — with no apologies for a guy named Hudson

BY
BEVERLY OTT

- On the main street in Marfa, Texas, a tiny movie house stood dark and apparently empty, but its forlorn front was deceptive. Inside the theatre was a million-dollar audience. The members of "Giant" had gathered to see the day's rushes.

It was a nightly ritual for the location troupe whose chores began at dawn and ended at dusk. No matter how grueling the day's work beneath the hot Texas sun, they eagerly turned out to study the results of their efforts.

On this particular evening, the last man in was Rock Hudson. As he strode swiftly down the aisle and found a seat close to the screen, a visiting reporter shook his head in disbelief. "Can it be?" he murmured. "Rock Hudson in a hurry to see rushes?"

"What's so unusual about that?" asked his (Continued on page 70)
This is the truth about Hollywood.

The facts about what really goes on in the town that has been branded “immoral!”

SEX AND SIN

BY ROBERT EMMETT

Hollywood’s sex and sin has been as spotlighted during recent months, as its premieres, and with a public popularity that movie-makers wish would come as a result of a premiere!

Attack by innuendo and association has long been a stock in trade for those who would use star names for their own ends—and recently this type of attack has hurt. I have never heard a Hollywood personality defend the public actions of Ingrid Bergman in defying the morals and mores of society by having a child out of wedlock, or the raucous actions of an Edmund Purdom in pursuit of Linda Christian or the headlines that have followed Rita Hayworth through one marriage after another. Hollywood persons feel sorry for these individuals and look upon them and their “sins” as the actions of immature, unsuccessful human beings. Hollywood is as shocked as any other community would be when dirty linen is washed in public as it was when Jess Barker gave all the sordid details of life after the front door closed Susan Hayward and Jess away from the world.

For the most part when stars cause headlines with foolish actions, Hollywood feels the stars deserve all the notoriety they get. But the upstanding citizens of the community are shocked beyond measure at the recent attacks on some of the stars who are found “sinful” in the public eye by mere association.

A lady of the night gave a list of male stars as “friends” way back in 1939 and, although it was never confirmed, the list is published as if these men had last week been pulling a Lady Godiva on Hollywood Boulevard. Every family skeleton has not only been rattled but its bones picked apart for public titilation. Clark Gable’s ex-wife is paraded (his “sin” seems to have consisted of divorcing a woman older than he was some years ago), Kay Spreckels is attacked because she doesn’t support a father who left her mother when she was two years old, Van Johnson’s sin consists of not supporting a parent who deserted him when he was a child. Another star has a sister who has been treated for alcoholism. Still another used a name which wasn’t hers to throw a brother with a juvenile delinquency record off the track—for fear blackmail would result.

Of course I don’t mean (Continued on page 74)
"Sure we have wolves—what town doesn't?" says Mitzi. "But I met Jack (Bean) here!"

"In a meeting of 40 men, 37 were 20-year marrieds," says Jim Cagney, wed 30 years!

For Pier, Hollywood brought Vic Damone, forgetfulness of war-shadowed childhood

IN HOLLYWOOD

For 5 years, the Grangers have weathered rumor rifts, stayed happily married-in-love.

Jeff Chandler found freedom an empty word—hurried home to Marge and their children.

Susan Hayward's love for her sons kept broken marriage together long before it ended.
The Masculine Most-RICHARD EGAN

A conservative guy, this Rich. Until he steps on the set. Then the celluloid sizzles and the ladies melt!

"He's got that animal fire," Jane Russell was explaining, stopping suddenly when a tall, well-built young man appeared on the set. Wearing a conservative blue suit, a neat white shirt and quiet tie, he looked more like a junior executive than a rising actor.

"Morning, Jane," he properly greeted his co-star, and, in order not to interrupt the conversation, took one of the canvas deck chairs in the far corner.

"Conservative, well-bred exterior—but an animal fire inside," Janie insisted, grinning affectionately at the object of her study.

"Just you wait. He's got that extra zing, the kind that zooms a leading man straight to the sacred celluloid circle of stardom. If you don't believe me, wait till you see him in 'Underwater!'" Collecting her things, she rushed off to Make-up, yelling back over her shoulder, "And he's brainy, too!"

Jane's prediction came true. Dick sizzled, fans melted and a guy by the name of Rich Egan became one of Hollywood's hottest leading men. 20th signed him for two pictures a year on a seven-year contract. After sampling his mounting fan mail, they used his talents in four pictures the first year. It's as Anson Page in the long-awaited "View From Pompey's Head," that Rich Egan finally arrives. The arrival took five years of struggling and twenty-one flop pictures; it took thirty-five years of living. Nothing's been easy for Rich in his pursuit of an acting career, and maybe this is the root of his charm.

(Continued on page 86)
In Dr. Jim, Ann has found the right man—of her faith, gifted with humor, understanding.

Ann Blyth is in "Kismet."

With Timmy's birth, memories of the mother whose love and faith helped a crippled child.

"We have been blessed in so many ways," says Ann, dreaming of another baby on its way.

``HER Guardian Angel KISSED HER``

Ann Blyth didn't know it had happened until despair reached out for her. And Faith's gentle touch brought its miracle.

``BY MAXINE ARNOLD``

- In a church in North Hollywood on New Year's Day, a girl prays before the altar of the Blessed Mother, as she has prayed through the years before.

A candle burns—as unflickering as the faith of the lovely girl who lights it. A girl whose face is as gentle as a guardian angel's kiss, and whose faith is as enduring as all eternity.

The candle Ann Blyth lights this New Year's Day is in thanksgiving for the miracle of life. The miracle of motherhood which has again been granted her. For a wonderful marriage with the man who must have been intended for her.

In her warm voice, Ann Blyth will tell you, "Sometimes it's hard not to despair—so many things happen to us. But her candle of faith has burned steadily, a beacon for many of lesser heart to see."

(Continued on page 81)
Robert Mitchum:

$1,000,000 is the figure.
But the stake, Bob says, is not money—
it's the honor and good name
of his family who are the real victims
of the attack against him

BY DAVID ALBRIGHT

A few months ago when Bob Mitchum was in London he was approached by a representative of an English newspaper syndicate. Would he, the man inquired, be interested in writing a series of short articles for them? The subject was to be Hollywood. And the payment would be ten thousand dollars.

Bob was definitely interested, and he said so. He is an excellent writer; his stories have appeared in national magazines. And Hollywood, as everyone knows, is his bailiwick. On top of that, ten thou-
sand dollars is a very interesting sum of money. Even to a guy in Bob’s income bracket.

The newspaperman then began to outline just what kind of stories he wanted.

“We’re looking for the real inside stuff,” he said with a wink and a leer. “And no punches pulled. We want the low-down on all the viciousness and depravity that goes on behind the scenes in Hollywood.”

For a moment Bob couldn’t believe his ears. He was speechless with shock and amazement. Then he exclaimed, “This is incredible! You’ve just got to be joking!”

“Oh, no,” the man said. “I’m perfectly serious. What we want is a series of quite spicy articles. Real shockers. And we think you’re just the man to write them for us.”

Bob took a deep breath while he counted to ten. Then he stood up. He walked to the door and opened it.

“I think you’d better leave, Buster,” Bob told him, keeping his voice as calm as he could. “And if you’re smart you’ll move fast. Before (Continued on page 76)
In PTA circles, Betty's known as Mrs. Larry Parks, mother of two sons Gary and Andy. Betty used to zoom around on a motorcycle. “But when the kids got bigger, it didn't seem so darned dignified!” says irrepressible Betty.
In one of the final scenes in the gay musical version of "My Sister Eileen," the talented gal who plays Ruth, Betty Garrett, wanders down to interview the crew of a Brazilian training ship and ends up getting chased over half of Manhattan by 125 full-blooded, non-English-speaking cadets.

Believe it or not—and it could only happen to Betty—the scene didn't have to be faked. It happened. A few months ago, when Betty and the rest of the Columbia crew were knocking themselves out to finish the picture, what should turn up in Los Angeles harbor but the N. E. Almirante Saldanha, the actual ship mentioned in the story—and the only training ship of the Brazilian Navy.

Dragging Betty along with a van of equipment, Columbia's production crew hastened to San Pedro and immediately started work on trying to make the cadets of the Almirante Saldanha understand what was expected of them.

One young lieutenant, who knew some English, listened with a puzzled scowl while it was explained to him that, on signal, all of his crew were to start running like mad down the pier. He didn't really dig the instructions until Betty, in a red and white dress and a perky little hat, was trotted out before him and identified as the object of the chase. Then the porcelain wonder of a Brazilian smile flashed across his face and he turned to deliver a torrent of Portuguese to the assembled men. They gave a loud roar of approval.

"Roll 'em," called the director frantically, and, to Betty, "Go, girl!"

(Continued on page 79)
Cocky, assured Bill
Campbell always knew he'd make good. But what makes this guy different—you're glad he did!

BY RADIE HARRIS

"I don’t want to build my career on being a weird character. It's much harder work than being normal. I want to be myself because I want to play every type role—hero and villain, pauper and prince, soldier and priest. The payoff is as good and more gratifying in the long run."

It was William Campbell talking, U-I’s new contract player and the answer to many movie fans’ prayer for a new face. Bill’s face is distinctly his own—more character than handsomeness. He broke his nose twice—once in a fall, once when he was hit with a hockey stick.

Bill’s a “Newark kid,” who always knew he’d make good, even if the kids on his block didn’t. When he first crossed the Holland Tunnel to enroll in a drama school, the gang would hoot at him as he went by: “Here comes Gregory Peck! Hey, Greg, whatcha doin’ walkin’ to work? Where’s your limousine?”

Bill would just grin back: “Okay, fellows. You’re laughing now, but I’ll have the last laugh when I arrive in my new Cadillac and you’re still hitching rides!”

His father didn’t want him to be an actor. He had worked hard all his life as foreman of the City Water Department, an unexciting but dependable job. At (Continued on page 68)
Bill Campbell is in "Running Wild".

His cocky scene-stealing had veteran star Spencer Tracy popeyed!

He's grateful to big name stars who gave him breaks.
THE LADY IS

Joan Collins will appear next in "Boy on a Dolphin"
Joan Collins lifted both her hands to her head and unpinned her hat. She did not snatch it off as most American girls are likely to do. She raised it carefully and just as carefully set it down on a table in her Ambassador hotel suite. She did not have to stop to comb her hair. She knew it was in order.

The hat itself was a conversation piece. Formed entirely of white coq feathers, it sat forward on her head, with wisps of feather exactly following the line of her own dark brown bangs. “I bought it to wear in New York,” she confided. “I like mad hats when I’m in a city.”

Wearing a hat—and a handsome one—was the first indication this amazingly poised twenty-two-year-old had given considerable thought to her first big meet-the-press trip under 20th Century-Fox auspices. It is a trip which, for a young actress, holds all the strain of final examinations—and, if she is lucky, all the fun of a senior prom.

The fun is in the whirl to the theatre and night clubs. Here, Joan had a number of eager escorts. Although her interest in actor Sydney Chaplin reportedly ended before she left Hollywood, New York friends were on hand to take her to the top of the Empire State building, to the jazz spots in Greenwich Village, to the best plays on Broadway and to all the glittering supper clubs. And one exceedingly eligible young man—Arthur Loew, jr.—followed her to New York to squire her around town and take her to the plane when she left for London.

The strain comes when reporters question a rising star, observe her, judge her. It can be a devastating scrutiny.

Joan came into New York with a build-up. Daughter of Will Collins, an English vaudeville booker, she had played in ten British films, usually cast as a juvenile delinquent. In the United States, she had played siren roles in (Continued on page 66)
No one can make a good life for himself if he keeps on denying his real self. That's what lots of young people do—until they turn into sour old people who have never found the right path. That's why Burt Lancaster is saying,
Well-meaning advice almost upset their happy home—until Paul stepped in and put Jeanne back on her dreamy course!
Jeanne Crain, as a child, had such a faraway look in her eye, her mother once said: “I pray for the wisdom to guide her. She’s so introspective, it’s hard to understand her.”

Jeanne was the daughter who sat in a corner with a book. She was the quiet one. “I was a dreamer,” Jeanne says. And she adds, “I still am.”

Today, pointing to her beauty, her fame, her happiness as a wife and mother in the Brinkman hilltop home, there are those who vow that Jeanne Crain was born with Aladdin’s lamp clutched in one small fist and a full set of instructions on the art of successful wishing in the other. “Sure, she was slow getting started,” grins one friend. “But that’s probably because she didn’t learn to read until she reached the elderly age of three years.”

It was when she was seventeen that 20th Century-Fox executives saw her magic quality and the cameras captured it. “We worshipped the kid,” says one of her former co-workers. “You could tell right off that she was a dreamer, and we were a little afraid for her.

“Life has a way of bringing everyone down to earth through failures and disappointments at some time or another. Sometimes disillusionment, if it’s great, can be permanent. That can do terrible things to a person.

“We didn’t want to see the stars go out of Jeanne’s eyes. To the day she left the studio, everyone watched over her as if she were a daughter or kid sister. I guess we were overly protective. We sheltered her too closely.

“We now know that we needn’t have worried. But it took us a long time to discover something that Jeanne, herself, had learned in the process of growing up. She’d learned to be a practical dreamer.”

A practical dreamer, as personified by Jeanne Crain, is a doer as well. “Everyone dreams,” she’ll tell you. “If you don’t carry it too far, it’s a gift. But the trick is to settle down to being practical.”

As a student, Jeanne was the scholar, the shy one. She attended St. Mary’s Academy where, academically, she led her class. In her make-believe social world, she was the most popular girl in school. Yet each morning when the bell rang for class, she found herself sneaking glances at reality. Surrounded

Continued
On the beach at Laguna with Paul and the four children.
"Too many of us never give ourselves the time to enjoy
the fun of being a family."

Jeanne smiles when people say things have come easily
to her. Being a good wife and mother requires more
than just wishful dreaming!

When Jeanne first told Paul she wanted four children, he'd
wondered how in the world she'd manage. "I'd just do the best
I could," she'd said, serenely. "Like most mothers of four do!"
What JEANNE Dreams, She Gets!

Continued

by her classmates, she was still alone.

She did well at studying books. "Why not people?" she asked herself. The popular girls, she noted, were never glum or distant. They never edged away from the crowd. She noticed how easily their laughter came. "It isn't so hard to smile," Jeanne concluded. She discovered that a smile is always returned to you, as is a friendly word.

She'd been elected president of the student body and she'd had the lead in the school play when the blow fell. Her father was a teacher at Inglewood High and he, too, had a dream. He wanted his daughters to finish their schooling there.

The matter had come up several years before because of a problem of finances. But, at the time, Jeanne had vowed she'd try for a scholarship at St. Mary's and she'd won one.

Now she was to be a senior and the transfer couldn't be postponed. She'd have to leave her friends at St. Mary's to spend her last school year among strangers.

In the beginning at Inglewood High, she said little, but the girls seemed to like her. She wore no make-up, but the boys apparently didn't mind. The day in the school auditorium when she heard her name called as a candidate for grid queen—honor among all honors—Jeanne Crain did not walk home. She drifted on Cloud Number Seven.

There was nothing the dreamer could do except hope. Jeanne's campaign managers, her sister and her beau, took it from there. It seemed that everywhere Jeanne looked there were signs, "Jeanne for Queen," "Let Crain Reign." There were speeches by the varied members of the Crain party. The competition was mighty.

After school the afternoon the votes were to be counted, Jeanne went home to await the results. Hours dragged by before she glanced out the window and saw Rita, her sister, and her boy friend coming up the walk. They were whispering and she could tell nothing from their faces until they came into the living room. Rita and chum looked sad. "It's all right," Jeanne told them. "It wasn't your fault. I had the best campaign managers a candidate ever had."

The noble speech sent the managers' senses-of-humor out the window. "Jeanne, we're being mean. We thought it'd be funny," Rita gave her a hug. "We're just pretending. You won. You're grid queen!"

"Believing in dreams come true is a sort of direct faith that children have," says Jeanne today. "You can rarely explain just how you know some things are going to happen, yet if you believe strongly enough . . ."

It was almost time for the senior prom and she desperately wanted a new dress. "I'd just gotten a lovely one for a piano recital," she remembers. "But it seemed so immature looking. I wanted a different (Continued on page 87)
EDITOR'S NOTE:

The letter and poem published here represent the sentiment of all of us who feel the loss of one of the screen's brightest young stars. Jimmy Dean had extraordinary talents. The real tragedy of his death is that this boy, so dedicated to his career, will never know how greatly he was loved by the people he never knew.

Evelyn Hunt of Woodstock, Vermont, is an English teacher who, for many years, has found through movies "an escape from a strenuous schedule. . . . For me," she says, "a good film is a release and a rest." Upon hearing of James Dean's death, Miss Hunt was profoundly shocked, and her sympathetic and heartfelt concern is mirrored in the following portion of her letter, which accompanied her elegy to James Dean:

"No one else's death has ever affected me in quite the same way. . . . He possessed such abundant life, an appreciation
of so many things, and an unequaled genius for acting for one so young. All that day I kept thinking, he can't be dead. There must be some spark of life left that someone, some surgeon could keep alive. He had the most beautiful hands I ever saw.

"At four o'clock in the morning I got up to write the first of the lines I am enclosing. After a few hours' sleep I finished the poem that same morning.

"... I saw James Dean only in 'East of Eden,' though I had looked forward to seeing him act for the rest of my life.

If I have called him 'the unacclaimed,' it is because however much he achieved for his years, he had so incredibly much more to achieve. I do not know how many years I have left, but I know I would give half of them to give James Dean back to the world, if that were possible, and a world he must have loved back to James Dean.

"The lines I am sending you may have no value and no meaning to anyone but me. On the other hand, perhaps they might possess some significance for someone who loved him. I don't know. People forget so soon, so much too soon."

To James Dean

They tell me you are dead, yet I cannot
This night believe the unbelievable;
The restless beauty of your mind and heart
Will not be quenched within the shallow grave.
Your hands that moved caressing weightless things,
As beautiful as music to the soul;
The smile that probed the memory with pain
Of much remembered and of more foregone;
Your eyes that looked upon a mocking world,
Their laughter misted with uncertainty,
That could so love and hate and then forgive—
Beyond the barriers of time and space
Must have their measure in Eternity.
Your guileless grace will here no more be seen;
No tears can recreate the lifeless clay;
Yet if your body but a spark retained
That love could fan to flame, my years I'd give
That you might walk the lovely earth again,
The valiant and the free—the unacclaimed.
The wind will scatter golden coins of leaves
Across your grave. But where are you? Oh, where?

EVELYN H. HUNT
Curl up in a chair and 'listen to him. Because if there's one topic Fess Parker surely does enjoy talkin' about, it's girls!
BY DON ALLEN

'DATE BAIT for a guy like me'

Fess Parker is in "The Great Locomotive Chase"

Fess Parker folded his towering frame into a chair, hooked his new heels onto a handy table edge and leaned back prepared to do some talking—which is one of his pleasures.

"Got me a new pair of boots," he explained, "for this new picture I'm makin', 'The Great Locomotive Chase.' In this one I'm going to do some runnin' around on the tops of trains, so I got to get these new boots ready and broken in soon as I can." He stopped suddenly.

"Yes, sir, I sure do a lot of talkin'. That's one thing I'm really fond of."

And when the topic is girls, well, Fess acts like it's a pure delight.

"What kind of girls do I like?" Fess scratched the back of an ear reflectively. "Well now, that's a mighty good question. I've been studyin' young ladies ever since I was old enough to carry a hoe, but I never did try to narrow it down and put them into types or groups.

There are so many different kinds, and all of them purely wonderful.

"You remember that poet lady who used to say, 'A rose is a rose is a rose'? Well, that's about the way I feel. To me, a girl is a girl is a girl. And the fact that she is a girl is what makes the whole thing a very satisfactory arrangement. But when I ask a girl for a date, I do have some preferences."

His grin spread from the corners of his mouth up into his green eyes.

"For one thing," Fess said, "I like a girl with a lively personality and a zest for living. One with some get-up-and-go. The kind who's interested in lots of things and all kinds of people.

"I'm partial to the outdoor type of girl. Natural beauty impresses me. And I'm a great appreciator of the healthy glow. But this doesn't mean that she'd have to be a whizz at sports. Just enjoying them would be enough. And being (Continued on page 72)"
ment. Then she bought a sleek black Olds convertible and found the romance she'd been seeking with Gene Nelson. If there remains a heart's desire to be fulfilled, Piper would like to go on an automobile tour through Europe in 1956. She doesn't mention making it a honeymoon trip—but husbands make nice traveling companions, Piper!

Roz Russell makes a red-letter wish that's a carry-over from last year. Roz is one of the happiest gals in town. But she's been worried to a frazzle about her best chum, Loretta Young. So all her prayers are for Loretta: "Get completely well, stay completely well and never frighten us like that again." Already part of Roz' wish has come true and we know the rest of Loretta's many friends join her in praying that the frightening days are over for good.

Since her marriage to Ted Briskin, Colleen Miller has been making her home in Chicago. She's still under contract to U-I, however, and must report there whenever called. So Colleen's wishing that some bright airline will put a supersonic jet into operation which would span the two thousand miles in commuting time!

Three wishes has Anne Francis. "To complete the adjustment to living alone and liking it. To steer clear of a possible rebound romance. To be blessed with enough luck and wisdom to combine a thriving career with a happy marriage when the real thing comes along again." With that kind of thinking, how could Anne not get her wish?

Sultry Joan Collins has just one wish: "To see Paris, to see Paris, to see Paris again!" You can say that over again, Joan. Who wouldn't?

WISHING ON A NEW YEAR'S STAR

Continued from page 26

Mitzi Gaynor has no complaints about the old year—for that’s when her every wish came true. Her first year of marriage to Jack Bean has been blissfully happy; his public relations business zoomed and Mitzi’s career, which had been a bit shaky, hit a new high. So what’s left to wish for? On a serious note, Mitzi says: "I wish for a better understanding of people and their problems. I’m going to try my utmost to put other people’s considerations before my own. And, natch, I wish to become a better and better wife, too." That last wish, according to Jack, keeps coming true every day.

Sexy, Swedish Anita Ekberg could ask for anything and some handsome admirer would try to get it for her. Anita’s had every eligible gent of two continents vying for her favor. But what Anita wants—is to be as popular with women as she is with men! When she went to Rome to make “War and Peace” last summer, Anita was warmly welcomed by the masculine contingent. But the chilly reception she got from the distaff side would have turned Vesuvius into an iceberg! Well, Anita, what you’ve got would turn any woman green, but if Monroe could do it, why not you?

Liliane Montevoci, who was discovered while dancing in the “Ballets de Paris,” is thrilled with her M-G-M contract, her role in “Meet Me in Vegas” in Hollywood, and would love all of us to know it. But Liliane’s command of the English language is limited. So her wish (translated from French) is “to learn to speak the English better. I have so much to say to everyone I meet, but I never get a word in because I don’t know how to communicate with people.” With the studio’s best teachers on hand to help, it’s a cinch Liliane’s wish will become a reality.

Tony Curtis’ dream for 1956 is a one-man exhibition of his paintings. But the wish in the hearts of both Tony and wife Janet Leigh is that everyone will stop predicting their marriage won’t last.

Jean Simmons, on the other hand, hopes that 1956 will be the year in which she and hubby Stewart Granger can stay home together—all three-hundred and sixty-six days of it. She was the loneliest girl in town when Stewart was in Pakistan for “Bhowani Junction” this year and she feels they’ve had enough enforced separations to last them forever.

Marlon Brando has been screaming his wish to high heaven! And that’s for magazines to stop writing about him. Says he’s tired of reading about “What Makes Brando Tick?” or “The Real Marlon Brando.” Even his analyst hasn’t found that out yet—so how would any reporter know? asks Marlon. Sorry, boy, but as long as you continue to be boxoffice—and provocative copy, there’s little chance for your wish to come true.

Deborah Kerr doesn’t wish to get her wish, but she’s making it anyway—more time to spend with her family. She doesn’t know how she’ll manage it because her career is zooming and she’s happiest when she’s working. But she loves her family, too. It’s a problem a lot of working wives and mothers have to face. That’s why Deb’s making an extra wish—that she’ll never let either her career or her family down.

Big dreams, little dreams, winging their way to that New Year Star. And maybe some won’t become reality right away. But if anyone doubts that wishes do come true, remember Debbie Reynolds. She waited over a year—but the wishing star didn’t fail her. So, keep that dream in your heart. It could be this is your Year!
How much does it cost to dress like a star? No more than the least expensive dress that becomes you. You're sure to charm in Barbara Nichols' dress of silkened acetate, splashed with dots and crisped with white linen. Bodice is snug, with fullness below. Sizes 5-15. Jonathan Logan. $17.95

A penny saved—by Lois Smith—for more small-change fashions like this. A high-buttoned white linen-like detachable dickey is in bright contrast to the bold red and green Galey & Lord gingham plaid. The floating skirt bells from a deep V'd bodice. Sizes 7-15. By Joan Miller. $12.95

Big satisfaction for small-money pockets, this favorite of Joan Collins. A scooped, black pencil sheath covered up here with its cut-short checked jacket. White linen-weave collar, cuffs, a velvet bow polish it off. All in wearable silk and cotton. Sizes 5-15. By Kay Junior. $14.95

pin-money fashions hits—all under $18
YOUNG IDEAS:
PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS

Lois Smith's news: a dress that looks like separates, with smooth bodice shaped like a waistcoat and poised over a whistle-slick skirt. It's brightened by its own accessory idea—a giant dotted silk tie and sleeve-kerchief. Black, charcoal, green linen-look cotton. Sizes 5-15. By Jackie Nimble. $17.95

Well above the average in looks, but not in price—Joan Collins' silk date dress, a midseason stopper. Shoulder-tied, gathered camisole top is sleek through the middle making the most of a neat little waist. The print, diamond-dotted stylized stripes of green and blue. Sizes 5-15. By Gilden Junior. $17.95

HOLLYWOOD'S LOIS SMITH IS NOW STARRING IN THE BROADWAY HIT, "THE YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL"

JOAN COLLINS IS IN "THE GIRL IN THE RED VELVET SWING," 20TH
BARBARA NICHOLS PLAYS IN "MIRACLE IN THE RAIN," WARNERS
A small financial figure buys this pencil sheath in striped linen-weave rayon. It might be the most exciting dress you own considering the boat neckline, the brilliant yellow scarf wound Empire-style. In keeping with the line—Joan Collins’ exciting new fringed hairdo. Dress, 7-15. Sue Brett. $14.95

Good taste at a young price, sure-fire fashion in Springmaid’s Dazzle cotton with squared-away neckline, a billowing skirt. Here, a new color, melon. Its elasticized leopard print belt with giant brassy buckle is itself a major investment in Barbara Nichols’ wardrobe. Sizes 7-15. Mindy Ross. $10.95

For stores nearest you, turn to page 88

Beautiful buys for the budget-minded—to wear from now on
YOUNG IDEAS:
PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS

Left, major investment at a minor price: a cover-up dress in leaf-printed cotton. It's quite danceable with twirling skirt underscoring a longish, bared bodice. Barbara Nichols adds the cropped linen-look mandarin jacket for day. Avocado, turquoise, rose with white. 5-15. Mindy Ross. $12.95

Below, Lois Smith's insurance for a budget-conscious wardrobe—a sleeveless princess dress, hugging the midriff, then belling into a free-swinging skirt. Polka-dotted satin cotton bow and cuffs light the trim little jacket. Peacock, gold, wine iridescent chambray. Sizes 7-15. Betty Barclay. $10.95

For stores near you, see page 88

pin-money fashion hits

continued
YOUNG IDEAS:

PHOTOPLAY'S PATTERN OF THE MONTH

little time, little money for a quick-sew blouse

You'll boost your winter morale, subtract next to nothing from your fashion budget with this blouse, right for all kinds of wear, easy to make in an evening—one major pattern piece, two minor pieces for collar and tie. Choose any fabric from striped cotton (as figures, top) to silk to worsted jersey. Body of blouse is cut and darts fitted to hug the waist. Striped fabric is worked vertically at front, diagonally over shoulder to form chevrons at center back seam. Add the tiny stand-up collar to the high round neckline and you're ready with a real wardrobe refresher. Sizes 12-18. Size 16 (28-inch waist, 37 hip) takes 2⅛ yards of 35-inch fabric, 2½ yards of 44-inch, 1½ yards of 54-inch. Pattern includes illustrated instructions for cutting and making.

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YOUNG IDEAS:
SOCIAL PROBLEM
Is “butterfly dating” best? Or are the steady-daters wiser? Terry has her own ideas about this popular problem

should a girl go steady?

BY TERRY MOORE

When the letter came from Photoplay’s Editor asking me to discuss the pros and cons of teenagers’ “going steady,” I was, by a curious coincidence, discussing that very subject with my cousin, a beautiful and musically talented college student. She had been going steady—who ever first thought of that ugly way to phrase it?—with a boy who has gone off for a two-year stay as a foreign missionary. It’s my cousin’s feeling that she should not date in college during this year. I don’t agree at all. “Two years is a long, long time,” I told her. “What if you find, at its end, that your feelings for him have changed? Or what if he decides that he feels differently about you? He will be out in the world, experiencing many things, growing up much faster than you in college. At your age, twelve months can bring amazing changes in your life. You’ll miss a lot of fun and fellowship, too, if you refuse to date other boys. You’ll miss a chance to broaden your interests, to learn about people. But most of all, you’ll miss an opportunity to learn how to get along with a wide variety of boys. For social dating at your age is a time when you are learning to deal successfully with the courtship and engagement period that comes later.” My cousin didn’t agree. And, of course, that is her privilege and I did not press it.

And I’m certain that the majority of teenagers won’t agree with me, either, when I tell them, right off, that I don’t believe in steady dating at the beginning of the social dating period. From what I gather—up to fifty per cent of high-school students around the country (so a psychologist tells me) are today going steady or are hoping to do so as soon as possible.

My opinion about steady dating hasn’t changed just because my teen years are behind me. For even when I was a student at Glendale High in Los Angeles I decided that pairing off and going exclusively with one boy was for the birds. I remember very vividly that I tried it twice—once with the high-school football hero. When he finally asked me for a date one afternoon at our malt shop hangout, I was so carried away that I couldn’t finish my mile-high banana split. After three or four wonderful dates came the $64 question: “Would I go steady with him?”

Would I? There was as much chance of me saying no as there was of the moon falling from the heavens.

During the next two (Continued on page 78)
with holiday time here once more and sounds of “Hail, Hail, the gang’s all here” mingling with “Adeste Fideles,” we should stop to consider the fact that records are an ideal gift for Christmas, or as a house present when you go home to the folks. Anyone would love to have Mahalia Jackson’s (the world’s greatest gospel singer) new album for Columbia entitled “Sweet Little Jesus Boy.” We have never heard “Silent Night” sung like this.

For the musical young man in your life or the girl who is just crazy about progressive jazz, a recording of “Laurindo Almeida Quartet.” Along with Laurindo on guitar, Bud Shank really moves on his alto sax, with Harry Babasin on bass and Roy Harte on drums to round out the bill. This is a terrific album portraying native Brazilian music combined with American jazz forms. It proves to be an unusual excursion into modern sounds, on Pacific Jazz label.

The trend in modern jazz has been toward East Coast jazz. The experts believe jazz from the West Coast is too abstract while jazz from the East Coast is more emotional, thus getting the feeling of the music across much better. However, we have found an album called “The Swinging Mr. Rogers” on Atlantic label, which proves that West Coast jazz can have as much emotion.
If not more, packed into one 12" LP than has been heard in a long time. Shorty Rogers and his Giants play such selections as "Isn't It Romantic," "Michele's Meditation," "Trickleydiddle," "Oh Play That Thing," "Not Really the Blues" and "My Heart Stood Still."

Since progressive jazz has been accepted, the singers to come out in that field have been terrific. One of the products to evolve has been Bobby Troup. If you listen closely to his newest album entitled simply "Bobby Troup," you will suddenly realize how his voice blends into the music, sounding just as if it were another instrument. On the Liberty label, Bobby sings such selections as "My Funny Valentine," "Thou Swell," "I've Got a Crush on You," "Old Devil Moon," "They Didn't Believe Me" and "Yes Sir That's My Baby."


"An Evening with the George Shearing Quintet" on the MGM label has us feeling dreamy from hearing the ears of the music George Shearing produces every time. "I'll Remember April," "Body and Soul," "Little White Lies," "The Breeze and I," "Symphony Sid," "Roses of Picardy" and "The Continental" are a few of the selections he offers for your musical enjoyment.

June Valli has an album out for RCA Victor called "The Torch." In it she sings, as only she can, 12 typical torch songs such as "I've Got It Bad and That Ain't Good," "You've Got Me Cryin' Again," "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man" and others.

Sarah Vaughn, on EmArcy label, sings "Lullaby of Birdland," "He's My Guy," "Embraceable You," "September Song," "April in Paris," "Jim, You're Not the Kind" and "It's Crazy." She is accompanied by Clifford Brown on the trumpet, Paul Quinichette on tenor sax, Herbie Mann on flute, Jimmy Jones on piano, Joe Benjim on bass, and R. Haynes on drums.

For Father or Mother a terrific album has just been released on Decca, called "The Best of the Ink Spots." All the songs the Ink Spots made famous are packed into one album. Ask them if they remember "If I Didn't Care," "Whispering Grass," "I'm Getting Sentimental," "We Three," "Coquette" and "Maybee."

(Continued on page 75)
"Exercise is hard work," admits Terry Hunt. "Amen!" breathe his famous—and shapely—clients. "You can't just wave a wand or take a pill and presto—lose weight!" says Hollywood's favorite figure expert. "And you can't put off exercising till you have a few minutes to kill every week or so. That's just a waste of time!" Terry insists on an exercise session every day to trim unwanted bulges; every other day to develop firm curves. "Don't overdo," he cautions, "especially at first. Stop as soon as you feel tired. It's best to begin with ten minutes a day and build up gradually to half an hour." In Terry's opinion, exercise that is rushed through like a chore to be gotten over as fast as possible might just as well be left undone. "Do each routine slowly," he says, "and do it thoroughly. Be sure you feel your muscles stretch. You'll get twice the results—twice as fast—if you resist each movement." Terry uses dumbbells to create added resistance. For exercising at home, a heavy book may be substituted. The routines on this page are demonstrated by lithesome Rita Moreno. Follow Terry's high-priced advice on how to do them and you'll see exciting results in as little as a month's time. With extra dividends of health, poise and vitality.

**SLIM WAIST:**
Stand erect, feet 18 inches apart, arms above head. Bend first to one side, then the other. Return to original position. Repeat 10 times at first. Work up gradually to 20

**SLENDER THIGHS:**
Lie on side and raise leg, keeping knee rigid. Return to original position. Exhale while raising leg, inhale to lower. Start with 6 each leg, and work up to 15 each

**FLAT ABDOMEN:**
Start from forward-bend position. Inhaling as you raise arms, swing dumbbell over head, bending back from waist. Return to original position. Work up from 10 to 25

**STREAMLINED HIPS:**
Swing leg over body, touching floor with toes. Return to original position. Inhale as leg swings back; exhale, forward. Alternating legs, start with 6 swings, increase to 15
A Sparkling Cherries a la Mode is Revlon’s tasty new winter fashion color. A double helping, for lips and fingertips, it comes in nail enamel, 60c,* and lipsticks: “Living,” $1.25,* “Lanolite,” $1.10,* “Futurama” refill, 90c*

B For a delicately glowing complexion any time of year, new Du Barry Liquid Bloom by Richard Hudnut. A one-shade check tint, it is easy to apply, long-lasting and designed to blend with all skin tones and make-up shades. $1.10*

C Dorothy Gray’s Special Dry-Skin lotion for face, hands and body appears this winter in a new and richer formula including lanolin, moisture ingredients and healing Allantoin. Also new, the square bottle. 12 oz., $2.00*

D In tune with the season’s most important fashion colors is Cashmere Bouquet’s lively new lipstick shade, Rhythm-in-Red. A clear, rich crimson, deepened with a hint of blue, it comes in both regular and indelible-type lipsticks, 49c*

E A gift package presented for the first time in this country is Worth’s perfume and cologne set featuring the famous Je Reviens fragrance. Made, packaged and sealed in France, with Lalique flacons set in a silk-lined box, $5.00* plus tax

7383—Easy-crochet this little cape in lacy pineapple pattern. In sizes Small, Medium, Large. Use 3-ply fingering yarn or mercerized crochet and knitting cotton.

861—Crochet these modern leaf-design doilies in two glowing colors. Larger size 16½ inches, smaller 11½. Use crochet and knitting cotton. Easy to do.

7273—Café curtains are fashion news! Instructions included in a patternful of exciting ideas to glamorize any window in your home. Cutting guides, diagrams, trim ideas, instructions included.

609—Dress or jumper—embroidery-trimmed to make it all the lovelier. For special occasions, add glittering sequins and beads. Tissue pattern, transfers and instructions Misses’ sizes 12-20. State size.

7318—You’ll have baby’s new booties, bonnet, jacket finished in a jiffy. Made in open and closed shell stitches in 3-ply baby yarn. Crochet directions included.

Send twenty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to: PhotoPlay, Needlecraft Service, P.O. Box 123, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send extra twenty-five cents for Needlecraft Catalog

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THE LADY IS DANGEROUS

(Continued from page 43) "Land of the Pharaohs" for Warner Brothers, "The Virgin Queen" for 20th and had just finished, "The Girl in the Red Velvet Swing." The next picture in her seven-year contract with 20th is to be "Boy on a Dolphin." On the set she had proved she had the capacity to start hearts racing at a tom-tom beat. "A torrid baggage," the sedate New York Times called her.

Reporters, ever reluctant to accept another's word for it, were doubly critical. Was she, they asked themselves, merely the creation of gifted directors and skilled press agents? Or did she actually possess that elusive and feminine magic, off-screen as well as on, which is truly the mark of the star?

She has the magic. Her appearance alone could make heads turn, women as well as men's, for not one female in a thousand could carry off such clothes. Joan's measurements are 38-23½-37. She is five feet five, five and one half inches tall and weighs 128 pounds.

On one interview she wore a skirt of fine black wool and a black jersey blouse with long sleeves and turtle neck. Both were so tight they made other denizens of blue-ink dresses look bulky as crinoline. Her only ornaments were a bracelet and ring formed of large blocks of topaz, lightly outlined in gold wire. It was an outfit to entitle her to first membership in the fivemarch club, right along with Mata Hari.

Her make-up was frankly Theda Bara—flat pancake, purplish lipstick, black brows and eyelashes to even a fine penciled line along the edge of the lower lid. It was extreme, it was arresting, but in contrast to the way in which another well-heralded glamour girl has been turning a constantly cold creamed face to the press, it also was pleasing. Joan Collins had taken the trouble to look like the kind of star she is supposed to be.

But she had by a manner to match, it would have been insufferable. The day of waving a pretentious long cigarette holder is past. Fortunately, Joan had the intelligence to leave siren's wiles at the studio door. She conducts herself with the decorum of a well brought up young Englishwoman.

She likes cities, she stated. London, New York, Rome and Paris were all much alike, but London, of course, was home. Paris is her favorite city, but she thinks all are fun, "I like the big city hustle, the theatre and the night life." Hollywood delighted her for a different reason. "It's so much more informal. In California, you dress differently and there's an ease. You do what you want. You see friends at their homes, you play records, you sit around and talk.

Among the close friends she has made are Mr. and Mrs. Adele Venable at their home, she also met Marlon Brando whom she thinks is "terribly honest and sincere." He, in turn, had invited her to a party at his house. "I didn't know the way, so he drove down and met me at Schwab's and I followed his car. I thought that rather sweet of him, don't you?"

From New York, she was air—borne to London, officially to place the English premiere of "The Virgin Queen.

The personal aspect of the trip brought a sparkle to her eyes "I haven't been home in eleven months." She was anxious, she said, to see Pippie and "just walk around" places she knows. She planned a weekend in Paris.

But most of all, she wanted to see her family. The fact that, said, was, "My mother, my father, my sister Jackie, my brother Bill—and about eighteen million relatives." The Will Collins home overlooks Regent's Park and Joan describes it as an apartment with "lots and lots of rooms."

Many of the "eighteen million relatives" are vaudeville performers, and like her father, they objected to Joan's going on stage because they thought it too rugged a life for a pretty young girl. Now that her talent is proved, their objections have melted.

"I'm arriving on my sister's eighteenth birthday. That's quite an event." Birthday presents for Jackie are "things which are hard to get in England but which still light to carry. They included plastic shoes, "You know, the ones with glass heels. They look like glass slippers. She'll love them." There also was a gold purse, lipsticks and "mail-b contradicts records from her own collection. "Jackie is jazzy happy and she particularly likes the long playing records. The albums have such nice covers. She loves the titles, too."

Joan herself has two such favorites—the Matt Dennis collection titled "Dennis, Anyone?" and the Eartha Kitt "Down to Earth." She liked them both, "American humor is so dandier."

Then she adds, "Except in show business. Show business people laugh at the same old thing." Calling home before she left, her family, she said, "Told me I sounded so American they could scarcely understand me."

Her problem in finding presents for her parents is the English tradition on boundaries. "For Mother it was easy. I got her a purse and make-up gadgets. But I never know what to get for my father. I've brought home a lot of things from more places. This time, I'm bringing him slippers—and I'm afraid they were made in England."

"The gifts for her brother Bill, age nine, presents to problem. They were inevitable. "Davy Crockett things, of course." She believed they would be timely. "He was in the middle of a Space Man c raze when I left, but two months ago he was talking, "Please send Davy Crockett record."

Experienced traveler that she is, Joan has visited or made films in most of the top European countries and in the Iron Curtain. She believes in traveling light because she likes to buy things wherever she goes. "I keep needing more and more closets."

Where does she want to settle down?

"That," said Joan, opening up the inevitable and at present vexing topic of new plans to marry. "That is, I want to settle in California. I want to marry. But I can't even speak of marrying. I have still to get my divorce."

As she spoke, she drew on her store of British reserve to keep her voice even, "She will not seek to settle in California, May 22, 1952, she married Maxwell Reed. They separated in 1954. There have been reports he is adverse to the divorce. She now plans to seek it in California. "That means at least fourteen months until I am legally free," she says flatly.

To friends she has added candidly that she views any new romance with extreme caution. She is not yet a young woman—well—at least a year—before she even considers marriage.

For the record, she says, "I'm not ready to start down No way. Not even to a marriage. I have moved four times since I came to Hollywood and I intend to move again when I get back. There are too many things to see, too many things I want to do before I consider attaching myself to one place or one person."

The Hollywood advance reports on Joan Collins hold their validity in New York. Last week she was talking of the car she drove—her hotel suite or on display in public, at the theatre, on a television show, or pressing the button which turned on a new street lighting system in the Bronx, and a looked like a siren but conducted herself like a lady.

Not all stars have stood that test. One of the most hilarious press conferences on record was at the original vamp, Theda Bara. The legend is that she met the press at the Blackstone Hotel in Chicago, stretched languidly on a bearskin rug. The day was a hot one and her old-fashioned mascara melted and puddled down on her cheeks. Those who tell the story also insist that Louella Parsons, then a young reporter on the Chicago Herald Examiner, laughed so hard she dropped her copy pencils.

You can bet nothing like that happened when the press met the 1956 Vamp—Joan Collins.

THE END

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE ON PAGE 63

Across

1. "I'll Cry Tomorrow" (John)
2. real
3. North (Sherree)
4. 11:00 (Elizabeth Widing)
5. amuses
6. India
7. "Hello" (Northwest)
8. Evans
9. 26th (Cambridge Mitchell)
10. As
11. Rogers
12. See
13. SOS
14. Ben (Cooper)
15. Call
16. Dry
17. Eve
18. 39 E (Anita Ekberg)
19. rapid
20. isn't
21. try
22. 45
23. at
24. pop
25. M G (Mitzi Gaynor)
26. 50. Forsythe (John)
27. 55. Sky
28. 57. Mother
29. L N (Lloyd Nolan)
30. Imogene (Coca)
31. Steele (Alfred)
32. Abramson
33. Troy
34. "Lilac" (Ekberg)
35. Eddy (Nelson)
36. G K (Grace Kelly)

Down

1. Ireland (John)
2. Lewis (Jerry)
3. L A (Los Angeles)
4. Gene (Trevor)
5. Young
6. One
7. Moses
8. or
9. R T (Robert Taylor)
10. Amores
11. wed
12. Adams (Julie)
16. Nicol (Alex)
19. See
21. S N (Nancy Sinatra)
25. A S (Ann Sothern)
26. S
31. Slep
32. By
33. Ava (Gardner)
36. Rush (Barbara)
38. Eddy
39. Sarnor
41. Ira
42. It's
44. Napoleon
46. P.
49. My
51. Held
52. T M (Tony Martin)
53. Hoagy (Carmichaud)
54. eggs
55. Keel (Howard)
56. Mink
57. R (Ella Raines)
58. S T (Spencer Tracy)
59. T R (Thelma Ritter)
60. Mag
61. Esther Williams
62. Tab (Hunter)
63. Ed
"Rain Dears
(by LUCKY)®
are a 'Must'
in my wet weather wardrobe"
says MARTHA HYER

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MARTHA HYER
co-starring in
"RED SUNDOWN"
A Universal-International Picture
print by Technicolor

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leat you knew what you had in the bank every week. But in the theatre, it was eavay one day, hash if you were lucky, the next. Why couldn't Bill choose a nice upstanding profession of permanence like law? But Mama Campbell, who has a great mental fade, the days when silence was golden, and had collected pictures of Janet Gaynor and John Boles, said: “No. Bill should be an actor, and his brother, who didn’t wantol part for him!” How prophetic Mrs. Campbell’s words were, not even she sus- pected. Bob has just sold an original script which he wrote especially for Bill, “The Boyfriend.” For $250 to Douglas’ new company. He was tempted, but refrained, to call it, “The Campbells Are Coming!”

Little did Mom dream that one day she would see a picture of her son Judy, who she had had it so good, feasting on tournedos of beef, strawberries out of season and vin- tage champagne, and she nearly keeled over the table when he told her that he would have a salary of sixty dollars. At that price, I guess you might call it a chapeau. Mom, who never owned a hat over two dollars, just stared at it and tried to figure out what the money was for. It was a hit! It was a hit! Finally, we did have some extra money to buy a lot and build a home of our own, with a nursery for the children we hope to have. Judy’s father is an ar- chitect, so we’re ahead already.

She’s a lucky girl. Success can be a pretty empty glory, if you haven’t someone at your side to share it. What is it the poet Byron once wrote? All who joy would win must share it—and happiness.

The dessert wagon rolled by loaded with tempting sweets, but Bill waved it away. He didn’t need a chocolate roll or strawberry shortcake to sweeten his life. It’s full and rich enough with us. We’d have no hunger. He lit a cigarette and con- tinued, “I’m a lucky guy, too, to have had such great actors help me with my career. Park, and any others. The bigger they are, the nicer they are. It was Johnny Garfield who gave me my first words of advice. I made my first, and his last, picture–*The Breaking Point*.” Then he added, “I won’t forget the money I spent in the road company of ‘The Man Who Came to Dinner,’ and had done three plays on Broadway before that. The en- gagements were even briefer than my roles, but I got to play ‘Daphne’ in the company of ‘The People Against O’Hara,’ I was numb. I was so afraid, I didn’t go near him. I was afraid to tell him how much, I ad- mired him for fear that he’d think I, as

DON’T MISS IT!

The beautiful color portrait of

PIER ANGELI, VIC DAMONE

and their new, adorable baby.

PLUS

 STEWART GRANGER, who tells why and how much he is in love with Jean Simmons.

IN FEBRUARY PHOTOPLAY

*At your newsstand January 5*

(Continued from page 40)
Which hand will be smoother, silkier?

The one with the rubber glove? No...

the one with New Mennen Skin Magic
the silicone beauty lotion guaranteed to
protect more ways than rubber gloves!

This revolutionary, non-sticky lotion
not only protects against chapped, water-rough skin... it adds softening
emollients, too; helps your skin keep
its natural beauty oils! And its mild
antiseptic action helps heal tiny cuts,
scratches and blisters!

It actually heals chapping; silks skin instantly! Smooths dry, rough
legs, heels, elbows. Even kills kitchen
odors that cling to hands! Use it as a
makeup base and body lotion, too.
Lovely fragrance. In unbreakable
squeeze bottle. Your money back
from the Mennen Company, if not satisfied. Only $1 plus tax.
THEN HUDSON GOT HEP

(Continued from page 28)

companion. "Doesn't he want to watch?"

"Good grief, man, he's in the picture."

In the not too distant past, for Rock, such a session would have been like an

cursion to a torture chamber.

He would have walked in and taken
just one look at the collection of Holly-
wood veterans surrounding him—Eliza-
abeth Taylor and Jane Withers, young

ladies who had grown up in pictures, Mer-
cedes McCambridge, the actress who
had taken home an Oscar, George Stev-
en, the master director. One look would
have been enough; Rock Hudson would
have spent the rest of the evening asking
himself, "What am I doing here?"

Now, however, he leaned forward in his
seat, took notes on the performances.

The dialogue was no longer drowned out
by the persistent thought, "How did I
ever think I could play a part like this?"

Now, unencumbered by doubts, he could
view his work objectively, in the manner of
a seasoned professional. He knew
exactly what he was doing there.

Rock Hudson was engaged in portray-
ing a part for which such stars as Clark
Gable and Gary Cooper had been men-
tioned. And according to who those who
have seen the finished product, he's played it
with the assurance and the authority of
those all-time greats.

It's a far cry from his first role in a
picture called "Fighter Squadron," from
that initial day of shooting when he had
one line. The line was, "You better get
a bigger blackboard."

That day his voice nearly out trembled
his knees. After twenty-eight tries, he
finally got it right. When he walked off
the set, he was certain it was forever.

"I was awful," he complained to a co-worker.

"Guess it's back to driving a truck."

"You have a couple of other scenes,"
replied the other fellow. "Don't worry. You'll improve."

"I will?" asked Rock.

"No doubt about it," he was assured.

"You couldn't be that bad again."

In those days, actor Hudson wouldn't
have taken any bets. He's come a long
way. But only Rock knows exactly how
far. The road to maturity, to confidence,
to freedom from fears, he found, is even
longer than the one to Stardom. He had
lighted his way through his own private
battle. And at last he's won it. "I can't
honestly say that I'll never be afraid
again, he'll tell you. "No one is ever
completely free from fears. Yet if you
know how to meet your fears, you've got a
headstart when it comes to licking them,
and they can't get you down."

The knowing smile was a long time in
coming. "When I first got into pictures, I
was terribly afraid of failure," he says.

"I guess that's the way everyone feels
about a new job. But it was such a long
haul and success seemed so far away, sometimes I thought I'd never make it no
matter how hard I worked."

"By the time I reached the point where
I was being given parts, I'd worked my-
self into feeling apologetic because the
studio wasn't getting a Lawrence Olivier
to speak my few lines. And I figured
that as soon as they discovered this rather
glaring error, I'd be finished," Rock adds.

"I was afraid of disappointing those
who believed in me, people who'd stuck
their necks out for me: my agent, Raoul
Walsh who gave me my first break, the
studio that had invested in my career."

"I was afraid of the responsibility of
stardom when it came. True, everyone
connected with a film is in there pitching.
But when you play a lead, you're the guy
in the limelight, the guy the public ex-
pects to carry the picture."

It was when he won the role in "Mag-
nificent Obsession" that he began to see
the light. The day he was called, he felt
a mixture of absolute happiness and total
terror. "Look Rock," said the execu-
tive who broke the news. "You weren't
Barrymore when you came here. We
didn't expect you to be. We did expect
you to work hard. You haven't disap-
pointed us and we couldn't ask for more.

"We gave you larger roles as you im-
proved, only because you had improved.
You're well liked, but we're in business
and we can't afford to be sentimental
where casting's concerned. This picture's
yours because we know you can do a
good job."

That was the beginning. It was then
that he finally got it through my head that
if the studio wanted an Olivier for 'Ob-
session,' they'd have done something
about that. But they wanted me. And if
I gave my best—well, chances were that
we'd all be happy."

When "Giant" came along, Rock was
ready. He was ready for one of the most
coveted roles of this or any other year.
That was no thoughts such as "Gable
would do it this way." There were no
more comparisons in his mind. The old
boy, Rock Hudson, himself, was going
to make Bick Benedict come to life. Bick
would be his own creation.

Life in Hollywood isn't spent exclu-
sively on the sound stages. For Rock,
there were other windmills to chop. It's
been said that during his first few years
in Hollywood he hardly spoke a word.

"I was quiet," admits Rock. "I was al-
ways afraid of saying the wrong thing.

"There I was, an ex-truck driver meet-
ing the Hollywood greats—the experts.
And believe me, I was wondering what
in the world I could say to that man.
I'd open my mouth and I'd been doing,
he had cause to regret it. It occurred the
afternoon his agent accompanied him to
an interview with an important producer.

The agent had done to me as to what
how and when to say it. See-

ing Rock's nervousness, he added, "If you
get stuck for an answer, I'll take over."

Once in the office, the producer leisurely
began to question him. To him, Rock
was a kindly man, Rock had no doubt. He
seemed to realize that Rock had had few
such interviews. Nevertheless, Rock found
himself mumbling replies. And the more
he mulled, the more confused he be-
came. He remembered his agent's advice
too late as the producer, in another effort
to put him at ease, asked him his age.

To escape from the nightmare, he turned to his agent for
support and blurted, "How old am I?"

"Forget it, kid," his agent said as they
left. "They'll ask you the other interview.

"Yeah," said Rock. "And I know just the
guy to see. He runs a trucking agency."

In the social world, the Dale Carn-
egie influence was equally noticeably lacking.

"As I began to make pictures and as I got
better parts, I was invited to more and
more parties," says Rock. "And for such
a long time I figured that the straight-
faced kind of guy I was was due to the
fact that everyone was too polite to
laugh."

It was at a dinner party one evening
that he began to see another side of the
story, when a top star stopped suddenly
in the middle of a lengthy monologue, "I'm
talking too much as usual," she grinned.

"But you know, Rock, you have a quality
that encourages me to listen like me to talk
their heads off. You know how to listen.

"I never thought of that way," he
murmured. And he found himself telling
her,

"How long has this been going on?"

she asked him.

"How long? He had to go back. "Way back
to his first memory of how laughter could
hurt. To a day a gift of poverty. I'd been
called on and had blurted a wrong
answer. The class had whooped. After
that, whenever a question had come his
way, he'd go blank."

Seemingly it was a little thing. Yet why
did he still remember? He glanced at the
actress and saw that she was smiling.

"Suppose you could round up that entire
class and you'd give them a laugh," she
said. "How many do you think would
remember that incident? And if they've
forgotten, why can't you?"

"There are numerous other instances,"
Rock drawled with a very grin.

"I'm sure there are," said the star.

"There are certain times in our lives when
we all say or do funny things. And you,
my friend, do not have a monopoly."

Rock got that one, though he didn't say
that but it immediately blossomed into a
polished conversationalist. But that was
the evening he got under way.

Rock had another fear—that of insecur-
ity. "I wasn't afraid of poverty. I'd known
that too well and I'd learned to cope with
it. It was another type of insecurity."

The only time he ever remembered the

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THE OTHER SIDE OF GODFREY

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Special stories about

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ROY ROGERS
very small. Those were the happy days of his childhood when there were Mother and Dad and the closeness of their small family. He was safe and loved.

Then, when he was six, his world suddenly fell apart. "That was the day Mother came and told me that she and Dad were separating," he says. "I think that was the beginning of it. I was too young to understand. Everything seemed torn up."

It wasn't that he was loved any less. He knew that. But his mother had to go to work as a telephone operator to support them. They had little time together. And with his dad gone...

"It took a bit of living and a lot of learning to straighten me out on that score," says Rock. "As a child, you're naturally dependent. Life's meant to be that way. But as an adult, you can't cling to the memory of whatever security you knew as a child—or, as in my case, harbor a deep distrust of it."

"Real security is something you have to find within yourself as you mature. It kind of automatically comes to you as you develop self-reliance and other similar qualities. You just have to know where to look for it and to recognize it once you've achieved it."

"It isn't merely a matter of material things. Some of the most insecure people are very wealthy. I'm not knocking the all-American dollar bill," grins Rock. "Just false values. Which brings me to still another episode in my life. The time I was afraid I wasn't behaving like a star—living up to the old tradition of living it up!"

He had an acquaintance who believed that a star or, well, anyone who could afford it, should advertise prosperity. "You ought to dress the part," he told Rock. "Get yourself some custom-made duds. The best. Only the best. After all, people expect it of you."

Rock took a trip to the shop which had been recommended and spent a small fortune for a new suit. No doubt about it, the outfit was a beauty. At ten times the usual price, it should have been.

Then, on his way home, he happened to pass a more modest store. In the window, another suit caught his eye. He stopped in, tried it on and bought it. He paid for it even less than he usually spent.

It was this suit that he was wearing several nights later when he ran into his acquaintance at a party. "Took your advice," said Rock.

"So I see," the fellow eyed the modestly priced outfit appreciatively. "You can tell that's real quality."

Rock began to grin. "You'd never guess what I paid for it," he said.

"I know those prices are steep," came the reply. "But you're a star. And now you look like one."

"It was all I could do to keep from laughing. And mostly at myself," he says. "It was a rather expensive lesson, but I learned it well."

"Today, as he is reaching the heights of Hollywood success, some day that the entire business has gone to his head. "It's logical," he remarks. "There has been a change. Around Hollywood, I used to be known as the fellow who could never speak up."

"In a way, I was always afraid I might be tagged ungrateful or hurt someone. But in the past few years the demands on my time have tripled and to have any responsibilities. Fulfilling all the requests would take about a fifty-six-hour day."

"I'd like to be able to work it so I could take nice long rests between pictures. To recite the old phrase, 'get away from it all.'"

"But not too far way," he adds with the Hudson grin. "Or for too long."

---

**Do salesgirls call you "Miss"... or "Madame"?**

When a salesgirl calls you "Madame" for the first time, you can't believe she means you—it sounds so unfamiliar, so old. But, suddenly you realize that "looking older" doesn't just happen to other people—it can happen to you too!

---

**Don't let Drying skin "middle-age" your face**

It can happen even before 25—the dreaded "older" look of dry skin. Little crow's feet, flaky patches, dry lines—they tell you that your skin's natural oils are beginning to dry out. By 40, the skin can lose up to 20% of its own softening oil. So, to prevent the "middle-age" effects of dry skin, you must replace these oils daily!

You can't expect a thin liquid to do the work of a rich cream

Parched, dry skin needs more than surface oiling with a thin liquid. It needs the deep-softening benefits of a quick-penetrating, really rich cream.

Quick-penetrating and very rich, Pond's Dry Skin Cream is today's leading dry skin care. These three special features make it an unusually effective dry skin treatment.

1. It's **extra rich in lanolin**, the oil most like your own natural skin softeners.
2. Homogenized lanolin. Not ordinary lanolin—but lanolin that's homogenized into microscopic particles that penetrate dry skin almost instantly.
3. Its special emulsifier restores "dewiness" to flaky, dried-out surface skin.

Start using Pond's Dry Skin Cream tonight. See how quickly this rich cream smooths away dry lines, really deep-softens dry skin. Get Pond's Dry Skin Cream in the large jar—a season's supply for less than one dollar!
42.67. They wrote up the deal in the third magazine.

Despite the fact that he rates himself an erratic student, Fess accumulated a good deal of formal education. After he graduated from high school he enrolled in a liberal arts course at Texas A & M, but says, "that didn't take." So he moved over to Hardin-Simmons University at Abilene, Texas, where he spent another year before volunteering for the Navy. Fess served in the Navy from 1943 to 1946. For the last six months of the war he was assigned around the China Sea on the minechaser YMS 354 taking pot shots at Japanese mines. "It was noisy," he reports. When he returned to study pre-law at Hardin-Simmons U. and business administration and history at the University of Texas where he finally got his degree, then," he says, "I headed for Hollywood.

The urge to become an actor had started years before when Fess witnessed his first Shakespearean productions at the Texas summer festival at Dallas. This was given right impetus when he visited Hollywood studios during the war, and later at Adolphe Menjou, who encouraged him. But in Hollywood he found that his services were "not in demand."

"This was not too surprising," he says, grinning. "As I had no acting experience except for the time I played debby in a college production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—which," he adds, "as hardly type casting.

Fess decided that he needed experience, so he enrolled in the School of Theatre at S.C. At the end of the spring semester heard that they were looking for local actors to tour the West Coast with the Chicago company of "Mister Roberts." "I applied for a job," Fess says, "and darned if I didn't get it." This opened the door. Fess earned only $22 a week, but he gained valuable experience working with Henry Fonda and other trained actors in the "Mister Roberts" company. With this behind him, he landed his first movie role in "Untamed Frontier." After that, in rapid succession he appeared in eight more pictures. Then Walt Disney spotted him in "Them."

"That's our man!" Walt exclaimed. "He's the one to portray Davy Crockett."

Fess was in.

"I'm a lucky fellow," Fess says now. "I've had a good life. Everything has come along right on schedule.

Recently, Fess' steady date has been a lovely singer, Marcella Rinhardt. But Fess says, "We're not serious. We're not planning to get married.

Nevertheless they do have fun together. Fess and Marcy met beside an apartment-house pool. "I was talkin' as usual," Fess remembers. Then they soon discovered that they had much in common...music, books, and movies. "And Marcy's a fine cook," Fess says triumphantly.

On their evenings together Marcy often cooks dinner for the two of them at her small apartment. Then they go to the Hollywood Bowl or the ballet or a concert. Or they just take a drive out to the beach at Santa Monica. And they talk endlessly, Fess says.

Fess kids Marcy a lot. Says, "I have kind of a crazy sense of humor." One night they were talking about music and they started naming off their favorite composers.

-Bech, Haydn, Chopin, Brahms, Debussy.
-Then Fess said, "Do you like Sezuni?"
-And Marcy answered without thinking. "Oh, yes! He's one of my favorites."
-At that point Fess flicked an eyelash and Marcy realized that he had made it up. She kicked him on the shins.

"Oh, Fess Parker!" she railed at him. "Sometimes you make me so darned mad!"

Fess was awed when he recently made a personal-appearance tour and in city after city crowds of eight and ten thousand turned out to meet him. "All those wonderful young mothers who brought their youngsters and stood in line for hours" Fess says seriously.

Fess hopes to visit England in December. "To meet the people," he puts it. In the meantime he whiles his leisure moments playing his guitar, writing songs with his pal, Buddy Ebsen, taking tap dancing and piano lessons and strolling the Hollywood Hills with his fellow members of The Whippoorwill Walking and Talking Society. He is humble about his success in Hollywood, and quite serious about his future. He wants to improve himself as an actor. And he hopes to marry one day and have "several children." But he says he's glad he waited this long before settling down.

"I've changed considerably in the last few years," Fess says. "And I might have made a mistake if I got married the first time. I had the urge, when I was about eighteen. Now I have new responsibilities. It's a definite privilege to be where I am today. And I think I owe it to my studio and to my public not to make a fool of myself.

"I'm sort of independent in spirit. When I do marry I don't think she'll be an actress. I want a wife who'll be willing to make a career out of marriage. I want to be the one to bring home the bacon. And I hope she'll be plenty busy just taking care of me and our youngsters. I'm not looking for a glamour girl. I'll settle for a girl with warmth and honesty and a real sincerity about the important things like integrity and ideals.

"But marriage is for the future," says Fess. "Parker. "Right now I've got to do some travelin', and a lot more learnin'."

THE END

Who has the Baby-Soft Skin?

BOTH HAVE! Both use Cuticura

- mildest of all leading soaps by actual tests

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Try sensational new Cuticura Shampoo. Combines the best features of soap and soapless shampoos. Get it in the unbreakable, spill-proof plastic spray bottle, leading drug counters everywhere.
the results will surprise you. Of all of us there, only three had been married more than once, and the average length of marriage for all the others was twenty years. I'd say that's quite a record.

Jimmy himself has been married over thirty years—and to the same wife. To the survey's question: "Do you or your family attend regular religious services?" 61.3 per cent answered in the affirmative. Again this percentage is considerably higher than the national average. And despite publicity to the contrary, there are as many churches in Hollywood as there are swimming pools.

There are other statistics I could quote, facts to reveal that almost half of those answering—41.3 per cent to be exact—never go to a night club, and a good portion of them never take a drink.

Whether it's the fault of the editors, reporters or the public, those who keep their morals intact, their noses and their reputations clean, seldom stir up the commotion that attends the carousings of the feral few.

It is very easy for those who so desire, to side-step the SIN that is supposedly capitalized in filmland. Kim Novak is one who has, and has held them at a distance. She climbed stardom. Kim, as you know, came out here from Chicago, was discovered and signed to a contract by Columbia Pictures studios.

When she first arrived here, she took up residence at the famous Hollywood Studio Club, and is still living there although she could now well afford to buy a home and live like a star. She prefers the Studio Club, which is run as strictly as a sorority at any college. Kim has confined her romance to one man, theatre executive Mac Krim, spends most of her free time in traveling, dramatics, and, as she told me, "I say my prayers every night before retiring."

"Sin in Hollywood?" Pier Angeli's eyebrows went up when I asked her. She thought for a moment and then said: "Sin is a personal thing and has nothing to do with where a person lives. Of course, there is sin here just as there is everywhere else where people live. But Hollywood is no different from Rome where I came from. I haven't seen any 'bad' things in the five years I've been here, nor have I made any really 'bad' people. Certainly there's sex in Hollywood," Marilyn Monroe, the epitome of it, told me once. "But most of it is on the screen. It's a very saleable commodity and it's here to stay. The picture industry was practically built on it, and maybe some of

It slips off the screen into the private lives of the stars.

She herself has been the subject of many headlines as any star in film town's history. But the only sensational aspect of her story concerned the famous calendar pose. The consensus here is that Marilyn constantly makes efforts to better herself as an actress and tone down the tenor of her personal life.

When it comes to "wolves," the Hollywood starlet is as no more ferocious than that found in any other young woman. As Piper Laurie insisted to me, "If a man is going to be a problem, he is going to be a problem no matter where I am. They all have more or less strange and eccentric intentions. And it won't matter whether he's with a girl at a restaurant, a mov- in a car. A man is a man, no matter what. And when a star or a secretar the way a girl handles a problem depends completely upon her moral training."

Mitzi Gaynor echoes Piper's sentiment. "I met my share of wolves here before I was married," she admitted cheerfully. "They were an experience but certainly no different from the variety that roam the entire country. All it takes is a strong will and an equally strong arm to keep them out. It is more discouraging to think that someday one day I'd really fall in love and marry. The fact that I've been in show business a lot of my life had nothing to do with m principles and the way I look at things."

In this fact. I went through the growing pair like every girl does—and they hurt—I was engaged before, and followed with with what I thought was love, but when I met Jack Buetel, I knew I was in a real love, and I don't regret waiting for it."

This is the attitude of the majority of stars. As one actor expressed it, "Because we are in the limelight so much, we have to be more careful about the way we live our lives as compared to others."

Jeff Chandler once strayed from his tried-and-true love of his wife, Margie, to see how the other half of the Hollywood world lived. But he found those called treasure chests an empty void as returned to the fold of his family.

Rita Moreno hit the headlines briefly when she attempted to start a romance with a soccer player. The police. She kicked and fouled them after they found her waiting for him. Then boy friend, Georide Hormel, who they wanted to question. Rita subsequent, however, has grown up in terms of temp and since then conducted her private life with perfect propriety.

Jane Powell, too, confused and unhappy about the break up of her first marriage entered into a relationship with George Nelson but came to her senses in time to save herself from too many unsavory stories. She found her true love in P. Nero, who is now married and she's been her in life. Liz Taylor also got on a merry-go-round of marital gaiety and dreary headlines while still in her twenties when she sailed on the ill-fated Queen Elizabeth. Elizabeth Taylor has improved too much for her to stomach. Now she is settled down with Michael Wildi in a house of love and children.

Rory Calhoun, a victim of environment effects of Hollywood, has been married almost six years, and was stamped "incorrigible by reformatories. But he overcame the bad beginning to turn into a respected at least respectable, citizen of society. And where did this reformation take place, where was Rory given the chance to re-build his life? Right here in Hollywood the capital of "sex and sin," as son people would have you believe. The End
WHAT'S SPINNING?
(Continued from page 63)
abye." If they do, this is the ideal album for them.
"So Smooth," a new album by Perry Como, is on the RCA Victor label. Perry is
earned the title of "Mr. Nice Guy" by just that to so many of his viewers on television. However, he has his
own particular smooth style when he gives a song and, with this new album, he
does at he really can sing. Selections include "It's a Good Day," "I've Got the World
in a String," "In the Still of the Night," "Is the Talk of the Town," "You Do
Something to Me," "Breezin' Along with a Breeze" and "One for My Baby."
On Capitol label, the third in the series, 'La Danza,' with Carmen Dragon con-
nucting the Hollywood Bowl Symphony
orchestra. This album is a terrific high-
tility recording featuring "Teo Tico,
lanco in D," "Siboney" and "The Mexi-
Can Hat Dance." This is light semiclassical
use with Spanish inflections on a hi-fi
routing that has beautiful sound repro-
duction.

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BOB WAGNER

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Robert Mitchum: The Man Who Dared to Sue

(Continued from page 37)

I decide to throw you out of here myself." Needless to say, the muckraker grabbed his bowler hat and umbrella and departed without a formal call.

Bob said later, “Can you imagine that punk trying to pull such a phony deal? And with me, of all people!”

Instead of a climate of political and social dissent, the incident was ironic, to say the least. Bob is a man who hates scandalmongers like poison. He is based on this innate sense of moral honesty and decency. Plus a forthright belief in the human potential for improving one’s world through the philosophy of “live and let live.”

Furthermore, only a few months before that, Bob had been made the target of a scurrilous attack in a scandal magazine. And in May, 1955, he had narrowly avoided filing in Santa Monica Supreme Court a $1,000,000 libel suit for damages to his professional reputation as an actor.

He further alleged that he and his family had been subjected to “public scandal, embarrassment, disgrace, contempt and ridicule.” And he contended that they had been caused “great mental anguish, shame and humiliation.”

To file this action and invite the further notoriety of a public court fight took plenty of guts on Bob’s part. But he says simply, “It was the right thing to do.”

For many months now, scandal magazines have victimized the top stars of Hollywood. Bob Mitchum believes that the only way to put a stop to this outpouring of false reports is to take it to the courts and make them reap what they have sown.

“It’s a matter of principle with me,” Bob says, “rather than a great concern for financial returns. If we can get a judgment in the courts, it will act as a deterrent and then we’ll be in a position to go to Washington and ask for Congressional action.”

Why haven’t other stars filed similar suits for libel? Bob says that’s not an easy question to answer. He adds:

“I used to see my friends being defamed and mauled around in each new issue that hit the stands,” Bob says. “Some of the stuff that was printed about them was really abusive. But why don’t they try to do something about it? Well, frankly it’s hard to say. I think the general attitude was that most stars preferred to ignore the reports since they could only gain nothing by taking them to court.”

But personally I don’t feel that way about it. I think it’s a case of fighting for your honor and your good name. You know that you are under tremendous power in the written word. People are inclined to believe what they read in magazines. They say, ‘If it’s printed it must be true.’ And if it’s not true, how come they are able to get away with it?”

“And that’s the whole point. They shouldn’t be allowed to get away with it. They shouldn’t be allowed to get rich by printing lies and smears.”

Mitchum went on, “Of course it seemed almost inevitable that the scandalmongers would someday get around to me. Before they did, I used to wonder just how they would manage it. After all, my life has been so private. But now I’ve been following the publications for the last few years. Everything there ever was to say about me had already been said. So I couldn’t figure out just how they’d be able to come up with anything new. But then it finally came out with a completely fantastic story. The allegations were absolutely without the slightest basis in fact. And that tore me.

“This, as I say, was a matter of principle with me,” Mitch went on. “It could very definitely affect my career as an actor. It deeply concerned my wife and my two sons and my baby daughter, Petrine. And it was a terrible threat to the future of the land. That left me with no alternative but to take legal action against them.”

“In the past, you remember, I’ve had my troubles. I’ve made mistakes, of course, I don’t want to call them that, and I’ve taken my lumps. The law has made me pay the penalty when I was in the wrong, and that’s as it should be. But that was a long time ago. I’ve tried to live up to the standards of my family as a decent, moral citizen. And now I expect the law to work both ways. Now I’m on the right side of the fence, and I expect the law to protect me from the wrongs of others.”

When Bob needed legal advice he went to see the nationally famous trial lawyer, Jerry Giesler, who had counseled him so well before. Giesler spoke to him as a friend as well as an attorney at law. He warned Bob that if he took his case into court he would surely be subjected to considerations of convenience and expense. There was also the possibility of public name calling. These things, Giesler explained, had undoubtedly deterred the other Hollywood stars from filing suits for slander.

Mitch brushed these matters aside. “They’re not important to me,” he said. “What is important is to clear my good name and set the record straight in the field of journalism. I have assured you that I have a good case for legal action, and now I want you to go ahead with it.”

“Good,” says Jerry Giesler. “You have guts and you have gumption.”

It is a well-known fact that Bob Mitchum has plenty of intestinal fortitude, both physically and morally. He has faced criticism and setbacks on occasions when he has stood up to them forthrightly and as a man of conscience. He is not given to bellyaching about a turn of bad luck. He has never carped about the slings and arrows. And in this case he believes that he is entitled to a fair shake from the law.

Many of Bob’s friends feel that he has handled this whole incident with unflagging fortitude, yet there is the possibility of unfavorable publicity. One of them says, “Mitch is accident-prone. When one is about ready to happen, fate seems to take him by the hand and lead him to the scene of action.”

A case in point is the famous unhappening of Simone Silva in which easy-going Bob became the fall guy in her flagrant bid for international publicity. More recent was the alleged dunking incident on the “Blood Alley” production location which resulted in Bob’s replacement in the picture. Of this Bob says, “The story about me pushing someone in the water was completely false. In fact, the affair was when a London newspaper phoned me the next morning. That was when I learned I was out of the picture, too.”

As it happened, this proved to be only a temporary matter. Once in production location, he returned to Hollywood and stepped right into another picture, “Man with the Gun,” which at this writing looks to be a hit of major proportions. So a bad break was soon converted to good fortune for Bob and for Samuel Goldwyn, jr., who produced the picture.

“When we originally planned ‘Man with the Gun,’ says Goldwyn, jr., ‘we wanted Bob for the role of the off-beat Western. The part of a gun-slinging peace marshal was perfectly suited to him. He had read the script, and he liked it very much. But at the time he was all tied up with other picture commitments. Then, when I suddenly became available, we started or production rolling at once.”

At first, however, the members of the “Man with the Gun” cast were not acquainted with Mitchum. “He was a stranger,” says director Richard Wilson. “I was a little surprised to find that he could so perfectly fit the mold of a real people’s hero.”

However, Bob did pop off on at least two occasions. The first was the time he was shooting the big fire scene that burned down a wooden saloon, and the director wanted to use a stunt man to do for Bob.

“Nuts to that!” Mitch said flintily. “I use to be a stunt man myself back in the day when I got my start playing in Hoppe’s ‘Cassidy’ pictures, and I can still do it work. No double for me.”

So they set the saloon on fire and shot the scene. As soon as the fire had really picked up, Mitch tore right to his knitting. He worked very hard to help us bring the picture through. He’s a great performer and I really depended on him in the many critical scenes.”

Actually in the past Bob has studiously avoided referring to himself as an actor at all. The term he uses is “salesman” because he says that for many years his name on the title marquee has been like money in the bank for exhibitors and producer alike. As a result he has never worked for bad movies orCheapies and has scotched an offer from a poorer-than-average scripts in order to “salvage them and sell them.”

This ranksles Bob. On occasion his snarling abhorrence of bad movie writing is so heated that he has even approached strangers and implored them to produce a better script. But at the same time he has always been a philosopher of sorts. He believes that you only have to take the bitter with the better. “Don’t work on doctors and rewriting a script sot, which, coupled with his own fine performance, has turned a mediocre picture into a good one.”

The high point in his career Mitchum is no longer under studio contract. He is strict a free lance, with the privilege of pickin and choosing his own scripts. As a result he has appeared in a spate of unusual fine pictures including “Track of the Cat,” “Night of the Hunter,” “Not as a Stranger,” and the aforementioned “Man with the Gun.” At the same time he has run a ne-historic gun and has been seen in the box office sensation in “Night of the Hunter” to the idealistic young actor in “N as a Stranger.”

When Bob was first signed to play the scenic part opposite Jane Wyman in the movie “Net as a Stranger,” a great many Hollywood critics regarded it as a new low in miscast. In the face of this audible disapproval, Bob approached his task with characteristic thoroughness and sincerity. His perform
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(Continued from page 61)

weeks we saw each other constantly—and quarreled constantly. He became extremely possessive about things that didn't interest him. I didn't like and he recited all the things about me that marred my idol. After each quarrel he'd say, "Do you still want to go out with me?" And I would say, "Yes." For a fortnight I returned his letter sweater and gold football and I was dating again. I wanted to meet and know a lot of boys in high school. I even dated the football hero of the school, so that's another reason for not only to our own high-school prom, but to his, too.

During my junior and senior high-school years it was ambitious to become as good an artist as was my father, but I was studying sing-
ing, dancing and dramatics; also spent time at swimming, skating, tennis and golf; had many hobbies. So I was much more likely not to get too absorbed in an attachment to any boy. Even today I still don't believe in dating one man exclusively.

Why are high-school girls and boys, so cold on steady dating? "Date insurance" is the most commonly used term I've spoken with on my personal appearance tours around the country. "It's for anything that comes up. And it was the same girl who took me home. Why, she paired me up with steady dating when I was in Glendale High. Personally I didn't then—and I don't now—consider "date insurance" a good enough reason. It's too still a price to pay. What about the boy, anyway?"

Say Jane is at the prom with her steady date, Joe. She's dancing with Joe who's struggling not only with his first dinner jacket but also with the "foot-crunching" dance technique which apparently finds him spending more time on Jane's toes than on the floor. Then another boy notices her. "Who's that dreamy redhead?" he asks a friend, "ain't she just just steady! Bang! There goes Jane's chance to meet a new boy—one who might prove much more suitable. For there is no basis of comparision if you date one person exclusively.

Why should a girl remove all competition? The steady-dater has no incentive to keep on her toes because she has no opponents. So she may neglect herself. And it's no use in trying to keep to him, she need merely pick up the phone to be as

sured of a date? Isn't it better for him to exert a little charm—to really work to get a date? I know boys feel that steady dating saves them money by not having to pay for "romantic money" in making a big impression on a series of girls. That may be, but also when a boy takes a girl for granted—steers clear of mid-month dates or late arrivals or the horrible "final date" ("Bill hasn't said we'd go definitely")

Then, too, what happens to Jane after she has paired off for a long time and is out of the picture when the girls go to the prom or other town? Or goes away to college? Then Jane is high and dry. When all the others are paired off, it's tough for her to start all over again. Then there is the complicat-
ing business of breaking in another girl. Still, there are those who believe that steady dating in high school is the living end. A bright and pretty girl whom I met in Florida told me her parents had told her there, too, "I'm all for steady dating. I think there's lots to be gained in getting to know one boy really well; it gives you a chance to learn a lot about yourself and about others. Why, when you're with a boy of your own age, you can talk about something else. A girl who goes with a great number of boys may become too hard to please—even a bit blase—before she settles on one boy. But a girl who is steady dates a girl once or twice both have company manners and dress. Under the cir-
cumstances it's hard to get to know anyone really well. But in steady dating both the boy and girl tend to go a bit "messy, maybe cross and snappy."

This girl, I'm sure, would be impressed, as I was, in a psychology course, to hear that "less desirable" boys were铝ville boys. "For a to-
day a boy and girl need to know at least 25 persons of the other sex, to date at least a dozen of them before they are ready and qualified to select a life-mate. Teenagers who keep themselves fancy-free, who go in for diversified dating are more apt to gain the necessary social experience, emotional maturity and judgment to select the right marriage partner when the time comes. Most boys and girls go through several heart-shattering relationships in the process of maturing.

Most parents frown on early dating. But I don't think they're wrong. For then they're messier, maybe cross and snappy."

As a psychology major, I'm sure that Jane's parents would agree with me. For the lack oflaning experience on my part, I was the first to admit that I was lucky to have the opportunity to try dating. So I was grateful that I had the chance to learn in a more meaningful way.

The last few paragraphs I've written are necessarily incomplete. However, I have tried to give you a flavor of the topic of steady dating. I hope you will now be better informed on this subject.

(Signed) MAYER DWORKIN, Secretary-Treasurer

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1955.

(TULIO MUCCELLI)
Notary Public, State of New York.
(Commission expires March 30, 1956)
DIG THIS CRAZY RHYTHM GIRL

(Continued from page 39)

She went, "I don't know what that lieu-

tenant said," Betty exclaimed. "But she said, "You're going along.""

I thought it was a good

idea, considering the spike heels I was wear-

ing and the holes in the pier, when

suddenly I heard the sound of a real stam-

dle just behind me. I didn't have any

shoulder and there was no mistaking what

they were after. I had to get out of there;

never ran so hard in my life.

Having learned at an early age that to

ake life seriously is to play it the hard

way, warnings are not for Betty. She may

lay the supersensable, cautious, hard-

working Ruth in the picture, but off-screen

she's much more. Because, unfortun-

ately Eileen—hardheaded enough when

he has to be, but otherwise full of beans

in a delightful way and more fun than a

curvel of slightly zany monkeys.

In New York last summer on one of the

ottest days of the hottest summer in its

history, she came galloping into her air-

conditioned suite at the Sherry-Nether-

ersed in a shirt of heavy wool tweed

with a long-sleeve woolen jersey top.

"It all depends on when the

pressing against the air-conditioner, her

ace several shades redder in color than

usual, she explained her incongruous

resi.

"This," she said, "is part of Janet Leigh's

wardrobe. I was modeling it for a winter

seue of a fashion magazine—at noon. The

photographer was sitting next to me, and
t

that photographer was late, so when

I was late for a TV show. In the rush-

ing around, I went to the wrong studio and

dad to dash seven blocks up Broadway be-

cause the traffic was down. There was

an ever to change any time.

Such a day is easily routine to

is Garrett, and she takes it in stride—

even though she was going to film the

last day in "Eileen" followed several

ears of mainly being a wife and mother

of two boys in Beverly Hills, where in PTA

circles she is known as Mrs. Larry Parks.

But even running a home never gets

edestrian to Betty.

The house Betty and her family live in,

a half a mile from the sherry-Netherlands,

a very old one that was built on an orig-

ial Spaniard's land across the street. For

it was sailed around the Horn. "Imagine!"

aid Betty, "with that free adobe and

ill those redwoods just up the coast a

hair.—And shout the years!

Then Hollywood Boulevard came right

rough the front yard, and the neighbor-

hood became very chic and very expensive,

and a lot of movie people began build-

ning all around until the land grant had

shrunken to five acres. And there sat

the house, too old and small to attract the

egrus or Valentinos, but too strongly built

to fall down, until Betty's spine along with

her exuberance and youth to make it all

it with laughter and a new generation.

Unfortunately, California canyons have

tendency to flood during heavy rains,

his happened the three times in the past

years and the Parks family never failed

to be in residence.

The first time, they were merely half-

rowed. The municipal government

thereupon stepped forward to prevent

such future disasters, and created a

torm-drain that ran the length of the

an and, of course, between the road

and the land grant, reducing the latter by

either four yards and leaving the prop-

erty except by bridge. Thus, the next flood

ot only nearly drowned our little family

but marooned it for three days.

"It was not long after Christmas," Betty

explained, "so there was nothing in the

use but fruitcake and chocolates. We

gave the fruitcake to the children and

ether Larry nor I has been able to stand

a chocolate thing.

Betty grew up in Seattle, that sprawling,

usty, rolicking city so full of color and

excitement that it lends its spirit to its

children. Actually, she'd been born in St.

Joseph, Missouri, but Curtis Garrett, her

father, was a traveling salesman, and

Seattle was where he and his family had

happened to be when he'd died. She can

remember the week after his funeral.

Her mother, Octavia, was moving daz-

edly around the small apartment, packing

odds and ends. "Why," asked Betty, "are

we leaving here?"

said Octavia, never one to

mine words, "the rent's up and we

haven't any money.

"But where are we going?"

Mrs. Garrett sat down suddenly on the

sofa, placed the tips of her fingers against

her eyes, and said, "I don't know, honey."

Betty regarded her mother for a

moment, then went to put her arm around

her. "Why, don't cry, Mom," she said. "It

doesn't matter. We'll get along.

Octavia looked up into the steady young

eyes. "You mean that? You're not afraid?"

"We'll get along, too," Betty said.

Mrs. Garrett finished packing and the

two of them started trudging the wintry

Seattle hills in search of a cheap room.

That's the way it went, Betty remem-

bers now. "Mother got a job selling

music in a music store—you can imagine

how much she made in those days of the

mid-thirties. We were constantly on the

move. When we looked at a room we had

to make quick decisions in mind: Was it clean

and was there a way we could sneak out

in the dead of night when the time came?

"The time always came. We never stayed

in one place for more than six months, and

that less only if things were going well.

But if there was a doctor's bill, or one of

us had to have new shoes—well, we'd stall

as long as we could, and then fold the old

tents and silently steal away.

They ate as cheaply as possible and as

little as possible, and that was that.

But Betty was not unhappy. Every afternoon

after school she got to go to the music store

and play records in one of the unoccupied

booths until quitting time. This was

the enchanted part of the day. Here in

the little glass cubicle, cut off from all sound

of the world outside and alone with

the spinning turntable and an endless

wealth of records, she could sit in with the

greatest recording artists of the day—the

Boswell Sisters, Glenn Miller, the Dorsey's.

She found herself singing along, learning

the arrangements, improving parts for

herself. There is no better way to teach

yourself something than to study and prac-

tice endlessly with people who are better

than you are; Betty had the time, the will,

and her teachers were the best.

While she was still in school, she heard

about a scholarship that was being offered

by the Annie Wright Seminary, a private

girls' finishing school with the highest of

standards and the fittest of reputations.

Betty set out to win that scholarship.

Al-

ready it was apparent that she was an

ordinary teenager. Perhaps because of

the loneliness and privation of her life, maybe

because she hadn't the money to dress

boys or go around with the usual gang of

girl friends, she was able to concentrate

on the one thing she wanted most.

Some poems she wrote shifted the bal-

ance in her favor. She got the scholarship.

And now here was a curious thing. "All the

other girls were rich and hated being sent

away to boarding school," she says. "They
gripped all the time. I couldn't understand why. There was a bowling court and a pool, and I had three meals a day, and a room of my own! I was in paradise."

Betty not only graduated with honors, she used her time there to such good advantage that she emerged with another scholarship, this time to the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York. She knew, now, what the future held for her. She was going to be an actress and nothing in the world was going to stop her.

New York, she realized the moment she stepped off the train in Grand Central, was her town. She knew it instantly. The noise, the lighthearted ebullience that made it so successful at the Playhouse wouldn't allow her to stay cooped up in an elevator very long, so she got a job as a saleslady where she could talk to people. She didn't have too much time for dates but, being Betty, she made time for some—and one of the boys she saw on occasion was Larry Parks, who was with the Group Theatre nearby.

There was just a casual friendship then, in those early days just before the war. They were kids, and they had their careers to attend to. Betty, after she left the Playhouse, started heres singing in a smoky Village night club called the Village Vanguard, birthplace of many a great star. She loved it, the low-ceilinged, smoky atmosphere, the blase crowds who had to be shown before they'd look up from their drinks, the late hours—everything.

From there she went to La Martiniere in New York, the Drake in Chicago, and lots of other glittering night spots. But she wanted to act, and in 1942, with the war in full blast, she signed to appear in “Let Freedom Ring” on Broadway. That was the beginning. She was in “Something for the Boys” that proved so successful that the star, Ethel Merman (who wouldn’t get sick for nobody), and she sang in “Jackpot” with Alan Jones.

Then, in 1944, she went to Hollywood to do another night-club stint at the Clover Club which was once of the most glamorous gambling dives in the world but now, divested of its locked steel gate and aura of sin, just another Hollywood cabaret. It was there, one evening, that some mutual friends introduced her (they thought) to Larry.

He had told them casually, half-joking, that he was ready to take a wife. “No Hausfrau for me,” he’d said. “I want a pretty, cute girl who has a career of her own. And one without skinny legs!”

Both Betty and Larry remembered the happy days in New York, the hamburgers and shared sodas, the trip to Coney Island, the evenings at off-Broadway theatres, the good companionship. Now both of them were in the big time. Years and experience had lent a gloss, an awareness to both. Betty, who had been pretty, was beautiful now, and Larry, once just a good-looking boy, was one of the handsomest men in Hollywood.

They were old enough to know—at least to recognize real love when it came along. They were married early in September, that year, and neither for one moment has regretted it.

At first, Betty treated marriage with the same blithe insouciance and disregard of danger with which she had always faced everything. She and Larry swam in the drink, the dance, the acting, the people—sent them the biggest breakers and the strongest undertow. They skied the steepest, most dangerous slopes while other people huddled in lodges around safe and sensible fireplaces or sensibly stayed home.

While Larry, who all his life had yearned for a big flashy motorcycle, finally bought one—knowing that his studio and manager would shriek to heaven and wring hands over this dangerous nonsense—he brought his beautiful wheel home with some apprehension. What would Betty say?

She gazed at the shiny monster with hands ecstatically clasped before her. “Oh,” she said softly, “it’s gorgeous.” Then she scrambled onto the seat behind him and wrapped both arms tightly around his waist. “Okay, boy!” she yelled. “Let’s go!” “I loved every minute I spent riding that lovely thing,” she says. “Soosh—up along Mulholland Drive at night, with the stars all out. Zoom—down Sunset to the beach. I learned to drive it in no time,” she adds.

“But then the kids started getting bigger, and things changed, and just it didn’t seem so daring anymore. I felt dignified to go barging around on a motorcycle any more. I couldn’t look when the man who bought it took it away.”

But as time went on and it became obvious that she and Larry were going to be separated often, she had to reach some sort of sensible attitude about love, home, children, career and the marriage in general. All around her, actors and actresses were taking off for Rome or England or Spain—alone—and she watched aghast as, one by one, their respective spouses up and divorced them after a few seasons.

“You can always find half-a-dozen excuses for a bust-up after a long separation,” Betty said. “The gossip columns, another one to another. But the truth is, people change. They change week after week and month after month, and if they’re not around to do this changing, then it’s usually the observer, or at least, they meet again after a time and they’re strangers. And strangers who have once been in love for a number of reasons are unlikely to fall in love again because of a vaguely remembered set of reasons.

“So there you are, strangers to one another, and nothing to be done about it, and the kids are the biggest losers.”

The popular and hell-raising sons of Betty and Larry are not about to be losers through any game their parents may play, now or ever. Betty quite frankly cuts up her year, a few weeks for a picture, a few weeks at home, a few weeks on the road and so on.

“When you’ve got a tenth wedding anniversary under your belt, you know you’ve got a life. You are set, you’re home, I’m really home. Gary, who’s five, and Andy, a year younger, go to school during the winter. In the summertime, the neighborhood mothers and I pitch in to hire a housekeeper a few times a week. But we all have to do a lot of work. When I know I have to go away for six weeks, I double up on the time I give while I’m there.”

When Betty and Larry are away, Betty’s mother—who lives across the street—moves right in and takes over. But Betty manages to keep pictures of the boys with her at all times. When you visit Betty on her travels, she will bring out drawings the boys have made, precocious studies that tell better than anything else how smart they are, how alert, how talented.

“The big one is the boys, but Andy’s the imp,” grins Betty. “Gary did these enormous colored jobs,” she’ll say, “but get this one Andy made!” And she’ll show you a pencil drawing that looks like a vine with a dozen heads growing on it, instead of leaves. “That’s people going through a tunnel,” she explains. “Wonderful!”

Larry, who is often, if not better, than either of the sofa, will take her hand and give it a little squeeze. “Wonderful, sweet heart. Only it’s people climbing a rope.”

Later, as Betty rode a cab downtown to Times Square, where she had an appointment, she thought back to the past. “That seminary was a very sedate school,” she said pensively, “dedicated to turning girls to ladies. I guess it did it, at that. I sometimes wonder what they all thought when they saw me out there wiggling my hips and belting out a song like ‘South America, Take It Away!’

A laugh, then a shake of the head for the past. “Those crazy walk-ups! Maybe they’re why I don’t mind tramping around so much today, why I don’t have to have a mansion with a pool, a horse, and a dog the way some of them have.”

As she got out of the cab, the driver turned and asked, “ Ain’t you Betty Garrett?”

“Sure.”

“I drove you every night from your hotel to the theatre, for over a year,” he said, aggrieved, “and you don’t remember me.”

“Oops.”

“You was always late.”

“Me?” she cried. “Of course.”

Horns honked around her and the rush-hour traffic lined up belligerently. Betty Garrett didn’t hear a thing—she was happily lost in conversation.

WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITES? Send your votes for the stars you want to see in Photoplay are:

In color I want to see: ACTOR:

(1) (2)

I want to read about stories: ACTRESS:

(1) (2)

(3) (4)

(5) (6)

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

(1) (2) (3)

NAME: ADDRESS:

P F AGE:

Paste this ballot on a postal card and send it to Readers’ Poll Editor. Box 1874, Grand Central Station, N. Y. 17, N. Y.
HER GUARDIAN ANGEL KISSED HER

(Continued from page 34)

For another it would be "hard not to despair."

When you are young and you lose a show you've worked for heart and soul, you feel so badly to help support your family

When you are sixteen and you watch the world at your feet as a wheel goes by, and pray you will again become a part of life's wonderful world. You are not alone in this. Many a young girl who feels the same way has been there.

And it's hardest not to despair when you lose the one you love most in life, the one whom you faith keeps you on your feet. Even as women, her soul and faith had always walked with you every step of the way.

Ann Blyth and her pretty auburn-haired mother were a team—parents and child. Together they had struggled toward a beautiful dream that in this year of 1946 was fast becoming reality. Ann had been among those nominated for Hollywood's highest honors. She was high on the threshold of stardom, when her mother, Nan Blyth, realized she must leave Ann alone on life's stage to finish the show. She was an out of Daum Rumyoung. The night before she died Ann's mother gave her well-being into the safe keeping of her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Tobin, and her career into the safe-keeping of two men. To a press agent, who had been close to them since the day he met them at the train and had taken the other hand of the little girl with the long dark brown curls and helped guide her through a motion picture studio. And even more so, to a veteran theatrical agent who had discovered young Ann on the stage and who believed in local color.

To them—and to Ann's Aunt Cis and Uncle Pat—these have been wonderful years. Their faith has been richly rewarded.

But Ann Blyth's life story began long before this, and faith was an important part of it—almost from the very hour of her birth.

Medical authorities called her "A Miracle Baby," which seemed no misnomer in the years to come. She was born in Mt. Kisco, New York, where her mother was visiting her sister, Mrs. Tobin, and Uncle Paul. At the time she was two weeks old, she became ill, and the doctor summoned diagnosed it as polio. She was treated for polio for three weeks in the hospital. When X-rays revealed a deep abscess in her arm and she was taken to surgery immediately.

"They said it was a miracle she lived with an infection that had gone on for so long," Ann's Cis recalls now soberly. But for her part, from the very beginning Ann Blyth looked back at the world with amazing blue eyes which seemed to have the beautiful, and to never recognize the bad.

She spent most of the holidays and summer with her Aunt Cis and Uncle Pat at their farm in Stamford, Connecticut.

Here was a child's happy world of make-believe, rich with the magic of fairies and the laughter of leprechauns. The grounds of the farm were her sweeping stage. And her mother created the costumes and designed Uncle Pat's farm. She provided the billowing, magic signs that read, "Ann Blyth—Five-Year-Old Radio Star" and "Five Years Old, Hollywood Navigator." But Ann began in her early childhood years, "Hollywood seemed far away—just a lovely dream."

During the school year, Ann lived with her mother and older sister, Dorothy, in a small apartment four flights up on New York's 49th Street, but faith and hope with them and there was no sense of poverty there. Her mother's warmth and gentleness kept life's grimness ever outside.

"My mother could have been an actress. She was so lovely. I never saw her depressed or discouraged. There was always that wonderful smile. She had the greatest faith of any person I have ever known," Ann says.

Her mother was sure God had a plan for Ann, that someday all the good things would come. And at St. Boniface, a little church in the neighborhood, she would light another candle for her daughter's future happiness.

Her mother worked with strong tireless hands doing fine laundering, ironing, sewing and beauty work to pay for Ann's lessons in drama, singing and dancing at Ned Wayburn's studio. She dressed Ann beautifully, mostly from remnants of material and from bits of ribbon and flowers she found in the dime store. She made all her costumes including "one ballet costume I remember made of hundreds of tiny petals of crepe paper."

"I loved Ned Wayburn's. The studio occupied one whole floor of a building on Madison Avenue near Fifty-eighth Street, and I never forget walking through those double doors—and seeing the rows of pictures of personalities such as Fred Astaire and Marilyn Miller on the wall."

Her appearance in a big benefit show got her a glowing review from The Billboard magazine. They raved about "the really lovely tot," saying, "she possesses remarkable assurance and a generous supply of talent. She's capable of furnishing Temple opposition for any outfit on the look out for a natural child performer."

Ann augmented the family income performing on local radio stations. Her first heartbreaking disappointment came at 10, when a station informed her they'd decided not to do the radio serial they'd long discussed for her.

"It was a radio dramatization about two sisters. I was to play the younger sister, and it was not only to be my best opportunity thus far—but in those days we needed the money and a part in a daily radio serial meant steady money coming in."

That afternoon she'll never forget. She was so unhappy, she went to a movie before she went home. She can't remember the picture, and she saw little of it anyway. "Don't be so unhappy about this. You must not be. You must have faith. Believe me, my darling, this is for the best," her mother comforted.

It was indeed for the best. If the radio serial had gone on and had been successful, Ann Blyth might still be there. One thing sure, she probably wouldn't have read for "Watch on the Rhine," which eventually brought her to Hollywood.

One Friday afternoon she read in Herman Shumlin's "one Sometimes you can tell." When she left he said, "I want you to come back Monday and read for Lillian Hellman." And that weekend, as Ann says, "We were very. There was so much excitement at home—I can't tell you." When the play went into rehearsal Tuesday, the part was hers. Among the audience at the Billmore Theater's "Watch on the Rhine" played Los Angeles was a man who was to play so important a part in that future. It was agent Al Rockett.

"Ann was just a youngster of thirteen, but she had tremendous talent," Al Rockett says. "She had great projection, great stage presence and her potential as a fine dramatic actress was well evidenced." She also, he discovered, had a keen sense of comedy and later when U-I tested her, using a scene from "Peg O' My Heart," he found she had a "lovely immature singing voice. In all my forty years now in Hollywood presents a pictorial history of Hollywood's greatest romantic moments starring the screen's champion lovers.

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THRILL to the Greta Garbo-John Gilbert love scene from "Flesh and the Devil" WITH JAYNE GUARDIAN ANGEL KISSED HER

CRY with JANET GAYNOR and CHARLES FARRELL in "Seventh Heaven" LAUGH at the first love scene ever censored. The year was 1896. The picture, "The Kiss." ENJOY the most spectacular orgy ever filmed RECALL all of your favorites in this one big round up COLLECT never-before-published pictures for your scrapbook PLUS THE 20 MOST MEMORABLE LOVE SCENES EVER FILMED AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

You'll see the most torrid love scenes ever filmed—from 1896 to 1956

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One day, never to be forgotten, the doctor said Ann could try to take a few steps — across the room to a wheel chair. Her mother instinctively wanted to help her. "No, I think I can do it. I want to do it all by myself. Let me try," Ann said. The doctor cut in with Ann cautioning, "Please don't disturb the autographs." Then, without faltering at all, Ann Blyth got out of bed and walked alone across the room. "I was feeling a confidence," she says now.

The doctor had offered small hope for her to attend the graduation exercises. He'd urged that the diploma be mailed to her. But Ann Blyth continued to pray, and just before graduation day the doctor took X rays and relented.

"My cap and gown covered the cast I was still wearing. I was glad to have a house, but I didn't care. It was such a thrill."

Ann's mother watched with tears in her eyes. Her teacher crushed the corsage she had held for months to bits, watching her maneuvering and working her wheel chair across the stage. Her teacher's husband put the chair in the car and two boys wheeled her up the ramp, but Ann wanted to get her diploma all on her own.

With a little movement, she propelled herself on to the stage. "I'm going to do it, I must." And she did.

One morning newspapers told the happy story of her own dreams. She had been nominated for the supporting Academy Award.

Her studio's designers made a very buoyant pink dress "with a little pink jacket — I still have it." Together Ann and her mother shared their triumph.

"It was the most thrilling moment in my life — because it was the first time I could see it. Her eyes were really shining that night. It would be wonderful someday to receive the Academy Award but still not the same.

Again triumph— and again despair.

Ann had begun working in "Swell Guy." Producer Mark Henliger had held the part in the picture for her until her back strengthened. She was walking again — acting again!

Then — one day when Ann and her mother dropped by the doctor's office for a routine check-up, she was directed on her mother instead. At his insistence, her mother made an appointment — and after consultation, was told she must have surgery.

Only through faith — and the memory of her mother's faith — could Ann face the motion-picture cameras again. She remembered how much her mother had worked for her treatment and how much the success was hers.

"She's watching you wherever she is," Ann's Aunt Cis and Uncle Pat told her. "You must work very hard. Harder than you've ever worked before. They would sell their place and move to Hollywood and make a home for her.

A week later Ann was back on the sound stage.

This, she felt, must be God's plan for her...

Al Rockett says movingly now, "If Ann were my own daughter, I couldn't love her more. Mrs. Rockett feels the same way. We didn't have a daughter — and we'd always wanted one. Ann is just like my daughter — and her child is my grandson."

Ann's star began to rise.

Al Rockett had negotiated a better contract with U-I after "Mildred Pierce," with stipulations that allowed important loan-outs. She was loaned to Paramount to star with Tyrone Power; to RKO to co-star with Bob Mitchum. He negotiated a fabulous contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio and she has starred in the studio's most important productions, including currently, "Kismet."

At the Sahara Hotel in Las Vegas Ann Blyth's first night-club performance made history. Although her picture had been raised about her appearing there, she wowed them. Looking like an angel in a pink lace dress and singing like an angel, Ann's closing "Silent Night?" and "Auld Syne" had the whole room rising to their feet. Hardened gamblers wiped tears from their eyes.

It's been the same effect wherever Ann's life touches others. She brings out the best in everyone she works with. She is an inspiration. Wherever Ann is, voices seem to soften. As one actor put it, "Working with Ann is — well — like being in church."

But her happiest fulfillment as a woman was yet to come.

"I'll find someone someday," Ann Blyth used to say about marriage.

On a morning, as though part of a master plan, there walked into Ann's home and life, the man she was to marry — the young Irish and deeply religious Abe. A kind of faith, handsome, tender and humorous, Dr. James McNulty, an obstetrician on the staff of St. Vincent's Hospital, a physician, rich with human understanding and the knowledge to help others.

"My brother Dennis had worked with him on the Family Theatre radio show, and then called him to meet him. I'd be very happy to meet," says Dr. Jim, adding that for Irishman, his brother, Dennis, was really conserving his words.

Patients of Jim's, people I don't even know, come up to me in a store and tell me how much they think of 'Dr. Jim' — it makes me feel so wonderful. And I love him even more than ever now, if that is possible," Alotta added to Beth to star.

When their son, Timothy Patrick McNulty, was born, says Jim: "Ann says, I walked away on a lovely cloud to another cloud — and she's convinced of the beautiful destiny of their married life."

"He's a little scene-stealer," she says.

"Jim and I were going away for the weekend, and Timmy just took five or six steps and walked right into his daddy's arms. It was something I'll never forget. Neither one of us will.

Expecting to become a mother again "sometime before Christmas," Ann Blyth's wish was granted by another pink cloud of happiness now.

"I would love a little girl, and if it is a little girl we want to name her Maureen Ann or Maureen Alanna. I think Alanna. I found it in a dear little book of names we have."

On the other hand, "If Timmy has a little brother, Terence Michael, we'll be just as happy," says Dr. Jim, who has been blessed in so many ways. We both feel we would wish for no more —" Have faith, my darling, some day the good things will come. — another Irish lady used to say. We found it in a dear little book of names we have."

"Faith, my darling, some day the good things will come. — another Irish lady used to say. We found it in a dear little book of names we have."

Now New, Improved MUSTOLORE works faster to break up chest cold congestion!

Wonderful news for cold sufferers! New, Improved Mustolore now has a new ingredient that gives rapid relief to the discomfort of painful, inflamed tissues of a chest cold! Just feel the surge of this greater, deeper, speedier relief when you rub on New, Improved Mustolore! Now, its exclusive Musto-In with its quicker results than before! Its amazing pain-relieving ingredient works faster to help unkink stiff and sore muscles. It helps reduce swelling and inflammation, has deeper action for speedier results.

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"DON'T RUN FROM YOURSELF"  

(Continued from page 45)  
every day. They knew what Dad would do. He'd sign slips of paper held out to him while they got into the car.  
On inside, the highlight of their day was sitting in the back seat and having his stories. My dad, the oldest boy, who won the position of honor.  
On this particular evening, as the small French car moved away from the curb, it was my fortune to find the smallest girl on the back seat.  
Billy Lancton climbed over the back of the front seat, pretending he was going to sit with his chauffeur, anyhow. Joanna, aged four,-recalled to sit herself by the window. All were heading some eighteen miles outside Paris, to the eighteenth century chateau which Burt had rented for the summer. They were from hidden behind high walls in 500 acres of richest French farm land. The lady of the manor, a cross between a sparrow and a dead grey goose. Behind their backs Burt gave a long look from those fantastic blue-grey eyes of his. He thought it was a summer for us to make a location trip," Burt said. "I'm drifting again, mentally, trying to get a sense of direction, trying to 'feel' the correct next step."  

For the four past summers the Lancer had been on location. These journeys began when there were only three children, to Italy to make "The Crimson Pirate." Three years ago, there was the trip to Fiji to make "His Majesty O'Keefe." Four little Lancasters by then—but the baby stayed home.  
Two years ago, all four of them in Mexico, going to a Mexican-American school, getting a smattering of Spanish, meeting really truly Indians, eating strange goods. And now this year, in France five of them, living on a real farm and farm, spending enchanted afternoons at the circus, learning to eat snails—and liking them—mixing up French with their Spanish and English.  

What this means in effect is that Burt, who loves to travel, is trying to give his children the travel urge very early. Also he's trying to keep them from the isolation of home, and from eating, when they get experience. His children do not go to a private school, but a public one. He—not some fancy "swimming coach"—taught them the first things the age one and a half, paddles like a Pollywog.  

"As everybody knows, I grew up in a lower-middle-class section of New York," Burt said. "They weren't exactly slums. We always had enough, but discipline, I had plenty. My dad worked in the post office, one of my brothers grew up to be a cop. I was the baby of the family—and I never could make up my mind what I wanted to be, poor old me. It was always on my mind, through grade school, all through high, which I got out of at sixteen, even in college. Then, I came into my own, of course. I was thinking about becoming a doctor or lawyer, I was thinking about becoming a doctor or lawyer.  

That's the kind of false sense from which I hope to protect my kids.  

"The only thing anybody is ever running away from is himself—but you sel-dom realize that when you're a kid. And you never realize any of those things, I now believe, by thinking. You've got to relax and feel them.  

"In a house, in my case, I was running away from my own talent, which I wouldn't acknowledge, because, inside me, I thought it was a sissy thing. I was only eleven when I appeared in my first play 'Three Pills in a Bottle.' It was a Settlement House production, and every kid in it was as tough as I thought I was, but I look back on it now and can't believe what I blamed on nervousness and playing it as I was. Oddly enough, the Settlement House was at Third Avenue and One Hundred Thirty Sixth Street in New York, where another student there, though I didn't know him, was Har-old Hecht, who is now my partner.  

"Through no fault of my own, however, I must have stood out. Certainly, a professional talent scout, Bob Parsons, hunted me down and offered me $2.00 a week, but I could have gone into the theatre, right then and there, on various scholarships, but when the people making these offers would come to our flat, I'd hide out and the fire escape. I couldn't see acting as a 'man's job.'  

"I was the family bad boy and in a lesser degree the neighborhood bad boy—all this was to get attention. My older brothers, Jim and Bill, were towers of virtue. Actually I wanted them very much and I was profoundly affected by Bill, for he'd give me attention by being different from them—being difficult, being negative. The only reason I didn't succeed in my self-nomination to be the chief neighborhood buck was that out of all of us, I was the one of me. If I was a terror, and I was, she was more of a terror. I was always in mortal fear of her—yet underneath I adored her.  

"All this was mere show-off on my part. I know now. I had to have the spotlight, no matter how I earned it. The actor in me demanded centerstage, even at the age of six.  

"There was another thing. My dad had always sung. He had a guitar, on which he was no mean performer. Our neighborhood was largely Italian, but Dad would sit down to record and sing in his clear Irish voice, and the Italians would listen appreciatively. So one night I joined in. Dad dropped out, merely, of the Irish part of it, and when I finished, the Italian part. I played more loudly than ever. Maybe that's where I first fell in love with Italians as a people—and a love which I'm not over to this day. All the other times, he wouldn't even be there. But wasn't fighting or being bawled out by my mother. But you know, I never dreamed I'd use my voice to make a living. In fact, I'm not sure that the reason I couldn't be an acrobat was that it was just muscles that were needed for that—a dumb act in which I never said a word or even flashed a smile.  

"For me, one of the great Lancaster enthusiasms—and the higher bower it is, the more he loves it. His car radio is always tuned to the classical record stations. Wherever he's working, there's a piano for playing, and a telephone opera between scenes, and at home musical sounds never cease, since all the children have inherited this same love.  

For instance, in my case, I was running away from my own talent, which I wouldn't acknowledge, because, inside me, I thought it was a sissy thing. I was only eleven when I appeared in my first play 'Three Pills in a Bottle.' It was a Settlement House production, and every kid in it was as tough as I thought I was, but I look back on it now and can't believe what I blamed on nervousness and playing it as I was. Oddly enough, the Settlement House was at Third Avenue and One Hundred Thirty Sixth Street in New York, where another student there, though I didn't know him, was Harry Hecht, who is now my partner.  

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="There, at the verge of twenty," Burt went on, "I was like a lot of other young people at the same age. I was restless, moody, and I was sure that I could make a good life. In the profession I had, so incorrectly, chosen. I told myself I loved the lack of responsibilities, the lack of social life which the continually moving circus represented. I had my boyhood pal, Nick Cravat, as my partner. I sold myself on the idea that he was the all the friendship I needed—that
Today’s Burt, as the father of five, is constantly adding rooms to his house, more and more space, more landscaping. Whatever he has left over from taxes, he puts into other property. He attends PTA meetings, and his wife is very conscious politically. He is very serious, but he has been good in all drives to wipe out this disease. In fact, he gladly gives his services for any medical drive. The shabbily, insecure, irritable man seems to have turned into a socially minded man who now eagerly accepts responsibilities.

"Fear is what keeps you from realizing yourself," Burt said. "I guess only love, of some form or other, can get you over that fear.

"While I was still in high school I fell in love. It was a bad love, I know, but it was undisturbed love such as only a kid experiences. I was very fortunate because the girl I loved was a wonderful one. Her name was Hester. She had a problem of self, and that was a great character. Her family was Orthodox Jewish, and she personally was deeply religious.

"Hester really influenced my character by her gentleness, her goodness and the insight she gave me into a very different way of life. Even after I was on the road with the circus, Hester stayed definitely the girl I dreamed of.

"Burt paused, as the car moved under the Arc de Triomphe, hammering for the road straight to Versailles, which the French had created during the war for a man named Emmanuel de Robuchi. He lay only a few miles beyond the end of the road, hidden in a forest which had been undisturbed even by two world wars since the time of the French kings. Inside the car, as they sang the final verse of "Davy Crockett," the children began pointing out the landmarks, "Look, Daddy, there’s the beginning of our wall.

"Daddy, see, there are some of our sheep."

"I hope each one of this brood will grow up with a sense enough to check on himself when he is constantly telling one thing and finding himself doing another," Burt said, "in my opinion, you can’t do something for something like twelve years. I was with one circus after another for eight years, neither having a good time nor a bad time, particularly about analyzing why between seasons I’d find myself making stabs at respectability. Yet the jobs I chose, being a floorwalker at the Marshall Field department store in Chicago, being a benefactor of the Chicago Columbia Artists bureau, were eight sights but I’d only had sense. The first took acting ability, if only to keep a straight face, the second was absolute drama.

"Still, I never took the opportunity to my conscious mind that all the time I was trying to be an actor. There was the pattern for me to read, spread out before me. But I wouldn’t.

"Nobody—but nobody can make a good life for himself if he keeps on denying his own pattern, his own drive, his real self. That was what I was being. That’s what all the kids do, until they turn into sour old people who have never found the right path.

"Even when the Army called me, I never became a soldier but was immediately turned into an actor. They put me in special services and, for the first time in my adult life I was an actor—but I wasn’t the star so I assured myself it didn’t matter if I was the star which I believed I was), because if I flopped people that could happen to me was that they’d put me in the Infantry.

"Then love hit me again—and again in offbeat, theatrical kind of way, since Norma was actually a stenographer who had been put into a USO unit at the eleventh hour when one of the real chorus girls had fallen out. When the war was over, and I came back to New York, I didn’t know where my future lay, and I didn’t have a dime.

"We married, and our first baby was on the way and again fate forced my hand. I was in an elevator on my way to look for a job when a theatrical agent asked me if I wanted to be in a show. I took it—and I’ve been responsible you’ll see. I’ve been able to get. The show flopped, but the Hollywood scouts came after me. Not until then did I really give in to the pattern that had started for me at eleven years.

"I came to Hollywood under contract to Hal Wallis, whom I signed with simply because he gave me the best deal. I was wearing the only suit I possessed and I was so tense, I knew I’d be a beautiful character. It was a period when I’d probably fail—and all the time I was conscious of that baby coming, back in New York.

"So I got my break in ‘The Killers’ and again it was pure accident. U-I and Mark Hellinger, the producer, wanted Wayne Morris and Warners wouldn’t loan him. If they had, Burt Lancaster might never have been heard of. It was the fact that they dawdled for weeks that made it necessary for Hellinger to find an actor quickly at the last minute. I was the cheapest thing in town, so he signed me.

"The only thing ‘The Killers’ was previewed, I heard about my overnight success. For once in my life I shut up—but I knew this was the story of twenty years of experience—ever since my eleven-year-old self. Everything I’d done in those years had led to this break.

"It was a fantastic coincidence that the night of the first preview of ‘The Killers’ was born, it was also the anniversary of my brother Bill’s death. I flew East the next morning, still in my own and only suit, and I looked at that small boy, and I thought to name him for my father—Jim. I said, ‘If we have another boy we’ll name him Bill, okay?’ She said, ‘Of course, we’ll have another. Don’t forget I have four very young children.’ It was such a wonderful and such a sad moment—the cycle of life and death, my dad there, proud of being a grandparent but my mother gone for years, my new son, not a brother. And I was somebody named Burt Lancaster, who all of a sudden had his name in the papers.

"The car swept in through the high gates, along the road through the gardens, century-old, which had been terraced so that you could look down on Paris.

"It is both an exciting and sobering thing," Burt said, "when you get the sense of your own identity. After ‘The Killers’ I decided to give up my job as an actor. Harold Hecht and I had met again and decided to become partners in independent production. Almost before I knew it, my second son was on the way, and my girls. I wanted to direct—and I took that chance with ‘The Kentuckian.’ I’ve wanted things for my children and I’ve been able to achieve them.

"We’re home, Daddy," cried the children.

"Yep," said their father. Then he turned to help them out of the car. "See?" he said. "This is why I’m wanting to discover the pattern of the next step. I’ve got all this—but I know there’s more. That’s what you have to trust life for. There’s always more—if you are just ready for it."

The END

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THE MASCULINE MOST—RICHARD EGAN

(continued from page 33)

His solid maturity, reticence and dignity have been compared with that of Spencer Tracy, Gary Cooper and Cary Grant. He's old for his age, yet his sudden bursts of humor, quick flashes of charm, and magnetic appeal to audiences. As a bachelor, he has the pleasure of exciting female fans and being the recipient of an ever-increasing pile of fan mail—most of it asking him what he's really like.

Believe Jane Russell when she says, "He's got brain and brawn." In fact, somewhere in one of his closets, Dick has two college degrees, one from the University of San Francisco, where he later taught speech, and his M.A. from Stanford, in theatre history and dramatic literature. As for brawn—he's got six feet, one and one-half inches and one-hundred seventy-five pounds of it—hardened by four years in the Army as a captain in the infantry and a judo instructor. But regardless of strength, Rich is a sucker for sentiment.

He loves poetry ranging from Ogden Nash to Dylan Thomas. Certain songs bring a look of nostalgia to his face. Songs like "String of Pearls" and "I'll Be Smiling Again," "I'll Be Seeing You" and "Gotta Date with an Angel" crumple his reserve and he looks like a schoolboy reliving a wonderful memory.

"I love to go out," he says, "but to quiet places. I want to give my whole attention to my date. I hate these big parties where you have to talk to dozens of people you don't know and lose track of your date for an hour or two. And I especially hate it when you guess that's why I don't cater to night clubs and popular spas. I like to drive to the beach and have a quiet dinner at Jack's or in town.

Rich wants to marry. But for him it will be once and forever. He is a devout Cath-olic and very close to his older brother, Willis, who is a Jesuit priest. Finding the right girl, he says, is "bigger than buying a car." Rich told me, "I'm a coward when it comes to girls, I don't know why I don't ask girls out. I guess that's why I don't cater to night clubs and popular spas. I like to drive to the beach and have a quiet dinner at Jack's or in town.

The problem for Rich is that a sweet young thing will not be enough to lead him to the altar. He has a penchant for strong, sympathetic women. "Simplicity is first. I'm impressed by the sense of emotional balance. He likes them to be gregarious, good mixers and proud. He likes a woman with a deep well of humor, a provocative personality, unswerving loyalty and the sensitive antenna to know when to give companionship and when to leave him alone. A woman has not usually gone to see these qualifications under his late twentys, and he's often left after a bitter experience. However, the task is not impossible, and Rich, now that he's ready, will no doubt turn his full determination to the task of finding his mate.

"I am not," admitted Rich, "ideal husband material. I have a few little habits that could drive a woman mad. I'm a perfectionist, which means I wake up unhappy and terribly quiet one at a time for an hour or so to come to, yet I love to stay up late. I can sleep anywhere, anytime and do. I'm too sensitive at times. It's an occupational hazard. The actors and actresses are sensitive to everything—real or imagined. I have my impulsive moments, too. I daydream of suddenly packing up and spending four weeks in Acapulco or Rio or Mexico City. I let you sleep on it. I put off little decisions as long as possible. On the big ones, I'm okay, but incidenitals are beyond me. If I have to decide whether to put my shoes in the closet or in the corner or under the bed, one shoe will land in the corner and the other under the bed.

"I do annoying little things," he says apologetically. "I think I have a stick hanging out of the loft in the garage, I'll duck under it for months instead of reaching up and moving it. If the door handle on my car is free, I'll start using it now!"

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WHAT JEANNE DREAMS, SHE GETS!

(Continued from page 49)

kind. She tried hinting at home. Finally she came right out. "Your recital dress is beautiful," said her mother. "And you've only worn it once."

The recital dress had also been an expensive one. Ever since her parents' death, Jeanne's dress was a must, because a lack of understanding as much as a lack of finances. Still, somehow, she knew that she would have a new dress.

After a week, however, Jeanne went ice-skating with friends. They were resting at the side of the rink when a stranger approached and introduced himself. He was photographer Paul Wren, who knew that Jeanne would model for a magazine cover. He described the photograph she wished—a picture of a young girl dressed to go to her first prom. The dress would be especially made for her. She could not see it, he went on. And when asked, he assured her that it could be made in a hurry, to meet Jeanne's own deadline. "I wasn't even surprised," says Jeanne.

All the same, Jeanne's disappointments in store, lessons to be learned. When she decided to become an actress, she was a fine target for teasing. "Ha!" laughed Rita. "How can you be an actress when you can't even learn a spelling word? You've always got your nose in a book."

"I do practice," Jeanne answered. "When I read. I act out the whole story in my mind."

It was later that she discovered that it wasn't enough. She was still in high school when she read for Orson Welles. There was a screen test—Jeanne's first. It was a complete failure. "What she has is awfully good," they said. "If she can project, she cannot project," said Welles. "It just doesn't come through."

She could imagine a part, she could feel it inside, yet after the proper course she could feel it to others. "That's when I realized that when you keep your imagination in your own secret world, it's of no use to anyone," she says. You have to learn to project your imagination, to project it into some sort of expression.

Jeanne had reason to remember the lesson some years later at 20th. When the studio signed her, she did well as a teenager. Young, with a love for her "little Jeanne" off-screen as well as on. Eventually she married and became a mother, but you'd still have thought that she was going home from work each evening to her dreams.

"My appearance hadn't caught up with me," she says. "I looked the same way I did when I was seventeen. But I stopped thinking of myself that way. I'd sort of written myself off. I knew I wasn't a matron of a certain age with a kind of flair about her. I dreamed myself into feeling this way.

"I didn't understand why others couldn't see me as I did—until finally I took a long look at myself. Frankly, my actual appearance had no flair at all."

"Well, it was time for action. I had to change the way I felt about myself."

"I just took myself in hand and plunged in. I didn't give myself time to worry about the results being tragic. I had my hair cut, changed its color from black to bright red and began to dramatize myself.

"Some people didn't like my new appearance at first. But after a few weeks, when they got used to it, they thought it was great—exactly what I should have done.

"The next step was to prove my new self to the public. 'Gentlemen Marry Brunettes' gave me that chance. I got to the ultimate kind of role that Jane Russell usually plays.

She stops to laugh. "When I came back to U-I for 'The Second Greatest Sex', my parents had ordered me to dye. I told them I couldn't imagine me as anything other than a redhead. Bright red at that! Ah, progress!"

Careers may come and go, but the dress that Paul Wren and the most wonderful thing was that Jeanne was the one in which Prince charming had figuratively one day, when she was in the eighth grade, the nun began to talk to the class about what they wanted to do with their lives. He was telling the class how wonderful it would be for them to become good wives and mothers. "There's someone right for you in this world," she said. "Someone—and he's living right next door. You must meet and fall in love with and marry."

"It was a fascinating idea," says Jeanne. "And beginning that night I began to pray every night for the man I might someday meet."

She was fifteen when she went to a Sunday brunch at the home of some friends. She hadn't wanted to go. It was a duty date. But her mother had insisted, "That's when you met Paul."

At the time, she wasn't impressed. "He'd been born and raised in the San Francisco social world," she says. "And he talked about where he'd go to school and all the places he'd been. I was used to kids and I thought he was too suave and sophisticated.

Paul, the older man at twenty-two, asked her for a date. She refused. "It's not for someone like me," she thought. "He must be awfully well-conceived."

It wasn't until much later that she changed her mind. "It was then I found that he'd only been putting up a front."

Months passed before she went out with him. "It seemed that little things kept happening that brought us together," she says. "And I found I couldn't get him out of my mind."

Jeanne and her mother were driving down Sunset Boulevard one afternoon when she discovered that she was having difficulty keeping her eyes on the road ahead. "I think we're being followed," she said.

Her mother glanced out of the window. A convertible had pulled up beside them at the traffic signal, and the fellow at the wheel was trying to strike up a conversation. "Jeanne, it isn't necessary for you to stare back at him," said her mother. "That only encourages him."

"I think I know him," murmured Jeanne. Then the light changed and she drove ahead, losing him in the traffic.

Paul, at a phone number and called her for a date. This time, she accepted. They went to a New Year's Eve party, a fabulous event with an orchestra that kept playing "People Will Say We're in Love," Paul raised his glass of champagne to toast her. And then he kissed her.

Prince Charming, she'd found him. Next should come happily ever after. Instead came something else.

Jeanne and Paul agreed that they would date only one another. However, Mrs. Crain protested, as most mothers might. Jeanne was too young to think seriously of marriage. She should go out with other young men.

The studio agreed with Mrs. Crain. "I
Jeanne looked at him and her jaw dropped. Paul rushed on. “Maybe you haven’t a talent for a lot of little details he roared. “As long as you’re always you, I don’t care.”

“Pair were wide,” Paul said sharply.

Paul only stopped to take a break. “Life’s full of problems and taking care of them will go on for the rest of your life,” he said. “It doesn’t matter what way you are now, you’re killing all the qualities that make me want to live with you for the next fifty years.”

She was stunned for words, “I didn’t used to do that,” Paul, I wasn’t at all efficient. When it was about time for you to come home, I’d just let things go. The house would be a mess as I was all I wanted to do was sit, talk, and think.”

At the moment she was too stunned to be flattered. “I got real mad,” she said, “But I kept echoing in my mind and realized it was very true. You have only one advantage and that’s that you just do everything at once. You simply have to decide what’s important to you and do those things. Too many of us never give ourselves time to enjoy anything.”

“I believe that Americans have a natural tendency to rush. When I was in Paris making “Gentlemen Marry Brunettes,” I found that Europeans seem to have instilled the desire to be slow. True, we Americans are more successful in getting somewhere, but so many never take a minute to let go, to look at the sun coming through the trees, to linger over the pastry shop window and the friend, to enjoy the scenery while taking the children back and forth to school. So many housewives would never think of sitting down with a good book in the middle of the day. They could do it together.”

“I don’t mean that wives should neglect the duties they have to assume. I do mean that a wife should remember to be an individual as well. She should never forget herself as she was at sixteen, her dreams, the things she wanted to do. She should take time out and fulfill some of those dreams that are part and parcel of her.”

“It’s wonderful when everything’s taken care of, but in doing it you can let go the better of you. If you let go of the dreams that make you the person you are you’re bound to have a dull, unrewarding life.”

From the first, Jeanne was aware of the rich, full life she would lead as Mrs. Paul Brinkman, but never more aware than on a New Year’s Eve some years ago. Jeanne and Paul had been attending a party when he leaned over and whispered, “Let’s go. I have a surprise for you.”

They drove home and, once there, he brought the house down. “Wait a minute,” said Jeanne as she went to find some candles. She lit them. “Now,” she said regally. “You may pour the champagne.”

He raised his glass in a toast to where there came a distant voice. Handsome husband paid heed. “It’s baby Paul,” he said. “Warm his bottle and I’ll bring his chair out to join you.”

The third of them saw the New Year in by candlelight. Suddenly Jeanne grew silent. “Another glass of champagne to your thoughts,” Paul offered.

Jeanne smiled. “Just thinking,” she said... thinking that the dreamer had never had it so good.
She says... "What a wonderful movie—and isn’t Mitzi Gaynor beautiful?"

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Downstairs, in the staff commissary, the nurse who looked after the beautiful young movie star was telling the other nurses what a thoughtful, brave and considerate person the girl was. And the nurse offered a silent prayer that the girl might keep her eyesight.

At home, the girl’s mother thought of her daughter and how many times her beautiful, brave child had been faced with crises like this. There had been the auto accident when she was nine, and that frightening experience when she was only three years old. A sore throat spread infection to her ears, which became abscessed and had to be lanced many times. Hot poultices had to be kept on her ears at all times, and the poor, frightened youngster was not even allowed to lie down. She had to sit up, propped by pillows, and endure excruciating pain for endless weeks. For three weeks, her temperature hovered...
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Directed by DANIEL MANN • Screenplay by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS • Adaptation by HAL KANTER

Based on the Play, "THE ROSE TATTOO" by Tennessee Williams

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THE HOLLYWOOD STORY

continued

pered around 103° while doctors and nurses worked feverishly to hasten her recovery. Her parents, exhausted from their vigil and drained by worry, were surprised one night when the girl said: "You both must get some rest," and suggested that an old family friend come in to stay with her.

The friend had taken the small child into his arms and had talked of Go and understanding and faith, and the girl had listened. The parents went to sleep, and, when they awoke, the few had broken - their daughter was on her way to recovery!

Now, the mother gave thanks the daughter was still religious, for she would need her faith to sustain her during this period of suspense. And she would need her faith to give her strength if she lost the eye.

The girl's husband, himself a famous star, had walked aimlessly up and down the next, trying to cup his hands, and was there to hear the news. He had desperately dispaired over the freak accident that had caused the steel splinter to enter his wife's eye and gave thanks it had not been rusty. If it had, the doctors had to him, she would have lost the eye right away. This way, there was a chance, small chance, that the operation would be successful. The tall, thin, thin, checked his watch and headed for hospital, and his thoughts and prayers went upward.

Back in the hospital room, the doct slowly and carefully removed the bandages, examined the eyes and smile. The eye would be as good as new. The girl smiled, too, cried and offered a prayer of thanks. That is why if you see a joyous light in her eyes today, a gleam that indicates she is happier than most of us, it is because if of us have ever faced the awful possibility that once confronted ELIZABETH TAYLOR.

For Liz, with Shirley, faith paid...
The tumultuous events that brought the Age of Titans to its raging climax!
The spectacular Spartan siege set off by Helen and Paris, history's most famous runaway lovers!

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"HELEN OF TROY" will have its premiere simultaneously in over 50 countries — the first time in entertainment history that a motion picture has been honored in this way!

From the famed 'ILIAD' of Homer — starring
ROSSANA PODESTA as HELEN • JACK SERNAS as PARIS • SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE
STANLEY BAKER • NIALL MACGINNIS • ROBERT DOUGLAS • TORIN THATCHER • Screen play by JOHN TWIST and HUGH GRAY • Directed by ROBERT WISE
I can’t remember when there’ve been so many important, gala premieres right on the heels of each other, to say nothing of the rash of post-preem parties, and other kinds, too.

First came “Cinerama Holiday,” where the Clark Gables made their first public appearance since the tragic loss of their expected baby. Rosanna Rory, Warners new Italian import, was Hugh O’Brien’s date, Margaret O’Brien, on the arm of director David Butler, looked so grown-up, with her hair in an Italian-boy bob, topped with a little pearl and flower “coronet.” Jane Powell and Pat Nerney, Rita Moreno and Jacques Mapes, Ann Miller with Conrad Hilton, the Louis B. Meyers, Jack Warner, Carol Ohmart with Bill Strange were also on hand. This event was preceded by a huge banquet at the Beverly Hilton Hotel, tossed by Cinerama and attended by state and city bigwigs.

At the “Oklahoma!” opening, Shirley Jones arrived in a “surrey with the fringe on top,” then raised the Oklahoma State flag. Each guest was given a sprig of mistletoe and made a “member” of the Oklahoma Kissin’ Cousins Society. Proudest man there was Harold Williams, uncle of Shirley Jones. Grace Kelly, looking luscious in a champagne lace gown with matching wrap of satin, its shawl collar banded with brown mink, was with writer Rupert Allen. Marlene Dietrich breezed in with producer Mike Todd and furnished a gasp or two in her long, tight-fitting gown of heavy cream-colored brocade, her short full-sleeved coat of the same material—and wearing a turban-type swath of material around her head, with a diamond pin above her forehead.

The slam-bang bow of “Guys and Dolls” which jammed into Paramount Theatre with celebs raised close to a hundred thousand dollars for the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital’s free bed program. Most of the guys and dolls present agreed that Marlo Brando’s smooching with Jean Simmons in the movie will one day get him a few million more femme fans.

Susan Hayward dated Johnny Beck for the preem of “Sincere Yours,” and Liberace, who hosted the opening with Art Linkletter, needed “a few thousand” cops to “help” him into the Pantages Theatre, so great was the crowd.

The Gary Cooper’s threw a dinner dance that was really something! Satin gowns predominated, Rocky Cooper’s being pale yellow, Liz Taylor’s being white, Mrs. Ray Milland’s soft rose, Gracie Allen’s light blue. The Jimmy Stewarts, Alec Guiness’ Zsa Zsa Gabor with Rubirosa, Phyllis Gates and Rock Hudson—who was mistaken at the door for Dean Martin!—and Dea Martin, who was there stag, were among the guests.

Plenty of night-club shindigs, too: Celeste Holm’s café bo at the Bali Room in the Beverly Hilton Hotel; Kay Thompson return to Ciro’s with a brand-new act; and the fabulous test monial tossed for Sammy Davis, Jr. by the Friars Club, while had millions of $$$ worth of talent on the dais. Speeches by such as Jack Benny, Pearl Bailey, Jerry Lewis, Humphrey Bogart, George Burns, had guests aching with laughter. Lots of sincere sentimental stuff, too, in tribute to the great little entertaine

**Evening Star: Shirley Jones at the “Oklahoma!” preem**

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**BY EDITH GWYNN**

**HOLLYWOOD PARTY LINE**

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**Heading for fun: Marisa Pavon with date Perry Lopez**

---

**Luscious in lace: Grace Kelly, writer Rupert Allen**

---

**Eastern elegance: La Dietrich, producer Mike Todd**
Her radiant complexion is a glowing tribute to Camay!

It’s easy to see why beautiful Sharon Kay Ritchie of Colorado is Miss America 1956! And—one of the loveliest things about her is her exquisite complexion. She’s guarded its petal-soft beauty for years with mild, gentle Camay. "Cold cream Camay is just wonderful," says Sharon... "really caresses your skin." Try Miss America’s beauty soap, the only leading soap with cold cream. Discover the skin-pampering mildness, luxurious lather, and exclusive fragrance that are yours with Camay’s Caressing Care!

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If you're a considerate week-end guest, would you—

☐ Take over little sister's room
☐ Insist on sleeping on the sofa
☐ Toss new tags old tricks
☐ Go barefoot

Are you in the know?

Tut, tut!—you protest. How could you let young Betsy take the sofa, while you curl up in selfish comfort in her bed? So, Nobs. You insist on reshuffling the plans. But one glance at your hostess's face should tell you how she feels about her household arrangements: "Do not disturb!" A considerate guest accepts them without question.

And on certain days, girls in the know never question the safe, sure protection of Kotex. They've found this napkin gives the complete absorbency they need; it doesn't fail. And there's no worrysome mistake possible, for Kotex can be worn on either side, safely!

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Announcing the fifty lucky winners of November PHOTOPLAY's exciting Win A Present From A Star Contest. The following will each receive a wonderful gift, courtesy of Paramount studios and each selected by your favorite Paramount stars.

**HERE THEY ARE...**

VERA BERNACCHI, Arlington, Mass.
MISS LENA BINDER, Fort Worth, Texas
MISS ANGELINE BONNOT, Eau Claire, Wis.
MISS MARION BRADER, Buffalo, N. Y.
MRS. HOWARD VANDEN BRAND, Forty-Fort, Pa.
MARGARET BRIGHTON, Manitou Beach, Mich.
MARY CARTER, Indianapolis, Ind.
B. W. CARVER, Muscatine, Iowa
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LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

WITH JANET GRAVES

Tragedy confronting Glenn and Donna means work for Robert Keith and Leslie Nielsen—a crime to be solved, a news story

**The Prisoner**

COLUMBIA

Three magnificent performances and a deeply thoughtful story make this harrowing British movie a memorable experience. Alec Guinness has a role obviously inspired by Cardinal Mindszenty of Hungary, though his fictional cleric serves in an unnamed Iron Curtain country, and his case has a different ending. Callously arrested as he finishes mass, Guinness is turned over to interrogator Jack Hawkins, skilled at making innocent prisoners confess treachery against the Red state. A former doctor, Hawkins can use his psychiatric training to destroy a mind, as well as heal it. And this duel between two brilliant and dedicated men becomes utterly absorbing. Wise touches of humor are supplied by Wilfred Lawson, as a chillingly cheerful jailer. Jeannette Sterke and Ronald Lewis are lovers caught in the political trap.

**Ransom!**

M-G-M

Based on the highly successful TV play “Fearful Decision,” this is a smashing Hollywood attack on moviegoers’ sensibilities—also with a strong relationship to reality. Glenn Ford plays a manufacturer, tough-minded but gentle and devoted in his family life with wife Donna Reed and son Bobby Clark. When the little boy is kidnapped, Donna is rendered helpless by shock, and it’s up to Glenn to make the decision: Should he pay the half-million-dollar ransom demanded? Consulting with police chief Robert Keith and reporter Leslie Nielsen, Glenn finds that the odds on his son’s safe return are exactly the same—whether or not the ransom is paid. Defying furious public opinion and his wife’s anguish, he refuses to pay. Emotionally, the movie sometimes goes slightly overboard, but it’s splendidly acted.

To break Guinness’ defenses, Hawkins almost makes friends with the captive

Continued
THE TREASURE OF PLEASANT VALLEY — Frank Yerby. Not for the lusc of gold did Bruce Harkness join the rush to California, but to escape the memory of a woman. Here was violence, terror, life in the raw — and here, too, the fresh challenge of two "untouchable" females, Jussa, the exciting, dark-eyed half-breed, and Jo Petersen, the ravishing blond who claimed by big-game gambler Rufus King. "Fiery and turbulent narrative!" — Chicago Tribune.

"Yerby at his best! Everything you look for and more — spill out of this passion-packed page!" — Philadelphia News.

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Please
Good Morning, Miss Dove 20th; Cinemascope, de Luxe Color

Like the well-remembered "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," this tribute to a beloved schoolteacher is frankly sentimental. But Jennifer Jones' strong, unerring performance salts the general sweetness. Her Miss Dove is a stern disciplinarian, insisting upon orderliness and devotion to duty—as strict with herself as with her pupils. While she lies ill in a hospital, the whole town waiting for the verdict, flashbacks show her personal story and some of the lives she has influenced. Among her ex-students: Robert Stack, now her doctor; Kipp Hamilton, now Bob's wife; Chuck Connors, an upstanding cop; Peggy Knudsen, the busy nurse; Jerry Paris, immigrant boy who's become a playwright. The finish is a little overdone, but Jennifer keeps the situation well in hand. 

Artist and Models Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor

Horror comics get a genial kidding in the latest Martin-Lewis romp. Dean's a commercial artist trying to make good in New York; Jerry, his meek apartment-mate, whose vague brain has been further addled by comic books. Teamed with Dean is Dorothy Malone, as a successful cartoonist. And Jerry finds an ideal partner in pixie Shirley MacLaine, who sails into her comedy scenes with an abandon that almost matches his. She's a model who poses for The Bat Lady, Jerry's cartoon dream girl. Because Jerry's dreams often turn into nightmares, the plot turns into a tangle, as Dean draws comic-book material from his pal's night-time mumblings. The FBI, a spy ring (including Eva Gabor) and a mad publisher (Eddie Mayehoff) somehow get involved. Song numbers vary from gay to romantic.

The Square Jungle

In a prize-ring movie that has a fresh approach, Tony Curtis gets unusual acting opportunities, and he meets the challenge creditably. Without whitewashing, Jim Backus makes Tony's father likable, though a weakening who has given his boy a selfish, irresponsible outlook on life. Tony enters the ring partly to earn money needed to get the old man out of a jam, partly to defend the family honor. His romance with Pat Crowley has been broken up by her father, who doesn't think Tony has much of a future. Ernest Borgnine stays on the sympathetic side, as in "Marty," playing Tony's philosophical trainer. The young fighter's career quickly reaches a climax in a continued rivalry with John Day, as the tough-looking, gallant-hearted champ. The contest has near-tragic results.

Hell on the Dock

Alan Ladd and Edward G. Robinson are doughty adversaries in a waterfront thriller with lots of plot and action and eye-arresting San Francisco backgrounds. An ex-cop framed on a manslaughter charge, Ladd gets out of jail determined to revenge himself on Robinson, who now has all the local fishermen terrorized. Various gaudy characters have knowledge of the crime for which Ladd was convicted: Perry Lopez, as Robinson's spineless nephew; Rodney Taylor, as a hard-out-of-town thug; Paul Stewart, as Robinson's trigger-man (apparently supposed to be a lovable fellow at heart). Meantime, Alan has a domestic problem to solve with wife Joanne Dru, a nightclub singer. The movie, which tries throughout to be terribly tough, doesn't measure up to the abilities of its cast.
You ought to meet her... there's nobody sweeter than...

SHE'S an eye-opener... in a story as fresh as young love itself!

David Butler Productions, Inc., presents GLORY

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MARGARET O'BRIEN - WALTER BRENNAN - CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD

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JOHN LUPTON - BYRON PALMER - LISA DAVIS

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Screenplay by PETER MILNE

From a story by GENE MARKEY
Your whole life is before you!

Isn't it nice to be the very age you are! Young enough to be full of plans. Old enough to take advantage of them. Wherever you look, you see a series of enchanting tomorrows. Your whole life is before you.

May we offer you one bit of advice? Don't ever settle for needless discomfort. Avoid the too-tight girdle, the shoes that rub, the slip that binds—and don't be tied to sanitary protection that puts you in a harness instead of a happy frame of mind. Millions of girls have found in Tampax internal protection the convenience, the comfort, the freedom they're looking for.

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BRIEF REVIEWS

★★★ EXCELLENT  ★★★ VERY GOOD  ★★ GOOD  ★ FAIR

(A) 


CROOKED WEB, THE—Columbia: Ingenious but over-complicated melodrama. Mari Blanchard and Richard Denning cooperate to nail Frank Lovejoy for killing GI's. (F) December

DEEP BLUE SEA, THE—20thth; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Thoughtful, talkative film of a tragic infatuation, Vivien Leigh, as an aristocratic lady, and Kenneth More, as her foolish lover, are both excellent. (A) December

DESPERATE HOURS, THE—Paramount, VistaVision: Fredric March is splendid as an average householder defending his family against criminals led by Humphrey Bogart. Taut suspense, believable people. (F) December

GUYS AND DOLLS—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Delightful musical about Broadway folks. Gamblers Marlon Brando, Frank Sinatra love mission doll Jean Simmons, nightclub doll Vivian Blaine. (F) January

HELL'S HORIZON—Columbia: Modest, straightforward story of the war in Korea, Pilot John Ireland and his crew, on a crucial bombing mission, face personal woes, too. (F) January

I DIED A THOUSAND TIMES—Warner, CinemaScope, WarnerColor: Glamorized but lusty close-up of crime. Veteran crook Jack Palance plots a spectacular hold-up, takes Shelley Winters down to failure with him. (A) January

I'LL CRY TOMORROW—M-G-M: Susan Hayward does an arresting job in the true story of Lillian Roth, singer who became an alcoholic. Jo Van Fleet and Richard Conte help make clinical details convincing. (A) January

LADY GODIVA—U.I, Technicolor: Genial costume thriller with no great regard for history. Maureen O'Hara's the famous Saxon stripper; George Nader, her husband. (F) January

LAWLESS STREET, A—Columbia, Technicolor: Nat Randolph Scott Western. He's a weary town marshal eager to lick the job, settle down with wife Angela Lansbury. (F) January

LEASE OF LIFE—F.E.E., Eastman Color: Robert Donat does a welcome comeback in an inspirational, gently humorous British film, as a country parson who puts the last months of his life to existing use. (F) January

MAGIC FIRE—Republic, Trucolor: Facts from the full life of composer Richard Wagner make this movie absorbing, in spite of a stuffy script. Alan Badel is Wagner; Yvonne De Carlo, his first wife. (F) December

MAN WITH THE GUN—U.A.: In an effective Western, Bob Mitchum is a picturesque, "town-tamer," doggedly carrying out his tough job, wooing estranged wife Jan Sterling, aiding lovers Karen Sharpe, John Lupton. (F) December

NAKED SEA, THE—RKO, Technicolor: Documentary about a typical voyage by California tuna-fishermen. Exhilarating, colorful picture of everyday heroism. (F) December

OKLAHOMA!—Magna; Todd-AO, Eastman Color: Wonderful music, fresh outdoor zest.

As frontier lovers, Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones are menced by Rod Steiger, Gloria Grahame, Gene Nelson supply comedy. (F) January

QUEEN BEE—Columbia: Potential dynamite, but no explosion. Joan Crawford tyrannizes over a Southern household, drives husband Barry Sullivan to drink. (A) December

REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE—Warners: CinemaScope, WarnerColor: Fine work by the late James Dean and by Natalie Wood and Sal Mineo in the mainstay of an off-balance drama about unhappy teenagers and stupid parents. (A) January

ROSE TATTOO, THE—Paramount: In a striking comedy-drama, Anna Magnani's magnificent as a restless, war-nurtured widow, opposing daughter Marisa Pavan's love for Ben Cooper until Burt Lancaster intervenes. (A) January

RUNNING WILD—U.I: Routine cops-and-robbers yarn. Cop Bill Campbell masquerades as a young hoodlum to smash a car-stealing ring masterminded by Keenan Wynn. (F) January


SINCERELY YOURS—Warners, WarnerColor: Almost two hours of Liberace's smiles and piano pyrotechnics. As a popular pianist stricken by deafness, he helps others and solves his own problem, with Joanne Dru's aid. (F) January

TARANTULA—U.I: Amusing science-fiction. Doc John Agar and scientist Mara Corday combat a tarantula grown to colossal size because of an experiment gone awry. (F) January


TEXAS LADY—RKO: Superscope, Technicolor: Brick horse opera. Claudette Colbert takes over a newspaper to break the cattle barons' power, with Barry Sullivan's help. (F) January


TREASURE OF PANCHO VILLA, THE—RKO: Superscope, Technicolor: Reliable chase thriller, with Bogey Calhoun, Shelley Winters and Gilbert Roland aiding Villa. (F) December

TRIAL—M-G-M: Shaming exposé of the way Reds exploit race prejudice. Glenn Ford, Arthur Kennedy, Dorothy McGuire defend a Mexican-American boy held for murder. (F) November

VIEW FROM POMPEY'S HEAD, THE—20thth; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Interesting cross-section of a Southern town, where Richard Egan returns to unravel a mystery and renew his romance with lovely Lana Wynter. (F) January

For fuller reviews, see PHOTOPLAY for the months indicated. Full reviews this month are on page 14.
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Only a soap this mild can work so thoroughly yet so gently!
Palmolive beauty care cleans cleaner, cleans deeper, without irritation!

Doctors have proved that Palmolive beauty care can give you a cleaner, fresher complexion the very first time you use it! That's because Palmolive care gets your skin deep-down clean by removing the hidden, clinging dirt that casual methods miss.

Here's the easy method: Just massage your face with Palmolive's rich, gentle lather for 60 seconds, morning and night. Rinse and pat dry. It's that simple! But remember... only a soap that is truly mild can cleanse thoroughly without leaving your face feeling drawn and uncomfortable. That's why Palmolive's mildness is so important to you. Try mild Palmolive Soap today for new complexion beauty!

Doctors prove Palmolive's beauty results!
The Night My Number Came Up

This first-rate British suspense film goes about its business shrewdly, keeping a sure grip on the nerves of the audience. Just after World War II, air marshal Michael Redgrave is about to go on a routine air trip from the Chinese mainland to Japan. But another officer has had a dream about the flight, describes the plane, its passengers, all the circumstances of the journey—leading up to a fatal crash. Advised not to go, Redgrave laughs at such superstitious nonsense. Gradually, all the details of the dream begin coming true: the type of plane; the number and sorts of passengers, including a skeptical but scared government man (Alexander Knox), his pretty secretary (Sheila Sim) and Redgrave’s handsome young aide (Denholm Elliott).

All the dreamed-of difficulties threaten the plane as it approaches its way station, Okinawa. The crash is narrowly avoided, whereupon everybody (the audience, too) relaxes with relief. But the flight is over. As time for the take-off to Japan nears, the pattern of the dream slowly falls into place again, and tension builds to a new high. Here’s the topper: The movie is based on a true story.

Kismet

M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

The attractive persons and singing voices of Howard Keel, Ann Blyth, Vic Damone and Dolores Gray make this lush but light spectacle of old Baghdad easy to look at and listen to. Keel’s a rascally poet, mistaken for a magician and drafted into the service of the wicked wizar (Sebastian Cabot). This is both a dangerous and a delightful job, for the wizar’s chief wife (Dolores) takes a fancy to the “magician,” knowing him for a phony. A tough assignment comes Keel’s way: to keep the young caliph (Vic) from marrying a mysterious commoner. Keel doesn’t realize just how tough it is until he discovers that the commoner is none other than his own lovely daughter (Ann).

The story’s melodrama is supposed to be all in fun, so a little more wit would have been welcome in the dialogue, a little more definitiveness in the comedy playing. But there’s some piquant dancing, and the score is melodious, with such already-familiar hits as “Stranger in Paradise” and “This Is My Beloved.” Sets are multi-colored and lavish.

Diabolique

U.M.P.F.O.

Here’s a gruesome tale of murder so delicately done that some moviegoers will chuckle at it while others shiver—and both reactions may be taken as compliments to a movie as sly and neat as its title. French-made (with titles in English), it focuses on an untidy domestic situation at a boys’ school. The headmaster (Paul Meurisse) is just asking to be murdered. He cheats his little students; he browbeats his gentle wife (Vera Clouzot), an heiress whose money finances the school; he literally beats his mistress (Simone Signoret), one of the teachers. Simone, a cool customer, sells Vera on the idea that both of them could get along beautifully without this guy. In an amusingly (or shockingly) business-like manner, they dispose of their man, planning to make his death seem an accident. But the plan doesn’t work out as expected, and Charles Vanel, as a canny police inspector, begins snooping around. There’s a smart double twist at the end.

The Spoilers

U.I., TECHNICOLOR

The good old adventure yarn of Gold Rush Alaska does another screen encore, with Jeff Chandler, Rory Calhoun and Anne Baxter decorating the muddy streets of Nome. (Anne stays on top of the mud; both guys wind up in it, during that famous fight.) Mine owners like partners Jeff, Anne and belligerent old John McIntyre are being belligerently shafted by operators who challenge their claims. Rory comes in as Gold Commissioner with a great show of virtue, but he’s really out to grab the partners’ mine. And gambler Ray Danton, in love with Anne, his boss, tries to do Jeff dirt to get a rival out of the way. Played straight and lively, the picture doesn’t fool around with subtleties or humor.

Heidi and Peter

U.A., TECHNICOLOR

Since the Swiss-made “Heidi” proved popular with small fry, here’s a sequel, presenting the characters of the beloved children’s classic in further Alpine adventures. Again, fresh-faced Elisabeth Shue and the eager Swiss miss, befriending poor little rich girl Isa Guenther. (Isa, however, looks too healthy for her role of invalid.) Thomas Klameth is the mischievous goatherd, who resents Isa because she seems to have taken his playmate away from him. The story proceeds rather aimlessly, its only action a sequence in which villagers fight a roaring mountain flood. The dubbed-in dialogue is sometimes disconcerting, written and read awkwardly. But the majestic vistas of the Alps give the picture charm.

Target Zero

WARNERS

There’s a nice, human warmth about this close-up of war, though its outline and characters are well-worn, and one of its central situations is implausible. At a low point in the Korean war, a miscellaneous group of UN personnel gets together, cut off behind Red lines. Richard Conte leads an American patrol trying to return to its company. His air of command antagonizes Richard Stapley, as head of a British tank crew. Also on hand are an American mortar team—and a beautiful blond (Peggie Castle), a civilian with the UN. Once this last unlikely premise is granted, the relationship between the lone female and the men is worked out understandably—and developments don’t always tend toward the obvious. The acting in general is smooth.

All That Heaven Allows

U.I., TECHNICOLOR

Though this love story co-stars Jane Wyman and Rock Hudson, it’s no “Magnificent Obsession.” A romance between a well-to-do widow and a young gardener is opposed by her stuffy friends and by her grown children (Gloria Talbott, William Reynolds). But the social inequalities that separate Jane and Rock aren’t shown convincingly, and their problem is worked out by sheer chance. Once Gloria gets past the early, bratty stage of her role, she is quite charming, and Agnes Moorehead is gracious as ever, playing Jane’s best friend.

Alison

RKO

A British-made mystery starring Terry Moore tries to achieve the atmosphere of “Laura,” for the hero falls in love with the portrait of a girl who is supposedly dead. He is painter Robert Beatty, who does Terry’s picture from a photo, believing that its subject was killed in the same car crash that ended his brother’s life. Terry turns up alive, just as a former model of Robert’s turns up dead. The plot is so complex that it’s almost impossible to follow, but it’s disclosed (at leisure) that all the to-do has been started by a diamond-smuggling ring.

Flame of the Islands

REPUBLIC, TRICOLOR

A strong, though not big-name cast and genuine backgrounds in the lovely Bahamas dress up a lurid story of love and crime. With $100,000 that’s she’s come by deviously, Yvonne De Carlo and Zachary Scott go into partnership with Kurt Kasznar to start a fancy island club. Both men want Yvonne, but she is more interested in an old flame, socialite Howard Duff. And James Arness, as an honest fisherman, stands by waiting for her to see the light. Thanks to gamblers that the unscrupulous Kurt has called in on the enterprise, the story finally takes a turn toward violent action.

Inside Detroit

COLUMBIA

The racket-smashing story has a labor-union angle in this brisk melodrama. Ex-con Pat O’Brien is regaining power as a labor racketeer; the local’s new president, Dennis O’Keefe, is determined to stop him. Personal relationships are the crook’s weak points. His wife (Katherine Warren), daughter (Margaret Field) and son (Mark Damon) believe him a model family man. But he has a girl (Tina Carver), who’s set up as head of an unsavory business. Dennis starts Pat’s downfall by unveiling this hypocrisy.
SOME people are known—and loved—for being gentle. So is this new cigarette. New Philip Morris, made gentle for modern taste, is winning new friends everywhere—especially among our younger smokers. Enjoy the gentle pleasure—the fresh unfiltered flavor—of new Philip Morris. Now in the smart new package.

New Philip Morris...gentle for modern taste
SOAP BOX:
I have just seen "I Died a Thousand Times" starring Jack Palance and Shelley Winters. I thought that the movie was wonderful and the acting was excellent. The plot seemed so well thought out. For this reason, I am wondering if the movie was adapted from a book. If so, could you please give me the name of the book and the author?

STEPHEN ALWIRE
Hinsdale, Illinois

The picture was made from the book High Sierra by W. R. Burnett. You may also remember it under the title "High Sierra" starring Humphrey Bogart some years back.—Ed.

QUESTION BOX:
I just saw "Mister Roberts." Could you please tell me who played the part of Bookser? I thought he was terrific in the part. Please tell me something about him. He's the tops.

PENNIE GABANO
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Bookser was played by Pat Wayne. Born July 13, 1939, has blue eyes, light brown hair and stands six feet. He bears a strong resemblance to his famous father, John Wayne. Has appeared in "The Quiet Man," "The Long Gray Line," "Mister Roberts."—Ed.

I have just seen "Robin Hood" on Disneyland. I thought it was tops. Richard Todd, who played Robin Hood, is handsome and a great performer. I would like to know if he is married, and more information about him.

KAREN CLARK
Exeter, California

Richard is married to former actress Catherine Bogle. Born in Dublin, Ireland, June 11, 1919, is 5'10" and has brown hair and green eyes. Has appeared in "The Virgin Queen," "A Man Called Peter," "Dam Busters" and is in "The Sixth of June."—Ed.

NEVER have I been more deeply moved by a movie story than that of John and Patti Derek. May I say something to the both of them before it's too late?

These kids should be spanked, but I have compassion for them and would sincerely like to see them make a go of their marriage.

John, how can you leave Patti knowing she may someday marry again and your children brought up and influenced by someone other than yourself? How can Russia understand why someone else is taking over your duties? Do you realize what you are giving up? Visiting rights are a far cry from living with your family. Maybe Patti will never marry again, but you may. No doubt you'll have children. When problems arise, will you walk out?

You, Patti, are very wrong to feel you can't leave your babies for a week or so just to be with John!

I have a boy three and a girl fifteen months and love them every bit as much as you love Russ and Sean, but I also love my husband. It's good for children to be left with others once in a while. You can't be a martyr. Look where it's gotten you. Have you really given your children what's best?

I don't believe you and John have taken into consideration that there is a God who's willing to help those who ask for it. Have you and John walked side by side with Russ to Sunday School? You know that God spared your son so that you might love and cherish him. Don't let foolishness separate you and tragedy bring you back together.

I am not overly religious but I know in my own marriage there might well be discord if we didn't drive to Church on Sunday, thank God for blessings and start the week off spiritually refreshed. I think you and John should start doing things for others and think less of yourselves.

Go home, John; and you, Patti, be a wife to your children's father. God bless you both.

MRS. EVE MICHAELS
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Could you please tell me who played the part of Jonsey in the picture "Francis in the Navy"?

BETTY WALLACE
South Ozone Park, New York
The part of Jonsey was played by Clint Eastwood.—Ed.

Could you give me some information on who played Paul, and the young ship doctor in "We're No Angels"? Have they made any previous pictures?

SANDRA LACKEY
Atlanta, Georgia
John Baer played Paul. Has appeared in "Mississippi Gambler," "The Miami Story." John Smith was the doctor. Played the young groom in "The High and the Mighty."—Ed.

Could you please tell me if Eleanor Parker did her own singing in "Interrupted Melody"?

EILEEN OSTERLUND
Vandecy, Saskatchewan, Canada
Soprano Eileen Farrell sang for Miss Parker.—Ed.

I would very much appreciate some of the usual information and statistics about Paul Newman. I have seen him on television and in "The Silver Chalice." I would love to see a picture of him in your magazine.

MARY GEDDICE
Mt. Pocono, Pennsylvania
Here he is. Born in Cleveland, Ohio, on January 26, 1925. Weighs 170 pounds, is five feet 11 inches, has blue eyes and light brown hair. Married to Jackie Witte and has two children, Scott and Susan. Appeared on Broadway in "The Desperate Hours." On television in "Our Town" and "The Battler."—Ed.

Would you please let me know what year Fred Astaire was born? I claim Fred Astaire has been dancing since his early teens, and is about 55. A friend of mine insists he is at least 65.

BRUCE WILFORTH
Rochester, New York
You are right. Fred Astaire was born May 10, 1900, so he is just over 55. In 1988 he and sister Adele made their vaudeville debut, danced together as a team until 1932. Fred made his movie debut in "Dancing Lady" in 1932.—Ed.
Could you please give me some information on the boy who played Sylvester in the movie “The Private War of Major Benson”?

JUDY MILLER
Dayton, Ohio
Sal Mineo, Born January 10, 1939, in New York City. He is 5'6" with brown eyes and brown hair and weighs 118 pounds. Appears in “Rebel Without a Cause” and “Giant.”—En.

I would like to know if Rock Hudson is married to whom, and whether Debra Paget is also.

LINDA DUNCAN
Buford, Georgia
Debra Paget is single. Rock Hudson was married to Phyllis Gates in November.—En.

Could you please settle an argument? I say that Robert Taylor was married to Joan Crawford. My mother says he wasn’t. Who is right?

KATHLEEN SATALICH
Northfield, Ohio
Mother knows best. Robert Taylor was married to Barbara Stanwyck. They are now divorced.—En.

I have just seen the wonderful picture “Five Against the House,” with Brian Keith. This new actor is terrific. Please will you give me some information as to his age, height and where he was born?

MARGIE WRIGHT
Mettuchen, N. J.
Brian is six feet one inch tall, weighs 185 lbs., has sandy hair and blue eyes. He hails from your own state, was born in Bayonne on November 14, 1921. You’ll see him next in “Storm Center.”—En.

About 6 or 7 years ago “Miracle of the Bells” was made into a movie. Could you please tell me who played the parts of: Bill Birnamig, Olga Treskovna, Father Paul, and Marcus Harris in the movie?

MARCIA BLUMBERG
Sioux Falls, South Dakota
The picture was made in 1947. The cast in the order of your letter were: Fred MacMurray; Valli; Frank Sinatra; Lee J. Cobb.—En.

(Continued on page 32)

Could you please give me some information on the boy who played Sylvester in the movie “The Private War of Major Benson”? Judy Miller, Dayton, Ohio. Sal Mineo, Born January 10, 1939, in New York City. He is 5'6" with brown eyes and brown hair and weighs 118 pounds. Appears in “Rebel Without a Cause” and “Giant.”—En.

I would like to know if Rock Hudson is married to whom, and whether Debra Paget is also. Linda Duncan, Buford, Georgia. Debra Paget is single. Rock Hudson was married to Phyllis Gates in November.—En.

Could you please settle an argument? I say that Robert Taylor was married to Joan Crawford. My mother says he wasn’t. Who is right? Kathleen Satalich, Northfield, Ohio. Mother knows best. Robert Taylor was married to Barbara Stanwyck. They are now divorced.—En.

I have just seen the wonderful picture “Five Against the House,” with Brian Keith. This new actor is terrific. Please will you give me some information as to his age, height and where he was born? Margie Wright, Metuchen, N. J. Brian is six feet one inch tall, weighs 185 lbs., has sandy hair and blue eyes. He hails from your own state, was born in Bayonne on November 14, 1921. You’ll see him next in “Storm Center.”—En.

About 6 or 7 years ago “Miracle of the Bells” was made into a movie. Could you please tell me who played the parts of: Bill Birnamig, Olga Treskovna, Father Paul, and Marcus Harris in the movie? Marcia Blumberg, Sioux Falls, South Dakota. The picture was made in 1947. The cast in the order of your letter were: Fred MacMurray; Valli; Frank Sinatra; Lee J. Cobb.—En.

Winter sports play rough with your skin . . . but you can protect it. Cashmere Bouquet’s 3-way beauty care does wonders for your skin!

Winter sports play rough with your skin . . . but you can protect it. Cashmere Bouquet’s 3-way beauty care does wonders for your skin!

Cleans cleaner than creams. Your skin is so much cleaner when you use Cashmere Bouquet! No cream film!

Stimulates with no astringent sting, when you stroke Cashmere Bouquet’s mild lather into your skin.

Softens without lotion stickiness. Leaves normal, dry or oily skin naturally softer and smoother!

it gives your skin 3-way beauty care!

You can forget about greasy cleansing creams, sticky lotions, and stinging astringents! Because now, with just a cake of Cashmere Bouquet Soap, you can give your skin the beauty care of famous Conover students. This wonderful 3-way beauty care actually cleans cleaner than creams . . . stimulates gently, softens and smooths your skin, too. Just like using a whole row of beauty products . . . but so much quicker and easier. Start today and watch your skin thrive!

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REGULAR OR BIG BATH SIZE
New, different—complexion magic!

cleans deep, deep down... where beauty begins

New
Deep Magic

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The clearest skin is the cleanest skin, and nothing cleans your skin like wonderful, new DEEP MAGIC by Toni. DEEP MAGIC is different! It's a flowing lotion cleanser that cleans deeper—gently removes the deep-pore dirt and makeup other facial cleansers cannot reach! Yet DEEP MAGIC never leaves the greasy feel of creams, never the drawn, dry feel of soaps. That's the magic of new DEEP MAGIC—the magic that gives you a cleaner, clearer skin—a softer, more radiant complexion. Try DEEP MAGIC on your skin tonight!

Lanolin-gentle—cleans up to three times cleaner than soaps or creams.
I kinda lost faith in Rock Hudson. Putting it on the record that he wouldn’t marry until thirty, the Rock didn’t have the staying power of just another week. The more Grace Kelly goes Hollywood the more I like her. Dean Martin’s torch is showing in his singing. Jeff Chandler told me: “Sometimes you can tell by looking at a girl what kind of a past she is going to have.” Half of Hollywood is trying to find out how the other half gets away with it. Just in case you are ever on The $64,000 Question TV show and your subject is The Movies, don’t forget that Rita Hayworth is the most celebrated alumna of P.S. 69, Jackson Heights. I’m delighted that Shelley Winters is such a hit on Broadway in “A Hatful of Rain.” Glad for Shelley personally, and pleased that the New York drama critics admit a movie actress can act. Success hasn’t changed Shelley a trifle. In a note she says: “Whatever I wear, you can tell I’m from Brooklyn.”

Had a long chat with Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer during their short visit to town on business. To sum up Audrey’s “Hollywood Hotel,” I’d say that Audrey doesn’t completely understand Mel yet and vice versa. However, even though they look thinner than ever, they’re both having a wonderful time getting to know each other. Why do freckles look sexy on most actresses? I’m asking; you answer! Jane Russell, told again by an interviewer that a Paris stylist dictated a flat-chested look, teed off with: “What am I supposed to do—lie down under a steamroller every morning?” The new trend in the movies and also on TV is adult westerns. Everyone is out to do an adult western. Some producer could make a fortune by doing a switcheroo and returning the western to the kiddies.

I don’t buy those girl singers who mistake shouting and swinging for talent. Will Success Spoil Jean Simmons? Believe me, I know the answer when I reply: “Definitely no!” Someone is giving Kim Novak awfully good advice—and it could be Kim Novak. Tom Jenk’s analysis of George Gobel’s success: “He doesn’t look like someone appearing on TV. He looks like someone watching it.” Definition of cleavage: It’s the spot of a woman’s anatomy that’s just about to show when the Johnston Office yells! I’m a hot Sinatra fan but it’s going to take Frankie—who’s starring in “Johnny Concho”—at his best to convince me he’s a cowboy. And I might add that I’ve seen some odd cowboys. Mentioning Sinatra reminds me of one of his dolls, Celeste Holm, in “The Tender Trap.” Celeste in an interview concerning American men said: “They don’t graduate from their mothers enough.” . . . Anne Francis is ready to make it big if her studio gives her the right role in an important picture. . . . It’s now expected that any non-singer can sing in a movie. The novelty value is gone, real gone. Doris Day flashes a cute smile immediately after she says hello to you. . . . I don’t dig Harry Belafonte. I expect hundreds of letters shouting at me and
THAT’S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU continued

then completely explaining Mr. Belafonte to me.

Irene Papas, exciting new screen personality who debuts in M-G-M’s “Tribute to a Bad Man,” has been jokingly referred to as The First of the Red Hot Papas. She is also the only actress in Hollywood who has a license to act. Why? It seems that, before a person can become an actor or actress in Greece, Irene’s native land, it is necessary to have a college degree and pass rigid exams. Only then does the person get a formal, legal document, entitling him or her to appear on the stage and in films.

There appears to be a behind-the-scenes campaign on to make a real lovable, human guy of John Wayne off-screen. . . . Large Screen, Extra Large Screen, Technicolor, DeLuxe Color, Broadway Musical Hit or Broadway’s All-Time Musical, my favorite movie musical still is on the small-size screen, in plain black and white, titled “Forty-Second Street.” So call me names—I’m getting used to it. . . . I don’t know anyone who gets enthusiasms like Joan Crawford. . . . Money talks, and mine says that in a season or so Eva Marie Saint will win another Oscar. Eva is a two-Oscar doll if I ever looked at one. . . . An agent wired Montgomery

special idea of a relaxing weekend. Every Saturday after work, he and Lita drive down to their boat at Wilmington, and remain aboard until Monday, when Rory has to report back to the set. What’s so different about this? Well, the boat never goes to sea, just remains tied to the dock the whole time. “The important thing,” explains Rory in all seriousness, “is to be lazy and aloof.”

Bob Wagner always seems to me as if he admires a genuine actor. . . . I’m convinced by now that, when the waves break and roll up on the beach, our hero and heroine in a movie are having a love scene. The more hectic the waves, the wilder the love-making. Okay cliché makers, get us another! . . . I admit Jennifer Jones can twist me around her little acting finger. I believe her in any role, and what’s more feel for her. . . . I can’t recall which Italian actress said it—maybe they all did—but one of those dishes of spaghetti, said: “In my country a woman isn’t considered a woman unless she can attract a man with her clothes on.” . . . Alan Ladd says that the opening of his hardware store in Palm Springs was just as thrilling as the premieres of his biggest movies.

I can remember way back when Jimmy Stewart was referred to as “a young Gary Cooper.” It wasn’t so long ago as you think, if you care to look up dates and figure it out! . . . No other industry in all the world could take the continual beating Hollywood has— and survive. . . . Here’s another if you’re the contestant on The 564,000 Question: Mitzi Gaynor’s real name is Francesca Mitzi Marlene de Czarayieon Gerber. But if you reply simply Mitzi Gerber, we’re going to call it right. And you advance to the next plateau. . . . Gloria Curran says that a woman’s best assets are a man’s imagination. . . . With Tab Hunter I get the impression they sent a boy to do a man’s job. But he fools me, coming back having done a man’s job. . . . Judy Holliday summed up best what it means to be a movie star: “Well, everybody’s coming around to know everything that’s happened since I was four. It’s like going to an analyst. That’s what becoming a movie star is like.” And that’s Hollywood for you.

Clift to name his rock-bottom price to do a certain movie. Monty wired back: “Sorry, but I live at rock bottom.”

Rory Calhoun told me that he and his wife, Lita Baron, have their own

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Replies From Survey Reveal:

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

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

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

ZONITE’s Many Advantages

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

If any abnormal condition exists, see your doctor.

Francesca Mitzi Marlene de Czarayieon Gerber—in other words, Mrs. Jack Bean!
LISTEN! Until you light a Lucky, you’ll never know how good a cigarette can taste. Luckies taste better because Lucky Strike means fine tobacco that’s TOASTED to taste better. You’ll say they’re the best-tasting cigarette you ever smoked!

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with new "hide and heal" treatment!

In time for your next evening out, Tussy Medicare gives you freedom from the embarrassing sight of pimples, blackheads or whiteheads caused by acne.

First, cleanse with Tussy Creamy Masque. It removes more than surface dirt...helps get rid of deeply imbedded, dried skin oils that clog pores!

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A Rambling Wreck?

At heart, Dick York is strictly a home-loving family man, but his profession has turned him into a travelin' man

BY EVE FORD

Only twenty-seven, Dick York's a thoroughly domesticated guy, married for four years and already the father of three children. So it's with astonishment that he says, "I've done more traveling in the last two years than all the rest of my life."

First Columbia summoned him to Hollywood to play The Wreck in "My Sister Eileen." Then the same studio shipped him off to Japan for "Three Stripes in the Sun." Beaten only by the Los Angeles-Australia hop, the flight from L.A. to Japan is the second longest in the world, with stops just at Honolulu and Wake. After thirty-four hours aloft, Dick may not have been a wreck, but he was, he admits, "a pretty tired boy." And there was no rest: instead, a two-and-a-half-hour drive to Osaka, the film's locale.

His next job brought him back to New York to take over the lead in the stage hit "Bus Stop." At the beginning of the year, he shifted to the play's Chicago company. This was really a homecoming. Dick York—a more sensitive-featured, quiet-mannered young man than the brash characters he usually plays—was born in Ft. Wayne, Indiana, September 4, 1928, but his family moved to Chicago before he started school. At twelve, he was already on radio, in a series of programs (mostly historical dramatizations) put on by the Chicago schools.

"That's how, with no such ambition, Dick became an actor. "Give a kid a chemistry set," he says, "and he winds up as a scientist. I had a good singing voice as a child. But after I started working on radio and going to dramatic school, the singing went down the drain. I decided acting was for me."

At sixteen, he began earning money on the air. By the next year, he had his own show, singing, doing interviews and skits and even some script-writing for Teen Town (later called Junior Junction). And his future wife, Joan Barbara Alt, was also on Chicago radio.

"When we first met," Dick recalls, "I was grown up—I was fifteen. She was only twelve. I was in high school; she was in grammar school. Then one day I came home from playing tennis—and there she was, grown up."

High-school years over, Dick saw New York as the logical next move. Radio and later tv welcomed him there. For two years he played That Brester Boy, he was a regular on Jack Armstrong; he has been on most of the top tv dramatic shows—Philco, Kraft, Robert Montgomery—as well as...
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Something wonderful happens to your hair the moment you apply new SUAVE hairdressing, containing that remarkable Helene Curtis beauty find, greaseless lanolin! Instantly, your hair is so soft and supple, so eager to wave...you can do just what you want with it. And what life, what gorgeous glowing "tone" it gives your hair. All without a trace of oily after-film!

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DO THIS TO MAKE HAIR BEHAVE AFTER SHAMPOO
Always put back the beauty oils shampooing takes out. Helene Curtis SUAVE does it instantly...adds body and life, makes hair manageable, frees snarls.

GOOD NEWS WHEN HAIR IS DRY, BRITTLE, ABUSED!
If home permanents, tints or sun have made your hair dry, abused...quick, the SUAVE! Restores satin softness, lively, healthy look...a 20-second miracle!

DO NOT DESPAIR OVER DULL HAIR! GIVE IT SPARKLE...THRILLING HIGHLIGHTS...IN 20 SECONDS WITH SUAVE. ADDS HEALTHY GLOW, NOT OILY SHINE.

MAKES YOUR HAIR CHARMLINGLY SOFT...THRLING TO TOUCH
Exciting hair does so much to make you exciting. To make the most of your hair, to bring out all its allure...renew its soft shimmer each day with just a kiss of SUAVE. Start today!

HELENE CURTIS
SUAVE
HAIRDRESSING & CONDITIONER

Contains amazing greaseless lanolin!

Copyright 1956 H.C.I.
CARELESS

about
“embarrassing
odor”

Isn't that an awful thing to say (or
whisper) about a woman? Nevertheless,
every woman faces the possibility of
“embarrassing odor.” The wise ones, the
ones who are sure of feminine daintiness
at all times, douche with “Lysol.”

“Lysol” not only cleanses, it also acts as
an internal deodorant! Rapidly, effi-
ciently, “Lysol” kills odor-producing
bacteria on contact... spreads into all the
folds and crevices to give that complete
assurance of personal cleanliness. Yet
the new improved “Lysol” brand disin-
fectant is gentle, bland, harmless to
delicate feminine tissues.

Every woman, married or unmarried,
should use a double-action “Lysol”
douche after menstruation. Or when
confronted by the problem of extra
secrections. Or simply in order to be
surer of complete feminine daintiness on
some special occasion. Just a teaspoon
of “Lysol” added to the douche water
promotes important, long-lasting, real
internal cleanliness.

Never let them say that you're care-
less about the one unforgivable fault.
Use “Lysol” and be far more secure about
your feminine charm.

...Write for free booklet on medically-
approved methods of douching. (Sent in
plain envelope.) Send name and address to
“Lysol,” Bloomfield,
N. J., Dept. PP-362.

endless daytime dramas. Feeling safely
established at twenty-three, he married
his Joan, November 17, 1951.

The newlyweds did three shows to-
gether, but then the babies started
coming along, and Joan had a full-time
job at home. Kimberley Anne is two
and a half now; Amanda Jo is just
past one; and their third arrived last
month.

When Dick first hit the road, his
family went along to Hollywood, taking
a rented house at Hollywood Boulevard
and Harvard. Dick walked to work,
even when he had to get up an hour
ahead of schedule, for an early call.
“But I'd be ready, shiny and bushy-
tailed at seven o'clock,” he says proudly.
The pace is slower out there; I almost
went out of my mind the first few days.
In New York, if you're called to
rehearse for a TV show at ten A.M., they
mean it! In Hollywood, report at seven
A.M., and you're lucky if you start work
by four P.M.!”

Whatever Dick's temporary annoy-
ances, he never took them home with
him. As he puts it, “I'm inclined to
pigeonhole things. I don't believe in
letting moods carry over between my
work and my home. Just because you
too many seeds in your orange
juice at breakfast, that's no reason for
getting into arguments with other
actors. And there's no sense in making
your wife miserable just because you
feel your scenes didn't go right that
day.”

Work in the movies has its advan-
tages for a family man, Dick found.
He'd be through at six, with no evening
performance or air show ahead. So he
and Joan would pile the kids into the
car and go to the beach. Or, after
dinner, with the babies stayed away
in bed, they could relax for a session of
reading aloud to each other, Dick
taking one chapter, Joan the next.

But the trip to Japan naturally meant
a temporary break-up for the York
family. Dick had to embark on this
adventure alone. Like many American
men, he was much impressed by Japan's
women—“the epitome of femininity,”
he says. “On the way over, the airline
stewardesses—the ideal of American
womanhood—seem wonderfully polite.
If a baby is on the plane, they become
little mothers. But Japanese women—
even the waitresses—are fantastic,
catering to men at every moment. On
the way back, after seven weeks among
Japan's women, those airline steward-
eses don't seem to be taking any in-
terest in your welfare at all!”

(Note to the stewardesses: That's a
bit of typical York humor; please don't
dump the coffee in his lap next time
he's on a plane.)

Once Dick's masculine ego had re-
covered from Japanese flattery, he was
mighty glad to look at American femi-
nity again—especially three prime
examples named Joan, Kim and Am-
anda. Soon after he'd returned to
New York and the Kew Gardens apartment
where they'd been living, he was given
the role in “Bus Stop.” During the
strenuous routine of breaking in on a
new stage assignment, his first inclina-
tion between performances was to sleep.
But he found time to help Joan feed the
kids, take them out for airings, play
with them.

For Dick, the move to Chicago with
the play has meant reunion with his
mother, father and kid sister Vicky. All
the while, he's looking forward to
making a permanent home for his grow-
ing family, preferably in Hollywood,
because they like the life there and
because he has a two-picture-a-year
commitment with Columbia.

Where in Hollywood? “Any block
where there are yards and trees. Our
newest baby is going to be brought up
in a house! Or maybe, with all these
kids around, I'll start a nursery—or a
kennel, with stalls.”

(Note to the three junior Yorks: Don't
run away from home. Your old
man's just being funny again.)

A Rambling Wreck? Continued

WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITES? Send your votes for the stars
you want to see in Photoplay

In color I want to see: ACTOR:

(1) _____________________________ (1) _____________________________

(2) _____________________________ (2) _____________________________

I want to read stories about: ACTRESS:

(1) _____________________________ (3) _____________________________

(2) _____________________________ (4) _____________________________

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

(1) _____________________________ (4) _____________________________

(2) _____________________________ (5) _____________________________

(3) _____________________________ (6) _____________________________

NAME _____________________________ AGE ______

ADDRESS _____________________________

Paste this ballot on a postal card and send it to Readers' Poll
Editor, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, N. Y. 17, N. Y.
What's New in Colgate Dental Cream that's MISSING-MISSING-MISSING in every other leading toothpaste?

It's GARDOL—To Give Up To 7 Times Longer Protection Against Tooth Decay...With Just One Brushing!

GARDOL Makes This Amazing Difference!

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>MINUTES AFTER BRUSHING WITH ANY TOOTHPASTE</th>
<th>12 HOURS AFTER ONE COLGATE BRUSHING GARDOL IS</th>
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<tr>
<td>DECAY-CAUSING BACTERIA RETURN TO ATTACK YOUR TEETH!</td>
<td>STILL FIGHTING THE BACTERIA THAT CAUSE DECAY!</td>
</tr>
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</table>

Any toothpaste can destroy decay- and odor-causing bacteria. But new bacteria come back in minutes, to form acids that cause decay. Colgate’s, unlike any other leading toothpaste,* keeps on fighting tooth decay 12 hours or more!

Thus, morning brushings with Colgate’s help protect all day; evening brushings all night. Because the Gardol in Colgate’s forms an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that lasts for 12 hours with just one brushing. Ask your dentist how often you should brush your teeth. Encourage your children to brush after meals. And at all times, get Gardol protection in Colgate Dental Cream!

Cleans Your Breath While It Guards Your Teeth

No other leading toothpaste can give the 12-hour protection against decay you get with Colgate’s with just one brushing!
To settle an argument with a friend, can you tell me who played in Warner Brothers' "Romance on the High Seas" and who sang "Put It in a Box" in the same picture? 

Oscar S. Wright

Winston Salem, North Carolina

Jack Carson was Peter Virgil; Janis Paige. Elvira Kent; Oscar Levant. Oscar Farrar; Doris Day. Georgia Garrett; Don DeFore. Michael Kent; S. Z. Sakall. Uncle Lazio. Doris Day sang the song.—Ed.

Please tell me the name of the background music in "East of Eden". Has it been recorded and on what label? It was hauntingly beautiful. 

Renee F. Delong

Allentown, Pennsylvania

"The Eden Theme", Victor Young has recorded it on Decca and Buddy Bregman's orchestra, with an harmonica solo, on an Era platter.—Ed.

I have been a subscriber to your magazine for a good many years and would like to thank you for the many enjoyable and interesting articles you have presented. I would sincerely appreciate a reply to the following questions.

Is it true that the singing voices of Harry Belafonte and Dorothy Dandridge were dubbed in the picture "Carmen Jones"; and if so, by whom?

Could you possibly tell the correct age of Estelita, the Cuban entertainer who was just divorced from Grant Withers?

Elaine Rich

Miami Beach, Florida

Dorothy Dandridge and Harry Belafonte are both fine singers, but the roles called for operatic singing. The voices were dubbed in since neither is an operatic singer. Marilyn Horne sang for Dorothy. Le Vern Hutcherson for Harry. To your second query, Estelita was born on July 2, but like many women, doesn't reveal the year.—Ed.

A lot of girls here went to see "The Silver Chalice" some time ago. We all enjoyed it very much. Can you tell us who played Pier Angeli's husband?

Alice Garrett and Barbara Crawford

Mocksville, North Carolina

Paul Newman. This is his only movie to date.—Ed.

My neighbor and I, after seeing "Battle Cry", are having quite a bit of controversy as to whether Fess Parker had the very bit part in that movie as the guitar-playing Marine in the barracks.

I say "no", that Davy Crockett was his first movie. Please help us settle this. I've tried to gain this information everywhere. You're my last hope.

Mrs. Helen Willhaber

St. Paul, Minnesota

Your last hope has the answer and your neighbor is right this time. Fess Parker was the guitar-playing Marine.—Ed.

I wish you would help settle an argument a friend and I had. She said that "Giant" would have to be cut because James Dean died before it was completed. Is this true?

Pat Decker

Walden, New York

The portions of the film in which James Dean appears had been completed before his untimely death. Therefore, the picture will go ahead for release without having to be shortened.—Ed.

Please settle two arguments between my girl friend and I. Has the movie, "Princess of the Nile" been released, or has it been cancelled? Also, what has happened to "The Conqueror"?

Bonnie Harrah and Jackie Lowell

Niles, Michigan

"Princess of the Nile" was released in June, 1954. It starred Debra Paget; Jeff Hunter; and Michael Rennie. "The Conqueror" will be released around the beginning of the year. Susan Hayward and John Wayne are the stars.—Ed.

I have just read James A. Michener's novel Sayonara. The story is a tender, heartbreaking one that I'm sure would make a wonderful movie.


With the fine performances these stars could give to these roles, I think some studio would be wise to screen this book.

Sandi Henschel

Queens, N.Y.

But what about her personal life? Is she married? If so, to whom? Where was she born? How old is she? How tall? What will her next movie be?

Melinda Kraus

Willoughby, Ohio

Born November 8, 1909 in Hartford, Connecticut. She is 5'8". She was divorced from Laddu Smith in 1934 and has not remarried. She may be currently seen in "Summertime". You can look forward to seeing Katie and Bob Hope in "Not for Money", which they are making in Europe.

Katharine Hepburn—still going strong

CASTING:

I have recently read Marjorie Morningstar by Herman Wouk. It could be made into a wonderful movie. Here is my idea of a good cast: Marjorie, Donna Reed: Noel, Edmund Purdom; Marsha, Eva Marie Saint; Mike, Rory Calhoun: Milton, Jose Ferrer; Mrs. Morgenstern, Gertrude Berg. K.T. Neive

Monroe, La.

I have just read James A. Michener's novel Sayonara. The story is a tender, heartbreaking one that I'm sure would make a wonderful movie.


With the fine performances these stars could give to these roles, I think some studio would be wise to screen this book.

Sandi Henschel

Queens, N.Y.
To him you're just as lovely as a movie star

Naturally, you want to look as pretty for him—and for yourself—as you possibly can. And for the fresh glowing skin that's a beauty asset to any girl, use new Lux! That's what 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars do. Cyd Charisse finds new Lux is great for her skin—keeps it soft, fresh-looking!

**Cosmetic lather is the secret**

Fresh glowing skin is dependent, to a large extent, on proper moisture balance. And Lux's rich, creamy lather has a cosmetic action that maintains moisture balance, helps keep your skin radiant.

Gently massage this Cosmetic lather into your skin. In a matter of seconds, the cosmetic action of new Lux is completed. We think you'll be as pleased with this simple, easy skin care as the Hollywood stars are.

**New Lux is sealed in Gold Foil**

... and this unique gold foil wrap protects all the famous Lux qualities ... its wonderful fragrance, dazzling whiteness, Cosmetic lather. Only new Lux gives you both Cosmetic lather and new Reynolds gold foil protection. Today you don't have to be a movie star to have a movie star's complexion. That's the beauty of new Lux in Gold Foil.

_Cyd Charisse_... stunning dancer, beautiful girl. And to keep her complexion fresh and glowing, she gives it regular new Lux care.
A Hollywood animal trainer has been so impressed by the do-it-yourself trend, he's thinking of selling full-grown tigers by mail order with a book of instructions entitled: "Subdue It Yourself."

Jerry Lewis stopping a heckler in a night club: "You've got thirty-two teeth—would you like to try for none?"

Dean Martin confessing he's a bachelor: "Why, every time I open the refrigerator door and the light hits me in the face, I sing three songs!"

Overheard at Ciro's: "I was wearing one of those dresses that starts late and ends early."

A movie starlet thanked Jackie Gleason for a kiss. "Don't mention it," replied Jackie, "the pressure was all mine."

Wall of an actor: "I have trouble cashing checks, I don't know of a single place where I'm unknown."

A naive young actress was being rushed by an aging star. "Don't you understand," he pleaded, "I want to marry you, I want you to be the mother of my children."

"But how many do you have?" she asked.

Backstage sign at a burlesque theater: "Proceed at your own risk."

Audie Murphy, World War II hero, flipped it after seeing his film biography, "To Hell and Back!"

"You know something? I was much braver in the picture."

Intelligence report on the Jack Webb-Dorothy Towne domestic split: Neighbors were unaware of trouble. The Webbs argued Draget style—in whispers.

As Jimmy Durante sees it: "Eddie Fisher may be the darling of the teenagers, but I'm the devil of the girdle group."

Sign on a San Fernando Valley cattle crossing near Jack Oakie's ranch: "Drive carefully. The life you save may be next year's T-Bone steak."

There was a dyed pink poodle in a Las Vegas night-club show. Observed a wit: "If pink poodles get to be a trend, I'm going into the business of raising charcoal black fleas."

Hollywood movie-set slanguage is rich with such words as grip, juicer, gobo, scrim and baby doll. But Rosalind Russell introduced a new one during the filming of "Picnic." Every time she needed the wardrobe woman on the set, she called out for: "Girdle gaffer."

Gig Young to a fledgling actor: "A man
realizes he’s become a character actor when he has more lines in his face than in his script.”

Talking about Liberace’s bit role in a movie several years ago, somebody said: “They cut him down to half a smile and nobody recognized him.”

A Hollywood couple with armies of kindfolk just ordered bathroom towels embroidered with “His Relatives” and “Her Relatives.”

George Gobel said it: “I’m too poor to paint and too proud to whitewash.”

Overheard: “The hardest thing to tell is a woman’s age—especially if she’s listening.”

A movie queen was celebrating her birthday with a party at a Hollywood night club. “It’s a delightful party,” said a friend. “What did your husband give you?”

Star: “A dozen beautiful arguments.”

Irene Ryan said it: “The average income of a Hollywood starlet is about 3 a.m.”

Basil Rathbone is as famous for his villain roles as his Sherlock Holmes portrayal. Most of his black-hearted heavies have been in period films in which the hero kills Basil in a duel in the last reel.

Observes Basil: “I’ve been on the end of a sword more often than Shishkabob.”

Starlet to a wolf at the Mocambo: “Go away—I want you I’ll rattle your cage.”

Suggested motto for a certain movie star’s family crest: “In Hoc Tu Ofin.”

A snooty Beverly Hills matron telephoned her fur designer and said: “I want you to make a Davy Crockett coonskin cap for my little daughter. But don’t use ordinary coon fur—make it up in silver blue or breath of spring coon.”

Sign over the desk of a writer for Red Skelton: “He who laughs, lasts.”

Dorothy Shay claims a hypochondriac is a person who can’t leave feeling well enough alone.

A pixie movie agent swears he’s going to cash in on Rock Hudson’s zooming career by naming his next new actor discovery “Hunk Stone.”

Mae West was dripping with diamonds when she posed for a picture with Cary Grant. “Cash and Cary?”

At a Hollywood wedding reception one of the male guests looked so gloomy another guest decided to cheer him up with: “Have you kissed the bride?”

“Not lately,” replied the gloomy one.

“Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo,” says Jeanne Crain. “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.
You can have That Ivory Look in just 7 days

This very young lady has the right idea for a bright new complexion for you! It's so simple, too. For baby-smooth, baby-soft skin, change to regular care with her pure, mild Ivory Soap. Yes, the milder your soap, the prettier your skin will be. Soft, clear, dewy-fresh skin is That Ivory Look!

Wash your face regularly with pure, mild Ivory. Mild enough for baby’s skin—so right for your complexion.

MORE DOCTORS ADVISE IVORY THAN ANY OTHER SOAP!
In the years since I've been publishing PHOTOPLAY magazine, I've come more and more to the realization that no other magazine in the world offers such a telling composite picture of human beings in relation to life in a single community. Hollywood is like every other small town in the country—with its heartaches and its joys. Yet, in one respect, it is unique. In Hollywood everything happens twice as fast and twice as violently as in other communities.

In this single issue of PHOTOPLAY, for example, there are several real-life stories which range from the near-tragic to the sublime.

For instance, the two-year battle of Susan Hayward with her former husband Jess Barker has led to a suicide attempt, a violent disagreement about custody of her children and finally a scandal that rocked her neighborhood.

On the other hand, Pier and Vic Damone emerged triumphantly happy after a period when both Pier and her unborn child were in danger as a result of an accident. Everyone in Hollywood rejoices with them in their happiness.

For sheer poignancy, read the statements of a mother and father of a movie star, Kim Novak, who has been brutally scandalized in the public prints. The parents are sitting helpless to act in Chicago. Kim battles for the truth in Hollywood.

On a happy note, Tab Hunter explains how his life-long faith has sustained him through all the uncertainties of building a career.

And there is young Russ Tamblyn, whose marriage on St. Valentine's Day to pretty, young Venetia Stevenson will flutter the hearts of all Hollywood—and everyone who loves a lover.

Family ties stand firm in these pages, too, with a wonderfully warm story by the father of Bob Wagner—and a super-rooting job of a daughter for her father in a Nancy Sinatra, Jr. account of life with Frank on a recent trip.

Only in PHOTOPLAY do you get such vivid stories of the people of that big-little town called Hollywood. You'll find them in this issue and every issue.

J. S. Mantelli
Publisher, Photoplay Magazine
Leap Year Girls: It isn't generally known that Leslie Caron had one of her rare dates with James Dean just before his life ended so tragically. But before she embarked for Paris to spend the holidays with her beloved grandmother, the whimsical French girl confided to intimates: "I still love my career better than any man I know!" . . . Piper Laurie, on the other hand, is all for marriage and hopes the "right" man comes along in 1956. G. David Schine, who once obtained a license to marry her, is back again from Alaska, but Piper is "out" to him and every genial gent—except Gene Nelson. . . . Pier Angeli and Marisa Pavan buried the sisterly hatchet when Perry Rocco Luigi Damone was christened and Auntie Marisa was godmother. Currently, career comes first with Marisa and she is determined to become a "pop" singer. She's enlisted M-G-M coach Bobby Tucker to help her cut a trial record. . . . Carol Ohmart had one date with Hugh O'Brian, which happens to every newcomer in Hollywood. Now Paramount's new star says: "Unless it's someone serious, I prefer to stay home and study." And that's just what she's doing! . . . At the ripe old age of eighteen, Natalie Wood has so many beaux, she could use a double! At the moment, she "isn't talking" to Perry Lopez and Martin Milner, who was number one on Natalie's date list but has been replaced by Dennis Hopper. . . . According to Debra Paget—who should know—boy friends are still taboo during 1956. For her second Las Vegas engagement in late spring, she'll do less rock 'n' roll and modify those bumps and grinds. Her serious role of Lillia in "The Ten Commandments" influenced this decision. . . . Blond and beautiful Martha Hyer still ain't a-talkin' about that doctor in San Francisco. Martha admits, however, that he wants her to come up and meet his family sometime. Looks like it won't be long now! (Continued on page 82)

Piper Laurie: With sidelong glance she tempts him and—he's off to buy a wedding band!

Natalie Wood: If she should ask him he'd be reeling—with that real gone crazy feeling

Cal York's
Gossip of Hollywood
Martha Hyer: Should she propose this bright Leap Year, he'd sigh and say "I surrender, dear!"

Pat Crowley: With laughing eyes, this saucy she, could snare the most elusive he

Debra Paget: Though she is shy of romance yet—watch it men, what she wants she'll get!

Marisa Pavan: One look from this Italian confection and guys'd run—in her direction!

Carol Ohmart: Her cool, cool looks and sultry air bode trouble for guys debonair!

Shirley Jones: If she should chase a guy (how silly!) he'd better run like mad (but wil-y?)
LUCK IS A LADY FOR BRANDO
To keen observers, Brando’s discarding of blue jeans, more sociable attitude, are just the normal processes of maturing. Careerwise, he’s showing a preference for lighter roles— as in “Guys and Dolls”; the one he’ll play in “Teahouse of the August Moon” with Machiko Kyo, right—to brooding parts that made him famous.

Solving the riddle of Marlon Brando has everyone coming up with a different character. But if you face the facts in this story, the guy figures!

BY CHARLES KNEFLER

Marlon Brando is in “Guys and Dolls”

EDITOR’S NOTE: If all the words about Marlon Brando— written, spoken and implied; good, bad and indifferent— were strung together, they would circle the globe many times. But, other than that, what do they all add up to? How much truth is to be gained from them as to what Marlon is really like? That has been for each individual to decide, because so far Marlon has shed only vague and, occasionally, conflicting bits of enlightenment on himself. He has said repeatedly that his personal life is his own business and he intends to keep it that way. But this will never do! say we —and you, we hope. So we decided to try to solve the riddle of this modern-day sphinx by consulting someone who is noted for riddle-solving— an astrologer, who provided some surprising and fascinating information. Perhaps you will agree with what follows, or you may not. Either way, we had fun comparing notes with the stars— Hollywood and astrological—and we hope you do, too.

• Marlon Brando took his first deep breath on April 3, 1924, in Omaha, Nebraska. He was born under the sign of Aries—the first sign of the zodiac—which is characterized by energy, drive, a pioneering spirit, great independence and new ideas. According to his horoscope, Marlon is doubly endowed with this sign, which makes him a man with double-barreled talents who is doubly (Continued on page 107)
Best known in this country for “The Robe,” the intense personality and brilliant acting of Richard Burton illuminate in “Alexander the Great” another drama of ancient times. The life of the Greek warrior-king fired the imagination of Robert Rossen, who wrote, produced and directed the movie for U.A. release. Determined to make Alexander live again as a man, not alone as a mighty conqueror, Rossen entrusted the role to Burton, surrounded him with international stars: America’s Fredric March, England’s Claire Bloom and France’s Danielle Darrieux. Too vital to be overshadowed by the sweeping battle scenes (shot in Spain and Spanish Morocco), these players put history on a personal level.

In fourth century B.C., Philip (Fredric March) and Alexander (Richard Burton) fight to unify Greece
Richard Burton and Claire Bloom are historic lovers in an epic that hits a new high in eye-dazzling spectacle.
“It isn’t the calendar years you tick off that make you grown-up,” says Russ. And listening to him and his girl you know why all the world loves young lovers like these.

BY DOROTHY MANNING

Russ Tamblyn is in "The Last Hunt"
Venetia Stevenson and Russ Tamblyn became serious at Cy Sondlor's, where they got her engagement ring. They're so in love and, says Russ, "We have much to give each other."

“When Venetia and I announced our engagement last summer,” Russ Tamblyn began, “we knew there would be head-shakings, tsk-tsk's, and questions like, 'Pretty young for marriage—a girl not yet eighteen and a boy just turning twenty-one—don't you think? Isn't that putting two strikes against your marriage right from the start?'

“No,” said Russ emphatically, “I don’t think so in our particular case, and neither does Venetia. And I’ll tell you why we feel this way.”

The impudent-eyed, freckle-faced young man grew serious as he leaned over the table in the M-G-M commissary, so earnest in explaining his views that his luncheon steak grew cold. Sitting next to him was an enraptured Venetia Stevenson, an ash blond with huge, clear cornflower-blue eyes the exact shade of her scooped-neck, form-fitting cashmere dress and cardigan. Her steak also went forgotten as she quietly drank in Russ’s words of wisdom.

"Here’s the way Venetia and I feel about it,” Russ continued. “We both have former high-school classmates our ages who are no more ready to consider the solemn step of marriage than they are to—go lion-hunting in Africa armed with a water gun.” Russ grinned, but his tone was serious. “Venetia will be eighteen on March 10th; I became twenty-one on December 30th. All right, so (Continued on page 90)
Pier Angeli will be in "Port Afrique." Vic Damone can be seen in "Kismet."

Pier's courage when she nearly lost her baby and Vic's love, understanding have put their marriage on a solid foundation. Looking at her today, it is hard to realize that a little over a year ago sheltered Pier refused to accept adult responsibility.

HEAVEN IN THEIR ARMS

He's a bewildering bundle of energy with laughing eyes and clinging hands—a lovely link in the marriage chain forged by the love of Vic and Pier

BY MARILYN BOOTH

- Mr. and Mrs. Vic Damone sat at a table in the Sands Hotel, Las Vegas—where Vic was heading the entertainment—having their between-shows dinner. It was after 11 p.m. Suddenly Vic turned to his lovely wife, Pier, and said excitedly, "Anna (he always calls her Anna), I finish my last show at 1:15. Go and pack. Get the bellboy to take care of everything and have the car in front of the hotel at 1:32. We're going to drive home tonight."

"But darling," Pier protested, "it's so late, and you're tired. Why don't we get a good night's sleep before we start?"

"I'm not too tired to drive home," explained her exuberant husband. "Go now and pack up."

At 1:32, Pier, the luggage, clothes on hangers and numerous stuffed animals were waiting in the car as Vic, who had changed into sport clothes and was carrying his six tuxedos, slid into the driver's seat. The Damones were going home—to their own house high in the Hollywood hills, where they would again hold heaven in their arms... little Perry Rocco Luigi Damone, just nine weeks old. The lights of Las Vegas (Continued on page 83)
Nothing gives R. J. a bigger kick than putting something over on the old man.
Well, this time the shoe's on the other foot!
Just read about

MY BOY -

BOB WAGNER

By

Robert Wagner, Sr.

Wagner with his father, R. J., Sr.

- During my twenty-five years in the automobile business and twenty years with flourishing steel organizations, I've always managed to survive as an individual. But one of these days, I used to tell Mrs. Wagner teasingly, it's going to happen—I'm going to be known as Robert Wagner's father! We always enjoyed this private little joke immensely, but I still thought I was quite a pumpkin.

Then one pleasant summer evening, we made a last-minute decision. Throwing a few things into an overnight bag, we drove up to Beverly Hills from La Jolla, where we've been living in semi-retirement. We have a key to our son's apartment, and he'd never forgive us if we failed to occupy his spare bedroom when we're in town. However, in our haste, we overlooked one small detail of momentary importance.

It was Thursday night—which is when most of Beverly Hills dines out. Our chances of being served immediately looked slim. There was a choice of coming back later, or adding our name to a long waiting list. We decided to wait, and gave our name.

"Robert Wagner!" exclaimed the maitre d', "What a coincidence to have the same name as the popular actor." (Continued on page 96)
BY ROBERT EMMETT

Susan Hayward, dark glasses hiding her wide, brooding eyes, held her head erect as she walked through the gigantic doors to the sound stage at Twentieth. She looked neither to right nor left, but there was a defiant tilt to her head as she braced herself for the first encounter with her fellow-workers after the newspaper stories about her “tussle” with Don “Red” Barry’s former fiancee.

Susan has been hit before—for she is a girl who attracts trouble like most women of her stunning appearance attract swains. Susan can take it—but uppermost in her mind was the effect the scandal would have on her custody case, in which she is fighting for the right to keep her twin sons at her side. Greg and Timothy were the innocent victims who couldn’t fight back—and, as Susan sat in her dressing room, she thought back over the months that had just passed. For almost two years, she had been fighting for a life with her children, and blessedly, this life had been granted her for a few brief weeks when she had finished her most exciting film role, “I’ll Cry Tomorrow.”

The scandal might cost her an Oscar—an Oscar well deserved for

Left, actor Don “Red” Barry

Is she to be condemned by the recent headlines? Or can she be understood when you know the full story of the girl who seems tragically unable to avoid unhappiness
For Susan, life in Hollywood wasn’t to be any easier than it had been in Brooklyn. But the deeper the hurt, the more fiercely she fought for the chance to be somebody.

this performance—for fellow voters in Hollywood are often swayed by the personal reputation of an actress when casting their ballots. But, more than that—after all, the Oscar has been within her grasp twice before—Susan wondered if she could ever again relive the brief but beautiful period she had recently had with her children. Susan smiled to herself as she recalled Timothy and Greg alighting from a United Airlines stratocruiser at the Honolulu airport, eardeep in leis. Timothy had turned to Susan and gasped, “Let’s come back again next year and every year forever, huh?”

A man of ten is able to plan “forever.” Having decided to become a scientist when he grows up, as Timothy has, all else seems simple.

It would have been easy for Susan to say, in the manner of the average parent, “Oh, sure,” but Susan couldn’t. As always, with her sons, she had to give a definite and candid answer. “Probably in two years,” she said, “And won’t it be wonderful,” Timothy and Greg knew their mother was being honest, for it was just two years before that Susan had taken them there.

Next came the excitement of checking into the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, then into swim suits, and hitting the beach in search of the remembered friends who constitute the unchanging welcome of The Islands to many people: the beach boys. They found Chick Daniels still at The Royal, Steamboat at the Outrigger Canoe Club, Philip at the Princess Ka‘iulani.

Susan and the boys were happy as dolphins as they dove into the surf. Susan came out first to find Phil on the beach watching the two boys surfboarding. “They’re okay,” he said, his eyes narrow against the sun. “They’re friends with the sea; they can really surf ride.”

It was as if King Neptune himself had spoken. Susan’s heart swelled with pride and she beamed. Watching her sons, well tanned after hours in their own pool, riding the waves like natives, she thought, “They’re well coordinated; well adjusted. Things haven’t been easy for them, but they have healthy minds in healthy bodies. That’s proved by their ease and confidence in new situations.”

Susan made arrangements with an aquatic photographer to take pictures of the boys on their surfboards. Then went to her room to rest. Lying on the poni, she could hear the gentle wash of the surf, the gossip of mynah birds, the shouting of her children on the beach. Somewhere, distantly, she could detect the soft thrum-
With Jess Barker she found love. With Walter Wanger she found fame, won Oscar nomination for “Smashup”

In 1953, Jess shared her triumph when she won Photoplay Gold Medal Award for her acting in “With a Song in My Heart”

DeMille gave her break in “Reap the Wild Wind” but though critics raved, few good roles came her way

To Susan, this house was a symbol of her success. But the swimming pool became—a symbol of divorce!

With Jess not working steadily, twins to support, it was five years before she could afford furniture

In 1953, Susan herself had returned from the brink of a mental inferno which had kept her in the hospital for a week, recovering from an overdose of sleeping pills. With the congratulations of an entire studio for her performance ringing in her ears, it seemed impossible that Susan was the same girl who had, weeks before, been in such despair. But here she was in Honolulu, and her thoughts were concerned with the new horizons opened to her by an accident of fate.

It had started simply enough. Johnny Green, head of M-G-M’s music department, asked Susan to make a voice recording for him so that the (Continued on page 80)
"If you're given a break, you don't dare drift. I've had to adopt Hollywood's work habits, study constantly"

KIM NOVAK -

Stabbed By Scandal

A plea for people to read the truth about those so-called facts that made Kim another victim of slander

- "Let's straighten out the whole record! I've always wanted the facts known."

Kim Novak is this direct today. "The full story of how I got into pictures and how I feel about life now," she adds earnestly, "has never been told, and I want to be completely honest here."

Because she personally asked Photoplay to tell what actually has happened to her, we publish as an exclusive feature what Kim wants to make crystal clear. First, we made a thorough investigation of the recent reports that tried to sabotage her good character. You might have read a cruel distortion of how she was discovered. But you probably don't know that the author of such a tale hides cowardly behind an anonymous name. Kim has been scandalously painted as an ambition-driven girl who'd let nothing stand in the way of a film career. Why should she sit quietly and take such lies any longer? Has she been wearing a deceitful mask? Or has she
I had no desire to be an actress until Columbia made me aware that acting, as a career, was possible for me.

"We have faith in Kim—so does anyone who really knows her," says her mother, here with Kim, latter's beau, Mac Krim.

been the victim of vicious talk begun by a couple of envious, grasping men after the talent and extraordinary self-discipline she has shown have made her a big star?

This is Kim's answer:

"I've always had to work hard for the rewards Hollywood gives. I always worked hard (Continued on page 86)
Know the Stars

**GEORGE NADER**
The male winner, U-I's new bet is in "The Second Greatest Sex".

**JOAN COLLINS**
"The Girl in the Red Velvet Swing" made 20th's girl top.

**BILL CAMPBELL**
U-I's "Running Wild" star this outstanding runner-up.
BY HILDEGARDE JOHNSON

You Chose

For the eighth time, Photoplay readers have judged the hottest players of the year and come up with the twenty they believe are destined to reach the heights. Look back to the first of the “Choose Your Stars” ballots, in 1948, to see what shrewd prophets you moviegoers can be. Then newcomers, their careers barely started, these players were among the group tagged for future fame: Rory Calhoun, Montgomery Clift, Richard Widmark, Jean Peters, Janet Leigh, Doris Day, Terry Moore. Doris, for instance, had been seen in only one movie—but that was enough for the sharp-eyed voters. Now here are the twenty players expected to forge ahead most vigorously in 1956. Some are as new to movies as Doris was then; some have been plugging away stubbornly, waiting for the big chance to come their way. With your votes, you have told all twenty that they have your confidence, and this itself furnishes them with motive power toward success.

MARISA PAVAN
M-G-M cast her in “Diane,” lent her to Paramount for “Rose Tattoo”

JEFF MORROW
Next in “The World in My Corner,” this fine actor has U-I’s backing

ANITA EKBERG
Paramount borrowed her from Wayne-Fellows to do “Artists and Models”

RICHARD EGAN
Under contract to 20th, Dick will be in “The Revolt of Mamie Stover”

Continued
ALDO RAY
“Three Stripes in the Sun” is his most recent for Columbia

TAB HUNTER
Warner has Tab set next for “The Girl He Left Behind”

KATHRYN GRANT
A Columbia charmer, Kathryn’s currently in “The Last Frontier”

Know the Stars You Chose

SHIRLEY JONES
The “Oklahoma!” lovely repeats in “Carousel,” for 20th

MARTHA HYER
Now a U-I player, Martha will soon be appearing in “Red Sundown”
When Photoplay asked you to "Choose Your Stars" of the future, you were given the professional backgrounds and career situations of each nominee. As always, you made your choice with unerring instinct. Now—meet your stars on a personal basis.

On the feminine side, you foresee the most brilliant prospects for a lovely English girl, Joan Collins. Born in London on May 23, 1933, she was evacuated from her native city during World War II's blitzes. Educated all over the country, she returned to make her start as actress and model. Before Hollywood snatched her, she was married to actor Maxwell Reed, but they've been separated for two years.

Your first choice among male stars is totally unattached and eminently eligible. Though George Nader was born in Pasadena, California (October 19, 1921), he got his start in foreign-made films and on TV. Note to the ladies: His tastes are pretty conservative, leaning toward the old-fashioned girl. A Navy veteran of World War II, he gets back into uniform for "Away All Boats."

Among the runners-up are other prime bets for matrimony. Your boy Ben Cooper has been around only since September 30, 1933, so give him time. From Hartford, Connecticut, Ben took off for a kid-actor career on New York's stage and airwaves. He came to Hollywood as a youthful veteran, cast most recently in Wallis-Paramount's "The Rose Tattoo." (Continued on page 110)
The higher you go, the more you need something greater to sustain you. Because life, Tab found, has a way of cutting you down to size.

"Don’t be too BIG to Believe!"

Tab Hunter will be in "The Yanks Are Here"

BY MAXINE BLOCK

- The husky, bronzed young man with the wide, little-boy grin and the unruly, though carefully combed, blond hair gently edged Debbie Reynolds through the crowd around Grauman’s Chinese Theatre in Hollywood on a certain night two years ago. Encircling them was all the hoopla of a premiere—the blaring loudspeaker, the fans packed in portable bleachers, ropes, excitement, the incandescence of spotlights.

"Tab Hunter! We want Tab!" shrieked the bobby-soxers. "Taberoo. Come here! Sign my autograph book! Please stand still so we can take your picture . . ."

Here was a young man clearly touched by overnight fame—stardust . . . money—another envied threat to all the young would-be actors in town. But closer scrutiny revealed that Tab’s dinner jacket was limp and badly cut, the sleeves had been noticeably lengthened, and his evening slippers were a shade too tight. Behind his grinning, boyish exuberance, a close observer could catch in his youthful hazel eyes a flicker of uncertainty, a vague sense of panic, even a glint of bitterness.

"I was, in the eyes of the fans, a big star—a symbol of success," Tab recalls with (Continued on page 102)
Watch out for Dana—for already Hollywood is reeling from the impact of this dainty dynamo!

She can dance like an angel, make love like fury, drive a car like a demon. And, if motion-picture film was still made of inflammable celluloid, that old saying about “setting the screen on fire” doubtless would be revived.

But dark-eyed, dainty, vivacious Dana Wynter can also run a tractor, plow a field, fly a plane, ride a horse, doctor a sick child, graciously serve tea and intelligently state her sound opinions on a wide variety of subjects. This English-born beauty has lived on three continents, visited many countries. While she is serious about being an actress, she also says, “I wouldn’t yet rule out the possibility that I may sometime finish medical school and become a practicing physician.”

Dana has a spontaneous, free-flowing zest for living, coupled with the ability to overcome difficulties. When she began work on “The View from Pompey’s Head,” she was tagged with a label which was at once a compliment, a hope, and a handicap: “Twentieth’s answer to Grace Kelly.” Dana soon proved she had no need to borrow honors. By the time the film was finished, she had established on the lot—as she now is doing with the movie-going public—a clear identity of her own.

Everyone, from crewmen to press agents, was just plain crazy about her. Her co-star, Richard Egan, a bachelor well-known in Hollywood for the distance he can put between himself and any too-alluring female, has candidly con- (Continued on page 98)
It’s ten years since Frank put young America under that spell. And he hasn’t lost that old black magic—for here’s daughter Nancy sighing

I SWOON FOR
When Daddy asked me if I'd like to go to Australia with him, I was short of cool comebacks... all I could think of was "Gee!"

In Sydney, a huge delegation was waiting for us. They gave me my toy koala bear. Daddy goes all out when he's on tour—says when people come to hear him, they're entitled to the best. Another thing I admire is the way he dresses. I'm always proud of him when we go out together! (Right, with Stewart Granger)

BY NANCY SINATRA, JR.

• According to Daddy, the way to stay thin is to travel and to sing. Because I don't sing, my recipe is to travel and stay excited. That's the way I shed seven pounds in Australia.

But to begin at the beginning: I shall never forget that moment. It was Thanksgiving Day 1954, at about five o'clock on a wonderful day on the desert. We—our entire family including my sister Christina, my brother Frank, Mother and Daddy—were having dinner at our house in Palm Springs, and it was one of those warm, happy times when everything seems perfect.

Suddenly Daddy leaned toward me and said, "Chicken, how would you like to go to Australia with me?"

I said, I think, "Gee!" This may not be eloquent, but I had never been invited to Australia before, so I was short of cool comebacks. I also looked at Mom, who is an efficient type and thinks of everything.

She said, "When would you leave?"

Daddy said in January, and that (Continued on page 111)
HUSBAND IN LOVE

Every woman who has been thrilled by words like these—every wife who has known such a love, will know how tender is the tribute "Jimmy" pays to Jean.

BY RUTH WATERBURY

"I am king of all I survey," said Stewart Granger, with all the swashbuckling grandeur he'd given his lines from "Scaramouche."

"I am king of all I survey," he repeated, "and it certainly isn't anything very much—and it's getting less. This house, which was Jean's and my dream house, is up for sale. My dressing room here at home, which was once my pride and joy, is now a schoolroom. It's been turned over to my son Jamie—a very large and healthy eleven and a half—and my daughter, Lindsay—a blue-eyed, golden-haired imp of nine and a half.

"They are darned nice children, I say, even if I am their doting father. But they are full of vitality and they make very large noises as they romp around the swimming pool. They have come to live with me all the time now, and they are enchanted with America. And, of course, they are enchanted with Jean.

"As for Jean, she joins them in all their (Continued on page 104)
change-about fashions

Three-for-the-money clothes—like this versatile ensemble Barbara Britton selects, for Monday to Friday, or a big Saturday night.

Covering lots of weekday ground, left, Barbara wears a black linen-look sheath with its own new black and white paisley print coat.

At a very social tea, center, Barbara wears the willow-slim sheath alone, sparks it with a wisp of veiling, smooth black gloves.

On a second date, right, the same striking coat, here worn with equal ease over a crisp, back-bowed princess dress in white pique. The sheath with printed pique coat, about $39.95. White bell-skirted dress, $25. Sizes 8-16. All by Parade. Black gloves, white wristlets, Dawnelle. Uniform mock-pearl necklace, Deltah. Barbara's new longer, softer face-framing hairdo, by Frederic Jones.
A very special day-into-night costume chosen by Kim Hunter, and proving that three fashion ways are better than one this spring. Sightseeing in the city, left, and Kim's a sight to see in red linen-weave redingote topping its bowed, dotted taffeta dress. The dress partying, center, with full-floating skirt, and lighted with crisp white collar, added satin beret for deluxe dating.


For stores in cities near you, see page 112
To fire your fashion imagination—three ways and means to give one ensemble as many uses as days and occasions in the month. 

To dinner with her beau, left, Karen Sharpe in a sailor-collared white linen sheath, its own bulky knit cardigan, dotted tie. 

Lunch-hour shopping, center, Karen removes the tie, adds paisley sash and bright accessories to point up crisp lines of the sheath.

A good idea to shop for this spring . . .

... outfits designed to lead a triple life

Parts that sweeten a wardrobe—Carroll Baker's separates, so adaptable you'll look as though your clothes money grew on trees. Her Sunday best, left, a cropped cape buttoned to its matching wool tweed skirt, and the newest, prettiest look of the season. Filling in her date book, center, Carroll in the same springweight wool skirt, teamed here with its tweed-handled black linen blouse.

"they called"

That crazy Reynolds kid, Burbank’s fourteen-year-old bombshell, blasted off from the gymnasium for her next class. Her hair was still wet from the shower and she was dressed in the usual white gym blouse, loose-fitting skirt and inevitable saddle shoes. She was fresh from a hot game of basketball, and happy.

"Hey," yelled a six-foot senior star football player from down the hall.

"Who me?" asked the surprised bombshell, wavering uncertainly on her direct course to the main building.

"To me," says Debbie, "being a carbon copy of someone else is for the birds— you have to be your real self someday"

"I think one reason my group was so happy growing up is that we took the time to enjoy growing." Right, with school pal Diane Higley

First date proved there was a place in her life for parties
Growing up as she did, into wholesome maturity, Debbie was able to solve her personal difficulties—reach the happy decision that made her Mrs. Eddie Fisher.
what’s spinning?

In the recording business, which is—perhaps more than any other—one of quick success and even quicker failure, one commodity is always at a premium, talent! And the New Year shows promise of a great deal of it. One young man generously equipped with this important commodity is Georgie Shaw, who has released a tender ballad for Decca, “No Other Arms Can Ever Hold You.” This recording has all the girls wondering why they haven’t heard more from this young artist. Only twenty-five years old, Georgie seems slated to become one of the nation’s top artists.

“Tennessee” Ernie Ford, a country star who has appealed to both pop and folk music lovers, has one of the best recordings this reviewer has ever heard, on the Capitol label. Entitled “Sixteen Tons,” this story of miners and their lives set to music is a terrific ballad and should be a top seller.

“Unchained Melody” and “Day-break” were Al Hibbler’s first big hits, and this time he has had them all rushing to the store to get his new recording, “He.” Hibbler, who has been blind since birth, has proved the old adage that nothing stands in the way of greatness. Like many other vocalists, Al got his “big break” when he won first prize in an amateur show in Memphis. He then made his professional debut with a local band, then formed a band of his own. He had immediate success, but he soon found that running a band distracted him from his first love, singing. So, a short time later, Al disbanded his group and became a featured vocalist with Jay McShan’s band. After leaving McShan, Al cut several records, which led Duke Ellington to sign him up. For eight years, Hibbler toured with the Duke, and his talent became known all over the world. Since 1950, Al has been on his own as a single.

Tenor sax-jazzman Sam (The Man) Taylor, has a real gone recording for M-G-M, “As Time Goes By” and “Don’t Take Your Love from Me.” A native of Lexington, Kentucky, Sam taught himself to play the clarinet in high school. At Alabama State Teachers College, he learned to play the alto sax and later changed to tenor sax, which is now his specialty.

The rise of Frank Sinatra in show biz was a history-making episode which glorified the American pop singer as never before. In 1938, at 21, Frank

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Evening plan: delicious music played on a high-fidelity dream phonograph while you relax, like Barbara Britton, in bold checked cotton pants, $8.95; an Italian-inspired blouse in black poplin, $4.95. By Loomtogs. The music maker; a three-speed automatic phonograph and radio with its own clock that magically flips on records or radio at the hour you choose. In a handsome beige case. By Philco. $99.95.
was earning $15 a week as a singing waiter. Five years later, he was making $25,000 a week as idol of the nation's Bobbysoxers. Currently, Frank is in "Guys and Dolls" and "The Tender Trap." One of his latest releases on the Capitol label is "Love and Marriage," a charming dissertation on this universal subject.

To welcome in the new year, Columbia is releasing the impressive package of "The Story and Music of George Gershwin." The set has been edited by David Ewen, whose book on Gershwin's life will be published soon. Mr. Ewen, the leading authority on Gershwin, has written the lengthy notes accompanying the Gershwin package. The music included represents a musical biography of this great composer, beginning with his earliest and all but unknown songs, and continuing through all his major works and his greatest popular songs.

For your collection:
If you have all ten, you're the talk of the crowd. If you have eight, you're in the groove. If you have only six, you'll be hearing whispers behind your back.
2. "C'est La Vie," as only Sarah Vaughan could sing it, on Mercury.
3. Perky Peggy King sings to the hilt on the Columbia label: "Song of Seventeen" and "Learning to Love."
4. Perry Como has another hit with his new one for RCA Victor, "All at Once You Love Her."
5. Jack Webb's ex-wife, Julie London, has taken up singing and has started off with a real torchy ballad, "Cry Me a River," on the Liberty label.
6. "Tennessee" Ernie Ford, on Capitol, sings the terrific "Sixteen Tons."
7. "Love Is Here To Stay," sung by Carmen McRae, on Decca. It's not the song, it's what she does with it.
8. Sam (The Man) Taylor's next big one, on the M-G-M label, is "As Time Goes By" and "Don't Take Your Love from Me."
9. Another ballad, "Goodbye to Rome," and another song with a beat, "24 Hours a Day," on Mercury label by Georgia Gibbs should be big, too.
10. Another rock 'n' roll hit: "Lily Maybelle," by The Valentines. (Rama)
night she talked to her mother. Slowly, she admitted to herself and to her mother that she'd really like to go to the dance.

The Reynolds were in no financial position to tear out and buy a formal for the occasion, so Debbie's mother obtained an old black formal from a neighbor and started working her fashion miracles. With pink net around the top and flouncing around the bottom it was transformed into a delightful gown.

The night of the dance, as Debbie whirled in front of her mirror, she thought, "I can be pretty, too.

"I felt like a million dollars," Debbie recalls. "I hated frills and ruffles—but I liked the way I looked. I still didn't wear make-up (I didn't until I was eighteen), but with my olive complexion and natural coloring I didn't need it. When Jerry picked me up that night, I could tell he liked the way I looked. We double-dated with Gloria Spires and Dick Winters (who are now happily married), and we had a ball. The minute we stepped into the dance they snapped our picture. It cost $1.50, but Jerry bought one and gave it to me. I still have it. Now I look at it and shudder. There I am decked out in my finery with my hair hanging long and lanky down my back, standing four-feet, eight inches with a six-foot escort. But that night I thought we were a very handsome couple.

"After the ball was over," Debbie continues, "and we drew up in front of my house, Jerry took me to the door and said, 'May I kiss you?' Without waiting for an answer he leaned down, brushed my lips and ran for his car. I was so disappointed. My first kiss and it felt like a fly had landed for a second! Later," grins Debbie, "Jerry and I became very good friends; we still laugh about my first kiss."

If you're thinking that this was when D. Reynolds became boy-crazy—you're wrong. It only proved to her that there was a place in her life for parties. For Debbie, admittedly young for her age, was still not interested in the opposite sex for any reason other than their athletic prowess on the field of combat.

Debbie took her time growing up and was glad she did. Although she was a leader with her particular group of girls, she was not popular as date-lot or whistle material. To the boys she was a "regular girl." To the "dating is living" set of girls, she was a "square." To the girls who became her lifetime friends, she was a delightful, partially pixilated human dynamo, electrifying every activity she was interested in—and activity was Debbie's middle name.

"Everybody knew me," Debbie recalls with a grin. "I was kind of the school clown. I played the French horn in the junior and high school band and orchestra. Also doubled on the tuba—I guess the tuba and I looked sort of odd together. During football games, I used to play in the band, be a majorette and a songleader in between. It took some fast changes, but I was always in a hurry anyway. I was in the Hi-Y, Girl Scouts and Girls Athletic Association. I was the first to volunteer for any committee and loved every minute of it. I managed to be an honor student, too—but always A-minus. Mother kept getting little notes from my teachers suggesting, 'If Mary Frances would learn to talk a little less...' Somehow, I never learned to talk a little less and had to struggle along without being a straight-A student. If someone asked me a question, I just had to answer it.

"I was, to put it mildly," Debbie explains, "an individual. I think one reason
my group was so happy growing up in that we took the time to enjoy growing as we grew. I did—and I think everyone should—what I honestly wanted to do, within reason. If something I wanted to do was good, I did it; if it was bad, I skipped it. The carbon-copy escalator to popularity is for the birds—not people. To me, copying someone else's personality has to be temporary. Eventually we have to come back to our real selves—and if we wait too long, it can be painful.”

Before you decide that you aren’t the happy extrovert that Debbie was, you should know that her friends were varied. Some were shy and sensitive, definitely awkward in the conversation field. Some were followers, some leaders, but they had one vital thing in common: They were completely honest individuals. Although they probably didn’t realize it then, they were proving the point of Debbie’s frank views on popularity. They had the strength of character not to follow the crowd and to stand firm for the things they believed in.

Barbara Christy was shy and sensitive and tall, five-feet, seven and a half inches. The boys thought she didn’t like them because she seemed so aloof when they met at school. She seemed to be looking two feet over their heads when they spoke to her. However, Barbara was the one in the crowd who showed up with the first date for the school dance. She is now happily married.

Diane Higley was a happy combination of nonsense and seriousness. She seemed at ease with everyone. Jeanette Johnson shared Debbie’s serious ambition to become a gym teacher. Their love of sports and activities of all kinds has provided them with a lasting bond of friendship.

The varied personalities in Debbie’s group, and the fact that they all grew up happily and honestly is the basis of her contention that seeking popularity can lead to unhappiness. “There’s just so much room for leaders,” says Debbie. “I was a natural-born leader and comedienne. My biggest problem was to check the impulse that would land me and my jokes ‘way out in left field. I was always president of something, and Jeanette and Barbara took turns being secretary and treasurer. For every leader there has to be a lot of followers, and we all settled naturally into the most comfortable position with our group.”

Debbie was quick to develop two strong convictions: She heartily disapproved of high-school sororities; and she loved to campaign for someone else. When she chose a candidate to support for office—usually president of the class—she would carry huge placards displaying big mots such as “Vote for Harry—he’s the brrry” draped around her neck. In assembly, she would give mad and wonderful campaign speeches for her candidates. One time she appeared on stage in prison garb, wielding her constant companion—a cowbell. She created an uproar and her choice won. Her campaign speeches were hilarious and she soon learned to get a vote with a laugh instead of a tear. Because she was an instinctive leader, the sororities offered her their pledge ribbons.

“I was asked,” Debbie says soberly, “but she large group of girls who were my friends weren’t. I refused, for many reasons. I realized that fact that, to be eligible, you had to be the prettiest, or the wealthiest, or have the best figure, or date the most. Once you’re in, you automatically tend to copy the most popular girl in the group and accept the need to be—

(Continued on page 84)
Dry skin needn't be a problem. It can be the most beautiful of all complexion types. If you learn how to replace its dwindling supply of natural oils and moisture, you can take your good fortune for granted. When neglected, dry skin tends to age early. Even in the late teens, you may begin to notice flaky patches on cheeks or chin. And when you're tired, your face may have a drawn look, with tiny lines around eyes and mouth. Cold winds, steam heat or hot sun conspire every day to rob your skin of its already small supply of oils and moisture. It's never too soon to start replacing this loss with daily care. You couldn't do better than to follow the simple, sensible routine that safeguards Lori Nelson's radiant complexion 24 hours a day: To cleanse her skin thoroughly, without removing all the natural oils along with soil and make-up, Lori uses a gentle cream, lotion or liquid cleanser, followed by a sudsing with superfatted soap. Always, under make-up, a greaseless lotion or liquid protects her complexion from hot studio lights, wind or weather. And a nightly pampering with cream or liquid rich in lanolin supplies her skin with oil and moisture. "Most important part of my routine," says Lori, "is that I'm faithful to it. Even the most effective lotions, soaps or creams work only when they're on you—not on the bathroom shelf!"

If like Lori Nelson, you have a dry skin—consider yourself lucky! With its delicate coloring and fine texture, dry skin is the most beautiful of all complexion types. Seldom, if ever, is it marred by a shiny nose, large pores or blemishes. But you can't take your good fortune for granted. When neglected, dry skin tends to age early. Even in the late teens, you may begin to notice flaky patches on cheeks or chin. And when you're tired, your face may have a drawn look, with tiny lines around eyes and mouth. Cold winds, steam heat or hot sun conspire every day to rob your skin of its already small supply of oils and moisture. It's never too soon to start replacing this loss with daily care. You couldn't do better than to follow the simple, sensible routine that safeguards Lori Nelson's radiant complexion 24 hours a day: To cleanse her skin thoroughly, without removing all the natural oils along with soil and make-up, Lori uses a gentle cream, lotion or liquid cleanser, followed by a sudsing with superfatted soap. Always, under make-up, a greaseless lotion or liquid protects her complexion from hot studio lights, wind or weather. And a nightly pampering with cream or liquid rich in lanolin supplies her skin with oil and moisture. "Most important part of my routine," says Lori, "is that I'm faithful to it. Even the most effective lotions, soaps or creams work only when they're on you—not on the bathroom shelf!"

BY HARRIET SEGMAI

the OUTSIDE STORY of dry skin
New Silicone Beauty Lotion!
Guaranteed to protect your hands
more ways than rubber gloves!

New Mennen Skin Magic
Heals chapping! Instantly softens red "detergent-rough" hands

This revolutionary, non-sticky lotion not only protects against chapped, water-rough skin . . . it adds softening emollients, too; helps your skin keep its natural beauty oils! And its mild antiseptic action helps heal tiny cuts, scratches and blisters!

It actually heals chapping; silks skin instantly! Smooths dry, rough legs, heels, elbows. Even kills kitchen odors that cling to hands! Use it as a makeup base and body lotion, too.

Susan Hayward: Trouble Bait

faced: She was hungry for the first time in months. After dinner, she was amused to discover the majority of the kiddy set were hungry too. For the first time in more months than she could count, she wanted to go shopping. She wanted to belong to the Island scene, to merge with the Island customs. She and the boys set their trunks with matching beach costs for the boys and found several swim suits with pack costs for herself.

It was on this expedition that Timothy, a chess player and an exquisite antique, hand-carved ivory chess set. “Oh, Mama! Please buy it for me,” he begged. Wryly pleased by her son’s good taste, Susan realized that, if the set lived up to its window appearance, it was expensive. Yet, even her knowledge of the cost of art objects did not prepare her for the $395 price tag.

How does one explain to a ten-year-old boy what four hundred dollars means in today’s money market? Five dollars is wealth to him, fifty dollars a fortune; there isn’t much sense as four hundred dollars — but you spend it? Susan searched for other measures of value.

“This is the sort of set that a person can appreciate only after he has become a very great chess player. I told Timothy, ‘Maybe you’re a sort of reward. I’d like to have you own it, but it will have to be earned. When you become national chess champion, I’ll buy this one, or one like it, for you.”

With adoring eyes, Timothy caressed the chessmen. “Gosh,” he breathed, overwhelmed by the dual prospect of becoming both no one and owner of the set or a facsimile. ‘That’ll be love. I’ve lived. And his hand in Susan’s, he left the store in a bemused glow, his expression clearly that of a man of destiny.

The following day, Susan, with Greg and Timothy, flew to Hana-Maui, a quiet, elegant, but still “native” resort. There was little to do except to eat, sleep, rest, and swim, and in the evening watch movies on Island subjects, a sort of twilight, to extend the authentic hula shows. These were the sights Susan wanted to share with her sons. These were ten blessed days before they had to return.

But, once back in Hollywood, trouble lay in wait, as if to snatch from Susan’s mind the bliss she had just experienced. It was as if she was encountering, once again, her mother’s adage of “The harder you hit, the higher you bounce back”—a saying, incidentally, which has plagued Susan nearly all her life.

Way back when she was Edythe Marriner in the Flatbush section of Brooklyn, before fame had touched her with any measure of success, Susan had gone across the street when she was grabbed by a car and both her thighs were broken. Months in bed followed, filled with uncertainty whether she would ever walk again. Susan’s determination, her willpower made her take the first painful steps, her intestinal fortitude kept her feet on the ground, and her firm grasp on faith in her recovery gave her complete recovery.

Her lucky break in being discovered by David O. Selznick as a possible candidate for Scarlett O’Hara in “Gone with the Wind” (Susan was one of hundreds tested) was another triumph over the misfortune of youth. From 1938 to 1944, she was alternately a “cheesecake” girl for Warners and Paramount studios and an actress promised the world was her oyster. Susan was absolutelty an empty. The promises brought her the role of the only girl player in “Beau Geste”—she opened the picture by waving goodbye to the boys and closed the picture by welcoming them back. And again, she was heralded as the “star” of a picture, only to find herself with brief scenes on screen—and scads of publicity.

In her personal life, however, Susan had found a love and marriage that was mutually. They were married at St. Thomas Episcopal Church and were blessed with the birth of Gregory and Timothy. Then came an unexpected tragedy when Walter Wanger gave her the biggest break of her career—a part in “Smash-up”—and her dramatic ability was rewarded with an Academy Award nomination. But as her career was blazing large, the marriage, during these years, was being put away for the educational expenses of her children, as well as paying the current bills on the home. It wasn’t large enough to furnish a home! Meanwhile, Jess ceased to work steadily.

Finally, on July 23, 1953, the eve of Susan’s ninth wedding anniversary, the explosive statements of separation and divorce, in California—especially where children are concerned—the couple involved in a divorce suit air their troubles in the privacy of a law office. But in this case, the door of the Studio only to house was thrown open wide—with the public viewing every sordid detail. Involved was community property, which means the equal division of the family income, no matter whether husband and wife worked equally. But probably most important of all, was Susan’s fight to keep custody of her children.

Will the fact that trouble pursues Susan, dogs her footsteps like a worried mastiff, cast a gloom over her life? Is she the most misfits in this world? Will the recent newspaper headlines also cost Susan the coveted Oscar which would acclaim to the world her complete success as an actress? Only the community of Hollywood, and the courts, will decide.

The End

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE ON PAGE 75

Across

1. Court
2. 6. Angelo (Pier)
12. Della
13. Turner (Lana)
14. Doris Day
16. A R (Ade Ray)
17. Taylor (Elizabeth)
19. ears
21. It
22. Iron
23. hen
25. Oh
26. Mine
28. F A (Fred Astaire)
29. tot
31. aside
32. If
34. El (for Evelyn)
35. Care
36. used
38. War
39. N
40. Ella
42. S M (Shirley MacLaine)
43. End
45. ugly
46. E T
47. U.A.

48. B H (Betty Hutton)
49. Day
52. Lilian (Roth)
55. Der (Crosby’s nickname in Germany)
56. D Y (Dick York)
58. Al (Alan Dine)
59. B R (Richard Burton)
62. A E (Anita Ekberg)
65. Is
66. Eel
66. R R (Richard Burton)
67. Rennie (Michael)
69. B N (Bob Newton)
70. Navy
72. J S (Jean Simmons)
74. Grayson (Kubryn)
74. Evie

60. L S (Lilli St. Cyr)
61. identical
62. Byron (Palmer)
63. Tain (Elia)
65. A A (Alcoholics Anonymous)
68. L N (Lori Nelson)
70. Show
74. E O (Edmond O’Brien)
77. Niven (David)
33. F R (Grainger)
36. Ursula (Thiess)
37. double
38. Wendell (Corey)
41. .
43. mail
45. Shining hand (Dahl)
46. Bye-Bye
48. Live
49. N F (Nina Foch)
55. D J (Dorothy Jones)
56. Darvi (Bella)
59. A F (Anne Francis)
60. Rose
61. Rene
64. Sir
67. R (Robert Stark)
68. E A (Eve Arden)
71. A V (Alida Valli)

Down

1. Curtises
2. or
3. entitled
4. Beat
5. Tryon (Tom)
6. Ado
7. Norma
8. C R (Gilbert Roland)
9. Eight
The first lotion that actually heals chapping!

A. Headline news! New Creamy Prom with rich, homogenized waving cream, conditions as it curls; eliminates dripping, resaturating, timing and water rinsing. Self-neutralizing; three lotion strengths. $2.00.* End Curl Prom, $1.25.*

B. Pink is for girls in Tussy's newly designed pastel pink Beauty Touch compact, delicately traced in gold. The pressed cream powder with foundation base comes in Blush Rachel, Custom Blend, Rose Beige and Medium Tone. $1.10.*

C. Coin' Steady is the versatile new lipstick shade created by Westmore to blend harmoniously with all shades of pink and red for both day and evening wear. Color is formulated to remain constant under any light. 59¢* and 29¢*.

D. Hair to stay—with new Lanolin Plus Hair Spray Set. A no-laquer, triple-purpose hair tamer, it keeps hairdo softly in place, sets lasting pin curls and adds a silky sheen to dry, lifeless hair. 4½-oz. aerosol container, $1.35.*


Note to doctors:
Angel Skin is the only leading hand lotion with pH rating similar to the pH rating of human skin. This is why new Angel Skin heals chapping as no old-style lotion can. Some miracle formula in silky hand cream form!

New! Not just a "cosmetic" softener—It's medically-matched to skin!

New! does more than smooth . . .

It heals detergent chapping!

New! Instant penetration! Never sticky!

Smother, whiter hands—right away!

New! Creamier, richer!

Angel Skin
by Pond's

25¢, 49¢
plus tax
Slightly higher in Canada
On her eighteenth birthday, Margaret O'Brien received her first grown-up kiss from John Lupton in "Glory" and posed for her first cheesecake. Maggie now dates four non-professional boyfriends, "But none are serious," she says, "because I want to grow up first." Very little happened for Lois Smith after her poignant portrayal in "East of Eden." But, since her startling success in the New York stage production of "The Young and Beautiful," Warners (who hold her contract) can't wait to get Lois back on the lot.

Sad But True: When Lana Turner had a non-malignant tumor removed recently, Lex Barker never left her for a second. The frantic fellow even slept in a chair by her bed in the hospital. So this was the moment a columnist chose to print there was trouble between the Barkers! No wonder Hollywood stars become disillusioned.

Game Of Hearts: According to the stock's calendar, Jane Powell and Pat Neary will welcome the new baby on Valentine's day. If it's a "she," her name will be Averille Valentine, if a "he," his name will be Brien Patrick. History will repeat itself when the "original" Mrs. John (Josie) Wayne selects February 14th as the date for announcing their daughter Toni's engagement to her college sweetheart.

Middle Aisle: Cal kept telling you that Rock Hudson would marry Phyllis Gates shortly before Christmas—but even his mother, who received the news on the eve of the ceremony, was still surprised. From now on, the happy groom, who believes he's earned the right to keep his private life private, will avoid living and loving in the spotlight. With the mighty Rock's great popularity, however, we wonder if he'll be able to get away with it. For his sake, here's hoping!

Design For Living: Wise Jean Simmons decided staying home with the man she loves was more important than doing that New York play. Stewart Granger, who remained in his neutral corner, breathed a huge sigh of relief. To squelch those separation rumors, Elizabeth Taylor made a sudden and wise decision, too. She accompanied Michael Wilding to Europe, where he'll make a movie. But Pier Angeli startled Hollywood when she went to Europe to replace the ailing Kathryn Grayson in "Port Afrique." Pretty Pier had to be separated from Vic Damone and baby Perry on three important firsts—their first anniversary, Thanksgiving and Christmas.

Changing Scene: Jeff Chandler definitely decided to leave U-1 when his contract expires in August. An unknown radio actor when U-1 turned him into a movie star, Jeff now wants to control his own destiny and produce his own pictures. And Piper Laurie felt she was getting nowhere fast at the same studio, which also discovered her. She asked for and received her release.

Last Stand: Farley Granger's engagement to Janice Rule sure took Hollywood by surprise and also recalled his my-private-life-is-my-own edict. Well, Farley's found a staunch supporter in the non-conforming beauty. Janice didn't cotton to Hollywood—said the town lacked artistic integrity—and her unglamorous appearance was a constant headache to M-G-M and Warners, who held her contract. The Grangers will headquarters in New York, where they met when they appeared in a play together.

Switcheroos: Ben Cooper hasn't an etching to his name, but he does invite his girlfriends to "come up and sample my cooking." Popular Ben isn't kidding—and one of these days he plans to publish his own cookbook. And instead of Southern fried chicken, Fess Parker and Marcie Reinhardt go for Shrimp Jambalaya at the popular new Oyster House. Hollywood thought "Davy Crockett" was going to pop the question when he bought that new house in Benedict Canyon. But instead Fess sent for his folks in Texas!... Marlon Brando's playing the field these days (and how!), so Josiane Mariani, his erstwhile fiancee, is free to be wooed by David Schine, who didn't use that license he took out to marry Piper Laurie.

Pride and Prejudice: Cameron Mitchell's torch no longer lights up the Hollywood skies. His four-year-old son's birthday, plus time and rest, convinced Cam he wanted to return home and remain there—forever. Gloria Vanderbilt walked out on Frank Sinatra and "Johnny Concho" with a terse statement to friends: "I don't have to take this kind of treatment from anyone!" Personal or professional, Frankie's pals still think he got a lucky break. Gloria was too inexperienced, they say, for such a responsible role. The Van Johnsons have had it—living in Hollywood that is. They put their Beverly Hills home up for sale and, when Van isn't making movies in Europe, that new home in Palm Springs will be their permanent address.
Heaven in Their Arms

Continued from page 47

(Continued from page 47)

vanished behind them as they headed into the desert night. Vic, the considerate husband, insisted that Pier move down and sleep during the long trip to Los Angeles. She acquiesced. Then, as soon as she was comfortably settled, Vic said in a lonely voice, "Talk to me, darling," and they gave up all thought of sleep for the night. But the monotone droning of the motor on the smooth, deserted highway kept lulling her to sleep. She is terribly frightened of coyotes (she has yet to see one), so Vic would keep saying suddenly, "Oh, you just missed a coyote!" Then her large green eyes would fly open and she would be very much awake.

Finally, they settled on a successful "keep awake" diversion. "Columbia wants us to do a record—a duet," said Vic. "You used to sing as a child. Let's sing together and see how we do." So Pier sang a little Italian folk song. Then Vic started explaining the fine art of technique. Before long they were singing "I've Got the World on a String" in full voice with coyotes, sagebrush and sand as an audience.

Some hours later, as the sun was making its way up into the morning sky and people along the Sunset strip were hurrying to work, Vic and Pier, yawning and weary, drove through the west gate of Bel Air and wended their way up the quiet road to the highest hill. Opening the door of their house, they hastened together up to the second floor into a room filled with the sweet, warm atmosphere of a baby. Smiling proudly, they looked down into the bassinet, and there smiling happily back at them was Perry. He was the reason for their sudden journey through the night—and he is well worth any trip.

A beautifully built baby with a happy disposition, Perry is a startling combination of Pier and Vic. His intelligent, alert eyes are Pier's, and his face is a miniature replica of his father's. As they stood looking down at their son, it seemed a climactic moment in the whirlwind year that fate prescribed for the Damones. The prescription has included one-part marriage, one-part near tragedy, and two parts baby boy. This heavy dose of living would not guarantee happiness for any couple—except the handsome and beautiful girl from Italy. Both endowed with sensible basic values and the youth to retain them, plus philosophical wisdom "way beyond their years, Pier and Vic have admirably mastered just the tremendous and near-tragic events in their short life together.

That morning they returned from Las Vegas was the beginning of Vic's first vacation since they were married in November, 1954. Exhausted from their long drive, they slept till six o'clock that evening. But they made sure they were up in time to juggle the breakfast, chuck and chuckle over Perry before he ate his hearty dinner and was put to bed.

The next day, as Vic sat on the patio, looking over the seemingly entire expanse of Southern California and the Pacific Ocean, he reflected, "You know, I used to read articles in which mothers and fathers talked on and on about their kids, and it didn't figure. Now I understand exactly how easy it is. Especially he added with grin, "when you have a very unusual boy. Now, take Perry . . ."

His chest stuck out a bit more as he put his arm around his volatile wife's shoulders. "He is an exceptional boy. Not just because we think so. Oh, no. Others have told us. Martha, his nurse, turned down

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DEVELOP STRONG,
HEALTHY CHILDREN!

NEW SCOTT'S EMULSION

It's Superhomogenized!

MOTHERS, are your children getting the most out of the A & D Vitamins they are taking? Make sure — give them New Scott's Emulsion or Scott's Emulsion Capsules. Here's why —

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That's why you can rely on New Scott's Emulsion! It's specially made for fast intake of the needed Vitamins A & D — regardless of body condition. The vitamin-containing particles in New Scott's Emulsion are so finely emulsified that the vitamins are ready to be absorbed with a minimum of help from the body.

New Scott's Emulsion tastes better. Easier to give! Easier to take! And higher potency too — just one teaspoonful at a time.

NEW SCOTT'S EMULSION CAPSULES!

The benefits of New Scott's Emulsion are also available in easy-to-take capsules. Get New Scott's Emulsion or New Scott's Emulsion Capsules at any drug counter!
several other cases to stay with Perry." "Martha said that this was a happy house and we are two nice people," Pier added with guileless joy.

"And," explained Papa Damone modestly, "Martha has had twenty-five other baby cases and she says she has never seen a brighter baby. We didn’t ask her, she just said such things long before most babies do."

"He is going to be a ham," Pier said. "When he was five weeks old, the photographs of him were published in newspapers and magazines. The pictures were for newspapers, wire services and magazines. And do you know? Each one got a different pose, because Perry kept changing. For weeks on end Perry put on the biggest show. He is worth everything," she finished softly, looking at Vic in quiet happiness.

Perhaps, at that moment, Vic and Pier were retracing the events of their tumultuous marriage. Perhaps they were remembering the prayers—and the pain—which had led to the miracle of Perry’s birth. Perhaps they were remembering back to the very beginning of their life together.

The second day of their honeymoon, Vic opened at the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas. It was one of his first starring shows since leaving the Army and, justifiably, he was nervous and tense. Pier, being an actress, understood. All during that hectic honeymoon, he built a happy wall of understanding and tolerance between themselves and "things." When they returned to their modern, rented home in Bel Air, they were delighted with its high hilltop loneliness. Then they discovered they were going to have a baby. Overjoyed, they practically shouted the fact from their hilltop home. Plans for the baby became the major topic of conversation.

"For some reason," Pier said thoughtfully, "all men seem to think little girls are more affectionate. Vic said he would like a little girl, too, I thought I would have a boy. One night, we went to see ‘The Little Kidnappers,’ and I just fell in love with the little boy in it. Vic looked at me after the show and said, ‘Oh, Anna, I think you will have a little boy.’ Once he’d decided it would be a boy, he started making plans for golf. He would teach him to play golf—and to caddy. "That’s when we decided," Pier remembers, "to take a house in Palm Springs for a month. Even though Vic had to make an appearance in Chicago, he would be able to come back and finish the vacation with me. We rented Joan Davis’ house. It was lovely, with a pool and everything. We had two days of our vacation—that was all." Pier stopped, and her graceful hands gestured a dismissal of the subject.

It was on her return to Palm Springs by plane that she fell when the plane hit an air pocket. She was rushed to the hospital. Doctors always know whether her baby would be saved or not. Vic flew back from Chicago and sat white-faced by her bed. Prayers went up from all who knew them—and many who didn’t. For weeks, Pier lay flat on her back, unable to move. Her mother and sister, Marisa, joined the anxious group in Palm Springs. Pier’s quiet dignity and poise was that of the strong woman. The doctor’s mobile had a lot to do with the doctor’s final, miraculous decision: Pier and the baby would be all right.

Then, as good fortune would have it, M-G-M cast Vic in their production of “Kismet." Now he could stop traveling, work, and still be with Pier.

The next few months were fraught with careful consideration of Pier’s condition. And her adoration of Vic became greater than ever during that period. He was tender, considerate, and wonderfully protective.

“One day," Pier reminisces, “Vic came home from the studio and said, ‘Let’s go out and celebrate tonight.’ But I couldn’t warm to it. You know how a woman gets when she is pregnant. I was so tired of my clothes, I couldn’t stand to go out where there were beautiful women in beautiful clothes. Vic understood immediately. So? He put me in the car and off we went to the maternity department of a store. He made me sit down, then he scouted all over the place finding lovely dresses and bringing them to me for inspection. So we went out that night to celebrate—and in my new dress I felt beautiful. Vic is always surprising me with a present. Sometimes they’re silly—like a rose and a crazy card saying ‘Are you a happy groom?’ or something wonderful like my cashmere coat... and always stuffed animals.

“At night," Pier continues dreamily, “he would bring me my tea and talk about the baby. He would dream of taking him on stage with him by the time he was three or four, and teaching him to sing and act. Trying to be a wise wife, I waited for seven o’clock! Such lovely baby clothes, and the cake all iced with frilly little pink things. Everybody, but me, I’d have called it awful.”

"Poor Vic," she adds. "When I came out of the hospital, I was on crutches and a nurse had to help me. Vic had to do everything. We had decided to find a new home right away, and he was running from place to place trying to find just the right one. When he saw this one, he knew. He took me to see it, and we walked through the rooms and went out on to the patio which seemed to look out over the world. This was our house and we knew it.”

So they moved in with all their worldly possessions, a piano, and a grotto. Vic was rehearsing a new act and learning to dance, so it was just as well they had no rugs. On their second day in their home, Pier left for the hospital. This time to see Perry, a happy, handsome, healthy boy. She was in the hospital for a week. After a week at home, Vic again was off to do a show—in Reno. His hair was just cut, and he returned to set with Perry and Martha, his nurse, when Vic phoned at the end of his Reno show. "Please, honey," he said, “meet me for my show in Los Vegas.” So three and a half weeks later, both Pier and Vic, and we were back at the Sands Hotel, where they had hoomonied. Almost a lifetime of living had been crowded into the months in between. Again Vic was entertaining, and spent four days with her and his nights watching him as he sang—but there was a difference.

"I would call home every three hours," she says, "to talk to Martha and ask about Perry. But every time I called he was sleeping. So finally I said, ‘Martha, make him cry or something so I can hear he’s all right!’ But it couldn’t be done. I’d stay away too long. I would drive down to see him. Then I would drive back to Las Vegas and report to Vic.”

Although dashingly back and forth in the three-dimensional role of wife, mother, and actress, Pier has still managed to carry out decorating plans for their home. She has combined colors and furniture to achieve a light blue and pink color scheme. Picture and vase with eliptic and glock, still in quiet good taste. The master bedroom has a fairy-tale look. It is completely done in pale pink, including the walls.

"When I come in here," Vic grins, "I tiptoe. It’s sort of fragile.”

Upon which Pier remarks, "You have the study all done up in man’s color. It has light brown walls and pine paneling and a swivel chair of pea green. There is no desk yet," she explains, "but Vic sits in his pea-green chair and swivels anyway. He is practicing for the desk.”

With which they both laughed and went on down the hall to the nursery. Since Master Perry was summing himself on the patio, the nursery was a favorite room of interest. Perry is sure to acquire his mother’s love for stuffed animals and his father’s love for music. Dozens of novels and countless books of music adorning his bookcase. He already knows who all his books are and each and every one has a musical tummy.

In the hall, a group of boxes perched precariously near the banister. Those explained. "For the baby’s gift, Vic brought me six pairs of Italian pumps, three Italian leather purses, a huge clown and two cashmere sweaters. When I protested that it was too much, Vic grinned
Golden cream discovery
a complete skin treatment
in one miracle minute...

...for just one dollar!

This remarkable Tussy cream treatment softens, lubricates, cleanses! The moment this rich, golden cream touches your skin, it releases nature's own beauty-building process, so often choked by dirt and lack of moisture.

It cleanses deeper and better than any soap or single purpose cream. Its rich lubricating oils glamour-soften your skin!

It's a dreamy makeup base! Makes powder go on smoother and cling longer because it brings invisible moisture to your skin!

It's the cream that does everything!

Only $1 plus tax for a big 6 oz. jar.

TUSSY all purpose cream
for my spending money when I was growing up in Chicago, too. Saturdays and during my school vacations I clerked in dime and five-and-ten stores. Once, I ran an elevator. I enjoyed typing in high school, was competent over the phone, so my favorite job was as a receptionist for a dentist.

"I never liked modeling, because I hate to dress up. Posing was a pain for me, for it was so artificial. I like reality. I applied for jobs in offices, but didn’t get far. When someone in my sorority at college suggested I could attempt to be a model for advertisements, I went out confidently. I was amazed when I made excellent money for this kind of work, and then as a demonstrator for a new washing machine in a country-wide store tour."

Kim’s parents, who still live modestly in Chicago, remember those early days, too.

"Kim was a very quiet child," Mrs. Novak recalls. "She seemed to keep things within herself." Realizing that parents can very often be blind about their children, Mrs. Novak says she has always sought a closeness with her children through love and understanding. She admits that, as a child, Kim was always "Shurr’s" her name. She slowly worked on her skills and tried everything in a dreamworld. "But," adds Mrs. Novak, "from the time she was little, things came to Kim. In middle school, she wasn’t all like the average girl who had to run around looking for jobs. The jobs came to her. And that was fortunate, because Kim’s not the kind to ask favors—she’s too shy."

You may remember that Kim supposedly was whisked into the movies right after Louis Shurr, a leading actors’ agent, saw her bicycling down a Beverly Hills street. Presumably, Shurr had reached a downtown corner when Kim breezed to a stop there for the traffic signal; he immediately introduced himself properly, if unexpectedly, and invited her to his office.

To her utter dismay, this was the story that was created by an over-anxious publicist who could not resist "a great gimmick." From then on, everything about Kim’s first six weeks in Beverly Hills before she signed with Columbia was reduced to a bit of magic. A new Cinderella from Chicago, with such incredible instant luck, was a delight to the press and the public. Kim, however, who was brought up to be a straightforward person and has remained as sincere a human being as she originally was—was terribly disturbed when she heard about this version of her discovery. "I don’t want that silly sort of thing said about me!" she declared definitely at the time. Literally, she dissolved into tears—and was ignored. She was made to seem an absolute amateur behind the scenes, why build a mountain out of nothing? Whenever she acted doubtful, she was reminded she was a newcomer to show business—after all no business was like it."

"So this is Hollywood!" Kim wrote bewilderedly in her letters home, and said to the friends she gradually made as she stayed on. Because nothing that means anything to her has ever come easily, she hated the whole fabrication. "If a thing is simple, I really worry," she says, "It doesn’t appear right to me, so there’s no satisfaction in it."

"The truth is: I did ride to Louis Shurr’s office on a bicycle the day he introduced me to Max Arnow, executive in charge of talent at Columbia. That in itself wasn’t false. I always rode on my own bike a lot in Chicago. When I went to Wright Junior College, I rode to the campus and to sorority meetings. My bike was my escape whenever I felt too emotional. Getting away alone on it, using energy to get to places. Now I only have a car, and it isn’t anything I should have, so I—I’m unused to the wheel and I—I couldn’t use [it]."

"I didn’t do miraculously meet Mr. Shurr on a street," she says, with all the hurt indignation she felt the first time she heard the story. "Why should other girls be given hope with such fantastic accounts when the truth could be so much more helpful? I had an appointment. It was made for me by Wilt Malnek, one of the agents in Mr. Shurr’s office. I didn’t step into a building where the screen was made. I always objected to making my Hollywood break sound that much of a snap. It wasn’t, as my friends knew all along. The truth is, I first did a small bit in a Jane Russell picture, ‘The French Line.’ I was a model in a scene that was made at RKO. Since this was done at another studio, it was just skipped by those who put together my ‘official’ biography."

"Frankly," says Kim, "I had no desire to be an actress until after I was signed at Columbia and, through dramatic coaching there, saw what might be ahead. When I was in grammar school, my folks gave me and my older sister—who is now happily married—piano, singing and dancing lessons. I didn’t like them, was scared to show off at all, so Mother sent me to a community center where plays were put on. My family isn’t aggressive, and I’m not inspired by competition. I wasn’t interested."

And, apparently, Kim’s parents had no intentions of pushing her into something she didn’t care about. An early drama teacher at school suggested to Mrs. Novak that Kim receive special training. "We never had anyone in our family with dramatic talent," explains Mrs. Novak, "and at that it didn’t seem important. It sounded foreign, and we didn’t do anything about it."

Then, too, says Kim, "I didn’t want to do anything I had to do when it was ordered. My parents weren’t too strict; I was born with an independent urge, perhaps. I remember how they tried to make me write right-handed at school. I’m still left-handed and like it."

"But I do—" she says in a voice that’s soft. "I do everything as if it’s another language, and I never really would have learned to use it as I should have if I had tried."

"I’ve written a lot," she goes on. "I used to write all the time. I would keep a line of writing going, and if there was nothing going on, I would look in the mirror and react to what I imagined at the moment. One afternoon, Mother came home, and saw my expressions of horror on the mirror. She thought something awful was happening until I reassured her that I had been practicing for a role."

"Oh Mother, Mother, can you forgive me? This brat, your child, who just wants to live, A kid like me who knows it all, Who thinks that ‘Anon’s’ first time is on me!"

"A girl self-centered with charm, no grace, A lass who lives to survive her face."

"My main intent in writing this poem, Was to say I’m grateful for our home."

Although she showed definite artistic ability, Kim Novak states, "I never tried for any plays in school. Maybe I didn’t want to be embarrassed by being turned down. It’s not true that I was fat in my teens. Why, I was always anxious to get over the fact that my mother was a history teacher before she married. It was my dad who taught school—in Oregon. When he moved to Chicago, he fell in love with my mother. He’d had history in college, and wanted to teach it at a school in Illinois, and he wanted to get married. So he took a job in a railroad office, where he still is."

The impulse I had to tone down was to act everything out. All the kids in my literature class were upset because I dramatized my book reviews. I’ll never forget being bawled out in the principal’s office when I was in the freshman class and asked her what was the matter with her daughter who got so carried away. From that day on, I had to write all my reports."

"At home I wasn’t afraid to be myself. I realized I really have to stay that way. And, if there was nothing going on, I would look in the mirror and react to what I imagined at the moment. One afternoon, Mother came home, and saw my expressions of horror on the mirror. She thought something awful was happening until I reassured—"
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and laughed and sunned with no inkling of love or stardom.

"After one week, Kim continues, "Peggy had to return to Chicago. She'd received word of a job there. The one I'd anticipated was cancelled, so I decided to remain a bit longer. It was summertime, my first genuine vacation, and I decided to travel to California. I rented to an apartment temporarily, because it was less expensive."

Next, Kim promptly rented a bicycle for handy transportation. "Then, so I wouldn't go into the new career too quickly, Leonetti agency in Hollywood to see if I could get a few jobs modeling for ads. It has an A-1 reputation. They set me for a couple of things, and then phoned about my contract. I signed it, but I had to join the Screen Actors Guild for this lark, even though I was only one of a group and was seen for the quickest flash. To my astonishment, it took two weeks to film that."

"The truth is it was Billy Daniel, who was the dance director on that picture, who said I ought to think about the movies. "You're different, he informed me. I'm not as good, just different. I knew I wasn't the glamour type, and that I knew nothing about acting. If I'd been bitten by the acting bug, I wouldn't have come to Holly- wood. I had taken a course in dramatic school for solid training and then Broadway. But I don't believe a closed mind is healthy; I listen."

"He called Mr. Malneck, who said he'd like to talk to me if Billy Daniel recommended me. Then I met Mr. Shurr. I was in his office when Mr. Arrow happened to drop by. 'You should meet him,' Mr. Shurr told me. And fellow—the might I think you have potentialities for Colum- bia!' I said I'd already met Mr. Arrow once, socially, and he hadn't been the least bit enthused. When he came into the office, he didn't recognize me. But because of a meeting of business conditions this sec- ond day, he asked me to come to the studio.

"Remembering her screen tests, Kim shuddered. 'I thought he was hours late that day!' The crew of fifty seven and the overhead ran into thousands of dollars. She was for- given when her apology was so sincere she couldn't be coldly reproved. "If I'm on time, she might forgive her. But because I was there, met under businesslike conditions this sec- ond day, he asked me to come to the stu- dio.

"Remembering her screen tests, Kim shuddered. 'I thought he was hours late that day!' The crew of fifty seven and the overhead ran into thousands of dollars. She was for- given when her apology was so sincere she couldn't be coldly reproved. "If I'm on time, she might forgive her. But because I was there, met under businesslike conditions this sec- ond day, he asked me to come to the stu- dio."

"But she had to go on. Contrary to a report that she took special lessons, she had no coaching at all for the two sequences she was assigned to do. "Benno Prasch was with me in a scene from 'The Moon Is Blue,' reading the off-stage lines. He was so considerate," says Kim. "But the untold truth is that if I'd had only that test, she would not have recognized me. I was registered well in it because I was attempting to act for the first time, and I was miserably self-conscious. Fortunately, I was also given a monologue from the play 'The Blue Angel.' I was with the girl who stood before a fireplace and told what she really wanted from life. What she said rang a bell within me. I agreed with her, so I was practically myself." Columbia was so pleased with her that she offered her instead, than she'd been earning as a model—for her try-out first six months.

"It was Mr. Arrow's secretary who sug- gested the Studio Club as a convenient, safe place to practice. Kim says. "I wired Mother to come out and see what had happened. She did. Since then, letters, long-distance calls, and flights back to Chicago kept the parents well-informed."

"Of course, the movies were not what I expected," Kim confesses candidly. "I didn't know you learned to act in Hollywood. On the stage, yes; but I didn't think it was neces- sary for pictures."

"How misinformed can a person be? For her six leads so far, no one has ever want- ed Kim to be herself. She's been handed a slick screenplay and asked to be ready to test out for a challenging role. She's then had to characterize most con- vincingly or be a conspicuous failure. "I've had to test for each part at least twice," she says. "I tested six separate times for 'Pleisc' before they were sure I qualified. Josh Logan didn't want any Hollywood actress in his cast of Broadway veter- ans. After he saw my test run off, he said I might get by on my looks, but that up here in Hollywood I wouldn't make it. I know that only too well! I believe all beauty comes from inside, from character. Mr. Logan didn't like my short hair; she wasn't feminine. So to suit him I wore almost should-length red hair in his picture. I still don't concede that a woman has to rely on longer hair to Kim says. He is Columbia's splendid dra- matic coach who was a director on Broad- way for the Theatre Guild. "I told him the first day I reported to him that I'd never been in even the tiniest little-theatre group."

Kim's carriage was correct and, since she had an off-beat accent, she didn't need diction lessons. "I talked without proper breath control, needed clearer tones. I had to become con- scious of this, and do something about it."

"I was in a batch of hopefuls for a challenging role. It was a cut-and-dried memorizing of lines and bits of business isn't what is wanted in Holly- wood. I had seen the material was not any better or worse than the play. I made a study of other material with others and then discuss the motives you detect in the characters. His aim is in- tegrity. You must take apart the person you are portraying. Then it's a process of coming to know the individual, of impressing that woman's feelings under various cir- cumstances. I don't come on a set with a mapped-out conception of exactly what I'm to do; I let the moment control. I think that; he wants flexibility. You have to be so well prepared, though prepared, must respond to last minute- changes the director wants. But al- ways as the person you are playing works."

Soon Kim added Batomi Schneider's twice-a-week evening classes to her daily coaching from Benno. Batomi—Benno's wife—is a famous private coach for young professional students. Monday and Thursday evening for probing group-play reading. Kim still attends whenever she can. Her gratefulness to both the Schneiders for their invaluable training is unlimited.

"The truth is I had three months of in- tensive coaching before I was terrified with the news that I was to be tested for Fred MacMurray's 'In Love and Willing.' I had to portray a particularly worldly woman, someone far from herself. "I had to test four different times, with four different di- rectors, for my first role. I knew experi- enced actors and actresses, the very best. they were much inferior to her."

"I had the test on one of the last days. Although the Manhattan reviews of her film debut were a wave of applause, the girl who had never had nerve enough to visual- ize herself as an actress still hasn't been able to relax."

"The first name had to be abandoned be- cause it was Marilyn and, with that name, she would have seemed imitative. There's been a misunderstanding about how long she'd been called "Kim." What happened was that Co- bumbia came up with three names—Kim, Lynn and Kit. Studio personnel voted and Kim won.

"Kim has had been called heartbreak town by those who haven't what it takes to succeed. But Kim has it. She remains the only star who walks to and from work, by her own choice. After two years of her name, she's still in the business, and she—she hasn't had time to learn to drive yet. And she doesn't need a car, since she chooses to live in the center of Hollywood, just two blocks from Columbia studios. It isn't a showy star that's worth the name. She rather go on happily sharing a dormitory setup with ninety-three other girls who don't treat her as a queen, but as one of them. She has no lasting friendships be- cause of her choice."

"Kim's wardrobe has become increasingly chic, but she'll never be a slave to fashion. She is dazzling at premiers when it's her due. The wardrobe is well-chosen, for it brings her many nods of approval from the discriminating. She doesn't want fussy ef-
facts. She can overflow with glamour, but
doesn't get a kick out of it. With her
friends—and the press “because the truth
you don't have to pretend with the rep-
table writers”—she's strictly herself,
then wearing old blue levis, a plaid shirt,
but always well-groomed. “But let's face
it,” she says, “This is me! I feel inadequate,
untanquise, when I'm working at looking just
so. You're usually on the spot in Holly-
wood, but you're not always on parade!”
her crowded little closet there isn't a
single fur cape. “I'm glad my mother
ought me to be realistic. I'm too young to
appreciate a mink. I have my youth now,
need that's enough. I'm even glad I had to
wear braids till I reached an age where it
was important to cut my hair. I never want
to have anything more than I need—that's
how you become jaded.

“I don't agree diamonds are a girl's best
friend, either. I wear a minimum of make-
up because men like a fresh complexion,
and I just personally don't care for a glob
of jewelry.” She's never worn earrings
with her short hair, is indifferent to neck-
scaves, has only a couple of rings in her
nippers that have sentimental value.

The social swim has been a problem so
far because Kim has worked so steadily
she has been able to tarry but briefly at
only a few elegant parties. “But I look for-
to going out more when I'm not
working.” Kim says, refusing to be dubbed
reclusive. She hasn't had time to give a
party yet and has been to few night clubs
because she doesn't depend upon being
seen with the right people at the best
places. “Hollywood isn't half as crazy
out display to prove prominence as its
cties have claimed. From the beginning,
we've been advised repeatedly to live with-
in my income, to save as much as I can. So
we stuck to my budget by having my sav-
ings taken out from my pay-checks.”

On her long days at the studio Kim gets
up at 5:30 in order to be there for two-
and-a-half hours in the hairdressing
and make-up departments before reporting
on the set at 9 A.M. Her hair has to be
washed, set and dried and combed out
every day she faces the cameras.

“And,” she says in mock disappointment,
“T haven't met my favorite actor and ac-
tress yet—Alec Guinness and Garbo. So it
isn't a fact you can meet all the stars if
you get into the movies yourself.

“Falling in love with your leading man
is a fable,” says Kim. “I'd never met Frank
Sinatra until I was assigned to do The
Man with the Golden Arm.” I respect
Frank more than any actor I've met yet.
He's real. He gets into trouble because
he's so honest. But that makes him a man!

During production, they had half-a-dozen
dates—he took her to two premieres, to
two of his recording sessions, and to a for-
mal party at the Gary Cooper home. Will
she go out with him again? “Possibly,” If
Mac doesn't mind my having Frank as a
tree friend. But, she adds, “the gossip
item that said Tyrone Power and I had
dates while making The Eddy Duchin
Story” was absurd—somebody's pip of a
mistake. Tyrone is fascinating, but our
relationship was strictly professional.

Kim has continued to date Mac Krim
mostly and she receives an understanding
of her work from him. But it isn't likely
they'll elope. Kim wants a church wed-
ding when she marries, and, she says em-
phatically, “It is not true that I'm secre-
tly married now!” She dreams of a happy,
normal home in her tomorrows. “A small,
cozy little ranch house type with a place to
keep a horse to ride.

“I like Dan Brubeck's jazz, but swoon
over the show tunes I collect for my rec-

ord-player,” Kim laughs. “That's not at all
important, I realize. But now you know
there are no secrets left in my life. I want-
ed to tell the whole truth here.”

Although, since settling in Hollywood,
Kim has not been able to see as much of
her parents, as she would like, they are
still a closely knit family. Mr. and Mrs.
Novak think very highly of Kim, they are
proud of her achievement. The scandalous
story about her filled them with indigna-
tion and shock. But they have taken it all
philosophically and feel they can adjust to
any notoriety, present or future. “We know
it isn't true,” says Mr. Novak. And, he ob-
sews, “I think it like jewelry—some
people think the only kind of jewelry is
what they have on a dime-store counter.
All right, let them buy it. Other people
know the value of better kinds. Anybody
who wants to buy and believe that kind of
trash is going to buy it.”

Says Mrs. Novak, “I don't let myself be
bothered by it—I can. I have noticed a
difference, of course. A lot of people have
come to me with sympathy . . . these are
the people who know Kim. And a lot of
people associated with her in Hollywood
feel the same way, a number of them
have written to me, saying that they know
Kim and it was nothing but a lie.

“T when Kim called us and told us about
it,” says Mrs. Novak, “she was more wor-
ed about what it would do to us, than
what it would do to her. We are just ordi-
nary people, living our own lives, not
spectacular in any way. Of course it makes
us unhappy to have notoriety, but we can
live with it. We have faith in Kim, and so
does anybody who really knows her.” With
wisdom and sincerity, Mr. Novak adds, “It
makes me sorry that some people can be
taken in by that kind of thing.”

The End
We're Not Too Young to Marry

(Continued from page 45)

we're not exactly hoaxy with age. But we've given the question of early marriage a lot of thought. As a matter of fact, we were both against it at first, because of tragic youthful marriages we'd either heard of or read about. But kids like that regard marriage as a guest does a party. At a party you may have to do a little work as a guest like rolling back the rug and passing the refreshments. But marriage is a party in which you are host as well as guest. Therefore, it is work and real effort. If you want a marriage to become a success, rather than a divorce statistic. Then, too, I know what I want out of life. I'm not floundering around trying to decide what career I want. And I'm able to support a wife. We feel that, because of special circumstances, we are mature enough to understand just what marriage means. After all, it isn't the calendar years you've checked off that makes you grown-up..."

And Russell Irving Tamblyn, whether he realized it or not, was repeating the views of much expert Mr. Tamblyn for thirty years national authority on marriage. It is Russ's opinion that "marrying very young doesn't necessarily mean a marriage won't survive. What's important is the emotional maturity of the seventeen-year-old girl or the twenty-one-year-old young man. Some girls and boys are more emotionally mature and grown-up at seventeen than many men and women of twenty-seven. If I had a daughter, I'd hope that she'd wait until she was able to vote before marrying, but if she had a completely realistic sense of what marriage means at seventeen, I'd give her my blessing."

It's highly probable that, if Dr. Popeneo had listened to the views of Russ and Venetia, he would have found real maturity in this eager young pair glowing with love's bright young dream.

First of all, having been a professional for most of his twenty-one years makes Russell more than a little different from other boys his age who are either starting junior year in college or painfully getting a foothold at the bottom of the ladder in the business world. Where they have just arrived, Russ has long since been. Where

they are still frantically beating out R & R, Russ says, "When I was in high school all I went in for was rhythm and blues, same as the kids do today. I'll admit I still like it—but now I've let my kid brother talk me out of most of my rock-around-the-clock records. Brother Larry listens to them, and I spend more time listening to modern jazz."

True, many youngsters haven't yet outgrown R & R at Russ's age. While they still have a frantic need to be noticed, he has an air of quiet self-assurance about him so conservatively that he might be typified as a budding stockbroker. While they are still in the grip of a late adolescent mania for speed and are still fooling around with chopped-down hot-rods, Russ is through with all that, and drives a modest '54 Ford—carefully. And while they are still engaged with seeing how many girls' phone numbers they can chalk up in their little black books, Russ has settled for one. And he was, for some time before that, a one-woman man.

"Since I was six I've been in some form of show business," explained the lad with the nimble feet and whiplike dancer's body. Neither self-consciousness nor theatre ushers could prevent him from climbing out of the audience and onto the stage of the Grandio Theatre in Los Angeles to do an entirely spontaneous and unrehearsed dance. "Right there," says Russ, "when the kids applauded I lost my amera standing and became a full-fledged ham. I think a person grows up quicker in the entertainment world than elsewhere. It's a sophisticated atmosphere and you have to pick and choose friends and associates, learn to make decisions, to budget your time, your money, learn how to work with an eye on the future and profit from mistakes, career-wise. The youngsters who don't, fall by the wayside."

Russell went back to North Hollywood High, became head cheerleader, took lessons in voice, dramatics, applied myself at juggling, tumbling, aerobatics, practiced a magic act, played piano and drums. I learned the value of time and, when I was on a picture, I packed up my books and went to the studio school and studied between takes. When I was sixteen and on location for 'Retreat, Hell', a special high-school tent had to be set up for me. I saw the how busy actors learned to conserve the energy by taking cat naps, anywhere and everywhere. I learned how to 'recharge my batteries'. I've been in plays, radio, vaudeville and had part in seventeen movies. You grow up fast when you're on your own, trying to open doors to a career. Like a lot of other youngsters, I've enjoyed the value of money ever since I took a newspaper route to pay for dancing lessons."

Russ learned more about how to manage money, as a couple of years ago, took his own apartment in order to be closer to his studio.

While Russ talked, the beautiful girl choices nodded agreement to his idea. Russell was full of a smile. His fragile as the Venetian glass she might have been named for, Venetia's unassuming background has given her, at seventeen, a wisdom and maturity which few her age possess. Between England, and daughter of English actress, Anna Lee, a director Robert Stevenson, Venetia brought to this country as a baby. If parents are still, he've each remarried and each has a family of small children. Since her mother lives in New York and her father in Los Angeles, Venetia moved from coast to coast, the many jobs she has held hard to give her a proper home life, Venetia graduated, at fifteen, she would be better in an apartment of her own in Hollywood where the school of acting, photographic and fashion modeling. Because of her maturity, her parents contented, and she's managed beautiful ever since, supporting herself from acting. Venetia visited her mother, in London on a trip with and father in Hollywood on her own s worked at modeling steadily, and been a steady girl.

Shyly, Venetia expresses her ideas marriage. "I think a girl who has been her own, who has had her own apart comes to marriage better equipped. I'm modeling—it's a fascinating way to make a living, but I'm not fired with ambition. What I want is a home of my own, husband and a family. I think that's the best thing any girl can hope for. May I say I've been a more at home, I know a better than most girls how important it. And I think it'll make me work harder to make a real marriage and to hold on to "Venetia has the instincts of a corporation executive," Russ grinned proudly. "She's a wonderful manager. When went on location to the Black Hills South Dakota to make 'The Last Hunt', we were to arrange for that I should make to take care of my bills and sales checks. Venetia offered to do it. She the checks, paid the bills and installs on my car and TV, sent money home my family, to my church and my brother in Germany, and managed much better than I can. By the middle of September she'd even added to my savings account. I see we'll be the financial genius in our family, and who'll take care of the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker."

Is Russ extravagant?

"Well, replied Venetia, "I think may be a little more extravagant than I A he doesn't watch values the way a guy does when he shops, and he doesn't pl ahead quite as much as he might. And but we can pay the bill. She beam at him, her eyes alight with affection. A puckish grin curved Russ's lip "Look who's talking! Venetia came be from England with all kinds of praze for clothes—and know how much they cost. She designs


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MORE CLASSIFIED ON PAGE 91

tongue. Never met such a quiet girl. Maybe she's bored." After that night, Russ patched up the quarrel with her girl and Venetia left for New York. And that seemed that.

Next time they met was October of last year at Debbie Reynolds' huge engagement party to Eddie Fisher. Venetia came with a date and so did Russ. In the midst of the hundreds of people milling about, he spotted Venetia, stopped to chat with the smiling but reserved girl, noted the glances she received from the appreciative slagogue and again said to himself, "Beautiful girl, cutest thing I ever saw. She must be a little dull. Oh, well . . ."

The following night, Russ was in her apartment listening to a few of his 1500 recordings of progressive jazz—and he felt the need of a little sustenance. He whizzed up to his favorite drive-in on the Sunset Strip. At about the same time Venetia decided she just had to have a hamburger and grilled cheese sandwich. She got her car into the only remaining spot in the parking area. While waiting for service, she heard a masculine voice in the next car. "Glass of milk, order of hot cakes with catsup on top." "Catsup on hot cakes?" falteded the carhop. "Sure, dead-panned Russ, "doesn't everybody?" He glanced at the saucy blonde in the next car and recognized her: the Venetia who loves to eat snacks together. This time he left with her phone number.

On their first real date—a drive to the beach—Russ changed his mind completely about Venetia. "I thought she was different from any girl I'd known. She didn't try to be always 'on,' she had no line, she was relaxed. In a few minutes, her natural English reserve melted and I felt I'd known her a long time. She's gentle, sensitive, has a fine sense of humor and she loves to sit around and talk. And then she's without money, just like a bad penny, I called again. I just couldn't be angry with her, and soon I knew she was the girl for me." In December, when the winter has been the bitterest, the Venetia party, Russ was more certain about her.

And in February, he was dead certain that he wanted Venetia for his bride. That happened at the Metro a few days after the huge party from Metro went to the Vin Damone's opening. Metro producer Joseph Pasternak eyed Venetia appreciatively. Finally he came up to her and said, "I think you have picture possibilities. I'd like to test you."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Pasternak, but I don't want to be an actress," Venetia smiled, only far closer. Pasternak almost reeled back. "Well, young lady. That's the first time I've heard that. What do you want to be?"

"I want to be a wife and mother, to have a husband and children, to be happy, to be famous."

It wasn't all Russ wanted to hear. "I'm old-fashioned, maybe—selfish, maybe, but I don't think you can have a good marriage if a woman is all wrapped up in an adventure. You've shown you can, she added. "The results when a husband and wife place their careers first and marriage a poor second. Actors are inclined to be self-centered, for acting means constant attention to oneself, acting together in one family is murder, not to speak of the frequent separations when both are off on location to the four corners of the world."

"Mother gave up show business when she married twenty-five years ago because she found more fulfillment in raising family. If Venetia and I are married, she told me that a studio had offered her a co-starring role with Marlon Brand. I couldn't care less. Because I know if we were married, we'd be a one-family. Modeling—that's fine, because it's not a twenty-four-hour-a-day job. Venetia can take it or she can get a job. And I don't think it will be a so-called 'real' job.

With Venetia and Russ there was never any formal proposal of marriage. Wh维度 driving, swimming or mucking about, they found themselves talking about marriage and an apartment, the children and the Mormon church, about church wedding and where to go for honeymoon. "When Russ gave me my engagement ring I was melted in her soft little voice, "we planned a engagement and decided on a June wedding. Russ's elder brother, Warren, will back from his missionary work in German by then and we wanted him to be best man."

"But June is so far off," Russ added dolefully. "When I was away in So Domicile's in '49, and yet I'm not here. We in England, we were both miserable. We know a long engagement considered insurance for a good marriage, but we're so certain of the way we feel now, I'm lost with Venetia. We spend all our spare time together, why not unit June?" The impish grin Van Johnson's newest successor seem to indicate happiness. For nothing is more true than "all the world loves a lover." "We picked St. Valentine's Day for the wedding and wouldn't it be nice if my next picture was ready for the island of Capri, Venice or Paris? Then we could hole moon in some romantic spot."

Venetia and Russ may not know precisely where they will honeymoon, but they do know their wedding will be in church. "I plan to wear white," Venetia dreamily, and "I want a real wedding—one we'll remember forever, no slapdash elopement to Las Vegas."

The Bishop of the Mormon church promised to marry them, but not in Mormon church. Only active church members are allow in the Temple and Venetia—although is studying—is not yet a member. But Bishop has told them that he will marry the couple in a non-denominational church of their choice. Naturally, the young love are proud of this, though Venetia may have a tiny reservation: "I've always liked church, but this one I won't be part of the wedding, like the wedding cake and bridal gown. But Mormons do not drink alcohol beverages, nor tea or coffee."

It's apparent that although young Trimensioned, he's far closer being a man and ready for marriage to many players this reporter has with who are much older. It is when seven with great natural dignity, is discuss him with a smile. This is most impressed with this acrobatic, fast-rising star who has vauluted up the hill to sandwich "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" and "Hit the Deck."

"My religion," he says without slightest degree of youthful self-consciousness, "is a rock that has steadied me whole life. It's not just a religion—it's part of me. It influences every phase of living for its members. It stresses mutual helpfulness and self-consciousness. Much as I'd like to de..."
self to the church, show business—what extra demand on my time makes it possible for me to be the real Mormon like to be. Next best is helping my older Warren, who is twenty-two and a mission for the church in Germany, is my idol. He is one of the thousands young Mormons who go out every year to foreign missions with compensa-
tion, giving a year or more of their time spreading the teachings of the church. When Warren returns, he will go back to medical studies at Brigham Young University. Venetia agrees that if I can’t vote the time to church work I’d like to do, at least, make a financial contribu-
tion in seeing my brother through school.

I desire that I don’t think I can ever tell how much for others as my mother and my parents do. As Russ, seated at the luncheon table in a studio commissary, discussed his deep va-
tity to his church a strange thing happened. Directors, actors, studio per-
cnel, seated at near-by tables, ceased s airless chit-chat and listened to the un-
gard, deeply moved. It’s easy to see at Russ has a genuine liking for people, unaffected, vital enthusiasm for every-
thing. It comes across on the screen—yet in his friendly grin, his eager, quick-
le, and you return this liking immedi-
ately.

In church,” Russ continued, “you’re ihit to get up on your feet and express ur ideas from earliest Sunday school to teach classes. Just the other day at
church Venetia and I were talking on nagers to a group. She amazed me with w well she did. I’m naturally an extro-
vert; Venetia’s an introvert. We have much to give each other. She’s showing me the hold of books; and I’m learning her gain t-confidence and understand all forms
music.

When I was in high school,” Russ re-
ferred, “I’d listen to the problems of the is and try to help them. It wasn’t a ter-
ner of solving the problems—it was just letting them talk things out. More and more of them came to me, and pretty an we started a club for girls and one boys. I became a kind of a teen-age
psychologist and I learned to like—nor it like—people. But it wasn’t until I let Venetia that I began to understand that love is all about.

I know I still have a ‘lot to learn,” Russ said, his hazel eyes sparkling. “But some-
day, after I’ve gotten Venetia home and back to my apartment, I feel so happy about our future that I just have to outside and look at the stars. If I can’t, I think I’d just explode—like a all-size atom bomb!”

THE END
They Called Me a Square Tomboy!

(Continued from page 77)

come part of the mold. High school, I think, is a little too early to start forming the inevitable little groups which are so much a part of our security. It's so easy to hide anything or lack of interest for learning when you have a select little clique that breathes 'amen' as long as you conform. I've seen a lot of girls hurt because they weren't asked to a Don Mother for the Court but I've seen a lot hurt more by joining.

"I guess I'm a non-conformist," Debbie adds. "Everything in me rebels against going with the mob just for the sake of public opinion. In high school, those dance-ball queens were pretty sickening to me. They had to be very popular or they were miserable. They talked of nothing but their dates, their new dresses, their shoes and clothes. So much I felt I had to rebel."

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ROBERT YOUNG
she'd had in school. With a philosophy of "what happens, happens," she knuckled down to giving her all to movie-making. She also realized she'd have to check the impulses which had made her a born comedienne in school.

"Now," explains Debbie, trying to look solemn, "I am very conservative. There are restrictions on players in pictures. I used to resent the fact that I had to temper my impulsive nature and think twice before I said or did anything. But I visited Jeanette—who did become a gym teacher—one day at school, and I suddenly realized that there are restrictions in any phase of work. Jeanette has them, too. No matter what job we take, we are expected to bend our individuality to a degree. It's sad in a way, and yet it's an important part of growing up."

On the M-G-M set for "The Tender Trap," a more mature Debbie was in evidence. Her laughter was slightly subdued, her pranks a little less mad, and her conversation occasionally twined. But her boundless spirit is still noticeable. The Reynolds individualist is still in the saddle when it comes to debunking popularity. Popularity in essence is an inside job, and either you have it or you don't.

"Trying to be popular is like chasing the wind," muses Debbie. "It's an intangible substance not found in the 'How To' books or the commercials or the girl next door. In the accepted sense, I wasn't popular. I learned early that you can't expect everybody to like you. But you can be popular with your friends, you can be honest, and you can enjoy growing up without the frenzy of false values."

Debbie sat quietly for a moment in the M-G-M commissary, idly fingering her huge, square-cut diamond engagement ring which now has a companion in her wedding band. "Trying to be popular," she said thoughtfully, "quite often means trying to push time. Girls try to look older than they are; they wear heavy make-up, sophisticated clothes and severe hair-dos. They lean heavily on popularity with boys. Invariably they try to copy some woman older than themselves. It's such a waste. If it comes naturally, it comes in time. But pushing time eliminates those wonderful years of learning and fun that we call youth. It also halts the opportunity to know and understand yourself at an early age. To thine own self be true and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man." Those words depunk a striving for popularity far better than I can.

True to her own nature, Debbie, the demure and docile, suddenly flashed a mischievous smile. "I still have the wild urge to show up at a premiere in a scarlet wig, weird costume, teeth blacked out and to roll up the red carpet as fast as they put it down and swing from the rafters.

"Of course," she added with an exaggerated sigh, "I'll never do it. I'll have to get it all out of my system on Halloween. I take an hour and a half for my clown make-up and, when I'm sure no one can recognize me, I really let loose. I am," she said with a noticeable show of modesty, "an excellent clown."

"It's true. With or without make-up, on stage or off, Debbie is a wonderful clown. She has been since she was born. A clown and an individualist. Growing steadily into wholesome maturity, Mrs. Debbie Reynolds Fisher is living proof that popularity is an inside job."

THE END

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My Boy—Bob Wagner

(Continued from page 49)

Not such a coincidence, I told him, since he just happened to be my son and name, and I could still stretch the last thing I expected. Suddenly the good man was back again. It seemed he did have a table for two after all. With apologetic smiles, I went to the table and we were seated at the choicest spot in the room. My wife and I sat there grinning at each other throughout dinner and later, when R.J. came home, we relayed the story to him. He took a kick out of kidding me and, of course, this time I was really asking for it.

"Just use my name any time, Dad," he said. "I talked to a lawyer where this family has to make an impression!"

It's been this way from the beginning. R.J. and I have always shared a fun-loving and respectful father-son relationship, and with this family line, it works to the advantage of us all.

For another example, most of my time is spent in La Jolla where I handle my Sat. Evening Union. It's a big job, but I enjoy it and I have found that we can do a lot. So, after I returned an office in Westwood, and my secretary (after twenty years I call her boss!) phoned R.J. one Friday to say she was driving down to see his folks and did he want to come along. She said, "I sure do," he said dryly, "just tell Dad that if he needs any money, get in touch with me.

But, a word of explanation before I continue this discourse on one man's family—which is my initial effort, because I've refrained up to now for obvious reasons. One can easily become a big bore extolling the virtues of his family. But, this is great method to get to his heart. And yet, if my thoughts and feelings for Robert John Wagner, Jr., were anything less than biased, I would indeed consider myself a poor parent. Photoplay sweet-talked me into writing this piece while my son was in Chamonix, France, making "The Mountain" for Paramount. I hope he won't be too surprised and shocked when he sees this in print!

Instead of losing a son to fame—which can happen in Hollywood—my wife and I find that R.J. has remained singularly unchanged and, if anything, we all are even closer. Of course, Mr. Wagner, Jr., has the love and approval R.J. receives from us continues to mean more to him than the rewards of personal achievement in his career. He has always been close to his mother and has also served as a great levelling influence on R.J., and Mrs. Wagner and I both know we are far too fortunate parents. Our gratitude is eternal.

As long as I have the floor, I may take this opportunity to correct a wrong rumor that has caused us considerable embarrassment. Reports have been circulated that I am a millionaire, that R.J. was born with the proverbial silver spoon in his mouth and was showered with indulgence and luxury. I don't think he gives this impression—do you?—but he has suffered as the result of being the third son at the end of the stick many times because of this mistaken belief. R.J. has never complained, because he's got guts and has preferred to live down such implications by working hard and playing the game fair.

For the record: After years of hard work, I am comfortably situated. But I must still work. I started out as a newsboy and bettered myself gradually—and that's the way it is.

As a youngster, R.J. enjoyed whatever advantages a father could give—which is usual, generally speaking, and not exceptions. But he always took summer jobs and worked like a beaver setting up pins in bowling alleys, currying horses. shining shoes, selling magazine subscriptions. He also washed dishes at the Bel Air Hotel and was a bus boy around Westwood Village. He was a dollar an hour and I could see him returning home with his hands split and bleeding and his mother applying first-aid and admonishing him to be careful. The money he has earned has been given the full treatment and invariably, he'd turn up with his hands split and bleeding again.

It's generally known that I wanted R.J. to inherit a fortune and I actually succeed in my business. He tried it, too, for eight months, but his heart wasn't in it. He preferred to build his own success in his own way and he did. It was a difficult setup wasn't assured. So I gave him my blessing and never urged him to stay.

Now, I must confess I was disappointed—and, still holding hope in my heart, I kept the faith. Yet, I think one day I am to tell a boy he can't do the work he loves? He'd never be happy, it was his life, and every father wants his son's happiness. But I also have to be fair—so, after I spoke my piece, I dropped the subject.

First, I carefully pointed out to R.J. that I didn't want any part of his racket, mainly because the movie business is not my cup of tea. It's an even lamer when you see where movies are concerned. I like putting my money down at the box-office and seeing pictures, but I know nothing about them and I don't pretend to.
You don't dare admire anything, such as a pair of R.J.'s sneakers for example. I happened to do this one day and, the next thing I knew, we were driving up in front of Saks. I got the shoes! Mrs. Wagner finally called a halt when she ran out of closet and drawer space for his generous gifts. Every time R.J. dons a new recording—which is every week—he sends a disc to all his friends.

When he's working on a picture, R.J., calls us every other night. Whenever time permits, he hops into his Thunderbird and drives the 120 miles between La Jolla and Beverly Hills. On one of these trips he placed a solid gold lighter on my desk. I needed a gook, like a hole in the head and, believing he was giving up his own, I kicked up quite a fuss.

"Why don't you turn it over, Dad," he suggested quietly. This I did and discovered it was a new lighter he had bought for me. On the bottom was engraved: "With great love, from R.J." Now what do you say after that?

Although he's still quite impulsive, I've noticed during the last year that R.J. is taking everything more seriously. He's getting older now and I'm glad he's outgrown wanting to do what he wants to do when he wants to do it. He used to work right in and we never interfered because we knew he had to make his own mistakes and learn his lessons himself. Now he thinks before he acts. Before he furnished his present apartment, he had wanted to buy a house. But he travels a lot making pictures and, being very popular with his friends, he has many invitations. Owning his own house would require a gardener and servants, extra taxes, insurance, utilities, and so on. Wasn't it wiser, he was advised, to wait and buy after he settled down? R.J. agreed to this, he was perturbed—but he didn't buy the house.

As a youngster, R.J. was also sportsracy. He was captain of his baseball team, he learned to sail, ride, and swim. During the summers, we rented a cabin in the woods which helped toward giving him a good, wholesome life. Today, he coasts in the 70's on the Bel Air golf course, where, as a kid, he caddied for Jack Cable, Fred Astaire and Randolph Scott. He used to drive them nuts at times, with his questions! Even then he reaped of becoming an actor.

Aside from loving my son, R.J., and his always remarkable friends. There are no barriers between us, no self-consciousness, no taboos. We have talked many times about many things, and on some of these he said to me: "People are always trying to push me to marriage. But you know, Dad, I want to be independent first. I won't marry until I can give a wife and children the best of everything. So far, I've never spent my time, and be very sure of myself. I won't marry till I am thirty!"

Being well aware of what happens to a man's heart when the right girl comes along, I predicted R.J. would be married when he was twenty-four or twenty-five. I heard that, he began to grin.

"Let's make a bet," he said. Then, taking a piece of paper from his pocket, he wrote on it: "If I marry before I'm thirty, agree to give $200 to my dad." At the time, my son was a teenager and at that was a big bet for him to make. Well, he carried the piece of paper in my wallet ever since, and I thought I was going to win. Now it looks like I won't. I'll be twenty-six on the tenth of May—and nothing gives him a greater joy than putting one over on the old man! The End.
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(Continued from page 62)

fessed, "I've never worked with anyone quite like her. I've got a halfway crush— a regular schoolboy type crush—on the 
girl." 

Veteran actor Charles Coburn—who, in his alternate role as a summer-theater 
producer, has a reputation for his keen 
evaluation of new talent—calls Dana, "One of the three young actresses to be cast in 
the dramatic mold of Bette Davis."

While it is obvious that few young women have come to Hollywood so im-
pressively endowed, Dana herself has a 
way of ignoring the deluge of praise. She is 
alert at helping a reporter sift through 
all the superlatives to find the foundation 
on which her character is so solidly built.

She was born in London and grew up 
during the blitz. One day she arrived at 
school to find that, courtesy of the Luft-
waife, a bomb crater existed where Rosary 
Priory once stood. But Dana had few 
qualms about it. "I was always on the 
verge of being kicked out," she explains.

"I was just too much of a tomboy for that, 
I guess. I hated school and I al-
ways seemed to be breaking some silly 
rule. I was glad when it was over."

College was a different thing altogether. 
Graduated from London Collegiate School 
when she was only fifteen and a half, 
Dana had to enlarge a bit on her age in order to enroll for a course at London 
University.

She intended to study medicine, which 
was a natural choice. Her father is Dr. 
Peter Wynter, a renowned surgeon.

"Father never did believe in pampering 
me just because I was a girl," says Dana. 
"I was always following him around. 
I can't remember a time when I wasn't 
helping bandage or wash out wounds or 
listening to people talk about their 
ailments."

Her attitude toward the more grim 
phases of medical practice was pretty well 
illustrated when, during a recent visit to 
New York, a well-meaning interviewer 
asked if the sight of blood bothered her.

Dana, whose normal way of speaking is 
never profane, looked down her nose and 
said succinctly, "Hell, no."

Dr. Wynter's continuing study—he holds 
degrees from universities in France, Ger-
many and Switzerland—was responsible 
for Dana's travel as well as for her first 
name. She was christened with the Danish 
name "Dagmar," but changed it to 
"Dana" after she went on the stage. She 
pronounces it with a soft "A" so that it 
sounds almost like "Donna."

Her mother had had a distinguished 
career as a coloratura soprano, but retired 
from the concert stage after her marriage 
and plowed, too, came the kind of teaching 
which has always been helpful to Dana. 
While she has no ambitions about her 
own voice—"Mother has such a beautiful 
voice that I've always felt self-conscious 
about trying to sing!"—Dana credits suc-
early instruction with making it easy for 
her to learn languages. "When you have 
an ear for music," she believes, "a foreign 
language comes easy."

She also says, "They're a wonderful 
family. Mother and Father are both so 
young in their ways, so willing to try new 
things."

This included a new continent. About 
the time Dana had magnified her age in 
order to enter London University, Dr. 
Wynter, who was called to Africa to perform 
a special operation, fell in love with 
Southern Rhodesia and, in Dana's words 
"being a bit weary of the wealthy and 
their demanding patients" of his Harley Street 
practice, telephoned his wife and daughter 
to ask them how they would like to go 
up to the paradise of Southern 
Rhodesia.

"We're a family of flexible natures 
any we love new places," Dana explains, "a 
few months later, there were we in 
4000 acres at Marandellas. That's a small 
town about fifty miles from Salisbury, the 
capital."

On the "plantation" they raise cattle, 
horses and tobacco. Here again, Dr. Wynt-
er's habit of refusing to pamper his own 
child just because she happened to be 
girl resulted in new and exciting experi-
ences for Dana. "If a worker fell ill 
when a field needed to be plowed," she 
recalls, "why I just got up on the tractor 
and plowed it. There was nothing to it 
really."

Life in Southern Rhodesia, as Dar 
describes it, sounds like an Atomic Age 
updating of America's own frontier

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Ralph Reno's stepmother was dead. "Find him and shoot him," 
his father told Los Angeles police. Read "DEATH IN HIS EYES" 
in February TRUE DETECTIVE MAGAZINE at newsstands now.
We're at 6,000 feet altitude," she says. The air is brisk and stimulating—such a change from London's fog. Both dawn and darkness come suddenly. It is light 4:30 A.M. We would have the horses brought up and my father and I would begin the day with a ride. By 6:30 in the evening, it is dark. Suddenly, just like that—boom. So we're early to bed. We're staying up late if we're still awake at 9:30.

Since there is a great distance between own villages and the frontier habit of helping each other is strong. Illness always brought a call for the Wynters. Dana, accompanying her father as he made his rounds at the small hospital at Farndellas or at the long swing away from the countryside, learned much about medical care. After two years of preservice work at Rhodes University, she could, in a crisis, take such responsibility herself. "We always had some sort of an apron," she explains. "If my father wasn't around and one of our African workers had a sore throat, I'd hand out aspirin. When a baby got colic, I knew what to do. Or if word came in that someone was hurt, I'd pick up my father's bag and go to give whatever help I could until he could reach the patient." There was fun as well as responsibility. The big event of the week," says Dana, was the visit to Salisbury. Everyone went to Salisbury on Fridays. Years ago, that was the day the mail came in. There's big hotel there where everyone would meet and have tea. You'd see all your friends. And it was the real event to go to movies. Only we called it the 'bio.' "

There was much visiting between estates. "We'd do nothing of driving a hundred miles to see a party, and when we weren't at someone else's place, we'd meet guests at ours." It was because of these distances that Dana also took flying instructions at the university. "That's really the only practical way to get around." Another Rhodes tradition. The Festival of Amateur Dramatic Societies—a sort of tournament for little theater groups which is held every year—was responsible for Dana's career change. She belonged to a group called "Fools." In their play, Through the Glass Darkly, Dana had the role of a blind girl and, although she describes her own performance as "terrible," her group won. From then on, medicine and drama competed for her future.

Eventually, she chose drama and forama, that meant a return to England. After studying with Yolande Collyer and with private coaches, she got roles in television films with Boris Karloff, and appeared in the Fabian Of The Yard series. She also had a number of all-hour radio plays for Orson Welles. As might be expected, Dana met a number of Americans who were in show business, and they soon convinced her that America was definitely the land of opportunity.

Dana, characteristically, set sail. She arrived in New York in November, 1953, with no agent, no letters of introduction and only $600, the maximum a British object is permitted to take out of his country. Recalling her first day in the big city, Dana says, "I knew just this one chop, so telephoned him to ask my way around. asked, among other things, where I could go to buy a bit of velvet ribbon. Didn't know too much about it either, so he suggested Bonwit Teller. He gave me the most careful directions how to get there, but when I asked a saleswoman for the ribbon, she said they didn't handle..."
it, that I could get it at the dime store. 'Dime store?' I said. 'What's that?' Well, she just looked at me. When she saw I really wasn't ribbing her, she said, 'You know, the five and ten.' Well I didn't know what that was either, and I realized that I truly was in a strange place. I didn't understand about the money or anything. I got all flustered, so I started walking down the street. And then I made up my mind. It's funny the different things women do to give themselves courage. I bought a hat. And it was quite a hat, too, I might say.

Since then, Dana and her hats have caused a fair share of comment. Even Richard Egan has noticed. "You know," he says, "no one wears a hat in Hollywood. But then again, Dana is so terribly brimmed and crazy. And on her, it looks good."

Dana's first encounter with television reflected the courage of ignorance. When asked what sort of program she'd like to try for, she replied vaguely, "Oh, something like the Robert Montgomery show."

She credits Norman Felton—then the Montgomery show's producer and now with the Theatre Guild—with creating her first strong impression of the United States. When "I read for him," she says, "he asked if I had ever done a television show before. I, of course, said yes, but I hadn't. Well, it didn't take him long to discover I'd never been in a TV studio. He certainly took a terrible chance on me, but he gave me the break in a picture called 'The Soprano and the Piccolo Player,' which called for singing. You know what I think of my voice. So they had another girl pre-record the song, and I just pantomimed it. And pretty embarrassed I was the next day when the phone started to ring and people offered me singing parts."

Dana makes another confession: "I went through the show calmly enough. I tried not to let anyone know I was nervous. Then, the moment it was over, I gave the secret away—I fainted."

But her entry into television had been achieved. Subsequent roles on Studio One, U. S. Steel Hour and Suspense caught the attention of motion-picture scouts. By Christmas—only sixty-six days after she had arrived in the United States—Dana was flown to Hollywood to be screen-tested. No role materialized, but shortly all of the major studios were courting her. She signed with Twentieth Century-Fox. On a loan-out to Walter Wanger, she made her first picture (but the second to be released), a science-fiction production titled, "They Came From Another World."

Since arriving in Hollywood, Dana has settled down in what she calls a "little English cottage" just outside Twentieth's gates. "I can dash right out of the house and onto the set," she says happily. Her first big purchase was a convertible.

Dana's way with cars has created even more conversation than her way with hats. There's a very impressive sample of her driving in "The View from Pompey's Head," where she whips a Thunderbird down the road with great speed and greater skill. She takes sharp curves as deftly as a race driver and pulls up suddenly in front of the porticoed Southern mansion with never a squeal of brakes.

At that point, her passenger, Richard Egan, says with considerable feeling, "Do you always drive that fast?"

Mr. Egan, it should be remarked, was not acting when he asked the question; his emotion was real. Later, in a scene which ended up on the cutting-room floor, he had had an even more hair-raising demonstration of Dana's ability. "The script called for a dangerously precise trick," Dick explains. "Dana was to pass one truck and miss, by the thickness of a coat of paint, a second truck which was approaching us. It was so near a thing, the director said, we ought to have had it—rather than real crash was inevitable. But do you know that girl never flicked an eyelash—and she actually drove better than the man who showed her how to do the scene."

Dana, with a wry touch of humor, supplies the sequel. The shots were made when the company was on location near Savannah, Georgia. The usual crowd of fans and friends were standing around watching. Naturally, they gasped. "When I drove that one," says Dana, "certainly I didn't think something would go wrong, but I didn't say 'Well done!' But what did that crowd do? Everyone rushed over to Dick and asked 'Are you hurt? No one thought of me."

Or so she believed. Some days later from those sharpest of sharp-eyed critics, the production crew. When the script next required Dana to get behind the wheel, she exclaimed, "I wouldn't have."

"Why, you were wonderful," she was told. "You had just about everything you could ask for a clean start to a new job."

"But you could have done it," she was told. "You had just about everything you could ask for."

"You could have done it," she was told. "You had just about everything you could ask for."

"But you could have done it," she was told. "You had just about everything you could ask for."

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and stones. Dana shared their laugh, something like that eases the tension,” she says. From then on, she belonged. In a gentle private joke of her own, she gives a hint as to how she was able to keep her British A’s in a Southern’s A’s in the picture. “I have no friends in New York,” she explains, “an old couple who have taken me until their wing, so to speak. They came from the South, and when they learned was to have the role of Dinah, the wife on the phone.” Here Dana’s voice came Dinah’s, “Now honey, she cau- tioned me, ‘don’t you go overboard’ Southern accent. That’s not right, I know. We don’t really have any ac- t at all in the South.”

Off-screen, Dana’s speech pretty well pethes the unaccented standard set by her TV announcers. Some typically phish word patterns continue, but she has a conscious effort to talk American. This is a direct reflection of Dana’s state of mind, for she is in the midst of a pas- sionate love affair with the United States. She’s brightly brash about the phase of which concerns American men. “I’m half-about them. I intend to marry one day.” At the moment, she’s keeping up a collective noun, not specifying a particular one, can’t stop her name from being linked in gos- columns with that of any particular niner. “I haven’t time, just yet,” she says seriously. “Those first few pictures are too important.”

Dana will discourse at length, however, what she likes about American men general. “They pamper their women,” she’s proud to see their women well- dressed and happy. And the women re- ject it. American women are beautiful. It’s not true in England. There, men treat stick together and pay less attention to their women and men are con- dently and listless.”

If America itself, she speaks with the fervor of a crusader. “You who have always lived here don’t realize what a wonderful country it is. In no other place in the old world do you find those in authority so willing to give young people a chance. There is opportunity everywhere. If you’re an actress, it’s not impossible to work in an English play until you get a part. No one looks down on you. But in England, people would say, ‘Hmmm, she can’t be much of an actress.’ I don’t know what they expect young people to do. Unfor- tunately, it seems one must be middle- aged before they take you seriously in the theater. I know what people decide to do.”

Defiantly, Dana thrusts her tiny, triangular chin. “I have aspired for American citizenship.”

Dana has lived in England where, belatedly, the British has concluded that perhaps young actresses, like old castles, should be placed custod of the National Trust. There have been complaints that, to the loss of the British motion-picture in- dustry, young talent has gone to Holly- wood. “Let them say what they will,” Dana says. “America has been most kind to me. Simmons, Joan Collins, and me. I’m trying to persuade my parents to live with your family. Mother and Father would love it. You’ve got the wonderful land with such great opportunity.”

Dana says it, it’s the Fourth of July. It comes from the heart. It makes her stop and remember that, in almost every family, someone has some time between the day and three hundred years ago, ched the same conclusion—and, like many others, has acted on it. That, deep down, all Sus—like Dana—truly believe, “This is wonderful country.”

The END
New Way to Wash Face IMPROVES SKIN AMAZINGLY

(Continued from page 60) unusual honesty and candor. "But things are not always what they seem. The money from my first starring role and a few smaller parts had long gone with the wind. The tuxedo and those too-tight shoes were rented. In my pocket was exactly four dimes and three pennies. If it hadn't been for Debbie's mother and her fabulous enchiladas, I'd have been hungry that night. And, if it hadn't been for an earlier admirer, Debbie wouldn't have said that beautiful corsetage of orchids.

"I was a star—without work," Tab mused, "an actor who wasn't given a chance to act, recipient of hundreds of letters every week from a public which had difficulty focusing on the screen and yet remained loyal. Little did they know how uncomfortable and insecure I felt as I handed the boy who brought my—"and the finance company—behind the curtains a slip of paper on which I'd written: 'I.O.U. one dollar. Please hold until I get a job!'

"Behind all my troubles was the notion that becoming a movie star couldn't be very hard if I'd done it. Breaking into pictures had been a cinch—with the fans, if not with the critics."
or did he know that a young actor needs study, studio and money study. Indeed, Tab spent his time perfecting his skating. As he explains it, "Friends drudge me, if I wanted to make the grade as an actor, I made myself back to the roots. Maybe the concentrated on the part then because I didn't have real stuff in myself as an actor. I don't know. As I really made to work at skating, I realized didn't have time practice at the rink.

I owe that determination," Tab admits, "to my good friend Dick Clayton. Time time he talked to me like a Dutch uncle. He pointed out that an actor's life is for tremendous self-discipline and hard work. I knew I was advising myself, but I wasn't ready for it. Up to then, only self-discipline I own was in my skating. I'd been a amateur; he'd never had a job long because I got bored. After I got in movies and work with a dramatic coach, take voice lessons three times a week for six months. I mean I wouldn't study at all for that. Finally, I sensed a change in myself. I realize I truly wanted to study the same way I'd wanted to perfect ice skating. I guess it was a step in my rite of passage—new maturity. But you force changes like that; you've got to wait until they develop. I think seeing such dedicated artists as Brando, Monty Clift, and the late my Dean—all of whom were stage-nod—helped me in my determination. I learn my craft slowly; I saw how seriously they work—how hard they worked. Now I try every day. I work out improvisa-tion here at the studio with other actors, in Broadway plays, see all the movies—American and foreign—that I can.

Dutch uncle Dick gave me a jolt, too, as he said, 'Look, kid, you're just too lazy, too naive. You're being assured of fair weather friends that you're "the man" and you've found no reason to test it. You've been misled by the in-security, the artificiality of Hollywood.' New Dick by nature. I'm extrovert. I love people. I'm frank and open and honest and I expect everyone to be the same. I knew it only too well before I made "Battle Cry". My performances were mediocre in most of my movies. Yet after every review, I was that I was wonderful.

The changes in Tab Hunter during the fourteen months are still too close to home to properly evaluated. But later, as he gains perspective, he will be grate-
Confession of a Husband in Love

(Continued from page 61)

escapes, and manages somehow to jam them into this house, where there is barely enough room for two people, and make them comfortable while we look for a new and real home for Jimmy. Now, you know, I'm left in is playing Mr. Barrett—you know, the stern parent of Elizabeth Barrett, who finally was rescued from her father's cruelty by Robert Browning.

Jean Stewart stopped his inactivity and strode around the room. Then he looked squarely at me with his gleaming eyes, which always have laughter in them.

"This is my domestic situation," he said. "As for my professional standing—well, you saw what happened the other night."

I had seen it, indeed. It was at Santa Barbara after an ultra-exclusive showing of "Guys and Dolls." Sam Goldwyn, who does all things elegantly, had brought up some twenty people—of which I was one—from Hollywood to see the preview of his pet film. After the picture, he had a reception at his house. Jean Stewart was at the end of the receiving line. Next to her stood Goldwyn, next to him Marlon Brando, then Mrs. Goldwyn, and finally—far down the line—Miss Simmons' husband.

Stewart Granger, as unashy a viole ever bloomed, was calmly and humbly Miss Simmons' husband that evening. Last summer, when Jim, as the powers—that be all he has learned these past fourteen months. And it is as if he had the time of his life at hand, for he had to make it, one thing, and two, the coming film: "The Young One We Here"—"The Girl He Left Behind."

"Don't ever regret anything that I do to you," is another wise saying of a mother often repeated to him. But, he can be glad it was—believe himself. He has proved, to himself, that there is magic in belief.
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Luck Is a Lady for Brando

(Continued from page 41)

emphatic in everything—including his suits. A very complex individual, he has tremendous variety and originality. Although on hand he is an extrovert, he is also very much an individualist—too much so, at times, for his own good. Because of his high ideals, he cannot abide the little things that everyday or near-laden. A pioneer, a “me-first” man, he comes to competition, he does his best when challenged most. Whatever he does, he does it in such a way that it is an acquired stamp of originality on it, because everything has to be different with Marlon—and nothing will ever stand in his way of achievement. Although he has consistently fought personal publicity, Marlon has been able to maintain his independence and his individuality, which are different degrees of freedom. He doesn’t want to be bored with everything else. Actually, he would like to be written up in a picture— if it were completely devoted to him.

One of the most important aspects of Marlon’s personality is his aloofness with himself. With himself, he lives on an island and in a dreamworld that even the most sophisticated, sophisticated, sophisticated critic will never penetrate. In this inner dreamworld, some of his best ideas are nurtured, then brought out into the open for the world to know and praise. There, too, resides his greatest emotions, which go back deep and remain buried. Marlon is constantly growing and he has matured a great deal. His acting “The Slob” a few years ago was just part of his growing up—he felt it was his way of being different, but he eventually realized it was the wrong way.

According to his horoscope, Marlon’s love life is one big “It.” The girl of his dreams will always be a dream girl. Marlon will never find just the right girl because the kind he wants doesn’t exist! And he can’t seem to step outside his dream-world long enough to find the girl for him. Basically, Marlon wants someone to love who is unsophisticated, unworlly, who is not just like everyone else and who would be happy to remain in the background. And she’s got to stay that way! Once he marries, Marlon will make a good husband and a wonderful father, for he loves children. Along with this, he would be very good at training children and discovering new talent.

As for the future, Marlon’s horoscope shows that Lady Luck will continue to stick by him. In his career this year, he will become bigger and better than ever.
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There will be a new Marlon Brando in 1956. As for romance, he could very likely get married around July or August. Whether or not he will marry Joanne Mari- tani cannot definitely be said for, if she decides to go the movie—due—and has stated, this might not set well with Marlon. He could very well marry someone older than himself, someone more mature. All in all, "the best is yet to be" for Marlon. He likes the varied roles and the stars in the palm of his talented hand, and he is destined to use them to the very best of his advantage.

How does this compare with your ideas of Marlon Brando? Does it really sound like him? Let's look at the record and see.

Time was, not long ago, when Marlon could make a quick buck from his financial misfortunes. Their in faded dandies and a much-worn T-shirt. His living quarters filled the bare essentials, his usual means of travel was by motorcycle, and one of his "friends" was called to Hollywood to make "The Men" and later "A Streetcar Named Desire." His ungentlemanly dress, his unbusinesslike actions—such as placing a bowling ball in the middle of the night—and his outspoken brought forth an angry deluge of criticism. He avoided social gatherings like poison, said Hollywood was just a place to make quick money, he once was the box-office king proclaiming that he had to have his freedom and independence, that he hated conformity. In 1952, after he had been nominated for an Academy Award, he didn't even have enough for a meager living. At one giving night, instead, he sent a chauffeur to pick up his Oscar, in case he won it.

Much that was written and said about Marlon's way of life was nothing less than a bungled travesty on the part of publicity offices and gossip mills, Marlon himself was responsible for his share. Apparently, however, once all the publicity had served its initial purpose of alerting the public to Brando's roots in Greenwich Village, no one was willing to realize that the whole thing had been pushed too far. Since then, he has admitted this was a very unhappy time for him—what he felt at odds with the world, he longed to run away in the middle of the night. He was so restless and he hopes that eventually people will erase the picture of "The Slob" and come to see him as he really is. Marlon has always been one of his family friends, he's not completely distended; he was deeply hurt by its implications. Now he is making every effort to correct that impression, and a closer look at him and his recent activities reveals a changed man.

By way of contrast with his attitude toward the Oscar Awards three years before, Marlon attended the great event in 1955, smiling and friendly, properly and handsomely dressed in a tux. When the ballot was opened and his name was announced, he stepped up to the microphone and made a gracious, heart-warming acceptance speech. It was plain to see that this was an act of sincerity.

Nowadays, too, Marlon not only attends more social gatherings—always well dressed and occasionally in formal attire—but he seems to be very social, everybody calling on Colleen. He's a definite high-spirited, fun-loving girl, says she's met Marlon at parties and finds him wonderful company. Apparently, Marlon has also changed his lifestyle. He's no longer cluttered with nothing but money and has decided to settle in the film capital for a prolonged spell. Recently, he had a whole load of personal belongings shipped from New York to Hollywood and rented himself a house in the Hollywood hills. This house, which rises three stories high amid lush vegetation and offers a magnificent view of the Pacific, is styled somewhat like an Italian villa and, inside and out, has a solid, comfort-
nothing mean in any of his jokes, but he does love a prank. I really think it's that quality of boyishness in his character that makes him so likable.

Perhaps this is the key to Marlon's seemingly contradictory character. On one hand, he is highly intelligent and complex, with great artistic depth. Still, he has preserved the ability to look out on the world with the naiveté and freshness of a young boy. Marlon has said that, when he enters a room full of people, he can sense if just one person in the crowd is hostile to him. Only a child usually has such keen sensitivity. Marlon also feels most comfortable with children and animals. He loves to dream and dawdle, take long walks in the country and stare up into the sky. A great aim, he loves to disguise his own telephone and assume strange identities. Showing his playful imagination, he once told a girl friend, "I'm a crow flying to Florida. I won't write because I can't rip a fountain pen in my claws."

Although Marlon's recent behavior has been docile compared with his rebelliousness of a few years ago, he has by no means lost his yearning to be free and independent. Rather, it seems, he has been learning to adjust to the necessary conditions of life and set himself individual within that framework. "To say," says Karl, "that Marlon has to do anything. He hates to be ushered around and chafes under any form rigid discipline." Most important, adds Karl, "Marlon has a set of standards that may not necessarily jibe with those of a lot other movie people. Plainly, ordinary folks never find him hard to take. There's real substance to him, and I for one consider it privilege to call him a friend." Karl's life backs him up by saying, "Marlon is easily and truly very sweet. I like him a lot. He's been a guest at my house and he's welcome any time. He's a real person. I wish there were more like him."

Perhaps the final test of Marlon's new order equilibrium will be whether or not he'll eventually settle down to a happy marriage. Although he announced his engagement to Josiane Mariani, who now has home of her own outside Hollywood, no move has apparently been made toward marriage. At the time he became engaged Josiane, Marlon said, "She has a lot of a lot love, which is a lot of love, and I respect it."

At the same time, both he and Josiane have been dating others. Rita Moreno, whom Marlon has dated occasionally for quite a while, said recently, "Any time big Marlon calls up, I'll go out with him."

It's no secret that Marlon has tremendous appeal for women. However, he is not getting any younger. At thirty-two, he is getting past the age where most men usually marry and start a family. And with Marlon's love for children and his apparent need for love himself, there doesn't seem to be any good explanation for his failure to settle down thus far. The youngest of three children, he comes from a warm, devoted family and could normally be expected to follow the same pattern.

Marlon's and Josiane's reasons for not marrying are strictly their own, but whatever they are, the fact remains that Marlon is still "unmarried." He didn't have to announce his engagement unless he really meant it at the time. He must have been in love and ready and willing to tie the knot. Perhaps, in his mind, he does want to get married and settle down, raise a family, but the Peter Pan in his soul won't let him go through with it. It seems to make him pick the wrong girl, or else act in a way the right kind of girl wouldn't tolerate for long. Perhaps, too, his horoscope is right in revealing that he never will find exactly the kind of girl he wants.

In any event, everyone who knows Marlon likes him without exception. No one can say "He's nuts" because he's without malice, without cruelty, without guile. He has remained loyal to all his old friends—hasn't lost a single one— and is making as many more as he chooses. "Other than my wife," says Marlon, "the only girl I've ever been in business for myself, with one acting plum after another following into his lap, Marlon seems to be sitting on top of the world. He also has limitless scope to do what he likes and does best—act. Judging from the way fans wildly jammed Times Square to see him at the New York premiere of "Guys and Dolls," plus the renewed adulation he has received from his role in that movie, there seems to be no doubt as to Marlon's tremendous popularity. As his horoscope revealed, the one big question mark in his life is love and marriage.

All in all, it does seem that Marlon has become a "new man," and that there is no longer any need for him to carry a chip on his shoulder or rebel so fiercely. There also seems to be a deep impression that his horoscope hit the nail on the head and that the best is definitely yet to be for this terrific guy Marlon.

The End

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easy for her to get a foothold as a
photographers’ model and beauty-contest
winner. Now she rates assignments ranging
it

“War and Peace” to
Columbia’s “Zarak Khan.”
Amiability and solid masculinity are
the chief assets of richard egan, both pro-

from Paramount’s

fessionally and personally. A native San
Franciscan, born July 29, 1921, he picked
up varied stage experience and taught
public speaking before he started slugging

away at a movie career. He numbers Bob
Mitchum and Jane Russell among his good
friends, thanking them for the help they’ve
But he admits to no serious romantic involvements. And his most trusted
adviser is his older brother Will, a priest.
Dates with Bing Crosby may have
brought kathryn grant some newspaper
space but she hasn’t relied on them to
further her career. This Texas girl, born
in Houston on November 25, 1933, decided
while she was in high school that movies
were for her. She has used contacts like
a chance meeting with Roy Rogers’ manager to get interviews. But the jobs she

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Born in
is tab hunter.
York, July 11, 1931, brought up in
California, he was a Coast Guardsman and
a champ ice-skater before he’d turned
twenty. He still skates as a hobby; he’s an
expert rider, too, and even goes in for the
risky sport of jumping. Tab’s movie debut, more than three years ago, put him
in the promising class, but it took “Battle
Cry” to put him in the big time.
Call Martha hyer Tab’s feminine counterpart: promising for several years, but
now— thanks in good measure to you

New

Home

You can

into a big, beautiful

29, 1931, she’s grown
girl. Her looks

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your child has same chance. Send ONE small photo. Print
child’s & parents’ name & address on back, returned 30 days
with judges’ report. No obligation. Established 1945)

MOVIE

(Continued from page 59)
to his work, he relaxes with
books, horses and plunges into the Pacific.
Luscious anita ekberg catches every
man’s eye. Since her birth in Malmo,

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But what man
Line forms on the right.

M. Brando,

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Tab Hunter t Jane Russell.
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CONTAINS PHOTOS OF

T. Curtis.

D.

J. Allyson,

R.

Hudson

E. Fisher.

M. Brando, M.Monroo,

T.

Hunter.

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G. Champion, R. Calhoun, t.Russell,

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The case

of shirley jones is quite difLike Doris Day, Shirley was chosen
by Photoplay readers on the basis of just
one movie. The little girl from Smithton,
(born March 31, 1934),
Pennsylvania
missed out in 1952’s “Miss America” preliminaries. But she came to the attention
of the great composing team of Rodgers
and Hammerstein. They kept her busy
with modest jobs in stage musicals, and
she never knew what they were saving
her for until the movie version of “Oklaferent.

CONTAINS PHOTOS OF

Taylor,

An-

other Texas girl (Fort Worth, August 10,
1929) Martha has been game for any sensible approach: work at the Pasadena Playhouse; roles in Westerns; foreign movies;
wearing her hair red, blond or brunette, as
the assignment has required. Now she’s set
for a prosperous future.

At

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N.Y. Dept.

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"Benu^jn^$m^T^
with eoch 50c or

homa!” went into production.

As fancy-free

pavan
overcome:

as Shirley, marisa

had an unusual handicap

to

being identified as just Pier Angeli’s twin.
But you have spotted Marisa as an individual in her own right. She was born
in Caglieri, Sardinia, on June 19, 1932. A
gentle, reserved sort of person, she is in-

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You Chose

the Stars

to Get Rid of

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DEPT. 223

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J0UET, ILL

terested in painting and sculpturing.
Two of your favored players can date a
wedding anniversary from the same year
as their “Choose Your Stars” triumph.
ray danton was married to Julie Adams
several months before Photoplay readers

began sending in ballots marked with his
name. Ray’s that rarity, a native New
Yorker, born September 19, 1931. He began
as a child actor on radio and in summer
theatres, rushed into adult roles because
his voice changed at an unusually early

Two years in the Army and experi
ence on tv preceded his movie success.
Bride of Ted Briskin (ex-husband <
Betty Hutton), colleen miller won vote
with her soft, dark beauty. She hails froi
Yakima, Washington, marks Novembt
10th as a special date on her calendar. It
her birthday (1932), also the day that Usigned her. Beauty prizes and dancir
stints were Colleen’s only pre-Hollywoo
achievements.
Other
young happily-marrieds wh
reaped an imposing number of ballots in
elude william Campbell. With her encoui
agement and at the sacrifice of her ow
hoped-for career, his lovely Judith is help
ing him toward fame. Born in Newarlj
New Jersey, October 30, 1926, Bill earnest];
studied acting in New York, did a hitch
the Navy and picked up plenty of stag
work before he headed for Hollywood
As intensely ambitious as Bill, lo
smith also married young. Born Lois Hurr
bert in Topeka, Kansas, November 3, 193
she spent her teen years in Seattle an
became Mrs. Wesley Smith while she ar
Wes were college freshmen. He’s now si
instructor at Princeton, and Lois followe;
her quick Hollywood click with a person,:

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Broadway success

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Beautiful.”
About the same age as many establishell
(born January 1 I
stars, jeff morrow
1917) is nevertheless forging ahead rapic j
native of Brook I
ly with his new career.
lyn, Jeff got out of there early becau: 1
it was too far from Times Square. Ne
York’s theatre district gave him sol
training and a charming wife, tv and fil:
actress Anna Karen. They have a nim| I

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year-old daughter, Liss.
Another benedict among the chose®
twenty is aldo ray. He and wife Jeff Dor I
nell have had their problems, but are try
ing hard to work them out. Born in Pe
Arsyl, Pennsylvania, September 25, 192
Aldo was brought up in Crockett, Cal
J

fornia,

made

his first

Tab Hunter, he had
Cry”

movie

in 1951. Lil
to wait for “Batt

.

to get his real break.

Before russ tamblyn reached his twei
birthday, on December 30th, ijj
decided to take himself out of the bad
elor ranks, with the announcement of
engagement to Venetia Stevenson. A n;
tive of Los Angeles, Russ (at first calk;
Rusty) won his first film role in 1948.
But he isn’t the youngest of the win
ners. Among the three talented teenage
that you chose, pat wayne has that di
tinction. Sixteen-year-old Pat celebrat
July 15th as his birthday. Another Ang>
leno, he is John Wayne’s son, but oth
producers tapped Pat for movies befo
Dad got around to employing him. Pa
smart as a whip, and his height (six fel
one) may qualify him for older roles,
Seventeen-year-old susan strasberg a
so has a show-business heritage. Daught
of stage director Lee Strasberg, she w
born May 22nd in New York City, made
theatre debut at the age of fourteen. /
present, she is drawing stage acclaim
star of “The Diary of Anne Frank.”
Now eighteen, Natalie wood began hj
career even earlier, when she was eigl
Born July 20th in San Francisco, Natal
moved with her parents to Santa Ro:
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California, where a movie company ha]
pened to be locationing. The child w
used as an extra— and the director remer
bered her two years later, when casting
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important juvenile role. Long experien
accounts for Natalie’s poise.
There are your winners. Photoplay coi
gratulates you on your excellent jud,
ment— and joins you in wishing yo
favorites the good fortune they’ve earne


I Swoon for Frank Sinatra

(Continued from page 65)

ve would be gone about ten days to two weeks. He said the trip would be good for my geography, my history and my interest in something to eat aside from a hamburger and a Coke. Family joke—very funny.

Naturally there were plenty of things to do. School finals would be inflicted upon my class while I was gone. I had to make arrangements to have them in advance, and, in order to take them ahead of time, I had plenty of work to do. I've been wildly lucky so far; I've been able to collect pretty good grades and I didn't want a fall flat on my face while traveling, so really worked. Somehow studying was made a lot easier by my Christmas present from Daddy: four pieces of matched luggage in a brass case; I set them up in my room to reminding me why I couldn't linger on the telephone or sten to my records.

Another thing I couldn't make it easy was Lom's taking me shopping for clothes. We asked to some people who had lived in Australia, so we knew that I would need lightweight clothing for January "down under" because January is midsummer for them.

We took off at ten in the morning of a right January day and flew to San Francisco, where we had a light lunch for Honolulu, the Fiji Islands and Sydney, Australia—all merely names till then. I don't think I was excited—just plain numb with anticipation from hat to toes. I had flown before, when Daddy took me to New York and to Las Vegas, at this was different; this was over water, for thirty-six hours.

One week of sight of land, Daddy settled down to a talk with me. He said that he would be meeting many important people and that I would be interviewed right along with him. I had been interviewed by a newspaper when I had been interviewed by a newspaper while I was in the midst of a big ceremony when we arrived at flights were met with ceremonies, so I saw my first play-live hula, and my first dressed-to-goodness leis, and learned to say "Aloha." Daddy finally came out, and I knew you to the truth, so. I had a terrible thing thinking up answers and sometimes the questions which understood, and I think Daddy was, too, by saying, "Remember, chicken, we stop here on our way home."

We finally landed at Sydney at eleven at night, and there was a huge delegation to meet us. Since I am supposed to be honest, I will admit that I think a press interview at that time of night, after thirty-six hours of flying, is a bit fair. I know Daddy was exhausted, and if you want to know the truth, so was I. I had a terrible time thinking up answers and sometimes the questions which understood, and I think Daddy was, too, by saying, "Remember, chicken, we stop here on our way home."

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One of the things I have always admired about Daddy is his neatness. He dresses very well (at least according to my taste) and I am always proud of him when he goes out together. He has one charcoal suit with which he wears a mint shirt and a white-on-white tie which seems to pick up the green of the shirt. I think this is one of my favorites, and I don't know it wasn't wearing it when we landed in Sydney. I don't recall exactly what he was wearing but it was rumpled and his shirt color was open, but I didn't think it was fair for all those people to see him when he wasn't looking . . . well, I think "natural" is the best word. I wasn't looking natural either—not with my arms full of the most gorgeous roses I had ever seen. I felt like a royal princess.

After our Sydney stop we flew on to Melbourne, arriving at two in the morning—I wasn't wearing glasses by that time, just wearily. I awoke and there was no delegation. I was so impressed by the friendliness of the people. Even if the night hadn't been warm, which it was in the midst of Australia's summer, the beaming faces of those wonderful people would have made the temperature tropical. How they cheered Daddy! And they presented me with a toy koala bear, my first.

From there to the next we went straight to the hotel and to bed. Oh bed! You never realize how comforting it is until you haven't climbed between sheets for three days. When I awakened I looked at my watch and couldn't believe my eyes: It was noon. I went into Daddy's room and woke him up. After we both showered, dressed, we had a wonderful breakfast.

Now, let me see. What happened next?
Incidentally, one of the worst scoldings I ever got in my life from Daddy resulted from a late-night shopping expedition. I stayed out one night until one-thirty. I was attending a party at a private home, of course; the parents were friends of my parents, so that was all right, but I was supposed to be inside my own front door at midnight. I won't go into the reasons for my lateness (which I thought were fairly good), but when the time came for my weekly report I was scheduled to tell him about the over-hours bit. He gave me a Judge Hardy talk over the telephone, all about fourteen being too young for that sort of thing and my having plenty of time for later. He sternly told me the rules and ended by grounding me for two whole weeks.

Another thing that Daddy is particular about is my writing of home. Every day he would ask me, "Did you write to your mother last night?" Or "Did you write to your brother?" Or "Did you write to your sister?" This is the reason I don't believe in writing cran if there were such a thing, I'm sure I'd have it.

Several other Australian experiences stand out: Daddy and I fell in love with the idea of afternoons tea. Every day at four, throughout the length and breadth of the land, apparently, everyone stops whatever he is doing and has tea. I love tea as a beverage anyhow, always have, so naturally the idea was the greatest.

New honor came to me and I don't think Daddy is ever going to let me forget it. We visited a zoo and I saw for the first time in my life, a real live koala bear, a mother koala and a baby koala who was named Nancy in my—aeh—honour.

Daddy and I also did a lot of shopping. Nearly every afternoon we would prowl the streets for hours after dinner to find a beautiful crocodile purse—maybe it was alligator, I can never tell the difference. We thought it was unusual because it was finished in a soft greenish gray shade instead of the customary brown. Perfumes don't bear the duty in Australia that they do here, so we also bought two of Mom's favorite perfumes.

Of course one of the first things I noticed was the stock of terrific sweaters in all the stores; the colors are out of a prize rainbow and the fabric is an angora as soft as lovely. Nell. W. McGee, member of the troupe, gave me a beautiful blue slipover that is my pride and joy.

But best of all the Australian experiences was hearing Daddy sing, night after night, all through the long hot summer nights, "Man River," "The Birth of the Blues" and "Young at Heart." And helping him prepare spaghetti every Sunday while we were in Sydney. The Sinatra singing was expected; the cookery was not, but the truth is that—good as the Australian lamb and beet were—we began to homesick for the Italian menu.

In Sydney, our entire company was living in the twelve rooms of a small hotel, so naturally Daddy had the run of the kitchen. Early Sunday morning he would buy fresh tomatoes, beef that he had the butcher grind (to the butcher's shock), packaged spaghetti, and olive oil, plus seasonings. Most of us nearly drowned while drooling as we sniffed that wonderful spaghetti and tried to control ourselves until dinner was ready.

One might imagine that I would have picked up a lot of show business pointers on this trip, since I think—right now at least—I ought to be an actress someday. But the sad fact is that Daddy doesn't talk much show business during his leisure hours. What he does love to talk about is baseball, chiefly the Giants. I may never learn a lot about stage presence, voice control and timing from listening carefully to Daddy, but I'll be an authority on Willie Mays, Ruben Gomez and their fellow players.

And so, as they say in the travelogues, we had to say goodbye to glamorous Australia with its fascinating traffic (Daddy and I embarrassed ourselves by traversing a pedestrian tunnel headed in the wrong direction), its vast distances, its dazzling beaches and sharp blue water and its generous, friendly people. Our departing luggage was filled with the set is anything but a beautiful trinket to carry around in my purse.

We reached Honolulu just after noon, and the first thing we did was to hurry to a sandwich counter and order a hamburger and a milk shake—oh, what need for amnesia!

Daddy was simply dead, because when he heard the bell, he goes all out. He has a conviction that when you have a ticket to hear an entertainer sing, they are entitled to the very best he can give. Daddy knocks himself out to give good music, and he wants to know as many people as possible. He is very good at asking questions that encourage people to talk about themselves and their country. The people who had half his memory, I'd get the best marks of anyone in our school.

Since Daddy had worked so hard, and because his throat had given him some trouble, we decided to spend a few days in Honolulu, relaxing. In fact two and one-half days and three nights to be exact.

We stayed at the Surfrider and from our lanai we could see Waikiki from Diamond Head almost to the Aloha Tower. Daddy had spent several weeks in Honolulu when he was working in "From Here to Eternity," and consequently he had flocks of friends to see.

We had dinner at the Beachcomber and I ate so much Chinese food that if I had another I'd think it was being basted in a sauce. We had dinner at the Halekulani under the hau tree, and we had dinner in The Royal Hawaiian and listened to the most beautiful Hawaiian singing I have ever heard.

We bought Mom a beach outfit of Japanese silk consisting of a shirt and a pair of shorts, gray on which there was a bright yellowbell seal, a beach bag with a matching beach coat and Daddy bought trunks—very sharp. He has a slender figure that looks good in the skin tight ones they like to wear so much in The Islands.

One of the reasons Daddy is so happy in Hawaii is that The Island melting pot proves what Daddy has said so often. It is possible for people of all colors and all nationalities to live together happily if we will only accord one another the respect always due human dignity. One of the greatest things I've learned is that half Polynesian, one-fourth Chinese and one-fourth Portuguese. In the schools it is sometimes impossible to guess a child's racial heritage by looking at him, because his is a great ability to conceal his individuality. I might have come from Hawaii, Samoa, the Philippines Islands, Denmark, England, Japan, Portugal and India. The result is that I think, is one of the most beautiful groups of people on earth—and me of them American citizens!

We came home against my graduation gift from Daddy (obtained from junior high, three years to go for senior high commencement) was a powerful portable radio on which I can pick up the Hawaiian music that I love. I let Daddy in on the secret and I think, is one of the most important right now is getting an education. Fink University High, then college, then we will make future.
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PHOTOPLAY

Your April issue will be on sale at your newsstand—March 8

March 1956

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The FIRST BIG COMEDY of 1956!

Lucy goes to the movies and dreams she's a violent vamp!

Desi takes her on a camping trip, funniest ever filmed!

He turns up at the most embarrassing moments!

LUCILLE BALL

DESI ARNAZ

JAMES MASON

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See America's Favorites on the BIG theatre screen!

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HELEN DEUTSCH · EASTMAN COLOR · TECHNICOLOR · ALEXANDER HALL · DESI ARNAZ

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"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW"

A 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dept B-36, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper.)

THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

I'd say Eddie Fisher is showing a lot more warm-hearted humor since his marriage. Maybe some of it rubbed off from Debbie. At a party, Leslie Caron always looks as if she weren't invited, even when she's the hostess. Vic Damone continues to puzzle me. He's just on the other side of the thin line from being a big hit in movies and records. I wonder if Phyllis Gates Hudson approves of the name Rock. Knowing Phyllis, my answer to those movie mags preparing stories entitled "Will Marriage Spoil Rock Hudson?", my answer is No! Whenever any movie boasts it's a "behind the scenes story," I become suspicious. If you asked me (and I'm aware you didn't), Sophia Loren's real name is Sofia Scicolone. Gary Cooper on the stand in "The Court-Martial of Billy Mitchell" reminds me of Cooper on the stand in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town." Only this time, Cooper takes the stand with a historic purpose. TV gives you a chance to prove you were right about a lot of people who were unjustly pushed around and out of the movies. Latest example: Phil Silvers. Observing a famous dog and mule who were very friendly on a set between takes, I'd say this is a town in which only the animals get along the way human beings should.

Mickey Rooney is himself—wearing glasses and barking objections—on a local TV show called Juke Box Jury. I have more than a suspicion that Marlon Brando wants to return to the Broadway stage. Why isn't Lena Horne making a movie? Why! Oscar's song—I'll bet it wins—is "Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing." I wonder if Joan Crawford ever thinks back to the days when she was struggling to be accepted at Pickfair. Whenever Rod Steiger wants to show his appreciation, he presents the person with: 1) a book of poetry; or 2) a special recording of waves breaking and rolling onto the sand. This record is great for lulling you to sleep. Zsa Zsa Gabor will tell you that this is a town where the most happily married couples are the ones who are separated.

I wonder if Frank Sinatra would be as great if he hadn't been torching for Ava. Also, I wonder if the fame is worth the torch. Howard Keel is a nice guy and an excellent singer, but somehow he doesn't send me. Despite her milk-and-honey appearance, I'm willing to wager that Shirley Jones knows the score. Marlene Dietrich's milk-and-honey appearing a spy in a movie. Grace Kelly always looks as if she's playing Grace Kelly. George Dubrow says that Hollywood is a place where they think...
HEAR! HEAR!
It's
DANNY
KAYE
in the king-sized comedy of this or any year!

You'll roar at Danny as Royal diaper changer to the pint-sized king!

THE
COURT
JESTER
co-starring
GLYNIS JOHNS
BASIL RATHBONE
ANGELA LANSBURY
CECIL PARKER.

Color by TECHNICOLOR
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

SONGS!
Baby Let Me Take You Dreaming
Life Could Not Be Better
The Maladjusted Jester
Out Fox The Fox
and others!

Words and Music by Sylvia Fine and Sammy Cahn. Written, Produced and Directed by NORMAN PANAMA and MEVIN FRANK
THAT’S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

Continued

ye’re doing you a favor when they let you do them a favor. . . . I thought Lori Nelson and Gene Nelson would make a fine romantic couple. I guess it’s the same last name that misled me. At this typewriter sitting, it’s Gene Nelson and Piper Laurie—a daily double I never would have selected. (I’m honest; I admit it) . . . There’s no middle-road feeling toward Anna Magnani. You either think she’s the greatest or that she hams it up. . . . I don’t think there should be a movie season which doesn’t feature a picture with Katharine Hepburn. . . . Description of Sheree North’s dancing: She shakes until you get tired. . . . Mamie Van Doren is a glamour girl I never thought I’d see develop into a mother. She is doing it gracefully, too. The other day she told some friends: “I’m expecting twins. It must be two, I feel so pregnant.” . . . Audrey Hepburn can greet visiting royalty with the air of a princess, or do a great imitation of Jerry Lewis for her friends. Jerry caught a bit of it and howled. . . . Mr. Lewis says this is a town where you’re a big man when you can not only toss your weight around, but also have a masseuse to do it for you.

Susan Hayward is “the $64,000 question” as far as I’m concerned. . . . Why is it that every time I watch Perry Como on TV, I’m reminded of Bing Crosby? This isn’t anything against Como, whom I like, . . . I wish some movie or TV producer would give Charlie Chaplin, Jr. a chance in an important role. Charlie, Jr. is a good performer, and his famous name shouldn’t be held against him. . . . Mike Curtiz, attesting to the character of a starlet. remarked: “She’d tell you the truth, even if she had to lie to do it.”

I wonder if Liberace signs his letters “Sincerely Yours.” . . . Gregory Peck looks as if he’s trying to decide whether to tell you something or not. . . . In my opinion, Kim Novak gives her best performance to date in “The Man with the Golden Arm.”. . . . No matter how many openings, premieres, parties or what-have-you Jeanne Crain and her husband, Paul Brinkman, attend, the announcer has to be informed who Paul Brinkman is. . . . At a dinner party given by Arthur Loew, Jr., Marlon Brando was seated opposite his look-alike, Paul Newman. The two got along fine; no comment was made of the fact that they act, as well as look, alike. . . . Tab Hunter always looks and sounds as if he had just run up a flight of stairs. . . . How many new faces of last month can you recall? . . . When you see “Around the World in Eighty Days,” you’re going to be treated to a full-screen close-up of Marlene Dietrich’s legs—in that big Todd-AO process. . . . Tom Jenks says in this town, when an actress is described as a good housekeeper, it means every time she gets divorced she keeps the house. That’s Hollywood for you.
Those were his fingerprints on the gun—those weren't his fingerprints on his wife! The story of a man—his pride—his anger—and the vengeance that turned into hell on the dock! **ALAN LADD** and **EDW. G. ROBINSON** and **JOANNE DRU**

**"Hell on Frisco Bay"**

Actually filmed on the San Francisco bay-front in **CinemaScope** and WarnerColor—from Warner Bros.
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to your poise when it's "time-of-the-month" for you. Use Tampax internal sanitary protection. It's completely invisible when in place; you have no fears of telltale bulges or edge-lines. And even your uncertainty about the possibility of odor vanishes. Tampax positively prevents odor from forming!

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from your discomfort—Tampax eliminates the chafing pad, the binding belt. In fact, Tampax is so comfortable that you can't even feel you're wearing it! Yet though it's only 1/9 the size of an external pad, it's even more absorbent! You always feel secure with Tampax.

multiply
your activities. With Tampax, you're even apt to forget there's a difference in days of the month. Unlike any other kind of sanitary protection, it can be worn in shower or tub. Disposal is easy. Your choice of 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior) at drug or notion counters. Month's supply goes into purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

SOAP BOX:
I have just seen "Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing" and thought it was the most magnificent picture that I have seen in a long time.

I can't understand why William Holden didn't include Jennifer Jones as being one of his super-charmers.

To me, she is more professional than any other actress. I sincerely hope they will make many more pictures together.

Marlene Davison
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Some royal praise for George

Before the arrival of George Nader in Hollywood, I was beginning to fear that there would be no one to assume Clark Gable's role of "King" in the years to come, but now there is no doubt whatsoever in my mind.

This guy Nader has what it takes, and then some! Good looks, remarkable talent, overwhelming sex appeal.

After seeing "Six Bridges To Cross" and "Lady Godiva," I am convinced that here is a guy to watch. I predict great things in the future for our Mr. Nader.

So, move over Clark Gable, Tony Curtis, Tab Hunter and Marlon Brando, and make room for the new "King." . . . George Nader.

Mary Anne Chandler
Aiken, South Carolina

I am very disappointed in many of the Cowboy-and-Indian movies that are made. Why, damn, the Indians always be the losers, when actually they won a great many of the battles with the white men? Why can't the movie industry tell the truth once in a while?

It seems to me that whenever the white hero fights with the Indian chief or the chief's son, he wins all the time. I'm sure that white people would go crazy if the Indians were the ones who always won.

Recently I saw a picture called "Massacre Valley," one of the worst I've ever seen. It was so unbelievable that the audience just sat and laughed at it. One scene in particular showed two men behind a wagon, shooting all the Indians as though they were ducks in a pond. Spending money and time making this kind of movie is senseless.

A plea to the movie industry: If you plan on making any more pictures like this one, please don't say that the Indians were Sioux. The Sioux are one of the proudest and bravest tribes in America. I, myself, am a Sioux, and I'm proud of it. I am sure every other Indian in America feels the same way I do.

La Van King
Scottsbluff, Nebraska

I have just read your December issue of PHOTOPLAY and would like to give three cheers for Margaret O'Brien in speaking her piece on juvenile delinquency.

I am seventeen and I am constantly defending myself and other teenagers against unfair criticism because I feel as Margaret does. Just because a comparative few get into trouble is no reason to condemn all teenagers.

We feel that we are old enough to know right from wrong. I'm sure that if older people would just give us a chance, we could prove our point.

So, many thanks to Margaret O'Brien for sticking up for us.

Marilyn St. Cn
Sacramento, California

In spite of her outstanding success as the "arty" girl, Betsy Blair has the wonderful humility to refer to herself as "plain Betsy."

In my opinion, no other actress has so expressive a face as Miss Blair, and because of this she deserves the title "Most Beautiful Actress" instead.

The chance to direct the photography of such an intelligent, sensitive face must be an artist's dream assignment.

Victor Holman
San Francisco, California

Betsy's a beauty, says fan

CASTING:

I read Marjorie Morningstar by Herman Wouk. It is a marvelous book and would make an excellent movie, in my opinion. As a cast I'd suggest: Kirk Douglas as Noel; Lucy Marlow as Marjorie; John Ericson as Walt.

Faith Warrington
Brooklyn, N. Y.

I have just finished reading Star Money by Kathleen Winsor. I enjoyed it very much and think it would make a wonderful movie starring Dorothy Malone as Sherien Delaney; Glenn Ford as Ed Farcet; Michael Rennie as Dudas, and Guy Madison as Johnnie.

Gwen Taitman
Ville Platte, Louisiana

Continued on page 24
Often a bridesmaid... never a bride!

Most of the girls of her set were married... but not Eleanor. It was beginning to look, too, as if she never would be. True, men were attracted to her, but their interest quickly turned to indifference. Poor girl! She hadn't the remotest idea why they dropped her so quickly... and even her best friend wouldn't tell her.

No tooth paste kills germs like this... instantly

Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste does. Listerine instantly kills germs, by millions—stops bad breath (halitosis) instantly, and usually for hours on end.

Far and away the most common cause of bad breath is germs. You see, germs cause fermentation of proteins, which are always present in the mouth. And research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, the more you reduce germs in the mouth.

Tooth paste with the aid of a tooth brush is an effective method of oral hygiene. But no tooth paste gives you the proven Listerine Antiseptic method—banishing bad breath with super-efficient germ-killing action.

Listerine Antiseptic clinically proved four times better than tooth paste

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against? Every night... before every date, make it a habit to use Listerine, the most widely used antiseptic in the world.
LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

WITH JANET GRAVES

The Man with the Golden Arm U.A.

Honest, sympathetic and strongly emotional, Frank Sinatra's performance is the most arresting feature of a film packed with brilliant qualities. As a former narcotics addict, he returns to his sordid home neighborhood. He wants to become a jazz musician, and in this determination he is encouraged by his one-time girl, Kim Novak. But his wife, strikingly portrayed by Eleanor Parker, has a hold over him: He believes her permanently crippled, because of an accident that was his fault. She urges him to go back to his steady employment as shrewd dealer in a card game run by Robert Strauss. Forced by circumstance to obey her wish, Frank again is tempted by dope peddler Darren McGavin. All supporting players are fine, notably Arnold Stang as Frank's dim-witted, loyal hanger-on. The jazz score is highly effective.

Picnic COLUMBIA: CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

Here's a delightful and touching panorama of small-town life, with a first-rate cast paced by William Holden and Rosalind Russell. Cannily cast against type, Holden plays a light-hearted drifter who hits a Kansas town one summer day, lifting the spirits of many of its people (especially the women). With him and the wistful, lovely Kim Novak, it's love. Her dreaming kid sister, Susan Strasberg, admires his adventurous manner. But the girls' mother, Betty Field, deserted by her husband, is distrustful. At the annual picnic (a wonderful, uproarious, yet poignant sequence), matters come to a climax. It's here that Rosalind particularly triumphs, as an old-maid schoolteacher pathetically eager to marry cautious bachelor Arthur O'Connell. And the picnic's last hours also bring Holden to a moment of decision.

BEST ACTING: FRANK SINATRA
In his struggle against a deadly habit, Frank must turn to Kim for inspiration.

BEST ACTING: ROSALIND RUSSELL
A picnic's end brings weary relaxation to Arthur O'Connell, Roz, Bill and Susan.
From the moment he hit town... she knew it was just a matter of time!

The famed Pulitzer Prize Play... on the screen at last!
The problem: every woman faces.

There's a certain kind of body odor that perfumes can't conceal, deodorants can't help. Because of its embarrassing nature, women won't even talk about it among themselves. Therefore, many girls grow up in complete ignorance of the need for douching—and the particular need for a special kind of douching.

The wise, the informed, have already found in "Lysol" the right answer to this problem. For "Lysol" kills odor-producing bacteria rapidly, on contact. Just a teaspoonful added to the douche water both cleanses and deodorizes—gives you long-lasting daintiness. Yet the new improved "Lysol" is bland and harmless to feminine tissues. Actually, its antiseptic action is beneficial as well as gentle. And it spreads into each fold and crevice to give you complete assurance of personal cleanliness.

There are, of course, especially important times to use "Lysol" brand disinfectant. Married women naturally use more. But every woman faces the problem of "waning days," of extra secretions, of times when it just seems sensible and right to use it.

And don't ignore that feeling. Don't risk being guilty of "embarrassing odor." Not when "Lysol" is so gentle, so effective, so available, so easy!

...Write for free booklet on medically-approved methods of douching. (Sent in plain envelope.) Send name and address to "Lysol," Bloomfield, N.J., Dept. PP-563.

"Lysol"

Brand Disinfectant

LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

The Court Jester

PARAMOUNT

VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

Danny Kaye's latest tender a hilarious but friendly spoofing to the medieval swashbuckler. As a mild-mannered peasant of old England, he cares

Ready for a change, Danny guards the baby who is the true king of England for his true king, an infant kept in hiding to evade the wrath of the usurper. This bumbling monarch is amusingly portrayed by Cecil Parker. In love with pretty Glynnis Johns, gallant member of the underground, Danny takes on a risky job: impersonating a famed jester and acting as secret agent at the royal court, to pave the way for an uprising. Angela Lansbury lends more humor as a haughty princess who casts a love spell over the dashing jester, with the aid of her personal witch (inimitable Mildred Natwick). Loaded with merriment, song and spectacle, the picture admirably showcases Danny's varied talents, yet gives his supporting players opportunity.

As Billy Mitchell, Gary is prepared to stand trial by the Army he loves

Riviera

L.P.E., FERRANICOLOR

From Italy comes a wry film with more of a French flavor, and not just because it stars France's appealing Martine Carol. With her little, convent-bred daughter, from whom she has been long separated, Martine arrives at a swank Riviera resort. The other vacationers—a lot of phonies with uncertain morals—are charmed by Martine's beauty and gracious yet retiring air. Their attitude abruptly changes when they learn about the lady's past. As the town's young mayor, Raf Vallone has discovered her background earlier and answers her plea to help her escape it. As the millionaire who really runs the town, Carlo Bianco surveys all the proceedings with bored detachment. Shot in a lush Mediterranean locale, the picture is mostly sentimental—with a cynical finish.

As Billy Mitchell, Gary is prepared to stand trial by the Army he loves

bitter campaign in the early Twenties for America's air force, then shamefully neglected, undermanned and supplied with fatally outdated equipment. In this role, Cooper deliberately invites court-martial by making a blistering statement to the press. Ralph Bellamy's excellent as a congressman who takes up the flyer's cause. So are Charles Bickford, as an unyielding general, and Elizabeth Montgomery, as an air force widow whose
Doctors Prove a One-Minute Massage with

PALMOLIVE SOAP CAN GIVE YOU A

Cleaner, Fresher Complexion Today!

GETS HIDDEN DIRT THAT ORDINARY CLEANSING METHODS MISS!

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

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

Only a Soap This Mild.

CAN WORK SO THOROUGHLY YET SO GENTLY! PALMOLIVE BEAUTY CARE
CLEANS CLEANER, Cleans Deeper, WITHOUT IRRITATION!

Doctors have proved that Palmolive beauty care can give you a cleaner, fresher complexion the very first time you use it! That's because Palmolive care gets your skin deep-down clean by removing the hidden, clinging dirt that casual methods miss.

Here's the easy method: Just massage your face with Palmolive's rich, gentle lather for 60 seconds, morning and night. Rinse and pat dry. It's that simple! But remember... only a soap that is truly mild can cleanse thoroughly without leaving your face feeling drawn and uncomfortable. That's why Palmolive's mildness is so important to you. Try mild Palmolive Soap today for new complexion beauty!

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!
testimony is needed for the defense. But Rod Steiger's work as chief prosecuting attorney is a shade too colorful. FAMILY

Diane

M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

With a nod in the direction of 16th Century French history, Lana Turner's new film concentrates on romance and suspense. She plays a lady of the provinces who gets involved in court intrigue in order to save the life of her elderly husband (Torin Thatcher). Handsome Roger Moore is a bit pallid as the young prince who eventually becomes Lana's lover—and her king, looking to her as a trusted adviser. But Pedro Armendariz radiates true authority as Roger's royal father. And Marisa Pavan walks off with the show. In the important role of a Medici princess, Queen of France but an unholy wife, she is at once menacing and pitiable.

The Rain of Ranchipur

20TH: CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

Background scenes filmed in India and an overwhelming climax of flood destruction here overshadow personal problems, emotional as they are. Tina Turner is an American heiress who taunts husband Michael Rennie with her many conquests, but actually falls in love with one of them—Richard Burton, as an earnest Indian doctor. Done more winningly, with touches of humor, is the romance of Fred MacMurray, as a disillusioned engineer who's turned to drink, and Joan Caulfield, as a fellow American. ADULT

Helen of Troy

WARNER: CINEMASCOPE, WARNER COLOR

Ancient battles set off by a classic love rage across the screen in this imposing spectacle. Italy's Rossana Podesta and France's Jack Sernas fill the bill visually as Helen, the Greek queen, and Paris, the Trojan prince who woos her from her brutish husband (Niall MacGinnis). But both are handicapped by the fact that their dialogue has been dubbed in by English voices. However, the siege laid against Troy by the allied kings of Greece moves with sweeping scope and good detail to its tragic end. ADULT

Lucky Kid

LOPETO, TECHNISCOPE

A pleasant little fancy in soft British color goes on a ramble through a London slum, to meet some likeable people. Young Jonathan Ashmore is an imaginative child. He and his mother (Celia Johnson) board with a kindly tailor (David Kossof), who tells the boy about the fabulous unicorn, gentle beast that can grant all wishes for its owner. Jonathan manages to buy a sorry one-horned goat, believing it the magical unicorn. Somehow, wishes do come true for Jonathan and his friends. FAMILY

The Houston Story

COLUMBIA

Unencumbered by good guys, this crime yarn slashes its way through to the inevitable finish. Gene Barry does a smart job as a young oil driller, genial in manner but ruthless in ambition. With a clever scheme for stealing oil directly from the fields, he worms his way into the Houston rackets, aiming to displace boss Edward Arnold—and perhaps go higher. In a casting switch, wholesome Barbara Hale plays an unsavory blond nightclub doll very neatly. The only sympathetic characters are Frank Jenks, Gene's innocent stooge, and Jeanne Cooper, an affectionate waitress.

Too Bad She's Bad

GETKINGLEY

A luridly named Italian movie (titles in English) turns out to be a nice satirical comedy. It relates the hopeless efforts of an honest young cabbie (Marcello Mastroianni) to escape the wiles of luscious Sophia Loren. Her distinguished-looking dad (Vittorio De Sica) collects fine luggage—when its owners aren't looking. Her kid brothers are adept at removing spare tires from unwatched cars. And Sophia's own property sense is hazy. But she's a lovely girl. A light jest to run feature-length, it's still fun. ADULT

The Indian Fighter

U.A.; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

Kirk Douglas cuts a lusty figure as a frontiersman who can fight Indians, but would rather be friendly with them—especially with a spirited redskin maiden, Elsa Martinelli. As scout for a wagon train, Kirk must contend with a pair of gold-hungry trouble-makers and with a widow intent on remarriage. This outspoken lady is portrayed amusingly by Diana Douglas, Kirk's ex-off-screen. It all adds up to a vigorous Western that never takes itself too seriously. FAMILY

The Last Frontier

COLUMBIA; CINEMASCOPE, TECHNISCOPE

This time, it's Victor Mature who plays the mountain man reluctantly opposing Red Cloud's Sioux. Nature-loving and happily illiterate, he feels closer to them than to the whites he protects. But Army wife Anne Bancroft represents a more alluring side of "civilization." As her martinet husband, Robert Preston is a frontier tyrant, with Guy Madison standing by ready to be a hero should Preston really go off his rocker. FAMILY

Forever, Darling

M-G-M, EASTMAN COLOR

The beloved personalities of Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz lead livelihood to a featherweight fantasy, while James Mason slips into and out of the story with suave comments. As newlyweds, Lucy and Desi seem headed for happiness. But his scientific work and her giddy cronies push them apart—until Mason appears, as Lucy's guardian angel. He's a delusion, she fears. But pop Louis Calhern assures her that her angel is the McCoy. FAMILY

The Killer is Loose

U.A.

Compact, to the point, this thriller leads up to a frightening day in the... Continued on page 21
All New and Beautiful!

**Playtex® Magic Controller**

Made of figure-slimming FABRICON... a miracle blend of downy-soft cotton and latex

holds you in beautifully... in wonderful comfort!

**New Magic “Fingers”!**

Hidden “fingers” firm and support like magic... keep you firm, flat and flattered! And Fabricon molds you sleekly and surely into new slimness... no matter what your size!

**New Comfort!** “Open-pore” Fabricon lets your body breathe. It’s a pleasure to wear soft, cool Fabricon with its give-and-take stretch. And the non-roll top really stays up!

**New Freedom!** Fabricon is f-l-e-x-i-b-l-e... easy-on and easy-off! Not a seam, stitch or bone in it! New Playtex Magic-Controller has detachable, adjustable garters... washes, dries in a wink. At your favorite department store or specialty shop. Only $7.95. Extra Large, $8.95.

P.S. The girl is wearing the New Playtex Living® Bra* “custom-contoured” of elastic and nylon, $3.95

---

**THERE’S A PLAYTEX GIRDLE FOR YOUR FIGURE**

- For wonderful control, Playtex Light-Weight Girdle... $4.95
- For more control, Playtex High Style Girdle with new non-roll top... $5.95
- For most control, Playtex Magic-Controller with “fingers” panels... $7.95

*All Playtex Girdles are made of split-resistant Fabricon

---

by International Latex Corp.  PLANTER PARK  Dover Del  * In Canada: Playtex Ltd.  PLATTEX PARK  Arnprior, Ont.

Keeping up his amazing pace, William Holden captures the hearts and votes of PHOTOPLAY's readers for the Gold Medal Actress. Jennifer Jones, seen too seldom on the screen in recent years, takes the lead among feminine stars in a startling upset at the ballot box.

Gold Medal Actor

Top man in last year's voting, William Holden rises to victory once more, combining an engaging personality with an irresistible talent.
second consecutive year. Solid citizen, solid actor, Bill ranks first among your male favorites of 1955-56. You applauded him last year in Paramount’s “The Bridges at Toko-Ri” and “The Country Girl” and in 20th’s “Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing.” He’ll prove his versatility further in Columbia’s “Picnic,” Paramount’s “The Proud and Profane” and Warners’ “Toward the Unknown.” Sharing honors with Bill is his co-star in 20th’s romance, Jennifer Jones of the haunting features and the sure acting talent. Boomed to a new high in popularity, Jennifer also starred in 20th’s “Good Morning, Miss Dove.” For the same studio, she is in “The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit,” and husband David O. Selznick presents her next in “A Farewell to Arms.” For RKO. Into the winners’

(Continued on page 76)

Special Awards

COLUMBIA PICTURES CORPORATION: For bringing to motion-picture audiences a delightful screen reflection of America’s in “Picnic.” Personal situations involving stars William Holden, Rosalind Russell and Kim Novak take on greater depth because they’re set against a wise, humorous and loving portrait of life in the Midwestern United States. The charming title scenes give you a family cross-section, glimpsing everyone from infants to young lovers to grandparents, all reveling in a typically American day of picnic activities.

JAMES DEAN: Posthumously, for his outstanding dramatic performances in Warners’ “East of Eden” and “Rebel Without a Cause.” His brilliant and tragically brief career can serve as his own monument. There it stands, to show other young actors how much can be accomplished in a short time if genuine ability is combined with intensity of purpose and a sincere feeling of dedication. Actors in motion pictures are granted a special blessing: Their work does not die with them. Moviegoers will see James Dean again in Warners’ “Giant.”

GLENN FORD AND ELEANOR POWELL FORD: For their magnificent contributions to the establishment of better relationships among the boys and girls of their community. With her husband’s encouragement, Eleanor conducts on Los Angeles TV a sort of Sunday school of the air. At all times, Glenn shows a strong sense of civic responsibility, though the past year has been crowded for him, with the tremendous starring roles in M-G-M’s “Blackboard Jungle,” “Interrupted Melody” and “Trial,” Columbia’s “The Violent Men,” RKO’s “The Americano.”

OTTO PREMINGER: For his courage and great talent in bringing to the vast motion-picture audience his distinguished production “The Man with the Golden Arm,” released through United Artists. Making an excellent choice of leading players in Frank Sinatra, Eleanor Parker and Kim Novak, Preminger took a firm approach toward a difficult subject. It demanded more than mere daring; it called for honesty, integrity and a high degree of skill. To these were added understanding and compassion for the story’s troubled human beings.
HALO leaves hair Cleaner, Softer, Brighter...than any oily, greasy, soapy shampoo.

Halo—unlike most shampoos—contains no greasy oils or soap to leave dulling, dirt-catching film! Clear, liquid Halo bursts into rain-soft lather in any kind of water. Cleans thoroughly, quickly then rinses completely, carrying away dirt and dust-trooping dandruff. Brings out all of your hair's bright, shining beauty with each shampoo.

Get safe, gentle Halo today!

Halo Glorifies Your Hair—Naturally!
THE ENTERTAINMENT EVENT THAT WILL SWEEP YOUR HEART AWAY!

20th Century-Fox presents

RODGERS & HAMMERSTEIN'S

CARESS

THE FIRST MOTION PICTURE IN THE NEW

CINEMASCOPE

MORE THAN YOUR EYES HAVE EVER SEEN!

A NEW WONDER HAS BEEN ADDED TO A WONDERFUL SHOW!

It brings you • Four times more photographic detail
Greater depth • Increased sharpness • Heightened audience participation! It makes every seat the perfect seat!

STARRING

GORDON MacRAE • SHIRLEY JONES with CAMERON MITCHELL

PRODUCED BY HENRY EPHRON
DIRECTED BY HENRY KING
SCREENPLAY BY PHOEBE and HENRY EPHRON
MUSIC BY RICHARD RODGERS • OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
BOOK AND LYRICS BY HENRY EPHRON

From their musical play based on Ferenc Molnár's LILIOM as adapted by Benjamin F. Glazer. COLOR by DE LUXE • In the Wonder of STEREOPHONIC SOUND
For today's
Naturally beautiful look

— POND'S Cold Cream

No other cleanser...
cleanses more deeply
Pond's Cold Cream cleanses by molecular action. Tiny molecules of pure oils and moisture work down to where dirt hides, and literally float it out!

removes make-up more completely
Some cleansers remove oily make-up. Others remove dry make-up and powder. Pond's Cold Cream removes both. Leaves pore-openings really clean, unclogged, free.

corrects dryness faster... keeps skin lovelier
Pond's quick-penetrating creaminess instantly restores vital oils and moisture to dried-out flaky skin. Keeps skin looking fresh, satin-soft, young.

Mrs. Bertrand L. Taylor III

Described by the editors of Vogue as "everyone's idea of the American-American beauty," Mrs. Taylor—like so many lovely society women—relies on Pond's. "I find that nothing cleanses my skin as thoroughly as Pond's Cold Cream," she says.

Complete beauty care—
in only 3 minutes a day!
Every night, deep-cleanse your skin thoroughly with Pond's Cold Cream.

Before make-up, smooth on a sheer, greaseless base of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It never streaks or discolors. Keeps powder fresh, lovely for hours.
Smart girls never go outdoors without it...

Helene Curtis spray net

And what a lot of smart girls there must be—for SPRAY NET outsells all other sprays combined!

Some girls are satisfied with just any old kind of hair spray. But smart girls pick Helene Curtis SPRAY NET!

For nothing sets such long-lasting pin curls, nothing holds your hair so smoothly in place as SPRAY NET. Dampness won’t wilt your wave. Breezes won’t bother your curls. Yet SPRAY NET can’t dry your hair. Never leaves it sticky. Is really invisible.

Be a smart girl, use SPRAY NET.

There are two SPRAY NET formulas:

SUPER SOFT, without lacquer, for gentle control...

REGULAR, for elaborate styles, harder-to-manage hair.

SMART GIRLS NEVER SET PIN CURLS WITHOUT IT...

Set your pin curls as you always do. Then spray. And in that misty swoosh: more body, bounce, spring to your curls.

The longest-lasting curls that ever brushed out to a silky softness. Last for days and days—and then another day!

SMART GIRLS NEVER SET PIN CURLS WITHOUT IT...

FREE! Set of Professional Pin Curl Clips

These are the more-expensive-type, double-prong, spring clips that hold pin curls so neatly. Of rustproof aluminum. Look for Helene Curtis SPRAY NET, REGULAR or SUPER SOFT, with the free pin curl clips on the cap.

ANNOUNCING the fifty Lucky winners of December PHOTOPLAY’S Record Contest

The following have each received a $24.95 Gift Certificate for RCA Victor’s special Glenn Miller Army Air Force Band album:

L. J. BESK, Seattle, Wash.
MRS. MARTIN E. COLLINS, Englewood, Colo.
MISS E. O’HARA, Detroit, Mich.
MRS. KAY SCHIEDINGER, Napa, Calif.
MRS. RUDOLPH L. VON BERNUTH, Malba, N. Y.

The following runners-up have each received a $12.00 Gift Certificate for a choice of three LP records or four 45 EP albums:

MRS. LLOYD ANDERSON, Everett, Wash.
HELEN BUCHANSKY, Brooklyn, N. Y.
DON CAILLIEZ, Lansing, Mich.
MRS. DANIEL CARPENTER, West Hartford, Conn.
MARY CARVER, Indianapolis, Ind.
MISS ROBERTA CONNELL, Whitewater, Wis.
ELIZABETH M. DAY, Austin, Tex.
MRS. ELIZABETH M. FRANZ, Camden, N. J.
MRS. RALPH GOBEL, Fairbury, Nebr.
MR. FRED GREEN, Detroit, Mich.
MR. MICHAEL HENSON, Cleveland, Ohio
MISS THERESE HENNESSEY, San Antonio, Tex.
MRS. JESSICA HILGHOUSE, Los Angeles, Calif.
MRS. EDITH F. HOLMES, Eugene, Ore.
LILLIAN HRYCKO, Cleveland, Ohio
LOUISE HURNER, New York, N. Y.
MISS JO ANNE HUDSPETH, Lubbock, Tex.
JOSEPH W. HYLAND, Rego Park, N. Y.
MRS. EDWARD JARISH, East Hartford, Conn.
MRS. WALTER L. KOTULA, Chicago, Ill.
LINDA K. LEE, West Hartford, Conn.
MRS. DONALD H. LITTLER, Jacksonville, III.
MRS. VALLIE MCDANIEL, Marshall, Ill.
MRS. ESTHER MARCOPOLIS, Bronx, N. Y.
MRS. RONALD MORTENSEN, Delta, Utah
MARCIA JANE MORTON, Xenia, Ohio
G. J. MYERS, Pierre, S. D.
PPG. ALFRED E. NACCARATO, Fort Polk, La.
JUNE PAGE, San Diego, Calif.
MRS. HARRY A. PARKER, Chattanooga, Tenn.
MRS. KATHRYN W. PASSONI, Albany, N. Y.
BETTYE LOU PRIEST, San Antonio, Tex.
MISS JOSEPHINE RUMELL, Dayton, Ohio
MRS. S. SCHWENEBACH, Chicago, Ill.
MISS LORETTA SHEARER, Kenoa, Wash.
WILLIE E. SULLIVAN, Studio City, Calif.
MRS. G. M. TRAVIS, Temple City, Calif.
MRS. PAULINE VINCENZ, Fresno, Calif.
MISS MARGIE WETZEL, Fullbrook, Calif.
MRS. PETER A. WHITE, College Park, Ga.
MRS. DARRELL C. WILLIAMS, Okahoma City, Okla.
MRS. E. R. WOOD, Wellington, Kans.
I dreamed I was an International Figure in my maidenform bra

I've whirled 'round the world, and caused a sensation in every nation! When I pass by, ex-kings and sultans sigh over my fabulous Maidenform lines! Yes, wherever I happen to be — there's international agreement about me! The dream of a bra: New Maidenform Intermezzo* — the bra that's designed to round out your lines! Look! It's a lovely, lacy, luxurious confection of a bra — with the appearance of the costliest lingerie. Look again! It's made of silky-fine, sturdy-firm cotton broadcloth panels...just where you need them most...for disciplined control! White cotton broadcloth and nylon lace. A, B and C cups...2.50. D cup...3.00.
It's Romantic ROCK HUDSON with an exciting New Star in his arms... lovely CORNELL BORCHERS!

Could these moments in the arms of the man she despised bring back the child he had turned against her? Could these desperate kisses erase the shame of that one wild indiscretion?

Universal-International presents

"Never Say Goodbye"

PRINT BY TECHNICOLOR

STARRING

ROCK HUDSON ★ Miss CORNELL BORCHERS ★ GEORGE SANDERS

Directed by JERRY HOPPER • Screenplay by CHARLES HOFFMAN • Produced by ALBERT J. COHEN

Based on the screenplay by BRUCE MANNING, JOHN KLOKER and LEONARD LEE

From the Play "Come Prima Meglio di Prima" by Luigi Pirandello

READERS INC...

I have just read Frank G. Slaughter's Song of Ruth and think it would make a fine movie with the following cast:

Ruth, Grace Kelly; Oraiph, Joan Collins; Adaah, Angela Lansbury; Boaz, Stewart Granger; Michlom, Richard Long; Cillion, Tony Curtis; Prince Hedak, Lee J. Cobb.

Marilyn Benbassat

New York, New York

QUESTION BOX:

Cam Mitchell—Wish granted

information about him. Also, what is his next movie?

Helen S. Ghiz

Worcester, Massachusetts

He was born in Dallastown, Pennsylvania on November 4. He is 6' tall, weighs 180 lbs., has dark brown hair and brown eyes. Cam's been giving a number of fine performances lately , gives another in his latest, "Carousel." —Eb.

I recently saw "The Seven Year Itch" and would like to know the name of the classical music that was played in it. Has it been recorded?

Carolyn Johnson

West Virginia

My aunt and I were discussing Bette Davis one day and she said that the actress was married to Ozzie Nelson. I wonder if you could tell me if she was.

Janice Haven

Santa Rosa, California

Your aunt has confused Ozzie with Bette's first husband, Harmon O. Nelson. She divorced him in 1938, is now married to Gary Merrill. —Eb.

Which movie did Richard Burton appear in first in the United States, "The Robe" or "My Cousin Rachel"?

If I win the bet I have with my buddy, I'll be $5.00 richer.

A/3c Edmund M. Knight

Lockport, New York


Never before have I seen such fine and striking performances as are given by John Hudson. In "Fort Yuma" and "The Racers" he was wonderful. I would be grateful for some information about him.

Ruth Tucker

New York, New York

Photoplay has had many requests in the past few months for information about John Hudson. For all his fans, John was born May 31, 1922, in Gilroy, California. He is 6', weighs 165 lbs., has blue eyes and brown hair. —Eb.
My girlfriend and I disagree as to when the movie "A Place in the Sun" was released. She thinks it was in 1952 and I say 1951. Who is right? Whom did Elizabeth Taylor play?

Cynthia Marcus

Brookline, Massachusetts

You had the date. The movie was released late in 1951. Elizabeth Taylor played Angela Vickers.—En.

I am in disagreement with someone as to who were the principal players in an old picture "I'll Be Seeing You." We believe Joseph Cotten was the male lead, but cannot agree on the female. Would you please give me her name?

H. Hayashi

Washington, D. C.

Ginger Rogers played opposite Joseph Cotten.—En.

I've just seen the movie "The Purple Plain" and I'm very excited about the handsome fellow who played Greg Peck's navigator. He's an English actor, I believe.

Barbara Uhl

Caro, Michigan

You're right. Navigator Williams was played by Harold Siddons.—En.

Could you please settle an argument between my cousin and I? She says that Marilyn Monroe played in "So This is Paris," but I say Gloria DeHaven. Please name the female stars in the picture.

Pat Kowalczek

Hopewell, New Jersey

You win this argument. Gloria DeHaven and Corinne Calvet were the feminine leads.—En.

Could you please give me the name of the actor who played Kirk Douglas' son in "Ulysses"? If he is an example of Italian actors, I say "viva Italiano!"

Gail Amsel

Long Beach, California

His name is Franco Interlenghi.—En.

Please tell me who was the sly guy who played Buzz in "Rebel Without a Cause." I think he looks exactly like Marlon Brando.

Gloria Marlowe

Center Point, Alabama

Buzz was played by Corey Allen.—En.

Are you in the know?

When friends call, does a good hostess—

- Turn on TV
- Consult them
- Start a scrabble game

Do you muzzle your guests—or make them outshout your favorite program? For instance, say they've just settled down to a lively debate on some fascinating topic when—click!—that Un-silent Screen takes over. Why risk your chat-happy visitors' resentment? Why not consult them before turning on the video? Good hostessing means keeping guests at ease. And to keep yourself at ease (at certain times) choose Kotex, the sanitary napkin that gives the complete absorbency you need—the sure, unfailing kind. Remember, too, to get a new Kotex belt; it goes with Kotex® for perfect comfort.

Should you expect your date to—

- Play Sir Walter Raleigh
- Carry the umbrella

Don't expect him to carpet your storm-lashed path with his best tweed jacket. (Wear your galoshes!) But it is his job to hold the umbrella—no matter how frilly the item may be. Incidentally, on "those" days you'll want to keep your tootsies dry; avoid getting chilled. And you'll want the chafe-free comfort of Kotex—this softness holds its shape. What's more, you can't make a mistake, for Kotex can be worn on either side safely.

Can a hefty loss look slimmer—

- In minutes
- Via calorie counting

Turning a plumpkin into a lean queen takes doing; and if that's your problem, here's how to start paring down—in minutes! Get yourself a girdle. A good, carefully fitted one that's right for your own figure needs, then the difference! As for calendar time needs, you can find the sanitary napkin just right for you by trying all 3 sizes of Kotex. Regular, Junior, Super have flat pressed ends; prevent telltale outlines.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

P.S. To stay dainty at "that" time, choose Quest® deodorant powder. Best for napkin use, Quest has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't slow up absorption. Safe. Unscented. Positively destroys odors.

*U. S. PAT. OFF. REG. CORP.
New sunshine yellow shampoo puts sunny sparkle in hair!

Brunette? Blonde? Redhead?
You'll thrill when you see how your hair responds to the conditioning benefits of new SHAMPOO PLUS EGG! It's just what your hair needs—for new life and luster, for rich silky softness. You'll love the "feel" of your hair—the way it manages.

That's the magic conditioning touch of SHAMPOO PLUS EGG! This new kind of shampoo cleans cleaner, rinses super fast. It's the one really different shampoo . . . from its sunshine yellow color to the litling sunny sparkle it puts in your hair! Try it once, you'll use it always.

Economical 29c, 59c, $1.

Helene Curtis
shampoo plus egg

for fuller reviews, see Photoplay for the month indicated. Full reviews this month are on page 10.

BRIEF REVIEWS

THE SQUARE—U-I; Technicolor. Mild romance reuniting Jane Wyman and Rock Hudson. As a well-to-do widow, Jane falls in love with Rock, a gardener, but her two grown children disapprove. (F) February

THE ARTISTS AND MODELS—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor. The latent Martin and Lewis romp gives horror comies a genial kidding. Dean teams with artist Dorothy Malone; Jerry, with model Shirley MacLaine. (F) February

SHAMPOO!—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Eastman Color. Delightful musical about Broadway folks. Gamblers Marlon Brando, Frank Sinatra love mission doll Jean Simmons, nightclub doll Vivian Blaine. (F) January

HELL ON FRISCO BAY—Warners; CinemaScope, WarnerColor. Routine waterfront melodrama pits ex-cop Alan Ladd against racketeer Edward G. Robinson, Joanne Dru plays Alan's wife, a nightclub singer. (A) January

I'LL CRY TOMORROW—M-G-M; Susan Hayward does an arresting job in the true story of Lillian Roth, singer who became an alcoholic. Jo Van Fleet and Richard Conte help make clinical details convincing. (A) January


OKLAHOMA!—Magna; Todd-AO, Eastman Color. Wonderful music, fresh outdoor zest. As frontier lovers, Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones are menaced by Rod Steiger. Gloria Grahame, Gene Nelson supply comedy. (F) January

PRISONER, THE—Columbia. Beautifully acted British drama. As a cardinal in an Iron Curtain country, Alec Guinness is jailed and subjected to shattering interrogations by a knowing Red, Jack Hawkins. (A) February

RANSOM!—M-G-M. Harrowing, intense account of a kidnapping. When manufacturer Glenn Ford's small son is taken, he defies public opinion and wife Donna Reed's anguish by refusing to pay ransom. (A) February

ROSE TATTOO, THE—Paramount. In a striking comedy-drama, Anna Magnani's magnificently unrepentant, warm-natured widow, opposing daughter Maria Pavan's love for Ben Cooper, until Burt Lancaster intervenes. (A) January

SPOILERS, THE—U-I, Technicolor. Straightforward adventure yarn of gold-rush Alaska. Partners Jeff Chandler and Anne Baxter discover that Rory Calhoun, supposedly a good guy, is out to grab their mine. (F) February

SQUARE JUNGLE, THE—U-I. Technicolor. Prize-ring movie with a fresh approach. Because of his upbringing, Tony Curtis pursues his career ruthlessly, estranging his girl, Pat Crowley, and his trainer. Ernest Borgnine. (F) February

Beautiful NEWS—
 years-ahead rubber girdle!

first with detachable, adjustable garters!

by Warner’s

Preferred 3 to 1 over old fashioned rubber girdles
by women who have worn both

Here’s why:

- Easily adjustable garters that you can detach in a twinkling—nothing complicated, no broken fingernails. Exclusive with Shadow!
- Fabulously fitting—because of new sizing method. Wonderfully strong and rip-resistant.
- First with softer, more comfortable, cooler all-cotton lining; easier to take on and off.
- First with hidden reinforcements at stress points.
- Special tummy-tucking panel; firmness but ease through hips for the sleekest fashions.
- Made with the special Warner care that smart women love.

YES—when hundreds of women tested both rubber girdles in regular wear, 75% found Shadow clearly superior. Now you can enjoy this wonderful new way to be slim—for every fashion, from sheath to beach. Dunks and dries like a dream. Your nicest store now has Shadow in its eye-catching package. Pick it up today! Girdle or Pantie Girdle. White or Pink. Extra small, Small, Medium, Large, Extra large.

by the makers of the famous “Merry Widow”

Also shown: A’Lure® elastic bra by Warner’s, P1045 (in package) . . . $3.95.
HOLLYWOOD PARTY LINE

Of the many preems this month, the biggest, in more ways than one, was "The Rose Tattoo." It not only brought forth stars in bunches but gave Filmville a great "new" star of its "own" to rave about—Anna Magnani, in her first American film. Leave us just say "Wow!" for Anna and all concerned with a white foxtail dangling therefrom! Also Merle Oberon; Jan Sterling with Paul Douglas; Shirley MacLaine and her spouse, Steve Parker; Oreste, Paramount's new singing star; Ben Cooper, who brought his sister, Bunny; Marisa Pavan, twining with Tom Tyrone; the Rock Hudsons, and scads more. Yvonne de Carlo looked real great in a low-cut, strapless floor-length black dress with a huge diamond pin "front and center," and dragging a luscious cape stole of white ermine.

John Wayne and Pilar Pallette tossed a fancy soirée for visiting Panamanian Ambassador Roberto Arias and his wife, who is ballerina Margot Fonteyn. The Waynes told their guests in the Rodeo Room (which they'd had decorated with thousands of red carnations) that they hope the expected baby will be a boy. Among those sipping champagne at the huge buffet were Dana Wynter with Richard Gully; Esther Williams and Ben Gage; the Gary Coopers; Laraine Day and Leo Durocher; and the Robert Newtons.

One of the biggest affairs of the season was the COMPO (Council of Motion Picture Organizations) dinner at the Beverly Hilton Hotel, for which hundreds turned out to see actors and movies receive honors resulting from a nationwide audience popularity poll. Everyone stood in a moment of silence as Natalie Wood accepted the Best Actor Award for the late Jimmy Dean. Others honored were Tab Hunter, Peggy Lee, Jennifer Jones, and "Mr. Roberts" ran away with Best Film votes. Grace Kelly, Bill Holden, Walt Disney, Glenn Ford and Jack Warner were among the hosts and speakers. Debbie Reynolds beamed as Eddie Fisher started things off by singing "The Star Spangled Banner." Roz Russell came dressed in red—a Dior job—and wearing a "diamond" necklace that must have weighed two tons! Piper Laurie, with her big love, Gene Nelson, sported a shoulder-length bob—and she wasn't the only gal there proving the trend toward longer hairdos. Then there was Dorothy Malone with Scott Brady; Judy Garland and Sid Luft; Sarita Montiel, whom you'll see opposite Mario Lanza in "Serenade"; Jane Powell (in a darling maternity dress she designed herself) and Pat Nerney; and Alec Guinness, who got the most applause.

Preview of "The Benny Goodman Story" featured almost as many glamour-pusses as a regular preem. Joan Collins—with a super uncombed hairdo—was there with Arthur Loew, Jr., along with Leigh Snowden and Dick Contino, George Nader and Dana Crayne, and star-of-the-picture Steve Allen's wife, Jayne Meadows, who was stunning in a costume of gray trimmed with deep red. Kim Novak swayed to the great Benny Goodman music with her best feller, Mac Krim. Kim wore her favorite lilac shade again, and with it a coat of white sheared beaver—just like the one Liberace wore at his preview of "Sincerely Yours." Naturally, Kim took lots of kidding.

How time flies! Cute Natalie Wood is the glamour girl on a date with Tab
Proud mothers, please forgive us if we too feel something of the pride of a new parent. For new Philip Morris, today's Philip Morris, is delighting smokers everywhere. Enjoy the gentle pleasure, the fresh unfiltered flavor, of this new cigarette, born gentle, then refined to special gentleness in the making. Ask for new Philip Morris in the smart new package.

New Philip Morris...gentle for modern taste
The irate wife of a movie star who had gone fishing and left her alone was asked where he could be found.

"Just go down to the bridge," she snapped. "Look around until you find a pole with a worm on each end."

An Irma-brained starlet overhears a Hollywoodman describe a doll as having "elemental appeal." Later the starlet told a friend: "I think he's going with a girl named Ella Mental."

Movie starlet to another: "I wonder if George loves me?"

Friend: "Of course he does, dear. Why should he make you an exception?"

A film queen with an unemployed husband read about Columbia's movie, "The Queen Bee," and telephoned her agent.

"You should get my husband a part in it," she said. "He's a perfect drone."

Hear about the producer who sent his gal a Jaguar and a Renoir painting? Next day he phoned to ask if they had arrived. "One of them is here," she replied.

"Which one?" asked the producer.

"How should I know?" she answered.

Overheard in a movietown cafe: "I don't want all Hollywood thinking I'm different when I become a star, so I've already started snubbing people."

Andy Devine tried to telephone his wife from a movie set, but every time he dialed the number, he got a busy signal. Finally he sent her a telegram. It read: "Hang up."

Jack Carson says he's mighty proud of his chef. "I sent him to pastry school and he graduated with flying colors."

Someone asked Red Skelton's TV director, Jack Donahue, about working with the comedian. Said Jack:

"It's like Clyde Beatty's act. All you need is a chair and a whip."

Definition of an autograph hound: Someone who jumps at you from between two parked cars, breathes hot licorice in your face and sneers:

"You're not so hot without make-up."

A Hollywood starlet, it's said, is gambling for mink in her romance with a Mr. Moneybags.

She calls the game "Chemin de FUR."

Buddy Lester's telling about the Englishman who was about to be hanged. He was asked if he had a last request and said:

"Yes, may I please have a Windsor knot?"
THE WORLD?
I WILL TAKE IT!

THE WOMAN?
I WILL TAME HER!

Mighty in scope...
mighty as the man
whose conquests
changed the face
of the world!

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OVER
TOOTH DECAY

Crest Toothpaste with Fluoristan strengthens tooth enamel from within to lock out decay

FLUORISTAN IS PROCTER & GAMBLE’S EXCLUSIVE FLUORIDE COMPOUND—FAR SUPERIOR TO FLUORIDE ALONE

Miracle of the Towns Without Toothaches. For years, children in several towns were virtually without tooth decay. Nature’s decay-preventive, fluoride, was in their drinking water!

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Actually Strengthens Enamel. Crest combines with tooth enamel as you brush. Microphoto at left shows how enamel strengthened by Crest ingredient defies decay acids.

Prevents Most Cavities Where Toothbrush Can’t Reach! Even between teeth, where food particles lodge (arrows), Crest gives the greatest protection ever known.

Dentists Tested Crest on 5,673 people—the most extensive research ever conducted on a toothpaste. Crest set records of decay prevention unequalled by any other product.

Tastes Wonderful—Refreshes Your Breath! Crest locks out bad breath caused by decay as no other toothpaste can. Keeps teeth white—and that pure, inviting Crest flavor refreshes your entire mouth.

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Just think! You’ll receive 15 exciting months of PHOTOPLAY for only $2 if you act now. That’s less than 14¢ a copy. You save $1 under newsstand prices. For greater savings send payment with order and receive 17 months of PHOTOPLAY for $2. That’s 2 extra months and you’ll save $1.40 under newsstand prices! (Offer good in U. S. A. only.)

Mail out and mail attached card today! No stamp needed.
Cal York, Photoplay's gossip expert, predicts Rock Hudson will be the biggest star to hit Hollywood when "Giant" is released. Joan Collins, the sexpot from England, will be as magnetic as the late Jean Harlowe with her studio, 20th-Century Fox, has big production plans for her in 1956. Watch for marriage to Sid Chaplin. Kim Novak's studio may want her to see any more of Mac Krim but this won't stop Kim from marrying Mac in the near future. Mitchum will make exciting headlines when his case against a scandal magazine comes to trial. But has he always? Add George Nadar and Martha Hyde to your list of newcomers who are most likely to succeed.
In this, the 36th year of the Photoplay Gold Medal Awards—the oldest in the motion-picture industry—we are once again pleased and proud to present the coveted Gold Medals to the outstanding actors, actresses and movies which you, the moviegoer, have selected as your favorites.

Throughout the years, Photoplay has never attempted to set itself up as an arbitrary judge of pictures or performers. The decision has always been left up to you—for you are the one we and the motion-picture industry seek to please. And, in selecting the Gold Medal winners, we have adhered to the adage that "the customer is always right."

Each year, it seems, as another movie-making cycle draws to a close and we reminisce about the pictures we have seen, the new stars who have begun to glitter on the horizon, we—and you, too, we believe—invariably say to ourselves, "This has been the best year of all; they'll never top this one." But, as night follows day, the next year brings new and greater achievements and with it our continued admiration and enjoyment.

During the 1955-56 season, we have been treated to an unusual variety of superb movies and performances, but already there are others equally as exciting in prospect. Music-wise, there were such hits as "Guys and Dolls" and "Oklahoma!", and now "Carousel." Drama-wise, we thrilled to such performances as Frank Sinatra's in "The Man with the Golden Arm"; Rosalind Russell's in "Picnic"; Ernest Borgnine's in "Marty"; Anna Magnani's in "The Rose Tattoo." And we can look forward to many others, such as "Giant"—which, in particular, will bring us the last performance of the late and much beloved James Dean—and the star-studded "War and Peace." Of course, there are many more, but it would take pages to list them all. Suffice it to say again that it has been a wonderful year, a historic year. But, looking to the future—as sure as our name is Photoplay—we feel, as before, the best is yet to be.

Ann Higginbotham
Editor
In U-I’s jazz saga, Barry Truex is Benny at sixteen. Dad Robert Simon takes him to tailor Benny Rubin to get a tuxedo for a name-band job. Steve Allen moves in as the grown-up Goodman. Family scenes (here with Berta Gersten, as his mother) add warmth to musical excitement.

Other real-life roles go to Herbert Anderson and Donna Reed, as jazz-authority John Hammond and his sister Alice—Mrs. Goodman-to-be.

Gene Krupa and Teddy Wilson join in. Later, Harry James, Ziggy Elman and other hot-music greats play themselves, keep the rhythm going.

Steve learned how to finger the clarinet correctly, but the notes you hear—swing or this Mozart concerto—were all blown by Benny himself.

THE BENNY GOODMAN

INSIDE STUFF

Mr. Show Business: Temperamental movie stars could learn a lot from the example set by Steve Allen while he was making “The Benny Goodman Story.” When the famous comedian came west to star in the biography of the famous musician, it was the challenge of his career. Steve worked ten hours a day on the set, and five nights a week he appeared on Tonight, his own big TV show. He was never irritable, he didn’t complain of exhaustion—in fact, he had a ball. “Hard work never hurt anyone who loves what he’s doing,” declares the bespectacled master of ad lib. “However,” Steve adds, “it was really tough on my wife, Jayne Meadows, who was appearing on a TV panel show in New York at the time. Jayne commuted seven thousand miles each week to be with me, and we still managed to fall (Continued on page 106)
The growth of the famous Goodman combo is put across dramatically. Benny discovers Lionel Hampton (himself) as a waiter in a small cafe.

A career that influences popular music to this day reaches a climax with Goodman shows at the New York Paramount and Carnegie Hall.
Swedish Dish

...with
Hollywood Trimmings

BY MARY WORTHINGTON JONES

- On a cold, wintry day in Malmo, Sweden, not too long ago, Anita Ekberg landed at the airport, to be greeted by a crowd of reporters, photographers and townspeople. Anita had come home.

   It had been almost four years since she had left her native land, a comparative unknown, determined to carve her niche in Hollywood. Then, she was a round-cheeked, corn-fed, naive girl, whose main claim to fame was having been chosen Miss Sweden of 1951. That year, in August, she had journeyed to America for the first time. But success and notoriety hadn't been waiting with open arms for Anita on that visit, and she returned to Sweden, a disappointed beauty queen without a throne.

   Then, in May, 1952, Anita returned to America. This time, she resolved, she would make the country sit up and take notice of her. It didn't happen overnight—but, when the spotlight finally did play on her, less than two years ago, it was with blinding force. From New York to Hollywood, Rome to London, Anita's statuesque, eye-catching figure adorned newspapers and magazines; she was heralded as the Swedish Venus, The Build, the sexiest thing since Marilyn Monroe.

Continued
Everywhere she went, escorted by a Tyrone Power, a Frank Sinatra or a wealthy magnate, she created a sensation; the studios clamored for her services.

After her first major appearance, in "Blood Alley," Anita had gone into "Artists and Models," then on to Italy and the filming of Paramount's mammoth production of "War and Peace," in which she plays Princess Helene, opposite Audrey Hepburn, Henry Fonda and Mel Ferrer. And, after her visit in Sweden, she would be off again—this time to Spanish Morocco and the filming of "Zarak Khan," in which she stars opposite Victor Mature. At last, Anita had come into the big time; there would be no stopping her.

Now, after four years, as she stepped off the plane in Malmo—a star by anyone's standard, with a fat contract, shared by John Wayne Productions, Hal Wallis-Paramount and Warner Brothers—Anita had every right to expect a royal welcome. But, after the dubious welcome she had received in Copenhagen and Stockholm, just a few days before, she sensed that the red carpet awaiting her would be a bit fringed around the edges.

Originally, Anita had intended to go straight home to Malmo from Rome, after completing her part in "War and Peace," but Paramount had persuaded her to re-route her trip via Stockholm, so they could show off their new star to the press. Therefore, her parents—Alva and Gustav Ekberg—went to Copenhagen (where Anita changed planes) to meet her and accompany her on her triumphal entry into Stockholm. (Continued on page 78)

"She is still my little Anita. Changed? Well, she wears more make-up," laughs Mrs. Alva Ekberg, a jolly woman. Anita brought home many presents. "She was always generous," says Mom...
Nineteen, she won Miss Malmo title

Age eight (in circle) with parents, three of her six brothers and only sister Inga, who adores Anita

The Ekberg home in Malmo, Sweden
In a dingy railroad station, a boy's destination was changed for life—by the man who'd come to rescue him.

Time has only strengthened the bond that was forged fifteen years ago between Rory and Father Kanaly.

The day that decided Rory's life

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

- It happened in Rory Calhoun's living room one recent Tuesday evening. The phone rang and, picking up the receiver, Rory heard a beloved voice from out of the past. "Smokey?"
  "Hello, Padre!" he said.
 Monsignor Don Kanaly was calling from McAlester, Oklahoma. He needed some "help," he said.
 "Sure, Padre. Name it. Anything."
 "I want you to pray with me."
 From California there was an abrupt silence. In Oklahoma the voice so well remembered went on.
 The priest said he was preparing a youth to die. The boy, whose mother and father were in prison, too, had no family outside to pray for him. This boy, and two others, had been caught robbing a store. The police had been tipped off and were waiting for them. In the ensuing melee, a gun was fired and a cop was killed. Two of the boys were given life sentences. The boy convicted of using the gun was sentenced to the electric chair.

On Thursday, five minutes past midnight, he was to die. Only prayer could save him now. "I need your (Continued on page 86)"

Of Lita, the Padre says, "She's the girl he needed. I always prayed for Rory to find someone like her."

Rory Calhoun is in "The Spoilers" and "Red Sundown"
One afternoon, five years ago, Shirley Jones and her friend Charlotte sat clipping pictures and stories from movie magazines. Their idol? Guy Madison. Shirley's scrapbook was bulging as a result of her ardent search for every bit of news on Guy. As she clipped and pasted, Shirley turned her dreams to the day when she would be a star, with pictures of her in color and stories of her childhood filling magazines and newspapers. She was sixteen, and it was good to dream the typical, mythical All-American Girl dream of sixteen. For Shirley—blond and still plump then, with the serene, happy, lovely face of adolescence—was, indeed, a typical example of the mythical All-American Girl.

At South Huntington High in Smithton, Pennsylvania, she was popular, a cheerleader, honor student, drum majorette, class secretary, leading lady in all the plays, captain of the softball and basketball teams, and deep in the throes of first love with a four-letter man who was finding his success at...
Shirley Jones plays role of Julie in "Carousel."

Turn the page for a typical day with Shirley—and her roommate Barbara.
West Point. Life was as gay as a song.

Every other night, the local movie theatre changed its bill. Every other night, Shirley was there, hoping to see Guy or her female idols, Lana Turner and Judy Garland, but settling for anything that flashed on the screen. Twice a week, Shirley’s father drove her thirty miles, to Pittsburgh, for voice lessons. Every Sunday, her lovely full voice filled the Methodist church as she sang the choir solo. Every day of her life Shirley knew what she wanted from life—and she had learned early the secret of success. She also had learned to work for it. And she had been blessed with a loving and approving
mother and father, a happy home and the self-confidence to dream her dreams on the basis of reality.

That was five years ago.

A few days ago, Shirley Jones sat in the 20th Century-Fox commissary and gazed around her. Still blond and lovely—but not plump—her hazel eyes took on a look of wonder as she said, “All the stars sitting in here. And there’s Guy Madison. It’s the strangest feeling. It’s like seeing the first pictures and story on me in Photoplay last fall. Like a dream come true. It was such a short time ago that I was looking at the first story and pictures of some newcomer and wondering if I would like them. It’s wonderful,” she sighed with pleasure.

Shirley’s genuine pleasure in the situation was coupled with a simple dignity and maturity, unexpected in a twenty-one-year-old girl who flashed to stardom in her first picture, “Oklahoma!”, and was just completing the lead in a stronger dramatic-singing classic, “Carousel.”

It has been said by the perennial speculators around Hollywood and Vine that her sudden fame and extreme youth are a combination that will lead Shirley to conceit, self-centeredness and souring. But they have overlooked the (Continued on page 90)
A persistent guy, he talked the Indians into a trade deal, the Navy out of a rating, a talent scout into waiting until he made up his mind.

When it comes to promoting what he wants

DEWEY IS THE DARNEST!

BY

PEER J. OPPENHEIMER

Sitting on the bed in his hotel room in Madrid, Dewey Martin glanced alternately at the steamship ticket in his left hand and the cablegram in his right hand. The ticket was for passage to the island of Majorca, garden spot of the Mediterranean, with an atmosphere of beauty, romance and seclusion dating back into the Middle Ages.

The cablegram in Dewey's other hand was from his agent in Hollywood, was straight to the point, and not very encouraging: IN REPLY TO YOUR INQUIRY, CHANCES OF YOUR GETTING THE PART OF HAL GRIFFIN IN THE DESPERATE HOURS ARE SLIM. SUGGEST YOU CONTINUE YOUR VACATION.

Dewey put down the cablegram, got up and started to pace the floor. His right fist was nervously hitting the palm of his left hand, his mind working feverishly. Finally, he mumbled to himself, "He didn't (Continued on page 98)
A mere block away from the Sunset Strip in Hollywood, where night clubs, sleek apartment buildings, smart shops and fabulous beauty parlors touch one another for mile after colorful mile, there is a contrasting section of Santa Monica Boulevard crowded with warehouses, lumberyards, dime stores and dark, dingy bars.

While the top class of $5,000-a-week stars, directors and producers play on the Strip, there are two classes of Hollywood people who frequent the little bars on Santa Monica Boulevard. One of these two groups is always talk-talk-talking about what it is about to do. This bunch is composed of bit players, technicians, would-be directors and writers on their way up. The other group talks very little, and sometimes is given to crying. This group is made up of former glamour people on their way down—'way, 'way down.

In the darkest corner of one of these little bars, late in 1954, beautiful Gail Russell sat, crying, with a male friend.

Get that straight. This Hollywood personality was a male friend, not a boy friend, (Continued on page 102)
Late in the winter of 1954, Gail Russell sat crying in the darkness. “God help me,” she whispered. He did.
The hilarious adventures of a suburban housewife in Hollywood. The way Mrs. Arnold Stang tells it, she's almost as funny as her famous husband.

Scenes from "The Man with the Golden Arm," with Frank Sinatra, Arnold Stang, others. Mrs. Stang found film so exciting she was on the set every day at 7:45 when work started. "I'd get up at 6:45 so I could lead my groggy husband to his coffee by 7:15!"

Mrs. Stang, center, with husband (in rear), Kim Novak, Eleanor Parker, who have star roles in the movie.

So this

BY

MRS. ARNOLD STANG

- The morning before I took one of those super-constellation planes out to California—"Skied from Gotham to Tinseltown" my husband, Arnold Stang, calls it—I appeared at the local grammar school to pick up my five-year-old son David and the two other kindergarteners it was my turn to drive home.

It was a warm, sunshiny day, and many of the other mothers were lined up outside waiting for their offspring. They were a clean-faced, combed-hair, cashmere-sweatered bunch and com-
Arnold's beard for role of Sparrow made him so self-conscious, we ate in the darkest places so people wouldn't see him!

"Is Hollywood!"
What Kim wants, she means to get—and it isn’t mink or Cadillacs. Believe me, this gal’s different. And I hope she never changes

She ain’t fooling, men!

One day recently, Kim Novak and I took an auto ride—and we ran out of water.

Not gas, but water.

In broad daylight, too. (Darn!) We had been having lunch here in New York and, as we got into a taxi afterward, the driver said, “Do you mind if I stop for some water?” Kim was already late for her next appointment, but she said, “Okay.” The radiator was steaming. It took the driver quite a long time to get the water. Then, to top it off, we got stalled in New York’s murderous crosstown traffic.

But Kim seemed to take it all in stride. “Wait till your wife hears you took me for a ride and we ran out of water,” she laughed.

“Wait till you try to explain it to Mac Krim!” I said, referring to her handsome boyfriend.

I had already known Kim was a serious gal—but until then I didn’t appreciate that she has a Greta Garbo approach to acting. She loves it, but she wants to do it superbly. During our taxi ride, I happened to mention a hit Broadway show which is to be made into a movie by a big Hollywood star.

Personally, I had liked the Broadway show very much.

“I walked out on it,” Kim confessed.

“But why?” I was curious to hear.

“It was bad,” she said honestly. “The show didn’t have any meaning. The actors went through their lines like a bunch of amateurs. And I was so disappointed in the script. I’d expected something. It was vague and empty!” (Continued on page 113)
A Girl's Best Line

... is a curved one! And not only Hollywood stars, but women everywhere are discovering that bosom beauty can be theirs with the aid of modern magic

By Fredda Dudley Balling

* Back in the Roaring Twenties, when Clara Bow and Colleen Moore were fascinating the fans, the flappers had discarded Mama’s heavy cloth-and-bone corset for a shapeless tubular garment that was the forerunner of today’s girdle. But a girl’s best line was definitely not her bosom. And many a mom, searching for her ample bra, would discover it tightly wound around daughter. Pinned tightly, it would effectively disguise the presence of curves underneath! Ample-bosomed girls used to strap themselves down with tape in a desperate effort to achieve the flat, boyish look then in vogue.

Then came the Thirties—and sanity. Bras, following the natural line of the figure, appeared in fine brocades, lace, satins and broadcloths. Girls began breathing again! And, ever since then, normal, healthy women’s figures—like Donna Reed’s, Mitzi Gaynor’s, Pier Angeli’s—have been the rage. Any attempt to return to the distortion of the Twenties has met with firm rebellion. Dior’s famous group of designs featuring a flattened look, had few disciples and died as quickly as it was born. It was soon realized that women would never again yield to the dictates of a fashion that de-emphasized their natural beauty. For the practice of strapping, wearing too-tight brassieres had resulted in a permanent breaking down of muscles and tissues, giving (Continued on page 108)

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Donna Reed is in "Ransom!" and "The Benny Goodman Story"
When you voted him one of your favorites for a Photoplay Gold Medal Award, I knew you loved him, too. And I knew you would want to know him the way I did.

None of us will ever forget that last family reunion we had with Jimmy in the spring of 1955. He had finished “East of Eden.” He’d got his wish: he knew he was a good actor.

Jimmy had been to New York, then came here to Fairmount before returning to California. Everybody here was excited—not that Jimmy had to be an actor to be welcomed in Fairmount; he didn’t. People here always liked him. But this was different. When “East of Eden” was at the drive-in, so many people went it made a traffic jam.

But, in spite of all the fanfare, Jimmy only wanted to be with his family. We all gathered out at my daughter Hortense’s farm. Hortense and Marcus Winslow raised Jimmy after his mother died. Jimmy and Charlie—that’s my husband—had just come back from the cemetery, where Jimmy had taken pictures of his great grandfather’s and great-great grandfather’s graves. When they came in, Jimmy turned to Charlie and said, “Gram-pa, do you think you could do some auctioneering?”

Now my husband Charlie has always claimed his father was the best auctioneer living. So with us, what Jimmy said was kind of a little joke. When Jimmy was little, Charlie would hold him on his knee and auction him off to me, and I’d buy him and Jimmy would laugh.

Well, it ended up this time that Jimmy talked Charlie into auctioneering little Markie Winslow’s dog right back to Markie. (Markie is Hortense’s and Marcus’ little boy.) We laughed, but didn’t think anything about this little joke until the next day when Jimmy opened this “satchel” he’d had standing around. It turned out the satchel was a tape recorder. You should have seen my husband’s face when Jimmy played it back! Charlie said, “Hey, you shouldn’t have done that without telling me. I used some words there that maybe don’t belong in polite society.”

Well, Jimmy wouldn’t give in. He said, “That’s how I’m going to take you back to California (Continued on page 84)
Pooped! Tour of Saks Fifth Avenue sends Doris to a divan while Ruth continues shopping. High heels kill this Day—she'd rather go barefoot!
Doris was so impressed with lunch at Linny's Delicatessen she had to go and thank the cooks!

Shopping at Jean Long's. Doris loves monograms on her things, orders three blouses initialed DDM.
"Here he is," Marisa Pavan said, smiling delightfully and holding out her hands. "This is the man I love."

He was about five inches tall, carved out of hardwood, a droll-looking Oriental figure, grinning ecstatically, with a round, merry stomach and arms joyously upflying.

"He is a Chinese God of Happiness," Mar explained. "On the first day of shooting a picture I take him to my dressing room. So is always with me. When I want something special, it is only necessary to rub his stomach"
As the spirited young daughter in "Rose Tattoo," matching Magnani's fire with her own, Marisa Pavan gave Hollywood a preview of what they could expect from the girl they'd called "the quiet one"
LA BELLA ROSA  
Continued

Samples of blank verse written by Marisa. "It is a way to express myself"

WAITING
I'll keep waiting
For you to come
And
I'll keep loving
The moments
We spent together...
I shall wait
I shall call
Your name in the
Deep silence
Of the night
I shall scream
This love of mine
To the stars above
To the sky and
All nature above
Till exhausted,
I will rest
In the
Coldness
Of
The night.

SOLITUDE
The light dancing
On the trembling leaves.
The sun shining
On an empty bed
The Bird singing
What is heard no more.
A girl drowned
In the myst of thoughts...
She has loved
And still loves
The one
She has no more.
Tears running down
The face
Of the laughing
Lover
Who tries to hide
Such pain and
All her sorrow.

calls herself Marisa Pavan—has been described as the “practical” twin. But what about this grinning little man . . .

“What do I wish for?” Marisa laughed deliciously.
“Well, happiness for one thing. And health, of course. And—oh, yes—love. Definitely love.” She shrugged faintly, and raised one eyebrow in a typical Latin gesture. “So far, I regret, this love has not happened to me. Perhaps,” she hesitated, “perhaps I have been too busy with other things.”

Practical? In her flat ballet slippers, black toreador pants, and red turtle-neck Austrian ski sweater, Marisa does not look entirely practical. She stands a scant five-feet-two and weighs scarcely more than a hundred pounds.

Marisa has fine Italian cheekbones and her skin has a gardenia quality. Her dark-brown eyes are deeply luminous, the whites faintly touched with blue. Her brows are level, dark-etched, her nose is straight, her lips softly curled. With all this, Marisa looks fragile and exquisitely feminine. But practical? No. However . . .

“Happiness I have found,” Marisa went on, “up to a certain point. Many good things have happened to me. I have been very busy—making “The Rose Tattoo,” and playing in “Diane” with Lana Turner. And I am very excited about this. This is wonderful. But away from the studio, 1955 was not a good year. Too many unhappy things happened. Not to me, but to Anna.”

Anna, of course, is the real name of her twin sister, Pier Angeli, who is also Mrs. Vic Damone.

“Everything was wonderful at the start,” Marisa said. “It couldn’t have been better. Anna and Vic were so much in love. The wedding was beautiful, and she was radiantely lovely. We were all very happy. Later our joy was doubled when Anna told us she was going to have a baby. Then—the accident.”

Pier had been flying to Palm Springs. Over the mountains, in turbulent air, (Continued on page 94)
fashion forms a shapely you*

Spring 1956 silhouettes a new and prettier you. The lines of fashion are graceful and easy-going around the curves, but controlled by new shapemakers below the surface where all fashion begins. Best way to show off your new figure: Leslie's little cropped jacket over its own pencil-slim sheath. In black and velveted beige silk linen, by Junior Sophisticates. Her handsome black pumps, high at the heel, low at the throat, Hamlet by Trim Tred.

*For pretty new figure-makers with your shape in mind, turn to the following pages
Young, sleek-to-the-waist strapless bra in white cotton with adjusting cuddle-stays, and firmed with a power net back. Formfit. Cup sizes B, C, $6.95

Prettiness plus in a nylon lace bra lined in marquisette, comfortably ribbon wired and cut low for fashion purposes. Exquisite Form. A, B, C, cups. $5

Slim and handsome, a shadow-paneled petticoat of linen-like batiste, with shirred, lacy, slashed-side hem. Sans Souci, S, M, L. Average, tall. $3.95

A wisp of girdle in molding power net with easy lowered waist, famous criss-cross front of nylon sheer embroidered in pink, green. Sarong. Petite, S, M, L. $5

For list of stores, see page 75

*Gossard-deb.* S, M, L. $6.95

To deftly smooth a young figure, a light and airy leno elastic girdle frosted with lace over net, banded with lacy elastic. White. $7.95; extra-L, $8.95

Famous Playtex figure-streamliners: the rounded Living bra of criss-cross design, in batiste elastic and nylon. Here, a new long line version. A, B, C cups, $5.95; D cup, $6.95. Girdle, a soft blend of latex and cotton, newly scalloped and floral-patterned. White, pink. Extra-S to L, $7.95; extra-L, $8.95

Young Ideas:

Photoplay Star Fashions

Embrodered cotton underwired bra with sculptured foam rubber padding that floats the bosom up. To be worn with straps or not. Maidenform. White only. A, B cup sizes. $5

Cotton eyelet bandeau with very mobile straps to wear in any position, or not at all. Padding and cushioned wire below. Lovable. White, black. A, B, C cups. $2.50


For bare-topped dresses, a white strapless slip with elasticized shirred bodice that stays. In no-iron Everglaze batiste, shadow-paneled. Artemis. Sizes 32-38. About $4.00

Continued on page 68
Hermine Cantor and Cyd Charisse show

*co-starring in MGM's
"MEET ME IN LAS VEGAS"
in CinemaScope and color

Winx • New trim pump with one eye on flattery—accented by smart Italian stitching fore and aft, a gay bow on the toe.

La Junta • Well-heeled way to take a smart jaunt cross country—takes you there so soft and easy.

Pixie • So gay. So light, so easy-going, this smart walking shoe almost feels it isn't even on the foot.

Roxie • High living, high riding little shoe that looks, fits and feels like a glove... all day long.

Vegas • Lucky you! You can gambol all evening long in this nude-look shoe that snugly embraces the foot.

Coordinated bags also available for many of these shoes.
You what's new in Shoes for Spring by **Trim Tred**

"There's smart style news in shoes this spring! Casual, sport and dress-up shoes have all taken on a fresh approach to styling... translating it in terms of wonderful new softie leathers, clever new treatments at ankle, heel and toe. Here, we present eleven 'highlight' shoes... taken from Trim Tred's new spring selection of over a hundred patterns... to show you what's new in smart footwear for spring. Each one earns the compliments you'll get!"

**Sarasota** • Straw's in the wind for fashionable warm weather wear and this imported straw wedgie is just right for sunny high living.

**Wendy** • New idea in spectators that turns every eye your way.

**Madness** •Styled for the gal who's mad for trim glove-soft pumps.

**Melva** • New spring version of the smart padded-vamp suit shoe.

Available at fine shoe stores everywhere... $6.95 to $10.95 (some styles higher)

**Trim Tred**

Specially styled for the "Gal-on-the-Go!"

ROBERTS, JOHNSON & RAND, Division of International Shoe Company, St. Louis 3, Mo. Makers of Poll-Parrot and Scamperoo Shoes for children; Rand and Randcraft Shoes for men and boys; Trim Tred and Helter Skelter Shoes for women; Star Brand and Hy-Test Work Shoes; and Official Boy Scout and Girl Scout Shoes.
YOUNG IDEAS:
PHOTOPLAY
STAR
FASHIONS

Beautiful evening figure-molder for a pretty silhouette: high round bosom, small waist, smooth hips. All Dacron, lace cups. Perma-lift. A, B, C. $13.50

Shaped along very young lines, a white cotton bra with light foam rubber padding stitched into the cups. Firming elastic insert. Lewella. White. AA cup, 28-34. $1

Guaranteed high line: a cotton bra with circular stitched cups, two-way batiste elastic uplift bands for action stretch, no strain. Stardust. All sizes. $1

Beautiful beginnings for a new spring figure

continued

A small, smooth waist defined by wide elastic waistband on an all nylon girdle with tummy-flattening bands under the taffeta panel. Bestform. White. 26-38. $5.95

A small, smooth waist defined by wide elastic waistband on an all nylon girdle with tummy-flattening bands under the taffeta panel. Bestform. White. 26-38. $5.95

Neat hipline — front, back, profile. That's the work of this power net pantie girdle, cleverly elasticized to curve into the back waist. Phantom-X. S, M, L. $5.95

For list of stores, see page 7!
See for yourself! Just visit the Kiddie Thrift Bar at your nearby shoe store and you, too, will say: "How do they do it! What clever styling... never saw such value in children's shoes, at anywhere near this price!" And they fit and wear as good as they look. Because... these quality-built Scamperoos, are made on fine-fitting lasts by the world's largest shoemakers!

mommy's money goes far at the
KIDDIE Thrift BAR

Scamperoos
MONEY-SAVING SHOES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

$3.50 to $5.50
(According to size, some styles higher)

Look for the KIDDIE THRIFT BAR
at your favorite shoe store

ROBERTS, JOHNSON & RAND, Division of International Shoe Company, St. Louis 3, Mo., Makers of Poll-Parrot and Scamperoo Shoes for children; Rand and Randcroft Shoes for men and boys; Trim Tread and Helter Skelter Shoes for women; Star Brand and Hy-Test Work Shoes; and Official Boy Scout and Girl Scout Shoes.
curves ahead!

The desire for a more feminine figure is natural, healthy and, if you’re willing to work for it, well within reach. While there is little you can do to increase the actual size of the breasts—that’s determined by glandular and fatty tissue—shape and firmness are far more important than size for bosom beauty. Proper exercise can increase your chest measurement and bring the breasts into correct position high on the chest wall. The routines on this page, demonstrated by shapely Rita Moreno, were designed by Hollywood’s favorite figure expert, Terry Hunt. “For best results,” says Terry, “be sure you feel muscles pull only in arms and chest. Keep the rest of your body as motionless as possible. Don’t swing from the waist!” Three to five-pound dumbbells are used in Terry’s gym to create added muscle pull. Books of equal weight can be used instead. Terry advises doing all exercises daily for first week, every other day from the second week on. “Don’t be impatient,” he warns. “It may take three to five months before you see real results.”

BY HARRIET SEGMAN

Stand erect, arms extended at sides. Slowly bring arms forward until hands meet. Return to original position. Start with five and gradually increase to ten times. In all exercises shown here, inhale as you begin, exhale returning to starting position.

Stand erect, arms extended above your head. Slowly lower arms to extend out from chest. Return to original position. Start with six and gradually increase to fifteen times. For best results with all three exercises, keep elbows locked and rigid.

Stand erect, grasping towel in both hands. Raise towel over head, then slowly continue the motion down behind back. The tighter you grip the towel, the harder—and more effective—the exercise. Start with six and gradually increase to ten times.

RITA MORENO IS IN 20TH’S “THE LIEUTENANT WORE SKIRTS”
would you be a good wife?

By Jeff Hunter

Marriage? Greatest institution I know! And, as we all know, love is the foundation for a lifetime of wedded bliss. But there are other considerations to remember. A couple must work at their marriage to make it successful.

Love is not blind for long; it's endangered by jealousy; it can be nagged to death; it will walk away from a consistently bad temper.

As a wife, you could be easy to love—but would you be easy to live with? The following questions may help you determine your answer. They might also be used in rating a husband!

1. Are you willing and able to accept responsibility?
2. Are you easygoing, but not too easygoing?
3. Is your sense of humor equal to almost any situation?
4. Are your moments of anger soon forgotten; can you refrain from sulking after a flareup?
5. Do you keep your appearance and surroundings neat and clean?
6. Can you spend quiet evenings at home without being bored?
7. Do you make friends easily—and keep them?
8. Are you a good hostess and do you enjoy entertaining?
9. Do you know, and care, what's going on in the world outside your own?
10. Is jealousy a stranger to you?
11. Do you think of others—and yourself?
12. Is your record for punctuality a good one?
13. Do you have a quick temper and find yourself arguing over trivial matters?
14. Do you always like to have the last word?
15. Are you inclined to be moody?
16. Are you possessive with those you love?
17. Do you insist on having your own way?
18. Are you sensitive to constructive criticism?
19. Do you criticize friends and relatives?
20. Do you put off until tomorrow things you should be doing today?
21. Do budgets bore you?
22. Do you run to others for advice rather than try to think things out for yourself?
23. Is your favorite pastime gossiping?
24. Do you insist on perfection, making allowances for no one, including yourself?

Answers

Formfit Creations

THE FORMFIT COMPANY • CHICAGO • NEW YORK • CANADIAN PLANT, TORONTO

Revolution in Fashion
comfortably underlined by skippies

It’s the revolution you inspired... the change-about grace of the modern American fashion air. You prefer Skippies, for its wonderful way of bringing out your own natural line of beauty with assurance-giving comfort. No wonder Skippies is the favorite foundation choice of America.

Skippies Pantie No. 815 in airy-light Nylon elastic net. Also available as Girdle No. 915. $5.00. Shown with “Life Romance” Bra No. 566 in cotton. $2.00
how far should a parent go?
In one respect, eighteen-year-old Natalie Wood—all of ninety-four pounds and looking as if a strong breeze could blow her away—isn’t an average teenager: She orders escargots for lunch! Escargots—snails—steeped in butter, garlic and herbs, then stuffed back into their polished shells, certainly isn’t the average eighteen-year-old’s dish of tea. Rather, you’d expect an order of hamburger—with all the trimmings—and a double chocolate malted. But Natalie, lunching at Hollywood’s fashionable Frascati’s explained her surprising choice: “Last week, someone dared me to try snails. I did, and I love ’em. Every time I come here I’m going to have them.”

A few days earlier, again at lunch, she’d calmly ordered two pork chops with two sunny-side-up eggs on top, then proceeded to trim away all the egg white. “I love the yolks, but the whites of eggs are so tough and dull.”

Not dull, though, are Natalie’s considered opinions on the subject of “Does Mother Know Best?” With a quick grin and a direct, warm-eyed glance of friendliness, she attacked the subject with as much gusto as she bestowed on the snails. “When I was thirteen and in junior high, the most popular girl in class came in one morning with a blond streak bleached in her hair. All the boys were attracted. I thought she looked divine and I was filled with envy. And so, when my best girlfriend suggested we go over to her house after school and give ourselves a glamorous streak, I was all for it. Now I wonder how I had the courage to do something that would surely get me into trouble at home; but then I didn’t give it a thought. Like my classmates, life revolved around three things: personal appearance, clothes and boys. You see, since I was four I’d spent most of my time in movies, and school had always meant a studio tutor with just a few classmates, mostly older girls. Fresh from that atmosphere, I found co-education terrific. And I hoped my glamorous hair would get me more attention both at school and at the Saturday movie matinee. Anyway, I went home thinking the peroxide job was just wonderful. But Mother didn’t. Nor did Dad, the strict one in the family. ‘Go wash that stuff right out of your hair,’ he commanded. ‘I can’t,’ I wept, ‘it has to grow out.’ Mother then added a few thousand well-chosen (Continued on page 111)
what's spinning?

BY CHRIS DAGGETT

Wistfully lovely Leslie Caron, star of M-G-M's "Gaby," taking time off from her acting roles to hear some favorite music. Playing it the coolest—Admiral's portable and automatic four-speed phonograph, with endlessly variable tone control. The luggage type case, green and limed oak. $59.95

Biographical Notes: Gordon MacRae, a handsome baritone with a clear, appealing style which reflects his sparkling personality, skyrocketed to fame in 1947 with his first recording, a terrific rendition of "A Fellow Needs a Girl." Since then, Gordon has firmly established himself in show biz via radio, recordings, television and movies, his latest and greatest being "Oklahoma!" and "Carousel," which will be released this month. The music from the soundtrack of both these films is available on Capitol records. Gordon lives with his wife Sheila and their four children in California's San Fernando Valley. He is an avid and expert golfer and, music-wise, also plays piano, clarinet and sax.

The three McGuire Sisters—Christine, Phyllis and Dorothy—are probably the most attractive vocal trio ever to invade the music world. Looking at them from left to right you'll see: Chris, who takes the low notes; Phyllis, who sings melody; and Dorothy, who handles the high parts. The McGuire's have always gotten along well and agree on most issues. The most frequent differences occur when they are arranging harmony. The girls started their professional career touring the country entertaining at Army camps and veterans' hospitals. Returning to Ohio, they joined Station WLW in Cincinnati and fast became favorites in that territory. Following a series of club dates all over Ohio, the sisters decided to head for New York and try their luck. Only two weeks after arriving, a mutual friend introduced them to Gordon Jenkins. Then they won on Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts and joined the Redhead's radio and TV programs. After their first big record hit, "Something's Got to Give," the McGuire's were asked to make an album, "By Request." They now have a second album on the market, "Do You Remember When?" (Coral)

Classic classics:
All Mantovani lovers will enjoy his new album tremendously. Entitled "Mantovani Plays Great Operatic Arias," it is the most beautiful of all his collections yet released and includes "Celeste Aida" from "Aida," "One Fine Day" from "Madame Butterfly," "Musetta's Waltz" from "La Boheme," as well as "Intermezzo" from "Cavalleria Rusticana." (London)

Capitol Records has a series of light-classic recordings played by the Hollywood Bowl Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Carmen Dragon. One of the better albums features Leonard Pennario at the piano. Called "Concertos Under the Stars," it includes "Adagio" from the "Moonlight Sonata," "Swedish Rhapsody," "Liebestraum," and "Warsaw Concerto." There are seven selections in this album which have the wonderful feel and sound of the night. Each features the piano and each is essentially romantic.

For your collection:
2. The popular Mercury recording stars, The Crew Cuts, have a good song out entitled "Angels in the Sky."
3. On the Epic label, Roy Hamilton sings "Everybody Has a Home But Me." His terrific voice makes this a must.
5. A lovely ballad, "Memories Are Made of This," sung by Dean Martin (Capitol)
6. "It's Almost Tomorrow," by the Dream Weavers, on Decca, is a dream number that could bring tears to your eyes.
7. On M-G-M, Joni James does it again, singing "My Believing Heart."
8. Clyde McPhatter, one of the most popular R & B artists, does "I'm No Worthy of You." (Atlantic)
9. Count Basie swings out with "Aprés Paris," a real wild number. (Clef)
10. "Hit the Road" and "Taylor Made" are two of Sam (The Man) Taylor's best sides to date. (M-G-M)
for an early-bird easter

- You'll be a big-time hit come Easter Sunday in this junior dress and brief jacket to make in your choice of fabrics. The tucked and buttoned bodice and full skirt flowing from a whistled waist will do wonders for your figure. Make it in solid color dressweight wool or crepe with novelty trim to match your new Easter bonnet as in figure left. For a perfect dinner-to-dancing date outfit, right, use the same pattern in taffeta or silk with a fluffy bodice for extra feminine charm. For warm weather ahead, sew this ensemble in printed cotton with solid color jacket, as shown center above. Junior sizes 9-17. Size 15 takes 5 1/4 yards of 44-inch fabric for dress and jacket (1 1/2 for jacket lining). You'll need 3 3/4 yards for dress alone and 1 3/4 for contrasting jacket. This is a printed pattern and includes illustrated instructions for cutting and making.

To order your Pattern of the Month, send 50¢ in coin, with pattern number and size, to Advance Pattern Company, Dept. P. P. O. Box 21, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, New York
Announcing PHOTOPLAY’S Award Winners of 1955-56

Continued from page 17

circle with its two stars goes the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal movie. As that rarity among films, a truly fine love story, “Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing” has been greeted by moviegoers with cheers and sighs of welcome.

Among the runners-up is always-beloved June Allyson, who varied model-wife roles in Paramount’s “Strategic Air Command” and Warners’ “The McConnell Story” with a daring portrayal of a destructive wife in U-I’s “The Shrike.” Doris Day, too, risked her career, starting 1955 with the gentle Warner musical “Young at Heart,” then switching to stark realism in M-G-M’s “Love Me or Leave Me.” But your ballots approved her gamble. Once more rating high, fragile Grace Kelly shuttled between the drama of “The Country Girl” and “The Bridges at Toko-Ri” and the gay melodrama of M-G-M’s “Green Fire” and Paramount’s “To Catch a Thief.” Pert Debbie Reynolds retains her hold on your affections, after her light-hearted performances for M-G-M in “Hit the Deck” and “The Tender Trap.” Your votes hail James Cagney at the crest of a comeback wave that swept him into Paramount’s “Run for Cover” and “The Seven Little Foys,” M-G-M’s “Love Me or Leave Me” and Warners’ “Mister Roberts.” A 1954-55 winner, Rock Hudson is again a favorite of yours, with U-I’s “Captain Lightfoot” and “One Desire” to his credit. Another U-I star, Audie Murphy began the year with a Western, “Destry,” but leaped to greater prominence with his own war story, “To Hell and Back.” And you’ve thanked James Stewart for giving you expert entertainment in U-I’s “The Far Country,” Paramount’s “Strategic Air Command,” Columbia’s “The Man from Laramie.”

In addition to the Grand Ballroom festivities, PHOTOPLAY’s Gold Medal presentations also hit the airwaves. Lux Video Theatre (NBC-TV, Thursday, February 9th, 10 P.M. EST) will feature the people you chose as your favorites. Watch the radio and TV listings in your local newspapers for other programs reporting the awards.
A male runner-up, James Cagney gets out of seagoing togs for “Tribute to a Bad Man”

Again rated as a winner, Rock Hudson stars in “Never Say Goodbye” and later in “Giant”

Audie Murphy, gentle fighting man, enters the prize ring in “The World in My Corner”

Off Westerns, James Stewart’s in “The Man Who Knew Too Much,” “Spirit of St. Louis”

“A Man Called Peter” (20th) won applause as a runner-up movie, with Richard Todd as the inspired preacher, Jean Peters as wife

“East of Eden” (Warner) was the debut of the late James Dean (here with Lois Smith). Raymond Massey, Julie Harris also scored

“Guys and Dolls” (Goldwyn-M-G-M) put music into the film lives of Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons. With Sinatra, Vivian Blaine

“Love Me or Leave Me” (M-G-M) gave James Cagney and Doris Day real-life roles in an off-beat tune-film that garnered votes

“Mister Roberts” (Warner) found William Powell, Henry Fonda, Jack Lemmon allied in a hilarious, touching story of men at sea

“Rebel Without a Cause” (Warner) took a sympathetic look at young people in a jam. James Dean, Natalie Wood were a team

“Strategic Air Command” (Paramount) contrasted the quiet love of June Allyson and James Stewart with thrilling air spectacle

“The Long Gray Line” (Columbia) followed Tyrone Power through a factual saga of West Point. Maureen O’Hara co-starred

“To Hell and Back” (U-I) set Audie Murphy to re-creating his own tense experiences as the most-decorated soldier of World War II
Swedish Dish

(Continued from page 38)

The Copenhagen airport was jammed with reporters and photographers—most of whom had traveled from Malmo—as Anita alighted in queenly fashion from the plane. A huge mink stole around her casual- ly over her black silk suit, and in her arms she tenderly held her white French poodle, Robert. She scanned the crowd anxiously and, upon spotting her parents, rushed over to them. "Mummy?" she was virtually crushing her mother in her arms.

The newsmen eyed each other with puzz- led expressions. What was this "Mammy business?" they wondered. Truly, Malmo was in a state of frenzy! Anita, it was the first time anyone had heard that word before, "Mama" being the common term of endearment for one's mother. Probably the American eagle has not been seen

Nevertheless, it didn't exactly endear Anita to her countrymen at that moment. Nor did her distinctly American accent, as she spoke Swedish, nor her tendency to sprinkle English words and expressions throughout her conversation.

But, as Anita explained to me later, "This was the first time in four years that I had spoken a word of Swedish. It isn't that I don't love the people, but I don't forget your native language. But I have learned to think in English, and at first I had to hesitate to think of the proper Swedish words for a perfectly logical explanation, but it wasn't agreeably accepted by the Swedish people. For Sweden, like most European countries, holds an attitude al- most equivalent to ours of the French people who have succeeded in other lands, especially in the movies. Ingrid Bergman had a heart-breaking experience when she came home last year. It had nothing to do with her being an actress, but with her accent. She was refused admission to a cinema. The Swedish people think she is a great actress, but they resented the fact that she waited until her career had slipped before coming home. As for Oscar and Ingrid, she said, "Why, she's American as far as we're concerned. She left here thirty years ago and has only been back a few times. She's been lost to us for many years, and we felt resentful because she had achieved her notoriety— not by the acting genius they readily grant Bergman and Garbo—but by sex appeal alone. She could have been a Bjorn, but she was said. Sweden is filled with beautiful girls. Not understanding—not wanting to un- derstand—the American system of star- building, they made Anita the victim of them, which became known in Sweden as "The Hitchcock Incident.""

parents went to the airport to take the plane to Malmo. In the terminal, Anita spotted Alfred Hitchcock. With her mother and father in tow, she rushed up to the famous director and said, "Mr. Hitchcock, these are my parents."

Hitchcock shook hands politely, but looked a little puzzled. He bent his head attentively as Anita chatted on. "I'm going back to Hollywood, you know. I'm just making a new picture."

"Oh, yes?" smiled Hitchcock. "And what are you to do there?"

"Why, make a picture, of course," re- plied Anita.

After posing with the smiling Anita, then excusing himself, Hitchcock asked a bystander, "Who in the world is she?"

When he was told, he said, "I've known quite a lot of people, but I never met her, or of whom had come to welcome her home.

It was evident that she was nervous and ill at ease under the questioning of the press. Nevertheless, she spoke in her comparatively few graces, and in her own way, we do not have any nudist colonie- s in Sweden as there exist in America.

This was the only criticism she made of her adopted country. For Anita is perfectly in love with America and everything American. Although she did not confide this to her countrymen, she frankly admits elsewhere that she wants to remain in America and will not give up her chance of fame and fortune, but she is at home with the whole way of American life.

Her home in Malmo, all the neighbors from Anita's street, plus many others of the city's 255,000 population, crowded around her modest little house, which is located in a housing de- velopment in a typical Malmo environment.

Inside the Ekberg house there was a festive air. Flowers were everywhere, and the table, covered with the hand-embroidered tablecloth Anna had sent her mother from America, was literally drenched with the display of Swedish Smorgasbord—meat, fish, salads and innumerable varieties of cheese. Brothers, sister, sisters-in-law and nieces all vied for a word with Anita. Questions sprang up about her parents, the black wood and the stars she knew poured from the lips of her family and friends. As the festivities progressed, Anita's head began to whirl from all the excitement and noise. Fortunately, she had her close-knit family group, she was no longer Anita Ekberg, the glamorous star, but just another member of a very handsome fam- ily, the people who had made good in the New World.

Back in her flower-decked suite in Mal- mo's best hotel a few hours later, Anita resumed her role as a star. Her phone was constantly at her disposal, to everyone except her mother. While all the calls came from Berlin, London, Paris, Rome, and wires, letters and mes- sages piled up on the clerk's desk down- stairs, Anita ignored them all. She was indulging in what she calls her favorite Theatricals. Consequently, even "Mother" had no idea of what mount in Sweden had to call her mother and ask her to phone Anita and tell her he wanted to get in touch with her.

After two days, I was able to meet with Anita in the cocktail lounge of her hotel. She was more in her element, for Hollywood, than in Malmo by one week. Although she seemed relieved, she said, "Mother will be disappointed."

If there is one person in all the world whom Anita loves, respected and obeys (Continued on page 80)
Good Housekeeping Magazine's famous beauty clinic confirms this fact:

HAIR WASHED WITH NEW WOODBURY SHAMPOO HOLDS CURL BETTER, KEEPS SET LONGER

Woodbury's special “curl-keeping” ingredient makes the difference!

The right side of this girl's head was washed with New Woodbury Shampoo — the left with her regular brand. You can see what's happened. The left side is limp, straggly. The Woodbury side is springy, curly, beautifully manageable. Leading shampoos were tested this way on hundreds of women and the results were thoroughly checked by Good Housekeeping's famous impartial beauty clinic. The tests showed: Hair washed with Woodbury holds curl better, keeps set longer — without hair sprays, lacquers, rinses! New Woodbury Shampoo can't dry out your hair because it contains a special “curl-keeping” ingredient that protects natural hair oils. You'd expect a remarkable shampoo like this to cost more money. But so much Woodbury is sold, it can be priced at less than half as much as any other leading shampoo. Use Woodbury today. See the prettiest, liveliest curls — the loveliest, lastingest hair-do you've ever had. This result is guaranteed. Your money back otherwise.
In The Kingdom Of Love

And so the prince found his golden-haired princess and carried her off to his kingdom by the sea, to live happily ever after. The happy ending to Grace Kelly’s fairy-tale story has not been written yet. But in the tiny kingdom of Monaco, there was revelry by night and dancing in the street when the people heard that their handsome Prince Rainier III had found his dream princess and knew it would be a love match. “I will not marry except for love,” he had said. “I will not agree to a loveless marriage of convenience.”

But a bachelor’s life is lonely, and because he is of royal blood, Prince Rainier knew in his heart that he must soon find the girl who would give his people an heir. His family had ruled Monaco for centuries and without an heir, this carefree, tax-free paradise would revert to France.

Then fate—or was it his fairy godmother?—brought a golden-haired girl to the Riviera to make a picture, “To Catch a Thief.” Her name was Grace Kelly and she had the cool, poised beauty of a lady born to wealth, the charming manners of a girl raised in a cultured Philadelphia family. But though they met, that summer of 1954, and dated often, it was not until Grace returned to Cannes in the spring of 1955, for the Film Festival, that gossips began wondering if the handsome prince had found the love he sought. For they were seen together, everywhere. But then the gossips were confused. For Grace was also seen with Jean Pierre Aumont, the French actor, and the people of Monaco despised. For Jean was handsome, too—and did he not say, later, “I am deeply in love with Grace?”

Then the prince sailed for America. As a tourist, he said—and for a medical check-up. And his fairy godmother smiled. Because she knew there was only one cure for the heart of Prince Rainier. But to reporters who questioned him, he still said, “I will not marry except for love.” But there were some who found the answer when he was quoted in Colliers as saying, “I am free to marry the girl of my choice. I can marry a parlor-maid, a shop girl or a movie star. I want a wife more than a princess—a girl who is graceful and feminine, with hair the color of autumn leaves. Her eyes are blue or hazel, flecked with gold.” It was a word-picture of Grace Kelly.

And on January 5, 1956, came the announcement that thrilled the world. The 32-year-old Prince of Monaco had asked wealthy John Kelly, the former bricklayer, for his daughter’s hand in marriage. And at the exclusive Philadelphia Country Club, a happy Grace Kelly, surrounded by her friends and family, with her smiling prince by her side, announced her engagement. To reporters, later, she showed her diamond and ruby ring, representing the national colors of Monaco. And to those who asked about children, her mother said, “I hope they’ll have many—I like a big family.”

The marriage is planned for some time in April. Then Grace will sail with her Prince Charming to Monaco, where she will live in a palace by the sea and rule with him as Her Serene Highness over a people who long ago told Prince Rainier, “We don’t care whom you marry—she can be rich or poor, commoner or royalty—as long as she loves you and you love her and you will have children and live happily ever after.”

(Continued from page 78)
You can't see what's happening underneath your make-up!

But you can be sure invisible skin bacteria won't spoil your complexion—if you wash with Dial Soap!

Ordinary good soaps wash away dirt and make-up. But they leave thousands of skin bacteria. You can't see or feel them. But when you put on fresh make-up, these bacteria are free to spread surface blemishes underneath.

But daily washing with Dial Soap not only removes dirt and make-up—but clears away up to 95% of blemish-spreading bacteria! Then Dial keeps on working—underneath your make-up! So your complexion is protected all day!

What's Dial's secret? It's AT-7—the most effective bacteria remover known! So before you make-up—wash up with mild, gentle Dial Soap.

Dial Soap protects your complexion—even under make-up!

P.S. Dial Shampoo gives you that diamond sparkle look!
Anita's next job was as a model for a traveling salesman. In Sweden, it was customary for salesmen of women's clothes to travel about the country, accompanied by a model, and put on shows in leading hotels, where women can order their dresses directly.

A friend who saw Anita often at this time, remembers her as quiet and cheerful, conscientious in her work, excited about wearing beautiful clothes, and just beginning to be ambitious. Her eyes were on Hollywood. In fact, she had already been there.

When Anita was about nineteen, Georg Oddner—one of the leading fashion photographers in Sweden—heard about her through a mutual friend. Oddner wrote her a note, asking her to come see him at his Malmo studio. Anita went and he hired her on the spot. She became Oddner's favorite model, and soon her face was appearing in most of the leading Swedish magazines.

Georg Oddner had been to America, worked for fashion magazines in New York and had spent some time in Hollywood. Oddner had been writing to her about America. He would say to her, "You should go to Hollywood. You're just the type beauty they're looking for."

"Oh, if I only could," Anita would sigh. "I'll never be a movie queen, you know. I'm just a very nice girl," she would answer. "She has a good heart and good instincts. She was excellent with children, and I always liked to have her around when I worked with child models."

Once Oddner had placed her in front of some photographers. During her recent trip to Malmo, he was the only person she allowed to photograph her, other than the arrival picture. So she was a picture at the beginning of this story.

The decisive point in Anita's life came in the summer of 1951. A reporter from the Hollywood weekly Variety's favorite寻找 girls for进入 the Miss Malmo contest. The winner would be chosen by readers and would be eligible for the Miss Sweden contest.

The Miss Sweden contest was having a difficult time getting girls to enter, because in Sweden, girls of nice families don't enter beauty contests. One day, as he was strolling through a Stockholm department store, he entered the store and asked her if she would send her picture to the paper. Anita hesitated, then said she'd talk it over with her mother.

And her mother talked it over for a long time, and when they came to a decision, they said to her, "I urge her to do it. Anita didn't want to because she was afraid she'd lose, then everyone would make fun of her. I told her not to tell anyone, but to take the photograph and hide it in her purse. She sent her picture to the contest and entered. It was only a matter of time before the newspapers began to use her picture. But she didn't get a contract right away. But it did get her a lot of attention and publicity.

"Then," says Anita, "I decided to be smart and be my own agent." She met a man at that time who offered her a seven-year contract with his company—which, in turn, has farmed her out for five years to Paramount and Warners.

This occurred a year and a half ago, but she says she doesn't mind getting her name and picture in the newspapers frequently. Then John Wayne cast her in "Blood Alley"—but her striking beauty was concealed with a dark wig and false face, to make her look like a Chinese girl.

But moviegoers get to see the real Anita in "Artists and Models" and, even more so, in "The Killing," in which I played a second big break. The role of Princess Helene came to her because Arlene Dahl fell sick and couldn't take it. This was Anita's first good part.

"I have never told Tolstoy's great novel, War and Peace. "I did try," she says, "but I could never get into it."

This lack of interest in matters intellegible is attributed to Anita and her side of life may have accounted for her failure with the one man she admits she was much in love with, Tyrone Power. Ty likes his women to be beautiful, but he was interested in them as people, and as a result, Anita didn't like him. "He might not like it—but... ." Her voice trailed off into silence.

Anita says she would like to marry only the man she loves, but that day comes along, she's going to concentrate on her career. "Right now," she says, "that's the most important thing in my life, even more important than marriage."

Anita knows that she was her sister, Inga, who is a year younger than Anita and as beautiful as
sweet, wholesome way as Anita is in her sophisticated fashion.

Inga was divorced recently, and she lives with her three-year-old daughter, Eva, in a one-room apartment on the top floor of a modest apartment building. Her place is simple, but it glows with a warm feeling of family love. Inga's income is small; she works all day and leaves the baby with a friend. Still, her table is set with delicate Swedish cakes, coffee and expensive cigarettes. It doesn't take long to realize that, although she resembles Anita—with the same silvery blond hair, blue eyes and finely shaped nose—the sisters are completely different.

Inga adores Anita, adores her with wide-eyed, frank admiration and without a trace of envy or jealousy. While Anita is ladened with furs and jewelry, travels far and wide, has a Jaguar car, an apartment in Hollywood and is planning to buy a house in Beverly Hills, Inga lives in the barest simplicity, with her radio, her friends—and her baby.

As we talked, Inga kept glancing anxiously toward the corner where baby Eva tossed and turned in restless sleep. "She has a cold," Inga explained, "and it's bothering her. You know, Anita had never seen Eva, since she was born while Anita was in America. What fun she had playing with Eva the first night. Then the second night, I went with Anita to her hotel. There we found a girlfriend, Inga Lindholm, who had been waiting for Anita.

"We all three went up to Anita's room, and we talked until five in the morning. Inga and I tried on all of Anita's beautiful clothes. Oh," she exclaimed with childish glee, "what beautiful clothes!"

To Inga, Anita is still the mischievous, quiet sister who was her closest playmate. But she has noticed a change, which she attributes to Anita's long stay in America. "Anita is so Americanized now, so sure of herself," said Inga.

"We always got along beautifully," Inga recalls of their childhood. "We seldom fought, but Anita was stubborn, with a mind of her own. When we went bicycling, I would suggest taking the route back through the woods or by the beach. No matter what I suggested, Anita would want to do the opposite."

Inga smiled when she was told of Anita's hope to get married and have children. She nodded her head slowly and said simply, "I do not think so." Perhaps she was thinking that Anita's new kind of life left no room for marriage and a family, that when one is ambitious everything else must be put aside.

Anita herself had said, when I asked her what she hoped for out of life: "Hope, hope, you say. I don't hope—I act."

What she meant was that she doesn't sit around and dream and hope, she gets out there and fights for what she wants.

As I said goodbye to Inga, standing framed in the doorway of her tiny room, her baby, now awake, held closely in her arms, I couldn't help but wonder. Could it be that sometimes, after the fanfare and noise have subsided and Anita is alone with herself, she thinks about her sister Inga and envies her just a little? Perhaps, she does, but even so, the feeling couldn't last for long. For these days, Anita doesn't have much time to be alone—she is too much in demand. She is gaily swinging on a brilliant star and, whether or not she is getting everything she ever hoped for, is a question still to be answered. The End

***************

BUY U. S. SAVINGS BONDS
AND INVEST IN YOUR FUTURE

***************
turned out that he was drafted about eighteen months later.

It helped that the Winslow farm already was home to Jimmy. For a while, when Winton had worked in Marion, they had lived in the little cottage up beyond the Friends' Back Creek meeting house, on the corner of the farm.

And just to show you how Marcus and Hortense welcomed Jimmy, they even gave him their own room and showed across the hall. Hortense said, "He liked our bed-

room set better. It was maple and that seemed right for a boy.

I don't know how, but Hortense and Marcus are a daughter and son-in-law any woman would be proud to own. They do

their share in the community, and besides their organizations, Hortense plays piano for the town band and Marcus was interested in Earlham College, a Quaker school near here. Both are wise and

gentle and have a great gift for lo-

ving. Theres is like a Quaker home should be. You never hear a harsh word. Best of all, they are happy as well as good—

and that's what Jimmy needed most after the shock of losing his mother.

Joan, too, made a great fuss over Jimmy, and so did her friends. Always, there were lots of young people around, for they all loved to come to the Winslow farm.

It's just two miles north of town and to

Marcus. It's a beautiful place, and its mag-

azines have used pictures of it on their covers and camera clubs come there for

their outings. Every Winslow for gen-

erations has done something to improve it.

The big square white "new" house, built in 1904, stands on a hill and the land rolls down to the farmyard with its white barns and sheds. A stand of timber along the creek sets off the buildings. In the near pasture, there's a big pond. Marcus ran an electric line out and strung lights so the kids could skate on winter nights. Summers there was a real picnic going.

Maybe the best way to tell you how Marcus and Jimmy got along would be to repeat what one of Jimmy's classmates said, "He's the best kid I've ever envied Jimmy. My dad never took time to play with me, but Marcus was for-

ever out there shooting baskets with Jim-

my or passing a football or taking him hunting, always one to do anything.

For Jimmy, it soon added up to health-

happiness and that charge of energy which

later was sort of able to break right through a man who hadn't seemed to be able to do anything. A professional figure-

skating teacher who happened into our
town gave him a few lessons, then said

Jimmy was as good a skater as he was, and although he wasn't big and rangy like most boys that made the team, he was quick and sure of himself and turned out to be a good player.

One reason Jimmy could do so well was

that he was a born mimic. Charlie and I used to laugh about it when he was a little shaver. Charlie and Jimmy always were awfully fond of each other. If Charlie sat with his knees crossed, Jimmy crossed his; if Charlie stretched out his legs, Jimmy did, too. It was more than just mocking Charlie's gestures. Even then, Jimmy seemed able to be another person.

He did right well with his 4-H projects. The first year he had baby chicks, the second a garden and then it was cattle. Eventually, his Guernsey bull won grand champion at the Indiana State Fair.

But the funniest was Jimmy's pig. As a farm boy usually does, Jimmy got the runt of a litter. He bottle-fed it and it became his pet. There would be Jimmy and Jimmy Jr., crossing a field pig, running along behind, squealing and oinking and trying to keep up with them.

Marcus and Hortense saw that Jimmy had every advantage. He could draw and paint and work with clay. When he took dancing lessons, Jimmy got them, too.

Hortense tried to teach him piano, but there was too much playing to be done outdoors for him to ever want to practice. When Marcus took the kids to the movies, he was a bass horn, Jimmy took to it. That and drums. Before he finished high school, he could play almost any instru-

ment he liked.

He sure took after Charlie when it came to cars. Charlie bought his first car in 1911 and horrified the town by scorching along at 35 miles an hour. Jimmy learned to drive when he was 17 and his first love was a little boy's bicycle first, then his whizzer—a bike with a motor. A real

noisy motor. You could hear Jimmy com-

ing three miles away. Then he got to trouncing to the town on a bicycle, with a jack-knife and he'll end up with a house and a lot. Jimmy swapped his whizzer for a little foreign cycle and after that his motor-

cycles got larger and larger. Clever Jimmy could do whatever he set his mind to was his mark in school. In grammar school, they called him Quiz Kid. It helped that he went to visit his father nearly every vacation, for there was a library and the books he'd read told him all the places he'd seen. In high school, it was a different story. Jimmy got the notion it was what he called "square" to study. During his second year, Marcus had a talk with him. "You'll never go to college, to come up, with such grades," Marcus told him. Well, sir, Jimmy got down to business. He stayed on the honor roll all year.

He had hard time making up his mind whether he would like to be an actor or a lawyer. Winton favored law, but he hadn't seen Jimmy in as many plays as the rest of us. Marcus, who always encouraged the kid, helped him decide on his school. First Jimmy wanted to go to Earlham, where Marcus went, but Marcus pointed out that if he wanted to act, he'd better go to California.

It was in his glory when Joan got married to Reese Peacock. Markie was still a toddler, so it was Jimmy who was in the mischievous little brother position. It was during the war and rice was hard to get, so Charlie and I were --
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It's completely different. And you'll feel the difference immediately—all through the day! Only Sarong's unique, patented criss-cross feature lets you walk, bend and sit with wonderful freedom. Never, never rides up!

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The Day That Decided Rory's Life

(Continued from page 41)

help, lad," the priest said to Rory. "We don't have much time."

"Why me, Padre?" Rory asked, moved but puzzled. And, realizing the spiritual responsibility and the test ahead of him, he repeated, "Why me?"

A man can pray a lot in two days. And Rory prayed, even as he asked himself over and over: What does this mean? For an hour, Padre had entrusted this to him. Why did Padre think the Lord would hear him?

Although he couldn't know it then, Rory Calhoun's finest hour was at hand.

It began many years ago, and it's the story of Rory Calhoun today. A story of unshakable faith. The kind of faith that moves mountains...and goes above them.

The story is told in the heart of a girl whose prayers have always been with him. A beautiful girl whose dark eyes fill with tears now, as she remembers the night long ago when Rory first talked to her.

"I felt I wanted to make it all up to him," she recalls. "It made me love him more than ever. Somebody who could go through all that and be what he is today."

And it's the story of how she and the two men whenever they're together now—in Rory's complete sense of peace...in the warm affection and admiration of the gentle-voiced, white-haired priest...in the near-worship shown on Rory Canhoun's face when he looks at him, the unmistakable mist in his Irish-blue eyes. It's a moving experience to see them together now, Father Kanaly and Rory Calhoun—to sense the bond between them, and to hear the camaraderie that flowed back and forth between them in Rory's home during the Father's visit there.

"For fifteen years he's been working on me," says Rory. "He's really got me nailed down. For years I've been managing to sidetrack him, but I'm not so fast any more. The footwork's slowing down. You wait, Padre, I'm going to get out in the clear and get some running room."

"Rory," the priest twinkle, "you know you never could run."

The hero has finally strengthened the bond that was forged fifteen years ago in El Reno, Oklahoma, between a teen-aged boy—imprisoned there after a number of robberies and escapes from reformatories—and the chaplain in "the college" there.

"He has so much strength, but he gives it to you so gently," Rory has said of Father Kanaly. "He's a real disciple. I can't quite put my finger on him, but I do anything in the world he asked of me."

Rory has described him very well. God's gentle warrior. So gentle, but so very strong. With so much strength to give—and the instinctive wisdom to give it in gentle doses that an adventurous Irish kid like Timothy "Smoky" Durgin would take.

"In the right wisdom, Father Kanaly in his way saw the reality of life, of the childhood and how they had spread. His are eyes that can look deep into the soul of a boy and see the seed of goodness there, the promise of what he could become."

"Inside 'the college,' a priest doesn't meet up with a lad like Rory very often, or have a chance to help a boy like him, he was saying, when Rory had gone. He always had the friendliness, that open-heartedness—and the desire for good. That was the great thing, the desire for good. And he always had that smile, the Lord bless him. He had his chin up and that big-wide smile. The world was out there and he was going to conquer it...and nothing was going to stop him."

"The place where we were was by all external appearances the dead-end. That's the thing you see—the blackness, the deadness, and the despair. And this is generally reflected by cynicism and the cold deadeye. But not in Rory. There was no heavy there. He was always optimistic, and this made a tremendous impression on me. Here was a lad in the middle of it, but walking around with the chin up."

Here was life and hope—where life and hope were strangers. Here was strength and a force that should be enlightened and enlisted for good.

As Father Kanaly was saying, "Often, the best person in God's work is the kind of person who might have been the worst. Those with force, in whom the quality of greatness is misdirected. The kind of person who can't be mediocre, who goes all out in whatever he does. I knew the lad needed help and inspiration, and we would spend hours just talking. I wanted to really know him, so I could give him something, spiritually."

"Rory manifested all the qualities of leadership and the desire to do the nob thing. He helped me get together a group of young fellows like himself, and we decided he wanted to be baptized. "Padra, that was the first man in my life I've ever wanted," he said.

And he's said since, "I wanted that so much because I respected Padre so much. He's the first man I've ever respected in my life."

Baptism was to be the turning-point in Rory's life. He was baptized when his faith and his future were both hanging by slender threads. They could decide a man's whole human destiny.

One day, when the chaplain baptized another boy and said nothing to Rory, to struggle on to that small flicker of faith and hope, the priest— seemed too much for young Rory. It was sure Padre must have lost confidence in him. That seemed to him the only answer, and he made another move—it was the day when he decided I'm never going to believe in you."

"I hadn't lost confidence in Rory at all. I just thought we had more time to work on his faith, and I didn't want to rush him. But Father Kanaly wanted him to have as deep an understanding as time allowed. I didn't want to rush him into baptism, but perhaps he would meet with discouragement and finally give up. So I knew him better. I knew the better prepared he was, the better it would be for him—the stronger Christian he would be, and I thought we had time."

But Rory didn't understand, and sud days were drawn out to months. He was termed a "trouble-maker," and he was decided to transfer him.

When Father Kanaly heard this, he told Rory he would baptize him. "I thought I had a few days to plan to make the most of that time preparing him. But one morning I got to 'the college' and Rory was gone. They'd taken him."

"I didn't want to catch a train for Springfield. The Padre got into his car and race the sixty miles, praying he would make it there in time."

"We'd made a solemn contract that would baptize him no matter what happened. I didn't expect it would happen on the run, but I knew I was going to baptize him wherever and how and wherever he wanted it, and how he would get us to him. I knew the chances were I'd never see him again."

The chaplain reached the Union Depot in Oklahoma City a few minutes before the train pulled in. He rushed to find his boy.

"Smoky, it looks like you're pulling out in a hurry," he said.

"Yes, Padre, they've got me going."

"What about being baptized?"

"It looks like we're being blown up, Padre," he said.

"We're not 'blowed up' yet, Smokey. This is what we want. Do you still want to be baptized?"

"Yes, I do."

—He was a Slave of PASSION!

There are some things people won't talk about. But radio's "My True Story" frankly attacks the emotional problems of life. It brings you stories taken right from the files of True Story Magazine. That's why you get such a revealing—sometimes almost shocking—look into the lives of other people. So be sure to listen to this thrilling radio program. It has helped millions to understand their most soul-stirring problems.

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She traded her happy home for fool's gold. Don't miss "MONEY MAD" in March TRUE STORY MAGAZINE at newsstands now.
“Let’s go!” the priest said, leading the way to the men’s washroom.

The next few minutes were to decide the rest of Rory’s life.

As Father Kanaly was saying now, “I’ve never seen such an expression of faith. The hardest thing in the world for men to do is make a public show of religion, and it’s most difficult when it is sincere. When a man is sincere, it takes real humility. Here was a proud lad, a highly intelligent lad, dressed in denims about eight sizes too large for him, with handcuffs on his hands, irons on his legs, and a guard on either side of him. In my book, this took more courage than anything a lad could be called on to do.”

For the chaplain this was a test, too. The baptismal service is very solemn and dignified. In his words, “This is a very sacred thing, God reaching out and embracing a human being.” Would he be desecrating the sacrament, conducting it this way? The priest hurriedly borrowed a glass of water from the depot restaurant and, in the men’s washroom, with curious eyes watching, above the whistle of the incoming train, he intoned, “I baptize thee in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost...”

Time was to prove that “if it had taken place in St. Peter’s in Rome, this couldn’t have been more sacred.”

Out of his full and grateful heart, Rory Calhoun says today, “I thank God that Padre made it in time. But for that...”

But for that, his was another destination. But for that—Rory would probably never have completed the train ride. For an eighteen-year-old, the bleak stretch ahead (if the charges, as it happened, had not subsequently been dropped) left nothing to hope for.

Speeding across the Oklahoma countryside, his arms freed, and noting the guard had dozed off beside him, Rory knew it would be no problem to disarm him. But, with freedom within his grasp, something stopped him. Rory didn’t try to escape, and he knew he would never run again. Never. As he says now, “In that split-second, I thought of Father Kanaly. He’d just baptized me. This was still fresh on my mind.”

Rory awakened a surprised guard and returned his gun. The instant I did this, I knew I was going to take whatever they gave me—see it all the way through. Since that moment, I haven’t hurt anybody in this world—not knowingly anyway—and I wouldn’t.

But for the faith of a priest in a small town in Oklahoma, Timothy Durgin would never have gotten to Hollywood. Never have been in movies. And Rory Calhoun wouldn’t today be touching the lives of millions of others with his story, inspiring the hope and courage so many need. He wouldn’t be dedicating himself to youth and its problems, working with juveniles who need help and guidance, and inspiring the building of a fine youth center in Oklahoma City, where his own future began.

But at eighteen, his faith was still to be tested—there was a crucifying time ahead. During those crucial years when Timothy Durgin was making another name in another life, Father Kanaly was never any farther than a prayer away. His prayers were following the lad with the ardent smile and the open heart, asking God’s grace for him, and praying he would find somewhere a girl like Lita Baron.

“She’s the darling the Good Lord sent him,” says Father Kanaly. “I was always praying for the most beautiful, the kindest the sweetest girl in the world to capture Rory’s heart. And she did. For Rory, coming to California and meeting a girl as beautiful and as gifted as Lita—a girl who took him with such complete confidence—

Now! One dreamy cleansing floats away even long-stay makeup!

New Tussy Dreamy Cleanser lifts out pore-clogging dirt and makeup so fast you’ll think you’re dreaming! This fast, deep-reaching, flowing Cleanser softens as it cleanses! Just one application gets skin so much cleaner. Instantly loosens and floats away even stubborn new-formula lipstick and waterproof mascara. Here’s a softening, moisturizing velvet-feeling Cleanser—dreamy-soft on your skin! For a young, dewy-fresh, and radiantly clean skin—cleanse with Tussy Dreamy Cleanser tonight!

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TUSSY Dreamy Cleanser
The actress and dancer with an established and promising career of her own, Lita's thoughts were only for Rory, when he told her his story. He had received every break he was so worthy. And I wanted to make it all up to him.

"When he first talked to me, I didn't believe him," Lita said today. "I thought he was kidding me. I would say, 'Oh, sure—sure.' It all sounded like fiction. But gradually, Rory would keep referring to it, and I realized he meant the things he said. I felt he deserved every break he was so worthy. And I wanted to make it all up to him."

Lita's family took him to heart instinctively, for the brother Pete, was the brother Rory never had. Her baby brother, Bobby, was a real tonic— idolizing him and looking up to him. For all Rory's Irish vibrance and that big smile, Lita's mother felt that he was looking after their little one, hiding the facts behind the eyes. This boy has suffered.

And now Rory Calhoun had not only a wife, but a family. A family who loved and respected him as their own, and who adored him. In fact, he seemed to be in a profession where publicity could hang so heavy over his head—and somehow, perhaps, descend upon him.

"Yes, the Padre's prayer for God to send him a high one has been answered."

Years had passed—ten years—since Father Kanaly had baptized Rory in a washtub in Oklahoma City. Then early one morning the telephone rang hard and long in the rectory in a small Oklahoma town. It was three a.m., and the priest thought sadly that there must have been a bad highway accident, some sort of emergency. He was not at all surprised when he heard a familiar Irish voice:

"Hello, Padre? This is Smokey.

His voice was happy and full of hope. Rory told him he was working in pictures in Hollywood, that he had just arrived in Los Angeles. In answer to the sad news he considered his first real part—that of a fighter in a picture called, "The Great John L," he had asked the Padre to forget about it.

To Father Kanaly was "such good news" from his boy. "It made me very happy. This was the first contact we'd had since that day at the depot. I'm sure he wanted to have something good to tell me."

In Calumet, Oklahoma, with a population around 350, there's no movie theatre. But the Padre watched Oklahoma City's theatre announcements eagerly for days... months... unctarily.

"I really laid in wait for that picture."

WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITES?

In color I want to see:

[ ] Actor:

[ ] Actress:

I want to read stories about:

[ ] (1)

[ ] (2)

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

[ ] (1)

[ ] (2)

[ ] (3)

NAME

ADDRESS

AGE

P Paste this ballot on a postal card and send it to Readers' Poll Editor, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, N. Y. 17, N. Y.
furnishing it with double-bunk beds which would accommodate twenty boys for the summer. He was hand-picking them, intending to expose them to fresh air, give them horses to ride and a few chores to do. And he was concentrating on juveniles who needed guidance in the worst way.

The Padre was very interested. He had already drawn plans, in his mind, for a little chapel he thought should be built there, and had written Rory accordingly.

“No rest for the wicked, eh, Padre?”

“No rest, Rory. The Good Lord nabbed you way back when.”

But, was this enough? Was there a greater job to do?

Out of a humble and grateful heart, a man like Rory Calhoun asks himself whether there is special meaning in today’s good fortune. Whether there is purpose in the public’s overwhelming expression of good faith. Or whether it’s straight out of their sense of sportsmanship.

And there are nights, when a man is alone with himself, when a man as open-hearted as Rory asks himself whether he would be equal to the spiritual responsibility of youth guidance work. Would the role be too much for him? What would he have to offer anybody?

On a night like this, the telephone rang, and a voice, so fondly and well remembered, was asking Rory to pray for a boy who had been born without hope, without faith. A boy who had never had any guidance. A boy who was going to die in the electric chair.

In McAlester, Oklahoma, watching the grim activity going on around him, Father Kanaly knew the condemned had little hope. Only prayers could help this unfortunate lad. Prayers, the Padre knew, were answered in the degree in which the person who prays wants them answered.

In their sincerity

“I know Rory would do something about this—if I can get word to him,” the Padre thought. “I know I can count on him.” So he put in a call to Hollywood.

The Padre was staying in McAlester to help “ease the boy over,” then he was flying out to visit Rory and Lita Calhoun. He told Rory he needed his “help”—and there wasn’t much time.

In Hollywood, the chain of faith wasn’t broken. Rory remembered when there had been even less time. Five minutes in a railroad station when the Padre had said, “We aren’t ‘blowed up’ yet, Smokey,” and baptized him—and changed a boy’s destination in life.

Rory Calhoun prayed.

Four hours before the time set for execution, an accomplice of the condemned boy confessed that he had fired the gun. The warden hurriedly put in a call to the state capitol in Oklahoma City. Governor Raymond Gary had flown to Chicago on state business. They reached him in time, and he granted a sixty-day reprieve. Sixty days of grace for the truth to be heard.

Father Kanaly wired his miraculous news and caught an earlier plane to Los Angeles.

And now they were together. Rory and Lita Calhoun and the gentle priest who was so important a part of their lives.

“It’s been a hard fight, Rory,” he said.

“It isn’t over yet, Padre. Don’t count your chickens yet.”

“But it’s downhill now, lad. We’re going downhill—and running all the way.”

Rory Calhoun’s eyes filled.

“You know, Padre,” he said, “if you’re not careful, you’re going to make a Christian of me yet.”

**The End**

---

**New Silicone Beauty Lotion! Guaranteed to protect hands more ways than rubber gloves!**

New Mennen Skin Magic

Heals chapping!

Instantly softens red “detergent-rough” hands

This non-sticky lotion not only protects against chapped, water-rough skin... it adds softening emollients, too! Actually heals chapping; silken skin at once. Use it from face to heels. In unbreakable squeeze bottle. Only $1. plus tax. Money back, if not satisfied. Return bottle to The Mennen Company, Morristown, N.J., for full refund.
COMPLIMENT-WINNING HAIR

You know the pleasant glow and feeling of contentment that comes from a sincere compliment...or an admiring side-long glance! Up goes your morale...you feel years younger...full of pride and confidence in your attractive appearance.

But compliments seldom come accidentally. In the same way regular skin care is necessary to keep your complexion fresh and lovely, your hair also needs regular care to keep it gleaming and full of color. So if your hair is beginning to fade and grow lifeless...if the first touches of gray have appeared...it's time for you to join the many thousands of women whose regular beauty routine includes a NOREEN Color Hair Rinse after each shampoo to keep their hair bright and shining, and to blend in unwanted streaks of faded or graying hair.

These women choose NOREEN every time because they have found how naturally and discreetly it matches their hair to eyes and skin tone...because NOREEN brings them compliments—not comments—from their friends.

Sugar Puss

(Continued from page 45)

solid foundation on which her life is based and the fact that she hasn't changed one bit since that day when she was sixteen, except to grow in personality and talent. Is this really so? Just ask Shirley's recent roommate, Barbara Ruick, who is also a talented and rising young star. Barbara was determined to have the juicy role of Carrie in "Carousel."

"I'm a competitor myself," Barbara explained, "and I certainly expected Shirley would be. But she's not. She's completely unsuspicious and completely lacking in envy. She really wants you to do well. When I tested for 'Carousel,' they naturally used one of Carrie's best scenes in the script. Henry King, the director, wanted to see how we looked together, so Shirley played it with me. For the purpose of that scene Shirley, the star of the picture, was in a distinctly supporting role. Instinctively, most stars—indeed, most women—would have been concerned with their own appearance. But not Shirley. She supported me. It was the scene in which I told her I'm going to marry Mr. Snow. Her reaction was wonderful. She seemed genuinely happy for me as Carrie and as me, myself. I know it was the best test I ever made.

"Shirley has a completely open personality," Barbara continued enthusiastically, "and I think that's the basis of her talent. The duty of an actor is to reveal a character through himself, and Shirley is a completely uninhibited performer."

Since, in "Carousel," Julie and Carrie are the best of friends, the transition from work to play was never difficult for Shirley and Barbara. While shooting the majority of the movie in Boothbay, Maine, the girls stayed at the Outlook Inn. They had a cottage, called the Brigantine, high on a knoll overlooking the bay. Sometimes, in the evening, they would get a gang together and go out on supper sailing. Mrs. Hatch, the owner of the Inn, would hire a huge cabin cruiser and the gang would sail the bay in the moonlight, watch the huge seals and eat supper. Sometimes Barbara's father, actor Mel Ruick, would come up from New York to sail with them. On Sundays, the girls took turns going to each other's church.

One night, when they were driving home from Wiscasset after dinner, their headlights picked up a Beagle dog, his mate and their six-weeks-old puppy running on the highway. Shirley slammed on the brakes, and soon they had the dogs in the car. Back at their cottage, the girls made a bed for the Beagle and took the puppy to bed with them. They named her Soliloquy (Lil for short), and made plans to take her back to Hollywood with them. They proudly took their orphans to the set the next day. Before long, however, a very irate lobsterman showed up demanding to know where Shirley and Barbara got their dogs. After hearing their tale of the poor lost dogs, the lobsterman proclaimed himself their owner and, as a parting shot (puppy under arm), exclaimed, "They were a hundred and fifty yards from home when you found them!"

When they returned to Hollywood to finish "Carousel," it was only natural that Shirley should move into Barbara's apartment. Shirley is happy with people and has always managed to have a roommate to share with, since she left home. She has no need for long 'alone' periods.

"This may sound like a coffee commercial," warned vivacious Barbara, "but I used to be grouchy, irritable and untouchable in the morning. Now I'm a living doll! Shirley is happy when she wakes up. I
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years perfect attendance. However, that didn’t stop me from being a brat when I was very young,” Shirley grinned. “I used my lung power to wail and roar when things didn’t go my way. But that subsided when I was about ten, and I turned my attention to singing. At thirteen, I went to a larger Methodist church to sing solos in the choir. I also became secretary for the Sunday school. I knew Mother and Daddy taught me the right way. I grew up in that way. It’s made it so much easier for me to make the right decisions. I know the difference between right and wrong—and temptation.

“I remember when the football games were held on Friday night and I was a cheerleader. But my voice lesson was Saturday morning. I knew if I went to the game I’d yell myself hoarse, so it was up to me. I loved those games, but I stayed home. Another temptation for me is food.” Shirley sighs. “Every pound I gain goes right to my face. So I have to be careful, and I hate it—but I do it. Then there was always the temptation to let Dad spoil me—which I didn’t always overcome. He’s a real softie—at the shedding of a tear Daddy was gone. Mother had to be the firm one and mete out punishment. Once Dad spanked me mildly and it almost broke him up. He could never do it again. But Mother could never be swayed—which was fortunate.”

“I guess what I’m trying to say,” Shirley continues, “is that Mother and Dad’s love and approval, plus my belief in prayer and faith in God, have helped me in everything I’ve done. Everyone has to have something to believe in. My belief has helped me through disappointments and decisions. You know the song, in ‘Carousel,’ that Clara Mae Turner sings—‘You’ll Never Walk Alone.’ Well, I believe it. A firm belief can take care of temptation.”

And Shirley has had her share of temptation and disappointment in her short life. After singing for Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein and being signed to a mysterious, but exciting, seven-year contract, it must have been disappointing to go into the chorus of “South Pacific.” And after that, into a small part in “Me and Juliet.” Shirley signed because she was a perfect Laurey for “Oklahoma!” yet all she was getting was experience in minor roles in other musicals. But she found time to make friends, have fun and study acting. She worked with one of the greatest teachers, Mary Tarcai, and then later with the Actors Studio. Taking from each one everything she could use, Shirley continued to work toward her profession and at the same time, live as a person.

When “Me and Juliet” went on the road, she got the second lead and understudied the star, Isabel Bigley. Unfortunately for Miss Bigley—and fortunately for Shirley—the flu caught up with the star in Chicago. Miss Jones replaced her and won rave reviews. That was great for two weeks, but then the perfect Laurey was languishing in a second lead again—waiting. Until early in 1954, that is. Then Shirley got a call to fly to Hollywood and test with Gordon MacRae and Charlotte Greenwood for “Oklahoma!” She tested, then flew back to “Me and Juliet”—and waited. She read of one star after another who was being tested for Laurey. Finally she decided she’d lost out. Then, exactly eleven months after her name had dried on the contract with Rodgers and Hammerstein, her agent called her. His opening salutation was “Hello, Laurey,” and Miss Jones was on her way West.

During that time—while Shirley worked at her trade, learning, listening, studying—it would have been easy to become discouraged and unhappy. And during the filming of “Oklahoma!,” she learned the hazards of a new trade. Concentration in the midst of
changing lights... barked commands
from directors, camera men, electricians...
where to stand, how to stand and what
to face the camera. She learned fast.
When the State Department decided
to send a presentation of "Oklahoma!" to Eu-
rope, Shirley became the toast of Paris and
Rome. She wanted desperately to have her
Mother and Dad share the experience with
her, but they couldn't manage at the time.
Instead, she accepted the flattering and se-
cious attentions of Sedra, the younger
brother of Aly Kahn. Of Europe and Sadra
she says, "It was a wonderful experience,
gay and glorious and beautiful. It was like
Student Prince." It was during her stay
in Rome that Shirley was notified she had
been signed for the coveted role of Julie
Rodgers and Hammerstein's "Carousel,"
to be produced by 20th Century-Fox. "That
was the most fabulous surprise of my life,"
Shirley explains, "and one which I never
expect to be repeated. I didn't even know
there was a plan to film 'Carousel,' and cer-
tainly never dreamed I was a candidate
for it. Suddenly the thing was there."
The "thing" as Shirley puts it, is one of
the strongest, mostest roles in musical
trama. The "Carousel" songs and the
story have strength and depth. It is more
than a light-hearted, boy-meets-girl musi-
cal. Although just her second picture, this
role of Julie will push Shirley into the
realm of theatre greats. While the role of
Laurey required only a sweet, lovely her-
line with an exceptional voice, the part of
Julie demands the richer, deeper over-
tones of tragedy, aging, depth and strong
character. Shirley has these qualities.
As Barbara Ruick puts it, "Shirley has a
deep self-respect and confidence. She
doesn't think about self, and her outgoing
interest in others shows in her face. When
Carousel was completed and she planned
to take off for home, I was unhappy. I think
she's wonderful—wonderful. I'll go back to
New York and maybe take her to Chicago
and to a Broadway show. She'll be a wonderful
actress. Their daughter will be a wonderful
wife. She's so loyal and just right. Some
man will be awfully lucky."
Shirley can be fun and she can be serious.
She understands the intangible balance
between the two. At twenty-one she is
in many ways far beyond her years. She
is earning and learning her place in the
world of actors.
"I would like," Shirley says soberly, "to
be versatile enough to do anything. If they
never remake Thornton Wilder's "Our Town,"
I'd love to do that. I'm studying opera.
Someday I'd like to perform in it. I'd like
to do a play in New York, and maybe
in London, and then I want to rest a while
after 'Carousel.'"
It is well to remember that once Shirley
said, "I'd do anything—everything—some-
ting is bound to click." It is well to re-
member that Shirley, far more than the
typical, mythical All-American Girl than
anyone since Marjorie Pickford captured
the heart of the nation. Perhaps it's time—or
perhaps it's the girl—but it's very possible
that America's Sweetheart may well be the
girl who walked into the premiere of her
own picture "Oklahoma!" an unknown,
and came out with the cheers and applause of
the country ringing in her ears.
Perhaps her charm is as Richard Rod-
ters described it: "The character that
shines from her untroubled eyes." Or, as
Barbara says, "She has no little corners in
her face where meaness lies. There is
nothing she has done in her life or thinks
about that she is afraid people will see."
Whatever, Shirley is the epitome of the
best that's in all of us. We can afford to
love her. She is so much a part of us all.

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Each day when we left our home," Marisa remembers, "we wondered if we would live to return again. We were always frightened. Then, after a while we adopted a fatalistic attitude. We tried not to think about the war or talk about it. Somehow it was better that way."

Despite the hardships and the horrors of those grim days, Luigi Pierangeli insisted that his daughters receive the proper training. They labored over Latin, Greek, French, philosophy, art, music and the sciences. These were advanced studies for girls of their age, but their father was a strict disciplinarian. He wanted us to become young ladies of education and culture," Marisa says, "and prepare ourselves to make good and efficient wives. This was the tradition in which he had been raised. And in my case, he hoped that I would follow in his footsteps and train myself to become an engineer, an architect, or interior decorator.

"Father was a genius at mathematics. He wanted me to be good at it, too. He thought I had a scientific mind. But, alas, I did not, I hated geometry and scientific subjects. I preferred literature, philosophy and the arts. This was a bitter blow to Father. In this I disappointed him. But it would have been a mistake to have studied for a career I did not enjoy."

Marisa's choice for a career was ballet, but Luigi Pierangeli did not approve of this. Having been raised in a strictly conventional atmosphere by an uncle who was a priest, he believed the entertainment world was not a proper environment for young ladies of culture. Nevertheless, with the help of her mother, Marisa did take dancing lessons for nearly a year. Then her father learned of it.

"We will have no more of this nonsense!" Luigi Pierangeli stormed. "From now on you must follow my wishes. You will please tend to your studies, and try very hard to learn to be a good girl." And the dancing lessons were ended.

Marisa was confused and despondent. She had always been rather shy and introspective, and in dancing she had hoped to find a way to express herself and her emotions, but she obediently submitted to her father's authority. However, Marisa now admits that during the following years, there was an almost constant friction because of his strict, conventional standards and her desire to develop as an individual and have some fun.

"With Father," Marisa says, "everything was either black or white; there was nothing in between. I did not believe that young girls should wear hosiery or dance with boys. We stayed at home. He never allowed us to express our own opinions. His word was gospel."

This was the home life for Anna. She could handle Father. They were very similar in nature. They had an affinity. She simply went her own way and didn't worry her head. When she wanted something, she wheedled and charmed him and got her own way. But I could not do this. I was more direct and less diplomatic. I always spoke right out. I'd say, 'Father, may I have some money to go to the movies?' He'd say, 'No.' And that was that. The matter was ended."

Movies were the twins' best entertainment in those days. They were true fans. Married to Marisa were Fred Astaire, Greer Garson, Katharine Hepburn and Gary Cooper. She had a real crush on Gary. "I would squeal. He would, as you say, 'send me.' After a movie, Marisa and I would usually stop for ice cream or chocolates. Then they would walk home the long way so they could have more time with their boyfriends.

"Yes, we managed to have boyfriends,"
Marisa says, "even though Father disapproved. It was just kid stuff, but it was important. We used to plan all day how we could get out in the evening and meet them. Mother always helped us. Sometimes we'd just go for a short walk. These were escapes. We always had to be home before Father returned. When he caught us, we were bawled out. Cross the legs, honey."

"This was not too comfortable for us, this sneaking around—but what could we do? The boys could not come to see us in our home. Father always said, 'No!'"

Then one summer Marisa fell in love. He was an artist, and his name was Franco. They met during a vacation in the country near Bologna, on the Adriatic.

"He painted my portrait," Marisa says. "It was very innocent, very romantic and very wonderful. We used to go for bike rides and hold hands. Yes, we had some kisses, too. Anna was happy for me. She helped when she could. She'd go along with us as chaperone, and then she'd say, 'If you'll excuse me, I have some errands to do.' Of course we always excused her. We were very obedient."

But, from the start, Marisa's romance with Franco was ill-fated. Franco wanted her to marry him at once. Marisa insisted that they were too young. Franco said he would call on her home in Rome. Marisa told him her father would never allow it.

"He came anyway," Marisa recalls. "He drove down to where my home is in Milan. He telephoned and talked to Father, and asked to be allowed to call. 'No,' Father said, 'My daughter is too young to entertain young men. The next day, Franco picked me up at school and we talked about our problem. I tried to make him see that this was impossible for us, our lives were too much apart. But he insisted. Sometimes he'd drive all the way from Milan, about it. It was a challenge. I needed lots of help, but everyone was so nice. Then, just as I felt I had begun to make some progress, the blow came. The immigration authorities decided not to approve my contract. I was here only on a visitor's visa, and therefore I could not take a job."

"How did it happen that Pier could sign a studio contract but Marisa could not?"

Pier's was for a special starring role. But Marisa's, being only a stock contract, was just like any other job and therefore not allowable.

"At long last I was very sad," she remembers. "Also very skeptical. I began to think that everything was against me."

A long, unhappy year went by for Marisa. In time, her frustration subsided a little. Her success was not much. Then she was asked to test for the picture, "What Price Glory?" at Twentieth Century-Fox. She agreed, but warily. She did not want another disappointment.

"I did not think I would get the part," Marisa says now. And perhaps this attitude helped her to relax in front of the camera. At any rate, she sang a little French song, "Je Suis Seule à Soir," with thetec Robert Wagner. When it was finished, director John Ford said, "That was fine. You do. She had the job!"

"That was the beginning. After her debut in "What Price Glory?" Marisa flew back to Italy and appeared in "I Have Chosen Love." Returning to the United States, she played a blind Italian girl in "Case of the Fat Man," starring Broderick Crawford. Then came roles on two top television shows—Studio One and Fireside Theatre. The next stop was Warner Brothers, where she played Toby the Indian Princess opposite Alan Ladd in "Drum Beat."

These were good roles and fine experience for Marisa. They helped to give her

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"I had read Tennessee Williams' play, "The Rose Tattoo,' and I loved it," she says. "I told myself that someday I must play the role of Rea, the daughter. When I heard that Hal Wallis was to make the picture with Burt Lancaster and Anna Magnani, I was so excited I could hardly stand it. I telephoned my agent to please do something about getting me a test for the Rea role!"

Paul Kohner, Marisa's agent, listened to her spattering in a combination of American and Italian and told her, "Take it easy. I'll see what I can do."

Later, Kohner called her back and said, "I've just talked to the studio. They're considering your sister for the part. You'd better forget the whole thing."

"I won't forget it," Marisa said. "I want this very much. If I'm being considered, fine. But let them test us both. At least I want a chance at it."

Kohner arranged an interview with Hal Wallis, who told Marisa, "I don't know. I wonder if you will look young enough."

"It has always been the other way around," Marisa flared. "I've been too young. Now please try me in a test."

And they did. As it happened, Pier was not available for the part, and so there was no competition between the sisters. Others, however, were tested, but Marisa won out. And her playing of Rea has established her as one of Hollywood's finest young dramatic actresses.

Marisa says she learned many things while making "The Rose Tattoo," most of which was filmed in Key West. "Teen-see Williams taught me to make spaghetti sauce, and to listen. He showed me that listening is often a road to learning."

"Anna Magnani made me realize the value of concentration in playing a role. And Burt Lancaster, though very serious about his work, urged me to enjoy myself at the same time. 'Marisa,' he said, 'always try to have fun at what you do. And be yourself. Express your own personality. Don't let them change you.'"

While the company was shooting in Key West, a columnist printed an item that read, in effect: "Marisa Pavan and Ben Cooper are taking their romance in 'The Rose Tattoo' seriously. Ben has asked Marisa to marry him, and Marisa has said yes."

In Hollywood, Mrs. Pierangeli, busy with the marriage plans of Pier and Vic Damone, picked up her morning paper and read the item about Marisa. She was frantic. Hastily she put through a call to Florida. "Please, this is too much all at once!" she pleaded with Marisa. "I have never even met this boy Ben Cooper! What, in the name of heaven, goes on here?"

"Relax, Mama," Marisa laughed. "Before the cameras I have made love to Ben, yes. But privately we have not even dated. We are friends, nothing more. The rest of it was dreamed up by a busy press agent."

Mrs. Pierangeli relaxed as directed. Marisa got back from Florida just in time to be Pier's maid of honor. Then, almost immediately, she moved over to MGM to play the role of Catherine de Medici in "Diane," which also stars Lana Turner and Pedro Armendarez. Since then, it has been evident that Mrs. Pierangeli now has two movie stars in the family.

"They are so different, my two daughters," Mrs. Pierangeli says. "Pier likes fancy clothes and bright colors. Marisa prefers tailored, classic things. Pier likes dancing and is very emotional. She is like champagne—always bubbling, never serious. Marisa is studious; she likes serious people. She always thinks things out very carefully. At the same time, Marisa has a wonderful sense of humor, while Pier does not."

"You think too much," Pier tells Marisa. "Don't do it!"

Marisa replies, twinkling, "Perhaps you are right. I must try to remember that."

In her spare time, Marisa keeps busy sewing and designing her own clothes. She loves swimming and tennis. "I am a fanatic about this," she says. "She rockets around town in a small Austin sport car. Aside from hamburgers and hot dogs, she doesn't care for meat. "I eat meat only to give me strength. I could live on fruits and vegetables."

She also paints occasionally: "I wait for the quiet moments," and she writes blank verse: "I like to fool around with this. I write about everything—life, the ocean, Paris, love. This is a way to let myself go, to express my emotions and inner feelings."

Marisa has dated many young men in Hollywood, among them Richard Egan, Arthur Loew, Jr., and Perry Lopez, who appeared with her in "Drum Beat." "I especially like an evening with Perry," she says. "We both love to dance, and he is wonderful at it."

But, says Marisa, she is not yet ready for love and marriage. "This is a serious thing. Right now I am started on a career. I don't think I would be able to mix the two of them."

Marisa points to the little wooden God of Happiness and smiles back at him. "For the present, he is the one," she says. "Later, when the time is right, perhaps he will help me to find the man for me to love."

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Dewey Is the Darndest!

(Continued from page 47) say "no," then rushed out of his room and down two flights of stairs to the lobby. Dewey wanted that part badly. Even a long chance at something he was about to take. "Where's the nearest TWA office?" he asked the desk clerk.

The directions memorized, Dewey took off as if he were trying to break an Olympic record. By now, he didn't care whether it was a Super Constellation or an old DC-3, he was determined to get on the plane. His persistence paid off. The flight was so new, it hadn't been more than one hour.

Thirty-six hours after he had taken off from the Madrid airport, Dewey walked into William Wyler's Hollywood office. "I'm right for Hal Grafton," he informed the producer. "The incubator, the twenty-four-hour man," without a trace of doubt in his voice that anyone else could even be seriously considered for the part. Mr. Wyler consulted with the unusual young man, and signed him.

Dewey has always known what he wanted and, more specifically what was and what wasn't right for him. Particularly, as far as his career was concerned. Curiously enough, the former Navy fighter pilot became interested in acting quite by accident.

Stationed on a carrier in the South Pacific, Dewey's first visit to Hawaii took him to a USO show, the GI version of "Hamlet," starring Maurice Evans. Fascinated by Mr. Evans' performance, Dewey made up his mind to follow in the noted actor's footsteps.

Out of uniform two years later, Dewey went to Phoenix, Arizona, where his mother had taken up residence. He supported himself as a messenger boy, truck driver, and even worked as an Indian trader while doing his "ground work" with a local little-theatre group.

The most prominent facet of Dewey's personality, however, was his trading with the Indians. Many white men try it, but few are really successful because the Indians—the Navajos and Hopis in particular—are reluctant to let white men on their reservations, except as traders.

It took trader Martin just four weeks to get his trading business into high gear. First he looked around till he found a fellow who was on good terms with one of the Indians. Dewey went into partnership with him, and, when, through him, he met the chief for the first time, convinced the chief that he, Dewey, was partly Indian as well. Then he promptly invited Dewey to the annual dance and made him an honorary member of the tribe. After that, young Matt's life was changed forever.

Had he stuck to this profession, he'd probably be the number one Indian trader in the Phoenix-Albuquerque area today. But Dewey's heart was set on acting, and when he accepted the part of Dewey's few other people other than Dewey would have turned down such an opportunity. He did.

During their first season at Ogunquit, apprentice actors primarily attended classes, and in their spare time made and painted sets and did other manual work around the stage. Only on Saturday afternoons, when the theatre was "dark" for professionals, did they have a chance to perform on the stage, and then only for the people in the neighboring villages who were invited free of charge.

On Dewey's third Saturday at Ogunquit, a Columbia Studio talent scout, who had a home near by, happened to catch one of these performances and, after seeing Dewey in a comparatively minor part, went backstage to meet him. "You are a good potential for pictures," she told the surprised young man. "I can get you a screen contract with my studio. Where shall I send it?"

It took Dewey a few minutes to catch his breath. When he did, his answer was not what she had expected. "Mind if I think it over?"

"Think it over? What's there to think over?"

Convinced he was playing hard to get, the scout asked him to join her for supper that night and gave her his decision then. That was agreeable to Dewey.

Beforehand, however, he approached one of the directors who had taken quite an interest in Dewey's work. "I'll give you advice after you answer one question, honestly," said the director. "What do you want out of life?"

"To become an actor."

"Then I'll put it on the line," the director added. "You have talent, but it needs developing.

Dewey's mind was made up. "I better stay here," he told the scout that night. "But think of the opportunity," she insisted. "Hollywood."

"I'm not ready for it."

She made one last try. "If you change your mind, let me know before I go back to New York."

Pressure was brought on Dewey from all kinds. He had thought he was crazy for discarding such an offer. They were convinced he'd never get another one like it. Furthermore, aside from the career possibilities, the stock contract included and made him a weekly salary, which in itself should have been ample enticement to a young man who stood on the GI Bill of Rights, and who had no idea where his meals were to come from the next few months when there was no "school," and consequently no monthly check from the government. But Dewey knew what he wanted: to stay in Ogunquit. He missed the fresh air. The sea, the people, the theatre. Dewey would have turned down such an opportunity. He did.

PHOTOGRAPHERS' CREDITS

Color stills from "The Benny Goodman Story" by Lone. Color portrait of Anita Ekberg by Ormond Gigli; Roy Calhoun by Kohle; Dewey Martin by Averly; Gall Russell by Fink; Kim Novak by Coburn; Donna Reed by Jones.

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When at last Dewey fell he was ready for Hollywood, he worked his way to the West Coast by driving back a car belonging to the father of a girlfriend, Julie Bennett. But when he arrived, he found that Hollywood wasn’t exactly waiting for him. He couldn’t even get himself an agent. Wearing his best, his only suit, he walked from office to office, and was turned down each time. And so he went back to odd jobs.

To stay in the theatrical field, he enrolled in a dramatic school, and a few weeks later, he was spotted by an agent who agreed with Dewey about his talents. Before long the agent got Dewey a good part in “Knock on Any Door.”

No sooner had he finished his first film when his agent told him of a “wonderful opportunity.” “They are going to make a series with the Dead End Kids. The producer wants you for one of the lead roles.”

“Not interested,” Dewey replied. “For me it’s the best or nothing at all. I’d rather go back to selling jewelry.”

However, on his agent’s pleading—and secretly hoping to find a gracious way out—Dewey went with him to the producer’s office.

When the producer saw Dewey, he was even more convinced that he was his man, while Dewey was just as determined not to accept the part. To get out of it in what he considered “a gracious manner,” he motioned his agent aside. “Tell him I wouldn’t even consider it under $750.00 a week.”

“Are you crazy? You should be happy to get half.”

“Tell him $750.”

To the surprise of both, the producer was willing to pay it! But Dewey still wasn’t willing to sell himself even for that.

“But you said you’d work for $750,” the agent lamented as they walked out. “I said I’d consider it. I have. I don’t want it.”

“You’re absolutely crazy. After this, no one is going to give you another chance.”

And with that the agent went one way, and Dewey another, as they never talked to one another again.

For six months, instead of earning $750 a week, Dewey wrapped packages at the May Company for $25 a week. Then he got his big break in “Golden Gloves.” From there climbed steadily via “Battle-ground,” “The Thing,” “The Big Sky” and “The Desperate Hours,” to become one of the most-in-demand young actors in Hollywood. Only Dewey isn’t always “available.”

Even while he was under contract to M-G-M, he was prepared to go on suspension rather than play a part which he felt wasn’t “right” for him—although such a situation never arose. And, now that he is on his own as a free-lance, he is as determined as ever to accept only the roles he feels are best for him.

This self-assurance as to what is or isn’t good for him extends to every phase of Dewey’s career.

One day, for instance, he got a call from the West Coast editor of a fan magazine, asking him to pose for a home layout. Dewey said he’d be delighted.

When the photographer showed up at Dewey’s Malibu Beach home, the first thing he wanted Dewey to do was put on an apron and start washing dishes.

“That’s out,” Dewey insisted. The photographer, a seasoned veteran of many years in Hollywood, had been up against such predicaments before. “All right, if you think that the apron looks silly, leave it off.”

“I don’t care whether or not it looks silly. I just never wash my dishes.”

The photographer became fatherly. “Who cares? Only you and I will know. Think of all the nice pages.”

“I don’t care and that’s it. Now do you want to shoot anything else?”

The photographer had no choice.

Dewey hates pretensions, he always has. That’s why he refused to pose doing housework when he never does it. As a matter of fact, he dislikes the mere thought of it, has a permanent maid to look after him, and when she isn’t available for any length of time, he puts through a hurried call to his mother in Phoenix to come to Los Angeles and help him out.

While Dewey fully realizes the value of publicity—to the point of having had a publicist of his own for a while—he is determined not to let it run his life. For example, a couple of months ago he turned down an invitation to attend the formal premiere of “The Tall Men,” because he had already promised to take his mother to see Cinerama. And neither the studio nor his friends nor his mother could change his mind.

Dewey’s “you’ve-got-to-go-after-what-you-want attitude shows up in every phase of his life. It is especially evident in his feelings toward sports, bullfighting in particular.

While it was his fondness for the people, the foods, the arts and the customs of Spain which had taken him to Madrid and Seville when he first heard about “The Desperate Hours,” his interest in bullfights soon overshadowed everything else.

“I’ve been an aficionado for years,” he told this reporter when we hit on the subject.

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urgent desire to take up skin-diving. Anyone else might have been satisfied to try himself a diving suit, aqua lung, spear and other equipment, then go to the nearest beach and have a good time getting along as well as he could. Not Dewey. As long as he was going to do it at all, he intended to become an expert. Needless to say, he did. As a matter of fact, he's the only civilian who passed the Navy's underwater demolition course.

A friend of his—there's always a friend involved—is the head of the Navy's Coral Underwater Training School. As a diver, he gave Dewey a number of books to read, but couldn't help him beyond that. "I wish I could," he assured him, but I don't have the authority to let you participate in the official course."

That didn't stop Dewey. How he "accidentally" showed up at the precise place off Catalina Island where a Navy submarine surfaced—with the admiral in charge of the underwater demolition course and a dozen frogmen on maneuvers—is something that could happen only to Dewey.

The rest was almost a foregone conclusion, at least for anyone familiar with Dewey's tactics. Through his pal he met the admiral, told the high-ranking officer how much he loved skin-diving, and appeared pleasantly startled when he was given permission to join the course. A few weeks later, Dewey passed his examination with flying colors, to become the only civilian with a Navy frogman certificate.

Dewey is just as sure of what he wants and how to get it when real estate and other business ventures are involved. Convinced that commercial properties are his best assurance for financial security, he has invested in them heavily. At the same time, he doesn't believe in owning his own home, though in this case personal reasons are involved as well. He doesn't want to be tied down.

This is due partly to his love for travel, and to his feeling that he has seen only a few of the many places he would like to visit eventually, and more and more—"to an unsuccessful marriage to model Adele Havelhurst, which lasted barely two years. "T'm through with marriage" he claims emphatically. However, indications tend to show that in this respect Dewey might not be too sure of himself. At least his recent interest in pretty Mary Murphy has Dale Robertson worried. And if Dewey's past record is any indication of what the future holds for him, should he make up his mind to marry Mary or any other girl, he's as good as standing before the altar right then and there. For Dewey is definitely the darnedest when it comes to getting what he wants.

The End
Gail Russell: A Woman Robbed

(Continued from page 48)

and he was there in response to Gail's desper-ate pleading. She had to talk to him, Gail had told him on the phone, she sim- ply had to. It was unbearable to her that the papers had just broken the story that Guy Madison and his new wife, Sheila were about to become parents. Gail said if she couldn't talk it out with someone, she didn't know what would happen to her.

The man was one of the friends who had been close to Gail and Guy when they were married and, after the divorce, he had still remained a friend of them both. Or, at least, he was claimed as a friend by Gail. Gail’s as she permitted anyone to be. He knew the whole pattern of the Madison marriage, their crazy young love, their several partings and reconciliations, their final breakup, then Gail's subsequent mar-riage to Sheila Connolly.

Because of this understanding, the man was fully aware of the fact that Gail would know why he had not been asked in a small, obscure bar, instead of a popular one along the Strip. Like Guy—who had parked on a side street near the jail when Gail was released from her instant sanitarium charge—this man was dodging headlines for himself, for Gail. And, like Guy, he was there to help—but he knew it was wiser if neither of them were observed. Gail was crying. "I'm a lonely, lost guy," she sobbed. "I can't endure the thought. I can't see, I see nothing."

"You've got youth and beauty," the man said, "and enough alimony to live on very comfortably. And you could go back to your career."

Gail lifted her haunted face. "What career? I haven't even been offered a pic-ture in ages, you know?"

"Anybody would hire you, Gail, if they were sure you could get through a pro-duction. Remember, your career didn't desert you. You have not lost popularity because of some peculiar performance. You have been called something pretty close to genius by several critics, when it comes to acting."

"Don't laugh, but I know those notices that said that 'Bella Guillas,' I got a new one, " Naturally you have. Who wouldn't? How many glamour girls are ever called geniuses at acting?"

"Glamour girl?" She began to laugh, laughter that soon turned into sobs. "Look at me. And now that I have really lost Guy, I've lost everything. There's nobody to help me, nobody."

"You could help yourself, Gail," the man reminded her.

"I can't. I've tried. You know I've tried. You know I've just come out of the hos-pital. You know about that so-called cure I took, a while back. And before that, there was AA. And before that the sanitarium Guy put me in. Nothing works."

The man pushed his chair back from the cocktail table and stood up. "Then I'll have to be like Gail."

"As much as I am of you, I've got to tell you there's nothing more I can do to help. If you won't cooperate, there's nothing more anybody can do."

"I've dropped some money for the drinks on the tab. See you to your car, Gail?"

She shook her head, unable to speak. As the man walked out, she covered her beautiful face with her hands and her tears ran down between her fingers. "God help me," she whispered. "God help me!"

And He did.

Eight months later, last September, Gail Russell was on location in Big Bear, Cali-fornia, facing a movie camera for the first time in three long years. The picture was "Seven Men from Now," co-starring Gail and Randolph Scott. And throughout the whole movie industry there was rejoicing not nearly so much because the girl was giving the kind of performance Hollywood had always known she could give, but because, night after night, when the shooting was finished, she was joining to the entire company at the bar. The rest of the company drank whatever strong stuff was on the bar, but Gail, with her frank gingers.

Gail Russell had found her personal reli-gion. She had joined a church. She wasn't talking about it, there on locati-on for the picture. She isn't talking about not only except to acknowledge to the truth that faith, prayer and the help of God has given her the strength that has cast off all her fear—and her one great weakness to understand the agonizing fears while she, in her new life, must know two things about her fantasy, touching and now inspiring story.

First of all, you must realize that "Seven Men from Now" was a Bells production and Batiac is John Wayne's company. To that fact that Gail makes her comeback under the Batiac banner is outwardly the visible proof of a loyal friendship, and spiritual the remarkable turn of events. His miracles in ways that originally may seem mysterious to the person being helped.

Gail's case, of all the blows she took the loss of Guy, her inability to stop drink-ing, her groundless fear of even the be-fore friends, her arrests for drunken driv-ing and the consequent headlines—most heartless of all, the 1981 when Chata Wayne named her in the Wayne divorce case.

This attack hit Gail when she felt she couldn't sink any further—and only prove to her that she was wrong. It was a fight, so rushed into court to defend her reputa-tion. So did John Wayne. In their sepa-rate testimonies they quickly prove Gail's innocence. Chata Wayne had said John had the family's help to Gail's house for several hours one nothing five years before. The facts, as John an-Gail quickly showed, were that he driven her home from the final night—sighting of a new picture—"Wake of the Red Witch." And he had gone into her house, had lingered for quite while, but not only in Gail's company in also with Gail's sister and the like.

Completely absolved, a girl with healthy nervous system could have forgot-ten about such baseless charges. But Gail in 1984, hadn't a healthy nervous sys-tem in years. Even while John was getting his divorce, he was already in love again, with Pilar Pallete, to whom he now happily married. But then, as no —in several years previously when he and Gail had made "That Angel and the Outlaw"—John admired her and fe proteactively toward her. When his divorce case was finally settled, he told Gail, "there's one thing you can do, you like me. Do you get that?"

Actually, she needed John's help on a few days later, when she was arrested on another drunken-driving charge. She also needed $490 to bail money. Gail, Guy, her ex-husband, who sent it. Gail explanation for this new episode was the Chata Wayne's accusation had sent him to a spin.

It was all so sadly different from the time Guy and Gail had met, they twenty-three and he twenty-six, she the girl who had a wonderful contract with Paramount which had virtually come to her on silver platter when she was seventeen. Guy's entrance into movies had been just as accidental as her own. A smart agen
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make it flawless. She was comfortable in slacks, a shirt and loafers, except for the really relaxed moments when she went barefooted. Paramount said all that was to go. She was a glamour girl, she must dress like one, and if the clothes were so tight she could barely breathe and seldom sit, what of it? It wasn't her fault.

The other young girls, like Ava Gardner, at other studios found this just wonderful—it gave them poise, greater beauty, greater happiness. But all it did to Gail Russell was make her less assured, more nervous.

When they told her she would be a star with Ray Milland in "The Uninvited," that her role was really the lead and, in effect, she would be carrying the weight of the production, Gail was in such a nervous panic she felt she couldn't get through the first day's shooting. When, a little later, a critic who had seen a few of the preview, announced in print that she had "a genius quality," she nearly collapsed. And when it further turned out that one of the men in the cast was madly in love with her (and had been told by Gail) that twelve-year-old Gail had no idea how to cope with any part of the situation at all.

In "The Uninvited," Gail—worried over her lines, worried over her scenes, fighting off the advances of this man old enough to be her father (and without any attraction for her whatsoever)—grew more and more frightened. She couldn't even know the rudiments of how to conduct a flirtation, she certainly hadn't the vaguest idea of how to repulse a man who would not be repulsed. Then one day, somebody suggested she should have a drink to quiet her nerves. Liquor is not permitted on Hollywood sets, but there is always somebody around who will bootleg. When Gail made the offer, he said, "You're on "The Uninvited."" Gail accepted the suggestion. She gulped a drink—and almost at once she felt unbelievably better, poised, assured, happy.

That was the first time it was wonderful. When in her next picture, "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay," she acquired the first close girlfriend she'd ever had, Diana Lynn, life was even better. Di was a real, honest-to-goodness, drink, and knew lots of nice young men.

Di was methodical, intellectual, deeply serious about her music, a churchgoer, devoted to her parents. Everything about her charmed Gail—except that she and Gail quarreled, whose income was often scant. Gail was delighted to go on a couple of double dates with Di, and she didn't tell Missy Lynn that she was drinking two drinks, or that she had a friend. She told nobody, not even herself.

And who knows? Maybe under Diana's sly young influence, Gail might have escaped the desperate years that lay ahead of her, if she had not been put into "The Unseen," in which there was another married man who desperately pursued her. This man even went so far as to say he would quit his divorce, if Gail would but listen to him.

She didn't listen, not even for one date. This man, too, was years older. Gail Russell wanted no part of such a relationship. In fact, they acquainted into which she had been so spectacularly tossed. Besides being rushed from one picture into another, posing for portraits, posing for fashion layouts and giving interview coffins, their appearance tours now, in big city hotels, meet dignitaries, make tactful speeches. For more and more days on end, her stomach would tie itself into knots at the thought of it, that she would keep herself going on black coffee, on the cocktails she consumed openly, and the other ones she took whenever the studio representatives weren't looking.

Then she met Guy Madison. Nothing could have been more right for her, and at that time nothing could be more right for Guy, for both of them were, in a odd way, in the same spot. They were two breads, and Gail had already been picked out of their natural environment and put in the path of a million dollars—and million pressures.

The crazy part of their first date was that Gail and Guy—double-dating with Diana Lynn and agent Henry Willson liked one another because of their mutual talent for small talk. They went night-clubbing, and Gail, who always enjoyed dancing, when he preferred drinking to anything heavier, she was enchanted.

As for Guy, he was completely captured by Missy Lynn and union. But unlike the other star girl he had met in Hollywood. By the time of their second date, he was telling Gail she was easy on the nerves. When they were in winner, he suddenly noticed that his right hand was like a pair of scissors, he was feeling gay one time, depressed another. He came to know that if they planned date well ahead, particularly if the date involved other people, Gail would be out of her head. She loved parties, but Gail feared them. Yet she loved dancing and horseback riding, so he learned to be an expert at both, and he taught her swimming and hunting, to which she was quite unused. She was quite unused to am. It bit her, at the beginning, but, always taking her by surprise, always calling so near to date-time that she could just rush into her clothes and not have time to worry, Guy managed it so that they were together constantly.

They danced. They went to parties. Gu knew nothing about music but Gail knew a lot. She bought records and spent long, enchanted evenings at her place, listening, making choices, criticizing. They went to the beach together, went hunting with bows and arrows, went fishing. She went to the coast, talking little, being very much alone and very much aware of each other, trading, during their brief snatches of time, little intimacies, recolections at beliefs.

They eloped on July 31, 1949, because Gail didn't want the fuss of a wedding. All that summer they were lost in a dream of charming to scenes seemed to be increasing rather than diminishing, Guy finally called a doctor who laid down a severe set of rules for Gail. She must smoke. She must not drink. She must not listen to George, she should have been asleep every night by nine. And Gail was a natural "night flower," coming to her most wide-awake state when darkness fell. She was supposed to drink an average gallon of water daily, and after each meal she was ordered to swallow a relaxing pill.

Guy made Gail follow the rules who
The new year of 1953 dawned. Guy had definitely "come back," while Gail's career was status quo. Then in February the Judes separated for the second time—much longer time—then reconciled again. It later, Gail was caught in the first of a drunken-driving charges, fined fifty dollars and put on two years probation. Guy never complained. To this day, if you want to make him angry, you have only to infer that he had a bad time in his marriage to Gail. One of the most enervated individuals, he will snap back, did not have a bad time. Being married a girl like Gail was a very great experience, a very great privilege. Nevertheless, by the spring of 1954, Gail was insolvent in the divorce court, charging extreme cruelty," receiving alimony ranging between four to six thousand dollars a year, depending upon Guy's income. In the months after that, things became harder than ever—more hospitals, more natures, the second arrest, the loneliness, the loss of her hope, most of her friends, most of everything, most particularly Guy.

Why Guy's becoming a father should have hurt her more painlessly than his becoming a bridegroom is one of those mysteries of Gail's own psychology. Perhaps it will never be explained. But, more important was that night, when the will to really help herself became uppermost to Gail, the night she prayed, pleading so tearfully, "God, help me!"

Gail did seek God—and find Him. She sought salvation and found it. She prayed for strength and received it.

After that it was relatively simple. Gail called a friend who had always remained close friend. "Could you call John Gayne?" she asked. "Would you tell him it's like that helped me promised marriage?"

A matter of days she was in "Seven Men on a Rock." And at night, she was in the bar, unafraid—unafraid of anyone in the company, not afraid of making friends, full laughter and wit, and drinking ginger ale on the rocks.

Night after night, Forever and ever, Hollywood believes, its heat with warmth for Gail Russell.

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in love with Hollywood. As soon as we can transfer our activities from New York, we’re going to buy a home in the San Fernando Valley.”

Speaking of Jayne, who was so busy with her own career, she visited Steve’s set exactly twice. The first time, U-I had engaged four hundred teenagers to recreate the riot of 1937 when the original King of Swing appeared at New York’s Paramount Theatre. Benny Goodman himself provided the music for the picture and, when the kids got a load of it, they went wild. “Jayne nearly got killed,” Steve grins. “And then the next time she came to the studio, she had to sit there the entire day and watch me do romantic clinches with beautiful Donna Reed, who plays my wife in the movie.”

Happy Talk: Paris won’t forget Tony Curtis and vice versa. At the end of each day, while working on “Trapped” with Burt Lancaster, Frenchmen became familiar with the sight of Tony, sitting on a bench opposite the famous George’s V Hotel—eating a pizza pie! And when he learned he was to bond with his father, Tony literally turned cartwheels down the Champs Elysées. “All I have to do is have the baby,” laughs Janet Leigh, “but you know how enthusiastic Tony is about the big screen. I don’t think he’ll be able to wait until next July!”

Great Expectations: Mrs. Rock Hudson has her work cut out for her. Because he held out until he was thirty, the happy groom is anxious to raise a family. “But,” he grins, “I’ll be satisfied if Phyllis sticks at home and lets me take care of business!” The Hudsons were still combing rice out of their hair when Rock gave Phyllis a blank mind and stole a black Ford Thunderbird. Rock was also planning to buy the adjoining lot and put in a pool for Phyllis’ birthday. When the owner discovered the identity of the prospective buyer and doubled the price, instead of a pool, Rock gave Phyllis a poodle!

Goldfish Bowl: Now we know why Robert Wagner moved into his dressing room temporarily. It seems that the Eastern socialist Bob had never met his dream girl. So she flew out to Hollywood and located his apartment. Then, whenever Bob went in or out, he found her camping on his doorstep. The embarrassed guy tried to be friendly but firm in urging the love-sick lass to return home. But, when she began making scenes, he had to stay away all the time, until she took the hint!

Dates and Dolls: Frank Sinatra knows what he wants and, like “Lola,” whatever Frankie wants he gets. That’s why the fabulous fellow got a date with Leslie Caron the night she took off for Europe. There was some talk about the breakup buying Peggy King recordings, so he fingled an introduction to George Gobel’s singing star. Now Ben and pretty, perky Peggy are making together, and the cuter couple we defy you to find! . . . We’ve got news for publicity-minded starlets who keep trying to pitch a little woo at John Wayne’s son, Pat. The gals are losing a losing game, because the level-headed lad is only interested in one girl—his schooldays sweetheart.

Stop and Go: Terry Moore fooled the “experts” who were sure her stardom had lost all interest in her. Twenty not only took up her option, Terry put a nice juicy raise. . . . And Virginia Mayo, supposedly “through” at Warners, has landed a $25,000-a-week role in O’Shea’s hope to find a ranch in Sante Fe and commute for picture comment. In Barbara Rush says she’s been working at U-I, but they had no good roles for her. But Dale Robertson makes no bones about saying he wasn’t happy at Twentieth, and after a year’s suspension asked for his release, too.

Col Salutes: Kim Novak, for keeping a level head on those pretty shoulders. Joseph and Brethren—originally intended for personally-involved Rita Hayworth—recently returned to Chicago to see her family. When Edward R. Murrow visited her there, via his TV show, someone suggested “dressing up” home to make it look more glamorous. The beautiful blonde really told ’em Dick or Marie Saint, who believed she was at home, husband and baby are more important than fame and fortune. Hollywood was astounded when turned down roles in two super-color pictures as a war-torn, wonderful period in my baby’s life and wouldn’t miss it even to see my lights on top of the Empire State Building!

The Saddle Set: Although he’s livin’ on a strict budget these days, Hunter couldn’t resist buying Szysz stick to the gals. He’s drivin’ Mrs. Dan Dailey. “He’s really a big go, says Tab enthusiastically, cause I’m training him to face a camera, and by renting Szysz to stoe he’s to be ‘self-supporting’ ! . . . At a ‘phone’ speaking of Dan Dailey, his hospital account paid off after he suffered a fev- ured neck upon falling from his horse, during a trail ride the month before. Dan composed two songs the star will use in upcoming musicals.

Birds and Bees: No wonder Hollywood producers turn white overnight! M-G-M has so many wonderful roles lined up for Debbie Reynolds, 1956 is suppose to be her biggest year yet. So righ the midot of elaborate production plans a national columnist announced Eddie Fishers had dated the stork. Frantic front office called to check story and were told: “Debbie is expecting and can’t come to the phone.” They nearly flipped when they learned their million-dollar baby had the flu and wasn’t “expecting.”

Twin Wanted: William Holden is in such demand, he never gets a day off. He finally made a New Year’s resolution—“No more work for six months” and Cooper is called in to “get Bill.” Would Bill reconsider and make “Rainmaker” if Katharine Hepburn is in the picture? “After seeing ‘Summertime’,” says Bill, “I would hate to part with the opportunity to work with Hepburn!” Now we’ll be in on a little secret: Bill owns a piece of the play, Oh, Men, Women and Children. Marilyn Monroe, after she finishes “Bus Stop,” we can hardly wait to see Marilyn together!
ry Dock: Now that she's free-lancing, says Esther Williams, "I have every-thing in life a woman could want." The day she started "The Gentle Web," o-star George Nader handed Esther a pretty package of -moth balls! Reason: for the first time in her film career, there isn't one scene in which the movie mermaid even goes near the water. So George—who's a frustrated ubility man at heart—thought up the role giving Esther moth balls for her sitting suit.

ove Thy Neighbor: In today's fast-moving world, Grace Kelly's neighbors have been touched by all the biggest moments in her life. Recently, the lovely beauty made the rounds de-vering home-made lasagna, in person! It's one of the loveliest things you'll ever get from a Toluca Lake district and the other of the moments in which the movie mermaid even goes near the water. So George—who's a frustrated ubility man at heart—thought up the role giving Esther moth balls for her sitting suit.

omenace, Hollywood Style: Career-minded Joan Collins broke off with Sydney Chaplin because she's dead-set against early dating until she's divorced from Maxwell Reed. In the meantime, Sydney and pencil's a career girl, too, so he gave her the same answer she's been giving Scott Brady the last two years. It started out as a publicity thing between George Nader and Genevieve, but now it's for real. It was remote Hudson's marriage, George Collins of the number one eligible bachelor at the party, and the studio was so eager to see Dan Cupid.

Big Business: Rory Calhoun is "nutty" this nice possible way. He already has a paying dude ranch, two night sports, a rug-cleaning business and a thing boat. Now he's making the homesteadment on a walnut ranch and, with the first crop, every tree is loaded. La Bing Crosby, Jeff Chandler now wants to buy a motel in Palm Springs. When he divulged his plans to Larry Lewis, the 25-year-old owner, Larry said, "Oh, how peachy! When you get it you in call the place The Motel No-Tell!"

Fur Flickers: Marilyn Monroe is still perfectionist—even when his own money is involved. It cost him $50,000 to postpone the starting date of "To Ame a Land," but he didn't like the script and insisted on overhauling Montgomery Clift's scenes. Montgomery Clift has turned down so any scripts, it's almost a habit. But a long-distance call from Elizabeth Bay- ron convinced him to play opposite her in "Rainbeau County," only will stay with the Michael Wild- gis while he's in Hollywood. Letters begging Ingrid Bergman to re- turn to the screen have never ceased ceasing in—which is why David Zan-ick finally persuaded the great actress to play "The Opposite Sex" in the movie version of "Anas- tasia." Most miserable gal in town, Elaine Stewart, hasn't worked for a year. Even though she felt "For the Opposite Sex" was ter- rific, the studio borrowed Joan Collins for the role. When Elaine begged to be released from her contract, she felt no answer. The studio, sup- posedly, has great plans for her.

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A Girl’s Best Line

Continued from page 1

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A Girl’s Best Line

Continued from page 2

sagging, unlovely lines to once-firm bosoms. But with the new figure-freedom, the growing accent on curves, it became evident that women less fortunately endowed, and those to whom nature had been more than generous, needed something more than the ordinary bra. Through tireless study of women’s figure needs, years of experimentation, bras were designed for women with over-developed and under-developed bosoms. No need now for a fat girl to look like a pouter-pigeon. Or for a thin girl to use makeshift methods to pad out what nature had missed.

In these candid days, there is no need for any girl to be self-conscious about over-development, under-development of her bosom or means of altering either condition. This generation admits that bosom loneliness is quite as important as a clear skin, a head of well-groomed hair or even teeth. And just as there are ways of improving and glorifying one’s skin, hair or smile, so there are ways of enhancing the appearance of the breasts so that bosom health is protected, bosom comfort is provided, bosom loneliness is enhanced.

AUTHORITIES agree to the normal age to begin wearing a bra is around fifteen. But a well-developed girl may need one at twelve, the under-developed figure not until eighteen. Teenagers’ muscles are usually firm, so that they require no ‘holding-in.’ But teenagers are also active, and over-exertion or strenuous physical activity can strain the breast muscles, eventually cause them to sag. Brassieres give needed youthful support, promote good posture, help prevent figure problems in later life.

There are three figure types—the Junior, the Average and the Full. The bandeau, with narrow or no band, is a good choice for the Junior figure with small, firm bosom. For the Average figure, the brassiere with wider supporting band, definite uplift, through inner reinforcement or stitching and well-separated cups, is best. The long-line brassiere that controls the diaphragm and offers firm support, is the preferred garment for the full figure. Made of firmer fabrics and elastics, with boning that supplies comfortable support, it gives the full figure a more youthful look.

Another bra that has become a favorite for all-year-round wear is the strapless brassiere. It used to be strictly an item for the summer wardrobe. But with the plunging neckline, scooped-out neckline, and blouses in sheer materials, the strapless bra became an all-season favorite. According to the Corset and Brassiere Association of America, any but the very full bosom can be fitted with a strapless bra.

Although expert fitters, trained to recognize and understand figure problems, are employed by most department stores and specialty shops, women, as a rule, do not take advantage of their services. Female modesty may deter some. Others say, “Oh, why bother, I know what I want.” And so they go on experimenting in over-the-counter purchases of bras and girdles for years. This is neither a time-saver nor a money-saver. Corset fitters are women. Many of them share your problems. Some may have exactly your figure problem. So why be foolishly embarrassed? No dress, however skillfully designed, can be worn to advantage without a perfectly fitted bra. One is wedded to the other. You wouldn’t

Continued on page 110

How to find your

1. Measure chest high under arms holding tape securely, not tight. Add 2” to measurement, for bra size. For example: 32 + 2 = 34 (your bra size.)

How to put your

1. To put on your bra, first slide the straps over the shoulders, then lean forward from the waist. This allows bust to fall naturally into the cup.

Photoplay Recommends:

WONDER-WORKING BRAS FOR YOUR BEST LINE

For the Smaller Figure:


Strapless white batiste cotton bra with built-in sculpture padding, cushion wired. AB cups. Celebrity (#1178) $1.50.

Embroidered cotton plunger bra, elastic band, with hidden, removable four rubber contour pads. A cup. Lovabl (#391) $1.50.
bra and cup size

2. Now measure under breasts for bra type. Slim midriff—bra without band under cups. Average—with band. If midriff is fleshy—a long-line bra

3. Measure fullest part of bosom. If measurement is same as bra size, (1) you need an A cup; if 1" more, B cup; 2" more, C cup; 3" more, D cup

bra on properly

2. Reach back and fasten bra. Then straighten and adjust the shoulder straps. Make sure the straps lie flat, without cutting into the shoulders

3. Now, run finger under band across the back. If straps are adjusted correctly, band will fit smoothly, with no ugly bulges above or below

For a smooth line—waist length bra, marquisette and elastic, self-adjustable inner cups. AB. Tres Secrete (#160) $6.95

For the Average Figure:
Designed for slim fashions—white cotton bra with foam rubber undercup band for a high line. ABC cups. Form-fit (#587) $2.50

Strapless and cut low—embroidered cotton bra with uplifting flat ribbon wire. ABC cups. By Exquisite Form (#607) $3.50

For the hard to fit—flexible, expandable Helena stretch nylon bra for all cup sizes. 32-38. Munsingwear. (#143) $2.50

Bra with a plus—embroidered cotton with shirred cups, elastic banding, attached cotton shields. B cup. Kleinert (#1200) $3

Fast-drying white Dacron bra, comfort-plus contour straps that round under the arm. ABC. Gossard (#2728) $3.50

For the Fuller Figure:
Insured contours in a rounded cotton bra, undercups chemically treated for shape retention. ABC. Naturflex (#4077) $1

For accentuation plus support, stitched-cup cotton bra, medium band for slimming, uplift. ABC. Maidenform (Chansonette) $2

Hand-fashioned cotton bra, completely cushioned underwire insuring separation, uplift, control. BCD. Glamour (#640) $5

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Nagging backache, headache, or muscular aches and pains may come on with over-exertion, emotional upset or day to day stress and strain. And folks who eat and drink unwisely sometimes suffer mild bladder irritation...with that restless, uncomfortable feeling...If you are miserable and worn out because of these discomforts, Doan's Pile often helps by their pain relieving action, by their soothing effect to ease bladder irritation and by their mild diuretic action through kidney...tending to increase the output of the 15 miles of kidney tubes.

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Miss Park uses the most exquisite colors and fabrics imaginable in the lingerie sold by her shop; naturally, the prices reflect the engineering and the opulence that goes into such garments. However, Miss Park believes that any girl can improve the appearance of her wardrobe with a little ingenuity. Presuming that a girl owns a periwinkle suit and wants to dress to a periwinkle color scheme, she won’t be able to find a periwinkle bra, girdle and slip in the average store. But she can buy white, and manufacture the exact color she wants by dyeing the garments.

And there are two new methods of making a plain bra look like a party affair—instance, a pink party bra can be made prettier by the addition of an edging of fluted pink nylon net, and satin love knots appliqued onto a white bra will increase its aesthetic value.

At this point, there will be those who will complain that no matter what color the bra, it alone doesn’t make up for what nature forgot. Or adequately cover the girl with the most generous curves. True. But with the aid of modern magic, you can bury some of your troubles beneath an artfully designed bra that can be just as pretty in fabric as the bras worn by the girls with average figures.

Let’s study the girl—or woman—with the over-abundant bosom. First, you must consult a fitter before buying any bra. Because that angel-in-disguise will take into consideration your age, figure requirements, as well as wardrobe needs. She will also not have any problem in finding one corset for all-over smoothness or whether one of the long-line bras, built up to control the flesh and with wide straps that will supplement the major of the bosom section would be more satisfactory. For the heavy-bosomed girl, cups should be deep and spaced widely enough so that they will separate and uplift instead of flattening or binding the breasts. The fabric must be firm—but it can be in nylon taffeta, satin, broadcloth—sometimes with double thickness of nylon marquisette, felt-lined cups for reinforcement. So many women buy bras in a too-small cup size resulting in unlively "tires" under a tight fitting dress. Fitters will help avoid the possibility.

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Now, for the girl whom nature forgives. Diet hasn’t helped, exercises have helped. But the bra manufacturers today, all girls know about padded bras. But a lot of them have a psychological block toward them. They wear them, but they still feel they’re cheating. But a padded bra isn’t a deceit—it’s an intel- ligen
tent approach to a problem that’s most universal than you think. The Corset & Brassiere Association of America reports that some six million pairs of bust pads and bras with stitched-in padding are worn every year! So you’re not so diffire And because you’re usually the girl who so self-consiously about seeing a fitter, do urge you, the next time you’re in store, to try her. You’ll find her help-}

...
How Far Should a Parent Go?

(Continued from page 72)

words—It was a vision at my age, bad for my hair, made me look silly. And then she said, ‘Monday, you’re going to make a test for the next picture. How can you go with your hair like that? You’re still a girl and you can’t look like a boy!’ With that hair you’ll surely lose the part.’

I began to feel some of the starch in my throat and I started back to my room. But when the director saw me, he wanted to know what I’d done with my hair. I felt miserable and told him it was a bad at school. ‘That’s fine,’ he said. ‘We want you to look like a typical schoolgirl and we’ll leave your hair that way, it’ll be a good touch of characterisation.’

So, that was one time when Mother didn’t know best.

But the next time she did. I was just fourteen,” Natalie remembered. “It was a boy this time. His name was Bill and I was violently attracted to him, maybe because he wasn’t like the other well-bred boys in our class. He was rebellious, a very poor student who daydreamed in class, even slept there in boredom. But that didn’t lessen his appeal as mysterious and forbidden. Every night on the telegraph cable I’d hear the telephoners say, ‘Bill was here.’ Then my girlfriends—Bill was this, Bill was that. They didn’t share my interest. Finally Mother asked, ‘Who’s this Bill?’ Snug in my own innocence I’d answer, ‘I don’t want you to have anything to do with that boy,’ she said. ‘He looks like a juvenile delinquent. If you take an interest in boys, why don’t you pick somebody nice like that Johnson boy up the street?’

‘Oh, Mother, really! That character.’

My disdain for him was no less violent than his for me. One day I heard the telephoners say ‘Bill was here’ and the mothers of my girlfriends made us wear. I couldn’t forget Bill. Then one day he asked me to go to the movies. I told him I’d have to ask my mother and he gave me a fundal on before to Mother. ‘I don’t want you to have anything to do with that boy,’ she said. ‘He looks like a juvenile delinquent. If you take an interest in boys, why don’t you pick somebody nice like that Johnson boy up the street?’

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‘Oh, Mother, really! That character. My disdain for him was no less violent than his for me. One day I heard the telephoners say ‘Bill was here’ and the mothers of my girlfriends made us wear. I couldn’t forget Bill. Then one day he asked me to go to the movies. I told him I’d have to ask my mother and he gave me a fundal on before to Mother. ‘I don’t want you to have anything to do with that boy,’ she said. ‘He looks like a juvenile delinquent. If you take an interest in boys, why don’t you pick somebody nice like that Johnson boy up the street?’
Clear up your pimples FAST... leave no scars
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HAIR OFF Face
Lips.—Arms—Legs

When I was younger, though, I did resist my mother's restrictions on the time to come home from parties and bedtime in general. At high school we used to sing "Early to bed and early to rise, but who wants to arise in the morn?"

"Though we all groaned," Natalie confessed, "deep down we knew our parents were right. A teenager wants and needs the protection of sound rules and regulations. My parents and I made an effort to find out the customs and rules among my friends.

"In doing this, parents should be sure that what they end up doing is really so—not that children wish existed," Natalie laughed in her remembrance of telling her mother once that "Janie doesn't have to stay home weekdays," while Janie told her, "Janie, your let her feel that she have to stay home weekends." A telephone call set that one straight.

"It doesn't make sense," Natalie said, "to lay down firm rules for all girls, because some grow up fast and some don't. Allowing a very naive girl of sixteen to go out with wolves might be throwing her to the lions, while another girl only fourteen could hold her own. Every girl wants to be, like others her own age, wants to dress as they do, use make-up, talk like them, eat like them. She wants to follow the fads of crazy clothing and make-up. The cares and outlooks of specialized slang that take adolescents by storm at regular intervals—fads which often seem to grow into a sort of disease. A mother must remember that, when she is her own age, daughter feels she belongs. She is one of them, a kind of many-headed, many-legged version of herself. She wants to be, like a lot of other people's. At the same time, she is growing to find her own identity—to be herself. Yet she is happiest as part of the group and should not be forced to be except.

The greatest thing in adolescence is to grow up feeling worthy and worthwhile. Experts know that lack of love and sympathy, combined with too much domination, are the twin evils which crop up in the background of almost all delinquents. Study has shown that most promiscuous girls are simply seeking boys the love and affection they are denied at home. They feel unnecessary, unwanted, and it triggers them into delinquent activity. Natalie, like all secure teenagers, knows that the interest that grows out of it are the parents' supreme gift to a child. There is no substitute for it.

"They were secure," Natalie said with deep sincerity, "because my parents not only loved me but let me know it. My two sisters, I know, feel the same way. I always seemed to be wanted. I wasn't a "good girl," I was just considered a child at school were to their parents. I knew I was always 'belonged' to the family. When I was making 'Rebel Without a Cause,' this feeling was brought home to me. "I was brought home to me sharply. If parents withhold love, a child grows up feeling, 'How can others like me when I feel so unlikable?' For, unless a person can like themselves, it is hard to feel certain of others liking him. Unless he can like himself securely he is apt to get mixed up in his strivings and many dreadful things.

Natalie, poised at the edge of womanhood, is growing up into a Hollywood's finest actresses as well as an authentic beauty. But she has escaped the ordinary eighteen-year-old adolescente strivings. If she had, she wouldn't be normal. And Natalie is normal in all her normal self-sufficient young woman's longing desire to be grown-up to leave the frustrating teens behind and take her place as a mature woman. Graduation from high school brought her a spacious house, in which she became accustomed to play grown-up roles, and she finally won this battle with her first mature role in "Rebel Without a Cause." This striving to be grown-up shows in her crusty little glances at older men—now it's Marlon Brando and Raymond Burr, who is in his mid-thirties, a knowledgeable man versed in the Broadway theatre, with whom she is currently depressed. He considers this older, says Natalie, and her greatest longing is to portray girls older than herself. As a child she played screen daughters to some of the finest actresses—notably with Bing Crosby in "Just for You," with Jane Wyman in "The Blue Veil," and Bette Davis in "The Star." But now I can play a femme fatale, she," she's convinced, "not just a small girl."

Born in San Francisco on July 20, 1937, Natalie's legal name is Natasha Nicholas Gurdin. When she was four, her parents moved to Santa Rosa, California. Directly or indirectly, every major movie star, and in the town where she was born, and he employed some of the townsfolk as extras. Natalie's mother, for a lark, joined the group with her daughter. The chaste beauty and quick intelligence made a deep impression on the director and two years later he sent for her for another role. Then followed parts in almost twenty-five films, in which she was cast most often as a sort of "type," a part of the delinquent side of child actors—the awkward, gawky age. The recipient of fine critical acting notices and many acting awards and honors, as well as that of a famous actress. Her older sister, Teddy, married, and the mother of two youngsters, was never interested in dramatics, but their younger sister, Lana, is already following in Natalie's footsteps.

Long ago, when Natalie decided that a
She Ain't Fooling, Men!

(Continued from page 58)

Now I've known Kim for a couple of years and I've liked her, but somehow I've never suspected her as being capable of such critical opinions.

Yet, I had to admit that what she'd said was pretty sound.

You see, Kim wants to do stories that are worthwhile—and that's when I began to wonder whether she could be a Garbo in the making.

Kim is so beautiful in her tight blue sweater with her fluorescent-colored hair, Kim sat back in the taxi and revealed other things about herself. She was still glowing from the experience of making 'The Man With the Golden Arm' and the Flesh and the Devil.

"How long did you work with Frank?" I asked.

"Not long enough, she answered. "That picture was such an experience for me. Every night I'd look forward to going to work next morning."

"Otto Preminger's the greatest director I ever worked with," she added, "and then to watch him do it was wonderful.

Kim has taken to reading a lot lately. She goes to many movies, too—not just to be entertained, but to learn things.

This same day she revealed a deep inquisitive streak she hadn't noticed before. She seemed quite depressed. This I couldn't understand, because she seemed to have many reasons for being deliciously happy.

"I don't want to become too contented," she told me. Why not? Everybody wants to be happy, I argued.

"I've always been like this," she replied. "Even when I was a little girl. In the fall, when all the leaves came down and the other children would trample on them, I'd say: Stop that, they're so beautiful! They'd stamp on them and I'd say: Please don't you see that something is being killed? They'd tear flowers out of the yard, just to hurt me."

Then Kim started to tell me her theory that an actress must be unhappy to be successful.

Contended actresses, she pointed out, don't work hard on their parts—because they are contented. When they've become contented, they've achieved their ambitions, she said.

"It's a little like children praying," Kim continued. "When things are going bad, they pray and they promise what they'll do. They're very serious. They work hard. But, when they get what they want, they may forget what they promised to do. Or they may say, 'Thank you, God,' in a hurry, then not carry out their pledge. I think it is the same with the other girls. They do their best, but when they get to be stars sometimes they don't go ahead and do their best.

I must say that I listened in astonishment. These were strange words coming from this beautiful girl whom so many fans have thought of only as a sexpot.

"It must be wonderful to have such a sense of success," I ventured, after grilling the conventional idea of happiness.

"But it has its drawbacks, too," Kim answered, unable to get over the sadness that gripped her.

"Drawbacks? But you're getting the super-A treatment here in New York!"

And she certainly was. On previous trips, Kim had stayed at a less ostentatious hotel. Then her studio had lodged her in a suite leased by Columbia Pictures and generally used by nobody except the boss of the company, Harry Cohn. As Kim herself pointed out, it has eight rooms, nine telephones, and a bathroom. And each bathroom, she admitted, was as big or bigger than her living quarters at the Studio Club in Hollywood.

"Big deal," she said.

"You can't dislike this," I insisted.

But Kim thought it was all part of the pattern of "contentment" that might make her a less effective actress.
"Nobody will believe you are honest or that you want honesty," she said. "Before this, when I went on a trip, nobody paid much attention to me. Do you know, that was all right with me. But get me now," she said, pretending to be snobbish. "It's like mixing a suite and it's filled with flowers. The photo says, 'ringing Everybody's there from the studio to greet you. Everybody's waiting on you. They say, 'Can I get you this' or 'Can I do that?' Then the salesgirl had reported everyone doing something down at the drugstore. Well, I like simple things, I just don't want that, and sometimes I find it a little annoying." Whoever is a star being waited on too much before? But Kim's so much different than the average . . . I just hope she never changes. "Besides," she continued, "I'm not a big star now."

"I thought you were," I said.

"That's what people are saying—people who are guessing and are trying to make it come true. But who knows? I think the pictures I've made on my last trip went up to the public to decide. A movie company can't tell you."

Truly, an amazing female! During the following spells, Kim was inspired one day. She felt she had to play "Picnic." Until then, she had done only sexy parts. She mentioned to a studio publicity man that she'd like to do "Picnic." He practically laughed at her. But he wasn't the first who did.

"Please, Kim," the publicist said, "you couldn't do that part. That's a sweet Kansas girl. You play sexy parts and you should be happy doing those."

Kim saw she was going to have to convince a lot of people. "How I worked on that role!" she recalled. "I worked with Benno Schneider, coaching for the part. It took me a long time to convince people around the studio, then I ran into another obstacle—Josh Logan, the director wanted me."

"He didn't want me for the part. He wanted Janice Rule, who played it on Broadway."

"He said it to everybody, and I'm afraid that everybody else said it, too."

"Finally Josh said he'd let me do it if I'd dye my hair red. I had fallen in love with Marjorie. I knew her through and through. Now I say I was born to play her part—which is very nice of him but which I don't think is true. I worked on it."

Yet, aside from all this deeper thinking, Kim is a believer in lucky numbers, omens and superstitions and is very superstitious. When she was given the star pitch at Columbia and permitted to choose her own dressing room, she could have inherited Rita Hayworth's. "Instead," she says, "because it had my lucky number in it."

For one week during the filming of "Picnic," Kim lived on the lot because she had to be there at 4:30 a.m. to have her hair washed, and final, beautiful characteristically. Kim has no Cadillac, no Thunderbird—no car of any kind. Therefore, she couldn't get around the place very easy at all on and off set. She wanted a car in part of the simple life that she's cut out for herself. "For one reason, I haven't had a chance to learn to drive," she says.

Shooting around town in a convertible would be the sort of "contentment" that Kim fears would hurt her acting. And, from a practical standpoint, there's the money involved. Like all starlets suddenly graduated from high school and needing considerable money—and the salary raises are very, very welcome indeed.

Therefore, she still clings to the Studio Club setup, and to taxis or whatever transportation may be available.

"Having too much contentment is a little like eating too much," Kim said, returning to the subject of money. "If you eat too much, you don't work well."

I interrupted the conversation to mention a Broadway vulgarism sometimes used in describing actors who've become successful. It's said that "You have to be hungry to be your best," because then you're trying your hardest. But when you're hungry any more you don't try so hard. That was the only thing that got to me. "When an actor gets the wrinkles out of his belly, he gets lousy."

That, Kim agreed, fits in neatly with her own story.

Perhaps, though, this has been all too serious, and you might think Kim is just "deep" to enjoy nowadays. Actually, at this time, she did have much on her mind the limited her."

"Gee," she mused, "the president of my fan club is upset because I couldn't have lunch with him this trip, and I don't blame him. He said, 'But I don't understand,' and it boils down to that. I've always been a movie star."

Kim was also concerned about her appearance on Edward R. Murrow's Perso to Portraits. "I've heard a great interest about the hidden microphones that's up in the ladies' boudoirs."

Kim had other problems, suddenly, in none quite as important. For example, on going back to New York, she saw how hard they she had a new boyfriend and had been seeing him in Connecticut.

"I've never even been in Connecticut Kim said.

I mentioned the name of the supposed "new guy."

"I don't know anybody by that name, Kim's fans would like to know whether she'll ever marry a young man so would the columnists. As she grows more successful, will Kim find an actor or a true intellectual lover to taste? Have she and Mac become more each other over the past couple of years I don't think even Kim or Mac can answer these questions right now. But then, I protect myself, I can add that I would be astonished to hear at any time that they are getting married.

In Kim's lighter moments, she also mentioned to me that the letter P seemed to fit her. For example, her first three pictures there's that figure 3 again—were "Push over," "Phifty," and "Picnic."

To me, though, an unforgettable conversation was when she asked about her dying scene in The Edy Duchy Story, in which she plays Duchin's first wife who died in childbirth.

"The dying part was so hard for me," Kim said, "because I'm too inexperienced to know how to cry technically."

"How about onions?" I asked.

"Oh, I couldn't use those. It would have spoiled my look, and if I had wanted to die real beautifully. You couldn't do that with onions!"

"And so," Kim said, her voice filling with emotion, "somebody said I should think back all the sadness my life and try it and that wouldn't work. Somebody else said try to think of myself as dead."

"Well, I did it so," Kim continues "that my hair straightened out, my throat ratted, I got as dumb as I thought that—"I thought I really was dead!"

It gave me the shivers just hearing he talk about it. I'm glad to say, though, then I saw Kim bouncing along the street in that same unpretentious sweater, as if there was nothing dead about her. About the lively actress we have, and to believe me, she'll go far. Not only that, but there are several million young men who wish they could go where her."

The End
So This Is Hollywood!

(Continued from page 51)

Ir. Milman commented: "Say, I caught our husband on that show last night."

"Oh, yes," I replied, waiting.

"Yeah. He said something about catching a small fish."

Then he went on one step further. "Who id they get to impersonate you?"

This goes on all the time, and I can say this is the only way I know of the wellknown New Rochelle residents could have seen Cinderella-me the next day, driving in a four-engine, winged pumpkin with a blissful smile, a dozen air-sickness tablets and forty-five pounds of extra baggage (no darguees!).

My husband Arnold has the happy faculty of working for absolutely any entertainment medium—although he says that until he saw the Japanese Kabuki dancers—and cross-country commuting is lst stuff to him. But for me this trip was special.

First, Arnold had a very unusual part, parrow, in a very unusual picture, "The woman with the Golden Arm"—and I was dying to watch him do it. Secondly, it was my first trip to Hollywood minus the children—and as the bunnies, clayed pockets, soggy Kleenex and scraped nas that accompany them. I felt practically like a person.

Driving down the road is so like sitting in a trolley car for nine hours. But if you're across the United States is uneventful, landing in Los Angeles is positively anti-climactic.

"You think you two are going to L.A. to realize that a flat, spread-out town it is. As the lane circles for a landing, all you can see for miles are thousands and thousands of one-story dwellings. If you're from New York and are trained buildings and traveling miles into the suburbs for a bit of green grass to go with your home, 's hard to realize that in Los Angeles the small writing are all sounds and there's a lock away from Hollywood and Vine, the rests of yucca-pink bungalows begin. And a second adjustment has to be made to lose crazy palm trees. Nobody has yet convinced me they're real.

Driving into town from International airport, the most persistent feature of the city is a four-story building called the Flats, all with prominent signs featuring "french-dipped Patsidi." I don't know that is, except that all Los Angeles residents seem to react violently, pro or con, to just a mention of the subject. After the patsidi comes a whole mess of oil derrick, and after the derricks—evey Hills.

Hollywood has been glamorized as the place where movies are made, and it's true. The studios are mostly in Hollywood, ad it's where the stars come to work 8 A.M. But Beverly Hills is where you'll see people as the Flats, or ex Barker riding in a Cadillac convertible.

Beverly Hills is comprised of blocks and blocks of elegant shops and chic department stores, and elegant homes. Even the modern houes have an air about them as Sheridan's, an old Southern plantation mansion, run, with a few exceptions, these houses are striking similarity—one is never more than a spitting distance away from the next.

Arnold had gotten an apartment in Hollywood for our stay. This was plebian, but it is considered poor taste to live farther out than that. He also had a con-

The pictured reports about Frank Sinatra would lead you to believe that he alternates between gadding about with lovely ladies and having public fits of temper. All I can say is that you should will be exactly the same as it was at home, except that you won't have to pin a handkerchief on anybody's snout.

You get up at 6:35 A.M. just like home, so you can be out of the shower by 7, and can lead your groggy husband (I have discovered there is a great streak of German shepherd in me) over to his coffee by 7:15, so you can have time to get a man's morning shave.

He had to maintain a three days' growth of beard while making the picture and consume our dinners in some of the dimmest lit restaurants in Los Angeles. Even in a dinner jacket Arnold, who is very meticulous, was miserably convinced the beard made him look "happy."

At 7:40 A.M., we'd be on our way to the studio. There were many mornings, I must admit, when I'd open one eye, look out and shout, "What, this is supposed to be a vacation. You don't have to go to the studio today. Why not get breakfast, then go back to bed?"

But I never could. I got so that I just couldn't look away from the set—the picture was too exciting.

"The Woman with the Golden Arm" is a movie about dope addiction. The addict, Frank Machine, is played by Frank Sinatra, and Frank does it with terrifying insight into the trapped-animals kind of every addict must have. I had been on movie sets before, but never one on which every one was an actor to the community of technicians and carpenters—showed such tremendous enthusiasm for the work they were doing. It is an old Hollywood legend that, no matter how big a budget a picture has, only the people who are doing the people who are doing it or how high is it talked about, the group who will sense immediately whether it is really good, bad or mediocre is the crew. And it was obvious that the crew on "Man" knew they had a "good" one.

Otto Preminger, who produced and directed the picture, and Frank Sinatra, Eleanor Parker and Kim Novak, who starred in it, were revelations to me. I had never been associated so closely, on a day-to-day basis, with people busy making a movie. And, after the I had been "in the rain" is Preminger's most memorable. Mr. Sinatra, I found I was very poorly prepared for the truth.

No matter where you live—in London, Bangkok, or Kalamazoo—you hear "people are leeches about the people in Hollywood. That's because Hollywood is a town where gossip is a top commodity—almost an industry itself. Crumbs of gossip are paid for—if not in actual money, then by favors in return. This isn't an entirely pleasant situation. At the height of the lunch hour in the plush Beverly Hills restaurants, you'll find the gossip-mongers and their informants busily sorting and hawking the next day's column items.

Anyway, the things I'd heard about Mr. Preminger led me to believe that he directed his pictures like the Russian genre—one never surprised in pictures, kind of expected to see him arrive for work wearing puttees and carrying a riding crop.

But Mr. Preminger turned out to be the most completely charming man I've ever met. And he is treated with respect and deference by the people working with him because they admire his ability as a director.

Many of the printed reports about Frank Sinatra would lead you to believe that he alternates between gadding about with lovely ladies and having public fits of temper. All I can say is that you should...
have been the “playboy” reporting at the studio at 7:45 every morning for his twelve-hour day. And, in the two weeks I visited on the set, I never saw anything remotely resembling a “fit of temper”—not by Frank, or anyone else.

It is probably difficult for the average moviegoer to realize how much work and time goes into the final and dramatic picture like “The Man with the Golden Arm.” Shooting went on every day, six days a week, from 8 A.M. until about 5:30 at night. For the first couple of weeks, they shot the lighting up and saw the “rushes”—rough scenes from the previous day’s shooting—it was 7:30 P.M.

After each workday came to a tired end, Arnold and I would then go to some near-by restaurant for dinner, then back to the apartment. Arnold would look over his next day’s lines, then go to bed. About eleven o’clock I’d finished washing his socks (just like home, remember)? I’d tiptoe into the bedroom where he’d have fallen asleep sitting bolt upright—doing an imported New York Times crossword puzzle nearly as big as a booklet and whispering, “Wake up and go to sleep, honey.” He would then open one eye, put down the pencil and puzzle, and lie down—all purely by reflex action.

At that, Arnold was lucky he could sleep. Frank Sinatra told us one day that he would arrive home in a state of almost complete exhaustion, get into his pajamas, have his dinner on a tray, then go to sleep—for four hours. After that he’d be unable to sleep any more and, to combat the insomnia, he’d read.

I once had Frank say with a tired smile, “an expert on weather-casting. After I’d finished every book in the house, I found one about predicting weather trends. I thought a book on weather-casting would surely put me to sleep. But it didn’t, and now I’m a specialist in cumulus clouds.”

Of course, there were lighter moments. One evening, Frank and I were watching a scene where Frankie Machine—who’s big ambition is to become a band drummer—is showing his wife Zosh (played by Eleanor Parker) his new prowess as a musician. In the scene, he drums energetically for several minutes, then looks up and says, “How’s that? How’s that, Zosh?”

I ran my fingers through the depths of the projection room, as he sat watching himself on the screen, Sinatra’s voice rang out clearly, “Nothin’.”

Every woman at one time or another, I imagine, has daydreamed about being taken over by one of those omnipotent studio make-up departments, being completely “redone,” to emerge looking like Elizabeth Taylor. Something like that happened to me the other night. While I don’t think Miss Taylor should lie awake nights worrying, I was very pleased with the outcome.

Four or five days after I had first started visiting the set, I had been aware of a tall, dark-haired man staring at me. Sometimes he would just stand there and stare glumly in my direction. Other times he would look and I would look away. I have always considered myself a fairly presentable specimen of womanhood (I wish I could say girlhood, but I can’t any more), so finally I asked Arnold, “Who is that man staring at me? Did I say something to offend him?”

At that point, our stranger walked over and, poking a finger at me, said, “You be in charge of the make-up for the picture, as well as many other top movies, including ‘Guys and Dolls.’ When I dutifully reported to the make-up the next morning, Benny sat me down in front of a three-sectioned mirror under a light that illuminated every pore in my head. Then he proceeded to tell me how badly I was made up.

Oh, he said it very kindly, and I knew he was right, especially when he criticized my eyebrows. My eyebrows are quite sparse, and I thought that, with thin eyebrows, the only thing you had to do was fill them in. But still mine never looked right. They never looked like the graceful, winking things on the girls in Vogue.

So I sat in mute agony while Benny plucked them for forty-five minutes. At one point he took pity on me and offered the tweezers to my eyes, but Benny taught me valuable things about stick and rouge.

Heretofore, I had been firmly convinced that rouge was passe—a relic of the flapper era—to be used only if you wanted to look like a circus clown. Benny cured me of that notion. First, he produced the largest-sized artist’s brush—thirteen inches long!—with bristles that looked like a scorn-off horse’s mane. He took this object, dabbed it ludicrously into a tiny, inch-square compact of dry rouge, then made one swift swipe with it on each of my cheekbones. The result was just a faint hint of color in my face, which further enhanced my eyes.

When we were all finished, my eyes—which I am very vain about anyway—looked larger and more deeply set. I thought the rest of my face looked awfully well dressed, and I am quite approvingly. But the piece de resistance of criticism was offered by Arnold—he whistled.

That afternoon Arnold and I had a date for dinner with Jack and Cynthia Lamonson and their baby Chris. After lunch, Arnold and Jack took turns holding Chris outside art supply stores throughout Brentwood. Arnold did it indoor while, inside, Cynthia and I searched for a large artist’s brush for my rouge.

I’m sure Jack and Arnold thought I was patently insane, but Cynthia—who is a mosaic artist—was just as absorbed in the search as I was. “After all,” she said sensibly, “it would be silly to be shown all those things and then go home and forget about them.”

I have always believed that, whether you happen to be plain or pretty, you’re only as beautiful as your husband thinks you are. I am very lucky because my husband tells me I am beautiful at least once a day, sometimes twice. Arnold and I are generally quite uninhibited about letting people know we are happily married, and this is one difficulty when the picture started. In “Man,” Arnold plays the part of Sparrow, who is not married. Consequently, his first day out of the camera, he was asked to take off his wedding ring. But he made sure that he hadn’t taken it off since September 21, 1949—the day we were married—and he wasn’t going to take it off in public. Arnold, of course, took it unmercifully, but he won his point and, instead of removing the ring, he did the movie with a Band-Aid wrapped around his finger, left hand.

When planning a picture, Saturday night is the big night to go out in Hollywood, because you don’t have to shoot on Sunday. That is, it’s the big night to go out and you’re free in length—and if there’s any place to go.

Contrary to the glittering, glamorous stories, Los Angeles is a very quiet town. There are no “legitimate” things to do in, and nothing in the night clubs. People who have lived there for years frequently describe the night life as “dull.” Those who have migrated from Manhattan, when quizzed on the subject, know better than to answer. But inevitably they roll their eyes in amazement and sigh.

Most of the fun is generated by people entertaining each other in their own homes. One of Kelly’s night gath-erings, for instance, are a weekly institution—but Gene’s “few” friends are likely to number twenty or thirty. Nobody is ever really invited, but you know Gene and happen to be in town, you’re kind of “expected.”

Once, on a previous trip to the West Coast, Arnold and I stayed at the Beverly Hills Hotel, which is completely outside from Gene’s home. One weekday evening, as we drove past his house, I exclaimed to Arnold, “Holy Hannah, what are all those cars doing in front of Gene’s on Wednesday?”

“That’s easy,” Arnold replied, “they’re lining up for Saturday night.”

An evening at the Kelly’s would permanent. If you heard of a situation you might have about “wild” Hollywood parties. One recent Saturday night, Arnold and I walked in on a fairly typical group at Gene’s: Judy Holiday, Betty Comden and Adolph Green (who’s written many of Gene’s pictures), choreog-rapher Jerome Robbins, Ruth and Milton Berle, Sydney Chaplin, Arthur Loew, Jr. plus a host of others.

Some of these people were dressed quite informally, but many were in fairly formal dinner clothes. Everyone sat around talking and having a quiet drink, until it was late on Saturday evening: at eleven o’clock they were all going to watch an old Charlie Chan movie on television.

As a matter of fact, when I got back to the Ritz and explained what I had seen, I have deflated a lot of ideas people have about Hollywood. I would have liked to have told everyone what a relatively sedate community it really is. But the turn on Saturday night, when I began talking eagerly to the other mothers, now sleekly storm-coated, I realized with a start that I was back in my dungeon (I was staying at Dyke’s, and I was still in Deborah’s room to finish), and that they would never believe I had even been to Hollywood, much less that I had any rights to any opinions about the place. The End

We’re all set for spring with a refreshing parade of pictures and stories about everybody’s favorites:

AURDEY HEPBURN • BILL HOLDEN
DEBBIE and EDDIE
GORDON MccRAE • LANA TURNER
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You’ll find them all in April PHOTOPLAY

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Beautiful hair has natural softness and lustre. A Breck Shampoo helps bring out the soft, natural beauty of your hair. There are three Breck Shampoos. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. The next time you buy a shampoo, select the Breck Shampoo for your individual hair condition. A Breck Shampoo leaves the hair clean, lustrous and fragrant.

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IT'S LIQUID PRELL FOR Radiantly Alive Hair

Exciting surprise for you—magical new Liquid Prell! It's extra rich—that's why Liquid Prell leaves your hair looking 'Radiantly Alive'! And how you'll love its unique extra-rich formula. Bursts instantly into richer, more effective lather—rinses in a twinkle—leaving your hair easier to set. Shouldn't you try Extra-Rich Liquid Prell today? There's radiant beauty in every drop!

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that now safely stops odor 24 hours a day

You’re serene. You’re sure of yourself. You’re handbox perfect from the skin out.
And you stay that way night and day with New Mum Cream.
Because New Mum now contains M-3 (hexachlorophene) which clings to
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So safe you can use it daily — won’t irritate normal skin or damage fabrics.

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Blemished skin problem ends overnight

with new "hide and heal" treatment!

In time for your next evening out, Tussy Medicare gives you freedom from the embarrassing sight of pimples, blackheads or whiteheads caused by acne.

First, cleanse with Tussy Creamy Masque. It removes more than surface dirt...helps get rid of deeply imbedded, dried skin oils that clog pores!

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AMAZING!

In the year 2200, a space cruiser reaches the remote planet Altair-4...and a fabulous, forbidden world opens up to the earth men.

Here are chartreuse skies, two moons, secret chasms...a garden of Eden ruled by a scientist-genius and his golden-haired daughter.

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STARRING
WALTER PIDGEON
ANNE FRANCIS
LESLIE NIELSEN
WITH WARREN STEVENS AND INTRODUCING
ROBBY, THE ROBOT

SCREEN PLAY BY CYRIL HUME
PHOTOGRAPHED IN EASTMAN COLOR
DIRECTED BY FRED McLEOD WILCOX
PRODUCED BY NICHOLAS NAYFACK
Based on a Story by Irving Block and Allen Adler • AN M-G-M PICTURE
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And what a lot of smart girls there must be—for SPRAY NET outsells all other sprays combined!

Some girls are satisfied with just any old kind of hair spray. But smart girls pick Helene Curtis SPRAY NET!

For nothing sets such long-lasting pin curls, nothing holds your hair so smoothly in place as SPRAY NET. Dampness won't wilt your wave. Breezes won't bother your curls. Yet SPRAY NET can't dry your hair. Never leaves it sticky. Is really invisible.

Be a smart girl, use SPRAY NET.

THREE SIZES:
New 69c size, Large $1.25,
Giant $1.89, all plus tax

CASTS
OF CURRENT PICTURES


BOTTOM OF THE BOTTLE, THE—20th. Directed by Henry Hathaway. Donald Martin, Van Johnson, P.A., Joseph Cotten, Nova Martin, Ruth Roman, Hal Buccheard, Jack Carson, Lel Breakinridge, Margaret Hayes, B. D. Bruce, Bennett; Stanley Milner, Brad Dexter, Ellen Miller, Peggy Knudsen, George Cabot, Mary Day, Hannah Cody, Margaret Lindsay; Mildred, Nancy Gates; Lois Romero, Gonzales Gonzalez, Jimmie, John, Lee, Wayne, Shaw Smith, Kaucher, Ted Giff; Lucy Grant, Ernestine Barnett; Grant, Walter Wolf King; BettyANN, Son, Descher; Bit Boy, Kirk; Chargey; Girl, Mimi Gibson; Man, Carleton Young; Diet, Elaine Whitney, Carolyn Groat, Bit Man, Frank D. Borden, Mrs. Remore, Maria, Marion; Diaz, James Grieve, Emily, Joanne Jordan; Dancer, Lee Gonzalez; Priest, George Anderson; Rancher at Mission; Leonard Swency, Jr.; Rancher at Mission, Peter O'Grady; Bill Cobey, Grindy Green, Bit Man, Louis Troxan; Bit Rancher at Mission, Arthur Hansen, Jr.

COME NEXT SPRING—Republic. Directed by J. R. G. Springsteen. Best Ballet. Ann Sheridan, Matt Battist; Steve Cochran, Lee Sperry, Walter Brooks. Annie, Sherry Jackson; Abraham, Richard Eyer; Mr. Carey, Edgar Buchanan, Leroy Helberg, Sonny Tufts; Mr. Trotter, Harry Shannon; Rob Storys, Bud Fulton; Myrtle, Mae Clarke; Sherry Williams, Rosece Attrs; Delbert Meeker, Wade Ruby, Bill Jackson, James Best.

CONQUEROR, THE—RKO. Directed by Dick Powell. Teenage, John Wayne, Bertie, Susan Hayward; Van, Pedro Armendariz; Miss, Agnes Moorehead; Tarquin, Leslie Bradley; Kazar, William Conrad; Rawley, Ted de Corsa, Wally Morgan, Thomas Gomez; Shayan, John Hoyt; Chebel, Lee Van Cleef; Hocking, Jeanne Cerson, Boghich, Peter Stan- makos; Swazza, Fred Graham; Tartar Captain, Leo Gordon.

DOCTOR AT SEA—Rank. Republic. Directed by Ralph Thomas. Simon, Dick Bogarde; Helene Colbert, Brigitte Bardot, Marcel Mallet, Brenda De Banietz; Captain Hang, James Robertson Justice; Captain Reunish, Raymond Huntley; Carpenter, George Cons- laris; Corble, Noel Parrell; Easter, Maurice Dem- hart; Frost, Michael Medwin; Archer, Robert Griggs; Fellows, James Kenney, Horace Burnham, George Koen; Jill, Jill Adams, Wendy, Joan Simon, Whitley, Cyril Chamberlain; Old Harry, Abe Barker, Jenkins, Toke Towsley; Wilson, Thomas Heathcote; Cyndyman, Frederick Piper; Jill's Father, Michael Shelley; Dr. Thomas, Felix Felton; Mrs. Thomas, Joan Hickson; Chief of Police, Eugene Deckers; Blonde, Marya Lane Wood; Phyllis, Ekih Solon.

LADYKILLERS, THE—Rank. Continental. Directed by Alexander Mackendrick. The Professor, Alec Guinness, The Mafie, Cecil Parker; Lewis, Herbert Lom, Harry, Peter Sellers; One-Round, Dan Ryan, Green, Mrs. Wiltse, Kate Johnson; Police, Superintendant. Jack Warner; Barrow Boy, Frank Howard; Police Sergeant, Philip Stanion; The Plunder, Fred Grifffith; The Cab Driver, Kenneth Connor; 2nd Cab Driver, Sam Kydly; "The Girls," Phoebe Hodgson, Helene Burt, Marie Martin, Evelyn Kenny; A Policeman, Neil Wilson; Constable in Police Station, Ewan Roberts; Birgur at Station, Michael Corcoran; Luggage Clerk, Harold Goodwin; Scotland Yard Man, Jack Mellord; Constable, Robert Moore; Vorious Man, John Rutting, Large Lady, Madge Brindley; Miss Pringle, Lucy Griffiths; Pave- ment Artist, Leonard Sharp.

LADY KILLERS, THE—M-G-M. Directed by Richard Brooks; Charles Coburn, Robert Taylor; Sandy Mc- kenzie, Stewart Granger; Woodford, Lloyd Nolan; Indian Girl, Delpha Patricia, Robert Renard, Tumbler, Pip, Gunstone Ford; Ed Black, Joe DeSantis, 1st Buffalo Hunter, Amelia Pryor; Indian Agent, Ralph Moore, Bartender, Fred Graham; Spotted Hand, Ed Lomeliih.

LIEUTENANT WORE SKIRTS, THE—20th. Directed by Frank Tashlin. Gregory Worsham, Tom Ewell, Katey Willowcomb, Sheke North, Sandra, Rita Moreno; Capt. Barney Sloan, Rick Jason; Henry Carson, Lee Tremayne; Capt. Brinton, Alice Rein- heart; J.J. Strevine, Gregory Worsham; Joan Sweeney, Joan Wilkes; Takfeldt, Sylvia Lewis; Major Dowling, Edward Furlong; Bookman Date, Jacqueline Fontaine; J. Hurris, Arthur O. Bryan, Sam, Paul Glass; De- liver, Bill, Vincent Clarea, Kathy Marsh; Roger Wilkins, Joe Locke, WAC Officer, Betty Ar- berg; Captain, Franklin James, Officer at Gates, Mary Hill; WAC Sergeant, James Carroll; WAC, Dorothy Gordon; Caitman, Ralph Sanford; Churrs Girl, Pat Marshall, Constantine, Sam Hagle.

LOVE RANGER, THE—Warners. Directed by Stan- ert Heisler. The Lone Ranger, Clayton Moore; Toots, Continued
When these shining stars sing and dance to Cole Porter's wonderful melodies...

ANYTHING GOES

Music and Lyrics by COLE PORTER
Produced by ROBERT EMMETT DOLAN
Directed by ROBERT LEWIS
Musical Numbers Staged by Nick Castle - Jeanmaire ballet and "I Get A Kick Out Of You" Staged by Roland Petit

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From the Play by Guy Bolton and P.G. Wodehouse
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New Songs by Sammy Cahn and James Van Heusen

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No other cleanser...

Pond's Cold Cream cleanses by molecular action. Tiny molecules of pure oils and moisture work down deep where dirt hides, and float it out.

removes make-up more completely

Some cleansers remove oily make-up. Others remove dry make-up and powder. Pond's Cold Cream removes both. Leaves pores openings really unclogged, free.

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Pond's quick-penetrating creaminess instantly restores vital oils and moisture to dried-out flaky skin. Keeps skin looking satin-soft, fresh and young.

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The charming young Duchess is one of the real beauties in England today.

"The basis of my beauty care is a thorough cleansing each night with Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It is perfection."

Complete beauty care in only 3 minutes a day

Start with a glowing-clean skin! Take less than 3 minutes each night to deep-cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. You'll be joyfully aware that nothing has ever left your skin so immaculate, so smooth!

For the freshest looking make-up smooth on a sheer, protecting base of Pond's Vanishing Cream! It's greaseless... never streaks, never discolors, gives a lovely natural make-up that really lasts.

CASTS
OF CURRENT PICTURES
continued


A story of people...
picked by fate out of a city's millions to be touched and changed by a chance meeting that starts with a kiss in the rain...

The lonely girl and the soldier — a street-corner pick-up that became a miracle of love!

SEVENTEEN selects it March "Picture of the Month!"

WARNER BROS. PRESENT

JANE WYMAN and VAN JOHNSON
"Miracle in the Rain"

WITH PEGGIE CASTLE • FRED CLARK • EILEEN HECKART • JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON • ALAN KING

NOVEL AND SCREEN PLAY BY BEN HECHT • PRODUCED BY FRANK P. ROSENBERG • DIRECTED BY RUDOLPH MATE • MUSIC COMPOSED AND CONDUCTED BY FRANZ WAXMANN
BY EDITH GWYNN

HOLLYWOOD PARTY LINE

Two big preemps of two fine films with downbeat themes were sure upbeat in the matter of star attendance. First came “I’ll Cry Tomorrow,” with Susan Hayward’s Oscar-bait performance thrilling everyone. A few nights later came the opening of “The Man With the Golden Arm,” which unquestionably established Frank Sinatra as one of the finest dramatic actors Hollywood has ever harbored. Susie Hayward was in a party with singer Lillian Roth, whose life she portrays in “Cry.” Liberace wore red suede shoes that night and a red bow tie, but didn’t take the fashion spotlight from such celebs as Debbie and Eddie Fisher, Russ Tamblyn and his cute fiancée, Venetia Stevenson, the Dana Andrewses, the Paul Henreids, Julie Adams and Ray Danton, and scores more.

Turnout for “Golden Arm” was really something, with Frank Sinatra, who arrived stag, getting a whooping roar from the crowds. Kim Novak, who attains real stardom in this one, couldn’t be there because she was in the East, but Eleanor Parker was on hand with hubby Paul Clemens. Rhonda Fleming, fresh home from Europe, sported a low, low cut leopard-skin gown! A very plump Judy Garland, with Sid Luft, wore high-necked ruby satin and a dark mink wrap. Most of the crowd gathered for a supper dance later at Romanoffs—hosted by director Otto Preminger.

Among the parties enjoyed was a “cocktail-ball” given by writer-producer Charles Brackett and his Mrs. They cleared out all the furniture from their large living room, tossed in a small band for the hundred-plus guests who sipped and danced from late afternoon well through the evening. Carol Ohmart was there with Paul Millard, Bob Stack with Rosemary Bowe, Fred MacMurray and June Haver. The Rock Hudsons, Bob Wagner, stag, Richard Egan, stag, Rita Moreno and the John Lunds were others I glimpsed there.

Benay Venuta and Fred Clark gave a huge cocktail-through-dinner party at which Judy Holliday held court in a pale gray, heavily beaded tight sheath. She talked show business with some of the tops—the Milton Berles, Barry Sullivans, John Irelands. Rod Steiger was with Valerie French. Nancy Sinatra, chic as always, wore a tight-bodiced, full-skirted green taffeta.

Other doings included the house-warming Debbie and Eddie Fisher had for “a few thousand chums” in their first home. . . . Marge and Gower Champion had a glittery crowd for their opening at the Cocoanut Grove and tossed a “Welcome Home” party later for Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis, fresh back from months abroad. . . . Peggy King’s opening at the Mocambo was real gala, with “boss” George Gobel introducing her with a witty preamble. Peg’s date was Jeff Hunter, but Peg’s ex, Knobby Lee, flew in for the event. Others there included Aldo Ray and Jeff Donnell, Gary Crosby, Joan Collins and Arthur Loew, Jr., Debbie and Eddie, the Spike Joneses, and Sid Chaplin (who used to be Joan Collins’ steady). Pretty much the same crowd showed up for Mocambo’s fifteenth anniversary shindig a couple of weeks later—plus Dana Wynter and Greg Bautzer, the Gordon MacRae, and George Jessel, beaming Peggy King. . . . A gay cocktail affair and buffet dinner ushered in the new Versailles Restaurant on the Sunset Strip. The men flocked about curvaceous Barbara Nichols (who has a good role with Jane Wyman in “Miracle in the Rain”), but Jody Lawrence (you’ll see her in “The Leather Saint” with John Derek) also made a hit. Susie Hayward was there with Hal Hayes.

Russ Tamblyn and cute fiancée, Venetia Stevenson. A model, she’s just been signed to movie contract

Debbie and Eddie—still with that honeymoon glow—at “I’ll Cry Tomorrow” preem, with George Jessel

Frank stole the sidewalk show! Dorothy Dandridge, Sinatra and Judy Garland entertain fans at “Man with a Golden Arm” preem in Hollywood
Important Milestones in Modern Medicine:

- **1796** - Triumph Over Contagious Diseases. First inoculation by Dr. Jenner
- **1848** - Triumph Over Pain. Dr. Morton's discovery of ether.

Now—1956—Procter & Gamble proudly announces...

TRIUMPH OVER TOOTH DECAY

Crest Toothpaste with Fluoristan strengthens tooth enamel to lock out decay from within

**Fluoristan is Procter & Gamble's exclusive fluoride compound—far superior to fluoride alone**

- **Miracle of the Towns Without Toothaches.** For years, children in certain towns were virtually without cavities. Nature's decay-preventive, fluoride, was in their drinking water!
- **Science Long Tried to Put Fluoride in a toothpaste.** At last, university scientists discovered Fluoristan, exclusive fluoride compound, far superior to fluoride alone.
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- **Dentists Tested Crest for three years, on 5,673 people.** Crest set records of decay prevention never equalled by any other toothpaste. Blocks out bad breath as it locks out decay!

**IMPORTANT**

Crest with Fluoristan is the only toothpaste ever developed that makes possible a major reduction in tooth decay, for people of all ages. Thereby, Crest marks the turning point in man's age-old struggle against this almost universal disease.

Instead of waiting helplessly for cavities to strike, Crest now makes it possible for you to build strong defenses against decay within teeth themselves... to actually fortify teeth so that they turn back the destructive attacks of decay (as opposed to the old-fashioned method of depositing a temporary coating of protection on the surface of teeth). With Crest, your family approaches the long dreamed-of day of healthy, decay-free teeth.
It's the LONGEST WEARING nail polish of all... in a daisy-fresh, dazzling variety of pinks and corals, reds and roses... every lovely color under the sun... all at your favorite CUTEX counter!

WHY PAY MORE? Tests with nail polishes that cost over twice the price prove Cutex with Enamelon wears best! This amazing ingredient "jewels" fingertips with a lasting sparkle that protects against detergents and hard knocks...defies chipping and peeling! So easy to apply too, because of the superior nylon brush! In the safe Spillpruf bottle, 29¢.

FOR MATCHING LIPS...
CUTEX SHEER LANOLIN LIPSTICK, 59¢
So creamy, so lasting, you'll hardly believe your own lips!

- Making his Hollywood debut in "The Swan," Alec Guinness is neatly cast as Grace Kelly's movie prince. His unassuming manner doesn't show it, but he's a high-ranking member of acting royalty, with a solid fan following built by comedies like "The Captain's Paradise" and "The Ladykillers." Incredibly versatile, capable of powerful drama ("The Prisoner"), Alec once played eight roles in one movie, "Kind Hearts and Coronets."

Still, American fans had no trouble recognizing Alec Guinness on the street. To often, he admits ruefully, "People would come up and say, 'Aren't you Alex McGuinness?' I'm resigned to that. I'd say, 'Yes.'" Another common reaction: "But you're much taller than I thought you were!" And a maid in a New York hotel, entering his suite, let the laundry fall and exclaimed, "You're much shorter than I thought you were!"

Actually, the great Guinness is pleasantly average in height (five feet nine) and appearance (quizzically sharp features, receding blond hair, friendly blue eyes). Off the job, Alec lives like a moderately successful businessman, with his wife, ex-actress Merula Salaman, and their fifteen-year-old son, Matthew. Their real home is a small country house they built last year, in the South of England. Merula's the gardener in the family, also an accomplished painter; but her husband's only hobby is fooling with a movie camera.

Young Matt, too, has a flair for painting. A ringer for his dad, he played the hero as a boy in Alec's "The Promoter," but the experience didn't commit him to an acting career. "Like any boy his age," Alec explains, "he has a new ambition each year."

In that respect, Alec Guinness himself wasn't average. London-born (on April 2, 1914), Alec decided while he was in his teens exactly what he wanted to do. He wanted to act. He was told that he had no talent, but at twenty-four he was playing Hamlet with London's famous Old Vic Company. A World War II stint in the Royal Navy interrupted his career—and gave him a chilly introduction to America. Assigned as captain of a landing craft...
Alec the Great

Great actor, great guy—
that's England's Guinness

built in Boston, he went there with his crew and was met by sub-zero temperatures. The unlucky ship was icebound in the Cape Cod Canal, arrived in Brooklyn with decks sheathed in ice, eventually sank in an Adriatic hurricane, stranding Alec and crew in Italy.

At the war's end, Alec again found a safe harbor in the theatre, and his first movie, "Great Expectations," set him on the road to international fame.

Partnership with another world-famous star finally lured him to Hollywood. Making M-G-M's "The Swan" with Grace Kelly, he found her "very sweet, a real professional." He had only one occasion to reproach her, after hearing about her engagement to Prince Rainier. "You certainly led us up the garden path!" he accused. (In American—kept us fooled.) "I promise you," Grace told her co-star, "I promise you, by everything that's sacred to me—I didn't know about it myself until after the holidays."

It was inevitable that Grace and Alec should become friends as well as co-stars. Guinness fans may think they admire him just as an actor. The truth is that Alec's own personality comes through all his varied roles. Whether he's a mythical-kingdom prince, a church dignitary or a hilariously sinister crook, you can't help liking him.

Candy Jones
BEAUTY DIRECTOR, CONOVER SCHOOL, NEW YORK

"Watch your skin thrive on Cashmere Bouquet Soap!"

"Regular beauty care is good business, and with Cashmere Bouquet it's so easy. Watch your skin thrive on its 3-way beauty care!" says Candy Jones.

Cleans cleaner than creams.
Your skin is so much cleaner when you use Cashmere Bouquet! No cream film!

Stimulates with no astringent sting, when you stroke Cashmere Bouquet's mild lather over your skin.

Softens without lotion stickiness. Leaves normal, dry or oily skin naturally softer and smoother!

it gives your skin 3-way beauty care!

You can forget about greasy cleansing creams, sticky lotions, and stinging astringents! Because now, with just a cake of Cashmere Bouquet Soap, you can give your skin the beauty care of famous Conover students. This wonderful 3-way beauty care actually cleans cleaner than creams . . . stimulates gently, softens and smooths your skin, too. Just like using a whole row of beauty products . . . but so much quicker and easier. Start today and watch your skin thrive!
"I'm in love
with my new Spring face!"

Today—do yourself over for Spring! Smooth on today's most bewitching make-up. It's soft as Spring and twice as fresh—Angel Face by Pond's!

Not a drying cake powder!
Not a heavy, greasy make-up!

Angel Face is a miracle blend of finest-milled powder and smoothing vaporized beauty oils. So, of course it goes on more evenly...clings much, much longer...and is never one bit drying.

No Spring tonic like it! In 5 seconds, you feel perfectly lovely—because you look so lovely—in Angel Face!

Perfect go-everywhere make-up! You'll love Angel Face in this handsome ivory and golden Mirror Case, at left. Or in the new square pink "Date" Case, just 79¢*. And do see the new blue plastic vanity at 59¢*. Choice of 8 delectable skin tones! *plus tax
WHAT SHOULD I DO?

The following letters were received by Spring Byington.
We're letting you read them—and her answers.
If you have a problem, why not let her help you?

EDITOR’S NOTE: Beginning with this issue, Spring Byington, star of CBS-TV's popular program, December Bride, will conduct a monthly advice column devoted to you, the reader, and any problem you may wish to share with her. A veteran star of stage, screen, radio and now television, Miss Byington will draw from her varied and extensive background—as an actress, wife, mother, grandmother and mother-in-law—in presenting her thoughtful and helpful advice. Address your letters to her, in care of Box 3101, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Q I am a twenty-one-year-old girl, very much attracted to a man of twenty-eight. I have known him quite well for the last four years (we work in adjacent offices), although I have been dating him on Saturdays for only the last four months. I think I am in love with him, but I hate to admit it even to myself; for I'm afraid I may be building myself up for a big let-down.
You see, he has never let me know what his intentions are. He brings me candy and flowers often, and talks of buying a new car so that we can make all-day motor trips. On the other hand, he seems thrilled about a probable promotion in his job which will take him to another city over a thousand miles away. He has never even asked obliquely if I would care when he was transferred.
I'm not an actress and I don't believe in putting on airs with him. If I go to a party without him—which is rarely—he knows about it, and if I sit at home every night for a week, he knows that, too. I think he should know where he stands with me, even though I've never really told him, but I'm a lady in the dark when it comes to handling him.
Sometimes I think that if I told him I liked him it would be more encouraging to him. On the other hand, it seems to me that a man with his looks, personality, and future must have several girls interested in him, and I think that letting him know how I feel would make me just one of the bunch.
Can you tell me just what stand a girl should take when she isn't sure of what's on her beau's mind? Just what should I take for granted, and if it is my move, what should that move be?

ETHELYN T.

A I enjoyed your letter, Miss T., because it's thoughtful and intelligent. You are definitely no fool, and you realize that there is some elusive truth about the relationship between a man and a girl that is, at the moment, unknown to you. Good for you, to have sensed that fact. It seems to me that the key to your problem is this: challenge.
As things stand now, you present no challenge to this man. He knows where you are most of the time, apparently, so there is no slightest element of mystery in your relationship. You are there, always available.
Although you may not realize it yourself, you seem to have a subconscious conviction of his superiority, which means automatically that you depreciate your own worth. Don't ever do that. Remember always that you are unique, that there never has been, and never will be another you.
Most men, and many women, live life on a stairway. Men like to climb, to advance, to exert themselves to attain a goal, whether that goal is, at the moment, a professional advance or a woman. It behooves a woman, then, to remain a few steps upward, so the man must elevate himself to her level.
One of my favorite stories, which pungently illustrates my point here, has to do with a famous beauty who met a man who had been feted, wined, and dined by the great of the world. He had always been able to choose the most exquisite, the most talented, the most desirable woman, so the lady in question would have had every right to be impressed by his attention.
Yet, when he said, "You are very lovely to look at," she answered with warm sweetness, "What a charming compliment. I appreciate it, and yet—from you—I had expected something more subtle."
He married the girl, and I wish for you an equally happy result of presenting this gentleman with a challenge.

Q I am fifteen years of age and I have a smaller sister who is eleven. We are nothing alike at all, and I have never been able to understand how sisters in the same

Continued
family could be so completely different.

Well, our family went away for the weekend, and our grandmother stayed with us. One afternoon we went into the attic for something to take to a church rummage sale. While looking around, we found some love letters Dad had written to Mother—and we also found some adoption papers. It seems that both of us were adopted, but we have never been told.

My adopted sister, who is not very mature, says she doesn't see what difference it makes. We were tiny babies when they took us, and she says we wouldn't have known our own parents at that age, so she thinks it's just fine, and parents are parents no matter how a person got them. She likes our parents very much.

I am not very happy at home because our parents are so terribly, terribly strict. I have to be in at a certain time, and I have to do certain chores for my allowance, and I can stay up late only about once a month. I think I would be happier with my real parents.

I know from what state we were taken and all of that, and I have been wondering if I should get in touch with the place where I was adopted and try to find my real parents.

Maureen B.

My grandmother used to say "Distant firewood is good firewood." This is just another way of saying "The fields are green far away."

The idea that has sprung into your mind, upon your discovery, Maureen, is that your natural parents would be more lenient, more indulgent, more easily bent to your desires. In ten years, you will have seen enough of the world to smile at such a notion.

At your age you are just beginning to realize that the world isn't run to suit you; it is a period of vast frustration. One has a Darwinian perception that "I am I," but one has not yet realized that everyone else has exactly the same sense of individual importance and dignity, and that the word "maturity" means simply that one has learned to discipline that "I am I" demand for rights.

At fifteen, we have definite ideas about what the world owes us, but sometimes we haven't stopped to realize what we owe the world. Have you ever figured out how many hours you would have to work in a store, or baby-sitting, to earn your own lodging, food, clothing, and medical care? Count it up sometime and you'll suddenly appreciate what your adoptive parents are doing for you. Try to construct an electric light bulb some time, and you will realize what previous generations have done for you. These two tasks should plant a sense of gratitude in your consciousness.

Finally: don't ever shout beneath a snow pack if you don't want to be killed by an avalanche.

Q

I don't imagine you receive very many letters from the man in your TV audience, because I presume the average man would feel silly to be asking your advice. However, you strike me as being a pretty nice gal. I've watched December Bride for a long time, and the relationship between you and your son-in-law in the story indicates that you have sold yourself to him. There couldn't be the sort of easy give-and-take that the story indicates, if he didn't respect you and your judgment. Okay, so

Continued on page 16
She had adored him from their first meeting and he seemed no less attracted to her. But, recently, his desire turned to indifference, and tonight there was a suggestion of a sneer on his lips as he wormed out of two dates they had planned later in the week. She was losing him... and she knew it. But, for what reason she hadn't the remotest idea.

What she didn't realize was that you may have good looks, nice clothes, a wonderful personality, but they'll get you nowhere if you're guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath).

Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste does. Listerine instantly kills germs, by millions—stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end.

Far and away the most common cause of bad breath is germs. You see, germs cause fermentation of proteins, which are always present in the mouth. And research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, the more you reduce germs in the mouth.

Tooth paste with the aid of a tooth brush is an effective method of oral hygiene. But no tooth paste gives you the proven Listerine Antiseptic method—banishing bad breath with super-efficient germ-killing action.

Listerine Antiseptic clinically proved four times better than tooth paste

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

---

Listerine Antiseptic stops bad breath

4 times better than any tooth paste
"I've taken a load off my mind!"

"I'm a Tampax user now—and is it ever wonderful! I didn't even begin to realize how much I must have worried and fretted over 'the other way.' Tampax makes you feel like having one big, heart-felt sigh of relief—suddenly you seem as free as you do on any day! I've certainly taken a load off my mind by adopting it."

Internal sanitation protection has that effect on many people. By freeing you from the bulk and inconvenience of an external pad, it frees your mind, too. In fact, many Tampax users insist they tend to forget completely about time-of-the-month. All sorts of nagging reminders vanish—no odor problems, no disposal problems, no carrying problems! No wonder the restrained little Tampax package is tucked away unobtrusively in millions of bureau drawers, dressing tables and medicine chests.

Why delay any longer in getting this more modern, much more comfortable form of sanitary protection? Pick up a package of Tampax at your nearest drug or notion counter and try it! (3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior.) You're bound to like it! Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

WHAT SHOULD I DO? continued from page 14

(Continued from page 13) that's why I'm coming to you for advice. I'm in a jam. My family (my dad is a doctor) financed three years of college for me, hoping that I would start a pre-med course. Then I flunked-out. I'm sorry about the flunk-out, in a way, but in another way I think it was the only answer. I'm not cut out to be a doctor, no matter if my father, grandfather, and great-grandfather before me were doctors. I want to be my own man, not a member of a dynasty.

The trouble is that I don't know what I want to do. I don't seem to have any specific talent, nor a specific vocation. It would be a lot easier on everybody if I could say, "I want to be an artist," or "I want to be a mechanic," or "I want to be a salesman." I guess what I am trying to say is that I'm a guy without direction. And what I want to know is, how does a fellow "find" himself? I don't think I'm completely worthless, but I do think I need to reach some conclusions about a means of earning a living or everyone to whom I'm related is going to give me up as a bad job. All of this may be too indefinite for you to understand, much less answer, but I'd appreciate any opinions you care to express on the subject of: NILES M.

A I don't consider your situation "indefinite" at all, Mr. M. It seems to me that you understand your quandary well, but at that point you have stopped.

Of course, it is understandable that you should feel a certain imposed sense of guilt over being unable to follow in your forebears' footsteps, but you should shed that burden at once. This country was built by men who didn't want to sink into the rut cut by the wagon wheels of earlier generations.

The first thing to tell yourself three times a day is: I have a right to be my own man. The next step is to ask yourself what you really enjoy, what interests you, what causes you to turn to a particular page in a magazine, or ask questions of a specific person whose conversation holds you.

When my grandson was small, we asked him one day what he wanted to do when he grew up. "I want to hike," he said. "That's what I really like, hiking." No one in the room laughed. He knew. A long time had probably been expressed, and rather well: he meant that he liked to be out in the open air, he liked a certain quality of adventurous exploration, he was interested in nature. From such tastes are developed our geologists, our archeologists, our engineers.

I believe that if you will start from as simple a beginning as "hiking," and ask yourself what you really like to do (because too many hours are spent in the business of earning one's living for those hours to be spent in open or secret revolt), and if you extend that sense of liking to the occupations that have grown out of the preference, you will undoubtedly "find" yourself.

Q For the past four years my mother-in-law has lived with us, and I have had to wait on her hand and foot. Lots of families have Granny living with them, and it is okay, but our Granny isn't what you could call a sweet old lady; she could explain morning, noon, and night, and is always on the verge of dying. Last week, for instance, nothing would do but that we take her out to a cemetery where she picked out a burial place for herself. She told my husband, "You make the down payment, Herb," but he didn't have the money with him, so, she said she wouldn't send her own check the first of the week, which she hasn't done yet, and if I know her, she won't.

She has a little income from a widow's pension, but she uses it to pay premiums on her life insurance policies. I guess what makes me maddest is that the beneficiary of these policies is her sister who lives around the three thousand miles away, and doesn't write in a blue moon.

I have talked to Granny a thousand times about changing her beneficiary and naming Herb, because it is a cinch that Herb is going to have to pay her burial expenses, but when I mention this sensible suggestion, Granny goes into her room and locks the door. I notice that she comes out for meals, but then she plays deaf, and won't answer questions, except if she wants to contradict someone.

Do you think there is some legal way, if we talked to a good lawyer, to make Granny do the right thing and change the beneficiary?

MRS. CLAYE V.

A I enjoyed your letter very much, Mrs. V., because it gives a fascinating description of power politics on the domestic level. I must confess that, even though it may not be entirely desired, my sympathy goes out to your husband, who would seem to be a neutral observer caught between two hostile camps.

If you really want to bring about better relations within the household, which would seem to me to be the first step toward realizing your long-range aims, I believe you will do well to realize that Granny's behavior may be, primarily, a bid for attention.

Many elderly persons feel themselves to be disregarded. Lacking the physical strength to command respect and deference, they must resort to creating annoyance in order to remind their families that the flesh may have withered, but the spirit, proud and bold as ever, remains unchanged. Every human being must have some sort of recognition. If it can't be obtained by one means, it must by another.

If Granny could be included in family discussions, if she could be praised for the things she has done, if she could be made to feel that she is a person of consequence in your lives, the odds are that she would become a far more pleasant and likable person than she appears to be at present.

Remember the old duel between the wind and the sun to determine which could tear off a human being's overcoat? The wind powered his body, but the sun didn't try force. He used benign warmth to win. Perhaps you might be able to do the same.
Doctors Prove a One-Minute Massage with PALMOLIVE SOAP CAN GIVE YOU A Cleaner, Fresher Complexion Today!

Gets hidden dirt that ordinary cleansing methods miss!

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

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

Only a Soap This Mild can work so thoroughly yet so gently!

Palmolive beauty care cleans cleaner, cleans deeper, without irritation!

Doctors have proved that Palmolive beauty care can give you a cleaner, fresher complexion the very first time you use it! That’s because Palmolive care gets your skin deep-down clean by removing the hidden, clinging dirt that casual methods miss.

Here’s the easy method: Just massage your face with Palmolive’s rich, gentle lather for 60 seconds, morning and night. Rinse and pat dry. It’s that simple! But remember . . . only a soap that is truly mild can cleanse thoroughly without leaving your face feeling drawn and uncomfortable. That’s why Palmolive’s mildness is so important to you.

Try mild Palmolive Soap today for new complexion beauty!

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE’S BEAUTY RESULTS!
Sutton does more than guard-duty, it's a pleasure in your life. Applies without messing you up or slowing you down. Imparts a fragrance that's pure magic. Checks perspiration. Banishes odor as never before—beautifully! That's the story with Sutton. Short. But so sweet. Try it and see.

IN TWO DAINTY STICK STYLES:
Sutton Swivel-Stick
in blue plastic case that works like a lipstick..........69c plus tax
Sutton Stick
with handy push-up tube, in blue jar.............59c plus tax

Sutton STICK DEODORANT
SUTTON COSMETICS INC., 385 FIFTH AVE., N. Y.

Turn of a Career
BY ROBERT WAGNER

I'd been in one picture, "The Happy Years." Ace director William Wellman, a friend of my dad's, had given me a small part in the film.

At the time, Bill Wellman tried to talk M-G-M into signing me, but they didn't think much of the idea. "Sutton for a couple of years," they advised me. "Then come back and see us."

Next I went to have words with MCA. They'd sign me, they said—I'd agree to study for a year at the Pasadena Playhouse. I was to talk to them again the following Monday.

The Sunday night before, I dropped by the Beverly Gourmet. It's a very informal place. There's entertainmer by a fine pianist and, quite often customers clown around and sing with him. That's exactly what I was doing.

After a while, a waitress appeared with a note. It was from Henry Wilson, who was sitting near by. The note said that if I happened to be interested in a movie career, perhaps I would like to drop by his office next day.

Suddenly, I found myself at what might be termed a crossroad. What to do? I'd been told twice that it would be wise for me to concentrate on studying dramatics before even attempting to crash the movie game. I'd had practically no experience. Should I take the chance? Would I be foolhardy to try to take more tests before I had more training?

I had to make a decision, one that might effect my entire career. I remembered what Bill Wellman had once said to me: "Think you can do it and you can." I also recalled the saying, "Nothing ventured, nothing gained."

I took the chance. I turned my career over to the competent Henry Wilson, and he steered me to 20th and a contract. I was lucky, I got my contract and my opportunity to learn. Drama coach Helena Sorrell worked with me and helped to give me confidence as well as training.

I took my chances. I've never regretted it. I don't think I ever will; if I can study and learn while I work.
DON'T EVER SHAMPOO YOUR HAIR

without putting back the life shampooing takes out.

Restore life, luster, manageability instantly!

If you hate to shampoo your hair because it flies all over your head and looks terrible for days, why don't you face up to the facts?
Every shampoo you try makes your hair too dry, doesn't it?
So what happens? After you shampoo, you have to wait two or three days for the natural beauty oils to come back. Then, just when your hair begins to look and act alive, it's time for a shampoo again.

Now isn't that silly!
Half the time your hair is so dry you can't do a thing with it. Simply because modern shampoos wash all the beauty oils out of your hair and scalp!
But you aren't the only one who has this problem. Millions of women hate to shampoo their hair for exactly this same reason. That's why Helene Curtis invented SUAVE Hairdressing. And look what it does!
The instant you finish washing and drying your hair, rub a little SUAVE over your palms, and stroke through your hair thoroughly. Then brush and arrange your hair . . . and look at the amazing difference!

Suddenly your hair combs, sets and arranges like magic! It's manageable! No wild wisps. Dryness is gone!

A miracle has happened!
Your hair is silky soft, bursting with highlights . . . with the prettiest, healthiest-looking glow you ever saw! And it stays wonderfully in place, without the slightest oily look or feel!
That's the miracle of Helene Curtis' beauty discovery—greaseless lanolin—now in new SUAVE . . . a hairdressing so wonderful that it makes your hair soft, beautiful, radiant and manageable in 20 seconds after shampoo!

So do as Helene Curtis tells you
"No matter if you are 16 or 60, don't ever shampoo your hair again without using SUAVE to restore the beauty oils you just washed out. Do this, and I promise you your hair will be so beautiful, so satin-soft, so eager to wave, you'll get compliments galore!"
Start using SUAVE today! Choose the liquid or new creme SUAVE, whichever type you prefer. Available wherever cosmetics are sold.

HELENE CURTIS
SUAVE
HAIRDRESSING & CONDITIONER

Choose Liquid or new Creme
59¢ and $1 (plus tax)

*Trademark
With or without a prince, Grace Kelly remains a puzzle. Bet she will to him, too... I was moved by Kim Novak, in "The Man with the Golden Arm," more than in any of her other movies. . . . For the most energetic actor, I nominate Yul Brynner. Man, what energy! . . . It seems to me that marriage has given Eddie Fisher more poise. . . . I know a guy whose favorite actress is still Clara Bow. Wonder if I could interest him in Piper Laurie? . . . With Anna Magnani, there is no in-between to the performance she gives. I admire her. . . . Lana Turner still remains one of the young set to me, and yet she's considered a veteran. . . . Few people know it, but Margaret O'Brien has a unique sense of humor. She ought to do a comedy. . . . Arnold Stang should get plenty of straight movie jobs. . . . Susan Strasberg, when an interviewer inquired whether or not she has dates with boys, said: "Let's just say I maintain a social life." Susie is not only the best of the young crop but, at only seventeen, the most diplomatic.

Sheree North is sincere in everything she does. . . . I don't care what they do to it, they can't improve on the original of "It Happened One Night." . . . Poor Susan Hayward, always a bridesmaid and never a bride: She has been nominated for an Oscar three times but hasn't captured one yet, and it looks like the same old story for her performance in "I'll Cry Tomorrow." . . . I find it relaxing and enjoyable to see an old Ginger Rogers-Fred Astaire musical. . . . Bob Wagner is always polite. . . . I think Ida Lupino was overlooked for her performance in "The Big Knife." . . . Paul Newman, regardless of how much he looks like Marlon Brando, just doesn't affect me the same way.

With all the hits on Broadway this year, Hollywood should be stocked with some ready-made stories—of course, with improvements! . . . Off-hand, I'd say Deborah Kerr should make a good Gertrude Lawrence. . . . Hollywood is a place where, after you become a star in the movies, you go to New York to learn how to act. . . . I'd see Jo Van Fleet in a movie any time. . . . I'm tired of pictures about maladjusted children. Give me a movie about a youngster like Elizabeth Taylor in "National Velvet." . . . Eva Marie Saint fits her name. . . . James Wong Howe remains one of the best cameramen in the business. Recent proof: "Ros' Tattoo" and "Picnic." . . . I don't believe Jack Palance as a lover.

William Holden is proving he can play anything. I'm anxious to see him with his black hair and mustache in "The Proud and the Profane." Holden certainly turned out to be the Golden Boy. . . . I disagree with people who say making movies is strictly a business and not art. I agree when they realize that the values can become mixed, with disastrous results. . . . Oscar and Emmy are strange names to highly coveted awards actors and actresses struggle to win. The movie is male and TV is female.

I'm pleased both Katharine Hepburn and Beite Davis have new movies coming up. . . . Why is it that I always go Richard Egan and George Nader confused, when they aren't really similar? . . . My favorite character, Mike Curtiz while directing a scene became annoyed because his actors blew their line a few times. Said Mike: "If I wasn't making such big money, I'd throw up my job in a minute. I wouldn't want the trouble of it for all the money in the world!" That's Hollywood for you.

Sidney may know a guy for Piper—
but she's still interested in Gene

Yul Brynner, rehearsing "King and I" with Deb Kerr, is tireless type
Gentleness means so much

GENTLE moments come as a welcome pause in the hurry of modern living. And a gentle smoke brings needed solace, too. That's why this new Philip Morris, made gentle for modern taste, has such special appeal for our younger smokers. Enjoy the gentle pleasure—the fresh unfiltered flavor—of today's new Philip Morris. Ask for it in the smart new package.

New Philip Morris...gentle for modern taste
Fabulous lasting pin-curls
'SATIN-SET' a girl's best friend!

Here's the spray that ended nightly pin-ups and only Revlon has it.

Just pin and spray for curls that stay!

There's no lacquer—your hair stays soft!

Now, in just 5 extra seconds, you can set pin-curls that last twice as long!

Whether you set your pin-curls with plain bobby pins or fabulous diamond pins (they'd cost over a million dollars), you'll want to spray them with Revlon 'Satin-Set'!

Revlon made 'Satin-Set' especially to set pin-curls. It's not like ordinary sprays . . . they weren't meant for setting. 'Satin-Set' is the one and only Pin-Curl Spray-Set.

In just 5 extra seconds, you can set pin-curls that last twice as long . . . and end nightly pin-ups!

Remember, 'Satin-Set' contains Revlon's own Lanolite, to give your curls softness and sparkle. Holds your hair gently in place, too. Hurry . . . get 'Satin-Set' today!

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SHE: "I could stay and see it again—Ruth Roman’s such a beautiful actress!"
HE: "She’s lovely all right—and so are you."

To him
You’re just as lovely
as a movie star

Now that’s a very pleasant thought, isn’t it—and it’s true. All the more reason for you to look your most attractive always! One way to do that is to have fresh glowing skin, like Ruth Roman here. Miss Roman finds new Lux care makes it easy to keep her skin looking radiant and alive—and it can do as much for you.

Cosmetic lather is the secret

New Lux Cosmetic lather has a beneficial cosmetic action on your complexion... actually helps your skin maintain the proper moisture balance. It’s moisture balance, you know, that helps keep your complexion fresh and glowing.

Massage rich creamy Cosmetic lather into your skin. Rinse with warm, then cool water and pat dry. 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars use new Lux this way. You’ll be as pleased as they are.

New Lux is sealed in Gold Foil

...to protect its Cosmetic lather, dazzling whiteness, wonderful fragrance. Only new Lux gives you both Cosmetic lather and new Reynolds gold foil protection. Nowadays, you don’t have to be a movie star to have a movie star’s complexion—that’s the beauty of new Lux in Gold Foil!

...versatile actress, brunette beauty. Her dark hair and brown eyes "set off" her fresh radiant skin. Ruth says she thanks new Lux for the wonderful complexion!
**LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES**

**WITH JANET GRAVES**

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**Come Next Spring**

For contrast, here's an unassuming, thoroughly winning story of American farm people, with Ann Sheridan and Steve Cochran as a pair trying to mend a broken marriage. Steve's a runaway husband, once a drunkard, coming home after years of roving. His children (Sherry Jackson and Richard Eyer, both excellent) greet him with eager affection. For their sake, Ann lets him stay—as a hired man, though with a hint that he's on probation. Steve also faces the resentment and distrust of neighbors, especially Sonny Tufts, as a bully who'd hoped to win the deserted wife. Walter Brennan's slovenly farmer is another sturdy supporting role. The film is neatly plotted, with well-timed bursts of action. But words and situations all ring as true as Ann's portrait of a woman with considerable strength, heart and sense.

**Richard III**

In a performance full of invigorating surprises, Laurence Olivier plays the 15th Century king celebrated in legend as England's most evil monarch. Also producing and directing this vibrant movie version of Shakespeare's play, he surrounds himself with other top British stars. Ralph Richardson is the nobleman who aids Richard in his murderous advance to the throne, but balks at killing children. As an earlier victim, John Gielgud makes Richard's older brother a sympathetic figure. Cedric Hardwicke is an aged king, pleading for peace. Among the ladies, Claire Bloom stands out, as Richard's beautiful, illusionless bride, while Pamela Brown scores a triumph of sly pantomime. It's the comedy element of Olivier's portrayal that's unexpected; in gleeful close-ups, his Richard confides each dastardly new plan to you.

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**BEST ACTING:**

**ANN SHERIDAN**

On his good behavior at a dance with wife Ann, Steve tries hard to keep Sonny Tufts from baiting him into a fistfight.

**LAURENCE OLIVIER**

Toward Olivier, Claire Bloom feels both loathing and an odd attraction.

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**BEST ACTING:**
The Conqueror

 Directed by BORDEN CHASE

 WW Loaded with sweeping spectacle and colorful violence, this epic of ancient wars presents John Wayne as the Mongol chieftain destined to be known as the mighty Genghis Khan. People played rough in those days, eight centuries ago, so Tartar princess Susan Hayward doesn’t really mind being abducted by the arrogant warrior, though there’s plenty of sparring before she’ll admit it’s love. Commanding enough in his manner, Wayne has a little trouble with the hightailin’ dialogue; but Pedro Armendariz, as his blood brother, tosses off imposing lines with real dignity. Other character players: Agnes Moorehead, Wayne’s ferocious mother; Ted de Corsia, Susan’s wicked father; Thomas Gomez, a luxury-loving ruler; John Hoyt, an untrustworthy soothsayer.

 Meet Me in Las Vegas

 Directed by HARRY CHASE

 WW Take a fling with a delightfully light-hearted musical that shows off Cyd Charisse to her best advantage. The lissom dancer comes across warmly as a ballerina who’s dedicated to her art—until, in Nevada’s city of chance, she meets a gamblin’ man, Dan Dailey. When he isn’t rolling the dice or eyeing the wheel, Dan happens to be a solid rancher, with a sporty-type mother (Agnes Moorehead). Cyd’s love-career conflict is interrupted by lively musical numbers, with a “Frankie and Johnny” ballet scoring tops. Cara Williams is charming as Cyd’s red-headed rival. Lili Darvas, Jim Backus and the late Oscar Karlweis also brighten the scene with shrewd character jobs.

 Miracle in the Rain

 Directed by ALLAN Dwan

 WW Tenderly sentimental, with loving close-ups of everyday life in New York City, this inspirational romance makes an engaging team of Jane Wyman and Van Johnson. Jane’s a drab office worker, cautioned by her embittered mother (Josephine Hutchinson) to distrust men. But a chance meeting with GI Van, in the days of World War II, brings the youthful spinster to glowing life. Playing one of Jane’s office-mates, Eileen Heckart does an endearing sketch of feminine friendship, too rare a theme.

 The Last Hunt

 Directed by JOHN STURGES

 WW Robert Taylor and Stewart Granger have strong and strongly contrasted roles in this solid drama about a true chapter in frontier history, the near-disappearance of the buffalo. Bob’s a mean, unhappy guy, loving only the excitement of killing—either beasts or Indians, who to him are no more than animals. But Stewart goes about his buffalo-hunting with a sense of guilt, knowing that the great herds are
suddenly...
you're glamorous!

Life is always more exciting when you're more exciting to look at! And now you've a lift you never had before! It's the Playtex Living Bra... beautifully styled in Long-Line with all-elastic Magic Midriff. Gives the curve allure, subtle cleavage and wonderfully smooth line so necessary for today's styles! You'll love the difference it makes in your figure and fashions!

You're Free! Lithe! And Glamorous...with Heavenly Comfort!

Playtex Living Bra

Long-Line with Magic Midriff... or Bandeau
Long or short — Playtex Bras glorify your figure, are wardrobe musts! Nylon cups stay high, round, in beautiful shape —wash after wash! Elastic body adjusts for heavenly comfort!
Long-Line, white .... $5.95
Bandeau, white or black $3.95
32A to 40C, D-cups from $4.95
In the Playtex package at your favorite store

*Exclusive criss-cross elastic front dips low, holds the separation.
*Elastic Magic Midriff "magics" inches away for the long, lean look!
*Exclusive elastic bias-cut panels and all-elastic back.

All-over freshness begins with internal daintiness!

Fastidious women know that no bath, no deodorant, no perfume can make up for a certain kind of carelessness. They make sure of their daintiness. They avoid the risk of "offending"...by douching regularly with "Lysol". They know that "embarrassing odor" is caused, primarily, by odor-forming bacteria—the very bacteria that "Lysol" brand disinfectant kills rapidly on contact.

"Lysol" gives internal daintiness you can count on. It spreads into all the folds and crevices, to insure internal cleanliness. A "Lysol" douche leaves you feeling clean and refreshed—with the poise that comes only when you're sure of your personal charm.

Join the millions of women who know that special, "fresh-all-over" sense of security. Use the new, gentler "Lysol" whenever you douche. Write for free booklet on medically-approved methods of douching. (Sent in plain envelope.) Send name and address to "Lysol", Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. PP-564.

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LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES continued

receding into the past and that the Indians who depended upon them are threatened with starvation. His view is shared by Lloyd Nolan, as a philosophical, peg-legged hunter, and Russ Tamblyn, as a young half-breed. Debra Paget's an Indian maiden forced to join the group, and Constance Ford does a brief, realistic job as a barroom hussy.

**The Ladykillers**

**Rank:** Continental; Technicolor

**C** You might call this tricky Alec Guinness comedy a farcical version of "The Desperate Hours." Alec's in top form as a master crook, with false fangs and a lank lock of hair over one eye. But the picture belongs to Katie Johnson, a sweet little old lady whose London home becomes the hangout for Alec and gang. All unknowing, Katie not only shelters the robbers but plays their accomplice in a neatly planned theft. Funniest of Alec's confederates are Cecil Parker, as a Colonel Blimp gone wrong, and Herbert Lom, as a trigger-happy hood.

**Doctor at Sea**

**Rank:** Republic; Technicolor

**C** Dirk Bogarde, chief romantic idol of British moviegoers, has an amusing follow-up to the successful "Doctor in the House." Now a fully qualified physician, Dirk takes a post on a freighter and is catapulted into a new set of wacky adventures. The captain, played by the redoubtable James Robertson Justice, is a holy terror, a woman-hater who goes into a permanent frenzy when he's stuck with a pair of female passengers. The determined Brenda De Banzie just happens to be the daughter of the shipping line's owner. And her friend, pert Brigitte Bardot, is a French miss who soon catches the young doctor's eye. It's all pretty relaxed and disorganized, but good fun.

**The Lone Ranger**

**Warners, Warnercolor**

**C** In a fast, competent Western, TV's Clayton Moore rides across the larger screen as the masked hero, with Jay Silverheels as his faithful side-kick, Tonto. Moore's mission is to play peacemaker in an area where Lyle Bettger, as a power-hungry rancher, is trying to stir up trouble with the Indians. Bonita Granville draws sympathy as Bettger's gentle, ill-treated wife, and Perry Lopez shows appeal in too short a role.

**The Sea Shall Not Have Them**

**U. A.**

**C** Expert acting by a good British cast fills in the outlines of this tribute to the wartime air-sea rescue service. Anthony Steel's skipper of the sea-going RAF men, whose job is to save flyers forced down in the ocean. As the leading non-com aboard, Nigel Patrick's at his breezy best. Through the tense hours of the film's action, their boat searches for a life raft on which Michael Redgrave, Dirk Bogarde and Bonar Colleano are desperate passengers, Redgrave clutching a briefcase filled with information vital to Allied victory. Bad weather, bungling, nerves and enemy guns threaten the mission, keeping the film taut, though it has no great depth.

**Red Sundown**

**U. S.**

**C** A lively horse opera puts Rory Calhoun in the familiar position of the gunfighter who wants to live peaceably, but must do a clean-up job first. Seeing that rancher Robert Middleton has the town terrorized, Rory agrees to become sheriff Dean Jagger's deputy. The romantic interest is supplied by Martha Hyer, as Dean's daughter, and Lita Baron (Rory's wife offscreen) playing a lady of shifting loyalties.

**The Lieutenant Wore Skirts**

**Cinerama, De Luxe Color**

**C** Tom Ewell's irresistible clowning and Sheree North's amiable charms lend a bit of bounce to a comedy that isn't quite as deft as its stars. When Tom, a war veteran and an officer in the reserve, thinks he's about to be called back into service, wife Sheree decides she'll don uniform, too, with the hope that she'll be assigned to the same post. But he flunks his physical, and Sheree gets shipped off to Hawaii with the WAF. Following her, Tom finds himself in the odd situation of an officer's civilian husband, sharing domestic problems with Air Force wives, and that's good for several giggles. Les Tremayne's seen as Tom's debonair bachelor pal; Rita Moreno, as a friendly neighbor, does a frank impersonation of Marilyn Monroe.

**The Bottom of the Bottle**

**Cinerama, De Luxe Color**

**C** Van Johnson gets another highly colored emotional assignment in a story of two brothers. After doing part of a prison sentence that resulted from a drunken brawl, Van breaks out to join his wife (Nancy Gates) and three children in Mexico. He takes refuge at the Arizona home of his brother, Joseph Cotten, a snob whose coldness makes him a poor husband, as well as brother. Ruth Roman, as Cotten's wife, sympathizes with the fugitive. Though the outcome is obvious, the film builds up some suspense.

**Samurai**

**Fine Arts, Eastman Color**

**C** Once again, the Japanese show how exquisitely they can handle color. Set in the Japan of the Middle Ages, the story isn't too strong, following hot-tempered Toshiro Mifune through his struggle to become a great warrior. Pretty Kaoru Yachigusa stands by him when his violent ways force him into a life of outlawry.
Light up a Lucky—it’s light-up time!

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MOVIES continued

The many beautiful shots make the picture a pleasure to the eyes. There's a narration in English by William Holden, who saw the film in the Orient and took a hand in importing it.

**Never Say Goodbye**

**U-I**, **TECHNICOLOR**

✓ Rock Hudson and newcomer Cornell Borchers, a lovely German actress, team engagingly in a problem drama that hasn't too much conviction. Married in Vienna just after the war, Rock and Cornell are parted by his unjust suspicions of infidelity and by the dropping of the Iron Curtain. They meet again years later in the U.S., where Rock has returned with their small daughter (Shelley Fabares). He has told the child that her mother is dead. Reunited with her husband, Cornell does not reveal her identity to the little girl, who is hostile toward Rock's "second" wife. Cast in an uncharacteristically sympathetic role, George Sanders plays Cornell's loyal friend.

**Battle Stations**

**COLUMBIA**

✓ Suggested by a true incident of World War II, this modest service film has a ship for a heroine. She's a gallant aircraft carrier, defying Japanese efforts to sink her. Her saga is seen from the viewpoint of chaplain John Lund. As the tough captain, Richard Boone leads a crew in which trouble-maker Keeffe Brasselle, doughty non-com William Bendix and pilot William Leslie are the chief centers of interest. The use of newsreel clips adds authenticity.

**World in My Corner**

**U-I**

✓ Conventional in its approach, this prize-ring story relies heavily on Audie Murphy's quiet authority and honest acting. A wrong-side-of-the-tracks kid with a grudge against the world, he's trained for a boxing career by John McIntire. But money becomes Audie's chief aim after he falls in love with Barbara Rush, daughter of his millionaire backer (Jeff Morrow). Eager to get rich quick, he considers selling out to gamblers. In a non-dancing role, hooper Tommy Rall scores as a likable sharpie.

**Slightly Scarlet**

**RKO**, **SUPERSCOPE**, **TECHNICOLOR**

✓ Just to get fans utterly confused, here are Rhonda Fleming and Arlene Dahl cast in the same movie. The two luscious redheads play sisters. Rhonda's the good one; Arlene, the bad one, a kleptomaniac with other peculiarities. Though Rhonda is secretary to the honest mayor of her city (Kent Taylor), she gets romantically involved with John Payne, a dashing type who pretends to be of the reform element but is actually a racketeer. The story winds up in an explosion of violence, but the element of realism is lacking.
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READERS INC...

SOAP BOX:
I recently received my first issue of Photoplay and was very pleased with it. As a member of the only “Official Rock Hudson Fan Club,” I’d like to thank you for the two wonderful articles about Rock and also for that very handsome colored photo.

In the article about Rock’s marriage to Phyllis Gates there was no wedding picture. How about a picture of them together?

Miriam Miyai
Honolulu, Hawaii

I have read all the talk and stories about her. I feel there is a good reason behind what has happened and this can be proven only if we help, rather than condemn her.

Barbara A. Romer
Albert Lea, Minnesota

May I take a little space in your magazine to ask when are the studios going to give Jeff Chandler a man-sized part instead of the effeminate roles we have been seeing him in lately? His part in “Woman on the Beach” was truly a flop. Why doesn’t he get under the skin of his many roles and forget himself and his face? I’ve come to dislike his silly and affected expressions.

Please, let’s see him in a good part.

Doris Faulkner
Liverpool, England

I have just seen the movie “Apache Ambush” and would like to know the name of the actor who played the part of Abraham Lincoln. He certainly did a grand job and was almost the image of Abe Lincoln himself.

Georgia Fleming
Glenville, Montana
His name is James Griffith.—Ed.

I saw the movie “My Sister Eileen” not too long ago and I would like to know the name of the young man who danced with Bob Fosse. He is a very good dancer and handsome, too. Will you please tell me who he is?

Can you tell me if he is appearing in any other movies?

Barbara Scheuler
Mount Pulaski, Illinois
His name is Tommy Rall. Born in Kansas City, Missouri, on December 27, he is rapidly rising in popularity. He’s currently appearing in “World in My Corner,” in which he has a non-dancing role.—Ed.

I want to thank you for the enjoyable story about Susan Hayward, “Trouble Bait,” in your February issue.

I was greatly disturbed to read that just because of “gossips” Susan will probably lose her third chance for an Oscar. I think she greatly deserves this award and I am still disappointed that she did not receive it in 1953 for her wonderful performance as Jane Froman in “With a Song in My Heart.”

I know Susan has her faults—who doesn’t? There is no one in this world who is perfect.

So what if she did do something wrong? If she were just a plain ordinary person instead of a star the whole recent incident would have been forgotten as quickly as it happened. But just because she is so famous the gossip and scandal must go on and on until it ruins her life completely.

Some people seem to think that actors and actresses are inhuman; that they only make movies, money and try to be popular. They forget that there are many who have families and who try to lead normal lives, and many who are unable to do so because of the talk that is spread about them.

I have seen all of Susan’s movies and

Here they are—Mr. and Mrs. Hudson

GOOD DANCER—GOOD-LOOKING

CASTING:
I have just finished The Moneyman by Thomas B. Costain. It is one of the best books I have ever read. It would make a wonderful movie with the following cast: Michael Rennie as Jacques Cour; Pier Angeli as Valerie; Paul Newman as Sire D’Aray; Nina Foch as Isabeau; Marisa Pavan as Agnes Sorel, and Robert Mitchum as Regnault.

Mary Crawford
Weston, West Virginia

I have just finished reading Cloak of Laughter by May Mellinger. I think it would make an excellent picture starring Alan Ladd as Terrence Lancaster; Rory Calboun, Lance Cameron; Debbie Reynolds, Diana Dors, Robert Wagner, Pat Green; Jean Simmons, Tessie.

Karen Brabkouski
Chicago, Illinois
"Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo," says Doris Day. 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.

Never Dries—
it Beautifies!

Doris Day
co-starring in ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S
"THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH"
A Paramount Picture in VistaVision.
Color by Technicolor.
WARNING to patients: beware creeps bearing gifts! Even if they're his bosom cronies, they'd best sharpen up on hospital p's and q's. Do you arrive with fragile posies requiring daily care? Goodies that need special heating, or ice? Spare the harried nurses! Bring a plant, a book, or ice cream. P.S.: the considerate visitor doesn't smoke without permission... doesn't sit on the bed. Rules are for patients' comfort, quick recovery. And for your own comfort (at calendar time) choose Kotex*—get softness that holds its shape, doesn't chafe. You see, this napkin is the one made to stay soft while you wear it.

Would he rate your sense of humor—

- Witches' brew
- Trustworthy from outer space

To intrigue a new date, try—

- Eye matching
- Eye catching
- Boosting your Eye-Q

You know the girl with the lethal giggle (hyena brand) at someone's expense? The gossip, as she tells it, does get laughs. Trouble is, her dates feel uneasy, wonder who's next, and shy away. Boys prefer a brand of humor they can trust. On certain days, you can stay at ease with the sanitary napkin brand that gives trustworthy protection... the complete absorbency you need. That's Kotex! And you can wear Kotex on either side, safely.

Out to rack up another eager heart? Here's an old feminine who still new and startling: wear a dress in a color that exactly matches your eyes. It's a spellbinder known to set even the worldliest ticker off beat! You can take admiring glances serenely at any time—with Kotex those flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines. And why not try all 3 sizes of Kotex to learn which one exactly suits your needs? Regular, Junior, Super.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

Made for each other—Kotex and Kotex sanitary belts —and made to keep you comfortable. Of strong, soft-stretch elastic, they're designed to prevent curving, cutting or twisting. So lightweight! And Kotex belts stay flat even after many washings. Dry in a wink. Buy two belts... for a change!

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for the month indicated. Full reviews this month are on page 25.

**ALL THAT HEAVEN ALLOWS—** U-I: Technicolor: Mild romance reuniting Jane Wyman and Rock Hudson. As a well-to-do widow, Jane falls in love with Rock, a gardener, but her two grown children disapprove. (F) February

**ARTISTS AND MODELS—** Paramount: VistaVision, Technicolor: The latest Martin and Lewis romp gives horror comics a genial kidding. Dean team with artist Dorothy Malone; Jerry, with model Shirley MacLaine. (F) February

**BENNY GOODMAN STORY, THE—** U-I: Steve Allen, with Donna Reed opposite, proves a good choice for the bandleader role in a gentle musical biography, vibrant with good jazz. Many famed musicians play themselves. (F) March

**COURT JESTER, THE—** Paramount: VistaVision, Technicolor: Danny Kaye kids the medieval swashbuckler, as a timid soul who turns secret agent to detect a tyrant and win Glynis Johns. Lots of laughs, music. (F) March


**DIANE—** M-G-M: CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Historical romance, with Lana Turner as a French noblesse who gives love and counsel to her king (Roger Moore). Marisa Pavan steals the show as Lana's royal rival. (A) March

**FOREVER, DARLING—** M-G-M: Eastman Color: Playing a couple at odds, Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz are enduring in a featherweight fantasy. Guardian angel James Mason offers advice to solve Lucy's problems. (F) March

**FURY AT GUN SIGHT PASS—** Columbia: Modest Western, on the wedding day of Dick Long and Lisa Davis, bandits led by David Brian, Neville Brand invade their town. (F) March

**GLORY—** RKO: SuperScope, Technicolor: In a cheerful horse-racing yarn, winsome Margaret O'Brien roots a beloved filly toward success, is courted by blueblood John Lupton and orchestra leader Byron Palmer. (F) March

**HELEN OF TROY—** Warners: CinemaScope, WarnerColor: Imposing spectacle about the ancient Greeks' war on Troy, set off by the illicit love of Helen (Rossa Podesta) and Paris (Jack Sernas), Good detail. (F) March


**HOUSTON STORY, THE—** Columbia: Slashing crime story, with Gene Barry as a young oil driller out to control rival rackets, displacing Edward Arnold. Barbara Hale does a switch as an unsuperbulous night-club singer. (A) March

**I'LL CRY TOMORROW—** M-G-M: Susan Hayward does an arresting job in the true story of Lillian Roth, singer who became an alcoholic. Jo Van Fleet and Richard Conte help make clinical details convincing. (A) January
**REVIEWS**

**GOOD  ❖  FAIR  ❖  A-MEETS  ❖  F—FAMILY**

**INDIAN FIGHTER, THE—U.A.:** Cinemascope, De Luxe Color: Lusty tale of the frontier casts Kirk Douglas as a scout who contends with trouble-makers on a wagon train and romances an Indian maiden, Elsa Martinelli. (F) March

**INSIDE DETROIT—Columbia:** Brick racket-smashing yarn. President of a local, Dennis O’Keefe fights to keep crook Pat O’Brien from dominating the union. (A) February

**KILLER IS LOOSE, THE—U.A.:** Compact thriller follows detective Joseph Cotten and wife Rhonda Fleming through a frightening day, as Wendell Corey breaks jail and goes on a mission of vengeance. (F) March

**LAST FRONTIER, THE—Columbia:** Cinemascope, Technicolor: Lively Western. Mountain man Vie Mateo reluctantly fights Sioux, loves Anne Bancroft, wife of Army officer Robert Preston. Guy Madison’s a stand-by hero. (F) March

**MAN WITH THE GOLDEN ARM, THE—U.A.;** Sordid, compelling drama gives Sinatra a powerful role as a narcotics addict who tries to break the habit. Kim Novak helps him, but his neurotic wife (Eleanor Parker, in another strong portrayal) is a handicap. (A) March

**NIGHT MY NUMBER CAME UP, THE—Rank, Continental:** Shrewdly made British suspense film. Michael Redgrave and Alexander Knox, are among passengers on a terrifying plane trip. A dream has predicted disaster. (F) February

**OKLAHOMA!—Magna: Todd-AO, Eastman Color:** Wonderful music, fresh outdoor zest. As frontier lovers, Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones are menaced by Rod Steiger, Gloria Grahame, Gene Nelson supply comedy. (F) January

**PICNIC—Columbia:** CinemaScope, Technicolor: Delightful, touching panorama of small-town life. Hobo William Holden drifts in on a summer day, to affect the faces of lovely Kim Novak, her kid sister (Susan Strasberg) and spinster schoolteacher Rosalind Russell. (F) March

**PRISONER, THE—Columbia:** Beautifully acted British drama. As a cardinal in an Iron Curtain country, Alec Guinness is jailed and subjected to shattering interrogations by a knowing Red, Jack Hawkins. (A) February

**RANSOM!—M.G.M:** Harrowing, intense account of a kidnapping. When manufacturer Glenn Ford’s small son is taken, he defies public opinion and wife Donna Reed’s anguish by refusing to pay ransom. (A) February

**ROSE TATTOO, THE—Paramount:** In a striking comedy-drama, Anna Magnani’s magnificent as a restless, warm-hearted widow, opposing daughter Marisa Pavan’s love for Ben Cooper, until Burt Lancaster intervenes. (A) January

**SPOILERS, THE—U.I.:** Technicolor: Straightaway adventure yarn of gold-rush Alaska. Partners Jeff Chandler and Anne Baxter discover that Rory Calhoun, supposedly a good guy, is out to grab their mine. (F) February

**SQUARE JUNGLE, THE—U.I.:** Prizewinning movie with a fresh approach. Because of his upbringing, Tony Curtis pursues his career ruthlessly, estranging his girl, Pat Crowley, and his trainer, Ernest Borgnine. (F) February

**THERE’S ALWAYS TOMORROW—U.I.:** Familiar domestic problems of likable people. Fred MacMurray, neglected husband of Joan Bennett, is drawn to careerist Barbara Stanwyck. (F) March

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Take a beauty tip from this little angel, and you'll have a heavenly complexion. Change to regular care with her beauty soap . . . pure, mild Ivory. Remember, the milder the soap, the prettier your skin will be. In only 7 days you'll have that fresh, young, satiny-skin look—That Ivory Look.

MORE DOCTORS ADVISE IVORY THAN ANY OTHER SOAP!
Leslie Caron: In feathered toque and wisp of veil, she intrigues the heart of the sophisticated male.

Leslie Caron is in "Gaby"

EASTER’S TOP ATTRACTIONS

Thoughts For Spring: Leslie Caron’s magic feet can dance in any language, but it’s the rhythm of the Cha-Cha that drives her “Cra-zee!” Although the enchanting mademoiselle still loves to dance, she has decided to put away her professional dancing slippers in favor of acting. Leslie was bitten hard by the acting bug while making “Gaby” with John Kerr, who is a disciple of the Actors Studio in New York. And, since the starting of her next picture, “Wonderland,” was postponed until after Easter, Leslie decided (like Marilyn Monroe) to improve her emoting ability at the famous studio. . . . On account of because it’s Leap Year, perennially-popular Ann Miller may take the big leap! There’s a local socialite, a wealthy Texan and a New York tycoon—all waiting for Miss Annie to say that three-letter word. . . . On the other hand, super-sexy Valerie French is anything but marriage-minded. The British-born actress, who plays opposite Glenn Ford in “Jubal,” moved out of the Studio Club because she couldn’t keep a dog there. She won’t and can’t keep a date with frustrated Hollywood wolves because, they say, there’s a romance in her life that’s supposedly top secret! . . . Julie Adams discovered nature—mother nature that is—when her handsome

Continued
Ann Miller: A bountiful bonnet, but her extravagance you'll pardon. The flowers looked so heavenly, she wore the whole garden!

Martha Hyer: In her Easter bonnet with the red, red rose upon it, she's just about the gayest girl in this mad Easter whirl!

Shirley MacLaine: With impish glee, on the back of her head she places—her outsized bonnet and at the breeze makes faces!
INSIDE STUFF

Continued

EASTER’S TOP ATTRACTIONS

husby Ray Danton bought her a set of golf clubs. They tee off every weekend in Palm Springs, where Julie also takes tennis lessons at the Racquet Club. Skin-diving is next on Ray’s long list of sports he wants to share with the little woman! ... Although there’s an exciting new playwright in Barbara Rush’s life, and Jeff Hunter’s dating perky Peggy King, the divorced couple still got together and planned an Easter-egg hunt for son Christopher. Barbara may have two important reasons for celebrating—if she signs that long-term contract with M-G-M.

While awaiting the stork, dainty danseuse Taina Elg moved into a larger house and painted and decorated the nursery with her own artistic hands. Practically on deadline, Taina’s adored mother arrived from Finland in time to greet her new grandchild. ... And the parents of pixie-faced Shirley MacLaine got the thrill of their lives when their daughter treated them to a trip around the world. Shirl herself went “Around the World in 80 Days”—in front of the cameras. And, while his now-famous wife was shooting scenes in Tokyo, director-husband Steve Parker studied the famous Japanese Kabuki Dancers. ... Martha Hyer (they call her “Miss Color Radio” deep in the heart of Texas) suddenly discovered she could paint portraits. But the blond and beautiful one wasn’t in front of her easel when (Continued on page 102)


Taina Elg: In gleaming white she graces the Easter scene, her snowy hat a fitting crown for a goddess serene

Julie Adams: A delectable hat, this, for parading at Easter. For when milady gets hungry, here’s something to feast ‘er!

Barbara Rush: Her trim little straw sits primly, for sure, but who could deny that look in her eye!

Valerie French: Coyly she lowers the brim of her flower-bedecked hat. And guys’ hearts start thumping—just . . . like . . . that!
Hollywood learned he was a scrapper when he first tried to break into movies.
In the turbulent years that followed they came to know him for the champion he is

GLENN FORD:

IT'S FUN TO FIGHT

By Maxine Arnold

Some years ago, an ex-Marine and his pretty wife sat watching a championship fight on TV. It was a heart-breaking fight; because a long-beloved champ was taking a real beating. At any moment, he would be going down for the final count. As his public watched and mourned, in the lives of two of them, an important decision was being made.

Turning to Glenn Ford, his wife said slowly, "He tried too long. This is what will happen when you try too long. I'm going to stop right now, while I'm on top."

That night Eleanor Powell—whose twinkling feet had long made her the toast of Broadway, Hollywood and the whole world—hung up her magic dancing shoes. For, with the wisdom of one born to show business and with the instinctive faith of a woman fully in love, she knew that her husband would be champion enough for one family.

Glenn Ford had always had enough desire, enough ability, enough heart to make it. Nor was combat, in any form, a stranger to him. He had always had a natural inclination to stand up and be counted when the stakes were worthwhile.

Having heart had already brought Glenn reasonably far—otherwise, he wouldn't have been able to withstand the continual shock and commiseration evoked by casting directors around town. When he first set his sights on acting, he was (Continued on page 109)
Who's whose? Early scenes in "Anything Goes" find Donald O'Connor courting Jeanmaire, Bing Crosby on Mitzi Gaynor's trail. But they wind up like this: Mitzi dancing with Don, Jeanmaire dating Bing. And each romantic moment echoes a famous song: "You're the Top," "It's De Lovely," "All Through the Night".

A feast of color and music, lit by a dazzle of star-shine, is ready for you in Paramount's "Anything Goes." For Bing Crosby, Mitzi Gaynor and Donald O'Connor, the movie means a renewal of old friendships; for Jeanmaire, a welcome-back to Hollywood. Twenty years ago, Bing had his first go at the brilliant songs of the Cole Porter score, in a more modest version of "Anything Goes." Popular classics by now, they ring out with their freshness unimpaired, in rhythms as modern as tomorrow. Added to them are three new numbers, by Sammy Cahn and James Van Heusen. In two of these, Bing's teamed with Donald, who got his movie send-off eighteen years ago as Bing's little brother in "Sing You Sinners." Mitzi, too, can call Don brother; that was his role in the more recent hit "There's No Business Like Show Business." The typically American trio's joined by enchantingly French Jeanmaire, who made her Hollywood bow in "Hans Christian Andersen." With Bing and Don as a stage musical team, Mitzi and Jeanmaire vying for the leading-lady spot in the boys' new show, the story of "Anything Goes" follows a gay course against lush backgrounds in VistaVision and Technicolor.
To Jeanmaire goes the unforgettable “I Get a Kick out of You.” Later, the voluptuous ballerina does this spectacular dream dance. Voyaging toward the U. S. on a luxury liner, she sees in her mind a picture of herself as a great Broadway success.

Mitzi reverses the process, playing an American girl who scores a hit in a London night club. With real Gaynor gusto, she puts across the rousing title tune, “Anything Goes.” All four stars are called on to do double duty, both singing and dancing. So they’re a smash quartet in the finale, “Blow, Gabriel, Blow.”
Behind the fairy tale is another story—a very human one. Of a girl who stepped down from her lonely pedestal for the man who had said, “I will not marry except for love”

The two men and the girl riding in the fabulously expensive convertible from New York to Philadelphia on the morning of January 5, 1956, looked exactly as people inside a fabulously expensive convertible should—but seldom do. The girl was a breathtakingly lovely blond. One of the men, obviously American, was slim, handsome, and visibly well-bred. The other was just as visibly a Continental and, while he was very relaxed, he still displayed an air of jaunty authority.

All three of them were smiling, as well they should, for they were sharing the most wildly romantic secret—known only to the three of them (they thought) and the girl’s parents. At that moment, they were heading toward the girl’s home, to let the whole world in on their story that was so glamorous it seemed incredible—but was actually true.

“Turn on some music,” the girl said, “I feel like singing.” The American, who was doing the driving, flipped on the radio to a music station. “We are interrupting this program to bring you a news flash,” said the announcer at that exact second. “It has just been announced that Grace Kelly, the movie star, (Continued on page 80)
Catches a Star

By Ruth Waterbury

Continued
In the midst of official announcements and high protocol, Grace Kelly's father told the news in a few simple words a romantic world could treasure. "You can see they're in love."

Even more eloquent were the expressions on the faces of the couple themselves as they met the hundred reporters who hurried to the Kellys' gracious...
BY HELEN BOLSTAD

white-trimmed, red-brick colonial house on quiet Henry Street in East Falls, just outside Philadelphia. Grace’s smile held a new radiant tenderness as she displayed her engagement ring.

And the Prince who sat beside her beamed with a pride which had nothing to do with his ancient house and many titles, for he had just found a new and more meaningful one. He was now Grace Kelly’s future husband. Of all the hopeful men who had sought this reigning beauty, he was the lucky one.

Rainier III, Prince of Monaco, happily told the world he had literally caught a star.

That he had secretly wooed and won her was a story to capture the imaginations of people everywhere, for even before they met, each was an outstanding romantic figure.

Grace’s story, perhaps, was better known, for she has, in effect become not only a Princess of the Screen, but also the glowing symbol of do-it-yourself success. Although born well-to-do, she chose to (Continued on page 84)

Following “The Country Girl,” Oleg Cassini followed her from Hollywood to home—but his divorce stood in way of marriage

Jean Pierre Aumont told world of admiration for Grace, but Riviera romance ended in America

With brother Kell, father John B. Kelly. When gossip threatened, her family went along on dates!

People of Monaco hope that marriage of Grace and her prince will be held in this throne room

At her home, Grace and the prince learned that his subjects had beat them to it with engagement news!
By GORDON MACRAE

The day last spring, when the papers reported that Frank Sinatra had been signed for the lead in “Carousel,” one of my closest friends came over to the golf course as I was rounding the eighteenth green.

“This must be a tough blow to you, Gordon,” he said, referring to the newspaper reports. “You so completely believed that after making ‘Oklahoma!’ you’d get this picture, too.”

“I still believe it,” I told him. He stared at me dumbfounded, and I didn’t blame him. On the surface it was a strange thing to say. The moment I’d seen the papers that morning I’d checked with my agent, and it was true: Frankie Sinatra was signed, sealed and delivered to star in “Carousel.” The whole sky seemed to turn black as I read those words.

Yet my faith was still strong upon me, just as it had been when I started campaigning for the lead in “Oklahoma!” Then, everybody told me that a guy who’d been off the screen for a year was really cracked to even try to go after that one. Sure, Rodgers and Hammerstein tested me for Curly in “Oklahoma!”—but they tested just about everybody in town besides. For six months, while these tests went on and on, I went around Hollywood wearing the kind of boots I knew Curly would wear in the picture. For six months, as I read about this singer and that being considered, I let my hair grow long. And my wife Sheila actually set it in pin curls for me, so that when I went out, it would look the way Curly’s hair should be. I also went around (Continued on page 90)

NOTE TO FRANK SINATRA:
You didn’t walk out of the top role in “Carousel” —you were “believed” out! By this guy Gordon.
And it’s not the first time it’s happened, either!
With Gar, Bruce, Sheila, Heather and Meredith. "I've been so happy in show business I hope the kids get into it too"

The family got into the act—memorized whole score of "Carousel" so Gordon would be ready when called!
But it's the extravagance always.

Baby Ben with mother, sister Bunny. Always good pals, Bunny is now in Hollywood with Ben, helping him keep house!

Ben loved to dress up, be "somebody." Picture of him with a wooden stick in his mouth was taken just after appendix operation. He was being the doctor—taking his temperature!

Always generous with others, his horse Gypsy was Ben's sole extravagance for himself. For years, they were inseparable.

It's a little lonely since you left home. But there are many things that keep you with us. The framed dollar bill in the den. The crazy gift you bought with your first pay. But most of all are the memories of a boy who was born to be an actor—and a gentle man.

• It was a Sunday evening during the winter of 1936. We had finished the dinner dishes and started into the living room to scoot our two youngsters off to bed. What we saw astonished us. Our five-year-old daughter, Bunny, was an enraptured audience of one while her three-year-old brother, Ben, was pantomiming the action of Jack Benny and his violin, playing "Love in Bloom" on the radio.

This could have been just an amusing story to tell the neighbors. It was, instead, a forecast of things to come.

We are convinced our son was born to be an actor. We couldn't have fought it even if we had wanted to. All the signs were there from the very beginning.

We remember when Ben was seven and hospitalized for appendicitis. A few hours after he had come from surgery, we were allowed to see him. We found him cheerfully lying in bed with a thin wooden stick in his mouth. When we asked what was for, Ben removed the stick just long enough to explain: "Shhh, I'm taking my temperature." And for the rest of his stay he alternately play-acted doctor, nurse and "suffering" patient.

Ben was always happiest dressing up, being "somebody." There were times when he'd have four or five different outfits on in one day. The neighbors never knew what to expect. Nor did we. If the proper costume wasn't on hand, young Mr. Cooper wouldn't be at all discouraged, he'd merely improvise. For instance, one rainy night when he was five, he had finished listening to his favorite Western show and decided he was in a "Sitting Bull" mood. He hadn't been in this mood for some time, and consequently he had outgrown his Indian suit. But that didn't stop him. He took his sister's beads, a feather from Mom's hat, two washcloths. (Continued on page 106)
Pardon our Pride

BY MR. & MRS. BENJAMIN A. COOPER

Ben Cooper is in "Rose Tattoo" and "Brother Van"
“My Husband Doesn’t Run Me”
She's known dictators in her early war-shadowed life. And you can take it from Audrey Hepburn—she didn’t marry one!

Audrey Hepburn’s famous urchin hair-do had disappeared, and her smooth dark locks, now long, were twisted into a pony-tail. But front-face, with her ragged bangs framing her inimitable elfin face, she still looked like a little boy.

Audrey was in Paris, after six months of grueling work and intense concentration as the heroine of Paramount’s ambitious production, “War and Peace.” She was taking a well deserved rest, while Mel Ferrer was exchanging sword points with French actor, Jean Marais, for the screen love of Ingrid Bergman in Jean Renoir’s “Ellena.”

Audrey and Mel were still happily conforming to their design for living, quietly determined not to let the demands of their careers separate them.

RARELY has there been such excited and heated controversy about a star as there has been about Audrey Hepburn. Newspaper and magazine writers have discoursed at length about her dislike of being in the publicity spotlight. Movie critics have shouted that she jeopardized her career by staying off the screen so long. Gossips have insisted that Mel Ferrer is a modern-day Svengali, completely dominating Audrey and controlling her every word and move.

Most of this tongue-lashing has come from persons who have never even met either Audrey or Mel. But this hasn’t prevented them from having certain pre-conceived ideas about them. Because Audrey rose to stardom so fast, they predict that her fall will be just as rapid. Because she is bewitching, enchanting and utterly charming on the screen, they insist that can’t be her real personality.

(Continued on page 104)

BY MARY WORTHINGTON JONES
It was a world Kirk never really knew—until Anne and Peter.
Kirk Douglas is in "The Indian Fighter" and "Lust For Life"

Peter Vincent Douglas may not sound like a girl's name to most people—particularly when this name belongs to a red-headed baby boy born the twenty-third of last November. Nor does such a name sound as though the little boy had been named for his mother, whose given name is Anne. Yet he is.

Furthermore, with a solid English-type surname like Douglas, it seems rather amazing that, eating his Pablum, on the luxurious sunporch of a brand-new house in Palm Springs, California, small Pete is actually the result of the dreams of a French grandfather and a Russian grandmother.

Sound crazy? Only as crazy as love often is at its most enchanting. Crazy as dreams usually are, particularly when they do come true. Crazy as Pete's father's gifted talents, and the opportunities that our land gives to all people who are courageous, persistent and utterly determined to grow.

For certainly, thirty years ago, in Amsterdam, New York, almost no one, looking at small Issur Danielovitch standing in his mother's kitchen—while that heroic woman tried to divide one egg and four slices of bread between him and six daughters, for their big meal of the day—would have predicted that in 1956, he would be the celebrity, Kirk Douglas.

Even three years ago, Kirk himself would never have predicted that on May 29, 1954, he'd be standing beside Anne Buydens in Las Vegas while she, with an innocent error in English, promised "to take, thee, Kirk, as my awful wedding husband."

Kirk had been utterly disillusioned about everything when he met Anne Buydens in France, where he had gone to make "Act of Love" in 1953. Life in (Continued on page 100)
Besides being Bill's secretary, Elinor's also guide in a small museum! Office is lined with souvenirs of his travels

MY BOSS, BILL

Because I like the job of being Bill Holden's secretary, I want to keep it. Therefore I can't write the story I'd really like to write— unless I want to start collecting unemployment! I'm exaggerating—but I'd still like to make my point!

When Photoplay requested the whole truth and nothing but the truth about working for Bill, my decision, naturally, rested on his decision. As always, while digesting the facts and weighing the consequences, Bill listened attentively and paced the floor. Then he stopped at the doorway and with a typical apologetic grin, he gave me the go signal.

"I don't mind, Elinor—if you don't mind." Then over his shoulder as he made his exit, he added: "But please do me a favor and don't make the halo fit too tight!"

I knew exactly what he was trying to tell me. No girlish squeals (not that I'd be guilty!) or super-superlatives. You know what I mean. Bill won't hold still for it. And, after twelve years in every phase of movie-studio employment, I believe I'm qualified to say such modesty as his is unparalleled. (Continued on page 88)

I hope I haven't made the halo fit too tight!

But like the other secretaries say, when you work for Bill, you're "Lucky"

BY ELINOR MOLLER

With Brenda in the Virgin Islands, where he made "The Proud and the Profane." Night off is rare for Bill (with Brenda, Dick Powell). He always says he won't work so hard but keeps right on!
After fourteen fiery, shoeless roles Rita Moreno graduated to high heels and a wiggle. Then opportunity knocked—her right back on her dancing feet. 

BY DEE PHILLIPS

Rita Moreno is also in "The Lieutenant Wore Skirts" and "The Vagabond King.

Relaxing over coffee in the dining room of the house she shares with two other girls, vivacious Rita Moreno was gaily recalling her latest experiences at Twentieth during the making of "The King and I." The prop boys have repainted my chair on the set," she was telling her housemates, Louise Martinson and Florence Mitchel. "Remember the one I had during 'Untamed'? On the back was painted 'Rita Moreno.' Now it says, 'Rita Moreno' with no question mark, and they've drawn a hunk of dynamite under it. On the seat they've painted an exploding mushroom and a 'POW!' And yesterday before I got in, the hairdressers and wardrobe girls wrote 'Good Luck and Happy Days' across my dressing room mirror, with a star by it. Then the prop boys put a big gold star on my door. Aren't they wonderful?" bubbled size-eight Rita, her eyes sparkling with happy tears.

It was Sunday and the girls were catching up on each other's doings of the week. Louise Martinson, who has roommated with Rita for five years, is a beautiful blond from Boston, and her claim to fame is being the only combination female disc jockey and news commentator in the country. Florence Mitchel is a lovely up-and-coming TV and film actress. Rita Moreno, beautiful fiery Latin, has her toes firmly gripping the top rung of the stardom ladder.

There was an air of contentment and fulfillment in the room. Huge bullfight posters looked down from the walls at the remains of a hearty breakfast and coffee cups were being filled for the tenth time. Breakfast had started at 10 A.M. and it was now 2 P.M. (Continued on page 94)
Marriage seemed sudden, but wasn't. Debbie rented home for them in Hollywood before their "elopement.


On TV, Star Jubilee, Eddie's a so-so dancer but his wife'll teach him!
The honeymoon was wonderful—and impossible. But it made Debbie and Eddie sure that pandemonium would always be paradise as long as they were together.

"We want ordinary things," says Debbie Reynolds Fisher, looking as pretty as ever but sounding mighty solemn. "After all, everyone wants about the same things out of marriage, and Eddie and I aren't any different." Maybe this is so, but during the first couple months of her "honeymoon" Debbie woke up most mornings to find business conferences going on in her living room, kitchen—and sometimes where she was hoping to take a shower.

And Eddie adds, flashing his famous boyish smile but sounding as serious as a UN delegate, "We want just normal things. The things every other couple wants. Why should we be different?"

Eddie and Debbie are being normal in what should normally be their living room but at the moment looks like the inside of an oversized, crazy mixed-up cornpopper. There are two agency men in one corner—supposedly conferring but actually jabbing at each other with king-size pencils—while an independent woman with an agency-type pencil scribbles into a notebook as if she were keeping score at a basketball game, and an unidentified pink-faced man mulls over...
They compromised on going to the movies— if Eddie has seen it, he'll go again!

a Guy and his dungaree Doll  
Continued

a crossword puzzle, crackling a pencil between his teeth. Then, too, a television set is on, displaying a quivering image, and two telephones are playing "Little Sir Echo" at full tilt. Two suspicious poodles and an anxious reporter with another nervous pencil, round out the scene. Everything and everyone is going at the same time. Suddenly, Eddie takes it all in with an appreciative grin and says, "Well, maybe it's not so normal after all."

The Fishers were married September 26, 1955 in upstate New York. They haven't yet had time off for a real honeymoon. The day after their wedding they returned to New York. Then they went to a bottlers' convention in Washington, D.C. Then back to New York. Next, to South Bend, Indiana. Back to New York. They flew to West Virginia. Back to New York. To Florida for another convention. Back to New York. To Philadelphia four times. Back to New York four times. Now count in Debbie's sudden flight to California when her mother took ill, plus Eddie's television shows, recording dates, conferences, rehearsals, promotion meetings, and so on. Add them all up and you have a faint idea of what it's like to be on a hectic honeymoon. But in spite of all the work and traveling, the newlywed Fishers were making heroic efforts to carry on like average newlyweds.

When Debbie began cooking, Eddie put in his thumb, pulled out a tacos and said, "Vive!" They went shopping together and suddenly Debbie heard herself saying, like any other spouse, "But you don't really need it, dear." And like all other newlyweds they were adjusting and planning, making little compromises and getting organized.

"I think it's the wife who should give in on an argument," says Debbie. "I think it's false pride to hold back and, if an apology is due, I like to beat Eddie to the punch. And I believe a wife should try, as much as possible, to adapt to the husband's way of life." Then she grins and says, "First thing I agreed to was to give in to Eddie and sleep late every morning as he does."

Actually, it had worried her a little. On the West Coast, a working movie star goes to bed early and rises early. On the Atlantic side, a star singer goes to work after midnight and wakes around eleven. Debbie, knowing about this, recalls, "It bothered me a little. I thought after we married I'd be wide awake about six or seven and then have to wait around until noon for Eddie to get up and say hello."

Debbie discovered it was easy to get up late. All she had to do was stay up late. She fell in with the new system so well that Eddie notes, "This morning I gave her an extra hour, and the day before it was at least an hour and a half."

Eddie is an eight-hour man and Debbie likes ten hours a night.

"Living on the West Coast, we don't have the same problem," Eddie says. "There my day starts much earlier—about eight. Of course, Debbie has even earlier hours, but I'll tell you" he says and smiles, "if she leaves for the studio at five-thirty or six, you know who's going to be at the door to kiss her goodbye—the poodles. It's not that my spirit isn't willing. It's just that the body won't cooperate that early in the morning."

So far, adjusting to minor problems has sometimes been a matter of mere physical agility. Eddie uses his hi-fidelity phonograph a good bit. Debbie likes music, too, but he likes the volume up so loud that you can hear the second trumpeter lighting up a cigarette. Eddie may say, "Listen to this, dear. I want to play something for you." So he puts on the record but when he turns around Debbie has disappeared. Usually, she has just gone to the far side of the room, her back braced to the wall to resist the musical storm.

Getting together on other minor things also requires a little bit of understanding. Both Eddie and Debbie admit they are impractical, but in different ways.

"Take shopping," Debbie says. "Everyone likes to shop—but me, I'm a bargain hunter. Unfortunately, sometimes I get carried away and come home with bargaining I have no use for and, in the end, just give them away. Now Eddie's different. He gets to shop only two or three times a year, and he goes from department to department to buy everything."

Debbie was with Eddie when he took a fancy to a new sweater.

"You've got a blue one at home," she pointed out, "The exact shade of blue as this one."

"But I like this one better," Eddie said.

"But if you buy this," Debbie asked, "what will you do with the other?"

Telling about it, Debbie suddenly interrupts herself and says, "You know, Eddie deserved it. He's very fond of good clothes. And when you stop to remember there were periods in his life when he had to (Continued on page 98)
Living with Young Ideas

Star your man this Easter as

"THE MAN IN THE GRAY FLANNEL SUIT"

A gal's guide to men's fashions inspired by the new 20th Century-Fox picture, selected for you by one of its stars, lovely Marisa Pavan


A Silk rep tie, regimental striped in tones of navy, red, gray to add flash to his gray flannel suit. By Cavalier. $2.50

B Charcoal gray ribbed socks in anklet length, one-sized via nylon stretch yarn, soft cotton lined. By Bur-Mil. About $1

C Slim V.I.P. case, doubling as briefcase and overnight bag, inner plastic divider a portable desk. By Samsonite. $19.50*

D Classic Oxford cloth button-down shirt, best choice for the really smart man. Here, tailored for smooth fit. Excello. $5.95

E Handsome shoe for Easter promenading, black smooth leather, Continental styled with low cut, wing tip. Kingsway. $8.95

F Smart topping for spring—tawny gray fur felt hat with soft double-rolled brim designed to keep its shape. By Dobbs. $15

*plus tax

For Where to Buy, see page 16
guide to men's fashions  continued

A  Black and white saddle-stitched cowhide shaping a water-
proof-lined case for his shaving paraphernalia. Foolproof

gift to make a real Easter impression. By Hickok. $4.95*

B Sleek leather billfold with removable pass case. Folds

flat despite his raft of notes via expandable construction.
In smooth, burnished mahogany cowhide. By Meeker. $5*

C Lightweight pigskin tapered gloves. These in pale gray,
on hand for a "gray flannel" spring. Daniel Hays. About $7.95

D Designed strictly for the man in gray flannels—a black
ribbed steerhide belt, textured metal buckle. Pioneer. $2.50

E Good spark for flannel: diamond patterned socks in soft
cotton, reinforced where it counts the most. Here, tones of
red and black on light gray ground. By Interwoven. $1

F Cuddle your man in cloud-soft Mazet Orlon, especially in
a V-necked, long sleeved pullover. A dream in the washing

and wearing departments. Sizes S, M, L. By Revere. $8.95

G Creamy smooth after-shave lotion for the face you like
to pamper, with a very male fragrance. Afta by Mennen. $1*

H When he wants to look his elegant best—a textured silk
gold tie, cross-striped in black. By Regal Ties. About $2.50

I Casual shoe news: a black leather year ahead for spit

and polished males. It's used here in an Italian-inspired,
cross-strap lounge shoe. Designed by Thom McAn. $8.95

J Most-wanted Easter remembrance: matching tie clip and
cuff links—here, in gleaming mother-of-pearl accented

with silvery ribs on black. These, by Swank. $6* the set

K Seen on the impeccable male at home: pajamas doubling

as loungers, the patch-pocketed, wing collared shirt in

striped chambray, topping solid trousers. By Weldon. $7.50

For list of stores, see Page 85

*plus tax
IAX FACTOR'S NEW hi-fi FLUID MAKE-UP

ends the “made up” look once and for all! Because Max Factor, the make-up star, has achieved in Hi-Fi a whole new range of high fidelity shades never possible before.

does for color what high fidelity does for music! Reproduces perfect natural tones that blend perfectly, naturally, with your own skin and stay soft and lustrous, in bright sunlight or glaring artificial light.

does not go on like a dream... easily, quickly... veils flaws and heightens your true beauty with fresh, lovely color.

You'll love the sheer-satin texture of Hi-Fi... the way it smooths and softens your skin. It never streaks or smears.

Will love the Hi-Fi look... and the way it makes him look at you! It all began with TV. Glaring lights of color television made existing make-ups appear hard, flattering. So the great TV studios called on Max Factor, who developed for their exclusive use a new color principle in a make-up that stays smooth and radiant under most glaring light. And now Max Factor has created a new make-up for your use, based on the same new color principle. Hi-Fi Fluid Make-Up!

The new idea, the young idea, the one make-up that makes you look just naturally lovely—day and night, in any light! Choose from six highly flattering, high fidelity shades in Hi-Fi Fluid Make-Up today. $1.75 plus tax at your favorite cosmetics counters. Fluid Rouge in new high fidelity colors $1.25 plus tax.

Send in this coupon for “Try Size” Hi-Fi, enough for at least TEN make-ups for only 25¢! You will also receive FREE Max Factor's new book “YOU AT YOUR LOVELIEST.”

Max Factor, P. O. Box 941, Hollywood 28, California.

Please send me my shade in the special “Try Size” Hi-Fi Fluid Make-Up. I enclose 25¢. My natural skin tone is (check one)

- fair
- ivory
- medium
- ruddy
- olive
- tan
(pink & white) (creamy) (neutral) (rosy) (golden)

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YOUNG IDEAS:
PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS

Fashion ways and means to catch the eye of
"THE MAN IN THE GRAY FLANNEL SUIT"
new 20th Century-Fox film, starring Gregory Peck

Left, Gregory Peck in the big spring look for men. The practical single-breasted gray flannel suit, smarter than ever in a new medium tone, with narrower lapels, flapped pockets, custom details. By Eagle Clothes. About $75

A All the fire you need to spark a costume—bracelet of golden circlets set with a filigree of rhinestones and small baroque sham pearls. Grand Duchess. $10*

B For the exposed footage of new spring shoes—a wispy nylon stocking with the merest bit of toe reinforcement. Color keyed to vibrant shades. Gotham. $1.65

C A shoe to start the day, continue on and on: Lustrous flight blue calf with white perforated "collar," detachable flat bow. Electra by Trim Tred. About $11

D Snow white double-woven nylon short gloves, enhanced considerably by a ripple of petals at the brief cuff. Very pretty flash for a spring suit. By Stetson. $2

E Shoe with a very delicate air—open toe, open back, the slashed front held to the foot by a straight and narrow sling strap. Pastel kid. Connie by Wohl. $7.95

F Large flat satchel, bamboo handled, its bright, hand-blocked cotton Paisley print a sure bet to fire anything you wear. Linen lined. By MM. $15*

G Study in black and white: the belt, a circlet of black calf with its own white leather "collar," to make a neat waist even neater. By Speyer. About $3

H Large silk crepe square in tones of beige and tangerine in a stylized sun print—to flash against the pale neutral shades of spring. By Vera. About $3

*plus tax

For list of stores, see page 86
EXCITING
AS THE STARS!

Radiant new Connies . . .
bringing the world of
fabulous fashion to your
feet! Intriguing braids,
subtle meshes, gleaming
leathers, in the hit colors
of the year! Hollywood
stars love them, you’ll
adore them, and at such
terrific values, shopping
for them is a delight.
Award winners
at any price, only

6.95 and 7.95

WOHL SHOE COMPANY • SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI • A Division of Brown Shoe Company
Bright new Easter accessories for the lady on the arm of

"THE MAN IN THE GRAY FLANNEL SUIT"

A Making its point clear, silver-heeled tan kid pumps with soft tapered toe. Gold-tipped bow trims a high riding instep. Lucky Stride by Edith Henry. $10.95

B Sleeveless white cotton blouse with Oriental-flavored print in aqua and gold, to sparkle on its own or under an Easter suit. 28-38. By Ship ‘n Shore. $3.50

C For a handful of fashion: classic beige satin-finish glacé leather short gloves. The news: they’re completely washable, dry good as new. By Superb. $5

D Perfect spring casual—beige leather Cavalier flat shoe, sparked with a high pinked tongue, comfortably cushioned pancake heel. These, by Huskies. About $5

E “Fresh Water” chalk-white baroque pearls shape a double strand necklace, $10*; bracelet, $8*; button earrings, $3*. All sham, all glamour. By Marvella

F Fresh as an April shower—make-believe daisies to freshen a jaded collar, tuck into a belt to breathe new life into your spring wardrobe. Flower Modes. $1

G An open toe, sling-back red calf pump, low-cut and bared for a spring evening. A fresh note—the flat buckle dotted with white beads. Grace Walker. $10.95

H Burnished gray—new color excitement in a roomy leather flat satchel, with smart angular lines, inside zippered pocket, adjustable strap. By Meeker. $15*

* plus tax

For list of stores, see Page 86
HOW TO FEEL LIKE A MILLIONAIRESS...

LET LOVABLE SUPPORT YOU!

Rich and deserving...Lovable bras, inlaid with precious foam, make your figure your fortune!

Fabulous camouflages, lavishly embroidered and buoyantly foam-lined, they lift lightly, hold surely, curve so-o-o nicely.

Left: "Add-Vantage," foam-lined stitched cups. White, black cotton. $2.00
Right: "Interplay," light foam lining; band separates divinely. White cotton. $1.50

The Lovable Brassiere Co. • 180 Madison Avenue, New York 16 • Also in Canada.

IT COSTS SO LITTLE TO LOOK LOVABLE
Shining accessory accents to share the spotlight with

"THE MAN IN THE GRAY FLANNEL SUIT"

A Longish scarf, dress-up variety, to save for a special day. This one in white organza, striped with gleaming gilt and shades of blue. Baar & Beards, $1

B Flattering footnote: black patent pump, elegantly pointed and polished, with slimmed-down heel, a low-cut vamp bridged with a flat bow. Velvet Step, $10.95

C Fashion creed: coordinate your stocking color with your costume this spring. For the new grays, sheer flattering "Grey Beauty" stockings. By Phoenix. $1.65

D Striking satin stripes on a sleeveless shirt of white cotton and nylon that happily shuns ironing. Sizes 28-40. Peter Pan design by New Era. About $3

E Sleek shape for spring—a long narrow hefty satchel in glistening black patent, its rigid handle underlined with gilt. Designed by Babble Jerome. $7.95

F Rounding out the patent picture: a black patent Empire bow set on a red suede-like belt that mates separates with a flair. By Charm Belts. About $2.50

G Covering the casual scene—a stripping sandal in pale colored leather, twin-buckled and set on a flat wedge pancake sole. These by Honeydebs. About $4

H Short white cotton gloves—the news, their delicate floral embroidery sprinkled with tiny seed "pearls," and a pretty scalloped border. By Wear-Right. $3.50

*plus tax

For Where to Buy, see page 86
WHY GREGORY PECK CHOSE EAGLE CLOTHES TO WEAR IN

The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit

Mr. Gregory Peck, the distinguished motion picture star, is noted for his realism. Because the suit plays such an important part in his portrayal of "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit," he sought the kind of gray flannel that a rising young executive would really wear. It must be well tailored, he specified, must be casually yet correctly styled, of good quality yet priced within the means of a man of moderate income, at about $75.00. He found precisely the right suit bearing an Eagle Clothes label, and it is an Eagle flannel you see him wear in the title role of "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit."

See Eagle's GREGORY GRAY flannels at fine stores in leading cities. For name of dealer nearest you, write to EAGLE CLOTHES, Inc., 1107 Broadway, New York 10, N. Y.
Pretty prints, gleaming accessories add up to fashion spice and sunny highlights for a rainy day
Jarma has a complete permanent every three months, uses large-size curling rods for a loose, but long-lasting wave. To touch up side sections after a haircut (above), she uses a small kit designed for that purpose. Parting tresses about ¾ inch deep and as wide as the curling rod, she folds end paper around tress and slides it down well below ends of hair. Making sure that strands are about the same length and smoothed across full length of curling rod, she winds rod to point where wave will fall in finished hair-do, then gives it one more turn before fastening on top of curl. Results: even waves, where she wants them.

Casual, but very feminine, Jarma’s hairdo is easy to set: For stand-up curls over forehead, wind as usual, but anchor only bottom of curl, so that it stands up in a circle. Curls closest to center are smallest (see top sketch). For sides, set rows of large curls, pinned flat to head, in forward and reverse directions (center sketch). Two rows of curls in back are set low at nape of neck (bottom sketch). When hair is dry, model top curls around finger and urge gently onto forehead. Swirl sides softly over ears and comb back hair into loose curls.

BY HARRIET SEGMAN

No droopy bangs or straggly curls for Jarma Lewis. Not even sometimes. Like most girls, she finds that some strands need rewaving before others. Hair grows on an average of half an inch a month, but varies with the seasons and even from place to place on the same head. Sometimes, too, a haircut leaves some sections minus all curl. Jarma’s happy solution: touch-up curls, between regular permanents, as often as she needs them, her hair trimmed, first, of previously waved ends.
YOUNG IDEAS:
SOCIAL PROBLEM

when there's

BY MARK FLANDERS

- On the set of 20th's "The Rains of Ranchipur," dressed in faded-blue denim play clothes, Lana Turner looked like a young girl, a beautiful young girl. It was hard to realize she was the same Lana Turner who portrays the glamorous Lady Esketh in "The Rains."

Lana's expression was a happy one and her eyes sparkled with eagerness, for she was talking about something very near and dear to her—her daughter Cheryl—and of her hopes and dreams for Cheryl.

"Cherie is twelve now," Lana was saying, "She's right on the threshold of her teens—the 'perilous teens' as they're known to so many parents. I'm young enough to remember them well, and I can recall how important everything seems at that age. You feel you have to live life all at once, before it gets away from you. You don't want to miss out on a single experience. You're afraid if you do, you'll be left behind, and you're scared to death of that, of being called a wallflower. You desperately want to be liked by everyone. I know; I went through it all. And how I would have appreciated it if someone had just given me a set of rules to guide me through that growing-up period.

"Instead," Lana continued, "it's taken me ten years of experience and study to find out some of the important answers to life. Now if I can impart them to Cheryl while she's still young, she will be spared many of the mistakes I made and that countless other teenagers have made throughout the years because they've had no one to understand or advise them."

As Cheryl steps into the teen age of awareness and starts upon a busy round of parties, dates and the general business of growing up, Lana knows that one of the first items on her daughter's list of new-found interests will be boys. Lana and her husband, Lex Barker, look forward to the time Cheryl starts dating, just as Cheryl herself does, and sometimes they make a game out of discussing Cheryl's first date.

Lana will start the kidding by saying, "One day it will happen, Cherie, I just know it will. I can see it all plainly. It will probably be a Sunday, and we'll be sitting in the living room, reading the papers. (Continued on page 78)
If Cheryl listens to Mom, she won’t wear a halo or fly around with wings, but she will learn that the teens can be a heavenly age

a daughter in the house

I'm young enough to remember my own teen problems. And I don't want Cheryl going to outsiders for help,” says Lana Turner
what's spinning?

BY CHRIS DAGGETT

NOW is the time when everyone's fancy turns to thoughts of love—or how to pay their income tax. If your thought trains run on the track of love, you will enjoy listening to a new Jackie Gleason album. His latest and his greatest on Capitol records include "You're My Greatest Love," "You Call It Madness," "I'm Glad There Is You," "You and the Night and the Music," "It's the Talk of the Town," "My Sin," "Coquette," "Guilty," and "She's Funny That Way." There are sixteen selections in all in this, his best album to date. Jackie was born in Brooklyn, February 26, 1916. When he was fifteen, and after scoring a terrific success on an amateur show at the Halsey Theatre, he was hired as emcee for three dollars a week. In the next few years he took, among others, a job as a dare-devil driver in an auto circus and as an exhibition diver in the water follies. In 1940, Jack Warner signed him to a movie contract and Jackie made five Hollywood pictures. He then returned to New York to appear on Broadway in "Hellzapoppin" and "Artists and Models." Stardom finally came with the leads in the Broadway productions of "Follow the Girls," "Keep Off the Grass," and "Rosabelle." Jackie made his TV bow in Life Of Riley and then became the star performer on Cavalcade Of Stars. Today, with his own television show, he is rated as one of the top performers in the country.

Comedy is a very serious matter to Steve Allen, star of Tonight on TV and, from a professional standpoint, Steve admits that trying to be funny five nights a week is no laughing matter. Steve's versatility is not confined to TV, however, as he is a pianist of exceptional talent and has a number of fine record albums to his credit. He is also a songwriter of proven success, having written such tunes as "Let's Go to Church on Sunday Morning," which sold over 300,000 copies. Then, too, in 1954, he started the craze for fairytales in be-bop lingo. Steve has, in addition, appeared in three motion pictures, the latest being "The Benny Goodman Story," in which he plays the title role. But I'm not through yet, he also sings! In his latest Coral album he shows his ability to handle a smart lyric in a thoroughly musical manner. The album is entitled simply "Steve, Sings," and he sticks to the great standards such as "Pennies from Heaven," "Sugar," and "There Will Never Be Another You."

Roger Williams, the young man who scored such a smash with his piano rendition of "Autumn Leaves," has a new twelve-inch LP entitled "Wanting You." Also included on the record are his hit "Autumn Leaves," plus "Beyond the Sea," "Night Wind," "Summertime," "My Dream Sonata," and "Minute Waltz Variation." If you enjoy piano played superbly, this is an album you should definitely add to your collection.

Perhaps, in recent weeks, you have heard a haunting ballad on the radio, entitled "Cry Me a River," sung by a young lady named Julie London, who was formerly married to Jack Webb. She has been dubbed the girl with the "come-hither voice." Now she has a new album out, on the Liberty label, and this reviewer has never heard an album by a female vocalist done so superbly before. Entitled "Julie Is Her Name," it features her singing such standards as "Easy Street," "Gone with the Wind," "Say it Isn't So," "I Should Care," and "It Never Entered My Mind." Perhaps the most enjoyable of all the songs in the album is "Laura." Miss London puts all of the feeling of a lost love into this number. The first eight or ten bars are done completely without musical accompaniment, only her husky, throaty voice pouring out the liquid sounds. It's a treat well worth hearing. Also watch for her next twelve-inch LP, "About the Blues."

The RCA Victor recording of the "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 1," featuring Emil Gilels with Fritz Reiner and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, is the first American recording with orchestra to be made by the outstanding Russian pianist. Mr. Gilels was born in Odessa in 1916 and, at fifteen, won first prize in a contest open to all Russian pianists. In recent years, he has made a number of concert tours in Europe and has been widely acclaimed. When a
classical recording, such as this, sells like a pop record, you know it’s time to add it to your collection.

Also in the classical vein, RCA Victor has just released two albums in conjunction with the movie, “Richard III.” One is the complete soundtrack—words and music—from the movie, on three 12-inch LPs. The other is “Highlights of Richard III,” on one 12-inch LP. The music was composed by William Walton, and the star performers include Sir Laurence Olivier, Claire Bloom, Sir Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud and Sir Cedric Hardwicke.

“Concorde,” a new 12-inch LP featuring the Modern Jazz Quartet, has caused quite a buzz in jazz circles lately. The quartet is comprised of Milt Jackson on vibes, Percy Heath on bass, Connie Kay on drums, and John Lewis on piano. John also does most of the writing and arranging for the group. Those in the know are saying that the quartet has never played better. This is Connie Kay’s first side cut with the M.J.Q., and it is refreshing to hear a drummer who not only plays with taste but who also refrains from exhibitionism. He has a good steady cymbal beat which backs Milt Jackson nicely on several sides. Milt plays equally well on the swinging sides and the soft and melodic ones. This tremendously good album is on the Prestige label.

For your collection:

If you have all ten, you’ve hit the musical jackpot. If only eight are in your possession, give yourself a musical demerit. If you only own six, look out, your allowance is showing:

1. A follow-up to their fabulous, “Moments to Remember,” the Four Lads have a new one, “No, Not Much,” on Columbia.
2. Kay Starr has finally hit the top with “Rock and Roll Waltz,” on the RCA Victor label.
3. Blues with a feeling by Dinah Washington, on Mercury, she sings “The Show Must Go On.”
4. Chalk up another big one for Pat Boone. This musical young man from Texas sings “I’ll Be Home” and “Tutti-Frutti.” (Dot)
5. “Moritall,” the theme from the “Three Penny Opera,” has been recorded on the M-G-M label by the Dick Hyman Trio.
6. On Decca, Al Hibbler does it again with “11th Hour Melody.” A great melody by a great artist.
7. The Four Coins will sell you on “Memories of You” on the Epic label.
8. The Four Fellows have a new ballad to follow-up “Soldier Boy,” titled “Fallen Angel,” it is on the Glory label.
9. On the Gee label, The Teenagers smash home with a tune called “Why Do Fools Fall in Love?”
10. Watch for Capitol’s new album containing eighteen wonderful selections from the Universal-International film, “The Benny Goodman Story.”

Across
1. “The Indian _______”
6. Mario Lanza’s specialty is _______ singing
12. Julie Adams’ groom
13. “There’s _______”
15. Where Lamas and Haynes were born (abbreviation)
16. Last seen in “The View from Pompey’s Head”
18. Barbara Stanwyck’s son
19. Davy Crockett’s boss—also Mickey Mouse’s
21. “Fine and _______” (song)
23. “…Greater Love” (song)
25. Belonging to Miss Powers
26. Steve Allen’s role (initials)
27. “…_________ Gobi,” 1953 Wildmark film
28. Army captain in 1 Across
30. Last seen in “The Virgin Queen”
31. Rodgers writes the tune; Hammerstein, the _______
34. He’s “The Man with the Golden Arm” (initials)
36. “Where _______ When” (song)
38. Forever Lucy’s darling (initials)
39. Kettle movies are deliberately, delightfully _______
42. Peck and Gable have both played big _______ hunters
45. Type of shot in a movie (abbreviation)
46. “The Trouble with _______”
47. Bert Lancaster wears one on his chest—for a film
49. Kim’s kid sister in “Picnic” (initials)
50. “…Detroit”
53. “…and Models”
57. Gene and Lori
59. Janet is

Down
1. June Haver’s husband
2. Star of “The Last Hunt”
3. “Hold My _______” (song)
4. Last seen in “The Long Gray Line” (nickname)
5. “The _______ of Ranchipur”
6. “Our Very _______”
7. Mrs. Vic Damone (initials)
8. Liz Taylor is mighty easy on the _______
9. Carrot-topped comedian (initials)
10. “Flame of the _______”
11. They annoyed the heroine in “Lady and the Tramp”
14. The racketeers in “The Houston Story” are strictly out for _______
17. Roy Rogers’ old pardner
19. “…Till the Sun Shines, Nellie” (song)
20. A wise star is never _______ toward public or press
22. Star of 10 Down (initials)
24. “Meet Me—Las Vegas”
25. Pal of Andy’s in “To Hell and Back” (initials)

Answers to Crossword Puzzle on page 90
Suddenly the doorbell will ring. We'll look at each other, wondering who it is. Then I'll answer the door, and there will be a funny-looking fellow, his hair probably combed into a ducktail, with a hot rod parked in the driveway.

At which point Cheryl laughs, "Oh, Moth-er!"

"Yes, he'll be standing there," Lana continues. "He'll be wearing jeans and a leather jacket, and his hands certainly will be crammed into his back pockets. And he'll probably be chewing gum, looking like a cow chewing its cud."

"Oh, Moth-er!" Cheryl laughs again. The picture is too much for her.

"Hi, Mrs. Bark-er," the young man will say, according to Lana, speaking between lusty chaws on his chewing gum. "Is Cher-yl in?"

"Oh, Moth-er!" Cheryl exclaims once more. "You know it's not going to happen that way. You know I have better taste than to go out with a rude boy like that."

Then Lex, whom Cheryl affectionately calls Po, chiming in on the fun. "Perhaps I'll be the one to answer the door. I'll say to him, 'What's your problem, son?'"

"But, Po," Cheryl argues, "he's supposed to be coming to see me."

"Well, sure, I know that," says Lex, continuing with his version of the story, and pretending to be talking to a young man standing in front of him. "Haven't you got the wrong address, son?"

Then, in a young voice, he says, "Is Cher-yl around?"

By this time, the scene has become so real to Cheryl, she is hanging on every word. "Go on, Po," she urges, "what'll you say then?"

"Son," Lex continues, sounding stern, "when I was your age, we were never allowed to call for girls with our hands in our pockets. And we were told to ask for them as Mrs. So-and-So. Now, if you think you can handle that, let's hear it."

All of this greatly stirs Cheryl's imagination, says Lana. For, like any other twelve-year-old girl, she enjoys dreaming of the dates that lie ahead. She is amused by Lana's and Lex's joking pictures of her first boyfriend-to-be, but also sees the seriousness beneath it all. She knows that what Lana and Lex are trying to convey to her is that they are interested in and concerned about the kind of boy she will go out with. And, ten to one, when she does start dating, Cheryl will want the boy to be someone she will be proud to introduce to her folks.

Just as a girl of twelve dreams of future dates, so she dreams of being grown-up, says Lana. In fact, she wants to get there in one quick rush. Usually, she thinks the way to do it is with lipstick, high heels and formal clothes. Realizing this, Lana has advised Cheryl, "Leave things to look forward to. Don't spoil the happiness and excitement that belong to the teens by doing things ahead of time."

Lana knows what pressure an eager young girl can put on her mother. She is young enough to remember how she tormented her own mother at that age. So she understands Cheryl's feelings when she begs to be allowed to use lipstick. Her excuse, of course, is the time-worn one of "all the other girls do it."

However, Lana refuses to be moved by such pleas. "Cheryl, honey," she says, "you're not all the other girls."

"But, gee," counters Cheryl, "all the other mothers let them."

"Cheryl, I'm not all the other mothers," says Lana, then goes on to explain why Cheryl shouldn't wear lipstick at her age. "You're only twelve, Cheryl. The lipstick, high heels and formal go with fifteen, six-

Send twenty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to: Photoplay, Needlecraft Service, P. O. Box 123, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send an extra twenty-five cents for Needlecraft Catalog.
the house (Continued from page 74)

PHOTOPLAY'S PATTERN OF THE MONTH

smooth sewing ahead:

springtime sailor dress

- You'll cut a real neat figure this spring in this saucy princess-line dress. From the nipped and pointed low waistline, the skirt bellows out to a wide swirling hemline. This "Sew-Easy" printed pattern has a neckline tie stolen direct from the navy, with winged collar and cuffed sleeves cut in one piece with bodice for easy fitting and sewing. Center back zipper closing is extra insurance for figure-hugging line. Plaid cotton version, left, has pretty tabbed detail accenting the hipline and tie. For dressier wear, sew it, right, in polka-dotted taffeta skirt with solid color bodice. Junior sizes 9-17. Size 15 takes 4 1/4 yards of 44-inch fabric with allowance for matching plaid. You'll need 2 1/4 yards for polka-dotted skirt and tie and 1 1/8 yards for solid color bodice. The pattern includes illustrated instructions for cutting and sewing.

To order your Pattern of the Month, send 50¢ in coin, with pattern number and size, to Advance Pattern Company, Dept. P, P. O. Box 21, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, New York

(Continued on page 92)
A Prince ... Catches a Star

(Continued from page 44)

has become engaged to Prince Rainier III, ruler of the principality of Monaco.

Instantly, Morgan Hudgins, who was driving the car, pulled it to a stop, cut the ignition, and snapped off the radio.

"But how?" he gasped.

His Serene Highness, Rainier III—Duc de Valentinois, Marquis des Beaux, Baron du Buis, and some other twenty-four-legal-name titles—arrived in Hollywood.

But the beautiful girl in the car, Grace Kelly, laughed merrily. Bowing with ironic dignity to the very handsome, thirty- two-and-three-quarter-years-younger Alphonse, she said, "Your Serene Highness, I fear your country doesn't know how to keep a secret."

Then turning her happy eyes to Hudgins—who has been her press agent ever since she won second place in the Miss America contest in 1952, and has gradually become her close, good friend—she said, "So now let us go on to attend Mr. and Mrs. Kelly's announcement to the press and see if the cat which got out of the bag has left even the bag behind it."

Thus it was that Grace Kelly's unbelievably perfect love story was released to the world. Thus it is that one of the most famous of all the significant stories of Hollywood has been delivered to the public in its totality, and that the incredible Hollywood has even seen reach a new height. And thus it was that this flawless young beauty, with her flawless taste, demonstrated once again her positive approach to life and her belief in the perfection that all lives should work out—but not one in a million ever does.

That day, January 5, Grace Kelly and her husband-to-be were photographed along colorful and intelligent absolute rulers of his small kingdom—went on to answer the hundreds of questions from scores of reporters, pose for hundreds of pictures for scores of magazines, talk to radio, television microphones, talk to tape recorders.

Next day and the days following, there were literally hundreds of thousands of words written about them and hundreds of photographs of them published, and the Princess was surrounded, throughout the country and abroad.

Yet here’s a story that clearly reveals Grace’s feelings toward this really super- rior man who has won her dreaming young heart, by making it in Hollywood, including the real story of their meeting.

Rainier III, direct descendant of a royal house which has ruled his kingdom for many centuries, accustomed to publicity all his life, was not very accustomed—was, nevertheless, quite overwhelmed by the deluge of publicity that engulfed him when he became Grace Kelly’s fiancé. Shepherded by Morgan Hudgins, helpfully at his side, he went charmingly through the first big press conference, the first photographic onslaught. But, when the three of them headed for a New York that evening and he went to his hotel and was surrounded by reporters waiting there, he had his car circle the hotel for nearly three hours before he managed to slip in unseen through a side entrance. The next day, he led his princess—to-be into the Monte Carlo Ball at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York (Monte Carlo being Monaco’s most colorful spot as well as its chief source of income), and the Princess was absolutely gauletted again, answer more questions, pose for more pictures.

"By now," he said to Grace, "I thought we could be alone—at least somewhat, have some privacy, you know?"

Grace, who has to wear flat heels so that she won’t top him, gave him her radiant smile and gave his hand a small, comforting squeeze. Maybe she was re- minding him of her royal hus- band-to-be had given out only last spring to Collier’s, when for the first time he had publicly mentioned that he knew he must marry and have an heir or Monaco would lose its throne. Rainier certainly knew he had been courted all over Europe but, he had said then, "I consider it a duty to my people to get married, but there is a higher duty above politics, the duty of a man to be true to himself, to find a lady to love and have a wife he loves and consummating that love. I will not marry except for love. I will not agree to a loveless marriage."

Surely Grace was recalling that Rainier said he did not like girls who were "highly charged sexy wenches." His ideal girl, he had said, was "fair-haired and of light complexion, graceful and femi- ning."

The one he has courted, the one he has said he loves and will marry, is the only one who fits the description. He had barely known Grace at that time, and yet he had described her exactly.

Now that was just what her hair had not been—long and flowing and free to the wind—the first time she met him. It was much to her distress that it was not. For Grace did not meet His Highness while she was flaxen-haired. Almost every story about her engagement has said. The truth is much simpler—and probably from Grace’s angle—more satisfying. For beneath all her beauty, behind all the Princess’s composure, was a serious girl, coming from a serious, hard-working, albeit vastly colorful—family.

Grace met Rainier when both of them were working hard, and had long, colorful and intelligent absolute rulers of his small kingdom—went on to answer the hundreds of questions from scores of reporters, pose for hundreds of pictures for scores of magazines, talk to radio, television microphones, talk to tape recorders.

This occurred late last spring, a good time after "To Catch a Thief" had been filmed, and at first all their meeting seemed to have led to was the red-hot rumors that the movie stars were dating. And, of course, with Jean Pierre Aumont and he with her.

Grace had gone to Cannes, in the south of France—and only a few miles from Monaco (which, incidentally, the Prince has not yet decided to make a base for its famous Film Festival. A lot of other Hollywood personalities had gone, too, but certainly—and characteristically—Grace was the only one who had a chaperone. This lady, and a lady of title—was Gladys de Segonzac.

Probably no girl who has ever achieved film fame needs a chaperone less than the beautifully-bred Grace Kelly. She had no chaperone—not did she have one of her own. Then in Africa when she was making "Mogambo" with Clark Gable ... or in South America when she was making "Green Fire with Spencer Tracy ... or in Europe when she was doing "The Bridges at Toko-Ri" with Bill Holden ... or on a desert location where she was making "High Noon" with Gary Cooper.

The fact that she did have Gladys de Segonzac along, proved how much she had learned about Hollywood and how far she had come from her more naive days when she made "Mogambo" and came home from the foreign filming for Gable in the process—of which, I’ll tell more later.

On the trip to the Cannes Film Festival, Grace had Gladys along for companion- ship, and when she wanted it, and for a con- venient alibi from engagements she didn’t want to accept. But she never thought of taking Gladys along on such a workaday thing as the layout she had agreed to make for Paris Match, a layout which had been set up by Pierre Galante, the ace French journalist, who is married to Oliva de Haviland.

Actually, the layout was arranged with such rapidity that Grace, herself, wasn’t ready for it. As a fashion model in New York, before her screen fame, she had mastered the trick of looking perfectly groomed all day, even though many of those days meant working from nine in the morning till six or seven at night. And, as Grace told Galante later, murkily, "You learn how to stand and smile, hour after hour and never let your hair get disarranged, or your lipstick blurred, even though your head is aching violently and you’re feeling as though you’re going to faint out of sheer exhaustion."

In Cannes, however, Pierre Galante called for Grace so early and so suddenly, she hadn’t time to have her hair set, or to have her dress pressed. Grace bound her hair back under a scarf, gave her dress as good a shake-out from its slight wrinkles as she could, put on her glasses—which her near-sightedness necessitated—and went in front of the camera—and set out. She was aware of not looking her best, a fact that annoyed her. She wasn’t entirely aware, until they were well underway, that Galante often acted as her own personal photographer, as press agent for Monaco and its Prince.

The Prince’s palace has a mere 295 rooms with sixty servants to maintain it. Actually, his own quarters consist of a five-room suite, furnished in modern luxury. Anchored in the near-by Mediterranean, are his three yachts, one of which is 141 feet long. In the palace garage, however, Grace did not know they were fast, dirigible yachts. Though Rainier insists he doesn’t buy more than about six a year. He also has a private villa in near-by France, an apartment in Paris, his former residence in Monaco, his eight-man motorcycle escort, his small, private, but highly efficient army.

The day the pictures were to be taken for the Paris Match layout, the Prince kept his schedule clear, in order that he might be there. But once he got there, he was very polite and considerate. He brought out one of his lion cubs and asked Grace to pose with it. "Your Leo the Lion is much too old for you to play with, you know," said Grace, alluding to M-G-M’s famous mascot. And, if Grace was delighted to discover that he spoke flawless English, Rainier was probably as delighted to discover that she spoke flawless French.

The picture-taking was soon over, how- ever. The lion cub went back to its cage, the Prince went back to his palace, the movie stars went back to Cannes. Two days later, she accidentally ran into Jean Pierre Aumont in Cannes—or so Grace thought at the time. It was not their first meeting. As long ago as that, to be precise, they had appeared together in a dramatic sketch on TV. Jean Pierre was then the recent widower of Maria Montez and the lovely Miss Kelly was still completely unknown, a rich Philadelphia girl destined for a life of playing by her own rules. The young beauty who insisted she could and would learn to act. On the Riviera in 1955, Jean Pierre was a widower, very charming, with auburn, very debonair.

The reason that we have always forget in discussing Grace’s sexual charm is that every one of the fascinating men with whom her name has been associated in Hollywood—Clark Gable, Ray Milland, Bing Crosby, Spencer Tracy—is old enough to be her father.

Not so Jean Pierre, however. And it was spring on the Riviera, the nights were (Continued on page 82)
What's New in Colgate Dental Cream that's MISSING-MISSING-MISSING in every other leading toothpaste?

It's GARDOL! And Colgate's with Gardol gives up to 7 TIMES LONGER PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH DECAY and a CLEANER, FRESHER BREATH ALL DAY with just one brushing!

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12 HOURS AFTER ONE COLGATE BRUSHING GARDOL IS

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Cleans Your Breath While It Guards Your Teeth

*The Top Three Brands After Colgate's.
 throes of the “Mogambo” company on Christmas morning. They were camped on the Kajera River in Tanganyika then, and they were all so far from home that most of them were ignoring Christmas. Not Grace. At dawn, the morning of the 25th, she tiptoed from her tent to Gable’s, and pinned on the flap of it a pair of red socks which she had personally knitted for him. In fact, she had knitted them both, for the last Christmas, and she knitted them now. Grace, however, to her, however. And to show the girl’s quality, there is the other fact that in a film that was supposed to be all Gable’s and then all Ava Gardner’s, it was Miss Kelly who gave the only performance that merited an Academy Award nomination.

Grace returned to Hollywood to have Alfred Hitchcock and Ray Milland help her. Hitchcock, Grace feels, has been one of the most beneficial forces in her career. He has now turned over to M-G-M “Dial M for Murder,” a thriller, but “Rear Window” and “To Catch a Thief.” As for Hitch, he says only Grace Kelly has what he calls “sexual elegance.” Hitchcock is the only director with stars that almost no other director with the possible exception of John Ford, has, Cary Grant, Jimmy Stewart and Grace Kelly are the devoted trio of Hitch and will sign for any of his pictures. Still, he is nothing that would make even. As most people know, Ray fell quite head over heels in love. But, when she learned that, although she was separated from his wife, he was definitely not divorced or even apparently contemplating it, he drew back into such a shell of well-bred reserve as to become infinitely chilling. But few people in Hollywood stood to consider. For every hurt she might well have been behind them soon and to addition. Grace was always much too intelligent and refined to go out with the known “wolves” of Hollywood. But it must have been a different case, as she probably did, that Spencer Tracy agreed to go to the Foreign Correspondents Press Dinner only if M-G-M would see to it that Grace went with him—and that he asked for the dinner with her because he wanted to square his accounts with Gable. There’s always been a kind of popularity feud between these two. Spice felt if Gable had married Kelly, then he, too, ought to date Kelly.

Miss Kelly fixed this, however, in her own smooth way. She made it a foursome: she had her press agent, Mr. Hudgen, Spence and Elinor Delmar. And all evening, she talked to Mr. Tracy, how she would give her pretty eye teeth to get the leading role in “The Country Girl.” And what do you know—the next day, Tracy went to his friend, Bill Perlberg, producer of “The Country Girl,” and told him he was plain crazy if he didn’t test Grace Kelly for the role—for which, as you remember, he received the Oscar. However, Tracy never received the other date with her.

But with Bing Crosby, her co-star in “The Country Girl,” Grace occasionally danced at night with the boys. And I was twenty years younger.” And with Cary Grant, her co-star in “To Catch a Thief,” Grace became a close friend. The clearing of the life, Betsy. And in New York, and while on the Paramount Ranch, “To Catch a Thief,” she seemed to be having a bit of flurry with Oleg Cassini, the ex-husband of Gene Tierney. And, again, another suitor. A very sensible gentleman, who doesn’t bother to use his title of Count in this country. And last spring, Grace noted the wide-spread publicity Jean Pierre Aumont received from “A Canterbury Tale.” Grace received a couple of years before dating Barbara Stanwyck.

Then Grace Kelly, who truly had everything—beauty, youth, fame, wealth, Hollywood and into “The Swan.” This picture is about a beautiful princess who falls in love and then gives up her love for the good of her country. (Any resemblance between this story and a certain royal British romance is purely intentional.) All during the making of “The Swan,” (Continued on page 84)
A stare is born...

AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENS, the moment you make your entrance in a Warnerette®! Warnerettes are those trim, light-minded girdles that put you—so beautifully—right in the center of the stage...give you the smooth, young lines of the most fabulous leading lady.

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Warner's cloud-light circular stitched bra, in white, #2170; $2.50.
Grace's engagement ring, a band of diamonds entwined with a band of rubies, represents the royal colors of Monaco. Grace and Rainier plan to be married in the French Palace as soon as she has finished, appropriately, a short visit in France; which will be arranged by Prince Rainier. As soon as His Serene Highness has completed some royal business matters.

After returning to Hollywood, Grace wasted no time in beginning preparations for the wedding. Fabulous offers began pouring in from couturiers all over the world, asking permission to make her dresses without charge or even pay her for the privilege. Grace, full of her well-established habit of saying nothing. Then, finally, she made her choice—Helen Rose, the noted M-G-M designer, was picked for her grace for her three top films. Miss Rose, who has an authority on the Kelly chic, says Grace's bridal gown will undoubtedly be austere in line, since this is what the princess-to-be always does. Even Grace's gown was made too simple for her tastes. The gown will most likely be of white satin with real lace, and underneath Grace will wear what she calls a "pretty color"—for this is what she has always insisted upon in her movie clothes: the palest blues, pinks, yellows. No do gooders, no trimmings, and a "pretty color." These are Grace's desire.

And so, she who was the lonely princess in "The Swan" will become Her Serene Highness, the Princess of Monaco, who will live in the royal palace of 296 rooms, in a fairytale land where there are no income taxes, no war, few crimes, nothing but pleasure pursed. The royal palace was opened to the public by the next door to the opera house, where ballet, operas and dramas are performed constantly. It overlooks the Mediterranean where Grace and Rainier can swim or yachting. Next door is France and only a mile or so south is Italy.

What's more, it appears that the lady can go on a vacation. Why? Not when, few films take more than some eight weeks to be shot, and Grace's salary is somewhere around $100,000 for such a period. And, it says she has virtually promised to come back, after her marriage, and make "Designing Woman" for them.

This is not an appropriate title. For Grace is a thoughtful woman, an idealist, a dreamer and a doer, who will undoubtedly make the most beautiful princess the world has ever seen.

If she wanted an heir or heirs to the centuries-old throne of Monaco and she and the Prince live happily ever after, who could ask for anything more? The End
HAIR WASHED WITH NEW WOODBURY SHAMPOO
HOLDS CURL BETTER, KEEPS SET LONGER

Woodbury's special "curl-keeping" ingredient makes the difference!
The left side of this girl's head was washed with New Woodbury Shampoo — the right with her regular brand. You can see what's happened. The right side is limp, straggly. The Woodbury side is springy, curly, beautifully manageable. Leading shampoos were tested this way on hundreds of women and the results were thoroughly checked by Good Housekeeping Magazine. The tests showed: Hair washed with Woodbury holds curl better, keeps set longer — without hair sprays, lacquers, rinses! New Woodbury Shampoo can't dry out your hair because it contains a special "curl-keeping" ingredient that protects natural hair oils. You'd expect a remarkable shampoo like this to cost more money. But so much Woodbury is sold, it can be priced at less than half as much as any other leading shampoo. A generous bottle costs only 39¢. Use Woodbury today. You're guaranteed the prettiest, liveliest curls you've ever had — the loveliest, lastingest hair-do. Your money back otherwise.
WHERE TO BUY PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS

Page 63:

DOBBE HAT
Atlanta, Ga.—George Muse Clothing Co.
Chicago, III.—Rockefeller Clothing Co.
Dallas, Tex.—Hallahan & Foy Co.
Houston, Tex.—Sakowitz Bros.
Los Angeles, Cal.—Rose’s Downtown
San Antonio, Tex.—Frank Bros.
San Francisco, Cal.—Jones Bros.

EXCELSO SHIRT
Atlanta, Ga.—George Muse Clothing Co.
Boston, Mass.—Austin’s
Los Angeles, Cal.—Rothskind’s Downtown
Minneapolis, Minn.—Morgan’s
New Orleans, La.—Porter’s
New York, N. Y.—Waller & Heitheimer

JAIETY JUNIOR SUIT
Chicago, III.—M. B. Sachs
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Max Amsterdam

KINGSWAY SHOES
St. Louis, Mo.—Hendy’s
Washington, D. C.—Nelligan’s Men’s Shoe Store

DANIEL RAYS GLOVES
Cincinnati, O.—Shillito’s

HICKOY TRAVEL CASE
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous & Barr

MEEKER WALLET
Columbus, O.—Wadsworth’s
San Diego, Cal.—Falls, The Trunk Man

WELDON PAJAMAS
Berkeley, Cal.—J. F. Hick
Denver, Colo.—Baker’s
Detroit, Mich.—Hughes and Hatcher
Shreveport, La.—Sethrer Bros.

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CONNIE SHOES
Bloomington, Ind.—The Wicks Store

GOTHAM HOSIERY
Boston, Mass.—McCambridge’s
Cleveland, O.—The May Co.
Providence, R. I.—L. Gardiner’s
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous & Barr
Washington, D. C.—Frank T. Enoff

GRAND DUCHES HAND BAG
Baltimore, Md.—Hechel&Co. John
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Urban’s
Chicago, III.—Mandell Bros.
Newark, N. J.—Joel Brander’s

VERA SCARF
Newark, N. J.—R. Hamburger’s
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop

FLORAL MOVES DAISIES
Atlanta, Ga.—Rich’s
New York, N. Y.—Lord & Taylor
Washington, D. C.—JuliusGarfinkel

HUSKIES SHOES
Cincinnati, O.—D. & S. Pope
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Kaufmann’s

MEEKER HANDBAG
Columbus, O.—Gay’s
San Diego, Cal.—Falls, The Trunk Man

SUPERB GLOVES
Chicago, III.—Carson Pirie Scott

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BAAR & BEARDS SCARF
Atlanta, Ga.—Rich’s
Chicago, III.—Carson Pirie Scott
New York, N. Y.—Oppenheim Collins
Philadelphia, Pa.—Lit Bros.
Portland, Or.—Meyer & Frank

BOBBIE JEROME HANDBAG
Chicago, Ill.—Carson Pirie Scott

CHARM BELT
Columbus, O.—F. & R. Luxton
New York, N. Y.—J. Arnold Constable
St. Paul, Minn.—M. H. Good Rule

SHEETY SCARF
Boston, Mass.—Fleming’s
Edina, Minn.—Minneapolis, Creek
Newark, N. J.—J. Stamberger’s

NEW ERA BLOUSE
Alexandria, Va.—Thielman’s
Flint, Mich.—A. M. Davison Co.

WEAR-RIGHT GLOVES
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
St. Augustine, Fla.—A.K. Co.

BRELLA-BAG BY GIANT
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Cleveland, O.—The May Co.
Los Angeles, Cal.—Aldrich & Koerner
Newark, N. J.—J. Stamberger’s
Philadelphia, Pa.—Lit Bros.

(Continued from page 84)

male relatives to get Grace and the Prince through the crowd at the door. "I darned near couldn't get in myself," said her father. "I had to sneak in through the basement."

Even then, Lady Grace largely kept her own counsel. Only details of the match were revealed. The Prince had brought the engagement ring with him from Monaco. It fit Grace's finger exactly. They didn't yet know whether there would be a wedding in Philadelphia or Monaco. To the Prince, it didn't matter, but the Kellys indicated that they wanted to ask no exception to the rules of the Roman Catholic Church. They indicated that they feared that Grace, like any other girl, be married in her own parish.

But for all their intended reticence, the story was too good to keep and, bit by bit, the details came out.

Mutual friends, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Austin of near-by Atlantic City, told of the Prince's romantic weekend. They had first met him, the Austins revealed, last summer in Miami. At a mention of Grace's name, Rainier had got them tickets to the already-sold-out opening of the Casino. Later, he invited them to have cocktails at the palace, with himself and Father Tucker. In, they then, had invited them to visit them "any time." When he arrived in New York, Rainier let the Austins know he and his chaplain would like to spend Christmas at their home.

After dinner, said Mrs. Austin, "we all drove over to visit the Kellys."

Just as if the Prince were any other nice young man, they joined the Kelly family in the Winwood recreation room. There, in the laughter and talk and the Prince showed no desire to leave.

"I expected him to stay just a little while and he stayed for hours," said Jack Kelly, later. "Then I began to notice the way he and Grace were looking at each other. You couldn't escape it. They were in love."

The Austins were worried about the icy roads. Father Tucker said he had to get back to Wilmington. The Prince didn't budge. In the end, Mrs. Kelly extended the invitation any mother who had a big house and plenty of guest rooms would issue under such conditions. She asked Rainier to stay overnight. While she prepared a guest room, Jack Kelly drove Father Tucker to the train and the Prince and Grace drove over to her sister Peggy's house to have a late snack—and a few minutes of privacy en route. The next day, the Prince drove Grace back to New York to keep an appointment.

But it wasn't long before he was back in Philadelphia. "My father knew his intentions before I did," said Grace. "He asked for my hand."

And, indeed, Rainier got some straight talk from Jack Kelly. "I asked him," said Mr. Kelly, "just what kind of a husband he intended to be. I told him we didn't care a thing about his titles, or his being a prince. It was the man himself who mattered to us. So he and Father Tucker told me all about the things he wants to do and I liked what they had to say."

People had a preview of what the future held. When Highness Patricia of Monaco may be like when the night after the engagement had been announced, escorted by the Prince and accompanied by her parents, she attended the triumphal Carl Ball at the Waldorf-Astoria. Her gown was a white faille creation by Dior, ethereal and lovely. Her flowers were white orchids. And she looked just exactly like all her admiring audience always had—every inch a princess.
You can’t see what’s happening underneath your make-up!

But you can be sure invisible skin bacteria won’t spoil your complexion—if you wash with Dial Soap!

Ordinary good soaps wash away dirt and make-up. But they leave thousands of skin bacteria. You can’t see or feel them. But when you put on fresh make-up, these bacteria are free to spread surface blemishes underneath.

But daily washing with Dial Soap not only removes dirt and make-up—but clears away up to 95% of blemish-spreading bacteria! Then Dial keeps on working—underneath your make-up! So your complexion is protected all day!

What’s Dial’s secret? It’s AT-7—the most effective bacteria remover known! So before you make-up—wash up with mild, gentle Dial Soap.

Dial Soap protects your complexion—even under make-up!

P.S. Dial Shampoo gives you that diamond sparkle look!
My Boss, Bill

Although he's worked his way up to the pinnacle of his profession, Bill still seems to think he's a newcomer who has to make good. I don't mean this literally, of course. But he never seems to realize it's a physical impossibility to grant every request that crosses his desk. There is such a thing as being too nice, especially when it effects one's health. So when Bill suffers from a severe headache, from tension and nerves, I speak up and remind him that he doesn't have to do this or that. Invariably, the result is just what I've learned to expect.

"I'm sure you're right, Elinor," he answers wearily, "but I'd still like to try." I remember one particularly hectic day when Bill was booked for an appointment every thirty minutes. At 6 p.m., he was at his wit's end and finally exploded as only Bill can explode! Why was he killing himself? he asked. What was he trying to prove? This was it—the end. From now on he would go out to look for himself—do what he wanted to do when he wanted to do it. At that moment the phone rang and Bill happened to answer it. When he hung up there was a quizical sort of exclamation! Bill didn't reply; he just sat there with a blank look in his eye. I think I was less surprised than I thought.

"That was the studio reception desk," he said weekly. "They said two fellows from Pepperdine College have been sitting on the curb all day waiting to see me!"

Naturally I knew the details. Someone is always waiting to see Bill and these particular two wanted to become actors. Bill couldn't possibly help them or the endless others who've made the same request. He listened to my argument with exhaustion oozing from every pore. I know he doesn't like to hurt anyone, neither do I. But while it's admirable that Bill wants to encourage people, at the same time I think it's less painful to say no right at the beginning.

"Just have them come in for a few minutes.

He said sheepishly—because he knew I was right. Now what do you do with a man like that? And wouldn't it be a wonderful world if there were more men like him?

When he isn't acting, Bill still keeps regular office hours and sometimes, to avoid endless interruptions, we take the afternoon off. I mean, we go out to his house and work. Other actors are immune to this daily grind, so why does Bill drive himself? What's so special about him? I hear this constantly, and only one who would understand him can answer this question.

Sometimes my husband and I drop by and visit Bill's parents who live near us in the San Fernando Valley. According to Mr. and Mrs. Jones, Bill has never been part of their son's make-up, and he has always possessed a deep-rooted sense of responsibility. Today, as a result, Bill and other interests include such because friends, family, his profession and his fellow man all come first. Fortunately for others, but not so fortunately for Bill's well-being, when he gives his word, his time, or his heart, he never gives a terrific strain on him and his loved ones. He's well aware of this, but he couldn't change even if he wanted to change!

During 1955, Bill worked every weekday and Sunday, and in his spare time he was busy several nights a week, this never upsets his understanding wife, Ardis (Brenda's real name), who knows it's an integral part of her husband's particular pattern. And last year he made four—Bill is on the Board of Governors for the Motion Picture Academy, he attends meetings at the Screen Actors' Guild, and has special problems, he's active in trying to arrange a local film festival—he's a member of the Hollywood Coordinating Committee and the Foreign Language Film Committee.

Bill is a producer at Homel Pictures, oil stocks as well as stock in KIXL, a Dallas radio station. He was also instrumental in bringing the superb Japanese film, "Samurai," to this country. Besides all this, Bill is an art collector, galleries, collect books (right now he's reading up on Far East philosophy) and every kind of recording from symphonies to Dixieland. Bill's taste in cars has always been the best, but recently he fell for a Thunderbird!

Between location jaunts and visiting our armed forces all over the world, Bill knows people from every walk of life. He contacts them all still in his capacity as an ambassador and takes time to visit returns from such far-off places as Hong Kong, Tokyo and Korea. There have been days when a GI has dropped by the offices followed by a Japanese soldier or Italian ambassador and a prince from Siam. Every day is different and stimulating.

When I came to work for Bill there were no instructions. I can only remember him making one brief statement: "This is a business office, Elinor, and I hope you'll like it and feel that you're a necessary part of the organization."

I must say it's been out of his way to make me feel this way. He has always introduced me to every visitor and the door is never closed between us. Every conference is in a corner of the room. Bill makes his opinions about decisions, he encourages criticism, and even when he sends me on an errand, I'm always instructed to "do anything you want to do for yourself, too."

Although Bill's experience has been limited, since working for Bill it happens vicariously. I mean I've read up on the Far East he loves, because besides being a secretary, I'm also a guide in a small way! Bill Winans enjoys the view of our brick-lined walls of our office feature souvenirs of Bill's travels. They hold such treasures as Balinese puppets, a tomb rubbing print taken from an emperor's tomb, a golden god from Bangkok, a stone head taken of...
Now—easy to be a BLONDE AGAIN!

Simpler than setting your hair! Now a drab blonde can be a true natural-looking blonde again—and so easily! Just color-treat your hair to Light and Bright—the gentle do-it-yourself brightener.

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Get a bottle today—be a blonde beauty tomorrow. Only $1.50 plus tax.

LIGHT and BRIGHT

by RICHARD HUDNUT
(Continued from page 48) with cowboys and learned their lingo. I lived, breathed and slept Curly.

I think Sheila is the best wife in the world. Of course, she never had any other wife, maybe I'm prejudiced. But believe me, on the basis of almost sixteen years' acquaintance and nearly fifteen of solid marriage, I don't know if marriage could be greater. Sheila has given me two daughters and two sons. She's bringing them up wonderfully. All these years she's put up with me, my forgetting to come home, my long absences, my often mas- tering her a golf widow, my constant singing. Besides, she's a doll to look at.

But, she helped me, I think the time I appreciated Sheila most was when I was on the kick of getting "Oklahoma!"—or else. The "or else" was that if I got "Oklahoma!" I believed I'd get "Carousel," and I'd had my heart set on doing "Carousel" since 1948.

Or, looked at in another way, it was what I'd been aiming for since I was sixteen and determined to be a singer. My father ran a machine shop in Syracuse, New York, and he had hoped I'd join in the business. I had always been haunted by the thought of being a professional musician. I dreamed of having lived, of having loved music himself, and sympathized with my intense desire to sing and didn't try to stop me. I was still in my teens when Dad died, so, instead of going on to college as planned, I went to work. Eventually, I got a job acting—for the grand sum of five dollars a week, plus room and board—at the Mill Pond Playhouse in Roslyn, New York. It was there I met Sheila, who also had acting ambitions, but less than a year later gave them up to marry me.

Later, I joined NBC as a page. One day, Horace, usually a perfect gentleman, happened to hear me exercising my vocal chords in the lounge and, in need of a singer, he asked me to join his orchestra. After touring and singing with him for close to a year, I appeared on Broadway for the first time in "Junior Miss." Then I sang with Ray Bloch's orchestra and on CBS Radio until the war caught up with me and I joined the Air Corps, to become a bombardier.

I came home from the war and found myself wanting to do "Carousel" since 1948, because that was the year I started in movies. I had appeared in the Broadway musical, "Three to Make Ready," with Ray Bolger, and after that was signed by Warners. And, once I had my foot in the movie door, I began directing my dreams toward the movie screen. Horace had planned to be made into a picture and I'd play the lead role.

Today, I'm delighted that our daughter Meredith, who's eleven, knows that she wants to be in business. As a matter of fact, she makes a sale to an audience in "Carousel," and she's swelled in it, too. Nothing will please me more than if the rest of our gang—Heather, Gar and Robert—when they get a little older, make the same decision. Because I've gained nothing but happiness from my determination, back there when I was a kid, to sing for my supper and everything else. I loved show business then, I love it now. It really burns me when I hear people knock it—particularly since, as I said, Sheila and I found each other through show business.

Sheila has tremendous talent. I never asked her to give up her career and, in some ways, I wish that she hadn't. That's just because I think she would have been such a smash. Sometimes now she plays a young-age date 'way up close to me, as she still terrific. But she treats such an engagement as a lark and claims she prefers just to be my wife and mother of our brood.

That's my private-life side of it. Professionally, all the seamy side of show business I've heard about, all that routine about a broken heart for every bright light on Broadway, and that other fable about the only way to get ahead in Hollywood is to double-cross and lie, are things I've never encountered. I'm not playing ostrich. I suppose they can be there. But the route has been easier for me—up until I began encountering Rodgers and Hammerstein.

I just plain love to sing. So if I coach three to four hours a day—and I do—that's not suffering, as far as I'm concerned. I want something, too, but music is a real passion with me.

So back in 1948, when a charming girl named Jan Clayton told me about a show named "Allegro" coming out of Broadway, I got hold of two tickets if they (Rodgers and Hammerstein) would listen to me. They conceded as how they would. They were listening to everybody then, just as they were listening to everybody, years later, in Hollywood when they first began casting "Oklahoma!" If there were two men with open minds and ears, that was why I had to read "Allegro" songs from the copy, which isn't easy, but I managed it, and I thought I did pretty well.

They didn't and another actor got the role. But I had learned one lesson that experience taught me.

Lesson one was about the value of friendship—in this case, Jan Clayton tipping me off about the audition.

Lesson two was the value of preparing.

Out of these grew lesson three for me, the meaning of faith. The Bible says it is. That's true. Faith has to be as broad as your eyes.

If you believe that your faith can guide you the breaks—and I certainly do believe it—then you've got to give your faith power to produce. And it will.

For example, being ready for the break in my own case, this meant being known as a "comeback" when I met "Oklahoma!" Sure as Gibraltar, that was. When I first looked at it, it wasn't a comeback at all. I had been busy full-time with radio and TV work and night-club engagements. I'd been the scene for more than a year delib- erately. And still I'd been offered "Warring"—who's a very good friend of mine, incidentally—and asked to be released for my contract exactly one year before I told "Oklahoma!" was mine.

I'd been a happy guy at Warners, liked co-starring with Doris Day. I was making very good money. But I wanted out because I saw I was getting into the pleasantest ruts in the world. And the contracts were getting too tight. I got tired of doing things that were easy, taking money that was too easy, and letting myself get a little bra around the waistline. So I said to Jan: "Let's stay friends. Give me some of the privileges of parking my car on your any time, but shake me off the payroll when you are under contract, you can go after the roles you want. You had to take what you give you. So I became more selective in order to return."

And so for a year, I did a lot of stunts and the print version of the play. I'd seen the star production several times, of course, and knew all the music Curly sang. But wanted to know every word of the show and so 1 hired a female who scored and scripted of "Oklahoma!" So off the entire MacRae family. Our house turned into a theatre, and night after night, Sheila played all the women's parts. I played all the men. Sometimes a close friend, Jeff Chandler, stopped in to pl Jas or our pal Gene Nelson would come through one of the roles, or Dean Mart would try out his pipes on another.

After a while, I died and rose, but nothing back, died, and coached vocally. Nick and day I prayed.

I said to Sheila, "If the Good Lord will make me to get Curly, I'll get it." She said, "Why, Gordon, of course He does." And kept on working, dieting, praying.

Finally, as the weeks went by and the contest for the part narrowed, I could stand waiting around. So I flew to Spokes to play some golf. I was out on the links with a pro named—so help me—Curly when someone came running out from clubhouse to tell me my wife was called
or a moment I was panicked, thinking something was wrong with the kids. I needed to phone and said, "Hello." "Hello, honey," said Sheila—and I knew. We had hardly started working on Oklahoma! when "Carousel" was bought by 20th Century-Fox—and I started aiming for that one. The lead in "Carousel" was not only a singing but an acting role—a big acting role. So I began coaching, and began praying. I bought the printed story of "Carousel," and once again our home turned into a theatre. We learned all the music, and all the parts. And I started forming wires to Darryl Zanuck, another end of mine.

Now let me digress a moment to say I’ve also heard a lot of stories to the effect that producers hate actors and vice versa, but I’ve never personally encountered this either. Why should producers and actors be at each other’s throats when both are after the same thing—the best possible picture? It’s the same as workers in any other trade hating the boss. What sense does that make? The boss can’t get along without you, if you are really good, and you can’t get along without him, if he’s really good. So why fight? Or why be jealous of their fellow's in the same sort of job? I can’t help admire Dean Martin, and Jeff Chandler, and all the other actors who constantly drop in and out of my house as I do at theirs, or whom I encounter on the golf links or in clubs. Personally, I believe you will learn more from the fellowship of friends than you could learn in nine colleges.

So I wired Darryl, and I wired Rodgers and Hammerstein. I coached and coached in the music. They listened—but I listened, too, to the rumors that it was Frank Sinatra whom they wanted.

It’s a curious thing the way that Frank’s and my career have overlapped. One of my biggest breaks came the time that Frank was getting his first big break, back in the spring of 1943, when he was the rage of theobbybosses. One Sunday, I couldn’t show up for his CBS program, and just went to church when CBS called me—the unknown Gordon MacRae—to come over to the studio to stand in for him. Fortunately, a friend (there’s that word again) took the message, changed doors to the church for me and Sheila. CBS heard I’d have to be there exactly at noon. It was then after twelve and I tore out of church and to a phone. "Give me ten minutes," I promised. Well, you know the id, or I probably wouldn’t be here now.

So, twelve years after, here were Sinatra and MacRae touching careers again in Hollywood.

Then I read he was signed. But my faith persisted. Why? I can’t exactly tell you why. I didn’t know why myself. But this much I knew. There isn’t as much talent in the world as people like to suppose—and I don’t mean to mean a talent for singing or acting. I mean the talent of being responsible, of doing your job well, of getting long with people, being and kind of trying to make the other fellow happy because they themselves wish to make themselves happy. No matter what your job, if you really do it well, and honestly like it, you’re not going to get fired. And the break—the big break—will come to you, especially if you don’t hang around and wait for it. My break, with "Carousel," was theraziest. Twentieth was making it in two processes, in two different widths. Frank refused to make the two versions for the array he’d been originally signed for and broke his contract. I don’t know whether e was right or wrong in his stand. I have a admit I don’t even care. For he walked and-and—and—led on in... with God's help, perfectly sure.
When There's a Daughter in the House

(Continued from page 79)

beginning, Cheryl has always had a certain number of chores to perform around the house. She has been expected to make her bed, help with the laundry, and tidy up her own room. She is supposed to feed her dog and bird, to tidy up their quarters, and to keep her white shoes cleaned. Sometimes, of course, she has had to be reminded to do things.

“I guess,” laughs Lana, “all mothers are familiar with that often repeated refrain, ‘Later, Mommy, later’

Now that Cheryl is older, Lana feels that her chores are not enough for her. So while Cheryl was away at camp last summer, Lana discharged all her servants.

“We’re now doing our own housework and cooking,” she explains. “Cheryl sets the table and helps with the dishes and does all the ordinary chores around the house that other girls her age are being trained to do. I’d like to have her learn how to prepare meals, too, simple things at first.

“I missed this valuable training because I went to work at fifteen and the little M-G-M school I attended didn’t have a cooking course. But I’ve gone to regular high schools. I’ve always been embarrassed by my deficiency as a cook.”

Lana has definite reasons for feeling that the absence of housework and chores is bad thing. Of course, Lana is preparing for Cheryl’s future in a material way. But she realizes that financial security is never a certain thing and that it is far more valuable for Cheryl to get a feeling for the world so that she can take care of herself. When Cheryl reaches adulthood, Lana wants her to be able to say, “Whatever happens I can support myself, feed myself, do the job that people want done.”

That is why Lana also wants Cheryl to attend college, and has been talking about this ever since Cheryl was little. (Lana believes that if you repeat a thing often enough it becomes taking.

Right now, Cheryl is in the typical twelve-year-old stage of only wanting “to have fun.” Her attitude is that familiar one of “Grin and bear it.” “Once I’m out of school, I’m never going to be bothered by it again.”

But Lana realizes this is only a phase not to be taken seriously. She doesn’t argue with Cheryl about why she should go to college. She knows that if she does, she will just be tuned out.

“Cherie,” Lana says instead, “I’m not going to make the decisions for you. But why don’t you give it some thought, beginning this in turn gives her the assurance that she greatly needs in her teens. Not that she doesn’t know what might pass for a foreign language now,” Lana laughs, thinking of the jive talk that floats around the house whenever Cheryl and her friends are there. There’s no dictionary to help you with this language. Why, an entire conversation can get going right over your head!

This jargon, Lana knows, is only a prelude to the language on that age level.

But, like most mothers caught in a similar situation, Lana doesn’t want to show her ignorance by flatly asking Cheryl what she’s talking about. The further she dares go is to ask casually from time to time, “What did you tell me is the new word they’re using for such-and-such?”

One other sound piece of advice that Lana gives her daughter is: When in doubt, don’t.

Cheryl is already being influenced by the effects of the gang stage, and Lana knows that as her daughter proceeds through the teens, she is going to be more and more pronounced. She herself can remember that just about the worst agony in the world was to be considered a wet blanket.

But there are bound to be some girls in the group who will try to persuade the others to join them in questionable pursuits. Consequently, Lana tells Cheryl, “Remember one thing. You are a lady. That doesn’t mean you have to be stuffy or prudish or prim. But, darling, think twice before you do or say something that might either cheapen you or embarrass someone else. Try to be tactful, and if something’s going on that you just don’t feel like being a part of, walk away from it. But you can walk away with a smile.

“If someone says, ‘Aw, come on, you’re being silly,’ you can answer honestly, ‘Well, you kids go ahead. I just don’t happen to like that sort of thing. But don’t let me bankrupt your fun.’”

Because Lana and Cheryl have always been good friends, Cheryl listens to her mother’s advice. More than once has she found out things that were not on the “right” track, but known her mother would not approve of. And she has found out, too, that her action has influenced other girls in the group to follow her example.

And what is the attitude of her daugh-

ter is: Always feel free to invite your friends to your home.

“I know how important this is to a young girl,” Lana says. “You see, when you’re looking for mates, people, and families. They just didn’t understand that teenagers can’t help being noisy sometimes. They’re sprouting feathers, spreading wings, trying to learn how to fly. So often, I tell, ‘Don’t bring those rowdy kids around here any more.’

“I hope there will always be such an atmosphere of warmth in our home that Cheryl’s friends will want to come over,” Lana says, and isn’t that better than flying off to the beach with the blinkers and the cars?”

Lana assures her daughter that not only will her friends be welcome but that she will long to have them all over so that she’ll know their names and can greet them and make them feel at ease. Letting a girl bring in her friends and being allowed to entertain them as she pleases, Lana feels gives her the power to make friends so important to a teenager. If the art of meeting people can be acquired in these years, it will help her all through life.

“I still am so shy,” Lana confesses, “that I can’t make the first move. And new groups of people, I just die inside. I guess most of us suffer from a bit of shyness. Even the big bully who swagger around and makes a nuisance of himself just covering up his feeling of insecurity in the hopes that no one will know how he’s quaking.”

Lana has taken great pains to explain to her daughter, because she knows it will help put Cheryl at ease when she finds herself in the presence of strangers.

“If you just realize, honey, that the person is as shy at meeting you as you are meeting him, it will help. "If you’re, "If you’ll only take time to think about that, it opens the way. In no time at all you’ll be talking like old friends.”

Lana also has a valuable warning for Cheryl: “Remember, darling,” she says, “whatever you do, in the end it will be yourself whom you will have to face.”

Of course, for a girl to understand this, she will have to know the difference between right and wrong. And, in Lana’s book, the sooner a girl learns this, the better equipped she will be to face her teens. Also, it is so important for mothers to realize that a naughtiness a child is certain to exhibit in the process of growing up.

“I know very well the temptation to give up in despair and say, ‘My child! How could I possibly have brought such a trouble into the house?’ But Lana adds, “If we can just realize that the child is having as difficult a time as we are, the troublesome periods will only serve to draw us closer to our children.”

Lana recalls, for instance, Cheryl’s “untruthful period” when she was eight.

“When they tell you such bland lie looking you right in the face like angels, that’s when I was feeling that the phase is normal. Yet, of course, you can just take for granted that it will pass. You can’t take a chance on letting your child grow up saddled with this habit. To keep that kind of thing from spreading to other people, until finally you go to the truth.”

Once Lana had the truth she would listen quietly to Cheryl’s story. When the child had finished, Lana would say, “Now when you think where you look, honey, let’s stop kidding around. You’ve had your fun. You’ve told whopper. But I know what really happened. It wasn’t anything just tricks or fibs or excuses you think that I haven’t pulled myself. My mother did it before me. And your child will it after you. So let’s discuss the problem separately without any beating around the bush.”

Lana discovered that the real frankness between her and Cheryl made than made up for the trouble it had taken to find out the truth and have the patience to talk it over with Cheryl.

Today Cheryl finds it difficult to lie. Sometimes, if she tries, her con

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Lana tells her daughter, "Cherie, if you wear a dress, no one ever says it. It isn't any use trying to kid yourself with the thought that your mother doesn't know about it. They'll get through her with all that!"

Lana's last bit of advice to her daughter is, "If you have any questions or problems, come to me and we'll discuss them."
Barefoot Girl with Chic

(Continued from page 59)

The girls had hashed over their dates and doings and given advice only when asked. (This is one of their rules of living together and liking it.) It was monthly rent time, so they had all forked over $88 apiece. And they had filled the weekly food kitty with six dollars each, plus ten. About every three weeks, it takes ten extra dollars apiece to restock the diminishing larder for three healthy appetites. Rita had given Louise her weekly admonition that she must stop hiding her beautiful face behind a microphone and do a television show. Now they were deeply engrossed in Rita's tales of Twentieth and the making of "The King and I." As Princess Tuptim, Rita's career has begun to zoom, and the girls were caught up in the excitement of having their belief in Rita proven. Rita was smartly dressed in gown and robe, the subtle scent of White Shoulders perfume lingering around her carefully done hair and bright face. Rita is definitely chic, but a peek under the table proves she is also barefoot.

Being barefoot, on screen and off, is very natural for Miss Moreno. In movies, she is just as often barefoot as in real life. As an Indian, Latin or Mexican, she has invariably: 1) lost her man; 2) gotten killed; 3) watched her man get killed; or 4) taken a running high dive off a cliff—mostly barefooted.

"I had a run of deaths for a while," muses Rita. "I died in my very first picture, 'So Young, So Bad.' In fact, I did everything many an actress dreams of doing in that picture. I was beaten violently; my hair was shaved off against my will in reform school; I was almost psychotically afraid of people; and I ended up hanging myself. That was in 1940, when I was seventeen. I wish I had a chance to do it again now."

When Rita was seventeen she had been in show business for thirteen years and had been a professional since she was nine. Her mother's sacrifices, plus Rita's determination and belief that she would catch the brass ring, began when she was four and started dancing lessons with Pasc Cansino.

"Mother and I were alone," Rita ex-

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way. A day didn't pass that at least on occasion an old lady clucked, "Sham on you, wearing such a man's age!" and danced at Macy's for three years and seventy and seven hundred and seventy performances."

At thirteen, Rita was cast in a Broadway show, "The Lady in The Open Door." The play was called "Skydrift," and it lasted three days, but the food was good. Rita played young daughter who sat consuming spaghetti at the dining table. (It was in the role that she utilized the line: "I love spaghetti.) It was during the mother dramatic scene when she thinks she sees her son who was killed in the war. Or opening night, dark-haired, button-eye Rita was leaning over the spaghetti and grinning like a banshee at the audience. The audience went with her and, instead of serious laughter, laughter filled the thea-

"Scene-stealing was explained to me in very fine tones by that actress when we finally got off stage," Rita recalls. "She really rapped me out. It's just as well in play folded and it was on stage I would have been as fat as a tub of lard.

But that play and the constant radio commercials and occasional dramatic part—never the same to the same audiences—had a bad impact on Rita. She realized she wanted to do more than dance . . . she wanted to become an actress.

"I promised myself that I'd be in pictures—" she says thoughtfully. "By then I was getting good roles on radio, like Bernadette and Fatima on The Ave Maria Hour, but still doing bitsy gurgles for commercials. I hate night-time. I'd like to go to bed. I just don't. They were the only way up. So at fifteen I started. I soon learned that Spanish dancing is not for clubs. The patrons are looking for rageza-ma-tazz and oh-ye-o-o-o! All my night club dates were out of town except for one week at Leon & Eddie's, and some weekends in a Bronx club. But I couldn't always convince my bosses that I was twenty. The couple that owned the Bronx club were sweet. They treated me like a daughter. When the authoritries would come into the club to check up on things, they'd lock me up in the girls' room or throw me out. I remember one time the police put me at a table with my back to the door, so I'd at least look like a 'mature woman' of twenty-one!

"I learned those clubs," Rita says quietly. "I met everything from sugar daddies to young punks. I began really observing human nature without realizing it. I met some fine people, too. I learned to look past the surface into people. Quite often the cynical or wisecracking person is hiding a wonderful nature behind a façade. I learned not to make quick de-

As Rita struggled doggedly through the rugged night-club circuit—doing her classical Spanish dances and listening to the bawdy laughter and the slapstick comedians—it would have been easy to become bitter. But Rita didn't have time. She was experiencing life, taking from it just what she could use and ignoring the ones less surrounding her. At seventeen, she was that combination of age-old wisdom and wide-eyed innocence that would have been easy to love poverty be the excuse for failure. But poverty only gave Rita the overpowering
The danger in waiting for your child to outgrow pimples

by MARCELLA HOLMES
(former beauty editor of "Glamour" magazine)

Of all the mail that reaches a beauty editor's desk, there is none so urgent as letters from adolescent girls with pimples. That's why I want to alert mothers to the double dangers of this problem. Psychologists tell us that pimples undermine poise and self-confidence, can cause permanent damage to a child's personality. Skin specialists warn that acne-type pimples, if neglected, can leave permanent scars on the skin.

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pear constantly in the columns. She doesn't date for publicity—only for fun. And what a fun date! It's almost a second marriage for Rita. She enjoys the people she's with. She loves Scrabble, charades, any game. If she can't enjoy people, she'd rather stay home, read a good book, watch television or just talk to her cats. 

"I enjoy dating," Rita explains with enthusiasm. "I like to date the kind of men I can learn from. When I first came out here, I thought I'd get married. I played the famous Wyatt Earp on television. Hugh asked me to go horseback riding with him. Most men would back out when a girl said she didn't know how. Not Hugh; he was the first one to say yes. Later, when I was cast as an Indian girl and, although I didn't do Hugh proud, I at least stayed on the animal. There were ten of us that had to ride past the camera and into the wind. I was clutching the saddle horn and scrunching up my legs, but Hugh was ready, yes! We sailed past that cowpoker so fast, the breeze we whipped up nearly floored him. If it hadn't been for Hugh's teaching, I wouldn't make the camera range right side up," Rita laughs.

"Jeff Hunter is another good friend that I've dated. He is a fine actor with a real goodness of character. He taught me the value of knowing how to live and be friendly with others. Then Rich Egan taught me the wonderful antidote for bitterness—faith. Rich is a fine man, with faith in God and faith in mankind, including me. He is the only type of friend a girl needs before he made the grade. The other day a producer came up, slapped him on the back, and told Rich he always said he'd make it. Rich didn't think it was phony. He just calls it what it is. Ric hadn't been wrong—he hadn't been ready. They didn't close the door in his face. They gave him bit parts and helped him learn his craft. Bitterness gets you nowhere, that's something Rich taught me.

In a way," Rita says thoughtfully, "when I date, I'm looking for all the traits and temperaments that my husband, the most important quality to me will be thoughtfulness. I don't like callous men. Cynical men, however, are usually bitter, and with patience they soften and become real human beings. My husband is really brilliant, and at twenty-six is trying to be an intellectual cynic. I like him as a friend, so I took the time to break down his defenses. He's wonderfully warm and interesting. He's still cocky with others, but never with me.

I do want to get married, and I want two or three children—but I want it to last forever. I think it's silly to say I want a man who should be my good fortune. I'll bring me flowers and candy every day. He can be short, fat and bald, if he's the right one. I think a lot of girls get a mental image of a physical man and are blind to real character.

I want to get married, but I don't know if I'm ready," Rita says honestly. "But I'm willing to try. I realize the tremendous responsibility you have to being willing to take on—and I'm ready to be responsible. But I do know this: there is nothing like a man to love."

Rita is strongly aware of the many things she still has to learn and experience. She doesn't know what she would do in a circumsstance she has not experienced. She knows she might have to give up her career for marriage. "Why anticipate it, it might not be necessary?" she says. She knows she'd like to live permanently. That's partly up to her future husband and partly up to the traveling Rita plans to do in the course of the transitory period she is living in.

During this period Rita is busy and happy. In her spare time she oil-paints waste-baskets, sews pearls and beadwork on table covers, and every evening Wylie and Faulkner (in a weird mood). Her secret passion is the ancient love letters of "Heloise and Abelard." An incurable, passionate love which has lasted an hour over the tragic love poured into their letters. Rita cries from her toes up, and laughs the same way.

She went to a neighborhood movie with her mother. They came home late. They had a Silly Jerry and Jerry cartoon had all the audience laughing, except for Rita. The silly cat was chasing a poor little duck and Rita cried through the whole cartoon. Her roommate was laughing so hard at Rita, she missed most of the cartoon.

Rita's sense of humor is just as strong and unexpected as her tearful reactions.

One night, Louise and Florence were sitting in a room listening to music. It was midnight and Rita should have been in bed because of an early studio call the next morning. Suddenly, Rita bounced into the living room, appropriately attired and done up in the romantic guise. Her impersonations are great. As the gum-chewing burley queen, she had the girls in stitches and it was quite late before Louise could get her pictures leveled. She may have hated herself in the morning, but she couldn't resist her playful impulse.

Rita has no temper, but she is temperamental. In the five years she's lived with Louise, there have been only two blow-ups. When she is hurt or unhappy she withdraws quietly, usually heading for the patio outside her first-floor blue and white bedroom. In the middle of summer, if she's in a mood, she rejoins the human race. She does not have extreme moods often. Generally, she is fun and easy to live with. She is warm and vital and mad about children. She just loves to listen to music. She never stops mothers on the street with babies and peppers into castles to ooh and aah. She adores her seven-year-old halfbrother, Dennis.

There's a little she grins. "Yesterday he said very seriously, 'Nanny, can I do just one show business with you. I'll be very good.' Dennis watches a lot of television, has studied the mandolin and is now on the accordion. He's a natural. He and Dennis live out here, but Mother is very wise, she will not live with me. She won't let me help her financially, either. But she is so proud of me."

Rita is highly emotionally generous. On one of her days off, while shopping in Hollywood, a woman and her nine-year-old girl came up and asked Rita for her autograph. The child was a real fan. She had stored the pictures and then named them. The woman and child were from the Middlewest. Impulsively, Rita asked them if they'd like to bring the child home for the day. Of course, mother and daughter loved every minute of that lunch in the commissary with the stars, and Rita was as thrilled as they, for she enjoys other people.

Rita has her eccentricities, however. When she's working, her bedroom looks as if a cyclone had struck. She can't throw away old fashion magazines: they pile up in huge stacks. Louise will suggest getting rid of them. Rita will look at the cover of an oldie and say, "Oh no, this one has just what I want in it."

Louise has given up the struggle to live in her own apartment. Rita has many noks and crannies to fill. Rita also has a mania for earrings and fancy shoes. She has more of both than she could ever use, but she keeps buying them. High-heel strappy strasses make her happiest—naturally, she kicks them off the moment she gets a chance.

Rita is not a happy waker-upper. It takes her an hour or so to react. When she goes off before she manages to grunt answers so her roommates will know she's not dead.

In the winter, she wears absolutely mad crazy flannel pajamas—bright red, leopard, gaudy colors. In the summer, she switches to shortie pastel nightgowns of nylon and lace, rhinestones and ruffles with panties to match. And for both seasons she gets all gussied up to go to bed. She takes almost as much time getting ready for bed as she does dressing in the morning. The face and hair must be just right (she has a strong feeling about creaming arms, legs, and back), and her last nightly ritual is to literally douse herself with White Shoulders cologne. Upon retiring, Miss Moreno is ready for an unexpected fire in the night.

Five years ago, when Rita and Louise started sharing an apartment, Rita couldn't make out on her personality, conceptions and blizzards. She loves to mess with spices and herbs and come up with variations on a recipe. They have a huge old stove with two ovens, a broiler and a wide one. "I enjoy cooking," she says. "I can't eat in the kitchen or on trays—thus the constant use of the dining room. They love to eat by candlelight...they love to eat at night.

There were four of us," sighs Rita drolly. "One day, even when her husband is out of town, she comes over and stays with us. We have a good system. We agreed in the beginning that any beefs should be brought right to the door, but we didn't keep our noses out of each other's dating. Of course, that doesn't stop us from making a big fuss when the phone rings at eleven-thirty at night. I call, give her the sit and make loud raps. Then I state congratulatory comments and suggestions. We also have a system for locking the door at night. There's a lamp near the door and we leave it lit with a glass shade. We put a key in 'Rita's here,' then 'Louise is here,' and the last one in locks the door and turns off the light. Phone messages are very important, so we put them on a large slate on the door.

"We're worse than parents about being late," Rita admits. "One night, one of the girls went out on a date and by three in the morning we were up worrying and straps. When she came home at five, the car had broken down and she didn't think of calling. So now if anyone's going to be unusually late, they call in so others won't spend the night pacing.

Rita's immediate interest in others and their problems is, perhaps, one reason she is so well liked on every set she's ever worked on. On "The King and I," set, electricians, mechanics, and all men who worked as producers called her Princess with honest affection. The reaction of workers on the set is a dead giveaway to a star's real personality. Through the expression of Rita's vitality, talent and sweetness.

It wasn't too long ago that a thin, big-eyed child stood in front of dress-shoe windows. "No, no fancy shoes," she said. "I am a princess and I can have everything I want."

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do a lot of skimming, you can understand why he deserves a few extra luxuries now.

Now you might conclude that Debbie is the only one that needs a string attached to his kite. But people don’t classify that easy. Take driving, for example. When Eddie is behind the wheel, he’s a moderate, cautious driver. If you had two dozen eggs in a basket, Eddie’s the boy you’d ask to drive them home for you. But when Debbie’s driving, she believes the shortest distance between two points is the maximum legal speed.

Or look at the way they each make decisions.

“**If I have to decide on something,**” Debbie says, “**I do it quickly. I’ve made most of my own decisions in my career. Sometimes it’s a question of choosing between making one of two pictures. I’ll decide in one hour or, at the longest, in a day.**”

Eddie, on the other hand, likes to analyze and think the situation out. “**I’ll take a week,**” he says, “**or longer if I have to.**”

He recently bought Debbie a set of golf clubs, but left the teaching to a pro. “**Look, I’m not that good to be teaching anyone, but you should see her swing.** She’s a natural.”

Debbie, too, is a great dancer. While she finds Eddie so-so in the ballroom category, future plans call for more intensive training at home, which in itself does not sound too uncompliant. Together, they enjoy sports, entertaining and movies. In the case of moviemaking, however, their bachelor parts are catching up with them.

“We usually agree on the picture we want to see,” Eddie says, “but there was one movie Debbie wanted to see which I’d already seen. So we compromised—I saw it twice.”

Eddie grins and takes the sting out of the joke by adding, “Actually, Debbie’s seen a couple twice for my sake, too.”

In some ways, the major adjustments in the first couple months of marriage were Debbie’s to make. They lived on the East Coast in a manner to which the groom was accustomed—out of hotels and suitcases as Eddie had been doing for years. For Debbie it meant making new friends with Eddie’s old friends, entertaining his business associates and having his family in for home cooking. She made the adjustments smoothly, intelligently and well. Well, how run five minutes late and get her style of dressing with no ill effects.

“I loaded up with those ‘late-for-a-date’ dresses,” she says, “I’ve got a half-dozen of them.”

Initially Debbie likes sport clothes, but they take a few minutes longer to get into.

“These are just sacks with a hood,” she says. “You can get them on in ten seconds flat. Pull them over your shoulders and you’re set, chances you need is a belt, a body and a head.”

Punctuality is one problem the Fishers have not been able to resolve so far. Both admit they are often late for dates, but this was little to do with weakness of character.

“It’s like this,” explains Debbie. “You’re told you have to do and see so many people and things on a certain day, and so you say, ‘All right.’ Then appointments are made right down the line and, in planning, everything is figured on taking ten or fifteen minutes less than it should or does take. For example, you wake up on the first date and you’re fifteen minutes late by the time you finish the second, and you’re going from one side of town to the other, fighting traffic. By noon time, you’re so far behind that you have to cancel out a personal luncheon date to get back on schedule, but in the afternoon the same thing happens all over again.”

Debbie doesn’t pretend she has time for household chores as well as picture work—but, nevertheless, she started off by proving to Eddie, his friends and his mother that she wasn’t a total loss around the kitchen.

“I understand there are two schools of thought on Debbie’s cooking,” Eddie says. “One side says that her talents are limited to opening up a box of Girl Scout cookies, and the other says that she can cook enchiladas a hundred different ways. Actually, she is a good cook, but a new one.”

Having lived for a while in the heart of Texas, Debbie is partial to cornbread, black-eyed peas and Mexican dishes. She has also learned to make some of Eddie’s favorites—such as lima beans the way his mother used to make them. She has taken instruction in cheese blintzes, which are comparable to Crepes Suzettes only better. She has also learned to make some of Eddie’s favorites—such as rice, and, by adjusting properly, you practically disappear.

“Oh, he would help, I’m sure,” Debbie says optimistically. “I remember when he used to come to our house for dinner he was very helpful. He could fix anything.”

That was prior to the wedding.

“I think maybe Eddie could make a salad,” she says.

“A salad?” says Eddie.

“**You know, a simple salad. Chop up some lettuce and a cucumber.**”

“Cucumber,” he says. “What’s a cucumber?”

This coming from a young man who once huckstered vegetables is an excellent example of practical brainwashing.

Joking aside, neither takes their marriage and future lightly. Hectic life may be and young are the newlyweds, but disorganization and carelessness they are not. It was a surprise marriage to many, but not to Eddie and Debbie. When she came East to marry, she came prepared. The night before the wedding, Eddie returned, Eddie accompanied her, prepared to stay in Hollywood and do his telecasts there until he could return to New York with Debbie. It may have sounded sudden and unexpected, but they got to Hollywood there was a house waiting for them, Debbie had chosen the house and signed a one-year lease before she “elope-" new York.

For her home, Debbie says, “We’d still like to build our own as we planned. We’d like to have acreage in Beverly Hills or in the San Fernando Valley, but it’s not easy to find what you want and it’s very expensive. Maybe we’ll build, we better find exactly what we want. It will be in the style of an English country home and it will be furnished with a mixture of contemporary furniture and English antiques.”

It was originally built for Norma Shearer. It’s fairly romantic but not built in hotel proportions. It has only two bedrooms. It is high up, overlooking the ocean and, or a bureau, you can almost see the spray of the surf. The house itself is ranch-style, furnished mostly with Early American furniture, and is set on four acres of natural shrubbery, which means they will have none of the nuisance of formal garing.

“They are putting in a natural, primitive-type pool so we’ll have the fun of that,” Debbie says. “Eddie and I are both sun-worshippers and love the water.”

Whether or not the home is practical for raising children is not important, since they have only a year’s lease. Neither one lacks enthusiasm for kids and Eddie holds a practical viewpoint: “Kids aren’t some-thing you plan or postpone like putting up a house. The right time is anytime.”
Debbie was once quoted as saying she nted six children. "I like what Arthur Godfrey said about it," Eddie notes. "He said that when a woman is going to have six children till she's had five."

Debbie doesn't even remember saying it. "How many children? When?" she asks. "Well, it's not in our hands," but she has thought about names and, when the time comes, if their first is a girl, she would like to call him Kevin; if it's a girl, Kathy.

There are other things they think about the future besides children and house; both of them are serious careerists. Debbie, who raced back to work on a new venture, "The Catered Affair," has very definite ideas about her career. "I like comedy and I like slapstick. I've always been a great admirer of Cary Grant so I've seen all of the old Carol Lombard etudes. Sometime soon I'd like to do that complicated comedy."

And next summer, Eddie is likely to send his vacation from television making's first movie. If he doesn't, he will make a point of your speaking up for Debbie to refuse. But no matter what they do you in bet one thing—you will seldom find Eddie and Debbie separated. It's happened two times since they've been together. The first time Debbie was just "lost" from Eddie. "Eddie had to go to his tailor's," Debbie calls, "and for me a fitting always takes you and two or a half hours, so I expected to be home alone for the time being."

But about an hour and a half after they were separated, she went to the tailor's to meet him. She was told that he had left twenty minutes before.

"Suddenly I felt awful. Awful lonely," she said. She left the tailor, then paused out on a street. She was trying to decide whether Eddie had gone north or south, east or west, when a strange man walked up to her and said, "You looking for your husband? He went that way."

So she started north and about two blocks up another man stopped her and said, "You looking for Eddie? He went that way."

She took the turn and as she passed a delicatessen, a clerk tapped on the window and beckoned her in. "Your husband was here and bought a roast chicken. When he left here, he crossed the street."

She crossed the street and found herself near the grocery store they used. She was told that Eddie had been there to shop and with that she began navigating her way home, following the smell back to hair suite. There, in the kitchen, was Eddie with the groceries and a roast chicken.

"Well," he said, "I guess we missed each other."

They were really separated only once, shortly after their wedding. While Debbie was still in New York her mother took ill. Debbie flew to California, spent a full day there and was back with Eddie on the third day.

"I should have stayed longer with mother, although thank goodness it was nothing serious, but I knew Eddie needed me and I had to rush back. You know what they say about absence making the heart grow fonder. That's just part of it. I hurt awful, too."

Maybe the kind of life they have to lead isn't normal because of the demands of their careers, but Eddie and Debbie as persons are in childhood, both learned to appreciate and love family and home. So they have an understanding of values. They know that the one thing they happiness depends on is being together. And as Eddie says and as Debbie says, that's all that any normal couple wants. The Box

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Inherited—A World of Love

(Continued from page 55)

Hollywood, liberty from marriage, the pursuit of happiness among the most beautiful women in the world had brought him only boredom. He had sold his Hollywood house. He said of himself then, “I have no roots.” He had gone to Europe to make three pictures, and to try to find something he felt was missing in his life.

Today, with the house in Palm Springs, and another in Bel-Air, with small Pete asleep on the sumporche, with the great success of “Ulysses” and “Indian Fighter” in the theatres, and Anne beside him, he’s completely relaxed. He says, “Anne has taught me the secret of happiness, which is that you can only achieve it by thinking of the other person first.”

Now, basically, Kirk is a man of dignity, so it isn’t easy for him to speak of love. On the surface, he’s all dash and charm. Constant study has taught him everything from several languages to refined diction and how to handle a fish fork. Put him in a drawing room, and he can out-talk anyone in Hollywood—except Burt Lancaster, who can out-talk anyone, anywhere. At a party, Kirk turns into the type of male charmer who casts a glinting, gay eye on all the ladies present. And, in general, he does all the things a successful, delightful gentleman is supposed to do—drives fast, expensive cars, appreciates fine food, swims wonderfully, dances like a girl, and talks about anything.

But it’s all an act. Underneath, he is still small Issur Danielovitch braced against the cruelties almost all poverty-stricken little boys experience when they move about in an American city.

Or, at least Kirk still was basically Issur Danielovitch, until he met Anne Buydens, who was braced against even being interested in him because he was an actor. Actors were her job. She was a European publicity girl and the immediate job she was hired for when she met Kirk was getting good notices in the papers regarding “Act of Love,” in which Kirk was the star.

Being a smart publicity girl, Anne bonded up on her client long before she met him. She immersed herself in him. Kirk had been married and was divorced, as was her own case. She found out, too, that there was a girl in his life, Pier Angeli. She saw that there had been other girls in his life before Pier, since his divorce. She determined she was not going to become another of them.

“Of all places in the world,” Kirk told her, giving his wife a rueful grin, “I first discovered I was falling in love with Anne when I was in Havana—when she was half the world away from me. I had come back from making ‘Act of Love’ and I had to stop in Havana for business. I thought of Anne then as the most wonderful friend I’d ever known. Now that I look back on it, I realize I’d never had a woman friend, with the exception of those old enough to be my schoolteachers. I should have known that with anyone as pretty and alert as Anne I was not really interested in her fine mind—exclusively, that is. But to be truthful, I didn’t even think about that because she seemed to be so interested in my mind.”

“I was,” Anne interrupted. “I still am.”

“One thing Anne was interested in,” Kirk said, “was in being helpful. She always is. When she knew I was going to Havana, she gave me the name of a friend of hers there, told me to call him if I needed any assistance, or was merely lonely. So I was merely lonely in Havana and I did call him. I introduced myself to him by phone. This is Kirk Douglas,” I said. He said, “Oh?” I said, ‘I’m a friend of Anne Buydens.’ He said, ‘Anne Buydens! Well, why didn’t you say so? Will you come over tonight? Will you come for dinner? Is there anything I can do for you?’ In other words, I meant nothing as myself—but as Anne’s friend, I rated. It was Anne who was the personality, not I.”

Kirk paused, then said thoughtfully, “I keep finding that out more and more about Anne. The reason she was a personality was because she was genuine. For instance, I don’t think any man really means to develop a line. But when you are ‘unattached’ as the saying goes, you find that you have. You meet a strange girl at a party. You don’t know what interests her so you say, ‘I can see that you’ve had one love affair that hurt you deeply’—and immediately you are listening to the story of her life.

“But not Anne. I said to her the first time we met, ‘I can see that you have had one love affair that hurt you deeply.’ She answered, ‘Who hasn’t?’ and proceeded to talk about me and the picture. Or I’d come back to my hotel, after the day’s shooting, and find a list typed out by her, thoughtful stuff about where I might eat, or the like. Or I’d phone to thank her and her line would be busy. She’d be on the phone, wishing about six people happy birthdays, or arranging anniversary presents for another six, or commencement presents or some such. She must have a hundred people whose birthdays she has to remember, and the human interest stories she tells are fabulous.

“More and more, on the set of ‘Act of Love,’ I found myself talking to this urbane press agent, not with phony smoothness, because I didn’t feel well. Because I wanted to perfect my French, Anne talked on in French to me. I discovered myself telling her things I had never told anybody else, even myself—dreams I’d had; dream I still have. Every time in a while I’d say, ‘Have you ever thought about going to Istanbul, Alexandria’?—or whatever, and almost invariably she’d say, ‘Oh, I wish I was there once.’ I swear, one of the reasons we were married at Las Vegas was that there was one of the few places that Ann had never been.”

When Kirk finished “Act of Love,” he went to Italy for a vacation and to prepare for his next picture. He found he hated leaving his friend, Anne Buydens. But Ann was glad to see him go. She hoped he would never see him again, for she knew that she was in love with him. She could not, first of all, permit herself to be in love with the actor, and what was worse, if love was in the actor, then it was in love with someone else.

During the next few months, Ann worked hard, played hard. Extremel popular, she had no lonely evenings. Th wind would blow, and the chestnut trees would be in bloom when her firm told her they were sending her to Rome to handle a picture that would probably take six months. It was a wonderful opportunity for an ambitious young woman. The star of the picture was Kirk Douglas.

“I had no idea Kirk was thinking up my mind whether I wanted to lose my job or act absolutely impersonally toward Kirk,” Anne recalled.

“She act absolutely impersonally about me,” Kirk said, “except when it came to violets.”

In spring, in Rome, they bring the violets down from Parma, and they are incredibly beautiful, incredibly sweet smelling, and though I didn’t even know about them, as he talks to his wonderful friend, Anne Buydens. In Rome, they talked Italian together become, and he said, “I am beginning to speak that language too, and Anne went with him to see the Vatican—where she had been before some half a hundred times—and the ancient churches, the ancient roads, the new fashions.

Pier Angeli had long since gone back to America, and Kirk, completely wrapped up in his work, would often find it was evening before he thought about his dinner date. This time he found she had already engaged. One day he said, “Oh, I know it is the last moment but...” He didn’t tell her that in Hollywood he’d done it a hundred times and never had he been so shocked.

But Anne said, “Did you ever think it would seem to any woman if you thought about her first? First thing is the morning? About taking her out the evening?” Even, the afternoon, you sent her a little bunch of violets to remind her of the date?”

That shocked Kirk in a way that a price for a motor car, let’s say, would never have done. The beauties of the world will often give the most casual acquaintance something like emerald cuff links, or they’ll accept a mink coat. But for a girl to want violets—just for the sense of it, to prove she was thought...
not on impulse, but sweetly! Behind a smooth facade of Kirk Douglas—who d told the world, “Whatever there is, in e, I want a lot of”—little Issur Danieli ne, who had received so many grams for the smallest kindness, came back into idealic awareness.

To send violets in Rome, Kirk soon dis - covered, was a bit of Hollywood, and her h in Hollywood. You couldn’t just phone for em. You couldn’t just go to a store and ir them. You had to prow the streets still you found a flower seller, who sunds the blood of his own tongue. And it cost as much as five cents American, into a bit u paper, all the while inquiring out your health, your happiness and the us of your own baby.

Yet it was a singularly rewarding thing. It brought to Kirk Douglas a sense the simplest happiness, to walk down a y Roman street, see some tinkle that genan Anne’s eyes her laughter or a quick intelligence, buy it, and take to her. It was like the evenings they gan to share more and more, at the top a balcony, a Via Venetiana ex drinking the swee, light Italian trout and eating nothing more in- cluding than cheese and fruit—but which, meow or other, tasted better to him because he just expects her and more, Kirk was calling Anne “Peter,” sometimes “Pat,” because he had remaried from her that his father had meanted her, but not named her Peter, but of course, outside the house, body in France would ever think of iling a girl by such a name.

“Ulysses” took eight months to finish. When we knew he had got apart from the first friend he’d ever had. Anne knew at she was more in love than she had him with Paris, but she was even more determined that Kirk should never now it.

Then, a few months later, fate stepped again, and Anne’s publicity firm sug- gested she go to America with Mr. Doug- s, to tie up some of the odds and ends the production.

“I came on the shortest possible visitor’s ans,” Anne recalled. “It meant I could her I was going to look after her- self as glad. I could not have lived through ting discarded, knowingly, by Kirk. Day ter day, I’d tell myself I’d be leaving on, and nobody but I would be the the ex.

Nor was Kirk the wiser until almost e day Anne’s visa was due to expire and she told him she was to leave. He had not had a chance to say goodby, suddenly proclaiming that she must elope th him at once, to Las Vegas, that day, at instant. Almost at once, he had his eye and his press agent’s wife at his side. In another hour or so, they were ed for Las Vegas.

Anne Budyens Douglas can still clearly remember—and so can him—when she wed her first baby boy, at 24 years old, and knew what is life all about.

“Tell us,” said Kirk, grinning at her. She grinned back, as she put the baby over her shoulder to take him away. “Merely love,” she said.

At that instant, Peter Vincent gave a yell. “Feeding time,” said his father.

Anne rose. The first time a woman hears her first baby cry she grows up and knows what life is all about.

Kirk leaned over to me and said in a stage whisper that he knew Anne could hear. “He’s a jerk, meaning Anne, and if we have a girl, I’ll name her the same,” he said.

“Did I not know till then, said she, ‘that my husband-to-be was mad g a gambling. Also, accustomed to the constant constant wagering, she knew nothing about a place like Las Vegas where the “one-armed bandits” are even placed in washrooms.

So the Douglas bridal party lost money for an hour and then were hustled through the city, to the departure of one of Vegas, to the hotels and up to the bridal suite. A tall man, in cowboy boots, stood before the bride. He was, it seemed, “Honest John Lottel” and was to frown with Anne’s limited English, he couldn’t understand a word he said. That was why, when he told her to repeat after him, she did promise to take this man’s “awful wedding vows,” and later it was hours before she knew what all the wedding party were laughing about.

It was hours because they all went back for more money, at all. Except Anne. They didn’t even notice that she did what she always does—she was helpful. She soon learned how to cash in chips or get more money. “Hour after hour went by, until finally Anne pulled at Kirk’s sleeve and said, “Darling, I really must go to sleep.”

He kissed her, not taking his eyes off the spinning roulette wheel. “You will be right there in a minute.”

The minute lasted two hours. Then the whole party walked into the bridal suite and cried, “Look, look, d’oeuvres and drinks.” So of course they ate them, and then somebody else cried, “Look, the sun is up,” and somebody else said, “Let’s go downtown and try our luck at the other places.”

As Anne told this story in Palm Springs, Kirk lay stretched out on a couch watch- ing her, his eyes alight with amusement and admiration. When I came out of that gambling coma, he said, “I knew what a terrible thing I’d done to Anne. And then I realized my tremendous fortune in ever meeting such a girl. Even an im- possible girl, I thought, couldn’t let me be myself. Which meant that with her, and through her with other people, I didn’t have to keep proving myself all the time.

“A few months later—when the Rus- sians used me as propaganda, saying I didn’t know who Homer, the author of ‘Ulysses,’ was—“it meant that I could throw the party in Hollywood store, which is a propaganda job for our country, showing the opportunities a poor boy such as my- self had been given.

“This, Kirk continued after a slight pause, is what is meant by growing up, I’m sure. Not throwing your weight around, not exploding in anger, not pull- ing a line. And with Anne it’s going to be a case of my keeping up with her. This morning she wanted to go out bicycle riding. I haven’t ridden a bicycle in years, but I was sure I could beat her, who had just had a baby. So look at her after an hour of it. She’s as fresh as a new moon, and I’m beat.”

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SAFE! Most women—both married and about-to-be-married—wonder about douching for feminine hygiene. Mrs. Rosen did, and she only found peace of mind when she heard about the importance of using the proper method of douching with a fountain syringe, using an effective yet soft solution—like ZONITE.

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her devoted doctor in San Francisco failed to reach her by telephone. The real reason? John Bentley, U-1's handsome new British import, who just happens to be a fast "operator," too!

Words And Wisdom: Now that she's a young matron, everyone expected Debbie Reynolds to stop selling cookies for the Girl Scouts. But, says Mrs. Eddie Fisher, "Just because I changed my name is no reason why I should change my ideals." Cookies anyone? ... Alan Ladd on the subject of his daughter Carol Lee's separation from Richard Anderson: "The first year of any marriage is a trying period of adjustment. Carol Lee and Richard are only human, but they are the ones who must work out their own problems, and I'm sure they will." ... And Guy Madison has this to say about those vicious, expose—magazine attacks on famous people: "I feel very sorry for anyone who hopes to benefit by attempting to destroy others. Hating only destroys the hater!" Truer words were never said.

Looking Ahead: What's new about Rock Hudson that hasn't been printed? "My headache," groaned the groom, as he lowered his long frame into a chair opposite Calvin in the U-1 commissary. "Now why do I go to cocktail parties?" he lamented. "What's new? Well, I saw a beautiful tablecloth in a window and I just had to buy it for Phyllis. But she's so level-headed, when she found out it cost $175, she took it back and got six for the same price! And, after all our talk about having a swimming pool and enlarging our house, we're going to sell it and buy a new one in Beverly Hills. Phyllis is out looking now. She's using the name of Mrs. Fitzgerald so they won't stick the high-price gun in her back! We want lots of space around us, and we need an extra bedroom." No, Rock didn't say they plan to convert it into a nursery—so we'll say it for him!

Direct Hit: It happened at a drive-in on the way to Palm Springs. June Allyson and Dick Powell were having a hamburger when a hotrod pulled up next to their car. The kids in it recognized the Powells, and finally one of them came over and asked Dick if he'd help him win a five-dollar bet. All Dick had to do was take a kick in the pants! No-chicken Dick compiled, then asked, "Now tell me why I rate this?" "Because you married our dream girl," was the answer! June laughed until she cried.

Live And Learn: Everything happens to Tab Hunter! His heart hit bottom when his Thunderbird was stolen from the parking lot at the Crescendo. The police finally found it in Mexico, but Tab's missing St. Christopher medal key ring that was blessed by the Pope, can never be replaced. Because generous Tab finally realized he was running into debt buying gifts for everyone, he hired himself a business manager who's keeping him on a strict budget. And recently, when he was testing for "Burning Hills," he got a phone call telling him his horse, Swizzlestick, had sprained an ankle. The frantic Tab did a perfect test, in one "take," raced for the stables, and got a ticket for speeding. "From now on," grins chagrined Taberoo, "I'm carrying a rabbit's foot in every pocket!"

Seen And Heard: Deeply discouraged Robert Wagner may be the next one to pull a sit-it-out strike. Bob wants a good role with his own studio and preferred suspension to making "The Proud Ones," which was originally scheduled for Bob Stack. ... The same week Jean Simmons learned she was going to become a mother, Stewart Granger took off for London for retakes with Ava Gardner for "Bhowani Junction." So Jean had to make the move into their new Bel-Air home herself, but she says, "Even an earthquake couldn't spoil my happiness!" Top money-making star of 1955, Jimmy Stewart, bought a one-fifth interest in rhinoceros! You can see it at the zoo Fort Worth, Texas.

Hearts And Flowers: No surprise was grayory Peck's marriage to European newpaper woman, Veronicaque Passani. The first congratulatory wire came in longer-heartbroken Greta Peck, Greex! ... John Derek's supposed heart interest is going out of his life—professionally-speaking, that is. Paramount failed renew its option on Ursula Andress. And too bad Warners dropped handsom Bob Horton the same week he reconciled with Barbara Ruick. However, Columbia has been talking a term deal. ... Aft Aldo Ray reconciled with Jeff Donnell, placed a standing order with the florist for her favorite red roses.

Bottoms Up: For the first time, an enthusiastic bunch of sailors in the Sou Pacific saw a Marilyn Monroe movie. When they got a glimpse of that famous wigg, the boys promptly dispatched a letter to the curvaceous blond, electing her the honorary Rear Admiral!

Sense And Nonsense: Remember last month we told you that exhausted William Holden agreed to make "The Rainmaker" because he admires Katharine Hepburn and wanted to play opposite her? Now he's this! Katie turned down this exellent offer when the studio insisted on giving Bill first billing. He begged them to let lady have her way. But his bosses are well aware of the box-office value of the Holden name and refused to take advantage of his typically nice offer.

The Grangers' first baby will have glamour godparents—Lisa Taylor and Mike Wilding! Dating others decided Bob Stack and Rosemary Bove—that they were meant for each other!
If洋洋: The rumor that Mike L. is separating is as inevitable as the death of Rhett Butler. Sorry! That's a lie. It's all a publicity stunt! So it seems that Liz Taylor has missed the recent scuttlebutt, and she didn't have any less, less concerned. Sheila Wilding had just returned from a trip to Europe with husband John Wyman. He brought her a priceless Ming dynasty statuette horse for lovely Liz's birthday, which also the day Mike, Jr. was born. So the kids had one of their happiest reunions. It wasn't so much to see the kids, the fans of Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger, ding them to be godparents to their firstborn, which is scheduled to arrive in the fall.

Deal?: Russ Tamblyn didn't want two wives in one family. His fiancée Venetia Verson just wanted "to be a good wife and mother." But then, if you add two more good friends, Actor Dick Clayton—who added the late James Dean and curiously handles the Tab Hunter, "You're the guy who hasn't hounded us, said the actors, so we've changed our minds if you add Venetia." Dick took the blue-eyed and ked RK0 and Paramount. Both studios tried to sign her—and finally, RK0 won.

Begins?: Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis eloped from Europe in a blaze of glory and secrecy. Their house was in shambles, the result of a recent robbery. It was a treasure hunt, trying to piece together a wardrobe for the Coconut Grove Nightingale, which was the honored host of the Glamor Gower. Expectant mother Janet has never been in better health, and Tony's European haircut makes him look a little like Lincoln.

Official And Nice?: The hidden Audie Murdock lives, the wisest he'd ever seen. And for the first time, he'd accepted his good friend, Actor Dick Clayton—who added the late James Dean and curiously handles the Tab Hunter, "You're the guy who hasn't hounded us, said the actors, so we've changed our minds if you add Venetia." Dick took the blue-eyed and ked RK0 and Paramount. Both studios tried to sign her—and finally, RK0 won.

About Two?: Since Susan Hayward's in-dating popular Hal Hayes, the change in her personality has delighted the fans of who've hoped Susan would learn to enjoy her talent. Finally, after a year of Again and Again romance, Bob Stack and Rosemary Bowe finally tied the knot. Parentally, Rosemary realized that a nice girl like Bob shouldn't be taken for granted... Larry "Bud" Pennell (an ex-ball player) and Marla English have led off those steady dates, and now they're pitching woo at receptive Terry Moore. . . . Lana Turner refers to Fred MacMurray and Michael Rennie as "two charming gentlemen," but she clams up if anyone asks her about Richard Burton. They all worked together in The Raines of Ranchopee. . . . Now that Claudette Colbert played opposite Noel Coward in the TV version of "Blithe Spirit," she isn't exactly his number one fan. Insiders say Missy Colbert didn't go for the way dear Noel tried to run the whole show.

Words And Music: It was another stroke of bad luck when Pier Angeli fell and broke a bone in her ankle. But there's good news tonight and every night about those songs she sings in "Port Afrique." Originally intended for Kathryn Grayson, they had to be transposed for pretty Pier's singing range and she had to learn to sing them in two day's time. Vic Damone listened to the special set of recordings Pier made for him and he's in a daze of delight.

In Case You Care: Even blissful Hollywood was surprised at that nationally syndicated Robin Hood show! Grace Kelly's mother. Until Grace became engaged to Prince Rainier of Monaco, publicizing her personal life and loves was always a taboo subject. Now no one understands this lavish indulgence! There's that publicity about the "new" Mario Lanza, he looks like the "old" one again. After slimming down for "Serenade," when the picture finished the tone fat, Taylor went back on a spaghetti binge... Gordon Scott may marry Vera Miles, but "Tarzan" can't get her for his jungle mate, because Alfred Hitchcock who holds Vera's contract (he wants to turn her into a second Grace Kelly) won't release her. . . . Eighteen-year-old Natalie Wood now prefers the company of older men who are around forty!

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"My Husband Doesn't Run Me"

(Continued from page 53)

Actually, in spite of what the cynics and their ilk may think, one would have others believe, Audrey is just as delightful and gracious in person as she is scamping over a movie screen. Her simplicity of manner, poise, and gentle ways are shown once again in the sincerity of the words she utters because they are her own inbred personal qualities.

Audrey has no reason to apologize to anyone. She has conducted her personal life with a sense of purpose and has pursued her career according to the dictates of her own principles. But, like anyone else in the public eye, some of her actions have been misconstrued, and she is anxious to put the record straight.

"Mel and I both value our careers immensely," Audrey said thoughtfully, as she poured two cups of steaming French coffee, and added, "which is why we haven't been separated because it would soon become a vicious circle. If we ever said, 'Oh, just this once, what does it matter if we're separated for a few months,' then the once but twice—without realizing it, it might have let material success ruin two lives.

"Don't think whatever job we went off to under those circumstances would be anything other than half a job. It was said earnestly, "I think we'd each have a very heavy conscience. It seems most unlikely that the demand for us to work apart," she continued, flashing her winning smile, "is so rare, you know, the kind of opportunity that is irresistible—the greatest script, the greatest director, and everything else we cherish professionally—and that Mel and I should both find it at exactly the same moment and at opposite ends of the world."

"It might easily happen, though, that picture dates which, under those circumstances would part us, if only for a little while." Audrey's face clouded at such a prospect. "It's impossible to answer how we would react were we to have a day or two and figure, and reckoned, put on the scales, and see how it weighs up, balance the advantages against the disadvantages, the conveniences against the inconveniences."

Audrey knows one thing for sure: No matter what she'd decide, Mel would be right behind her, backing her up all the way. "He'd never want me to sacrifice anything of my career," she said. "On the contrary, he'd encourage it. So let's approach this from a positive point of view—how can we arrange our schedule so we can be together as much as possible." And we'd scheme and come up with a very clever compromise—and each one of us would give in a little. You have to each give in occasionally in marriage—what difference does it make, if the reason is right?"

"If you ever heard the truth, " Audrey continued. "I believe that if I do something for the right reason, there has to be a blessing on it. I'm not saying that you understand me. I don't mean that I just sit down and come up with what may, confident of the result because of the justice of my motives.

"It's just that I don't really believe in making decisions or planning an act if it's for a wrong reason. If we were asked to take a step which might jeopardize my marriage, I'd delve deep down into my heart to discover why I must do this. If a selfish advancement of my career at the risk of harming Mel were at the bottom of it, I'd say 'no.' The reason must be right."

"Oh, don't think it's as easy as I make it sound," said Audrey with a laugh. "It's not just that I have on my side the support of the studio and my own ambition, but the thought of Mel and I both in Paris at the same time now. After Billy Wilder discussed the possibility of my doing 'Ariane' here, Mel began to study the Paris front. And we were very lucky because he was offered the lead in 'The Life of Modigliani,' the story of the famous French painter. So then I said to Billy, 'I'll do it.' Now the starting date of 'Ariane' had been set and, you know, 'Ondine' until April, just as I go into 'Ariane.' So you see, we're arranged for our schedules to coincide without in any way interrupting our life together."

"As I say, you've got to have a lot of faith and a little luck. It won't always be this easy, I know. There may be a lot of a time when we will find ourselves in one of those inevitable situations; while one of us is working here, a great offer will come from Hollywood, saying, 'Will you or won't you come—we begins shooting in two weeks and we must know by tomorrow?'

"Do you go, or don't you go?" Audrey stopped suddenly and gazed out the window at the peaked Paris rooftops. Then softly, "I've been fending for myself. I was thirteen and thinking very carelessly about things. I don't think I've made many bad decisions. I'm very proud of that, about my ability to think for myself, and no one, not even Mel, I adore, can persuade me to do something that goes against my judgment.

"For example, recently a story came which Mel sincerely felt I should do. He didn't try to persuade me just another step in his career. But I thought I had made a mistake, but he wouldn't for world have tried to pressure me."

Audrey and Mel are bending over backwards to save their personal lives—not to please others, but cause they want it that way. Yet, it happens, as it did with 'Ondine' and 'Peace,' that they will play together.

As Audrey said, "Why shouldn't the parts are right and the casting is logical and natural? But in that case, we felt it is necessary to defend ourselves. 'War and Peace' simply because I was doing it. Actually, he was asked to play part of Prince Andrew long before I even a thought about it as a matter of fact, the very idea of our playing together in Switzerland! So there wasn't any question of 'get him and you'll her' as has been reported."

In fact, when Mr. De Laurentiis had queried Mel about being 'War and Peace' that I was asked by Vidor to accept the role of Natasha. "I'm unable to commit myself at this time," Audrey explained, and we were planning to make the screen version of 'Ondine' in London. Then project fell through because of all kinds of complications over the original French rights. Neither of us had anything else. Suddenly, we thought, 'Why, there's ' and 'Peace'; perhaps it's not too late."

Audrey and Mel were vacationing in Morocco when Dino De Laurentiis contacted them by phone. "My preparations are made, and I'm ready to go," the Italian producer told Mel. "King Vidor has been on the phone saying that if you know I've wanted you for a time for Mel as a matter of fact."

"Audrey and I aren't sure we want to work together," Mel answered, "but talk it over."

That night, Audrey and Mel phoned Ingrid Bergman and explained the situation to Frings, Audrey's agent. He agreed catch the plane for Milan, and wired De Laurentiis.

A little village on Lake Como—commuting distance of St. Moritz and principal cities of Italy—was chosen as the spot for their meeting.

"We all assembled in a tiny hotel room," Audrey recalled. "'Mr. De Laurentiis, Mr. Vidor, Kurt Frings, Mel and I. For the hours, King Vidor talked about the and said to me, 'You pointed out exactly how he intended to make this a classic."

Then Audrey and Mel and Kurt Frings met and discussed the idea of a move. It was decided to talk it over, while De Laurentiis and Vidor did the same thing in another car. After a while, Vidor joined the others in their car and Frings got into another car with De Laurentiis, to iron out some details with the producer.

Finally, in the wee hours of the morning, Audrey and Mel agreed to do the..."
had come from the outside world, and they couldn't possibly realize what I had been going through, that I had been frantically saying to myself for minutes on end, 'I must remember that line, I must summon the tears.'

Audrey paused for a moment, looking a little upset at the thought of having offended someone, then she continued talking. "I'm incapable of switching my feelings on and off like an electric light. Once I get into a mood I must keep it going. How can I sit and chat and grin right up to the moment the director says, 'Okay, action,' and then be expected to play an emotional scene?" She sighed and shrugged her shoulders in resignation.

One day Audrey was rehearsing a particularly serious scene with Henry Fonda. She had been fretting about it for days.

At first Audrey stood in a corner of the set murmuring her lines to herself, and Fonda stood in another corner, and silently. Then they began to rehearse together. At that moment, some big shots strolled on the set, with one idea in mind, to meet Audrey and Fonda. They insisted upon being introduced.

"I forced a smile on my face," recalled Audrey, "and muttered a few polite words, because I knew it was expected of me. But the moment the first step was taken I was concerned. The mood had disappeared, and the take became a matter of mechanically repeating lines.

"I'm sure there are actors, much better actors than I, who can cope with such a situation and not let it disturb them. Perhaps it's because they are better actors. But I just can't.

"I know there are writers who can sit and write a story in an office with typewriters going all around them. But there are others who are forced to have a private room to themselves. I'm that way. Why, then, couldn't some of them be in front of my fellow actors! But I'm getting better; I'm learning. I hadn't much choice," Audrey grinned, "but I had to."

"I was in the Army, working as extras, watching me during exterior shots.

"Acting doesn't come easily to me," Audrey confessed. "I put a tremendous amount of effort into every scene that comes out. I don't yet have enough experience or a store of knowledge to fall back upon. Many of my reactions stem from the Army, rather than from acting. So I must work very hard to achieve what I'm after. That's why any kind of diversion throws me off the track."

Audrey's insistence upon keeping her life as Mrs. Mel Ferrer and her individuality as a human being completely separated from her career has, in the past, caused her some spankings from the press. But Audrey finds it hard to believe that she should be denied the same right to her privacy that is enjoyed by the very ones who would like to violate it.

The extremes Mel and I have gone to during these three months have ranged from the simple to the complex, from the daily, to the most remote. Mel has spent several working days at the studio with me, and has, at all times, been a perfect gentleman. Our home has been the only place we can be ourselves."

In Rome, Audrey and Mel lived in a comfortable, rambling farmhouse, filled with the noise of children and the quiet, simple joys of home life. This was their home, the only retreat they had from the uninvited. It was the uninvited which re-
Although Audrey is hyper-sensitive it takes these criticisms to heart, they influence her in changing her mind. She feels she's right.

"I believe in the picture itself," she explained. "If it's good and your performance is decent, it will be just as successful as it followed ten others.

"Of course, if there is a lapse of, say, five months, there won’t be people who would have to be reminded of your existence. But I think we are judged by individual performances. If you don’t do it, people don’t mind if they haven’t seen you for ages.

"Anyway, I would never let the fear of being forgotten prevent me from doing a play if I wanted to, or taking a rest if I needed one," Audrey stated.

Before she begins "Ariane," Audrey Mel will escape to their favorite haven, rest, amidst the cool streams and blue mountains. "This is our annual health cure," said Audrey. "Mel and I are still living off that money we had in Switzerland last year, and we are in much better health than we have ever been. My own mother says so, so must be true. When I think I look very handsome, and she usually says 'You've got rings under your eyes,' or 'You really don't have a mustache.' But I think she agrees that I am now in top form."

In top form, and on top of the world, Audrey Hepburn, the golden girl of t screen. The histrion of her stardom shone brighter than ever, dazzling the glow that comes from her heart.

The E

Ben—Pardon Our Pride

We'll never forget his answer: "Well, if I lose," he said, "I'll go over and shake hands with the winner, just like Dad does when he's beaten at tennis." We didn't know that Ben had made the selection of his future profession in this unexpected way.

When we arrived with Ben in tow, there were about forty little boys there with what could be considered typical "stage mother" quality. Of course, we had to question them quite suspiciously: "What has your son done?" "What professional school does he attend?" "Where did he get his theatrical training?"

Ben had never appeared on the stage before, but he stood on the stage as if he had been doing it for six months. His mannerisms were quite well developed, and even his applause was appropriate.

Throughout the afternoon, Ben remained on the stage, and his father never left him. When the curtain came down, Ben walked off the stage, and his father took him by the hand.

"What would you like me to read to you while we are waiting?" Ben hesitated a moment, then piped up: "Gulliver's Travels." Mr. Lindsay, ad-libbed, asked Ben to tell him the story of the carcase and explained that since the character of the "beast" was located and brought on stage.

After the performance he and his wife, Dorothy Stickney, who played Mother Goose in the pantomime, went to the stage area and congratulated Ben on his performance. "You are a fine young man," she said. "What are you doing after this?"

Ben replied, "I want to go to college."

Mr. Lindsay told us later that he was unforgivable to throw the responsibilities of adjournment over the idea that Ben was not going to go to college. But you are what actors work for—

The E

Leased them from the pressures of their work. Who can blame them if they guarded it jealously?

While most actors enjoy talking about themselves, they are not likely to do so in a frank and unembarrassed manner. All too often, they are an actor who prefers to talk about others in the business rather than herself.

"Interviews are often a chore for me," Audrey explained. "I find it embarrassing to talk about myself. I prefer to talk about other people, things which are emotionally very close to me, like my religion or personal faith. Also there's a danger of one's becoming a sort of egomaniac after a while by constantly talking about oneself. You know, it's terribly important for me to get outside of myself, to open up my mind and think about other matters, to walk away from the city, to read, to rest, to enrich my life."

Since moving to Paris, Audrey has been following no rigid schedule. If Mel's on the set and she's alone, she spends her mornings answering letters and taking care of business. In the afternoons, she studies to improve her French—which, Parisians claim, is accent-perfect—or she reads, or practices her French.
trouper would 300 withdraw normal little week recallCURIOUS. A curious that spirits. This us of night been bought but what of harmless, harmless, was bought for books. A little librarian was one of our personalizing in the library. We had made a deal with the librarian to deliver the books to our house every week. This was a columnist's next day, he went blank! Ben, in a very low voice, had instructed us that Ben was hospitalized for a week. He had a high fever, as he lay in bed he went through all his scenes of the show and it wasn't until the curtain went up at 7:30 that he turned over and fell asleep. Sometimes when we talk about our son, we worry whether we sound "stuffy" or "affected," and there's a chance that Lord Fauntleroy and The Rover Boys. We don't mean to, but the truth of the matter is that we never had any serious problems with him. He was always healthy and full of fun. He had an inborn social sense and instinctively did the right thing. We didn't use, nor did we need to, any kind of discipline on him. One of our basic rules was to let both Ben and Bunny have as much freedom of choice as possible within reasonable limits. Occasionally, we'd try to temper Ben's high spirits. Such as the times he'd sing at the top of his voice in the subway, or walk over to a stranger's musical instrument and start playing away without asking permission first. Ben, we'd reproach him. "It's not a job, do something like that." And he'd answer: "But I'm not a big boy, I'm a little boy!" What can you say to that? Ben was the happiest boy I've ever known. He was doing what he wanted to do most. We recall one night when, in dead earnestness, he said: "Dad, I feel sorry for most boys." Naturally we asked why, and Ben said that his friends were always busy with their own personalites: "Because I know what I'm going to do. Most of them don't. That's something I'll never have to worry about." It is difficult to overstate how happy Ben was when he was doing what he wanted to do most. It is difficult to overstate how happy Ben was when he was doing what he wanted to do most.

Ben may have been a "good boy," but he also had a sense of humor, a sense of mischief—and always the perfect squelch. His favorite concerned his hair, which we called "colored." He had been colored for the show. Inevitably, on the street or in the subway, some well-meaning but obviously curious matron would come over and ask him: "My, my, what pretty hair for such a little man." Ben would smile. "Would you like to have hair like mine?" The woman would usually fib and say that she would. "Well then," our son would say, "you come with me, and I'll show you how to do it." And that ended that line of questioning. Despite the fact that they were as close as a brother and sister could be, even Ben didn't know Ben's pranks. We remember one incident during the early World War II years. One evening, Bunny and a girlfriend went to a movie and Ben was left behind to carry on the routine of commandingeer a can of luminous paint and sketching a king-size skeleton on the black-out curtains in Bunny's room. He managed all right, but the light of the night crept in and the girls weren't made aware of it until they retired for the night. The only hitch was that Ben dropped off to sleep before the girls did. Still, he didn't miss out on the gag.

Ben would be a hero for more than three minutes when Bunny's friend looked toward the window and saw the eerie form outlined upon the drapes. You never did hear such shrieking. The entire household including our little mischief-maker. Bunny threatened never to talk to her brother again, but knowing those two, we were sure the feud wouldn't last more than fifteen minutes. And it didn't.

Ben wasn't above making deals with his teachers either—even on his first day at school. The class was told that if anyone talked during lessons he would have to bring in a candy bar as a penalty. At the end of the day Ben was in debt for three bars, topped off with a head of jelly beans bought by five Ben promised to bring his candy in, but he wanted to be able to eat the other boy would forget. The teacher agreed and we set. If Ben won, home work for a week. If he lost he'd have to bake a cake for the teacher.

Early the next morning, the other fellow showed up with his five bars clutched in his little hand. Later that afternoon, Chef Cooper had taken over the kitchen, flour, chocolate, sifters and all. Of course, we supervised a little here and there, but the cake was not a part of the school's staff—but the actual baking was done by Ben. To this day, he still can come up with one of the best chocolate cakes we've ever tasted.

While on the subject of Ben's education, the one thing we insisted upon was a regular school for our son. We preferred that he didn't attend a professional school, and we remained in Breechustong, Long Island, instead of moving closer to the theatre district, to assure our son as normal a life as possible, when he wasn't on the stage. We are convinced he did lead a normal life.

One July 4th, Ben did three radio shows, but he still managed to get home in time to compete in—and win—the boy's relay race. Sometimes his friends would sympathize about his having to work on holidays. But Ben would merely look at them, shrug his shoulders and comment, "Well, that's show business."

This was how life was for Ben. A rugged schedule of school play, a Broadway show and increasing amounts of radio work, seemed to be too much for a boy of his age. When we suggested to Ben, he'd continued participating in all four phases of his life. But we decided he'd have to withdraw either from the play or radio. The choice, of course, was mine.

The night Ben gave notice to the producers of "Life with Father" was the most heart-breaking of his young life. "You're a reflect," he'd made his decision, he didn't back-track.

A year later, he knew it was the right one. By then be was appearing on many of the leading radio shows, with the big names of today. Recently, Ben has been seen by Hayes, Claudette Colbert, Joseph Cotten, Elizabeth Taylor, and so on.

We refused to let Ben take on any radio call. If he did his way, he'd have to have a house, but now he has a house, seven days a week. As it was, he
had as many as fifteen shows "going" in one week—he would finish at one network, grab a cab and dash to another. We remember the time he received a rush call to read for "The Eternal Light." It meant getting up at 7 A.M. on his Sunday off, and we weren't too happy about this. However, when Ben and I were told and Ben told us: "Golly, I have to accept it. I'm going to narrate it, too." We had no choice in the matter.

As we've explained before, Ben's work has always been his social life. What All Beechurst still remembers his V.J. Day fiesta. Ben insisted we have a celebration at our home—and what a celebration it turned out to be. The end of an impromptu affair, he devised a way to be sure everyone in town was invited. He borrowed a portable power megaphone from a neighbor, placed it in our car, and as we cruised through the streets like no one had ever done over the loud-speaker: "Party at the Coopers. Come one, come all." All came. We had children and grownups parading in and out of the house throughout the night. Ben sang, and sang until he was hoarse. It wasn't until eight the next morning that the exhausted Cooper clan made it to bed.

It was shortly after this that Ben acquired what for years was his most prized possession—his beautiful chocolate and white horse, Gypsy. Gypsy originally belonged to a friend who left the mounting. After the end of the horse from the moment he laid eyes on it and was often permitted to ride him. Just before his friend returned to Switzerland, Ben's father didn't have the heart to reject it, though he could have received much more.

Ben and Gypsy became inseparable. But, in addition to loving the horse, Ben considered him a "pet." "After all," he said, "I have to be an expert rider if I expect to become a big Western star in movies."

Ben's horse always amazed everyone. We recall the time he went to Tucson, Arizona, with Bob Feller on a "combat juvenile delinquency junket." He was put up at a ranch and looked forward to riding his horse, Gypsy. To do it, the rancher took one look at the youth and presented him with an old plug. Ben didn't protest, but after he had mounted and gone about five paces, he was called to the rancher's quarters. "Young man," he was told, "you have just committed the most heinous crime of the week. You are not impressionable, and you are not a leader."

"Must tell ya fella, you're the best durn horseman we've ever had on the place," the rancher added.

It was Ben's sole extravagance for himself. But to us, he was over-generous.

We had a problem holding him down. There was, for instance, that first Saturday in December when he was thirteen. Ben had board to pay.

Finally he approached us, "Dad, I want you to do something. I want you to take me somewhere. When we asked where, he said: "Dad, I'm a leader. We'd gladly drive him if he told us the destination, but we wouldn't agree to any "mystery" trips. "Well," he blurted out. "I want you to go with me to the Cadillac dealers."

"What for?"

"Christmas present." We were shocked and I'm afraid a little abrupt when we told him we wouldn't let him do that with his money. We explained to him our disappointment by explaining that people might think we "forced" him into it. But he wouldn't be dissuaded that easily. "I'll tell them. I'll tell them all," he protested. We argued most of the afternoon before we convinced him to abandon his idea, practical, albeit magnificent, gesture.

There was only one suggestion we made which Ben accepted. It occurred during his final term at school when we asked if he wouldn't like to suspend his career, enter a good college and return after graduation, if he still had the desire to become a lawyer. He died and said quietly, "Never have refused to consider anything you've suggested, but this I must. . . ." We stopped him before he could finish. Ben never brought up the subject again.

Without sacrificing his career—which h time included numerous TV appearances—Ben still managed to study for two years. One of his favorite was an acting course conducted by the late Gertrude Lawrence. Ben was the youngest member of the group. Oddly, it was his favorite, "The Rose Tattoo," which had just opened on Broadway. Therefore, by the time Danny Mann wanted to test him for the film, Ben was well schooled on both the script and the role of Seller Jack. An fact, when we wrote him he was being con sidered, we never doubted his chance of getting it. We had our own personal suspicion. Naturally we are happy about son's success in pictures. We knew it had been a rough blow for him when he first tested for a role in "Retreat, Hell!" but he wasn't discouraged. "It will all turn out for the best," he said. "Wait and see.

Well, it all did turn out for the best. When we got home from the film tests, we were looking at film on another actor. They also happened to see Ben's test for "Retreat, Hell!" and before we knew it our son was packed and on route back to Hollywood."

We've been West to visit Ben many times, and we never cease to kick out of his struggles with light house- man, his hobbies, and his friends. But Bunny has been living with him, but we still get a laugh remembering our first visit, when he bemoaned all his domestic difficulties and asked us reverently how he could possibly cook a hot dog?

"Do you know," he said, "I even have to buy my own washcloths."

It's always a little lonely when we return home. When you are used to hearing singing the first thing when you awake and the last thing before you retire and suddenly hear it no more, you're bound to feel a little blue. But there are still many things that keep our son with us: His collection of hats and helmets neatly hanging over his bed just as he left them; tape recordings made which Ben vehemently opposed by all. "Do you know," he said, "I even have to buy my own washcloths."

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It's Fun To Fight

(Continued from page 41)
a galling, gawky youth with an off-beat face. He described himself as "least likely to succeed" among the Santa Monica Players, where he had finally worked himself up from stagehand to stage performer. And he answered to such nicknames as "Slats" and "Hat-rack" (which Louis Calhern originally pinned on him). "I never thought I'd make it," Canadian-born Gwyllyn Ford says now. "The possibil-ity of my being a success was always the remotest thing. I didn't dream I'd actually get there. It's hard to explain, but there's some sort of blind dedication that won't let you quit. If you could see the struggle, and all the odds against you, you'd be stopped.

But you don't. You plod and plod. You stagger, you rock, you get knocked down—and you pick yourself up and keep plod-ding along. There's that stubborn de-termination that, no matter what is said, no matter who laughs, you'll keep on. Something inside keeps you going. So you work and struggle, and somehow you go forward.

When one day you're driving along Sunset Boulevard and you ask yourself, 'How in blazes did I ever get here?'

How Glenn Ford got there, how today he is one of Hollywood's hottest properties, is the story of an amazingly shy guy, with humility and sensitivity that is fortified by steel nerves and unwavering determination. It's the story of a man of courage and rare compassion. Courage typified on the screen by starring in Hollywood's most controversial films, such as "Blackboard Jungle," "Ransom!" and "Trial"; the compassion to see, feel and fight injustice of any kind.

Experience and wisdom have combined to give Glenn an awareness that constantly reaches out to others. This awareness has been sharpened by his travels throughout the world, including the Iron Curtain countries, by his fighting for his country and himself. Thus he says today, "I've seen as much of life, probably, as much suffering, as any man my age. What one sees and is close to, one shares." Glenn's story begins with his heritage. His parents, Newton and Hannah Ford, disregarded the Industrial Revolution and took them by Mr. Ford's social position and the family's paper mills in Canada. They decided to start all over again in California, where Glenn was born and grew up. California being the land of golden opportunity," and because they felt Glenn would have more advantages there.

Newton Ford—who died when Glenn was twenty—left a construction job, Glenn grew up sixteen miles from his future, with advantages even beyond those his parents had envisioned for him. At Santa Monica High, Glenn was a promising athlete, clever student, and played the lead role in various class plays.

His intense awareness—which eventually became inherent in his acting—was early activated by battling the public for a living, and for the privilege of performing for them. Glenn sold weather-snip- pings, worked in a candy store, gardened and trimmed hedges, and learned a lot about life as a bus driver.

His bus-driving route took him along the beach between amusement piers at Venice and Santa Monica. A lot of his patrons were in an amusement mood. As Glenn says, "I was the guy who worked while everybody else played. I worked during the off-time. But you had to be alert. You had to learn to take care of yourself—there were always fights, with tough guys, drunks, or somebody trying to hop rides for free. I was forever stopping the bus and going back to straighten someone out."

At night, Glenn worked with the Santa Monica Players. "I was stage manager, making the calls, running up and down stairs, yelling. Places please!"

Harold Clifton, who directed the Players and who today is dialogue director for Glenn's pictures, recalls, "You couldn't keep him away from the theatre. Glenn always had a great desire for the theatre. If he wasn't in a show, he'd be back-stage building sets, moving scenery, yelling calls—just to be around it."

"I always thought he'd make it," Clifton continues. "He had a basic talent and a warmth that projected. But the studios couldn't see his screen possibilities at all. They refused to let him develop as an actor.

"Then, when we'd go to talk, they'd look at us like we were out of our heads. This happened all the time."

Glenn's rebuffs at every studio were legion. "Why waste my time, your time, and the boy's time," the talent heads would ask Clifton impatiently. "Tell him to go out and get a job. There's no place in pictures for him. Even if he had the greatest talent, how could we photograph him?"

Glenn was too thin for his height. His voice was too old for his face. In fact not much because of his skin. "When Louis Calhern came to the theatre for 'Golden Boy,'" Glenn grins now, "he tagged me right. I looked like a hat-rack."

But, for a sensitive young actor, he seemed remarkably thick-skinned. "Glenn wouldn't say much about the discourages—"

And those who did look didn't buy, "I was a character-juvenile," says Glenn, "and nothing is tougher to cast. I certainly wasn't a Robert Taylor. And in those days if you were big and you were his good-looking, you weren't considered picture material.

Since the movies wouldn't have him, Glenn concentrated on stage, appearing with Francis Lederer in "Golden Boy," he got to Broadway briefly in "Soliloquy."

"We went broke just before Christmas," Glenn says. He remembers an ensuing scene which sounds as if it came right out of a melodrama. He was walking along Broadway on Christmas Eve. It was snow-

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With a war still standing between him and stardom, Glenn fell in love with and, married Eleanor Powell, who was at the time of the dancing lesson—a billing—even wanted—to give it up for him.

Contrary to the opinion of many, Glenn never wanted Ellie to give up her career. "I'm sure she was the one who objected when she talked about giving it up. As it turned out later, it was all right. I realized this was what she was happiest about. But I felt terrible about it—nobody was happier than I when she had a change to go back into it in a different field.

Glenn's concern had nothing to do with their respective careers. "I never even thought about that when we were married," he says. "I wasn't thinking beyond the war." A new enemy was fighting in the Pacific; and no realistic Marine was making any postwar plans. "I never figured I'd get through it," Glenn says now. "I don't think that she did, either. When Ellie kept talking about giving up her career, I was worried. If anything should happen to me, I thought, what will she have then?"

From the beginning, it was Ellie's own idea. "I realized," she explains now, "that, to make a success of marriage, the man should be the one who looked to the future. This isn't only true of Hollywood, but anywhere. And any woman who thinks differently is, I believe, making a big mistake.

Furthermore, Eleanor Powell welcomed the personal challenge of being a wife and homemaker—of proving to herself that dancing was not only an accomplishment, it was a part of the outer life. She felt, entitled her to no particular credit. She'd been dancing all her life.

The fourteen weeks they had together before Glenn was shipped overseas—when Ellie managed their small apartment in La Jolla and carted her way around the local grocery store—were "the happiest of my life." When their son Pete was born, two years later, she saw it fullwell as a woman was complete. And one night, via TV, as she watched a champion going down, Ellie decided definitely to retire—just in case.

As for Glenn, Ellie's fate in him and in their future together was a boost when he needed it most. Particularly during his last weeks in the Marines, when he kept reading the love stories in the war magazines for the boys who'd gone away, and the speculations about the bright futures of those who'd taken their places.

"People kept telling me how Hollywood had 'progressed so much' while I'd been away. I came back not figuring on too much. I knew I was fortunate just to be back, I was pretty '15 of nothing.'

But fate crossed Glenn's path immediately with a star of kindred will. He was having lunch with his agent in the Green Room at the Ritz, in Beverly Hills, when Bette Davis was lunching there.

"Who's that young man sitting on the other side of the room?" she asked the writer with her, "I don't know who he is, but we were born in the same place.

She was told he was Glenn Ford. "Oh, no, that couldn't be Glenn Ford," said Bette. "He's in uniform and out of the country."

"I bet he is," said the writer, "that's Glenn Ford back home—and in a tweed suit."

"Ask him if he'd like to make a test with me," Bette Davis said.

When she saw the test, Bette was even straight to the front office. "If Glenn Ford for my leading man in A Stolen..."
Glenn admits he has a temper, and when I blow, I go good. But when he "blows," it’s usually on behalf of those who can’t afford to fight for themselves.

Glenn’s vigilance in this respect sometimes has that devoted stand-in, Bill Reinhart, worried—not for himself but for Glenn. “I’d rather have him in my corner than anybody,” says Bill. “When it tough, I’ll take Glenn. But sometimes it worries me.”

Stand-ins are paid by the day and only when they’re called. Glenn has educated studies never to call him without calling his name.

One afternoon, a studio called Glenn to come in around four for a “quick pick-up shot” for a picture he had made.

Upon arriving on the set and not finding his stand-in there, Glenn asked, “Where’s Bill?”

“We don’t need him, Glenn,” the production manager breezed. “There’s not much left to shoot in the scene.”

But Glenn insisted. “You know the understanding,” he said, “when I’m working, I want my stand-in here.”

“I was in the bathtub when the phone rang,” Bill recalls now. But Glenn told him he didn’t have to break his neck rushing to the studio. “We’ll wait. Take your time.”

It was a few minutes to six by the time I got dressed and out there. And when I walked in, the whole company was sitting around waiting for me, marvels Bill.

Consequently, Bill Reinhart, who’s been Glenn’s devoted stand-in for the past seven years—worries about the way Glenn sticks his neck out for him, and tries in his own way to protect Glenn.

“Glenn babys,” says the star, “but in the way where angels fear to tread.” says Bill. “The way he’ll stand up for people—well, it’s really something. What frightens me is, he’ll never back down. Glenn’s always up there now, he’s a star. And for a fellow of his standing, you’d think he’d have a lot more. Nowadays, if anything comes up, I look around and make sure Glenn is always away from anything. Which isn’t easy to arrange. He watches me like a hawk,” says Bill.

Similarly, nobody will fight harder for the motion-picture industry as a whole and its people as he will for Glenn than Glenn Ford. He burns when Hollywood is attacked and distorted pictures are painted, or when the majority of its citizens aren’t being seen. It is the behavior of a few. He has no truck with those who “won’t pass up the chance to make a buck at the expense of so many.”

By nature, Glenn is terribly shy and solid, a properly likable type, which is why he’s been a success. Perhaps his biggest challenge in life is the continuous inner struggle between his own two conflicting desires: His determination to avoid the spotlight personally, and his dedication to a profession which thrives on it. He admits to “a continuous desire for anonymity, which isn’t always possible in my trade.”

But, for a star of Glenn’s stature, he manages this remarkably well. He avoids night clubs, premieres and plushy parties. “If I thought it necessary to live like a star—to be seen in the right places by the right people and so forth—it would be pretty torturous,” he says. “But I don’t hold to that. You can live a normal life in our business. That’s up to the person, not the profession. However, Glenn does have one vice: he loves the tabloid Wednesday-night poker game with the same seven guys, which includes Charles

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well as give him all the loans and fees from all outside appearances, such as radio shows and exhibits.

Typically, Glenn took his new “citizenship” very seriously. He never hesitated to voice his convictions in any sphere. He served for six years on the board of directors of the Screen Actors Guild. Out of his tremendous respect for his profession, he has never hesitated to fight injustice on the part of any of its membership.

Success only increased Glenn’s vigilance in keeping an eye out for the underdog, and the stories about him are legion.

One director was given a $25,000 lesson in good manners when he berated an actor for being late. The actor was one of Glenn’s pictures. “You stupid so-and-so! Didn’t you hear my instructions? What’s the matter with you?” said the director was thundering because the extra was a Saturday studio set, and he’d given her to do in a scene. He looked up, rather startled, when Glenn walked over, saying, “I want you to apologize to this lady, or the company shuts down.”

It was two o’clock in the afternoon. They were shooting on a huge, lavish ballroom set, using 750 extras, and time was indeed money. When the director made no move, Glenn apologized to the extra for him and walked off the set. “I’ll be at my home,” he said. “When you apologize, let me know.”

All action stopped. Various studio com-
Ruggles and Edgar Buchanan. Glenn says the losses are never too large. "It even up—in fourteen years.

While he is so intense and preoccupied when he's working that he could pass by his best friend without knowing it, between pictures—at home with Ellie and their eleven-year-old son Pete—Glenn's as relaxed as a hibernating bear. When pressed, he admits that for a man of such repute strong will he's a pushover for son Pete. "I don't like to be told this—but it's true," he grins.

Ellie says her husband and son are like two cub scouts bucking for corporal when Glenn's home. "For some time now they've been engaged in a building project that's going to be a clubhouse for a few sentimental thing. They're out there working on it like twin beavers every available moment they have. The way they're going about it—pounding an iron, sawing and sawing," she laugh, "you'd think they were preparing a summer cabin for President Eisenhower! It keeps getting bigger and bigger by the moment. I think they're getting ready to take in boarders out there."

Glenn and Ellie are determined to see that Pete's life won't be warped in any way by being their son. And there seems to be no small worry on this score. For example, when the young actor announced his engagement to a girl and Ellie decided to let Pete stay up past his bedtime to watch the Emmy television awards, Ellie didn't think she'd win anything, but "I thought, if I should happen to, it might be the only time I could see him. When they got home that night there was a note from Pete. "I'm so happy you won the Emmy," he wrote. "But I was a little ashamed at you. You're such a fast (to get it) you looked greedy."

"Pete and Glenn and I are all note-happy," says Ellie. "We've been sending notes back and forth to each other for years. If I have to go out and speak at different churches, during a period when Glenn's working on a picture, he's in bed when I get home. But I'll find notes from him in little out of the way places around the room. He'll be mad at me for telling you this—"

When Glenn's engrossed in a part, time is relative and the rest of the world goes by. He may forget to send red roses on Valentine's Day, but as Ellie says, "He's very thoughtful in his own special way. One day when I came home, there was a little porcelain angel on my bureau. This was Glenn's way of saying, 'You're an angel.' And, as Ellie adds, 'I'd rather have a sentimental note or gift like that than an expensive gift on an established day."

This is the Glenn with the tender streak of tenderness—as Ellie and Pete well know—who writes love notes and hangs on to sentimental souvenirs, such as his "tinfoil tie." This is a brown knoit tie he bought for Ellie when he was in high school, wore in all the class plays, the little-theatre plays, "in my first picture—and I've worn it ever since. I'll bet it's cost

Metro $500 to have stand-bys made to match that dollar tie," he grins. And this is the Glenn whose proudest possession is an 18th Century music box that "rocked me to sleep, my father, me—and Pete."

When Pete was younger, Glenn's extended movie-location trips often kept them apart, but now Glenn is determined not to be separated from his family. In April, he is going to Japan to make "Tea-house of the August Moon." But, as Glenn points out, "This is the first faraway location since I went to South America many years ago, and then I took Ellie and Pete with me. 'Teahouse' will be made while Pete's in school, and I'll be back to spend the summer with him. And, if Ellie can get time off from her TV show, she and Pete will fly over while I'm there."

Although he teases Ellie—saying, "I thought I was marrying a dancer; I didn't know I was marrying a missionary —husband could be prouder than Glenn is of Ellie's Sunday-school TV show, Faith Of Our Children. He also helps with the scripts and lends a hand whenever he can. And he admits it's perfect casting. "She's the darndest missionary," he laughs, then adds seriously, "Nobody could be more qualified to teach Sunday school than Ellie. "I think she's an excellent and sweet and patient and good. Ellie sees only the goodness in this life."

Eleanor Powell's experienced understanding of show business and of Glenn's interest in his work has played an invaluable part in their marital happiness. Glenn is one star who admits he takes his roles home with him. "Ellie always grabs the scripts first when the studio ships them over. She wants to see what kind of man she's going to be living with for the next three months."

"I don't know any serious actor who sheds off his role when he goes home at night," Glenn continues, and don't tell me you can be a teacher in a tweed suit in 'Blackboard Jungle' all day on the set from nine until six, go home, get into a tux, drink champagne and go night-clubbing, and the next morning be the teacher in the tweed suit again. I don't think good results can be achieved that way."

Glenn lives with his character throughout the scenes, spending hours with his tape-recorder in the evenings, going over his lines.

"Ellie would be so happy with the genial guy I play in 'Teahouse' or 'The August Moon,' but," he grins, "we're making them one in Japan." However, his next picture—"The Fastest Gun Alive," a psychological Western—has been going over very big at home. The Westerns are a big favorite around our house," says Glenn. "I've been practicing to draw fast—which makes Pete the happiest fellow in the world. I'm really the favorite father now."

After the New Year, Glenn will be working in a fantasy gun twirl—"to impress my son"—then he had to talk hard to keep the studio from incorporating it in the picture. Finally confronting them with a load of research material, he convinces them that real gunmen had no gimmicks they got to cook time to draw.

Although "Blackboard Jungle" and "Trial" were not favorite "home movies" Ellie is proud of Glenn's performances in them. That Glenn has the courage to stir such controversial themes, surprise nobody who knows him. For this is his story of his life.

"I was told I shouldn't do 'Interrupted Melody,' that the part was secondary to the war. I felt I'd do good part—if done right—stands a chance of being important. I made 'Blackboard Jungle' against the advice of others. For that picture I snowballed everything else, the "Ransom!, 'Teahouse of the August Moon," signing my M-G-M contract—"

Answering to his own mind and heart, Glenn has been a life-long habit of Glenn's. He says, "I'm going to make 'Blackboard Jungle' and "Trial." I knew them by heart, and by memory. I was all over the world a lot he says, "and I've traveled in the Iron Curtain countries. I've heard us criticize for being 'infantile,' for making 'sugar-coated fairy tales.' I've heard us sneer at all. America is the only country to call us 'children'—which I resent. But with pictures I'd made up until then, I had no answer for them. Mine had always skirts the easy way out. If I'd made a 'Western' it could have been awful, to shut those people up. A picture like this proves they're not telling the truth about Americans not being able to face our own problems.

Throughout the filming of this on phrases had kept coming back to Glenn. Taunting phrases and faces he'd met. During an interview in Austria, a Communist reporter asked Glenn, "Tell me, Mr. Ford, is Hollywood still making fairy tales for children?"

And a French reporter had queried, "What are you Americans trying to cove up?"

"What do you mean?" asked Glenn.

"Everything can't be a Technicolor dream in America. What are you trying to hide?"

"Nothing," said Glenn and felt like shouting it. But he had no pictures to prove.

When the cameras stopped turning Glenn's grip on with his young Negro actor in "Blackboard Jun gle," he thought, "How I'd love to be sitting in the theatre in Vienna when the show opens!"

Glenn has found the controversial opinion about making pictures like this encouraging. "It means people are thinking," he says. "If a picture makes people think—then they can't get away from them; or whether they are free or not. The important thing is to think. This is what made America. As long as people think, we're great shape."

"Like my son," adds Glenn. "If Pete differs with me and says why, that's stimu lating, that's good. Honestly, however, compels Glenn to admit that it can also be uncomfortable. He has never wanted Pete to realize the fact that he is the son of a movie star, but one night recently he decided to make an exception and take him to one of his pictures."

"In 'Blackboard Jungle' previewing my picture in Westwood Theatre," he announced, "Would you like to go with me?"

Pete thought for a minute. "Well, we thank Dad," he said finally, "I don't want to hurt your feelings or anything. But, well, tonight Run-Tin-Tin's on TV."
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Directed by ROY ROWLAND • Produced by JOE PASTERNAK • AN M-G-M PICTURE
Romantic Carousel; Tab Hunter’s cross-country flight was cloaked in mystery, but we know his secret! He’s flipped his lid over an eastern socialite. But her wealthy father wants Taberoo to stop making movies and go to work for him. Looks like no one is going to win! ... We’ve got news for Marisa Pavan. Her great admirer, terrifically talented Sal Mineo—who’s playing opposite Pier Angeli in “Somebody Up There Likes Me”—hopes Marisa will visit their set and that her twin sister will introduce them. ... Believe it or not, there’s a touch of the old-fashioned boy in Marlon Brando. Beautiful Anna Kashfi, India’s gift to Hollywood, has a charming new apartment—which Marlon keeps filled with fresh flowers that he picks from his own garden with his own hands!

For Your Information: When Joan Collins was named the “most promising actress” by Photoplay readers, it made a deep impression. Joan is now more conscious of her appearance in public, but around the house, she still loves those casual sweaters and slacks. ... And “most promising actor” George Nader has been in a dilemma. Some of his fans want him to marry Dani Crayne, while others threaten to picket their favorite cheesecake boy if he much as dares to pop the question. George and Dani have decided to “remain good friends,” and their stuf U-I, is plenty pleased. ... John D and Jody Lawrence may not be four, but after their second picture together—“Leather Saint,” they’ve had it. Neil wants to play opposite the other wife... “Omar Khayam” goes before the cameras! ... When M-G-M imported New York actor to test for a role it was perfect for Jeff Richards, the neglected guy asked for his release. Instead, the studio gave him his director’s break, playing the romantic cow lead in “The Opposite Sex.”

Many Happy Returns: Russ Tam pulled a cute wedding-day gag on bride, Venetia Stevenson. As you know, they were married on Valentine’s Day. So Russ wrapped up a Joy of Cooking cookbook in a heart-shaped box and presented it to his bride! ... And Danton knocked himself out trying to find an appropriate first anniversary (paper) present for Julie Adams. Inadvertently solved his problem, sighing over some elegant hand-painted wallpaper costing fifteen dollars a yard. Ray had it delivered—one roll at a time!

Photoplay’s Gold Medal Dinner at the Beverly Hilton was a glamour affair. Seated on the dais above, left to right, are, Nader and Shirley Jones, Choose Your Stars winners; Bill Holden, Gold Medal actor of the year; Deborah Kerr, who accepted a Gold Medal for top actress Jennifer Jones; Buddy Adler, nightly appointed head of 20th; editor Ann Higginbotham; Samuel Bronston, producer of 20th’s “A Man Called Peter,” one of top films; and Choose Your Stars winners Joan Collins, Dick Egan, Martha Jones.

Mirthful moment occurred at dinner when diminutive Debra Reynolds, who won Award as one of the five most popular actresses of the year, presented Bill Holden with his Gold Medal. “My, how you’ve grown,” twinkled irrepressible Debbie, “I’ve known you since you were a little boy and it’s so nice to see how you grow up in the industry!” And sealed her speech with a kiss. Amused onlookers are Deborah Kerr and m.c. Jack Lem loose
not-so-lonesome george says—

"you don't hardly get movies like this no more..."

"I'm right in the middle of a great big movie, romancin' that 'Anything Goes gal!' Mitzi Gaynor... and there's singin' and dancin' and there you are..."

GEORGE GOBEL
MITZI GAYNOR
DAVID NIVEN

in the birds and the bees

 Paramount presents

REGINALD GARDINER • FRED CLARK

Directed by PAUL JONES • NORMAN TAUROG

Based on a Story by Monckton Hoffe • Musical Numbers Staged

by Nick Castle • New Songs by Harry Warren and Mack David

SONGS!
(The Same Thing Happens With)
THE BIRDS AND THE BEES
LA PARISIENNE • EACH TIME I DREAM
INSIDE STUFF continued

His And Hers: While everyone from coast to coast was searching madly for Shirley Jones recently, she was sitting ringside at the Versailles in New York! Jack Cassidy, her favorite feller, was singing there and, when 20th Century-Fox tests him in Hollywood, we have a hunch that Shirley will volunteer to assist him with his scenes. . . . Yep, it can happen here! For the first time in her life, Terry Moore didn't want publicity when she secretly married Panama insurance broker Eugene McGrath. The ruse was effected on New Year's Day in Las Vegas by marrying under her real name, Helen Luella Koford. John Wayne introduced Terry to her handsome husband, and Gene doesn't object to her acting career—as long as it excludes him from the spotlight of attention.

Social Life: When Photoplay's publisher, Irving S. Manheimer, and his charming wife Ruth arrived to prepare for the Gold Medal Awards dinner, the town really rolled out the red carpet. Among the glamorous events preceding the dinner, writer Ruth Waterbury's party was a stand-out. Among the guests were Russ Tamblyn and his then about-to-be bride Venetia Stevenson; Celeste Holm; Oreste, escorting cute Jody Lawrence; Mr. and Mrs. Jacques Sernas (she's beautiful enough to be a star, too); and Rhonda Fleming with her Doctor Lew Morrill. On another evening, Sue and Alan Ladd (who throw the most divine sit-down dinners for fifty persons that we've ever attended) honored the Manheimers with a star-studded guest list. Jennifer Jones and David O. Selznick; Fred MacMurray and June Haver; Edmund O'Brien and wife Olga San Juan; Doris Day and Marty Melcher, were just a few who attended. Another evening was spent with delightful Cynthia and Jack

Continued on page 20
The thrill of his voice! The thrill of a great story! The thrill of a new motion picture triumph!

Warner Bros. present in WarnerColor

MARIO LANZA

"SERENADE"

The story of a farm-hand who won fame as a singer and nearly lost his soul as a man...

CO-STARRING

JOAN FONTAINE
SARITA MONTIEL
VINCENT PRICE

Produced by

HENRY BLANKE

Directed by ANTHONY MANN
Screen play by IVAN GOFF & BEN ROBERTS AND JOHN TWIST
WHAT SHOULD I DO?

Spring Byington stars in December Bride, seen on CBS-TV, Mondays at 9 P.M. EST.

Your letters answered by SPRING BYINGTON

Q I am a girl of thirteen, and you know most girls of thirteen have a certain girlfriend that they chum around with. Well, so do I, but we just don't seem to be able to get along. I have been chumming with Nanine for almost a year, but every day we argue about something. Before Nanine and I got to be pals, I chummed around with another girl and we never used to fight at all. Nanine doesn't like this other girl, Elsie, and has said that if I had anything to do with Elsie, we would have been through. Elsie sometimes calls me and we go to a movie or on a sandwich date (two girls and one boy, Dutch), and we get along fine. When Nanine finds out, she is furious and says we're through and she is going to tell everyone I am a bad friend. Don't you think Nanine is being unfair? Sometimes I just feel like telling her right out that nobody is as important to anybody else as she thinks she is, if she decides to be a person's chum.

Lola M.

A What you describe, Lola, is essentially blackmail, and you should deal with it as all blackmail must be dealt with: refuse to be intimidated. When Nanine says that you must do thus and so, or that she is "through," tell her goodbye and don't stay around to wear a white handkerchief in farewell.

Loyalty is one of the great virtues; dictatorship is one of the great vices. Don't be victimized by a domineering force simply because of your own idealistic nature. You haven't given your life into Nanine's hands: you aren't a puppet to be pulled at Nanine's will.

Several years ago there was produced on Broadway a delightful musical comedy entitled "No, No, Nanette." You might change the name slightly and adopt as your personal motto, "No, No, Nanine." It should enliven the script of your own life a great deal.

Q I'm a guy not quite nineteen, and I've been steady-dating a girl, call her Patsy, who is about eighteen. We will both graduate from high school in June, and I plan to go on to college and study medicine.

Well, during Easter vacation, six of us (three couples) went on a houseparty, and one night the couple chaperoning us had to make a trip into town to the dentist and they didn't get back until the next morning. While they were gone, one of the boys found a case of liquor in a back closet of the cabin, so we opened a bottle and had a whee of a time.

I think all of us were ashamed and sorry about it the next morning, because every one of us knew better, but I decided the thing should be forgotten. Now Patsy says we've got to get married. Not because she is in trouble or anything like that, but because she says no decent man would ever want anything to do with her. I've tried to explain that I don't have a profession and I can't support her. I guess I could get a job in a filling station, or be a delivery boy—summertime jobs I've done—but that would end me and my medical school ambitions.

I've tried to explain to Patsy that neither one of us is old enough to take on the responsibilities of marriage, but she just cries and says I'm going away and she'll never see me again. She isn't going to college, so she thinks the end of the world will come with high school graduation.

So, am I feel to say "no"? Even during Leap Year I think a fellow should have a choice. I feel awful about this, but I'm a little mad, too.

Evon T.

A Every right-thinking individual, Mr. T., regards marriage as a union between two people which is entered into freely and fully because they are in love and they plan a life together that will give them opportunities for mental, emotional and spiritual growth, as well as for service to a community and perhaps to a succeeding generation.

A marriage assumes that a home is to be established, not a battleground. A marriage assumes that children brought into that home will be loved, protected, and taught to join the community as good citizens.

If there is one thing that is unchangingly true in this world it is that coercion is always wrong in emotional relationships. It follows then, that a marriage induced by coercion is wrong.

However, don't jump to the comfortable conclusion at this point that I'm in sympathy with your attitude toward the unfortunate girl in this case.

The time has long since passed when the blame for an incident such as you have described is placed upon the girl entirely. You knew, every step of the way, that you were doing wrong. Had you been driving a car in which this girl was a passenger, and had you wrecked the car in an accident which killed the girl, you would have been held guilty of criminal negligence. That the actual incident did not destroy her life but her self-respect instead does not lessen your responsibility in the least.

I note that you have said in your letter that you feel "awful," but also you are "a little mad." You have every right to feel "awful" and none to be "a little mad," except as yourself.

Because I have not been fully informed about your situation, I am not in a position to give you specific advice. However, I believe it would be to your best advantage to consult a guidance counselor who has expert knowledge and experience with situations such as yours. If there is no such person in your community, you can write to the Family Service Association of America, 192 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. They will refer you to the guidance agency nearest to you.

Continued on page 10

Now - 1956 - Procter & Gamble proudly announces . . .

TRIUMPH OVER TOOTH DECAY

Crest Toothpaste with Fluoristan strengthens tooth enamel to lock out decay from within

Fluoristan is Procter & Gamble's exclusive stannous fluoride formula - proven the greatest decay-preventive in any toothpaste

IMPORTANT

Crest with Fluoristan is the only toothpaste ever developed that makes possible a major reduction in tooth decay for everyone, everywhere, by strengthening tooth enamel. Thereby, Crest marks a turning point in man's age-old struggle against this almost universal disease.

Instead of waiting helplessly for cavities to strike, Crest now makes it possible for you to build strong defenses against decay within teeth . . . to fortify teeth so that they turn back the destructive attacks of decay (as opposed to the old-fashioned method of brushing a temporary coating of protection on the surface of teeth). With Crest, your family approaches the long dreamed-of day of healthy, decay-free teeth.

NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE PREVENTS DECAY LIKE CREST!

©1956, The Procter & Gamble Co.
WHAT SHOULD I DO?

Q I am twenty-one years old, I am married and have two lovely boys. I lead a happy but simple life and I suppose I should be contented. But I have a problem that is ruining my life, I stutter. I always have, ever since I can remember—right through school, even during vacations, when you would think there was nothing to worry about.

No one who doesn't stutter can realize how shut off a stutterer can be. No matter how much I want to talk to people, nearly die trying to say the silliest little thing—like trying to order meat at the market, or trying to tell the milkman what I want.

I have read a good deal about Hollywood people overcoming handicaps, but not one of them seems to have started out a stutterer. Any advice or information you could give me would be greatly appreciated.

People are always correcting or criticizing me, or laughing behind my back. I feel as though I want to stay at home and hide, but that would be bad for my children. So, please help me to learn to talk like other people.

Edith A

A I wonder if it wouldn't help you, Mrs. A., if you knew what usually causes stuttering? It's no deep, dark secret, but rather a simple situation. If you were placed in the second grade in school at an age when you were only ready for first-grade work, that might have caused it. If you were a younger child in a family of talkative children and always felt yourself to be under pressure to get a word in edgewise that might have caused it. Somewhere along your childhood route you were probably expected to live up to a standard beyond your years, and this undoubtedly resulted in your starting to stutter.

Now, fortunately, you are grown, and there are thousands upon thousands of girls, who would consider you a very successful woman. Obviously your husband found you so attractive that he wanted you for his wife, and you have, as you have said, two lovely boys. What riches from the stand point of so many of the girls who have written to me all about their dreadless lives!

If you will begin to put yourself on the back for your successes, in place of scolding yourself for your failures, your stuttering should end, gradually. Count your daily triumphs by saying, "Today the dinner was delicious," "Today I held my temper." "To-day I was kind to the funny old lady at the corner." "Today I was patient when talking to the butcher." Instill in yourself a positive, determined attitude.

Once you have begun to like yourself and to see that you are truly a successful person, you might start to read aloud against a background of march music, keeping time with words as you would with a tapping toe. Read nursery rhymes aloud to your children, remembering that there is no need to hurry, and that you are under no pressure.

And will you let me know, in six or eight months, just how you have been getting along?

Edith A

Tussy reveals long-awaited Bright Secret

Something new is in the air! Something too thrilling to miss—the fragrance news of the year! It’s Bright Secret by Tussy—tantalizing as a twinkle in your eye! By day, it’s as delicate as dew on flower petals. But at night, the dew-drops turn to diamonds—wait and see! How does this fragrance miracle happen? That’s your Bright Secret, from now on!

**“Heartwarmers”—wonderful way to lasting fragrance!**

Take one of the tiny absorbent hearts that come with every “Heartwarmer” Set. Scent it with Bright Secret, then tuck it next to your heart. An air of fragrant mystery—your own Bright Secret—will cling to you all day long!

Two other Bright Secrets you should know:

A. DUSTING POWDER, complete with big velvety puff. $1.50
B. SPRAY-MIST, new push-button cologne concentrate. $2.50, plus tax

Bright Secret by Tussy

Continued on page 12
The loveliest glow of all is yours...with this new liquid make-up!

Revolon 'Touch-and-Glow'

Revolon has something new and wonderful for your complexion...liquid 'Touch-and-Glow'! It's never masky...never heavy...this liquid make-up is blended with Lanolite, to beauty-treat your complexion! With 'Touch-and-Glow' there's no made-up look. It's so natural—nobody knows you wear it but you! Find your glow among 8 exquisite complexion colors...and wear Revlon 'Touch-and-Glow' for that radiant, youthful look!

The fabulous flattery of candlelight...captured in a liquid make-up!
See? It's like washing your hair in naturally soft rainwater!

Rainwater-soft suds! New White Rain gives you floods of suds, soft as softest rainwater. Rainwater-clean rinsing, too... all dulling film disappears in a twinkling!

Rainwater-soft results! You comb out hair that's sunshine-bright... soft as a summer cloud. Yet all your sunny curls just naturally spring back into place!

WHAT SHOULD I DO?
continued

That means I am a year, in some cases two years, older than other kids in my class at school.

The reason is that I didn't start school as soon as most kids in this country do, because my father was working for the government and we moved around quite a bit, so I lost school time and often had to be left back.

Anyhow, I happen to know that some of the kids are planning a party for me (my mother has always been very good about giving parties in honor of the kids in my grade), but I am thinking of asking everybody first to give a party for me.

I know that, at a party, somebody would ask my age so as to put on the right number of candles, and I don't want people to know. Would it be all right to lie about my age?

It seems silly to me that it's bad taste to ask a lady her age, but nobody seems to be able to tell when a girl stops being a child who has to tell and becomes a lady and doesn't have to tell. It's embarrassing beyond the age of ten.

MAXINE W.

A What a pity, Maxine! Do you realize that you are preparing to deny yourself the wonderful pleasure of a birthday party, simply because of the prompting of unfortunate wrong thinking?

If there is one thing that is a mistake in this world, it is quarreling with facts that cannot be changed. You wouldn't think of sitting down and crying because the sun rises in the east, now would you? It's one of the facts of the universe that you can't change. No more can you change your age. You were summoned into the world at a specific time, and it should always seem like a sort of magic to you. You should never feel embarrassed.

The fact is that you have had infinite advantages that the other youngsters in your school grade have missed. You have, apparently, traveled with your parents and learned a great deal about other parts of the country or the world. Is there any other person in your grade who has enjoyed such experiences? You should feel proud and privileged.

The only possible way to look upon being seventeen or seventy-seven is, "Good! I have had the advantage of all of these years of learning." And then ask yourself, "Have I made good use of the time?"

Q I am eighteen years old and seem to be very popular with my friends. I have gone steady three times, but never really thought I was in love—always having fun with the gang—until I met Waldo. He is my true ideal and I am very much in love with him. We plan to be married in about two years. He is now twenty, and thinks a man shouldn't be married before he is twenty-two, but should be married shortly after that age. We have discussed our beliefs, including those concerning religion, children, money, and sex, and we are in agreement.

But we do have one serious difficulty. My father has been married twice and Waldo disapproves of him, actually dislikes him, because of this. When Waldo comes to the house, Dad tries his best to be friendly and courteous, and he really likes Waldo because he thinks he is a worthwhile boy. But Waldo is downright rude, which upsets me a great deal.

Continued on page 14
He finds you the most attractive girl of all...as lovely as any movie star. He really does! And to look your best for him always, be sure your complexion is fresh and glowing. Joan Fontaine certainly has radiantly beautiful skin. Like 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars, she uses daily new Lux care to keep it that way—and new Lux can do as much for you!

Cosmetic lather is the secret

New Lux lather has a beneficial cosmetic action on your complexion...actually increases and stimulates your skin's natural moisture. And it's moisture balance, you know, that helps keep complexions fresh and glowing.

Massage cosmetic lather into your skin gently. Rinse with warm, then cool water and pat dry. You'll be as delighted with the results of new Lux care, as the Hollywood stars are. (Try it and see.)

New Lux is sealed in Gold Foil

...to protect its dazzling whiteness, wonderful fragrance, cosmetic lather. Only new Lux gives you Reynolds gold foil protection and cosmetic lather. Remember, you don't have to be a movie star to have a movie star's complexion—that's the beauty of new Lux in Gold Foil!
Waldo says Dad is no good and that he has no principles, and Waldo doesn't want to have anything to do with him. He says he will speak to Dad, and that when we are married Dad can come to see us occasionally, but that Dad will never have Waldo's respect.

I know my father has done some wrong things in life, but who hasn't? I love him because he is my father, and because he is fun to talk to and be with, and because he is kind and inclined to think the best of everyone. I don't think any girl could have a nicer father than I do.

Do you think Waldo's attitude might cause trouble after we are married? I've read several articles which say that in-law trouble is often a contributory cause of divorce. Or maybe I'm taking this too seriously.

Karen-Mae J.

A Off-hand, Karen-Mae, I can think of only one excuse for Waldo. He may be more than a little jealous of your father. Your letter was too long to print in its entirety. But your description of your father made him seem to be a warm, humorous, wise, and kindly human being, altogether worthy of the great love you, quite obviously, give him.

Frankly, I think it is most fortunate that you do not plan to be married in less than two years; twenty-four months may not be at all too long a time in which to get to know Waldo better. And during that time your opinion of him might change.

Have you asked yourself how obstinate and narrow-minded Waldo might have possibly become at, say, forty, since he is so set in his opinions at twenty? One of the chief charms of the young is their open-mindedness and their eagerness to learn, but Waldo seems to have passed through the stage with speed.

When all is said and done, your father's past is really none of Waldo's affair. Waldo is coming into your family because he wants you for his wife; you haven't, I'm sure, begged him to join your clan. As I said, the next two years should be used to learn more about Waldo and his ability to adapt himself to a number of different situations. Flexibility, most people find, is definitely one of the essentials for happy, lasting marriage.

The best of luck to you.

Q I'm the sort of person who would not, normally, think of writing to a stranger for help, but I'm faced with a problem too painful to confide to anyone related to me. Perhaps you will have an idea to "save me"; perhaps not. It may be "just one of those crazy things," but I think it's worth the gamble.

A few days ago, I received a special delivery-air mail letter from a former college chum who said she would like to wring my neck because I hadn't responded when she called to me as she was arriving at The Shamrock Hotel in Houston, and my husband and I were leaving. "When did you tint your hair?" she wanted to know. "Very becoming, but I might not have recognized you if it hadn't been for that celebrated alligator suitcase you carried to and fro during our college days. It still has its 'Hotel Splendide' sticker pasted on it. I notice." She went on to say that she had hesitated to call me until she caught sight of George, my husband, then we drove...
For the figure of your fondest day-dreams—Maidenform's lovely new Concerto* gives you curves that are more curvaceous, brings an exciting line to your outline! And it's all accomplished with row upon row of tiny, interlocked stitches! Each stitch catches up an inner cup-lining, pre-shapes this bra just enough to mould a fabulous form! In white stitched broadcloth, lace-margined. AA, A, B and C cups... 2.00
I have been married nine years, have three lovely children, a wonderful new home, and I considered our life ideal. But what about that woman, who was obviously traveling as George's wife? Tell me, Miss Byington, does a wife end her marriage because of a thing like that? And if she doesn't what does she do? I do hope you can help me.

HELENE I.

A

Do you have a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the advice of Spring Byington? If so, address your letters to her, in care of Box 3101, Beverly Hills, California. If your problem is of general interest, Miss Byington will consider answering it in this column. All names will be held confidential.
CASTS
OF CURRENT PICTURES

ANYTHING GOES—Paramount, Directed by Robert
Lewis; Bill Bevan, Bing Crosby; Ted Adams, Donald
O'Connor, Gabby Dave, TeSamee, Patcy Blair, Mitzi
Gyorner, Steve Blair, Phil Harris; Victor Law-
rence, Kurt Kasznar; Ed Bront, Richard Erdman;
Alex Todd, Walter Sande; Otto, Archer MacDonald.

BACKLASH—U.I., Directed by John Sturges; Jim
Slater, Richard Widmark; Karl Orton, Donna Reed;
Johnny Coyle, William Campbell; Tom Brown, John
McInerney; George, Lake, Burton MacLane; Sheriff
Marson, Edward C. Platt; Tony Welker, Harry Mar-
gan; Jeff Welker, Bob Wilke; Ivan Welker, Reg
Farron; Sheriff Olson, Robert Fonk.

BOLD AND THE BRAVE, THE—RKO, Directed by
Lewis R. Foster; Faischdahl, Wendell Corey; Dooley,
Mickey Rooney; Preacher, Don Taylor; Fissman, Nicole
Maurey; Smith, John Smith; Hendricks, Race Gentry;
Wilbur, Ralph Varnum.

CAROUSEL—20th., Directed by Henry King; Billy,
Gordon MacRae; Julie, Shirley Jones; Jagger, Cam-
eron Mitchell; Carrie, Barbara Ruick; Cousin Nettie,
Charlie Mason, Faa; Mr. Smith, Robert Rossenwale;
Starkeeper, Gene Lockhart; Mrs. Multa, Audrey
Christie; Louie, Susan Lacy; Heavenly Friend,
William Le Maussan; Mr. Bacscombe, John Delter;
Louie's Dancing Partner, Jacques D'Ambrosio; Cap-
tain Watson, Frank Tweddell.

COCKLESHELL HEROES, THE—Columbia, Di-
rected by Joe Ferrer; Major Stronger, Joe Ferrer;
Captain Thompson, Trevor Howard; Myrtle, Dora
Bryan; Sgt. Custer, Victor McLaglen; Marine Clarke,
Anthony Newley; Marine Ruddock, David Lodge;
Marine Struy; Peter, Martin Landau, Percy
Herbert; Marine Booth, Graham Stewart; Marine
Cooney, John Fahm; Marine Bradley, John Van
Eysen; Ted, Robert Cummings; Rev. Yama.

MAN WHO NEVER WAS, THE—20th., Directed
by Ronald Neame; Lt. Commander Ervin Montague,
Clifton Webb; Lucy, Gloria Grahame; George, Ar-
chibald Lewis; Tom, Josephine Grifflf, O'Keefe,
Stephen Boyd; Sir Bernard Spilsbury, Andre Morell;
Admiral Cross, Laurence Naismith; General Nye,
Geoffrey Keen; General Coburn, Michael Hordern;
The Father, Moutrie Kenahal.

OUR MISS BROOKS—Warners, Directed by Al
Lewin; Miss Brooks, Eve Arden; Grooved Cocktails,
Cale Gordon; Lawrence Nolan, Don Porter; Phillip
Boynton, Robert Rockwell; Margaret Davis, Jane
Mann; Walter Dexter, Richard Coonan; Gary Nol-
lan, Nick Adams; "Stretch" Snoopgrass, Leonard
Smith; Haynet Cocktails, Gloria MacMillan; Mr.
Stone, Joe Kearns; Dr. Henley, William Newell; Mr.
Webster, Philip Van Zandt.

PATTERNS—U.A, Directed by Fielder Cook: Fred
Staples, Van Beddin; Walter Runsey, Everett Sloane;
William Bridge, Ed Begley; Nancy Stapf; Beatrice
Straight; Marge Fleming, Elizabeth Wilson; Miss
Lanter, Joanna Roos; Sylvia Traumo; Erene Klames;
Miss Hill, Shirley Standle; Paul Borgie, Randy
Welsh; Jr.; Ann, Sally Gracie; Billy, Michael Drey-
tuss; First Secretary, Adrienne Moore; Second Sec-
tary, Elaine Kaye.

SERENADE—Warners, Directed by Anthony Mann;
Damon Vincenti, Mario Lanza; Constable, Joan
Fontaine; Juanita Montes; Sarita Montiel; Charles
Whitnall, Vincent Price; Mastertio Mariello, Joseph
Calles; Monte, Harry Beliley, Anna Rose, Nick
Dolphys; Lace, William Newell; Mr. Webster, Philip
Van Zandt.

SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD—Stanley
Warner-Cinemas, Directed by Ted Tetzlaff, Andrew
Martin, Tai Garnett, Paul Mantz, Walter Thompson;
Documentary.

STEEL JUNGLE, THE—Warners, Directed by
Walter Doniger; Ed Novak, Perry Lopez; Frances
Novak, Beverly Garland; Warder Keller, Walter
Abele; Steve Martin, Ted DeLeon; Jr., Lely, Ken-
eth Tobey; Mrs. Archer, Allison Hayes; Gerald
Weaver, Gregory Walcott; Lucy, Leon Gordin;
Sembourg, Kay Kater; Don Jaccari; Bob Steele.

TOUCH AND GO—Rank-U.I., Directed by Michael
Truman; Fletcher, Jack Hawkins; Helen, Margaret
Johnson; Gregory, Peggy; Joseph; Harris, William
Fraser; Fairbright, Roland Calve; Alice Fairbright,
Alison Leggett; Mrs. Prickett, Margaret Halstan;
Mr. Prickett, Henry Longhurst; Harold, James
Hayter; Stevens, Basil Dignam; Mrs. Baxter, Bessie
Love.

TRIBUTE TO A BAD MAN—M-G-M, Directed by
Robert Wise; Jerry O'Shaughnessy, James Cagney,
Steven Miller, Don Dubbins; McNulty, Stephen McNally;
Jaseta Courtney, Irene Dunne; Larry Peterson, Van
Morrow; Barlow, James Griffith; Hearn, Ouslow
Stevens; L. A. Peterson, James Bell; Mrs. L. A.
Petersen, Louise Nelson, Baseball Johnson; Abe,
Roy, Dan Dain; Pat Jones, Lee Van Cleef; Cookey,
Peter Chong.

WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS—RKO, Directed by
Robert Wise; Jeremy Rodack, James Cagney; Steven
Miller, Don Dubbins; McNulty, Stephen McNally;
Jaseta Courtney, Irene Dunne; Larry Peterson, Van
Morrow; Barlow, James Griffith; Hearn, Ouslow
Stevens; L. A. Peterson, James Bell; Mrs. L. A.
Petersen, Louise Nelson, Baseball Johnson; Abe,
Roy, Dan Dain; Pat Jones, Lee Van Cleef; Cookey,
Peter Chong.

Antonia Drexel Earle—Looking as radiant as she
did as a debutante (and so young) to be the mother of three school-age
boys), Mrs. Earle runs a lively household in the beautiful countryside
on Philadelphia's Main Line. "For my beauty care," she says, "I use
an unmatchable cream—Pond's Cold Cream for deep cleansing
each night. Nothing else keeps my skin so fresh and smooth."

Complete beauty care—in
only 3 minutes a day!

Start with a glowing clean skin!
Every night, deep-cleanse your skin thorougly with Pond's Cold Cream.

Look fresh all day—with a
powder base of sheer Pond's
Vanishing Cream. It's greaseless.

Protects your skin!
THAT’S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

Although I know it’s true, I still don’t believe the Grace Kelly-Prince Rainier romance. Guess I’ve seen too many movies, and Monaco sounds like a mythical kingdom. Sherree North says she feels better because she doesn’t have to be so blond. I haven’t any objection to the girl-next-door type of actress. The girl-next-door could be Zsa Zsa Gabor or Ann Blyth—even one is good, depending on what the fellow-next-door is like. Wonder why I never see or hear about the attractive Jane Wyman with a romance. I was pleased about Edward G. Robinson’s success on Broadway in Paddy Chayefsky’s play “Middle of the Night.” Remember a few years ago when they said working in the movies hurt an actor? Benny Goodman now looks like Steve Allen to me. I don’t think the colored sidewalk and few caricatures in front of Grauman’s Chinese Theatre is going to restore Hollywood Boulevard’s glamour. The Boulevard has to get some smart shops and other reasons for the movie stars to frequent the street. Ernest Borgnine is a pleasant fellow, even when he’s playing a maniac. Jerry Lewis will make a good movie director. With all her energy and enthusiasm, mother-to-be Shirley MacLaine should be a perfect mother. I’d like to see Robert Mitchum go through an entire picture with his eyes completely open. During an interview, Deborah Kerr said: “Why is it that actresses who wear the least clothes in public take the most luggage with them when they go on a personal-appearance tour?”

Davi Crayne is a budding ringer for Lana Turner, except in the sweater department. I’ve got the impression Shirley Jones is still amazed by it all. Glad that Aldo Ray and Jeff Donnell are back together, and I hope it lasts. There should be a “Request Movie Theatre” in town which actually shows the movies patrons suggest, and not the pictures the studios want to re-issue. Typical statement by Jack Lemmon, master of Gold Medal Awards ceremonies: “Make-up men don’t take long to get me ready for a scene. They dab on some pancake, then give up.”

I regard Eddie Fisher as a movie star, although I’m aware he hasn’t made a movie yet. Don’t overlook Janet Leigh when you’re mentioning sex bundles. Don’t know how you can. I’m puzzled by Ava Gardner’s long absence. Come home, Ava, I’d like to see you. Also, I think Marlon Brando is going to be away too long. I’m for more pictures being filmed in the Hollywood studios. I’m of the opinion that more movie producers should see pictures in theatres instead of projection rooms. They’d learn about audiences, which is important, too. Liberace sincerely means well. Somehow it seems that Piper Laurie is developing sex appeal. Elizabeth Taylor has been known to throw a mink coat over a nightgown. And does she chew gum! Those hawkers on Sunset Boulevard shout: “Buy a map. Guide to the homes of your favorite movie and television stars.” But they tell me people are mainly interested in movie stars; more glamorous than TV stars. I don’t know why, but it’s a good thing for the movies. John Wayne is an actor who doesn’t claim to be an actor. “I try to be myself on the screen,” Wayne says. “I don’t act; I react.” Leslie Caron puzzles me—and sometimes interests me. Rod Steiger can be the movie hero type. I’m still waiting for Greta Garbo to make another movie, but will take all bets she doesn’t. Wife Evie has gotten Van Johnson to stop eating crackers in bed.

Jane Russell is outspoken but not fresh. I’m ready for the next Katharine Hepburn picture. And also another from Shirley Booth. Remember when Rubirosa and Gloria Vanderbilt were going to be in pictures? Love isn’t better on the super-colossal movie screen. I would like to read about a movie which did just great business and didn’t break any records. Kim Novak keeps improving in every picture—which goes to show you what hard work, determination, and a good script can do for you. Joan Collins always appears to do okay in the romance department. Charlotte Greenwood said it: “Temperament is temper that is too old to spank.”

I recall Bill Holden a few years back: producers said he’d be big if he had sex appeal. Bill must have bought it somewhere. Cyd Charisse still can do more than M-G-M has given her to do. I really don’t care which actor can draw a gun the fastest. Rock Hudson is proving to be a better husband than bachelor. Doris Day has a TV set at the foot of her bed. I don’t know who sounds and acts more like Bogart—Humphrey or Lauren Bacall, but I like them both. My favorite character, Mike Curtiz, talking about a certain actress, said: “Her manner is so annoying that you can’t even like her when she’s agreeing with you.” And that’s Hollywood for you.
Richard Hudnut 3-month test proves

NEW PIN-QUICK OUTLASTS ANY OTHER PINCURL PERMANENT

3 MONTHS AGO

“I loved my new Pin-Quick wave from the first minute,” says pretty model Bonnie Davies. “Pin-Quick’s so easy,” Bonnie goes on, “it’s as simple as setting your hair. And I dried it with a dryer in just minutes!” (Note lovely lanolin shine in Bonnie’s soft Pin-Quick curls.)

TODAY

“Would you believe it?” asks Bonnie. “After all this time and repeated shampoos, my Pin-Quick wave still gives me all the soft, casual curls I love. This pincurl permanent is really permanent!” That’s because the Magic Curl-Control in Pin-Quick locks in curls till you cut them off.

Richard Hudnut guarantees

Pin-Quick to last longer

than any other pincurl permanent

...or your money back! 150¢
New sunshine yellow shampoo
puts sunny sparkle in hair!

Notes:
- The text promotes a shampoo product and its benefits.
- It mentions that the shampoo is economical and easy to manage.
- The ad includes a picture of a smiling woman.

Brilliant? Blonde? Redhead?
You'll thrill when you see how your hair responds to the conditioning benefits of New SHAMPOO PLUS EGG!
It's just what your hair needs—for new life and luster, for rich silky softness. You'll love the "feel" of your hair—the way it manages.

That's the magic conditioning touch of SHAMPOO PLUS EGG! This new kind of shampoo cleans cleaner, rinses super fast. It's the one really different shampoo... from its sunshine yellow color to the lilting sunny sparkle it puts in your hair! Try it once, you'll use it always.

Economical 29c, 59c, $1.

INSIDE STUFF
continued from page 6

When Pat Wayne received an award from Ann Higginbotham as one of most promising actors of '56, his proud pop told him, "Son, this is your first and I hope it won't be your last!" John was remembering his first award—a Gold Medal as top actor in 1950 for role in "Sands of Iwo Jima"

Lemmon. Topping it all off, of course, was the night the Manheimers hosted the Gold Medal Awards dinner, with some 500 guests. Looked upon by Hollywood as one of the year's most significant events—because it represents the voting by you, the movie-going public—there was hardly a producer or motion-picture star who was not there.

Just Between Us: Sweet, sensitive Margaret O'Brien was greatly upset when the rumor spread that she was bedded down with the mumps. She not only lost out on doing a TV show, but her boyfriends disappeared into thin air, until they learned the truth...

Despite all the fanfare, Rock Hudson had no desire to play the virtuous cowboy opposite Marilyn Monroe in "Bus Stop." Said smart-cookie Rock: "I know when I'm wrong for a part!"

Bag and Baggage: Hollywood may lose a number one citizen if Photoplay's Gold Medal Award winner William Holden moves his family to Palm Springs. The smog and heavy traffic have been closing in on them and affecting their health. If the Holdens do sell their house and make the move, they'll headquarter in an apartment when Bill works in Hollywood.

Here and There: Tall, dark and handsome Tom Tryon, Paramount's new hopeful, is a good friend of the Cary Coopers, which explains why he escorts Mrs. Cooper to Hollywood parties when "Coop" is out of town... Now that he'll co-star with Katharine Hepburn in "The Rainmaker," Burt Lancaster's running off old Hepburn movies to study her technique... Technicolor

(Continued on page 22)
suddenly... you're glamorous!

You’re Free! Lithe! And Glamorous... with Heavenly Comfort!

Playtex Living Bra®

Long-Line with Magic Midriff... or Bandeau. The new fashions are young, exciting as your figure when you wear the Long-Line Bra. High, round nylon cups add a lift for curve allure you’ve never had before! All-elastic Magic Midriff slims inches away from bust to waist. In white... $5.95. Bandeau, white or non-run black, $3.95. Sizes 32A to 40C, D-Cups from $4.95. In the Playtex package at your favorite store.
cameramen working on the set of “Kelly and Me” have been pleasantly pleased, because Piper Laurie and Van Johnson, who are natural redheads, can be photographed without special lighting. It’s the first time in Hollywood history! . . . A deep bow to Jane Russell. Thanks to her wonderful WAIF project, nearly 2000 orphaned children found good homes last year.

Wee Ones: Now that Jane Powell and Pat Nerney are the proud parents of a baby girl, Lindsey Averill, the modern mother has taken a new lease on her professional life. “Nothing but sexy, sophisticated parts from now on,” says Janie . . . Sheila and Guy Madison, who are expecting their second child on July 4th, plan to select a name for him or her that commemorates the historic day.

Wedding Belle: Even if she didn’t like them, Grace Kelly was a good sport about those inevitable jokes, kidding her marriage to Prince Rainier. As all her friends know, the entire principality of Monaco is smaller than the M-G-M studios. Recently, when the phone rang on the set of “High Society,” Frank Sinatra got a laugh out of Grace when he answered: “Metro-Goldwyn-Monaco!” And, according to personal press agents, everybody in show biz—from Lassie to Liberace—was invited to Grace’s wedding. Actually, former roommate and confidante, Rita Gam, was the first actress to be invited—as a bridesmaid—and Ava Gardner, who’s still in Europe, was the second.

Beautiful Music: Robert Wagner’s good friend Spencer Tracy invited him to “go along for the ride” to Cuba, where they are shooting “The Old Man and the Sea.” But appreciative Bob declined for

Continued on page 96
Beautiful NEWS—
a years-ahead rubber girdle!

first with detachable, adjustable garters!

Shadow

by WARNER'S

Preferred 3 to 1 over old fashioned rubber girdles by women who have worn both

Here's why:

- Easily adjustable garters that you can detach in a twinkling—nothing complicated, no broken fingernails. Exclusive with Shadow!
- Fabulously fitting—because of new sizing method. Wonderfully strong and rip-resistant.
- First with softer, more comfortable, cooler all-cotton lining; easier to take on and off.
- First with hidden reinforcements at stress points.
- Special tummy-tucking panel, firmness but ease through hips for the sleekest fashions.
- Made with the special Warner care that smart women love.

by the makers of the famous "Merry Widow"

YES—when hundreds of women tested both rubber girdles in regular wear, 75% found Shadow clearly superior. Now you can enjoy this wonderful new way to be slim—for every fashion, from sheath to beach. Dunks and dries like a dream. Your nicest store now has Shadow in its eye-catching package. Pick it up today! Girdle or Pantie Girdle. White or Pink. Extra small, Small, Medium, Large, Extra large.

$7.95

Also shown: A'Lure elastic bra by Warner's, P1045 (in package) . . . $3.95.
PERIODIC PAIN

Menstruation is natural and necessary but menstrual suffering is not. Just take a Midol tablet, Mary, and go your way in comfort. Midol brings faster, more complete 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-16, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

Mary's BRIGHT WITH MIDOL

I have written a number of times and never had my letter printed in Readers Inc. I wish you would put this one in.

The Lillian Roth story, "I'll Cry Tomorrow," has been made into a successful movie. I think a movie based on the life story of the late Carole Landis would be just as successful.

Carole was a great and beautiful actress, a truper who entertained a good many GI's during the war.

It would be a good dramatic role for Marilyn Monroe or Sheree North, both of whom are stars at Twentieth Century-Fox, where Carole was under contract.

Harry Stronk
Erie, Pennsylvania

I would like to thank you for your story on Susan Hayward, but I disagree violently with the idea that she may lose the Oscar because of trouble in her personal life. If she is barred because of this, then the

Address your letters to Readers Inc., Photoplay,
205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters not published in this column. If you want to start a fan club or write to your favorite stars, address them in care of their studios. For list of studio addresses see page 89.—Eo.

READERS INC...

SOAP BOX:

Never before have I felt compelled to write to a fan magazine, but your story on Gail Russell was so very touching that I just had to write and say thanks!

Here is an actress who is the unusual among the usual. She has the quality of being an actress without being "actressy." Gail is a girl with a lot of haunting appeal, so much more than just a beautiful face and figure.

Let's hope some wise Hollywood producer will give Gail excellent roles so that we can appreciate this rare personality.

Marie McElwee
Jackson, Mississippi

Gail has haunting appeal

Oscar is not being given solely for acting. I, and many others I am sure, are rooting for Susan Hayward to win the coveted Oscar this year regardless of her personal life and how she runs it. That is her personal business as far as the judges go and it should always remain that way. Here public and fans are with her all the way and we are confident she will win for her acting and not the way she lives her life.

ANGIE KAUFMAN
San Francisco, California

In spite of Rock Hudson (and Fess Parker, too)

The heroes just don't rate with me.

For that cute heel and heavy—Dan Duryea to you—

Is the only guy this gal can see.

His voice and his smile—and those dreamy brown eyes

Are a picture you'll find on no shelf.

I could go on forever, describing this prize but then, why should I torture myself?

Keep Brando and Gable—they don't break my heart—

'Cause they can't hold a candle to him.

For Duryea's the greatest, portraying each part

With a glow that makes other stars dim.

DIXIE MAYHAK
Port Angeles, Washington

Russ' curls are his own

I have just finished reading the book, The Bad Seed. I would like to know if they are going to make a movie out of the play, and if so, who will play the leading role of Rhoda Penmark.

RITA LUBIN
Brooklyn, N. Y.

It is being made into a movie by Warner Bros., with Patty McCormack, recreating her stage portrayal of Rhoda.—Eo.

continued on page 69
Doctors prove a one-minute massage with Palmolive soap can give you a cleaner, fresher complexion today!

GETS HIDDEN DIRT THAT ORDINARY CLEANSING METHODS MISS!

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

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

Only a soap this mild can work so thoroughly yet so gently!

Palmolive beauty care cleans cleaner, cleans deeper, without irritation!

Doctors have proved that Palmolive beauty care can give you a cleaner, fresher complexion the very first time you use it! That's because Palmolive care gets your skin deep-down clean by removing the hidden, clinging dirt that casual methods miss.

Here's the easy method: Just massage your face with Palmolive's rich, gentle lather for 60 seconds, morning and night. Rinse and pat dry. It's that simple! But remember... only a soap that is truly mild can cleanse thoroughly without leaving your face feeling drawn and uncomfortable. That's why Palmolive's mildness is so important to you.

Try mild Palmolive soap today for new complexion beauty!

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!
Eager to help her husband's career, Beatrice Straight learns that Van Heflin's advance will mean ruin for another man.

**Anything Goes**  PARAMOUNT; VISTAVISION,  TECHNICOLOR

WWW Team Bing Crosby and Donald O'Connor, toss in Mitzi Gaynor and Jeanmaire to inspire the boys' wavering affections, and you have a star set-up that keeps the screen constantly alive with personality and musical talent. The story is slender, casting Bing as a long-famed stage-musical star, Don as a self-assured newcomer, bobby-soxers' delight. Hitting it off at once, the two agree to do a show together, but have no leading lady. Both just happen to vacation in Europe, and each signs a dancer for the job. When Don boards a returning liner with Jeanmaire in tow, and Bing springs Mitzi as a surprise, dual problems arise. Which girl gets the job? Which guy gets which doll? Phil Harris is engaging as Mitzi's scapegrace father, but the burden of the film is thrown on the four stars.  FAMILY

**Patterns**  U. A.

WWW Such a sensation on TV that an encore was demanded, this compelling drama of big business hits the movie screen with full force. With Van Heflin joining Everett Sloane and Ed Begley, of the original cast, a triumph of acting teamwork exposes conflicts familiar in many offices and homes. Though Van is a smart executive, he comes to New York as an idealistic innocent. He realizes only gradually that Sloane, ruthless head of a giant holding company, has hired him to replace the veteran second-in-command. In this role, Begley sums up with pathos the plight of the older man, being pushed out of his life's work. Van, at once ambitious and humane, faces a dilemma shared by his decisive-minded wife (Beatrice Straight). Elizabeth Wilson scores as an emotional secretary.

**Continued**
Imagine putting beauty on your shopping list! That, milady, is exactly what you'll do. Because now Warner's A'Lure® comes in a bright, new package.

Of course, you know there's no bra like A'Lure. No matter how active you are, you can be sure A'Lure will be right there with you, feeling as though it were custom-made. And that goes for all you in-between sizes.

The secret? A luxurious stretch of elastic band all around; shrink-resistant fabric, too. This means that cutting, binding, riding up are things of the past.

Naturally, A'Lure is as light and pretty as a compliment. Why not pick up yours today? You'll find it at the nicest stores, here and in Canada.

A'LURE elastic bra by WARNER'S®

#P1045. Warner's A'Lure in nylon, embroidered nylon marquisette and shrink-resistant satiny elastic. White. $3.95.
Tampax can be worn in shower or tub. These words emphasize the vast difference between internal sanitary protection and any other kind. But that's not all! There is no bulk with Tampax. No pins, no belts—no supports of any kind. Nothing to clingle or chafe. Never a disposal problem. Tampax is simply and purely surgical cotton, so made that the wearer’s hands need not touch it at any time at all.

Imagine what a sense of freedom this gives you! Tampax even prevents odor from forming—relieves you of that possible embarrassment. Millions of women have used billions of Tampax since it was invented by a doctor for the benefit of all women. But even more important, new millions will choose it in the future—for modern women always prefer the better, more convenient, far more modern way. Naturally!

Choice of three absorbencies at drug or notion counters. Ask for Regular, Super, or Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Carousel

**20th;** CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

**WWW** Paired in a second Rodgers and Hammerstein classic, the lovers of “Oklahoma!” come across with even greater charm. Gordon MacRae does both singing and acting justice to the role of the swaggery barker at a New England carnival, about fifty years ago. And Shirley Jones is an entrancing sweetheart and wife, unshakably loyal. Playing her giddy girlfriend, Barbara Ruick does sparkling bits of the score, which includes some of the loveliest songs ever written. Even Cameron Mitchell pitches in musically, as a scoundrel whose schemes threaten Barbara’s romance and Gordon’s life. The dance numbers have imagination and verve, taking added freshness from the real outdoor locales (Boothbay Harbor, Maine).

Touch and Go

**RANK, U-1; TECHNOLOR**

**WWW** Without going sticky-sweet, this gentle British comedy presents a convincing picture of a loving but problem-torn family. Virile Jack Hawkins shows unexpected laugh-getting skill as the harried head of the household. Facing a dead end in his career, he’s about to up stakes for a new start in Australia. But a few days before sailing date, daughter June Thorburn (a delightfully appealing teen-ager) meets and falls in love with John Fraser, an earnest young engineering student. And Jack’s attractive wife (Margaret Johnston), while trying to remain sensible, begins worrying about leaving their beloved cat. The crises, big and small, are by turns touching and amusing. Shown in soft colors, background scenes around London look as attractive as the ladies of the story.

Backlash

**U-1, TECHNOLOR**

**WWW** Richard Widmark gives one of his most manlike performances in a Western that tries to tell its story in adult terms. Both he and Donna Reed (frequently at odds) take to the trail to solve a mystery following an Apache massacre. Among the five—or perhaps six—white men killed, Dick seeks his father; Donna, her husband. John McIntire shows authority as an unprincipled rancher, and William Campbell is dully obnoxious as a gunman, a grinning juvenile delinquent of the frontier. A bit too much mystery clouds the drama and occasionally slows the pace.

The Man Who Never Was

**20th; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR**

**WWW** Based on a startling true story of World War II, this suspense film has an air as nearly ironic as Clifton Webb's Webb, immensely bearded for his British navy-officer role, puts across a mild plan to direct Nazi attention away from the coming attack on Sicily. The body of an English major will be washed ashore in Spain, bearing proof of an impending Allied attack on Greece. Before sending a nameless corpse on this heroic voyage, Webb, his young aide (Robert Flemyng) and his pretty secretary (Josephine Griffin) must invent a whole life and personality for the fictitious major—including a love story. But the Germans attempt a check-up. Gloria Grahame plays Josephine's roommate, an unwitting confederate in the scheme. Stephen Boyd is seen at an emotional young spy.

The Cockleshell Heroes

**COLUMBIA; TECHNOLOR**

**WWW** Also using fact as a springboard, this turns out as an adventure movie...
What's New in Colgate Dental Cream that's MISSING-MISSING-MISSING in every other leading toothpaste?

It's GARDOL!
And Colgate's with Gardol gives up to 7 TIMES LONGER PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH DECAY and a CLEANER, FRESHER BREATH ALL DAY with just one brushing!

GARDOL Makes This Amazing Difference!

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>MINUTES AFTER BRUSHING WITH ANY TOOTHPASTE</th>
<th>12 HOURS AFTER ONE COLGATE BRUSHING GARDOL IS</th>
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<tr>
<td>DECAY-CAUSING BACTERIA RETURN TO ATTACK YOUR TEETH!</td>
<td>STILL FIGHTING THE BACTERIA THAT CAUSE DECAY!</td>
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No other leading toothpaste can give the 12-hour protection against decay you get with Colgate Dental Cream with just one brushing!

Morning brushings with Colgate’s help protect all day; evening brushings all night. Because the Gardol in Colgate’s forms an invisible, protective shield around teeth that lasts 12 hours with just one brushing. Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. Encourage your children to brush after meals. And at all times, get Gardol protection in Colgate’s!

Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol

Cleans Your Breath
with Gardol
Guards Your Teeth

Continued on page 32
Directed by RAOUl WALSH • SIDNEY BOEHM

From the Novel by William Bradford Huie

co-starring JOAN LESLIE
with AGNES MOOREHEAD
MICHAEL PATE

Produced by BUDDY ADLER
Directed by RAOUl WALSH • SIDNEY BOEHM

20th CENTURY-FOX presents

JANE RUSSELL RICHARD EGAN

The Revolt of MAMIE STOVER

CINemascope
COLOR by DE LUXE

why did Mamie Stover have to leave San Francisco ???

From the Novel by William Bradford Huie
What a hectic month this has been for all sorts of parties and special events. Of course, Photoplay's own Gold Medal Awards dinner at the Beverly Hilton was the glitziest, with five hundred guestsing with gusto. Deborah Kerr, graciously subbing for award-winner Jennifer Jones, wore a simple, peacock-blue satin gown, low-cut and full-length. Lori Nelson, with Dean Martin, wore a short sheath of emerald green satin, tight to the knees, whence-from it flared out. Over it, Lori wore a big white fox stole. Debbie Reynolds was a doll in her oyster-white, bouffant chiffon, as she handed Bill Holden his medal. Natalie Wood, with Tab Hunter, was in a full-skirted pink and gold lamé strapless. And she had a new hairdo—very short and dyed black! Marisa Pavan, with Jean Pierre Aumont, was an eye-catcher with her long, long braided pony tail, banded with gold barrettes. Marisa's gown was floor-length, of white brocade, over which she wore a new white mink wrap. Joan Collins, with Arthur Loew, Jr., was in bright red, full-skirted satin. Eleanor Powell, under the beaming eyes of Glenn Ford, looked stunning in her beaded white crepe gown, wearing a diamond necklace and white mink wrap—and her hair very blond. Shirley Jones, who flew in from New York just to accept her Photoplay honors, was garbed in a dress with a full white organza skirt topped by a red brocade waist-length bodice. The Rory Calhouns, just back from Hong Kong, were there, and Lita, in black sequin-trimmed medall. Marisa Pavan, at Gold Medal dinner with Jean Pierre Aumont, and new hairdo—long braid, circled with gold bands
LETS GO TO THE MOVIES

Continued from page 29

TRIBUTE TO A BAD MAN
M-C-M: CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR
★★★ James Cagney's vigorous acting and
the warm beauty of newcomer Irene Papas
lend distinction to a big Western. Cagney's
character you've met before on the screen: the
powerful rancher who makes and
enforces his own law on his range.
Don Dubbins, youthful tenderfoot, at first
admires his new boss, but finally feels
revulsion at Cagney's "hanging fever,"
as Irene does. Her gratitude has turned to
love since Cagney brought her from a
wretched dance-hall life to live with him.
The vengeful plotting of Stephen McNally,
former head wrangler, brings on a violent
climax, set appropriately against wild
scenery (near Durango, Colorado). ADULT

WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS
SEE
★★ Thanks to the shrewd work of a
strong cast, this involved melodrama has
moments of cracking interest. The quest
for a crazed young killer (John Barry-
more, Jr.) rouses competition on the staff
of a New York newspaper. Publisher Vin-
cent Price stands ready to give the lead-
ing executive post to whichever of these
men can crack the case: Dana Andrews,
ace-columnist, aided by his sweetheart
(Sally Forrest); George Sanders, who
does his scheming with Ida Lupino,
a tough news-gal; managing editor Thomas
Mitchell; James Craig, who thinks he has
an advantage, as lover of Price's wife
(Rhonda Fleming). Merely a police
lieutenant, Howard Duff has little to do
while all the newspaper boys and girls
chase the murderer. ADULT

OUR MISS BROOKS
WARNERS
★★ Old friends of Eve Arden's likable TV
and radio schoolmarm will enjoy her movie
adventures. Though there are leisurely
stretches and few surprises, Eve's dry, deft
cLOWNING keeps the laughs coming, as she
pursues wary bachelor Robert Rockwell,
copes with Gale Gordon, the pompous
principal, gets a reluctant student to pick
up some education, and dabbles in school
politics. FAMILY

THE STEEL JUNGLE
WARNERS
★★ Perry Lopez does a nice job with his
first leading role, in an unpretentious
prison story. A street-bred kid, loyal only
to his underworld boss (Ted de Corsia),
he is jailed as a bookie. When he wit-
nesses a guard's murder, warden Walter
Abel and psychiatrist Kenneth Tobey
try to persuade the boy to break away
from the crooks' code. To insure his
silence, the gang goes after Perry's young
wife (Beverly Garland). It takes strong
measures to change his attitude. ADULT

EVENING IN PARIS
DEODORANT STICK

Stops perspiration odor!
Keeps underarms dry and
delightfully scented with
Evening in Paris
fragrance.

SPECIAL limited time offer
2 FOR $1.00
regular $1.50 value
...and from this day forward, ever-lovin' viv
the lipstick that stays married to your lips

Vivid Pink

This Spring's prettier-than-ever, ever-vivid pink

A decidedly new kind of Pink ... a fun-lovin’, fun-to-wear VIVID PINK promising rich, deeply glowing color that no other lipstick can ever hope to match. You know this color won’t forsake you, won’t stray, won’t fade ... for this is the one-and-only, ever-true, ever-lovin’ viv and it’s made by Toni.

VIV REGULAR
creamy non-smear type $1.10 plus tax
VIV SOFT TOUCH
new 24-hour lipstick $1.25 plus tax
in 12 vivid springtime shades
IT'S NEW!

fashion's fresh, young "in-the-pink" look!

Angel Face
BY POND'S

BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for the months indicated. Full reviews this month are on page 26.

WWW EXCELLENT WWW VERY GOOD
WWW GOOD V FAIR A—ADULTS F—FAMILY

WWW COME NEXT SPRING—Republic. True-color: Thoroughly winning story of American farm people, Ann Sheridan's splendid as a wife whose runaway husband (Steve Cochran) returns to ask her second chance. (F) April

WWW CONQUEROR, THE—RKO; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Epic of ancient wars, full of spectacular violence. John Wayne's a Mongol chieftain, to be known as Genghis Khan, and Susan Hayward's a fiery princess. (F) April

WWW COURT JESTER, THE—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Danny Kaye kids the medieval swashbuckler, as a timid soul who turns secret agent to dethrone a tyrant and win Glynnis Johns, Lots of laughs, music. (F) March

WWW DOCTOR AT SEA—Rank, Republic; Technicolor: In an easygoing British comedy, Dirk Bogarde plays a ship's doctor, with James Robertson Justice as the hot-tempered captain, Brigitte Bardot as a passenger. (F) April

WWW I'LL CRY TOMORROW—M-G-M; Susan Hayward does an arresting job in the true story of Lillian Roth, singer who became an alcoholic. Jo Van Fleet and Richard Conte help make clinical details convincing. (A) January

WWW MEET ME IN LAS VEGAS—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Eastman Color; Gay musical fable. As a charming ballerina, Cyd Charisse wavers between her career and her love for Dan Dailey, a rancher fond of gambling. (F) April

WWW MIRACLE IN THE RAIN—Warner: Tender wartime romance of a New York spinner (Jane Wyman) and a GI (Van Johnson), with Eileen Heckart as a devoted friend. (F) April

WWW NEVER SAY GOODBYE—U-I, Technicolor: Problem drama traces the efforts of Rock Hudson and his German wife (Cornell Borchers) to mend their broken marriage. (F) April

WWW OKLAHOMA!—M-G-M; Technicolor: Dazzling movie version of Shakespeare's play. Laurence Olivier as the villain who murders his way to the throne is brilliant, surprisingly humorous. Claire Bloom is his unhappy bride; John Gielgud, his brother; Ralph Richardson, a confederate. (F) April

WWW ROSE TATTOO, THE—Paramount: In a striking comedy-drama, Anna Magnani's magnificent as a restless, warm-hearted widow, opposing daughter Marisa Pavan's love for Ben Cooper, until Burt Lancaster intervenes. (A) January

WWW RICHARD III—London, Espert; Technicolor: Dazzling movie version of Shakespeare's play. Laurence Olivier as the villain who murders his way to the throne is brilliant, surprisingly humorous. Claire Bloom is his unhappy bride; John Gielgud, his brother; Ralph Richardson, a confederate. (F) April

WWW STRAW BROTHER—M-G-M; Technicolor: Dazzling movie version of Shakespeare's play. Laurence Olivier as the villain who murders his way to the throne is brilliant, surprisingly humorous. Claire Bloom is his unhappy bride; John Gielgud, his brother; Ralph Richardson, a confederate. (F) April

WWW THERE'S ALWAYS TOMORROW—U-I: Familiar domestic problems of likable people. Fred MacMurray, neglected husband of Joan Bennett, is drawn to careerist Barbara Stanwyck, (F) March

WWW WORLD IN MY CORNER—U-I: Prize-ring story relies heavily on Audie Murphy's personality and honest acting. Eager to get rich quick and wed heiress Barbara Rush, he dicker with gamblers. (F) April

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THE THINGS SHE SAID TO ME!

He was all ears and she was all Monroe. But what she told him was too exciting to miss!

- My conversation with Marilyn Monroe took place in her New York apartment—in her bedroom...her all-white bedroom.
  It happened like this. She had been busy getting dressed in a white sweater and black velvet toreador pants, while I had been waiting in the sunken living room. Then suddenly people began arriving. More people than could conveniently be kept quiet during an interview.
  “You’ll have to interview me in my bedroom,” Marilyn said to me.

Continued
In her first interview before she left for Hollywood, Marilyn answers every question—about her peace terms with the studio, her life in New York, her future plans. She doesn't even dodge the one about romance!

I agreed—not too reluctantly. There being no empty chairs in the bedroom, I was invited to fling myself down on the bed—shoes and all—atop the pink taffeta bedspread.

Marilyn pointed out to me that I was in very good company, as far as gentlemen were concerned, for above her bed hung a painting of Abraham Lincoln. On her night-table was a celebrated photograph of Albert Einstein, taken by Milton Greene, vice-president of Marilyn Monroe Productions. Also on the night-table was a book, “Selected Plays of Sean O'Casey.” Over in a corner was a hair-dryer.

While I was in the living room I had been impressed by the library of good books—several on art and painters—and several paintings, one of Marilyn herself, by Jean Negulesco, a Hollywood producer and director who had managed to paint only Marilyn's face. Anyone who looks at Marilyn and doesn't see the rest of her certainly is different.

Marilyn talked to me in the breathy way that all the other sexpots imitate.

She was on the verge of her Hollywood comeback and, as a reporter, I ventured to remark: “I hope the year away from Hollywood didn't give you any highfalutin ideas and that you'll quit being sexy.”

“I'll never quit that!” she promised in a sexy gasp. “But put it 'exotic,' will you, instead of sexy?”

Exotic, sexotic—whatever she wants is all right with me. Still, in “Bus Stop,” her first Hollywood picture to be made under her new deal, she plays a night-club singer with a wiggle-waggle in her voice. And in (Continued on page 84)
How does Mr. Nader stack up as husband material?

We’ll let an old friend tell you. And if Babs is telling tales out of school, why not? That’s where she met him!

Even if I hadn’t recognized his voice, I would have known George Nader was on the other end of the line. “Are you free next Saturday night, Barbara?”

“I am.”

“I have tickets for ‘Tea and Sympathy.’ It starts at eight-thirty, which means we’ll have to leave your house by six-thirty-five. That allows us one hour for dinner.”

“Sounds fine, George.”

“It’s formal. Goodbye, Barbara.”

“Bye, George.”

My mother, who had been busy setting the table, also knew who it was, by my replies. “That must have been George Nader, dear.”

She was so right! The phone call was typical of him. Not exactly businesslike, but short and precise, without the chit-chat that ordinarily goes with a phone call, or any type of conversation. George knows what he wants and what’s more, when you’re with him, you always know where you stand. I like that.

In this respect, George has never changed, though he has in other ways since I first met him, back in 1950.

Fresh from Santa Barbara, I was standing in the (Continued on page 108)
The Birds and the

Obvious types leave Gobel cold. But the smarter stratagems of Mitzi Gaynor leave George helpless.

While Mitzi, Reginald Gardiner and David Niven plot, jungle pal Harry Bellaver guards our boy.
Well, here he is. Here is TV's fair-haired boy George Gobel, one of the freshest personalities to reach show business in many a long year. And here's an enchanting Paramount movie called "The Birds and the Bees," with music, VistaVision, Technicolor and Mitzi Gaynor to keep George from getting lonesome. The story? Seems George has spent years off in the jungle looking for snakes. Homeward bound, he's assailed by sea-going card sharks, in the persons of two other hot-shot comics, David Niven and Reginald Gardiner. And Mitzi, as David's daughter, is the pretty bait. Our pal George looks like an easy mark. But is he? True fans can spot the plot, based on "The Lady Eve"—one of the funniest films ever made.
Today, Mitzi grins about the magic rules for wives. “They never tell you that every groom is different!”

It happened when Mitzi Gaynor learned that a book of rules is no way to groom a man to be a husband.

**BY TEX MADDOX**

She used to act like a femme fatale to keep him interested. But Jack just thought she wasn’t feeling well!

On “Anything Goes” set. Jack’s belief in her, his understanding, has given her new poise, a deeper charm.
When does a bride become a genuine wife?

"Maybe not until the second year of marriage!" says vivacious, volatile Mitzi Gaynor, who has lived and learned so much since she married public-relations expert Jack Bean in November, 1954.

Then a brand-new bride, love-struck Mitzi told everyone, "Jack is everything I ever wanted for a husband... I didn't realize my own emptiness until I fell in love with him. I found for the first time warmth, security, a man to lean on and listen to, and the joy of loving and being loved."

But now, in her second year of wedded bliss, the mirthful Mrs. Bean knows that love is far more than a dream, for she has changed in some important ways. No longer is she painfully immature and over-sensitive. "I'm glad I'm finally growing up," she says earnestly. Then she adds with a laugh, "If I weren't, Jack wouldn't like me, and I'd be miserable!"

During the first months of marriage, Mitzi was typically bouncy and blissful, but also often bewildered. Wanting more than anything to make Jack deliriously happy, she was haunted by the fear that she'd break the magic rules for wives. (Continued on page 118)
The quick grin flashes oftener these days. "He calls me a clown," says Sheila. But friends know that her gay Irish laughter is happy music to a Guy too serious for so long. In July, there'll be a new playmate for Bridget Catherine Madison.

The story of a happy guy

Together, Guy and Sheila Madison have built their own private heaven. And the key to it is love

By Maxine Arnold

A short time ago, Guy Madison experienced one of those "moments to remember." It began just about the way every evening begins in his life these days: Guy hurrying from the studio to the hilltop home he shares with his two dolls, Sheila and baby Bridget, and counting the blessings that are his.

Soon, he was sitting at the dinner table with his dark-eyed lovely wife Sheila. From the nursery came the faint tinkle of their daughter's music-box playing "Brahms' Lullaby." A fire crackled cheerily in the living-room fireplace, casting mellow images on the beamed ceiling and the paneled walls. Yellow tapers glowed softly in the silver candelabra. Through the glass walls, beyond the swimming pool, a city of magic danced and shimmered in the distance. And today, Guy once again has a sizable stake in that sparkle.

At a moment like this, a man like Guy Madison asks himself, out of a full and grateful heart, just what else life can possibly have in store for him. And he was soon to learn.

"Guy, I want to go to New York to see my family," Sheila said casually.

Envisioning how empty and how lonely the house would be, Guy didn't want her to go. "Now?" he asked. "Why don't you wait a little while?"

"I should go now," Sheila said.

"I wish you would wait until we're through shooting the picture. Wait a few months, then I can go with you."

"I can't wait a few months," she said, "we're going to have a baby."

There was, Sheila recalls laughingly, a clatter. "Guy dropped a knife or fork—I don't remember which."

Yes, they have that moment to remember. And more—so many more.

"I couldn't be happier," Guy beams, flashing the old infectious smile (Continued on page 112)

With Dean Jagger on set of "On the Threshold of Space." In tough role, Guy lost thirteen pounds making this picture

Guy is in "Reprisal" • "Hilda Crane" and "The Beast of Hollow Mountain"
Until recently, Doris was looked upon mainly as a musical-comedy queen. But within hours after screening of “Love Me or Leave Me,” this Day dawned as a fine dramatic actress. She also revealed quite a figure, in her figure-hugging gowns! The first time she wore one she was so embarrassed, she crept onto the set—till she heard the whistles!

WHISTLE

She looks like Doris and she sings like Doris—but she isn’t acting like the girl we’ve known. Now we’re wondering—will tomorrow bring another DAY?

When Doris was photographed in Europe, wearing a Bikini Hollywood gasped—at her pin-up figure! But she won’t wear one here—only in her backyard. “I like them, they’re comfortable.” About the new roles she’s play in pictures, Doris say: “There comes a time when you have to make a change. Performers can get into a rut...
Those who know in Hollywood say that 1956 will be Doris Day’s year. This fact was confirmed the morning it was announced that she had been signed to star in M-G-M’s new musical version of “Anna Christie,” the Pulitzer Prize-winning play and former Garbo film. Musical or no, the role calls for an actress of great capability and sensitivity, and everyone is saying the new Doris Day will do that role full justice.

However, those in Hollywood who know even more say that—not just 1956—but every year is Doris Day’s year. For proof, they point to the record of her growth as an actress; to her emergence as one of Hollywood’s best-loved citizens; and to her unlimited faith in the future.

When Doris first stepped from a bandstand onto the Warner Brothers soundstages, (Continued on page 110)
In "It Happened One Night" with June Allyson. Film is re-make of popular 30's film when Gable, Colbert starred.
“I didn’t know I had that effect on women,” Jack grinned. And Cynthia didn’t know that two bottles of vinegar would launch them on the maddest, merriest marriage in Hollywood!

• The first time my husband Jack Lemmon kissed me, I fainted.
  But it wasn’t from love. I was simply exhausted. Our romance had been wearing me out—but maybe I had better start at the beginning.

  Back in the late forties, I was a model at Saks Fifth Avenue. Actually, my heart had been set on acting, but except for some summer stock and a few radio parts, I hadn’t gotten anywhere. Then I heard that Uta Hagen was casting Tolstoy’s “The Power of Darkness.”

  Shortly after lunch one day, I walked to her studio for an audition. There I met not only Uta, but a most charming young Harvard graduate—probably the only actor in New York with less professional experience than I—Jack Uhler Lemmon III. As Bostonian as all that.

  I didn’t take a particular interest in him, at least I tried not to, because I was engaged at the time. What made it worse—in Jack’s eyes anyway—my fiancé was a Yale man.

  After the audition, Uta Hagen gave Jack and me the leads, and we were on the way to what I wouldn’t exactly call (Continued on page 90)
JANET LEIGH:

She held Faith in her
Their ordeal over, Tony’s making sure that Janet gets more rest

The shining face looked down at her. “You and your baby are going to be all right.” It was a prayer and a promise

BY PAULINE SWANSON

At 1:30 A.M. last February 15th, a Cadillac convertible wheeled into the circular driveway before St. John’s Hospital in Santa Monica and came to a stop directly beneath a sign reading: NO PARKING AT ANY TIME.

The tense and worried-looking young man who leaped out and hurried to open the door on the opposite side was Tony Curtis. The girl he helped from the car and gently up the flight of steps through the entrance of the hospital was, of course, his wife Janet Leigh, delicately lovely as always, although at that moment her face was pale and contorted with pain.

The hospital’s marbled foyer was abandoned, except for an operator at the switchboard, a clerk waiting at the admissions desk, and a single uniformed nurse coming down the hall from the direction of the elevators.

“I have brought Mrs. Curtis,” Tony blurted to the admissions clerk. “Dr. Pearl told us to come right away.”

“Yes, Mr. Curtis,” came the calm reply. “If I may ask you a few questions, please.”

“But . . .”

The nurse approached then and, taking Janet’s arm, said, “Come with me, Mrs. Curtis.”

Janet looked back at Tony as she was led away, and the fear reflected in her eyes cut deep into him. Tony stepped away from the desk and started to follow her.

“You will be able to see Mrs. Curtis after a little while,” the firm voice of the clerk decreed. (Continued on page 116)
Glamour Gab of

The human side of the Hollywood news. Introducing a new and exciting

Today's Male

There's always something new, colorful, fascinating in Hollywood, as I shall try to show you. The newest and the most this month, in my opinion, is this tall, dark and handsome fellow named Ray Danton.

It's taken Ray only four pictures to hit it big. "Chief Crazy Horse," "The Looters" and "The Spoilers" were his first three, and he played quite nasty villains. Then came "I'll Cry Tomorrow," in which Ray played a dreamboat with such masculine tenderness and understanding that you really could believe his death would drive Susan Hayward into alcoholism. M-G-M wanted to buy half of Ray's contract from U-I after seeing him in "Cry." They even tested him for "Ben Hur," but U-I wouldn't give.

Ray is fantastic to talk to. He has the quickness of mind that was so enchanting in Jimmy Dean, plus a sureness. Although he's only twenty-four, he's had twelve years' acting experience. Ray is so in love with his wife, Julie Adams, that he finds no matter what subject he begins talking about he ends up mentioning Julie. "We have monumental fights," he grins, "but on February 20th, our first anniversary, I could see how much I had changed Julie. Thought she was very improved, in fact. Then I thought she was probably looking at me, thinking how I had changed—and that she had improved me." Then he adds seriously, "I believe that to give of yourself is the greatest gift you can present." Ray's very sharp, interested in everything, handsomer than he photographs, and undoubtedly temperamental. But, personally, I think he'll go farther than anybody I've met since Jimmy Dean, and I certainly nominate Ray for top stardom. You can check me later and see how right—or wrong—I turn out to be.

BY RUTH WATERBURY

Ruth Waterbury, whose stories and articles have appeared in nearly every national magazine, started her writing career as a teenager, with the New York World, then joined the New York Daily News. In her early twenties, she went to work for Photoplay, next originated and became editor of Silver Screen, then returned to Photoplay as editor. She has worked with Louella Parsons in Hollywood for the last ten years, has been a reviewer for the Los Angeles Examiner, and is a frequent contributor to Photoplay. Starting this month, she will regularly present interesting and intimate items about America's ever-ever land.
Hollywood

monthly feature by a reporter who knows her stars

Date Bait

Natalie Wood and Tab Hunter came together to the Photoplay Award dinner—but don’t try to make anything of this. They don’t. Come July 20, Nat will be nineteen, and right this moment I think she’s just about the smartest of the younger acting set. Proof: Her contract with Warners is a big deal indeed; and Nat’s attitude toward her work is strictly professional. Given a scene, she knows how to send it.

But it’s off-screen, in the date department, that this chick is slick.

Nat has all the sharp boys, including ambitious Tab, flocking around her, and she handles them as expertly as a page of dramatic dialogue. Two thrill males who are always jangling her phone are Nick Adams and Dennis Hopper, and a smoother, more aggressive pair of young guys you’ll never find. For example, Dennis has a bit in “Giant” and, during the shooting, he spent every off-screen moment amusing Henry Ginsberg, the producer. Similarly, Nick, who does a fine job in “Picnic,” saw to it that he charmed the whole company between takes with smart tricks.

So what does Missy Wood do when they, or Tab, or half a dozen others want to date her? Does she insist upon the Romanoff-Mocambo routine, which would kill their salaries for a month? Not this brainy gal.

She comes up with such ideas as the one she gave out the night “Helen of Troy” was premiered. Nat proposed that they corral their whole crowd and mingle with the lights-stars-glamer group—but with one important difference. The Wood clan would not be plushed up, but dressed down—crazy clothes, real-gone hair, wild make-up.

The gang all went for it, sitting in the bleachers outside the theatre with the regular fans. When such buddies of theirs as Rock and Phyllis Hudson, Kim Novak and Mac Krim, Tony and Janet Curtis entered, Nat’s bunch really spooked them, asking for autographs, clowning around. All stellar dignity was riddled that night.

Result: fine time by all. Cost: nothing but laughs. Double result: more fun dates on Nat’s calendar for every night. (Continued on page 106)

The Kelly Look

The imitation Grace Kelly vogue which Linda Christian, of all people, was featuring at the Kirk Douglas party, was also featured by Martha Hyer at the Photoplay Gold Medal Awards party. It highlights the lily-white skin routine, the sleeked-back blond straight hair, and the unadorned, pastel-colored satin evening gown.
A brilliant student at Harvard, John Kerr was studying to be a teacher when fate and a certain co-ed conspired to lure him away from the paths of learning.
Every afternoon, along the streets of Beverly Hills, nursemaids promenade with their charges, most of whom are the offspring of famous parents or grandparents. On one recent afternoon, a pretty young mother set out on an airing with her twenty-month-old twin daughters. The first nursemaid she met eyed the girls, exceptionally pretty chicks with bright blue eyes and copper-red hair, and asked, "Whose children are those?" "Mine," said the young mother, trying not to sound too proud.

"This," said the nursemaid, nodding toward her handsome charge, "is the son of Rosemary Clooney and Jose Ferrer. And," said she, looking down the sidewalk, "here come the James Stewart twins."

At this point a sightseeing bus drew to a stop. Obviously, the driver knew most of the nursemaids by sight. He said into his microphone, "On the right is the Rosemary Clooney-Joe Ferrer baby, and next to him are the Stewart twins, Judy and Kelly." Then he thrust a head out the window. "Who are the little redheads?" he wanted to know.

The friendly (Continued on page 86)
When Shirley Blows A Fuse

She switches from angel to imp with bewildering speed and when she explodes, hellzapoppin’—but after the smoke clears, Shirley’s got the world in her corner

“Every noteworthy event in my long life has been like spontaneous combustion,” explained twenty-one-year-old Shirley MacLaine, who has starred in three top motion pictures within a year. “Nothing was ever planned—all spur of the moment. I’m beginning to be a firm believer in time, place and circumstance. For instance, when I fell in love with Steve Parker, I was engaged to another man. I got my break in ‘Pajama Game’ when Carol Haney broke her ankle. Normally, it wouldn’t have meant much. George Abbott, the producer, was out of town and there was nobody to care whether I was good or bad—I thought. But Hal Wallis was in the audience. I got a contract. Then the second time I took over for Carol I was so bad I wanted to crawl out the stage door after the first act and run down 44th Street. But Steve was there. Being a director as well as an actor, he took me home and helped me rehearse all night. I must have been better in the next day’s matinee because Alfred Hitchcock’s New York representative sent him a telegram that (Continued on page 94)
VACATION CLOTHES

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Pack your suitcase full of fashion, get ready for fabulous fun, and head for paradise on the Pacific Coast.
THE ELEGANT STRIPPING SANDAL, a pale blue kid shoe, vacation-bound. Light, airy and pared away to bare essentials, the draped front touched with a pretty trifle. By Grace Walker. About $7.95

VERY SOCIABLE SEPARATES, above left, in a new thin cotton. Pat Crowley pairs the swirling gored skirt, dotted and striped, to its own shoulder-baring camisole. 7-17; 8-18. J. I. Originals. $10.95

BLAZING WHITE PIQUÉ, center, shapes Barbara Ruick's sheath, the near-perfect kind to take anywhere. This one has deep-throated, high bosom line outlined in lace. Sizes 5-15. Mr. Mort. About $23

COOL, STRAPLESS CONFECTION, right, Pat Crowley's belted princess dress, a white print etched on black cotton. The flattering shape held via Pellon lining, a boned bodice. Sizes 7-15. By Lanz. $35

Bare and beautiful social butterfly dresses—on the town in cosmopolitan San Francisco

For guide to stores, see page 117
sweethearts in swimsuits by Catalina

In the boardwalk, or wherever you are, put a stop to those rumors! Come right out and admit you're in love in Catalina's matched swimsuits for sweethearts. Her suit is a shirred and seductive formfit—12.95. His trunks—$4.95, shirt—$6.95. The fabric is Lowenstein's Imperial Seal cotton, Catalina exclusive! Also in blue or gold.

At name of nearest store write: Catalina, Inc. Dept. P, Los Angeles 13

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Creators of fine sweaters and Play-Abouts,® too! A division of Julius Kayser & Co.
AIRY MESH PLAYSHOE, cool, comfortable and open to the sun. In woven straw mesh, trimmed with a pair of bouncing pompons. White, beige. By Melody. About $6

Left to right, below:

BIG HOODED SHIRT, a beauty in eye-stopping black poplin, $6.95. The button-in striped hood matching Shirley Jones' drawstring playsuit, $8.95. White Stag

BOLD STRIPES make fashion news, in Barbara Britton's flashing cowled top and lean pants mated by a sunny yellow cummerbund, 5-13. By Randol Jrs. About $13

LEOPARD COMES TO THE BEACH, in smart printed cotton knit. Barbara Ruick's long shirt is all ease. Shorts, the briefest yet. Jane Irwill. Each about $4

LIVELY SCOTTISH PLAID in imported cotton teams with white cotton knit in Shirley's T-shirt, $3.95. Lined pants, $7.95. Matching scuffs, $3.95. By Jantzen

For guide to stores, see page 117

Playclothes with dash—

decorating the California scene

from San Diego to Monterey

See the stars who wear our vacation fashions in these pictures:

SHIRLEY JONES AND BARBARA RUICK both in 20TH CENTURY-FOX'S ''CAROUSEL,'' A CINEMASCOPE 55 PRODUCTION PAT CROWLEY STARRING IN U-I'S ''APACHE AGENT''

BARBARA BRITTON STARRING IN ''THE SPOILERS,'' U-I
Puff* is finest powder plus creamiest base in one velvety disc, created by make-up master Max Factor. It makes plain old powder, plain "old hat"!
Puff alone makes your complexion look naturally perfect in seconds! p-and-dab, no muss-and-fuss. At the touch of a puff, it veils your exion with a velvet bloom—hides imperfections sheerly and surely. stays smoothly for hours—never cakes or dries or turns "orange-y"!
Puff alone is all you need for a beautifully "dressed" face, from finish. And you can touch up with Creme Puff anywhere—any time!illy powder. No greasy foundation. No make-up problems!

to today's beauty—today. Get Creme Puff—at your favorite drugpartment store. Choose from eight velvet bloom shades.

Creme Puff in this very elegant ivory-and-gold tone refillable mirrored compact, $1.25 plus tax.
New Creme Puff Refill in this smart, usable metal case, complete with puff, just 85¢ plus tax.
the girdle with a following!

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No wonder Skippies is the most popular girdle in America. For wonderful Skippies whistle-slims you into pretty, modern lines so comfortably you'll hardly know you have anything on at all. Make sure your fashion picture is up to the minute . . . try a new Skippies today.

Skippies Girdle No. 945 in Nylon. Front panel and 2 1/2-inch waistband. Also available as Pantie No. 845. $6.50. “Life Thrill” Bra No. 584 in Nylon. $3.50

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After that quick refreshing shower—the tired traveler's boon—step into these plaid rayon taffeta water-proofed scuffs cushioned with foam rubber soles. In travel case. Celebrity. $1.49 Keep your spirits high and dry on rainy vacation days with acetate umbrella that folds to a mere 11 1/2 inches for easy carrying. With matching sheath cover. Model Jr. $6.95
travel aids

Will be fun with these traveler's aids helping you look pretty,
pressed and polished while on-the-go.
To keep miscellaneous necessities in clear view, a water-proofed case
with sewing kit, hanging clothespins, folding hangers, nail brush,
jet box. Celebrity, $3.95.

Be prepared to handle those last minute touch-up jobs on your summer cottons with his slim-jim folding iron. Has a fabric indicator for heat control. A.C., D.C. Durabilt. $6.95.

For faithful correspondents, a portable desk—zipped writing case holds calendar, stamps, address book. Superior Craft. $5.95.

For items available by mail from Bloomingdale's, Lexington Ave. and 59th St., New York 22, N.Y.

WINGED SIREN...this exclusive slenderizing striped Celaperm® lastex sheath in brilliant floral hues. Up-lift inner bra. Sizes: 32-38 about $10

sea nymph

glamour swim suits

JORDAN MANUFACTURING CORP., 1410 B'WAY, N.Y. 18 * SEA NYMPH OF CANADA, 425 RIVER ST., MONTREAL
Fanciful new swimsuits

coloring the sunny white sands

of the Pacific Coast

*Left to right, above.*

**Awning-striped stunner**, Barbara Britton's swimsuit cutting a fine figure in polished cotton. Elasticized at sides and very low back. Pink or blue. S, M, L. By Cole of California. $14.95


**Eye-stopping cotton print** ( cogwheels for a fashion wheel) worn by Barbara Ruick. Reverse print underscores a petalied bra, forms a slimming illusion. 10-16. Rose Marie Reid. $13.95

**Ruffled princess**, smooth through the middle, with lace-edged tiers adding spice to the figure. Barbara's color choice: white faille lastex. 30-38. By Catalina. $17.95. Gustave playshoes.

*Left:*

**Lightfooted gilded sandal** to gleam in the summer sun. Golden kid shaped into an air-cooled stripling shoe, mounted on a wafer heel. Also silver kid. Connie by Wohl. About $6.95

For guide to stores, see page 117
Would you please tell me who played Scotty in "Running Wild"?
MARGARET LELKO
Northampton, Pennsylvania
Scotty was played by Jan Merlin.—Ed.

Can you please tell me if Bob Wagner has made any movies recently? If he has, when will they be released?

BARRA DELIA
Brooklyn, New York
Bob's fans will be seeing him in two new pictures, soon to be released, "The Mountain" and "A Kiss Before Dying."—Ed.

I have just seen "The Desperate Hours." Could you please tell me who played Hal and Cindy? I think they were terrific.

Please tell me if either of them is married.
MARY JONES
Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Hal was played by Dewey Martin; Cindy by Mary Murphy. Both are single.—Ed.

I am interested in finding out who the leading lady was opposite Bing Crosby in the old picture, "Holiday Inn." Can you tell me?

MARTHA BREE
Elwood, Indiana
Marjorie Reynolds.—Ed.

My girlfriend and I have a difference of opinion concerning Bill Campbell. She says that he was killed about a month and a half ago. I am a great admirer of Bill's and I truly hope she is wrong.

CAROL ANN RANKIN
Brooklyn, New York
She is. Bill is very much alive.—Ed.

Would you please tell me if Joan Collins played in the picture "Moonfleet" with Stewart Granger?

MRS. HILDA BEEB
Toronto, Ontario
No, she did not appear in the picture. Joan Greenwood was the feminine lead in the movie.—Ed.

I have just seen the movie "Rebel Without a Cause." Could you tell me the name of the background music and if it has been recorded?
STEVE GIBBS
Everett, Washington
We have had many letters inquiring about this music. Composed by Leonard Rosenman, it is as yet unrecorded and unrecorded. However, a song, "Secret Doorway," based on the music has been recorded on the M-G-M label with a vocal.—Ed.

To settle an argument between my mother and myself, could you please tell me if Pier Angeli and Marisa Pavan are related in any way? My mother insists that they are sisters, and I maintain that they are in no way related. Would you please set us straight as to who is right? Could you also tell me the next picture of each?

ROBERT RANKIN
Chula Vista, California
They are very much related, being twin sisters. Marisa is in "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit" and Pier's next film will be "Port of Africa" and "Somebody Up There Likes Me."—Ed.

In a recent issue of Photoplay I saw a picture of Colleen Miller and thought she looked a lot like Ann Miller. Are they related?
SHIRLEY JOHNSON
Racine, Wisconsin
No, they are not.—Ed.
the Elizabeth Taylor look!  
Yours with...

Woodbury
Dream Stuff
powder-and-foundation in compact form

With a mere touch of its puff, Dream Stuff gives your complexion the radiance of living color . . . the smooth, soft look of very young skin like Elizabeth Taylor's. Clings like a foundation . . . flatters like a powder . . . stays color-true. Never streaks or dry-cracks. It's the fabulous all-in-one make-up busy women can apply in a split-minute — and get compliments all day! Neat, too — no loose powder to spill! Five dreamy new shades.

READERS INC.  

(Continued)

I saw Richard Egan in a picture last year, and can't remember the name of it. Victor Mature and Sylvia Sidney played in it, too. Can you tell me what movie this was?  

LINDA MILLER  
New York, New York

The picture you have in mind was 20th's "Violent Saturday." — Ed.

I wish you would help settle an argument my sister and I have been having. I say there was a movie called "On the Town," with Frank Sinatra, Gene Kelly and Vera -Ellen. My sister says it was called "Over the Town," Who is right?  

ANNA MARIE PICA  
Trumbull, Connecticut

You are. — Ed.

I have just seen a British movie called "Simba," and the more I think about it the more impressed I am. I am being haunted by the players—the leading lady; the man she fell in love with (who reminds me of Desi Arnaz); and the man who did such a wonderful job as the African doctor. Can you tell me who they are?  

Was the picture filmed in Kenya?  

FAYE JOHANNIS  
Niagara Falls, New York

The leading lady was played by Virginia McKenna; Dirk Bogarde was the man she loved; Earl Cameron played the doctor. Most of the background shots were taken right in Kenya, and many of the players were natives of the area. — Ed.

Would you please settle an argument I am having with my husband? Did Montgomery Clift play in "The Rope" or did John Dall?  

MRS. CHARLES OTLENSCHLAGER  
Buffalo, New York

John Dall played in this movie which starred James Stewart. — Ed.

CASTING:  

I have just finished reading Sweet Thursday by John Steinbeck. I think it would make a great picture with this cast: Fanny — Ethel Merman; Doc — Richard Egan; Suey — Debbie Reynolds; Hazel — David Wayne; Muc — Dick York.

STUART WARSHAWSKY  
Hackensack, New Jersey

A musical play "Pipe Dream," by Rodgers and Hammerstein, is based on this book and is currently running on Broadway. — Ed.

I think Maureen Daly's Seventeenth Summer would make an excellent movie with Tab Hunter as Jack Daluth; Mona Freeman as Angie Morrow; Anne Francis as Lorraine Morrow; Sandra Descher as Kitty.

PATTY HALL  
Marion, North Carolina

I have read the book A Woman Called Fancy by Frank Yerby and I think it would be a wonderful picture with these stars: Fancy — Joan Collins; Court — Lex Barker; Fern — Jane Powell; Duke — Robert Taylor; Agnes — Charlotte Austin.

DELLA PILLENSEN  
Bronx, New York

After reading Beast in View by Margaret Villar, I am convinced that it would make a very intriguing, suspenseful movie. As a cast: Jennifer Jones as Helen Clarrve; Terry Moore, Evelyn Merrick; Jeff Morrow, Paul Blackshear.

Handled correctly, this could be the drama of the year.  

ALICE MICHAEL  
Many, Louisiana
For 1 Lucky Woman in 400—

An Edith Head Original from Hollywood!

“The Birds and the Bees”

Blouse

In Bates Disciplined Mist Lawn

$10.00 original for only $3.00

and 2 Dial Soap wrappers.

Inspired by “The Birds and the Bees”

A Paramount Picture in VistaVision. Color

by Technicolor—Starring George Gobel

in his motion picture debut

*Registered Bates cotton that washes easily, dries quickly, never needs starch, irons smooth with a stroke, shrinkage controlled.

Aren’t you glad you use Dial Soap?

(don’t you wish everybody did?)
How to choose your Life's Companion

That's a very, very important decision — selecting the guardian for your future. That's what a Lane does for you. Each one designed for lasting beauty, to add graciousness to any room in your home. Every Lane is scientifically constructed to provide lasting safety, as no other storage method can. Blankets and woolens are safe as dreams in a Lane. A Lane keeps step with you as you go through life. Before marriage, it makes a private treasure trove for your personal things. It collects trousseau loveliness. And it's exquisite furniture for your dream home.

Here are just five of the many styles at leading furniture and department stores.

LANE Cedar Chests start at $49.95 Easy Terms

Over 100 styles and finishes • Also makers of Lane Tables
Fun spots in the desert, the fabulous night life of Las Vegas, the thrilling saga of the studios, await the traveler who follows Photoplay's trail to the stars.

This year, Photoplay offers a vacationer's preview of the main delights to be enjoyed along the West Coast—from Los Angeles, to San Francisco and Portland. These three cities are major highlights in the vast and varied vacation wonderland which beckons to the Western-bound traveler. The desert may be dry, but there you'll find oases of fun spots such as Las Vegas and Palm Springs. The Pacific may be wide and wet, but along its golden shores are the best beaches—at Malibu, Santa Monica, Monterey, La Jolla, Laguna. And of course there are the gigantic movie studios, the famous restaurants. Actually, there is no end to the places to be seen, the things to do.

If you travel by car, you can have your own personal itinerary plotted for you. If you plan to go by bus, Trailways Tours offers thrifty package plans which include sightseeing and hotel accommodations. Trailways departs from almost every major city and features comfortable, air-conditioned travel, with magnificent views through their big picture windows. Or, if you want to get there faster, you can travel on such trains as the Santa Fe's El Capitan or Super-Chief, with special dome-cars which give you a relaxed view of everything from the sprawling Kansas plains to the Indian villages of New Mexico. And, if you "just can't wait to get there," you will fly and arrive in a matter of hours.

So don your best traveling cap and westward-fo for the vacation of a lifetime.

Continued...
Los Angeles

In olden times as the saying goes, all roads led to Rome. Today, it seems safe to say, all roads lead to Los Angeles. In recent years, this amazing city has grown by leaps and bounds, to become one of the largest, in size, in the world. It is also just about the "mostest" metropolis of them all—where you'll find the most beautiful, glamorous people, plus the most gorgeous homes and gardens, the most fabulous places to visit, and the most exciting things to do.

Vast and bustling, Los Angeles is truly a city of magic, as well as the jumping-off place to many other wondrous sites and situations along the coast and inland. Actually, this great tourist mecca is not one but a collection of cities, including Hollywood, Van Nuys, Encino and Universal City. (Hollywood became a part of Los Angeles in 1910, but it still retains its own name and Post Office with a "Hollywood" cancellation. Originally, back in 1886, it was the name of the ranch of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Henderson Wilcox, who chose that label in honor of a Chicago friend's home which had been surrounded by eastern holly bushes.) Also, while traveling from one end of Los Angeles to the other, you pass through such well-known cities as Beverly Hills, Alhambra, Glendale, Santa Monica and Burbank, which have become surrounded by the ever-growing Los Angeles.

Weather-wise, the city and its neighboring areas feature warm days and cool nights. From November until April, the temperature ranges between the middle 50's and low 60's. From May to October, the days are generally warm—in the middle 60's and 70's—although toward the end of August and in September, it can (as it did last year) approach or top 100°, but this is unusual. Consequently, packing lightweight clothes will be your best bet, but don't forget to include sweaters and a coat—or even a small fur wrap—for the cool evenings.

If you are driving, be sure to get a map of the city as soon as you arrive. In fact, even if you don't have a car, Los Angeles is so spread out, such a map will prove to be handy in showing you the distance between and location of the numerous sights to see—especially if you have any plans for a private tour of your own.

Fun for the family. Bobby Diamond, Spring Byington tour Disneyland, meet Man from Space
If you plan to rent a car during your visit, the National Car Rental System—which has offices in all major cities, including San Francisco and Portland—offers service at about $7 per day, plus 7¢ per mile for gas, oil and insurance. The base rate quoted usually provides for use of a Chevrolet, Ford or Plymouth. When you are through using a rented car, you may turn it in at the local Car Rental office, which will arrange to have the car returned to its city of origin without extra charge. Advance reservations for cars are advisable, and can be made by checking your local office of National Car Rental System, Inc.

Because there is just too much to see and do in and around Los Angeles—unless you have a lifetime to spend there—you might as well start now to pick and choose between what you want to see and do most, and save the rest for return visits. For, once you have been there, you’re bound to want to return. Without a doubt, your Los Angeles visit will be everything you dreamed it would—and more!

THINGS TO SEE AND DO

Angel’s Flight: The shortest railroad on earth, a funicular in operation since 1901. Runs from S.W. corner of 3rd and Hill, daily from 8 a.m. to 12:30 a.m. Suggest off-hour trip since it carries commuters from top of the hill to downtown Los Angeles. Fare: 5¢ per round trip.

Antique Shops: Exciting shops are grouped on Los Feliz Boulevard in Glendale; on La Ciencita Boulevard between Melrose and Santa Monica Boulevard in Los Angeles; and on Ventura Boulevard from Studio City westward. Fascinating relics of Los Angeles’ days of the Early West. Best reached by automobile.

Art Galleries and Museums: Cowie Galleries, Galleria, Biltmore Hotel. Good collection of modern art to see or to buy. Dalzell Hatfield Galleries, Ambassador Hotel. On lower floor. Utrillo, Millard Sheets and others. Open 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. weekdays.


Los Angeles County Museum, Figueroa at 39th. Dinosaurs, movie exhibit of memorable gowns. Open daily from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. except Mondays, Thanksgiving and Christmas. Free.

Southwest Museum, 234 Museum Drive. Stupendous collection of Indian artifacts. Authentic teepee set up for children to view. Open 1 p.m. to 5 p.m. except Mondays and holidays.

Beaches: Santa Monica: Take Santa Monica bus on Wilshire Boulevard, or if you are driving follow Wilshire Boulevard westward to the sea. At Christmas, the Palisades Park presents an inspiring series of illuminated tableaux of the Life of Christ.

Long Beach: Take Long Beach car at Pacific Electric Station, 6th and Main St., or drive south via Long Beach Boulevard or American Avenue.

Malibu: Drive north on Route 101 from Santa Monica. The mission “ruins” you see here and there are not genuine, were erected by a real estate firm when area was developed. However, legend has it that pirate gold was buried in the Malibu hills. To north is promontory, the Sierra Retract, which was once home of original owner of Rancho Malibu.

Newport, Balboa, Laguna, La Jolla, San Diego: Take Route 101 south from Santa Monica. Balboa is favorite beach of the high school and college crowd. If your visit is in late July or August, don’t miss the Laguna Art Festival, consisting of living tableaux recreating famed art masterpieces.

Beauty: Max Factor Salon, 1032 North Hollywood Boulevard. Offers special Hollywood beauty treatment, with tips on grooming and make-up direct from the glamour capital.

Bel Air: Sumptuous residential area, directly north of Sunset Boulevard between Beverly Glen and Sepulveda Boulevards. Winding streets with landscaped vistas and view of city below. If you are driving your own car, don’t miss this section on your way toward the beach cities to the west and north.

House Adobe: 4603 N. Figueroa St. Replica of a Spanish colonial ranch of 1800's, and so furnished. Authentic tile and adobe construction. Worth seeing after a trip to Southwest Museum. Open 2 p.m. to 5 p.m. Wednesdays and Sundays. Free.

Catalina: Offshore island offering swimming, dancing, riding, golfing, bird-farm viewing, beaching in general. Fun trip for anyone who has not visited the Hawaiian Islands or the pleasure islands of the Caribbean. For boat reservations call NEVada 6-2544. Boat train leaves Pacific Electric Station at 6th and Main at 9 a.m. Boat sails from harbor city of Wilmington at 10 a.m., arrives at Catalina about noon. Boat leaves Avalon, on Catalina, for return at 3:30 P.M. Adult fare: $6.52 round trip; children: $3.26. For flight reservations call Catalina Airways, ORegon 8-3451. Planes leave for Avalon on Catalina at 9:30 A.M. and 3:30 P.M. daily. Return to Los Angeles at 10 A.M. and 4 P.M. daily. Fare: $12 round trip.

Chinatown: 900 North Broadway, Can be seen from inbound Pasadena Freeway. Night visit is suggested, since area somewhat tawdry by day, vivid at night. Cantonese cooking in any of a number of restaurants is excellent and well priced. Curio shops, jade collections, Chinese furniture. Much smaller version of San Francisco’s Chinatown.

Churches: For information on interesting churches in the Los Angeles area, time of services, etc., telephone Church Federation of Los Angeles, REPublic 2-0818.

Forest Lawn Memorial Park: 1712 Glendale Avenue (off San Fernando Road). Famous cemetery celebrated for its stately, the “Hall of the Crucifixion” (America’s largest religious painting); stained-glass window of “The Last Supper.” Lectures daily on the hour from 10 A.M. until 4 P.M. Ask for information on lectures at booth just inside entrance. The Park is also the site of three beautiful churches: The Little Church of The Flowers, patterned after St. Peter’s, in whose churchyard Thomas Gray wrote his “Elegy,” the Wee Kirk o’ the Heather, modeled after the parish church in Glencairn, Scotland, where Anne Laurie worshipped; The Church of the Recessional, patterned after St. Margaret’s in Rottingdean, England. For tour information, check Tanner Tour #6 (under Special Tour).

Dancing: (Prices quoted do not include beverages.) Several of the major hotels have rooms for dancing and dancing. These are listed under the section, Where to Stay.

Bar of Music: 7351 Beverly Boulevard.

Continued
Dancing and entertainment from 9 p.m. nightly. A fun spot equally popular with big business people and the college set. Minimum on Saturdays. Better figure on at least $10 check for two.

Ciro’s: 8433 Sunset Boulevard. One of the most celebrated night clubs in the world. Floor shows at 10:15 p.m. and 12:30 a.m. Cover charge, prices generally expensive. Reservations essential.

Mocambo: 8588 Sunset Boulevard. A movietown institution, with such talent as Eartha Kitt, Ella Fitzgerald. Reservations essential. Prices generally expensive.

Moulin Rouge: 6320 Sunset Boulevard, near both CBS and NBC studios. This theatre restaurant offers an evening of revue, dancing and dinner for $5.50 per person. Best evening entertainment bargain in town. Decor looks like night clubs one sees in motion pictures, and revue is opulent. Closed on Mondays.

Pollidium: 6215 Sunset Boulevard. Top-name bands, young crowd. Open Wednesday through Sunday nights, 8:30 p.m. on. Admission charged, price depending upon where you wish to sit. Average price for a couple, $5.

Descanso Gardens: 1418 Descanso Drive, in La Canada. 48,000 camellias in bloom from late fall through early spring, beneath ancient oak trees. Open 10 A.M. until 4 P.M. Admission for adults, 50c; children, 25c.

Disneyland: Near Buena Park, just off Santa Ana Freeway to the south. All highways clearly marked with directional signs. 160 acres of fun, includes a Gay 90’s street, the World of Tomorrow, Fantasyland, Frontierland, and Adventureland. Three large restaurants supply food at reasonable prices, and there are many food booths. Adjacent motel available for those who become so fascinated they want to spend more than a day in Disneyland. Open daily from 10 A.M. to 8 P.M. Admissions for adults, $1, for children, 50c. Special rides are fascinating. They include a railroad trip around perimeter of Disneyland; fare: 50c; Riverboat ride in Adventureland; fare: 50c; Stern-wheeler ride (10 minutes) along the river, 50c. Also many rides in Fantasyland.

Drama: “The Drunkard”: 600 North Vermont. Live dramatic production of a turn-of-the-century thriller. Audience has fun hugging the villain, beer and pretzels or coffee served during performance. Now in 23rd year of production. Performances nightly at 8:30 p.m., except Mondays. Prices: Orchestra seats, $3.50; balcony, $3. Admission price includes refreshments. Reservations essential.

Pasadena Community Playhouse: 39 El Molina Avenue, Pasadena. The cradle of the stars, many of whom appeared here before they broke into movies. Open nightly except Mondays. Prices: 90c to $2.40.

Philharmonic Auditorium: 427 West 5th Street, downtown. Check newspaper or hotel guide for current attractions. Light opera; concert series; symphonies. Prices: $1.25 to $3.50.

Turnabout Theatre: 716 N. La Cienega Boulevard. Nightly at 9 p.m., except Mondays. A two-way show. Puppets put on a lively drama at one end of the hall; then the street-car seats are reversed and the audience sees a live revue at other end of the hall. Elsa Lanchester usually starred. Prices: Tuesday through Friday, $2.20; Saturdays, $2.20 and $3.30.

Farmers’ Market: 3rd and Fairfax. One of the best places in Los Angeles to do your gift shopping. The food markets offer papayas from Hawaii, tea from India, biscuits from England, cheese from Scandinavia, preserves from Holland, fruits from every state on the West Coast. In the Farmers’ Dell, you can buy leather purses from Brazil, Indian dresses from Arizona, silver bracelets from Mexico and Siam, bone china from England. And while you’re shopping, plan to take your lunch on the attractions in the area and treat yourself to an open-air feast at various food booths. Also in the neighborhood is the May Company, Wilshire, and the Gilmore recreation island which includes the Pan-Pacific Auditorium. Note: Farmers’ Market is closed on Sundays.

Fashion Show: For a glimpse of the coming fashions, you may want to catch one of the evening fashion shows at L. Magnin (at Vermont & Wilshire). Every Monday from 7:30 p.m. to 9:30 p.m. Or if you prefer a daytime fashion show, Bullock’s (all three branches) run one every Wednesday from noon to 2 P.M.

Griffith Park: Enter by turning north off Loz Feliz Boulevard at Western Avenue, Vermont Street or Riverside Drive. Largest city park in the world. 4,000 acres of ground, boasting 30 miles of roads and 50 miles of bridle paths. Park contains a zoo, section called Traveltown with miniature railway, Greek Theatre which has excellent light opera program during summer months. Also an Observatory and a Planetarium. Small fee is charged at the Planetarium for special “heavenly” trip on Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights at 8:30 P.M. Matinee performances on Saturday at 3 P.M., Sunday at 3 P.M. and 4:15 P.M. Park is open 8:30 A.M. to 4:30 P.M. daily.

Hollywood Bowl: Highland Avenue, north of Hollywood Boulevard. Presenting symphonic music during July and August. Check local papers for programs and conductors. Wonderful view of the distant city at night. Prices begin at 50c for seats at top of Bowl, which provide music seeming to come from the stars. The Bowl is open throughout the year from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. for sightseeing and picture-taking.

Knott’s Berry Farm: In Buena Park, 22 miles southwest of Los Angeles via Santa

(Continued on page 79)
Horace Greeley didn't say it but it's become a very popular idea. . . . A more glamorous vacation trip can't be found. . . . Besides Hollywood you can have beaches, skiing, fabulous Las Vegas and the international flavor of San Francisco. Take any or all of the Golden West — as you wish — and let Trailways bundle up a complete vacation package overflowing with pleasure. And when you travel Trailways you'll be able to see all the sights along the way and yet have more money to spend when you arrive. Clip the coupon below and let us know “What’s your pleasure.”
Travel Costs: On any long vacation trip, your budget for travel is of prime importance. To help you determine this basic outlay, we present here approximate costs of individual, round-trip fares from nine major cities to Los Angeles, San Francisco or Portland. In addition, an approximate figure is given for a "triangle trip," by plane, covering all three cities for a modest additional cost. The triangle trip prices cover travel from city of origin to Los Angeles, then to San Francisco, then to Portland, and return. All prices below have been rounded to the nearest dollar, and in each case include 10% Federal Transportation Tax.

If your budget for travel seems too limited, you may wish to consult your local travel agent about the advantages of traveling now and paying later. Many good plans are available. You may also wish to investigate the money-saving advantages of "Family Plans" and 30-day excursion rates—both of which may be of great help in over-all planning.

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Ana Freeway. Around three million visitors had the time of their lives at Knott's last year. Delicious food, reasonably priced, is served at the Chicken Dinner Restaurant, and at the Steak House (except on Fridays). Afterward, you may prowl through an authentic frontier ghost town complete with jailhouse, printing office, assay office, saddlery, Silver Dollar saloon, serving only boysenberry punch (no alcoholic beverages are vended at Knott’s), the Bird Cage Theatre where the drama is melo, an Indian village, and an old gold mine where you can pan your own. There is an authentic old train to ride, as well as a stagecoach. And an exhibit of coaches which plied the dusty trails in the old days will arouse your respect for our pioneer ancestors. Everything free, except the special rides. Children adore Knott’s. See Tanner Gray Line Tour #19 (under Special Tours).

La Brea Tar Pits: Landscaped park between La Brea and Fairfax, 6th and Wilshire Boulevard. A trip through this area is free and well worth walking and camera time. Concrete replicas of the prehistoric animals who roamed the California region before Caesar ruled in Rome provide great lens material.

Marineland: Oceanarium on the Palos Verdes Peninsula halfway between Redondo Beach and San Pedro. Two four-story ocean tanks, 350 underwater viewing windows, an octopus grotto, and a 1500-seat amphitheatre where you can watch the porpoises play. Wonderful place for youngsters. Open daily from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. Prices: Adults, $2; juniors, $1; children 7 to 12, 50¢, under 6, free. Also adjacent is one of Los Angeles’ most beautiful restaurants, with cocktail lounge.

Missions: The Los Angeles area contains many famous missions, of which we list here only a few of those better known. In the Mission Valley near San Diego lies San Diego De Alcala, founded on July 16, 1769. Originally this mission was in what was known as the “Old Town,” but the Spanish soldierly presented such a threat to the lovely young Indian charges being educated at the Mission, that it had to be moved out of the Town. Next in order of founding is San Gabriel Arcangel, September 8, 1771, which is in the city of San Gabriel. Visitors should check on hours of conducted tours. A 35¢ admission fee is charged for maintenance purposes. San Gabriel Mission may be seen on Tanner-Gray Line Tour #1 (for details see Special Tours). In the town of San Juan Capistrano lies the famous mission of the same name, founded on November 1, 1776. To this Mission the swallows return each spring on St. Joseph’s Day. In the hills overlooking Santa Barbara is Santa Barbara Mission, founded on December 4, 1786. Be sure to make a pilgrimage through the old cloisters. Camera fans find wonderful views at both San Juan Capistrano and Santa Barbara. Of later date is Santa Inez Mission, founded on September 17, 1804. Situated at Solvang, the delightful Danish city north of Santa Barbara. See further details on Solvang under Near-by Attractions.

Go the fun way! ride El Capitan only all-chair streamliner daily between Chicago and Los Angeles enjoy

- “Stretch Out” reclining chairs
- “Big Dome” viewing of the colorful Indian Country
- Delicious Fred Harvey Food

$55 44

One Way from Chicago to Los Angeles, San Diego or San Francisco. Round Trip $90.15 (Tax extra).
A girl has got to look her best when she's entertaining troops overseas. It's a pretty rugged soldier who can stand to see his favorite movie doll smudged, weary and looking like she's just combed her hair with an egg-beater. But if you don't think a heavy travel schedule can put a strain on good looks, just ask the girl who owns one, Debbie Reynolds. Between flights to remote military outposts, trips with Eddie and personal appearances connected with her own films, she's about as traveled a young woman as you're likely to find. She's also the first to admit that without a bag of special beauty tricks, it's easy to look like a wilted dust mop. As indispensable as a toothbrush, says Debbie, is an aerosol can of hair spray. Come heat, humidity or high wind—pssst! Hair to stay! Since there is rarely time for primping, she counts on creamy but long-lasting lipstick, the kind that stays on and on without drying her lips. For a shiny nose, she finds pressed cake powder gives the best coverage and puts off the inevitable a little longer. When fatigue gives even Debbie's pert little pan a slightly drawn look, she finds a dab of natural-looking, easy-to-apply liquid rouge the next best thing to a good night's sleep. Because nothing defeats a well-groomed look as do broken nails or peeling polish, Debbie cuts down on breakage by keeping her nails fairly short and filed in rounded ovals. Her polish lasts because she applies a base coat, two coats of polish and a protective top coat, wiping off a hairline edge at the tip of each nail to help prevent chipping. A soap-and-water fiend, she considers a quick shower a five-minute vacation for frazzled nerves. When there's time for a leisurely bath, she makes a big thing of it with fragrant soap, bath salts, dusting powder and toilet water. While your own safaris may not be as frequent as Debbie's or as far afield, her beauty hints for travelers will take you in the right direction.

At home, abroad, or en route, she's always herself, neat, sweet and dainty
doctor develops home treatment that

drains away blackheads
in 15 minutes
by Claire Hoffman

A leading New York dermatologist has developed a simple medicated home treatment that removes blackheads and whiteheads in a matter of minutes.

I saw it demonstrated recently in five women and two teenage boys. The results were almost breath-taking. Blackheads really rinsed away. In fact, many could be seen on the cleansing tissues that finished each treatment.

But this wasn't all! I saw emerged pores reduced, and rough, muddy complexes fade cleaner, clearer and smoother-looking. In the case of two older women, I saw jowls, sagging skin tighten and wrinkles flatten and fade... After seeing these results, one can well understand why so many beauticians are now acclaiming this doctor's treatment one of the most important beauty discoveries of the century.

Anyone Can Use It

The treatment starts with a thorough skin cleansing. A special laboratory-developed whipped cleansing cream is applied. Within 2 or 3 minutes, an absorbing agent called argilla dries and turns this medicated cream into a plastic-like masque. As firms and hardens, its suction action draws on waste matter in the pores... In 8 or 9 minutes you simply rinse the masque away with lukewarm water which dissolves it immediately. When you wipe your face, you can see blackheads and other pore "fillers" actually come off on your tissue. And your skin feels clean — really clean — and refreshed and smooth, like velvet!

Pore Sponging and Closing

The third step in the treatment is an exhilarating application of a unique antiseptic astringent—a facial "mint julep" that sponges and tightens emptied pores and leaves a protective invisible film that helps guard your skin against dust, dirt and bacteria for hours and hours.

Nothing Else Like It

Even after a single treatment, women who have been troubled by blackheads for years see a marked improvement. Many find it hard to believe their eyes. Some blackheads and whiteheads just rinse away. Others are softened and made ready to be drawn out by future treatments. Enlarged pores appear to be smaller. The skin looks smoother and firmer — feels fresher and more alive!

In short, after a single treatment taking only 15 minutes, you can expect to see results that normally you would not dare hope for even after many weeks... but don't expect everything at once. Damage done by years of neglect can't be undone in a day. Yet with 3 or 4 treatments a week, you may confidently look forward to startling complexion improvements within 30 days. Then one treatment a week — or even two or three weeks — will probably be all your skin will need to keep it clear, lovely and healthy looking.

The medically developed products used in this treatment are manufactured and quality-controlled by QUEEN HELENE. They are Queen Helene Whipped Cleansing Cream, Queen Helene Medicated Masque and Queen Helene Penetrating Astringent. The three items are sold as a complete skin and beauty kit for 3.98 plus tax. Quite a bargain when you think of what it will do for a person's good looks — and self-esteem!

See Blackheads "Wipe Off" After a Single Queen Helene Skin and Beauty Treatment

Look! See them come off on your cleansing tissue — and without squeezing or digging!

First apply Queen Helene Whipped Cleansing Cream. This liquefies instantly on your skin and softens pore-caked dirt with its rapid emollient action. You rinse it off all but a thin film which prepares your face for the masque.

Now smooth on the Queen Helene Medicated Masque. As the absorbing agent, argilla, in this plastic-like cream makes it harden into a masque, its powerful drawing action gently pulls out blackheads and other pore impurities.

After about 8 or 10 minutes, rinse the masque with lukewarm water. It dissolves in seconds. Then apply Queen Helene Mint Julep Astringent — a special penetrating antiseptic that helps close emptied pores, tones up your complexion, and gives protection against dirt and bacteria for hours.

all these items

3.98
plus tax

Enough for 33 Treatments
Economical Size
5.95
plus tax

Enough for 66 Treatments

RESULTS ARE GUARANTEED

Examine your face before and after treatment. You should see a startling difference. Some of the blackheads should be gone and others loosened for removal by future treatments. These results are guaranteed or your money will be refunded.

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84 HUBERT ST., NEW YORK 13, N. Y.
(ESTABLISHED 1950)

MAIL NO-RISK, FREE TRIAL COUPON TODAY!

PARA LABORATORIES SALES CORP.
Dept. H-414
34 HUBERT ST., NEW YORK 13, N. Y.

Please rush me by return mail my complete Queen Helene 2-Way Skin Treatment, including:
1. Laboratory Developed Cleansing Cream
2. Medicated Mask Cream
3. Astringent

I will pay postage and handling. If I don't, see definite improvement in my skin after just one 15 minutes treatment — if Queen Helene doesn't do for my skin everything you have led me to believe it will do, I will return unused portion within 10 days for my money back.

QUEEN HELENE PRICE LIST (Check Size Desired)

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NAME __________________________
ADDRESS _________________________
CITY _____________________________
STATE ___________________________
ZIP CODE _________________________

Mail to:
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what's spinning?

BY CHRIS DAGGETT

This month’s column is devoted to those of you who have asked for background information about your favorite recording artists. Others will be covered in future months.

THE FOUR ACES: This group was organized in 1950 by Al Alberts. After a period of part-time work, Al—with Dave Mahoney, Sid Vocarro, and Lou Silvestri—landed a full-time job at Ye Olde Mill, near Philadelphia. There they introduced their version of “Sin,” which they later recorded for Decca, and rose to fame on the strength of it. Their hottest numbers to date are “Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing” and “A Woman in Love.”

CHET BAKER: This versatile young musician was born in Yale, Oklahoma, in 1928. At Glendale Junior High School in California, he played trumpet in the marching band and dance orchestra. Drafted in 1946, and discharged two years later, Chet then studied music theory and harmony at El Camino College in Los Angeles. After re-enlisting in 1950, he became a member of the Presidio Army Band in San Francisco. While there, Chet began sitting in with his trumpet with various jazz groups, and soon he came to the attention of the late Charlie Parker, who hired Chet for his West Coast dates in the summer of 1952. Shortly afterward, Chet joined the Gerry Mulligan Quartet, then late in 1953 formed his own group. This combo, featuring Russ Freeman on piano, gave Chet the chance to play the kind of trumpet he wanted to play. Soon after taking his place on top, Chet started to sing. He can be heard on Pacific Jazz records.

BILL HALEY: Bill’s first musical instrument was a homemade guitar, which was soon supplanted by a real one. At 13, Bill got his first job, playing at an auction for one dollar a night. A short time later he formed his own band and worked whenever he could secure bookings. After years of interesting but unprofitable experience, Bill landed the job of musical director and bandleader at radio station WPWA, Chester, Pennsylvania. His group worked nights in the Philadelphia area, and began to record for Decca in 1951. In 1952, Haley’s group became known as The Comets. In 1953, they recorded “Rock Around the Clock.” In 1955, it was featured in “The Blackboard Jungle” as background music and became number 1 in the nation. Since that time, Bill has had quite a few hits. His latest is “See You Later, Alligator.”

PAT BOONE: Pat, who is 21, started his singing career at the age of 10, performing at Saturday matinees on the stage of the Belle Meade Theatre, in Nashville, Tennessee. At 17, he had his own radio show on Station WSTX in Nashville, and at 18, he won the East Nashville High School talent contest. The great-great-great grandson of Daniel Boone, Pat distinguished himself as a scholar and athlete at Lipscomb High School in Nashville. His first hit tune for Dot was “Ain't That A Shame.” His latest is “I'll Be Home” and “Tutti Frutti.”

HARRY BELAFONTE: Born in New York City in 1926, Harry spent most of his childhood in the West Indies. Returning to New York, he finished high school, then enlisted in the Navy, spending two years overseas. When he returned to civilian life, he enrolled at the American Negro Theatre and later studied at the New School in New York, intending to pursue a career in acting, directing, and producing. After a try at Broadway, he gave up acting for an eight-hours-a-day job. Soon, however, he auditioned at the old Royal Roost jazz club, and wound up being held over for fourteen weeks. Later, he became a folk singer and appeared at the Village Vanguard and the Blue Angel, then signed a contract with RCA Victor. His first album, “Mark Twain,” was a tremendous success. His second, “Belafonte,” promises to be even greater. His rendition of “Water Boy” is terrific, as is the touching “Scarlet Ribbons.”

BENNY GOODMAN: With the release of Universal-International’s film biography of “The Benny Goodman Story,” the younger generation has suddenly become aware that

Continued on page 85
Only Perma-lift bras with new "Magic Insets"
give you natural rounded, lasting uplift

Fashion’s enchanting, new rounded look happens so naturally with "Perma-lift,"* for "Perma-lift" Bras alone are styled with the new Magic Insets that comfortably lift and mold you, eliminating all shoulder strap strain. #177 in fine cotton—$2.50. In lovely sheer nylon, #56—$3.50; #58—$4.00. Try one today.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off., A product of A. Stein & Company • Chicago • New York • Los Angeles

Perma-lift
BRASSIÈRES
THE LIFT THAT NEVER LETS YOU DOWN
The Things She Said to Me!

(Continued from page 39)

"The Sleeping Prince," which she'll do in London—with none other than Sir Laurence Olivier, knighted for his great acting by the Queen of England—she plays a chorus girl with a lot of zing and zang in her walk. Sex shall not take a holiday on the Marilyn Monroe calendar which we all so love to be a part of, and one of the people privileged to observe "When you feel you're ready to become a member of the class," Marilyn breathes. "I'm not a member yet, and one of the things you've learned is that when I'm working toward, I will audit eventually—but there is plenty of time for that."

"How do you like the private classes?"

"They're wonderful, but it seems to me that the other students are children, if children, I guess I'm really not a member. They're kids."

Marilyn looked positively bubbly with health when I saw her and she wished to point out that the laryngitis and virus she had while in New York during winter had been nothing serious at all. A girl known for her robust good health she didn't want anybody to get the idea that it was beginning to be ill a lot.

"Of course, I could hardly talk for while. I could only croak and whisper, but it was nothing serious," she said.

During this time, she'd gotten a penicillin shot through she's supposedly allergic to penicillin.

"Where did you get the shot—in a usual place?"

"Here, there and everywhere else," giggled Marilyn.

"And what was the name of the lucky doctor?"

Marilyn laughed again. Anyway, had licked the virus finally and was back in action. This meant being called on after day for personal appearances charities. If she refused, she was likely called a snob. If she accepted, she was known as a do-gooder, and somebody would say she was always getting her picture in the papers. It was such an easy life, but Marilyn, and Marilyn, and Marilyn, and the people she liked. Sometimes doing what they considered right a proper.

Naturally, I got around to asking about her love life.

"Well, there isn't any, Marilyn insisted. I wish I did!"

Then she launched into a little discussion of that. There had been talk about romances with Pulitzer Prize author Arthur Miller, who had divorced his wife after fifteen years of marriage. Most vehemently, Marilyn denied there was a romance with Miller, who had a long-standing relationship with Marilyn as the gossip. "You know," she said to me, "there was the same talk about me and—" She named a famous American, mid- age, handsome, and attractive, also wealthy, and married.

"And as I told you before, I've never even met him," she said.

Not once during this talk was Joe Muggins's name mentioned by either of them. There was nothing around that hinted Joe. The atmosphere was more scholastic and artistic, than athletic. The impress was always to get a glimpse of his charming face, his amusing little flippancies, is trying hard to become a very serious actress—that is, sincere actress, even though frequently "exotic" one.

I left Marilyn, feeling—as I always when I visit her—that this one is of the great women of our age. I regretted hear, though, that such a beautiful, healthy, girl had no romance in her life. It's a shame—when there are so many in who are so willing!
what’s spinning?
continued from page 82

There is another form of music worth mentioning to, made famous by the King Swing. Born in Chicago, in 1909, Benny Goodman learned to play the clarinet at Hull House and, at thirteen, was playing with local bands. In 1927, he joined Ben Pollack and remained with him for two years. Next Benny engaged with Arnold Johnson and Red Nichols, then he became a radio studio musician in New York. In 1934, he formed his own band, which came to national attention via the Let’s Dance radio program. By the end of 1936, following successful engagements at the Los Angeles Palomar ballroom and Chicago’s Congress Hotel, Goodman and his band were a national craze. Benny holds the distinction of having played the first jazz concert at Chicago’s Congress Hotel, in 1935, and of playing the first jazz concert ever given at New York’s Carnegie Hall, in 1938. Among the several recordings issued on “The Benny Goodman Story,” available in your favorite record shops, we recommend RCA Victor’s album because of the performers featured. These recordings are the original masters cut when Goodman was at his peak, and the musicians include Teddy Wilson, Harry James, Ziggy Elman, Joe Krupa and Lionel Hampton.

For your collection:

On Capitol Records, the “sleeper” of the month is “Poor People of Paris,” a lovely instrumental by Les Baxter. A hot rock ‘n’ roll number on RPM records, “How Soon,” by The Jacks.


After “Burn That Candle,” Bill Haley’s “See You Later, Alligator,” on Decca.

Even though it’s in French, you’ll love “Lullaby of Birdland” by the Blue Stars (Mercury).

Another novelty tune by the DeJohn brothers, “Hotta Chocolata” (Epic).

Lena Horne does a sensational job on “What’s Right for You,” on RCA Victor.

Another beautiful piano rendition by Roger Williams on Kapp label, “Beyond the Sea” (“La Mer”).

Don’t miss Ray Anthony doing his terrific version of “Madeira” on the Capitol label.

“Mr. Wonderful,” done as only Sarah Vaughan can do, for Mercury.

If you are interested in obtaining pictures of your favorite recording artists, please do not write to this column, as such requests cannot be filled. However, if you write to the record company for which the performer records, they will be happy to send you pictures upon request.

SEE THIS MIRACLE HAPPEN TO YOU IN 20 SECONDS

Suddenly you seem to have grown
an entirely new and flawless skin!

So subtly does LANOLIN PLUS Liquid Make-Up banish those “things” in your face you don’t want seen . . . no one even suspects make-up. Little blemishes, dark patches, skin imperfections are covered beautifully without masking.

And because only this remarkable make-up offers skin-softening, exclusive-formula LANOLIN PLUS Liquid . . . it goes on more evenly, makes skin softer and smoother, helps correct dryness too. You’ll look a million times better . . . when you choose one of the 6 exquisite shades of LANOLIN PLUS Liquid Make-Up that makes you a happier woman in seconds. At cosmetic counters everywhere. $1 plus tax.
I saved my MARRIAGE

A spade is called a spade on the radio program "My True Story". It brings you frank stories about real people—about their hates and fears, their loves and passions. When you hear these dramatizations, you may easily recognize some of the problems that are keeping you from finding happiness. So listen to these emotion-packed stories. Each one is taken right from the files of True Story Magazine.

Tune in Every Morning to "MY TRUE STORY"

American Broadcasting Stations

Thwarted, he married his loved one's sister. Don't miss "I Took A Substitute Wife" in May TRUE STORY MAGAZINE, at newsstands now.

Detour To Destiny

(Continued from page 57)
maiden asked the redheads' mother, "Who's their daddy?"

"John Kerr," said Mrs. Kerr in vocal tones.

The maiden shrugged and wafted a regretful gesture toward the bus driver. "Nobody anyone knows," she said.

This ranks as one of the greatest errors made by an innocent bystander.

To anyone who knows Broadway, the name John Kerr conveys a special magic, because of his work in "Bernardine" in 1952, in "Tea and Sympathy" in 1953, and in "All Summer Long" in 1954. To anyone who knows Hollywood, the name John Kerr in the cast of "The Cobweb" and "Gaby" (his latest starring vehicle opposite Leslie Caron) proves that a sensitive and an eloquent new talent has been added to the motion-picture scene.

What is he like, this John Kerr whose name will probably become as famous as that of Tony Curtis or Rock Hudson?

His name is pronounced "kar," and his appearance is deceptive. A tall (six feet), slender (165 pounds) type, John reminds one of the Boston police cars which patrol along it almost pompous fashion—but which are capable of doing over a hundred miles per hour under pressure.

Born in New York City, John was educated at Phillips Exeter and at Harvard, graduating in 1952 with a Bachelor of Arts degree. Currently—in addition to everything else he's doing—John is preparing the thesis required for a Master of Arts degree. The subject? Russian literature!

Upon first meeting John Kerr, the uninitiated observer might be pardoned for thinking he is the typical Ivy League product—dignified, intellectual, modest, and extremely sensitive. But those who know John well feel that it would be a shame to stop there, because he possesses an adventurous enthusiasm and a "wicked" sense of humor.

A fine example of his come-what-may enthusiasm was shown on John's student tour of the U.S. In 1950 he bought "at a bargain" a 1949 popular-make, one-owner in-perfect-condition convertible. It didn't occur to John to examine the canvas top before tendering a check in full payment. The deal consummated, John and a classmate set out for San Francisco mainly because John's actress-mother, the noted June Walker, was appearing in a play in the Bay city.

Everything went fine until noon of the first day when, steadily doing set in. Up came the top with the screams of tearing canvas. "Looks a little like I've always imagined the Grand Canyon must," said John, "but I think we can fix it.

So to the nearest drugstore he bought a large wheel of adhesive tape and a bottle of clear nail polish. John might have been a surgeon, closing a gaping wound, judging from the care with which he brought the torn edges of the canvas together and applied the tape. That done, he painted the tape with nail polish in order to make the mend as inconspicuous and as waterproof as possible.

Late that afternoon, the rain stopped and the wind rose, clamping at the tender top. Another rip developed and was soon patched with infinite care. Thirty miles farther on, a new fissure opened, and a hundred miles beyond that, another slit occurred, letting in the weather.

"By the time we reached San Francisco, eight days later," John recalls, "I had a new theory that the best thing to do is button down the hatches and wait."

The trip home was uneventful, and John got back to school with a little more respect for the drivers than when he left.

John's first visit to Reno, and John strolled up to the nearest dollar machine. His expression was executive, and his hand on the lever was steady. Imagine finding a little old money tree—outside of Texas.

Thirteen dollars later, John said to his friend, "I see what you mean," and on the fast highway leading to San Francisco, he added, "Thirteen bucks would buy a lot of armor."

John, at that moment he gave up gambling forever.

As John remembers it, "The trip back to Boston was made in only six days at about twenty-two miles of tape. My sewing technique had improved."

Equally confusing and unpredictable is a recent attempt to pin down John with Priscilla Smith. They met when she was a senior at Harvard and she was a student at Radcliffe, and the "adhesive tape" that bonded them together in college is now Serbo-Croatian. They were in class together.

That's right: Serbo-Croatian.

Upon learning this, a new acquaintance once asked John, "How on earth did you learn Serbo-Croatian?"

"I was looking for a course in which I felt I could knock out an A," said John in the tone of a man who feels he has just bought a good deal.

To anyone who struggles through first-year Latin, John's conside-

As John enters Harvard, he turn his attention to the Brattle Theatre in Cambridge, and spent his vacations tar-

Meanwhile, it was only logical for John to take Priscilla Smith to a Brattle Theat-

John, when he leaves college, has performed more appropriate play than "King Lear" for the occasion, but he also recalls that it served as familiar background for his life during the season's wildest football game played by a pair of powerful teams neither of which is from your college. I matter how much excitement there is.
By Christmastime, John knew he wanted to marry Priscilla as soon as possible. To express this sentiment, he wanted to give her a Christmas memento that would be significant—short of an engagement ring—but not financially embarrassing.

Every girl in the world who has ever yearned for a sweetheart both sentimental and practical, will applaud John's choice. From the plush Georg Jensen shop in New York he selected a Danish silver brooch fashioned into a timeless love knot.

Priscilla proved to be equally resourceful. She had ordered, from Russia, a copy of Tolstoy's The Cossacks, knowing how much John wanted to read the work in its original language.

Priscilla's family noted the implications of these gifts, and decided to voice their feelings. They thought the cost of food, clothing, housing, and transportation plus the financial frenzy caused by the visits from that persistent caller, the stork. Because there wasn't much else they could do, John and Priscilla decided to wait at least until after graduation. They had, they explained somewhat helpfully, a number of things they wanted to discuss and settle between themselves before they married. This is a technique known as setting elders in their place, where there doesn't seem to be an immediate place in the world for youngsters in love.

John and Priscilla's discussions were carried on several evenings per week until four o'clock in the morning, both in defiance of college rules and the danger of catching pneumonia.

MUCH of their conversation doesn't concern us, since it consisted of the usual expressions of wonder that, in this wide, wide world they had somehow met. However, some of it reveals so much about John, it needs to be mentioned.

For one thing, John outlined to Priscilla his dream of a home and explained the reasons for his dream.

The child of theatrical parents, John knew hotels and hotel rooms intimately. As far back as he could remember, he had known home—when alone—to order a sensible breakfast, lunch, or dinner in a hotel dining room. While other youngsters his age were struggling with fractions, he was able to glance at a dining room check and correctly compute a proper tip.

Many of his Christmas holidays were spent in a hotel room around a small tree which had been sent upstairs by the hotel porter. Often it was decorated by John and one of the maids, because John's mother had to sandwich her holiday shopping between matinee and evening performances and had neither time nor energy enough to do more, much as she yearned to make much of the season for her son.

While the carols and hymns, John came to understand, that at Christmas there are always the lonely and the wretched who must turn to the theatre for holiday cheer. His performances gave a hungry-hearted audience an evening of good will.

To understand is one thing, to accept quite another.

"I made up my mind right then," John old Priscilla, "that one day I was going to have a home of my own. A house with a huge kitchen in which there was a fireplace and a big round table surrounded by captain's chairs."

If you really care for your cashmere—
If there's anything a hombre hates—it's getting the Mama's Boy treatment, in public. Besides, your date probably prides himself on his grooming. Why make him feel like Hillbilly Hank by adjusting his tie, re-combing his crew cut? As for your grooming (on certain days) you know you're the smoothest—when you choose Kotex. Those flat pressed ends prevent telltale outlines. And when you try Regular, Junior and Super Kotex you'll learn which size best suits you.

If you'd keep him, better bypass—
If there's anything a hombre hates—it's getting the Mama's Boy treatment, in public. Besides, your date probably prides himself on his grooming. Why make him feel like Hillbilly Hank by adjusting his tie, re-combing his crew cut? As for your grooming (on certain days) you know you're the smoothest—when you choose Kotex. Those flat pressed ends prevent telltale outlines. And when you try Regular, Junior and Super Kotex you'll learn which size best suits you.

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7057—Little fabric, sewing time to make this cool halter. Wraps and ties, opens flat to iron. Easy, pretty embroidery too! Sizes Small (10, 12); Medium (14, 16); Large (18, 20). Tissue pattern, transfer. State size.

623—Pick this pretty “flower” for your serving apron—fashioned from remnants in shades of vivid color. Embroidery transfers, directions for apron 17 inches long.

7057

SIZES
S—10—12
M—14—16
L—18—20

891—Crochet this cover for any size TV set in your favorite pineapple design! Directions for cover 25 inches in No. 30 cotton; smaller in No. 50; larger in mercerized bedspread cotton.

7133—Charming scenes of an old-fashioned kitchen—captured in embroidery on this decorative panel. Easy cross-stitch—lovely in any home! Embroidery transfers, directions for wall panel, 16 x 19 inches.

818—“Now I Lay Me Down To Sleep” is the inspiring theme of this embroidered quilt. Baby quilt, 35 1/2 x 43 1/2 inches. Diagrams, embroidery and applique transfers.

lots of laughter and happy conversation.

The kitchen would be used like a dining room, family room, library, and playroom. And near this central meeting place would be the bedrooms, to be used for sleep and discipline. It was John’s idea that the only punishment likely to be needed is to keep the family in bounds would banish from the group.

Of course, he agreed with Priscilla, Priscilla would be many years before they could have a family, but it was good to have a plan for the future. He must get a job, and Priscilla intended to do the same. Then, perhaps, in a year they could have a baby, at least within two years.

As it turned out, John won a part in the Broadway production of “Bernadette” shortly after he had worn cap and gown in the Harvard commencement march, so John and Pat were married on December 2, 1952. They set up housekeeping in a New York apartment and were going the familiar routine of painting, papering, and searching for the “good little chair at reasonable price, when two things happened. John was voted 1952’s most promising newcomer by the New York dram critics—and “Bernadine” folded.

For several weeks, John’s dream of oak-strewn acres surrounding a rambling hospitable house seemed like smoke on a long-stemmed Oriental pipe.

However, destiny’s child had been noticed too enthusiastically in “Bernadine” to suffer a permanent case of the doldrums. In the late summer, he went into rehearsal opposite Deborah Kerr (n.kin) in “Tea and Sympathy,” and opening night was made memorable by the realization that the play was to be a smash hit and by the news that John was to become a father the following May.

As it turned out, he became two fathers in May. That is, he became the male parer of red-haired twin girls, christened Jocely and Rebecca, known locally as Jossie and Little Oslyn, and Becky or Backy Beck.

You know how parents are.

One of John’s first tasks, after the girls arrived, was to go shopping for a second layette—particularly infant shirts. Where he explained what he wanted to saleswoman, a grandmotherly type, she unfolded the proper size on the counter with the observation, “And there you have it, John, studied the shirt for several minutes. He had the awful feeling that anything small enough to fit into the garment couldn’t be real. In a sepulchral voice, he said, “It looks terribly tiny.”

The saleswoman wished to know how much John weighed when he was born. He said he thought about seven pounds. “This is the size you wore,” said the lady, “and look at you now.”

John still isn’t sure why he found that comforting, but he did.

If you’ve been worrying about the wicked sense of humor mentioned earlier as a Kerr attribute, settle down. We’re getting to that. When John was asked by a Chicago columnist what the hell was about Hollywood that surprised him, he said dourly, “The place is misrepresent ed,” and went on to explain that any well-read person must believe that movie-making is made in the midst of frenzy, for two or three hours per day. The rest of Hollywood’s waking hours, the country has been led to believe, is taken up by trips to Palm Springs, trips to Las Vegas, lazy hours around one’s own swimming pool, and long, hectic nights around a table at Ciro’s, The Mocambo, or Romanoff’s.

What you expect is a sort of lotus-eater’s paradise with symphonic sound effects,” John added. “What you get.”

Detroit with palms,” Hollywood proved to be the hardest-working community Jo
had ever known. Instead of maintaining a high level of energy and dynamism for the three hours required by a stage production, the astonished actor discovered that he had to sustain a mood, a characterization, and lots of energy over a period of eight to ten hours daily. "The first month nearly killed me," he recalls.

After the first month, however, John must have tapped fresh reserves of vitality, because he and Priscilla were much in demand socially. One reason may have been John's uncanny ability to impersonate his fellow players. His imitation of Lauren Bacall (including deep-well voice, down-undue look, and tilted-pelvis gait) was perfected while John sat quietly—wearing an innocent expression—on the set where "The Cobweb" was shot.

Another party-popper is John's collection of Marlon Brando performances, starting with "The Men" and running through Marlon's tilts with Tennessee Williams ("Streetcar Named Desire") and Shakespeare ("Julius Caesar"). Says John, "Brando is a great actor—one of the greatest. That's why he's so easy to imitate."

Mrs. Kerr is inclined to tighten a wifely rein when these performances threaten to bring down the house. Restraint is applied only by means of a lifted eyebrow or an unobtrusive gesture. Then John, an easily contained type, promptly drifts over to a corner and becomes a sterling audience for some other party-circuit performer.

There is one additional fact to be told about this man who reads Russian novels in the original, who is as much at home in London or Paris as he is in New York, and who has, from boyhood, known most of the theatrical greats on a first-name basis—he likes to dunk doughnuts in steaming black coffee.

If John Kerr sounds good to you, you might write to M-G-M and ask them to cast him as Peter McKenzie in "Something of Value." He'd be perfect in the part.

THE END

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I Fainted When He Kissed Me!

(Continued from page 51)

Academy Award-winning performances. If mine was a little better than Jack's, it was for one, and only one, reason: because of my radio background I spoke more softly. Which meant that, in the actual performance, the audience couldn't hear me at all. But anyone who was there on opening night agreed this was lucky! I soon realized that Jack was very proper, very conservative. He was not even a Bostonian in his approach. He didn't make any rapid advances. He waited for a whole hour before asking me for a date—and then in a roundabout way.

"I hope you don't consider me forward if I suggest we rehearse after hours, too," he ventured.

In spite of my loyalty to Yale, I didn't think this was forward at all—till I found out what Jack U. Lemmon III considered rehearsing.

"We'll have supper at the Automat first," he suggested. Later, I found out he had to finish his lunch to pay for it. After supper, he suggested a walk through Central Park. My loyalty to Yale started to waver still more, and I accepted that, too. It was Jack's turn to be surprised when I recommended finishing the evening with a cup of coffee at my apartment. At last the Bostonian in him showed: "Are you sure you want me to come in?"

"Sure I'm sure. I want you to meet my roommates—Ski, Heui, and Pat."

This was proper enough even for him. He came up.

From then on, Jack and I saw lots of one another, thanks to our mutual liking for each other, the influence of our good friends, the Alpertsons, who were all in favor of a romantic union between the two of us, and the fact that I soon broke off my engagement to the Yale man.

Yet at that time, marriage was completely out of the question. Jack simply couldn't afford it. For a while he couldn't even have lunch out for dinner, if it weren't for a unique job he had.

He was employed by a chain restaurant as a checker. Every night we had to eat at a different one of their restaurants, order all we wanted and, depending on whether the service was good or bad, leave a $5.00 tip—provided by the company—or mail a letter of complaint to the head office. This job was fine—until company officials realized that Jack wasn't very loyal in his efforts: he always left tips, never complained.

One day Jack didn't get paid for this service, but the faxes really certainly made our courting period a lot more agreeable.

Because of my radio experience, skimpy as it was at the time, I was able to give him advice which would never do for radio. I still remember the afternoon we went to my apartment, and Jack started to read the longest monologues he could find.

"Now if my voice isn't right, you tell me," he requested.

I nodded approvingly.

"And don't be afraid to criticize."

"I won't, Jack." Then I got myself a chair, carried it to the window and looked out. "All right, go ahead."

"Are you kidding?" he exclaimed.

"This is the only way I can judge your voice without being influenced by your gestures and expressions than into his voice—which would never do for radio.

It made sense to him, and we spent most of the afternoon and evening going through the script.

Of how much value my coaching was, I didn't know, but the next day Jack had his first radio audition, which resulted in his playing the lead in a daytime serial called The Brighter Day for a whole year.

At that time, Jack also had a job at the Old Nick's, a bar and movie house where he played the piano and had to sing "By the sea, by the sea, by the beautiful sea" faster than any of the customers. If any of them could beat his time, they would win $10, and Jack would possibly have lost his job. Neither was the case. Come to think of it, this must have been where he learned to sing, as well as talk, as fast as he can. No wonder I don't have a chance to win an argument—I can't talk fast enough to keep up with him!

Anyway, walking home one night, Jack asked me if I'd like to see the show at the Old Nick. I told him I'd be delighted. However, I didn't realize that it lasted till three in the morning—and I had to be on the job at Saks Fifth Avenue by nine. But it was fun, and we soon made a habit of it, usually having breakfast at a small place on Third Avenue after- wards. But before long, the strain began to show up. Unfortunately, at the worst possible time—or was it?

It was close to five A.M. when we reached the lobby of my apartment building. Jack opened the door for me and, as he handed back the key, he asked for the first time, that was when I fainted!

The first thing I remembered, I was looking up at Jack's and my roommates' worried faces, leaning over me. "I didn't know what effect on women," Jack grinned.

A good night's sleep and a couple of "early evenings" fixed me up again.

I guess, in a way, I knew that eventually Jack and I would get married. But I didn't want him to take me for granted to the point of not even proposing—which nearly happened.

One evening, as we drove home in a cab—times were getting better—Jack casually remarked, "And when we are married, . . ."

"Is this a proposal?" I exclaimed.

Jack replied: "I am doing the same thing in typical male fashion. "Well, I thought you and I had an understanding. . . ."

I had no intention of letting him get out of this one! I asked the driver to let us off at a drugstore, much to Jack's surprised "What for?"

"Wait and see," I replied, heading inside and sitting down at the counter.

While filling the prescription and having a couple of Cokes, I pulled a paper napkin out of the holder, and on it scribbled a marriage contract "with no options."

"If you meant what you said, sign here," I said, "happily.

Jack marked down his "X." 

The next day, he spent $150 out of his savings of $151.27 on an engagement ring. We were married a few weeks later—on May 8th, 1950—at my home in Peoria.

For the three weeks before, we lived out our honeymoon on a budget of $150. I have no idea how we managed, but it certainly improved our finances. And at the time, the season and prices were much lower.

I'm sure everyone at the hotel must have known we were newlyweds. It showed all over. That's why the room-service waiter was doubly surprised when at two o'clock in the morning of our third day there, I called him and asked for two bottles of vinegar.

"Are you going to fix salad at this time?" he asked disbelievingly when he delivered the vinegar to the door.

"No," I replied. "I'm going to fix my husband."

I don't know what he thought of the situation, but he almost ran down the hall.

What had happened?

After three days of broiling himself in the hot sun, Jack—whose skin is sensitive anyway—had turned into a human lobster. He couldn't even let a sheet touch his skin. The doctor had diagnosed it as first-degree burns. That's why Jack had to take all of our honeymoon in the bathtub, soaking himself in vinegar! Luckily, as I said before, this was no indication of our future lives together.

From then on, I made sure that Jack was properly wrapped in towels or some other protective clothing whenever he planned to remain outside.

But once he recuperated, we had a wonderful time in Florida. And we've had a wonderful time ever since.

Jack has so many outstanding qualities.

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"Sure," Jack assured him confidentially. 
Of course, he'd never handled it. But it looked easy enough for a child to manipulate.

A few minutes later, while absorbed in some wonderful antiques, I suddenly heard a tremendous crash. I knew what happened even before I reached the window: Jack had backed right into the furniture, and crushed half a dozen chairs!

As he looked out of the back window to survey the damage, he put his foot on the brakes, then slipped the gear into "neutral"—so he thought. The instant he took his foot off the brakes, the car shot forward—right into a whole pile of glassware, smashing it to bits. Before the smoke cleared, he had to buy a new set.

Then, to top it all, Sam let Jack drive the car back home. It took nerve on both their parts—and a new Jo and mine, too. We were riding in the back seat.

For that matter, I have seen Jack's nerves of steel in operation under much more serious circumstances.

About a year ago, after a visit to Hawaii, we were flying back to California. Just about the time we reached the point of no return—the halfway mark between Honolulu and the mainland—I noticed oil spattering from one of the plane's engines. For a couple of seconds, I was frozen with fear. Finally, I managed to tug on Jack's sleeve. "Something's wrong with the engine," I whispered excitingly.

My husband thought this was a great joke. "You shouldn't have read 'The High and the Mighty,' " he chuckled.

"Honest, Jack. The engine's losing oil!" He still thought I was joking, but to play along with it, followed the direction of my pointing finger. "It's probably nothing," he said calmly. Nevertheless, he ranged for the stewardess.

"My wife thinks we'll have to ditch the plane just because the engine is losing a little bit of oil," he laughingly told the stewardess. "Would you just look at it, please, and tell her she has nothing to worry about."

The stewardess looked, turned pale, and without saying a word rushed up to the pilot's compartment. Sixty seconds later, the flight engineer came to take a look.

"Well, your wife's right. There's nothing to worry about," Jack repeated.

He too turned pale, and like the stewardess left for the front without a word of explanation. We went through the rest of the crew, including the captain, in the same manner, and seeing the expressions, Jack knew as well as I that we were in trouble. But he tried his hardest not to show it, in order to make me feel better. And I think, if I hadn't known him so well, I might have gotten away with it.

We made it all right—we even had enough fuel left for an emergency landing up ahead. Since Los Angeles International Airport was closed in.

Another quality of my husband's which I grew to like is his complete honesty, and his refusal to take advantage of anyone. Like with the little foreign sports car he bought a few months after we moved to California.

At the time, Jack didn't think we could afford a new car. (Later he found out we could have afforded it far more than the used one we got.) So he shopped around till he found an MG, "in top condition, with brand-new motor; all it needs is a little tightening of the brakes and the clutch"—according to the salesman.

Also, Jack was told that we didn't have to pay cash for it, but could have more of it financed.

Never buying anything on time, Jack neglected to read the small print, and didn't discover until too late that the financing charges alone were running up to a point that was only the beginning.

When he called up to have his MG fixed, Jack noticed that the front tire was a bit low. He decided to put on the spare but, when he opened the trunk, he found the spare hadn't been there since he drove his car right through. And after closer inspection, he realized that the other four tires looked well only because they were newly lacquered, that there was hardly any rubber on, the last set was over, he had to buy a new set.

While he was at the garage Jack thought he'd better have the clutch and brake adjusted.

"What brakes?" the mechanic asked.

And then, "What clutch?"

Almost another hundred dollars went into the car. By now Jack paid more than I'd ever given him in the first place. After getting the car in good shape, Jack drove into it for almost a year, then sold it. The day after the sale, the rear end fell out of the car. My husband had not deliberately, that was obvious. But he did — obviously. All $250 of it.

Just as admirable is the fact that Jack didn't even lose his temper about it. A matter of fact, he seldom ever does.

He might have looked for me to get used to, is his spur-of-the-moment behavior. When he gets something on his mind, it has to be done immediately—particularly vacations.

That was the story of how Jack arrived in New York, when one of the guests gloriously described a fishing resort in Canada, Jack suddenly decided we could afford a few days off. So Jack promptly left for Ontario—at two in the morning.

"Are you sure you know where we're going?" I asked him twenty-four hours later, as we bumped along on a winding narrow, desolate dirt road.

There wasn't a trace of doubt in Jack's mind. "Of course I do." Later, we found out the road was made for jeeps only.

About three A.M., we saw a dim light in the distance. To get to it we had to cross a wobbly-looking bridge—a "walking bridge" we were told, after we had crossed it. When we finally pulled up in front of a little house, Jack got out and walked to the front door, and banged on it.

There were heavy footsteps, then the door flew open and a bright flashlight glared in Jack's face. He also saw a shot gun in the man's arm. "Qu'est-ce qui vous voulez?" the man burst out.

"Nous vouons, . . ." Jack kept grooping for words, but this was no time to recall his French Fish and Game Club, so finally managed.

"Oh, you are going to see Fish and Game Club," the man said. "Down ze road. . . ."

After we drove for what seemed like hours, I began to doubt we were ever heading in the right direction. "You don't suppose the fellow at the party who told us about it just had too much to drink. . . ."

. . . and was making it all up? Not a chance.

Just as my doubts reached the point of disillusionment, we saw the lodge. Then we had to awaken the caretaker—who, of course, hadn't expected us. The lodge was really isolated places where you make reservation weeks in advance. Luckily, they had room for us. Actually, we were the only guests.

We weren't as lucky last summer, when Jack suddenly decided we should go to the High Sierras.
He made up our mind, I packed, and we were ready to leave within less than half an hour. But when we arrived at Bishop, we couldn't get any accommodations—and we had to sleep in the car. We picked an idyllic spot for our first night, right next to a lake. It was rustic, cold, and uncomfortable.

About four in the morning, I had to get out of the car and stretch. Wrapped up in every stitch of clothing I had brought along, I was sitting in front of the car, one hand over the fire Jack had started, the other clutching a martini which we had wisely brought along in a thermos bottle. Jack went one step further. He had a martini in one hand, too, but instead of warming his or my hand, he held it on to a fishing pole! He didn't want to waste a minute of our vacation! Needless to say, he didn't catch anything. Even the fish must have been too cold to bite that early.

I have listed so much on the "credit" side for my husband that to balance the score a little, I'd better mention his one habit that leaves room for improvement: his forgetfulness. He can't remember names, places, faces, to mail letters, pay bills. You name it and he forgets it.

At first, I used to be a little upset when he even forgot our anniversary. But seeing how badly he felt when I gave him present, and he had nothing in return, I knew I was wrong. And he is so considerate when he does recall them!

On the first anniversary we celebrated in Los Angeles—which coincided with our lowest time, financially—Jack brought home a huge carton. I unwrapped and unwrapped and unwrapped, until I finally found a golf ball with a little note attached: "Happy Anniversary, from Jack."

"How sweet," I said as I handed it back to him.

I don't play golf, Jack does.

For our next anniversary, he gave me a music box that played Brahms' lullaby, a baby brush and comb. We were expecting Chris at the time.

Of course, I didn't mind. I'm happy Jack is so fond of being a father. In fact, he was so anxious, he wanted to put me into maternity clothes the day we found out we were expecting!

Now has he changed in that respect. When Chris was born, Jack filled my hospital room with more toys for the baby than flowers for me! Since then, Jack has included the little fellow so completely in all our activities that Chris takes part in almost everything.

That's the way I've always wanted our family life to be: happy, exciting, full of fun. And I credit it for it all goes primarily to Jack. He's a Lemmon all right—but the nicest, most wonderful kind in the world.

The End
trouble with Harry," "Artists and Models," and "Around the World in Eighty Days" (which has not yet been seen by the public) all is acutely waiting to see the reaction of the makers or breakers of stars—the audience. She takes it all with a grain of salt.

Shirley and Steve rent a small furnished house at Malibu. The adjacent pounding steadily at their doorstep is far more important to them than the steady pounding of social chit-chat at Hollywood parties. "We've never been invited to a Hollywood party, I guess they next to know if you don't want to." They have just a few friends and treasure all of them. They're far enough out of town not to have drop-ins. "Their landlord, his wife and brother are close friends, forty years old, they are nevertheless real people and a lot of fun to be with.

"Our friends don't have to be smart, sophisticated, or intellectuals," Shirley said slowly, "they have to be real. The best things in life are pretty simple, and simplicity is pretty close to truth. I guess that's what we look for in friends."

They have a house located in a hundred-foot frontage of beach, a mile or so from their rented house, and they plan to build on it. A lovely glass-enclosed home that will have the ocean practically in the living room. But they are also planning to build two rental units over the garage, for income.

"For me, ballet was a basis for everything. It is the oldest art form in the world. And as a kid, my awareness of the physical led me to do everything. I played football and baseball and was a heavy hitter in softball. They called me 'Power house'," Shirley remembered with a grin. "I used to lose more boyfriends because I was from them. I remember one boy-friend, who simply couldn't face me until season track. I made the best mistake of jumping higher than he did and he wouldn't go on the hayride with me after that. I was five-feet seven when I was twelve and then I shrunken. It's true. I'm now five-feet six. I guess my feet go bigger.

"But actually I didn't date an awful lot anyway. When I did, it was one at a time (I'm the marrying kind). I didn't mind sacrificing dates, parties and social life, cause dancing was really more important to me. I was president of my high school sorority, "Pre-Bugs, but," she sighs with mock wistfulness, "they kicked me out of office because I never showed up for meetings. When I lived in Arlington, Virginia, I did have one rather peculiar passion. I loved to paint. In my spare time worked problems. I had to solve to study the stars, and thought I might be an astronomer. I liked being a leader, but didn't like to be loaded down with responsibility. When I got into the spotlight, I didn't want to be around."

All this time Shirley was dedicated to dancing. When she studied with Lisa Gardner and her assistant, Mary Day, in Washington, D.C. Shirley took two lessons a day, spent an hour and a half in traveling each way, then rehearsed all night. She was this awkward pupil. Anyone—Spanish, folk, modern—Shirley was finding difficult. Great belief that body was the basic art.

"It was when I danced with the Washington National Symphony, in things like 'Cinderella' and 'Hansel and Gretel' that it began to dawn on me. I was an excellent ballet student. I suddenly wanted to expand, to express in words and music. So when I was fourteen, I started spending every summer away, swimming and playing golf to school. I used to stay at a girl's club. I'd study all day and half the night and go back to the club to sleep, then get up and do it all over again. I didn't even think of dating. I was so busy."

A tantalizing trio:

MARISA PAVAN
on her way to stardom

JANE RUSSELL
"turbulent" tempered temptress

NATALIE WOOD
dizzy, delightful dynamo

They'll be 'bustin' out in all their glory in June

PHOTOPLAY: On sale May 8

The purposes, both Steve and Shirley are aware of the possibility of becoming famous. Although young, they also know the meaning of money. They have both lived without it while working toward success. For an enchanting andickle chanteuse, Shirley was discovered at the age of six. She has never had the urge to go on tour in the clothed department. Her dearest possessions are two cowhide jackets replete with fringe. Although she adores them, she cannot say she would have the nerve to wear them to the studio. People might think she was trying to be different. It's true that a picture ushered her away from a pre-

"AAs a Hindu princess in 'Around the World in Eighty Days', my make-up and saturated talcum powder. And after an hour or two minutes late, Mike Todd would recommend. He's a curious man and I respect him, but finally I roared back. Then one day I did a little something extra for him and he was overcome. We've been friends ever since."

Shirley's candid honesty about herself has left some of Hollywood's hardest experts uneasy and in a mild state of confusion. Her press agent feels she combines the Continental charm with American coarseness. Hitchcock says she is a great dramatic actress, and Cecil B. DeMille has said, "Shirley MacLaine is the sexiest actress I've ever seen." Yet Shirley is singularly unimpressed with herself—or Hollywood. After three top pictures, "The
to fulfillment was strewn with television commercials, peanut butter sandwiches, modeling, no sandwiches and study. Every dime she earned went to study. If she was careless with her bodily comfort, it was because study meant more to her. Finally she landed in the chorus of "Me and Juliet" as a dancer.

"I was engaged to a graduate engineer then," Shirley said quietly. "We were planning on marriage, and yet something worried me. He treated my work as a hobby and though we never spoke of it, I knew he'd expect me to give it up. When I was with him I couldn't discuss my work and a part of me felt lost. Then, I went across the street from the stage door of the Majestic with a girlfriend one night and she introduced me to Steve Parker. He was an actor-director who knew the theatre and he stimulated me professionally. He took me home. After that he coached me and helped in every way. Finally he shocked me into reality. Steve had the same loves, same interests. He loved me and understood what I had to do. We lived in the same world. It was so jerky," Shirley said with an embarrassed, pleased smile. "He kept after me and finally broke down the door and I knew I loved him."

Steve, on the other hand, has an entirely different point of view. Yet with the same conclusion. "I fell madly in love with her when she looked up from the table and I saw those eyes. But when we got up from the table I gulped. I'm just five-feet nine and I felt she was towering over me. I realized she was wearing very high heels and a great big hair—but she seemed taller than me. I took her home and called every day after that. I gave my services as a coach, counselor, director, and what have you just to stay there. My professional interest was definitely second to my emotional involvement. When I went to see the show, I knew she was an extremely talented girl. When she got her break in 'Pajama Game' the stage manager called me and I watched her from the wings in a T-shirt and blue jeans. Then we went to her place and worked the rest of the night. It was pretty hard," Steve grinned, "to work night after night, with my emotions coming out at the seams. But I finally wore her down."

"We fought like cat and dog the first two weeks we were married," Shirley said complacently. "I don't understand all this talk about adjustments. After we both blew our tops I guess we both adjusted—but I don't know who did what. I don't really care. Steve, the stage manager. He's also planning to start a real theatre out here. We both cook, and when he gets in the kitchen, I can't. We both love animals. We have Caesar, the boxer pup, and Bolo, the cat, a house and an ocean—and plans."

Shirley's plans are a little unorthodox but completely in keeping with her keen perception and steady timing. Her candid searching eyes are old for her years. At this point in her life, she is planning to do many of the things that she had to forego while concentrating solely on getting a firm foothold in the theatre.

"I'd hate to live in New York," Shirley said soberly, "but I love New England. I'd like three or four children while I'm young enough to enjoy them. Yet I've been lucky, and I don't want to throw the timing off by not being able to work when I should. But I want the kids and fifteen assorted animals and a house with me not too big, in a town that has four seasons. I want to run a little general store and restaurant (I've always wanted to work in a store), and Steve can be mayor of the town. I really feel that's what I'd like and Steve goes along with me."

"After my five-year contract with Mr. Wallis ends, I don't want to be bound to anyone. There's so much to learn, I want to be able to do it when I want to. I want to be free in the way I live, the way I work, and the way I learn. I've missed so much by being dedicated. Although I didn't have any fierce burning desire, I was at it all the time. Studying all day long and half the night. I've missed good books and travel and all the fine things that others take for granted. If we go to Europe, I want to take the time to live there—know the people, and not just sight-see like a tourist. I want to travel a lot and I want to read a lot. I want to catch up."

"It may sound odd from a twenty-one-year-old," Shirley concluded, "but I've given my whole life to study—seventeen years of work. I think it's enough to have a couple of years of reaping what you've sown.

At this time, Shirley means what she says. But she is in the unique period of waiting on the threshold of stardom. With three excellent pictures within a year, she has still to feel the full impact of public acceptance. Producers, critics and directors have nothing but raves for the provocative minx with her own built-in do-it-yourself kit. Perhaps her careful appraisal is a subconscious crossing of the fingers 'just in case.' It is difficult to believe that a talented girl with seventeen years of work and study would settle for only two years of success.

As Shirley said, "Every noteworthy event in my life has been like spontaneous combustion." And the next explosion may very well be when this girl with the very short fuse gets a bright green light from the public.
an exciting reason: He's suddenly discovered he has an excellent singing voice, and until he makes a trial recording, he refuses to miss his daily vocal lesson. There's also another new interest in Bob's life, and her name is Natalie Wood. They met at a publicity party both of them had wanted to skip. Now they're glad they didn't, because it was a case of "like" at first sight.

Behind The Camera: Out of respect for Cecil B. DeMille's "Ten Commandments," Charlton Heston—who stars as Moses—turned down three roles because he didn't want to play unsavory characters. . . . Rory Calhoun returned from making "Flight to Hong Kong" in China and gifted pal Jeff Chandler with—a shrunken head! On his note, Rory wrote: "Now you know what happens to Hollywood producers!" . . . Lana Turner doesn't want to make "My Most Intimate Friend" unless Ava Gardner (she's perfect for the co-starring role) is in the picture, too. But Ava loves her life in Spain and doesn't want to do it.

Inside The News: William Campbell, turning down part after part at U-I, hopes they'll cancel his contract. Hotter than hot at the box office, Bill wants to produce pictures with his talented writer-brother Bob and share the wealth! . . . The part called for an American boy in Doris Day's first personally-produced film "Julie," but Doris wanted to work with Louis Jourdan. So they rewrote the role to fit a Frenchman! . . . Tony Curtis did a great deal of praying after Janet Leigh was rushed to the hospital with a kidney infection. Apparently, however, her illness will not affect the baby expected in July. Trouper Tony also substituted for Janet on several TV shows.

For The Record: Hollywood agents should relax—Pat Wayne isn't going to sign with any of them, and for a very valid reason. "My son is only sixteen," says his beautiful mother, Josie Wayne. "His father and I both want him to finish school first and then decide what he wants to do in life. Every boy likes to make extra money. Director John Ford is Pat's godfather, so saying a few lines in his pictures was like working for one of the family. But that's as far as Pat's career goes—for now!"

Bedside Manner: The Eddie Fishers may put a registered nurse on their personal payroll! They're vacating their house by the sea, because the fog keeps Debbie in a constant state of sniffles. Added to this, four impacted teeth put Deb in the hospital and the surgery sent her into shock. In the meantime, what with his TV shows, benefits and commuting to New York, Eddie came down with shingles. "As soon as we can spare the time," laughs Debbie, "we're going to find a nice quiet place to enjoy a breakdown!"

Heady Stuff: That pigtail brained Marisa Pavan wore at Photoplay's Gold Medal Awards dinner is being copied by every glamour gal in town. Incidentally, those stories of Marisa's "secret" engagement to Jean Pierre Aumont really embarrassed her, but she definitely does have a crush on the man. . . . Personal to you fans who wonder why Susan Hayward and Janet Leigh still wear long, out-moded hairdos. "If short hair was becoming," they both say, "I'd wear mine short."

Hollywood Is Worried About: The painfully thin Ann Blyth, who hasn't been able to regain her weight since the birth of her second baby. . . . The withdrawal of Gene Tierney and the rumblings of her complete collapse, supposedly caused by the unhappy ending of her romance with Aly Khan. . . . Jennifer Jones' nervous tension and defensive attitude, which practically prevents her from making public appearances. . . . The air of depression surrounding Elizabeth Taylor, who still insists her marriage is as it should be.

Making Movies: Ben Cooper looked longingly at Marla English for seven weeks, when he was at Paramount making "The Rose Tattoo." But they never met. So now they're working together in Republic's "White Nightmare"—and making up for lost time! . . . Inimitable and amusing Van Johnson tells it about himself: "While I was making '23 Paces to Baker Street' in England," he grins, "I wore a Burberry coat and Homburg hat on the street. When no one recognized me, I parked the hat and coat and put on my red socks. It was wonderful getting mobbed again!"

Dean Martin was Lori Nelson's date at Gold Medal dinner. Separated from wife at time, Dean is now back at home with Jean

Dinner guests were greatly moved when late Jimmy Dean's grandmother stepped up to receive Photoplay's posthumous Award to her grandson for outstanding acting. At left, Tab Hunter, Natalie Wood, Dick Clayton greet Jimmy's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dean. Far left, are Jimmy's father and stepmother, Mr. and Mrs. Winton Dean
It takes two to romance

And two to give you an alluring, blemish-free skin—Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment!

First—Cuticura Soap. Many skin specialists say it takes a superfatted soap to help preserve the natural moisture and normal, healthy acidity of the skin. And Cuticura Soap—alone of all leading soaps—is superfatted and mildly medicated to help you maintain the clean, clear, fresh, baby-soft skin men love.

Next—Cuticura Ointment. This emollient does more than help clear up externally caused pimples. Along with modern, scientific medication it contains effective softening elements—goes after harmful blackheads, flaky dryness, oily shine—softens and stimulates as it helps heal. Do try Cuticura Soap and Ointment.
for breakfast, lunch and dinner. There’s also a brand-new Derby on Stocker, between 4th and 5th Sts. The newly renovated, dimly lit Diner is open 24 hours daily. Food excellent, prices honest, fellow diners are the greats of the entertainment world. Reservations essential for luncheon or dinner.

C. C. Brown’s: 7007 Hollywood Boulevard. For the world’s best hot fudge sundae. Opened in 1941. 11 a.m.-2 a.m.

Captain’s Table (D): 301 South La Cienega Boulevard. Seafood house that serves air-borne Maine lobster, steamed clams, crabs, oysters. Open from 5 P.M. until 2 A.M., expensive.

Chosen’s: 9039 Beverly Boulevard, near Doheny Drive in Beverly Hills. Celebrity rendezvous and a great restaurant. Prices in accordance with food and decor, which is to say expensive. Open from 6 P.M., except Mondays. Reservations essential.

Don, The Beachcomber’s: 1727 North McCadden Place, Hollywood (2 blocks east of Highland Avenue). If you’ve ever dreamed of Hawaii, this is the closest you’ll get. Exotic seafood, this is for you. Romantic, dimly lit in a Pacific Island manner, Celebrity favorite. If you are over 21, have a Beachcomber’s Gold—pure nectar. Opens and serves at 8 P.M. Reservations essential.

Fox and Hounds (D): 2900 Wilshire Boulevard in Santa Monica. An Old English tavern which serves superb food. Steaks a specialty. Expense. Dinner from 6 P.M.

Jack’s at the Beach (D): On the Ocean Park Pier, Ocean Park. Unforgettable view of the ocean and stars. Prices high if you remain there at sunset time. Prices in line with other top restaurants. $10 will cover a meal for two, without drinks. Open from 5:30 P.M., except Tuesdays.


Luau (D): 421 North Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills. Decor Hawaiian. Your choice of Kansas City steaks or wonderful Cantonese food. Try a Rumake or Bali Miki along with a Dr. Fong. Prices high, but worth it. Dinner from 5 P.M. Telephone for reservations for luncheon.

Lucky’s (D): 5444 Melrose Avenue, about 8 blocks west of Western. Italian cuisine. Their Eggs Benedict are memorable, and so is the Sunset salad. Luncheon reservations necessary because place draws many people. If you wish to dine under cover it is also crowded, but not so hurried. Prices moderate to expensive, depending on your tastes. Closed on Sundays.

Patio: 3077 Wilshire Boulevard (opposite Bullock’s Wilshire). Entrance looks small, but if you walk through you find walled garden with tables. Prices range from $1 to $8. Superb hamburgers, 6 inches in diameter, 85¢; one pound of ham in a sandwich, $1. Have a Café Mélange as beverage, 35¢. Open from 11:30 A.M. until 4 P.M.

Perino’s: 4101 Wilshire Boulevard. Decor, service, culinary delights are celebrated. Open from 5 P.M. Prices range from $1 to $9. Reservations from 6 P.M. Reservations suggested. Prices high, but worth it.

Romanoff’s (D): 140 South Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills. Presided over by HRH Prince Michael Romanoff, this spot has everything: gobs of glamour, marvelous service, de-licios food. Expensive, and worth it. One can visit the bar and view the sunken dining room in transit. Open daily for luncheon and dinner, except Sun- days. Reservations essential.

Scandia: 9131 Sunset Boulevard (on the Strip). A small but charming place. Menus posted on blackboard. Such delicacies as Mahi-Mahi flown from Hawaii, and traditional Scandinavian dishes make up a brief but alluring menu. Again, the prices are high. Open for luncheon and dinner, Tuesday through Saturday. Sunday dinner served from 5 P.M.  Closed on Mondays. Reservations essential.

Toll of the Cock: 477 South La Cienega (on Restaurant Row). Gay, lovely place for luncheon or dinner. Social crowd. Fairly expensive, thoroughly worth it.

Villa Prascati (D): 8117 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood. Belgian cuisine. Favorite of many Hollywood stars, but you’ll never have a better dinner or more things to gaze at. Open from noon daily on weekdays; open from 5 P.M. on Sundays.

SPECIAL TOURS

The following bus tours are offered by Tanner Gray Line. You may wish to confirm hours of departure and fare with Tanner Gray Line office.

Tour #1: Huntington Library Trip. Daily, except Mondays, at 2 P.M. Time required: 3 hours. Admission required: $2.00. This tour permits you to see the Los Angeles Civic Center, Sycamore Grove Park, the Rose Bowl, California Institute of Technology, and San Gabriel Mission. Note: The Huntington Library is closed during October and every week on Mondays. Children under 10 are not admitted to the Library. Fare: $3.25.

Tour #2: Hollywood, Beverley Hills and the Beach. Daily at 9 A.M. and 2 P.M. Time required: 7 hours. To see movie stars’ homes, Grauman’s Chinese Theatre, the footprints in forecourt, University of California at Los Angeles, Will Rogers Memorial Ranch, Santa Monica. Fare: $3.25.

Tour #5: Movie Studios and Hollywood. Daily except Sundays and holidays at 8:30 A.M. and 1:30 P.M. Fare: $3.00. You will see Universal-International Studio, Angelus Temple, Griffith Park, Disney Studio, stars’ homes, Columbia Studio’s ranch, Hollywood Bowl. Fare: $4.50.

Tour #6: Forest Lawn Cemetery. Daily at 9:30 A.M. and 2:30 P.M. Time required: 3 hours. Fare: $2.00. Supplementary charge for extra pages (under Things to See and Do) for description of Forest Lawn. Fare: $3.25.

Tour #9: Tour of the city by night. Daily at 7 P.M. Time required: 3½ hours. You will see Olvera Street, Chinatown, Griffith Observatory, La Brea Palms, and Wilshire and Wilshire Boulevards. Fare: $3.25.

Tour #17: Lake Arrowhead, Wednesdays only. Departs at 8:30 A.M. in the season from June 15 to September only. You will see rim ‘o’ the World Highway, Lake Arrowhead itself, Santa Anita, Pomona College, Rose Bowl, Los Angeles Harbor, Long Beach oil fields, before you reach Knott’s Berry Farm (see text on Knott’s under Things to See and Do). Price of food not included. Fare: $5.75.

NEAR-BY ATTRACTIONS

Apple Valley: Six miles beyond Victorville. North and East of Los Angeles. A desert community, its hotel, Apple Valley Inn, is a superb resort oasis. Heated swimming pool, steak fries, square dancing, horseback.
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San Francisco

Take it from those who have traveled far and wide: San Francisco is one of the cities of the world. When it comes to atmosphere and enjoyment, this hilly metropolis is in a class by itself. (Call it "wonderful," call it "out-of-this-world," but don't ever call it "Prison." If you really want to be in the know, call it "The City.")

Everyone talks about the weather, but in San Francisco they go overboard, and for good reason. The city may be shrouded in fog downtown, while just a matter of blocks away the sun may be shining in a cloudless sky. It seldom gets very cold or very hot in the Golden Gate city because it is the meeting place of the cold winds from the North and the warm winds from the South. The coolest months—averaging 48° to 53°—are from November through March, when there is also a good deal of rain. From April till September the days are mild, averaging from the middle 50's to the middle 60's. The warm season arrives in September and extends throughout October. In San Francisco, natives say it is "hot" when the temperature reaches 85°. For the most part the nights are cool, and often it "mists," as residents say, meaning anything from a heavy fog to a light mist. The best bets are to take a topper coat and/or raincoat, plus sweaters.

Anyone who has heard anything about The City, knows—or should know—that it features some of the steepest hills to be found anywhere. In fact, some even have steps built into the sidewalks. So when packing your shoes, better include some sturdy ones for San Francisco. If you are driving, be sure to have your car brakes adjusted. And, one of the prime laws when parking—especially on those steep hills—is to block your wheels (i.e. turn the front ones in toward the curb).

If you have occasion to take a taxi, you'll find that San Francisco cab drivers are in a class by themselves. Just about all of them are courteous and gallant, and they know the city so well that they will get you where you want to go in a hurry.

One final tip: The moment you arrive, stop at the desk of any of the major hotels and pick up a copy of "San Francisco Hotel Greeter's Guide." This monthly is a comprehensive guide to the city, and will be invaluable during your stay.

THINGS TO SEE AND DO

Alcatraz Island: Situated in the Bay between San Francisco and Sausalito. May be viewed from any of the city's promenades. Site of Alcatraz Federal Prison. Legend has it that only one man has ever escaped the prison, and he was pounded to pieces by the beating tides.

Bridges: The Bay Bridge is 4½ miles long, passes over the Bay, and connects the City to Oakland. The Golden Gate Bridge is the longest and highest suspension bridge in the world, hurtling 4,200 feet from the San Francisco peninsula to Marin County across the Bay. Along the bridges, check Gray Line Tours #17 and #21 (noted under Special Tours).

Cable Cars: Don't leave San Francisco without riding a picturesque cable car. Two lines are still operating. Easiest to catch is the Powell Street line which goes from Powell and Market Streets to within a few blocks of Fisherman's Wharf. A non-rush-hour trip is advised. Fare, 30¢ round trip.

Chinatown: San Francisco's Chinatown is the largest Oriental community in America. Its narrow streets, ancient architecture, and good food make it a must for any tourer. During the day it is recommended to use the Gray Line Tours #3 (under Special Tours).

Coldt Tower: A tower is a memorial to San Francisco's early-day Volunteer Firemen. The walls are decorated with paintings, and the view from the top is incomparable. In olden days the firemen would use the Telegraph Hill to announce approaching ships as their sails rose over the horizon.

Cot Tower is open to visitors 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. weekdays; until 5:15 p.m. Saturdays and holidays. The tower is for adults 25¢; children ride free.

Embarcadero: The dock area of The City, where you may watch all the busy harbor activities—from the departure of ocean-going vessels to the busy white ferries which ply between San Francisco and the Bay cities.

Fisherman's Wharf: A photographer's paradise. Wharf is easily reached by the Powell Street cable car and a few blocks walk, or by taxi. The Wharf contains many small curio shops. The area is especially vivid at night. Restaurants on the Wharf are uniformly excellent. A daytime walk along the quay will let you see the picturesque fishermen at work on their nets, or preparing boats for the next day's catch of the sea.

Golden Gate Park: Over a thousand acres with enough amusements to justify several trips. The Park houses a children's playground, a conservatory of rare plants, the DeYoung Museum, the Fleischhacker Zoo, the Morrison Planetarium, the Simson African Hall, the Japanese Tea Garden, and the Asian Art Museum. Food is served in the Japanese Tea Garden (open from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m., weather permitting)

Nob Hill: So called because the "nabobs"—the wealthy families of yesteryear—selected this part particular promontory for their homes. The only great mansion left is the Flood home, a massive brownstone building now occupied by the Pacific Union Club (exclusive, gentlemen only). The area contains several of the major hotels of The City.

Portsmouth Square: At Kearny, Clay and Washington Streets. The square is named for the slop Portsmouth, commanded by Captain Montgomery, who laid claim to the area for the United States and raised the American flag in 1846.

Wild West Museum: Memorabilia of the Old West occupying ground floor of the Wells Fargo Bank and Union Trust Company at the corner of Market and Montgomery. Includes resplendent red stagecoach from Wild West days.

WHERE TO STAY

San Francisco offers hundreds of good hotels. Those listed below are the celebrated hotels located in the heart of The City.

The Cliffs: Rates from $7.50 up, for two.

The Fairmont: Rates from $10 up, for two. On Nob Hill. The Fairmont's supper club the Venetian Room, offers top talent. Open from 6 p.m. to 1 a.m. every day except Monday. Dancing also available in the Cirque Room from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m., every night, and on Friday from 6 p.m. to 8 p.m. No cover charge. For the York, de la Torre enjoy the Tonga Room for dancing. Cantonese cuisine. Hawaiian floor show and romantic decor. Orchestra floats on barge which circles authentic lake in middle of the room. Open from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. No cover charge or minimum. Diner's Club member.

The Mark Hopkins Hotel: Rates from $10 up, for two. On Nob Hill. Home of the internationally famous cocktail lounge, Top of the Mark, with magnificent view of The City. For dinner, the Mark Room is open from 5 p.m. to 1 a.m. No cover charge or minimum. Diner's Club member.

The Plaza Hotel: Rate from $8 up, for two. Faces Union Square. Home of El Prado restaurant. Magnificent cuisine. Reservations essential.

The Saint Francis: Rates from $10 up, for two. Faces Union Square. A Monday fashion luncheon is patronized by San Francisco's best. For dancing, the Orchid Room is open daily from 11 a.m. to 1 a.m. Dancing nightly except Sunday from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. No cover or minimum.

The Sheraton-Palace: Rates from $10 up for two. For dining and dancing the Palace Corner, open daily from 11:30 a.m. to 2 a.m. No cover charge.

Sir Francis Drake: Rates from $8 up, for two. Faces Union Square. Unique and intimate New skyscraper hotel. Dining and dancing on the Starlite Roof. Monday through Saturday until 12:30 a.m. Spectacular view of The City.

RESTAURANTS

Restaurants listed here offer both fine food and romantic atmosphere, as San Francisco is justly known as the gourmet's paradise. $10 per couple would be average check in any one. The symbol "D" after a restaurant indicates that Diner's Club privileges are extended.

Alfred's: 886 Broadway. Basically Italian cuisine. But steaks are so wonderful that they serve about two tons daily.

Blue Fox (D): 659 Merchant. Across the Street from the Morgue is the legend emblazoned on their cocktail napkins. Expensive food, but incompaerable. Excellent bar.

Cliff House (D): At Seal Rocks. San Francisco attraction since the turn of the century. Food reasonably priced. Sublime view.

Domino Club (D): 25 Trinity Place. Often called a "restaurant art gallery." The "art" is feminine—especially "Gloria" who seems to breathe. Go see for yourself.


Forbidden City (D): 363 Sutter Street. Chinese night club. Excellent Cantonese food, and the view from a window table is fascinating. Dancing and an exotic floor show.

Goman's Gay 90's: In the International Settlement. Appropriate decor. Open every night from 6 p.m. until 2 a.m. except Monday. Draws on the hour. Specialties: ham and eggs and Southern-fried chicken.


Julius Castle (D): 302 Greenwich, on Telegraph Hill. View and food unforgettable.

Little Sweden: 572 O'Rear Place. Swedish Smorgasbord.


Papagayo: In the Fairmount Hotel. Wonderful Mexican food, gay atmosphere.


The Shadows: 1349 Montgomery, on Telegraph Hill. Candlelit tables, open fire, matchless view. A place for lovers. And magical food to match.

Skipper Kent's (D): 1040 Columbus Avenue. Superb Cantonese, Malayan and East Indian dishes. Tropical island decor.


Vanessi's (D): 498 Broadway. Italian cuisine and a famous place to dine. Don't miss it.

SPECIAL TOURS

Bay Cruise #1: One-hour tour by boat of the Bay area. On tour one sees the Embarcadero (the deck areas); the Marina (elegant apartment house area); the Presidio (old fort overlooking Golden Gate); Golden Gate Bridge; Bay Bridge; Alcatraz; Treasure Island; view of San Francisco skyline. Leaves Fisherman's Wharf every 45 minutes, March 16-October 31, 10 a.m. through 5 p.m.; every hour, November 1-March 15, 11 a.m. through 4 p.m. Fare: Adults, $1.25; Children 5-12, 65c.

Bay Cruise #2: Two-hour tour by boat. All of above points, plus Marin County and other points. Leaves Fisherman's Wharf daily at 2 p.m., March 16-September 30. Leaves 2 p.m. Saturdays and Sundays only, from October through March 15. Fare: Adults, $2.50; Children 5-12, $1.25.

The tours noted below are bus tours via Gray Line. Telephone YUkon 6-4000 to confirm departure time and place.

Tour #1: Scenic Tour of The City. Time required: 3 hours.Visit to Twin Peaks, homes in St. Francis Wood and Sea Cliff, Golden Gate Park, Cliff House, the Golden Gate Bridge and the Palace of Fine Arts. Fare: $3.55, plus additional 10c for visit to Golden Gate National Recreation Area (and San Francisco industrial section which grew up around old Mission).
Portland

Scarcely more than a century ago, Portland was only a clearing in the forest on the banks of the Willamette River. Today, it is a beautiful city—Oregon's largest and busiest—of fine homes and gardens, which is surrounded by some of America's most spectacular scenery.

"For you a rose in Portland grows," is the city's slogan, and it reflects the charm of its atmosphere. Throughout most of the year there is something "blooming" in Portland—fairs, festivals, pageants, rodeos, dog races—but the biggest event of all is the traditional Rose Festival, in early June, which is comparable to New Orleans' Mardi Gras and Pasadena's Tournament of Roses.

Although it is located well to the North, Portland's climate is never too cold or too hot. In spring and summer, the weather is cool, averaging between the high 50's and low 70's. Autumn is an invigorating season, and the temperature hovers between the middle 50's and 60's, while in winter, although it snows, it seldom gets much below freezing, and stays that way for long. Since a vacation in and around Portland usually includes side trips to some of the many scenic wonders, you will definitely want to pack a good supply of warm and casual clothes, in addition to your dress-up wear.

Your best bet for securing information is the Visitors Information Center, 1020 SW Front Ave., or call ATWater 9411. And if you have a camera, you should concentrate on taking color pictures. If you don't, you'll never forgive yourself. If you do, you'll understand why they promise "You'll remember Oregon."

**THINGS TO SEE AND DO**

**Art Museum of Portland:** On Southwest Park Avenue, between Jefferson & Madison Streets. Open daily through Sunday, noon to 5 P.M.; Wednesdays, noon to 10 P.M. Permanent collection includes the

**Mary Andrews Ladd collection of Japane**

**ne prints, 20th Century painting an**

**d sculpture, the Rasmussen Collection of**

**Pacific Northwest Indian Art, and a 2300-vol**

**ume reference library. Temporary exhi**

**bitions are among the best in the U. S. Free.**

**Auditorium:** SW Third Avenue & Clay Street. Capacity, 4500. This auditorium is one of the busiest in the West, offering performances during the year of the Portland Symphony, the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo (in season), Arthur Fiedler and the Boston Pops, Grand Opera, the All-City Band Festival, and the Portland Chamber Orchestra.

**Bonneville Dam:** The first of a series of gigantic hydro-electric power projects on the mighty Columbia River, it is located 42 miles east of Portland. Named for Captain Benjamin Louis Eulalie de Bonneville, an early Western explorer, this great dam cost 100 million dollars to construct. See Gray Line Tour #1 (under Special Tours).

**Churches:** There are 425 churches in Portland. For Protestant Church Information, call Council of Churches, BEacon 6161; Catholic, 9066 SW 6th Avenue, Capital 2821; Christian Science, American Bank Building, BEacon 8119; Jewish Community Center, 1636 SW 13th Avenue, BEacon 7241; Mormon Temple, 1975 SE 30th Avenue, EMpire 1974.

**Columbia River Gorge:** Home of the famous Columbia River, 1215 miles long, the second largest in the U. S. There is a magnificent scenic route through the gorge, revealing colorful palisades, dashing waterfalls, lush evergreen forests and numerous state parks. See Gray Line Tour #1 (under Special Tours).

**Dog Races:** Greyhounds may chase the mechanical rabbit legally in Oregon, and the track at the Multnomah Civic Stadium is highly esteemed. There is pari-mutual betting every summer evening, except Sunday.

**FISH LADDERS:** Each year, hundreds of thons of salmon and other fish soar upward some 60 feet into the air, as they swim upstream to spawn and die. You may see this unique phenomenon at Bonneville Dam. See Gray Line Tour #1 (under Special Tours).

**Grotto:** The Sanctuary of Our Sorrowful Mother, located at 85th and Sandy Boulev-

**ard, covers 60 acres on two level ad-**

**orned with sunken gardens, over-**

**shadowed by a towering cliff. The low-**

**terrace of 20 acres contains the bronze**

**Statues of the Cross, St. Philip's Grotto**

**and the statue of the Cross-bearing Christ**

**In the center of the Sanctuary stands the**

**Grotto of Our Sorrowful Mother. On top**

**of the terrace is the bust of the Virgin Mary, which was erected in 1933, the year marking the**

**700th anniversary of the founding of the**

**Servite Order, which has provided the**

**rose garden. Other highlights include the**

**pansy garden in the Italian Court, and the**

**garden in the Spanish Garden. Open daily**

**from 7 a.m. until dark, there is a small ad**

**mission fee.**

**Lambert Gardens:** At 5120 SE 28th Avenue. A delightful spot for the camera bug. There are ten gardens, in bloom from April until the first frost. Each year, the Rose Festival Queen's footprints are recon-structed in the garden. Other highlights include the pansy garden in the Italian Court, and the goddess in the Spanish Garden. Open daily from 7 a.m. until dark, there is a small admission fee.

**Log Cabin:** The world's largest, on NW Wardway between NW 27th and NW 29th. Open daily from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., this in door forest primate was built in 1905 to commemorate the centennial of the Lewis & Clark Expedition. Fifty-two massive Douglas fir form the circular central hall. Interesting exhibits include a miniature sawmill which operates by push-butt

**on control; a slice of Douglas fir—over**

**nine feet in diameter—which is hundreds**

**of years old.**

**Mount Hood: This perpetually snow-**

**capped mountain, 53 miles from Portland,**

**gracefully dominates the city's skyline and**

**the Eiffel Tower resembles Paris. Over**

**Hood, the magnificent, isn't exceptionally high (11,245 feet), but it has character, and at the 6000-foot level stands the popu-**

**lar Timberline Lodge, a hotel and ple-

**asure center which offers year-round recrea**

**tion. See Gray Line Tour #1 (under Special Tours).**

**Multnomah Falls:** Thirty-three miles east of Portland, the Columbia River cut itself a jumping-off place through the Columbia Gorge Evening's one. The 620-foot Multnomah Falls, second highest in the U. S., and a permanent delight for the...
Rose Festival: In 1888, a visitor attending an Episcopal convention observed that Portland was a city of roses. This statement spurred the imagination of Frederick V. Holman, and he decided to turn the rose into a Portland tradition. The first public rose show was held in 1889, and the first rampant rose (still the official flower) was introduced in 1930. It was planted so enthusiastically by Portlanders that soon rose hedges of the vigorous "Mme. Caroline Testout" lined most of the city's streets. Although it had one drawback: its thorns have been described as "as hostile as its blossoms were beautiful." Eventually, the "Mme. Caroline Testout" was removed to the rear gardens and climbers and other less-spiked varieties were planted. In 1912, Bill Hoffman instituted the "Order of the Royal Rosarians," a group of 100 prominent businessmen, who established the Rose Festival, with the selection of a queen among the city's high school girls, and supervised the preparation of floats featuring thousands of roses and other flowers which abound in the area. The Festival is held yearly in early June.

Rose Gardens: These are located in 103-acre Washington Park, near the center of the city. Because of Portland's capable climate, roses are tested from developers in this country as well as from rosarians of more than a dozen foreign countries. This is another excellent place to expose a roll of color film.

WHERE TO STAY

Below are some of Portland's leading hostleries, most of which are conveniently situated in the heart of the city. Writing for reservations in advance is strongly recommended.

Multnomah Hotel: SW 4th Avenue & Pine Street. Portland's largest (600 rooms), priced from $6.50 to $9, double. Excellent dining room, coffee shop, cocktail lounge. Portland's meeting place.

Benson Hotel: 308 SW Broadway. Conveniently located (200 rooms), priced from $7.50 to $14.50, double. Excellent dining room, coffee shop, cocktail lounge.

Imperial Hotel: 410 SW Broadway. In the heart of downtown Portland (170 rooms), priced from $5.50 to $9, double.

Heathman Hotels: Twin buildings at 712 & 731 SW Salmon Street. Modern (350 rooms), priced from $6.50 to $8, double. Their Albatross Room is celebrated. Also excellent dining room and coffee shop.

Mallory Hotel: SW 15th Avenue & Yamhill Street. Away from traffic noise, but convenient to shopping and theatre. Features king-size beds (160 rooms), priced from $3.50 to $8.50, double. Excellent dining room and handsome supper club called Driftwood Room.

King Tower Hotel Apartments: 901 SW King Avenue. In a residential district, King Tower (212 apartments) offers housekeeping accommodations for those who want a home away from home. Excellent coffee shop and delicatessen.

Timberline Lodge: This year-round resort spot is located at the 6000-foot elevation of Mount Hood. The Lodge itself was built by the Federal Government in 1927 and serves as a permanent example of the area's pioneer construction. The Lodge is run on the American Plan (meals included with room rates), and the rates run from $21 a day, single with twin or double bed and private bath, to $42 for three persons in a deluxe fireplace and alcove parlor suite. Also available are

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Advertising Pages

NEAR-BY ATTRACTIONS

Agate Hunting: The Pacific Ocean lies just 90 miles west of Portland, and you will find lovely secluded coves, numerous state parks for picnicking, and color/ rock/ beach such as Cannon, Garibaldi Rockaway, Wheeler, Gearhart and Seaside. In the old days, these beaches abounded in agates. Nowadays, agates aren’t numerous, but a determined gem-collector can still amass a necklace of the semi- precious stones.

Crater Lake: Located in Southern Oregon this blue, blue beauty lies in the c r e d t e c t o m a. A peace- ful stay can be had at the lovely Lodge by the lake, and it’s a pleasant day’s drive around the lake, over good roads with superb scenic views.

The Oregon Caves: Discovered in 1874 by Elijah J. Davidson, after his dogs chased a bear into the caverns. Locate in the Southwestern part of Oregon, these caves are an exciting example of what nature can do with marble and a few c e n t u r i e s of gentle erosion. Tours through the caves are well-planned—no more then 16 persons are included in each party. There is a small fee for service.

The Pendleton Roundup: Held each Sept ember in Oregon’s Northeastern city of Pendleton, the Roundup features an Indian promenade in full pow-wow regalia. An unforgettable spectacle for eye and camera.

How to Win at a Quiz Show

RESTAURANTS

There are hundreds of excellent restaurants in the Portland area, and adventuring is recommended. Some places are mentioned under Where to Stay. These, as well as the following, are representative spots:

Amato’s Supper Club: 706 SW Main. A dine-and-dance spot; member of Diner’s Club, in case you carry Diner’s credentials.

Berg’s Chalet: 741 SW St. Clair Avenue. Celebrated for German-Swiss cooking, or anything else you might crave. Diner’s Club member.

Encore: 512 SW Broadway. Well known for chicken and steak dinners. Diner’s Club member.

Hiloire’s: 622 SW Washington. Steady customers swear by it. Diner’s Club member.

SPECIAL TOURS

The Gray Line in Portland offers a series of tours and touring accommodations. Listed below are three which every visitor should try to take:

Tour #1: The Mount Hood Loop and Columbia River Highway. Time required: 8:30 A.M. to 7 P.M. Service daily. Includes entire scenic length of the Columbia River Highway to Hood River, with stops at the Sanctuary of Our Sorrowful Mother, Crown Point, Vista House (750 feet above the Columbia River), Latourell Falls, Waukeena Falls, Multnomah Falls, Horsetail Falls, Bonneville Dam and the Salmon Hatchery. Mt. Hood Loop Road, with a stop at Timberline Lodge, and a return trip through Mount Hood National Forest. Tours run June 1 to November 15 or longer, depending on snow. Fare: $11 per person, not including lunch.

Tour #1A: Tour required: 8:30 A.M. first day to 7 P.M. second day. Includes all of Tour #1, and arrange for a one-night stay at Timberline Lodge, enjoying breakfast and lunch there, plus a trip on the mile-long chair-lift to the glaciers. Fare: $30.50 per person, $55 for two.

Tour #5: Deluxe City Tour. Time required: 4 hours. You may elect to do it in two sessions—covering half the city one morning, and half the next morning, or touring only in the afternoon. Service daily. Includes the Rose Gardens, the Portland Aquarium, the Sanctuary, Hoyt Drive, Mount Tabor Park, the business and residential districts. Fare: $5.50 per person.

Tour #2: Columbia River Highway to Bonneville Dam and return. Time required: 5 hours. There are two tours daily during the summer, one daily during the winter. Includes stops at the Sanctuary, Crown Point, Vista House, Multnomah Falls, and Bonneville Dam and Salmon Hatchery. Returns to the new water- shed dam along the Columbia River. Fare: $5.50 per person.
PHOTOPLAY PATTERNS

4678—Make a grand entrance in the little glamour hat! Three styles in one pattern (two are illustrated) are the newest shapes of fashion! Pattern comes in one size, Medium. Use white piqué for pretty summer frosting. See pattern for yardages.

9121—This new sheath frock is a sure flatterer—with "peekaboo" neckline, a sleek silhouette! Misses' sizes 10-18. Size 16 dress takes 3½ yards of 35-inch fabric. Pretty in cotton or linen.

9120—Juniors! This dress has the most flattering of necklines—cut to enhance the shoulders, frame the face. Jr. Miss sizes 11-17. Size 13, 3½ yards 35-inch; ½ yard contrast. Jacket, 1 yard.

Now, lavish yourself from top to toe with a famous fragrance at a delightful price!

Special Introductory offer!
Regular $1.00 bottle now only 69¢ plus tax

CHERAMY PERFUMER
Glamour Gab of Hollywood

(Continued from page 55)

Whodunit?

Apparently the Purdom thing is over with Linda Christian. This girl has courage: She dares to come to Hollywood parties alone. The air was a little cool around her at the Douglas party, held in honor of Favre LeBret of the famous Cannes Film Festival.

It was a brilliant crowd, yet Anne Douglas was the center of attention when she told about the robbery of her and Kirk’s home. The looters escaped with all Kirk’s suits, all Anne’s evening gowns, hats and furs. But, curiously enough, they didn’t touch her lovely French slippers or the two dozen gossamer evening stockings which Kirk had bought her as a gift, only the day before.

It was this omission that gave the police the tip-off. “There’s been a woman in on this job,” they said, “but there is something the matter with her feet.” With that clue, they finally tracked down a girl with a wooden leg. She had once worked in Kirk’s office, and she was part of the gang who had also robbed Ginger Rogers’ home. On her list were the names of a dozen other movie celebrities whose homes she was planning to invade next. Now doesn’t this all sound just like something the great Alfred Hitchcock would dream up on a rainy Monday?

Hollywood Spectaculars

I’ve always taken a dim view of Hollywood’s contention that it originates important fashions. Because the clothes worn in movies must be as accurate as possible, no Hollywood designer can exhibit the daring of a Dior of Paris or a Simonetta of Rome. However, when it comes to an entire ballroom of the most beautiful women in the world wearing the last word in style—here Hollywood is supreme.

For example, it was genuinely exciting merely to walk into the Screen Producers’ Dinner, honoring Cecil B. DeMille, or the Photoplay Awards dinner, and note how magnificently our glamour dolls wore their fabulous looks.

Big moments at the Screen Producers’ affair came after the speeches when, all over the room, stars who had appeared in DeMille pictures—starting with 1913 and continuing to 1956—stood up in the spotlight. Forty-four personalities, yet, going all the way back to Winifred Kingston and Kathleen Williams, through Bill “Hopalong” Boyd, Gary Cooper, Barbara Stanwyck, Claudette Colbert, Susan Hayward, and on up to Charlton Heston, Yul Brynner and Anne Baxter, who are the stars of DeMille’s latest, “The Ten Commandments.”

To me, it was very touching to see Babs Stanwyck clutch Fredric March’s hand and beg him to stand up with her when her name was called. With her silvery hair, she looked very chic in a pink ball gown, its bodice made of the sheerest chiffon, and the skirt of voluminous pink satin. But her loneliness stood out as much as her costume.

Incidentally, it was raining the night of the DeMille dinner. Therefore, I really flipped when I saw Anne exiting. Over her black satin dress she’d donned a floor-length coat of cream-colored satin. She was accompanied by her constant escort, manager and director Russell Birdwell. When their car pulled up, Anne swept grandly out to it, her cream satin coat dragging through the puddles.

That’s nonchalane for you. Also cleaner’s bills.

When Millionaires Meet

Whether or not Prince Rainier knows it, while visiting Hollywood, he saw the most charming side of Glamour Town—one not usually revealed to visitors, not even to one of his importance and charm.

Take, for example, the dinner given by Director William Seiter and his lovely wife, Marianne, in honor of Grace Kelly’s parents. This occasion provided a perfect illustration of Jerry Lewis’ crack at the Screen Producers’ dinner, when Jerry said, referring to the speaker’s table, “Anybody up here can buy anybody up here.”

This was even more true of the Seiter affair. Everybody in the room could buy everybody and everything, but they were all there, very old friends, honoring an old friend whose daughter was making a particularly brilliant and romantic marriage. Bill Seiter has been a friend of handsome Jack Kelly for ages. Both are self-made men of means, and practically every guest present was in the same class, including Marianne Seiter, who in the old silent-film days, was pretty little Marian Nixon. Among those present for the Kelly dinner was a very quiet oil millionaire and a very quiet millionaire architect, and an equally quiet millionaire realtor.

And who was the one top Hollywood personality present, besides exquisite Miss Kelly? June Allyson—naturally, with Dick Powell, who seldom points out that he, too, is in the million-dollar category. Little June is always busting all over rich
groups like this. Personally, I salute her for it.

It is a rare girl who knows in her teens just what she wants, gets it in her twenties, and in her early thirties still looks much too girlish and naive to have attained it. Not only by marriage either—it's a bad year when bouncy little Mrs. Powell doesn't bring in at least a half-million.

**Grace Kelly's Trouseau**

A similar type of clear-thinking smartness got Prince Rainier's bride-to-be out of an embarrassing diplomatic spot that might well have floored such an expert as the Duchess of Windsor.

Every dress designer in the world wanted to make Grace's trouseau. It would cost her nothing. In fact, the couturiers wanted to pay Grace handsomely for the privilege.

Grace demurred with her unfailing politeness and then gave the nod to Helen Rose of M-G-M. Miss Rose, who has designed Grace's screen clothes ever since she made "Mogambo," is certainly a great artist, and she knows that Grace prefers what she calls "pretty colors," which means soft pinks, blues and yellows.

However, this had nothing to do with Grace's choice. Miss Rose is under contract to M-G-M, just as Grace is. Consequently, she cannot design for anyone not under contract to the studio, as Grace will not be after her marriage. Therefore, there could be nothing commercial about these designs for the most solemn moment of Grace's life. No vulgar money would pass hands. And there was no possibility of a follow-up, when Grace would be a reigning royalist.

It was "right"—as Grace always is.

Spencer Tracy, of all people, hearing about this decision, came up with the best nickname to date for Grace. With witty affection, he tagged her "Snow White." Also a cool girl, you remember, who found her Prince.

**Glamour Gatherings**

The newest and most charming additions to the ultra-ultra social set of Hollywood are the Jacobs Sernases. They belong to the very chic young group—they live elegantly, speak several languages, have a beautiful baby, and always appear to be having a wonderful time.

The "going-out" crowd is a very different one from the "stay-at-homes," though both sets include top names. The James Masons, Ginger Rogers and Jacques Bergerac, Kirk and Anne Douglas, the Jack Benny's, Greg Bautzer and Dana Wynter, Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman—this group you encounter at almost every party. Beautiful, dark-eyed, Italian-born Ma-

**Hollywood Who's Who**

Crazy, the way Hollywood's third generation is approaching prominence. For example, looking at Jennifer Jones with David Selznick, and remembering that David is the only descendent of Hollywood's first generation who has made good in a terrific way (his father was Louis J. Selznick, one of the earliest film producers), I thought how wild it is that his stepson, Robert Walker, Jr. is Alana Ladd's favorite escort.

It's like the new game Hollywood is playing these days. One person asks, "How is Lili Damita related to the Aga Khan?" The answer is: Lili was married to Errol Flynn, who was married to Nora Eddington, who was married to Dick Haymes, who was married to Rita Hayworth—who was married to Aly Khan.

All of which reminds me of the two stellar children who met at a Hollywood school. Since they didn't know one another very well, they decided to pick a quarrel.

"My father can lick your father," said one.

The other was very scornful. "Don't be silly," he said. "My father is your father."

**Star Styles For You**

At glamour-do's, Marisa Pavan wears her hair in a long braid, with pearls braided into it. It's very severe, but also very chic, and it's a hairdo you can easily manage yourself.

At the Palm Springs Racquet Club, guests are presented with tote bags, on the side of which, in sequins, is the motto: "Remember, happiness doesn't buy money." Joan Crawford has her name embroidered on the tops of her sports shoes—Joan on one shoe and Crawford on the other. And there really is a married couple in Hollywood, though not in the film industry, who have two swimming pools—one marked "His" and the other marked "Hers."

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Hides and heals blemishes as no single cream, lotion or medication can do!

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**TUSSY medicare**
George and the Marriage Question

(Continued from page 41)

registration line of the Pasadena Playhouse when a handsome young man tapped me on the shoulder. "Is your name Barbara?"

I thought he was just trying to strike up an acquaintance. "Yes," I said coolly, "but I'm busy right now."

He was persistent. "I'm George. How about a cup of coffee after class? Maybe I can help you out in some way."

Now there's a novel approach, I thought. But my conclusions had been quite wrong.

"I guess I should explain. I'm related to the Kublys, with whom you're staying. They asked me to—"

"George Nader?" I burst out. "Now I know. They told me about you. I'm so sorry."

I really wasn't—not after I noticed the envious glances I received from almost every other female on the campus.

From the very beginning, George took a sort of big-brother interest in me. He made sure that I registered properly, gave me advice on classes and instructors, and met me for coffee fairly regularly, "to talk things over."

But we didn't date in those days. With both of us, concentration on our work came first. And besides, I didn't have the time to go out. To help pay my way, I baby-sat most nights, and during the day—in addition to classes—I worked in the Playhouse office as a switchboard operator, typist, and general Girl Friday.

In their last two years before I did, I didn't see him again until both of us had been signed to long-term contracts by Universal—International. I'll never forget the day I was having lunch at the commissary, and again someone tapped me firmly on the shoulder. "If you need any help with your registration, Miss . . . ."

Thinking it was a studio representative who helps employees get their new automobile license plates, I shook my head. "No, thanks, not this year. I already have—" By then I had turned around and faced him. "George Nader?" This outcry wasn't becoming a becoming a habit, was it?

Now, everyone at the commissary knew we were old friends. I also had the feeling that quite a few of the girls were wishing they could have been in my place—just as the Boyfriend! I'm sure I had left a few.

Since that time, George and I have seen each other a lot—and not just over a cup of coffee, as during the first year of our acquaintance.

I soon began to notice that, while in many respects he is still the same old George, in other ways he has changed considerably. Take, for example, his attitude toward his work.

George is just as ambitious as ever, but today he possesses an ability for which every actor strives, and very, very few ever succeed. No matter how hard George worked, how involved he became when he worked, he never allowed himself to be defeated by the problems he encountered during the day, he can forget all about them the moment he leaves the studio.

Recently, at the radio, I watched him in a scene from "All About the Boats," in which he has one of the leads. For over four hours I saw him dive beneath the water, coming up for air only when he could stay under no longer. He was one of the most grueling scenes I'd ever watched.

Remembering that we had a dinner date that night, before I left I suggested we postpone it to another day.

"Oh, no, George protested, "I have tickets for the theater."

"But you'll be too tired!"

"I'll be all right," he promised.

When we had dinner before the show, I did notice that his usual bearlike appetite had disappeared, obviously from exhaustion. But after the show, he perked up again and was an enjoyable escort for the rest of the evening. And not once, during all this time, did he mention how tired he was or how he wished to have a rest day. To him this was just part of his job.

Contrary to what might be expected, George and I seldom talk about our careers. Maybe that's why we get along so well. We don't discuss what we are to do, or what not to do. We don't criticize each other, at least not in a negative way. At the same time, we are one hundred percent serious in our efforts to get ahead.

Talking for George—and I believe this holds true for myself as well—I'd like to stress that his ambition is not of the "I don't care whose feet I step on to get ahead," variety. He is a much more adult, businesslike approach which has only one drawback: He tries to do too much himself, doesn't delegate enough of his obligations to someone else.

For instance, take his attitude about his fans.

George has regular meetings with the local presidents of his fan clubs, which, I agree, is a fine idea. But till recently, he also answered every single fan letter personally, by hand. With the volume of mail George receives, this is indeed a time-consuming job.

Only recently did he change to a system using typists and employees to sort letters, and answer them personally, but not in their own handwriting. Instead, they dictate their replies to a secretary, thus saving themselves many valuable hours each week. Reluctantly George finally switched to this, but only after it became physically impossible for him to answer all his correspondence by hand.

One of George's greatest assets is his self-assurance and preciseness. These are obvious not only in his phone calls but in every phase of his life.

George is the only man I have ever dated who has never asked me where I wanted to eat, or what I wanted to do. He makes the selections, figuring no doubt that if I objected, I'd let him know!

He is just as specific about ordering a meal. Once we had dinner at a little Viennese sanctuary, the Boulevard. When the waiter brought us the menu, I got lost in a maze of Sauerbraten, Schnitzel, Klopse and Bratwurst. Finally, I looked at George helplessly, and he wasn't even studying the menu!

"Do you have any suggestions?" I asked.

"I do. I would like you to order for you, " I'd love that."

When the waiter came for our orders, George rattled off a bunch of German dishes that made my head spin. And apparently he named them with perfect correctness. He has a great memory, and I couldn't help being glad he ordered for me. While we were waiting for our orders, the waiter said to him in amazement, "Sprechen Deutsch, nicht wahr?"

"I beg your pardon?" asked George.

"Sprechen Deutsch, nicht wahr?"

"I said you speak German, don't you?"

"I'm not sure, " George laughed. "Before we came here I checked with a friend of mine who was born in Germany. He suggested what to order and taught me how to say it."

Typically George, once again. He'd thought out the whole evening from Wience Schnitzel to Apple Strudel.

I hope that, after what I've said about George so far, no one draws the conclusion that he's too serious to have a sense of humor. While he's by no means the giggling, laugh—at—every—joke type of char...
George, and his partner won, but by the time they had finished, he had cereal in his hair, all over his face, suit, even on his socks. I've never seen him laugh so hard.

As I said before, George can turn the tables, too.

One day I again visited the set of "Away All Boats." In one scene, Jeff Chandler is supposed to man an anti-aircraft gun, aim at the sky (inside the studio) in search for enemy planes, and fire.

I knew something was up when I noticed George walk over to the propman, Bobby Murdock, and whisper in his ear.

When the director called the cast for the final rehearsal, George was eager, much too eager for things. I heard him going according to the script, until Jeff aimed the gun into the sky, and started firing. All of a sudden—plop, plop, plop—three birds fell from the ceiling, almost on Jeff's helmeted head! On instructions from George, Bobby Murdock had rigged them up so they'd come down the moment Jeff started firing. The whole cast and crew went into hysterics.

But I played an even worse trick on George.

In spite of his control, I knew that at times George can lose his temper, and I was just the girl to pick a harmless little quarrel with.

Actually, this was not what I had in mind the night it happened, when he was driving me home from a party.

Both of us have a tendency to be a little on the dogmatic side. That's what caused the ruckus when he claimed, "You are one of the few girls I know who is never uncertain about anything. You know exactly what you want out of life."

"George," I protested unhappily, "You make me sound like a calculating machine. You know that isn't so." And as an afterthought, "I think you are the one who is calculating."

He winced a bit at that reply, and I knew instantly that this was my opportunity to heckle him. And what a game I made of it! I kept needling him about it all the way home. I kept giving him more to go on. And when I finally had him cornered, I'd tell him to walk the rest of the way. Just at the point where he really started to lose his temper, I began to laugh, and then he laughed, too.

I don't think George and I would get into these predicaments, if we weren't so very much alike in our outlooks on life. What we believe in we are ready to argue about to the last breath.

George and I are alike in another way, too. From time to time we have to get away from people, be completely by ourselves in order to regain the perspective and peace of mind which is so easy to lose in a profession as hectic as ours.

When I get into one of these moods, I usually throw a couple of suitcases into my car and take off for La Jolla.

George told me he finds more solitude in the mountains than in the city. In a picture, he usually drives up to Lake Arrowhead or Big Bear, or if he has enough time, into the High Sierras, where he rents a cabin, cooks his own meals, sees no one for at least a few days—or longer, if he can stay away. By the time he gets back, he is relaxed and at ease.

Undoubtedly, this has helped him to stay as level-headed as he is. With his success in films, and the fact that he is one of the most sought-after, most eligible bachelors in town, it would have been easy for him to become conceited. George isn't. On the contrary, he makes a very special effort to be a nice person.

Take, for instance, the day he found out that one of the crew members on "Lady Godiva" had a birthday. No one knew about it till five o'clock, when he fell to let it slip out. By then everyone thought it was too late to do anything about it—everyone but George.

He sneaked away from the set, rushed home, picked up a set of glasses and dishes, stopped at a bakery on the way back for a huge cake and at a liquor store for a couple of bottles of champagne, and by five-forty-five, had arranged a birthday party right on the set. It's this awareness of people and situations that makes him so well liked. It would also make him a good husband.

Although he is thirty-four and has had his share of romance, George doesn't talk much about women, except the ones who have made a tremendous impression on him—and not in a romantic way.

One of these is Joan Crawford, whom he first met when he was still an unknown in Hollywood. She had seen George on a television show and wanted him to appear in a TV pilot film she was planning to make. But, as George says, "I couldn't have been more flattered—and it didn't happen at a more inopportune time!" For then he was making a picture called "Miss Robin Crusoe," for which he had to maintain a week's growth of beard.

When, in the elegant MCA offices in Beverly Hills, George met Miss Crawford for the first time, "She looked like a dream," he told me, "wearing all-black, pearls and sables—and I looked like a bum!"

Because he was still tied up with "Miss Robin Crusoe," George had to turn down Miss Crawford's offer. And then, when she was preparing to make her second pilot film, she sent for George again. But this time, he couldn't do it because he was signed to do six pictures for Loretta Young's TV company. "But," says George, "Joan still put in a great plug for me with U-I. They tested me eventually, and signed me. That was the turning point in my career."

Another lady George will never forget is Miss Hayes. They met at a dinner given by Joan Crawford. When he found himself sitting elbow to elbow with the great Miss Hayes, George says, "I really felt like a trespasser. But she was so gracious and natural, she put me at ease immediately. When we discussed acting," he recalls, "I told her I envied people like herself who weren't nervous when they performed. She gave me an amused look and said to me, 'When you stop being nervous, you don't try as hard—and then you're really in trouble!'" When," George has said, "Miss Hayes admitted she still shuddered before every performance, I decided there was hope for me!"

Although George and I have seldom discussed marriage in general, I know that he wants to wait until he is financially more secure. He once said, "I want to be ready for marriage only when it's an important responsibility, and if you really love a girl, you want to give her the best. To do this, you first have to be in a position to afford the best." So, being really about it all, he's been concentrating on getting his career well-organized. But even if he fell in love with a girl tomorrow, George just isn't the type who would do anything head over heels. In marriage, as in everything else in life, George knows what he wants—including the proper time to do it.
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Whistle Bait

(Continued from page 49)
her now-famed modesty about her ability undoubtedly stemmed from the fact that she was three years old when she first had a try at acting, and she could hardly have been considered a qualified judge of talent at that time. However, if the story is true, Doris has come a long way since. She has been helped, among other things, by Sarah Bernhardt, with whom she has met, and Doris has been able to see her in her first motion picture, "Romance on the High Seas."

The script called for a pretty, peppy young girl with whom to trade affection with Jack Carson and put over a song or two. For good measure, Doris seemed so at ease on the screen you would have thought she spent her life making movies. No one could have liked what she did as much as Doris was the year in which she was Doris' Day's. The following January, she officially began another—the year in which she began to show her talent and to develop a career that was to become more and more important to Doris. Possibly because she's not a girl sitting on top of the world when she can stand—the better to view new horizons.

As proof that this year is her year, there's her M-G-M contract—one that any star would envy. There is also the busy office of Ar-\hon, which she has found most interesting. 

There is also another organization, located on a quiet, neighbor-

song district in the San Fernando Valley, which is called Melcher, Melcher & Son. This organization is not a publicity stunt, but it is definitely for something. Doris found that she could get more attention for shareholders Doris, Marta and Terry—plus anyone else who happens to drop in. Officially, they have been in business for five years, as of April 3. On this day the company celebrated their fifth wedding anniversary.

Throughout the rest of this year, you'll be hearing a lot about the new Mrs. Mel-

cher as well as the new Doris Day. In fact, at times you may think she arrived in a box which someone has just unwrapped—but if you believe those who vow that the changes occurred overnight.

Take the case of "Love Me or Leave Me." Melcher has agreed to make the story of a young girl, played by Doris, into a picture, and they have one coming up, "Quality of Mercy," that should be a real winner.

A picture has also been released that is called "Love Me or Leave Me." This is not the case of a young girl, played by Doris, into a picture, and they have one coming up, "Quality of Mercy," that should be a real winner.

The suddenness of the discovery made it seem almost as if Doris had stepped off the Warner lot a sunbeam-like singer, then bored her way up to the level of Academy Award caliber while driving across town to M-G-M. Just like that.

Actually, the ability had been there for quite some time. It was just that a script which afforded the opportunity to show it had been missing. "As Marty says, the timing was right," Doris reflects. "When the picture came along, I was ready for it."

In the future, there will be far fewer "Moments."

"Tails for the news," they've always liked them," she says, "but there comes a time when you just have to make a change. It's the same as with records. If the trend's toward rock 'n roll tunes, you don't do the old-timey stuff anymore. You do what the public wants.

"Picture-wise, as far as a personality is concerned, many people never see beyond what is on the screen. That's only natural. But performers can get into a rut. For instance, everyone said for so long that I was the girl next door, but after a while the time came for me to change."

The changes carry over into Doris' personal life, and she was ready for these, too. This year you're going to hear about the Melchers' new social life. How they're stepping out quite frequently where once they couldn't be heard from the family fireplace. They've completely redecorated her home, that she's planning the thought of moving from the comfortable neighborhood in which she has lived since she became a star. And you probably know exactly what has happened to Doris Day.

Simply this: she has added new dimensions to her life. The resultant changes have come in the form of happy, progressive living—although some of them have startled folks a bit.

For example, if you were Doris' dressmaker, you might have come close to applying your straight pins—which could have been dropped by to talk over new designs. "Yes, I know what you want—collars up to here, said the dressmaker, pointing to her chin.

Miss Day's own chin tilted a bit. "Not this time," she replied firmly. "I believe I can wear scooped and low-cut necklines as well as anyone else. And I'm tired of always wearing the same things.

"It's nice to get away from Peter Pan collars," Doris grins. "And I really don't think that 'Love Me or Leave Me' had anything to do with my decision. We just wanted more variety in my wardrobe."

This is highly possible, but not so probable. The first morning Doris walked out to the set wearing a figure-hugging, down-to-the-ankles dress. The dressmaker thought it was a bit too much. She said she crept would be more like it— as maybe no one would notice. She admitted that she was down right embarrassed, in the absence of her usual turtle-necked, Empire waisted, softly flowing dresses, naturally taking the whiskers in her stride.

"But the second day of shooting," she laughs, "I loved every minute of it!"

If you were a guest at a recent dinner party, you might have found yourself settling down for some more following the meal. You would have had the hostess—a beauty famed for her figure—explaining the new menu. She had a variety of them that she had taken on her recent visit to the French Riviera. "I'm not the flaxen bathing suit type," she remarked. "But now you're going to see someone who is."

You might have been astonished, as was the other guests did. There was Doris, in a Bikini, looking for all the world like a pin-up picture. "Here in Hollywood I wear mine only in our back yard," Doris will hasten to tell you. "I like them. They're comfortable. But I'd never wear one on the beach, unless I were in Europe. Over there, no one cares what you have on. Why, they don't give a Bikini a second look."

Don't let the romors fool you. Doris has kept the qualities for which she became famous. Unknowingly, she proves the fact every day. For instance, if you were a writer for the Hearst Press, you might have received a letter from Doris Day, you might have expected her to meet you for a luncheon interview looking like a Vogue cover girl—with possibly a layer or so of pancake on her face to make her look even better. But Doris, instead, took you to a place where you could have crossed you up by appearing in a sweater and skirt, looking like any college co-ed.

You might also have expected fans to fall at her feet—as in the old days of super-glumor—or wait for the curious staves of the aved. And indeed as you left the restaurant, two ladies approached. For
autographs? Well, no. They were visiting from Cleveland and wanted to know where to find H. & S.'s department store. Doris and a friend gave detailed directions and, as the ladies walked away, you heard them murmur, "My aren't these Californians friendly?"

If you were in the parking lot at Paramount a short time ago, you might have seen a Cadillac pull up and overheard the driver request, "Will you tell Mr. So-and-So I'm here?"

"Big star," you might have concluded. "Can't get out of the car and walk into the building." However, closer scrutiny would reveals the big star and her chum were completely covered with crumbs and powdered sugar from the doughnuts they were munching.

When the star and friend arrived, she produced a package. "Have some," she offered. And then with the amazement of a child who's found more birthday presents than she can open, "Would you believe it, each one's different and funny!"

But still, Doris insists her tastes have changed a lot in every way—if not in doughnuts. "Take the house," she says. "I remember once I remarked to Marty that I thought I'd go into the interior decoration business. He just laughed and said that if someone ever wanted a modern house I'd walk right out on them."

"I used to travel to New York and early American, which I had first. Then I went in for French Provincial. But now I've come to see the beauty in modern. And that's what I'm going to have next—that is, if Marty likes the idea, too. We like doing everything together.

"There's the matter of color, too. We used to have dark green walls, and there was a big red couch in the living room that practically leaped out at you."

"I decided that after all the noise on the set all day, I wanted a quiet house, and so did Marty. So that when we came home we could sit on the couch and relax. Now we have muted shades—butter-cream walls, carpeting, couches, with touches of color here and there. It's so warm and peaceful-looking. And so easy to live with."

As for the subject of moving, the idea is nothing new, nor is it a desire to be "exclusive." Doris has always longed to live high above the city. She loves a view. When she and Marty visit their friends who have hilltop homes, she invariably disappears from the group for a while. Hostesses know where to find her—"at the window with the best view, or perhaps on the terrace, trying to figure which street is where from the patterns of tiny lights below."

"I'm going to start looking for a new house soon," she vows. "As I figure it, it will take at least two years to find what I want. We won't move right away, though. I'm sentimental about our present neighborhood, and if Marty can fit her house to his, he'll like it. He's so darned proud of her. He's guided her career to the heights, taught her to enjoy her success, brought her out of her shyness. She's one of the friendliest stars in the business."

"You're more reserved," I say. "You're a girl to be visited by the married and not the single."

"Marty's reserved. He's a man of few words. He doesn't talk much, but when he does, you know he's saying something new."

"It's true. Take the word of another Hollywood citizen. "In this town," he says, "you may meet a star at a party or around someplace, but you never know whether or not to say hello next time you run into them. I've tried—and found myself staring into a pair of blank eyes."

"I met Doris officially just once, a long time ago. I've run into her a number of times since. She's never failed to smile first, mind you—and give me a big hello. I don't know whether she knows me from Adam and there's no reason for her to remember me, but it's certainly a nice feeling to be on the receiving end of one of those grins of hers."

"Marty, though more reserved, is equally as friendly. You'll find that happy people always are, somehow. Doris and Marty treasure their life together and their happiness as some people treasure their gem collections. Little wonder that every year is her year—correction please—their year."

**The End**
The Story Of A Happy Guy

(Continued from page 47)

that's his again after years of heartache. It is as though all life is a candy-striped making up to Guy Madison for the lean years. The grim years. And deservedly so, in the opinion of those who know him and who have long respected his sincerity, his silence, his strength of purpose and spirit throughout those years.

Even for a man of action, the blessings are coming almost too fast to count. And so the moments to remember, for Guy and Sheila, during their first years of marriage. Building and furnishing their first home. Sharing their daughter's continual achievements—her every new tooth and every new utterance. Showing the sentimental moments and the surprises—the many surprises—blending their own lives together.

Take their first anniversary, for example.

"I thought I was getting a gun," Sheila recalls. "In fact, I was sure I was getting a gun. I'd heard Guy talking on the phone that morning, asking somebody if they had a certain gun. Besides, I used to receive gifts like guns. Once before, I'd received a set of golf clubs. And at Christmas, Guy gave me a hunting jacket like his. It's too small for me, with a little collar. It's a very unusual hunting jacket—a really beautiful-looking coat."

But hardly a gift item to make a girl lose her lovely Irish head. And on their anniversary Sheila was sure she was getting the gun to go with the jacket—ever when her husband arrived with an arm-load of roses and an odd-sized pack—gun made for the first time in Sheila's life.

"It thought it was a strange-shaped package for a gun. But, I thought, maybe they packed it in parts. I couldn't believe it, when I saw that white mink coat. Even now, I go to the closet at intervals, just to be sure it's still there. It's very stylish, too, with a high collar. The latest thing."

Wild-game expert though he is—unacustomed to tracking down mink—Guy says modestly, "Well, I just checked a few. The first one I saw—well, it worked out pretty good. Sheila was sure delighted, and happily so," he grins.

It was Guy who got the gun. But that was another moment. Sheila gave me a miniature of my elephant gun, for hunting big game. It's all hand-made, a $400 gun," Guy says appreciatively. "Sheila sure went to a lot of trouble getting that."

"I saved up my grocery money," she says. "Not that we didn't have enough to eat, but I cut down on dinners and other things like that. I saved for months, then just when I'd get a lump sum, the milk bill or something would take it. Finally, I started putting it in the bank, knowing I wouldn't take it out no matter what. But I couldn't save enough. Just in time, I got a residual check for a television show I'd done, and that made it. But I felt like Scrooge for a while."

However, Sheila isn't always that thrifty. Take the elegant gold thoroughbred framed in the Rheemstone rectangular space over the fireplace.

"That was Sheila's idea," observes her husband mildly. "It fits the framework perfectly. Of course, we were going to put up pictures and a 16 mm. movie screen was going some place up there."

Sheila got this inspiration while Guy was out of town on location. "There's this huge gold horse for over the fireplace," says Sheila. "I asked in the art department if I could use it when I get back home," she said dually. "But Sheila had already talked to the man who was making it. Now they agree that it's a magnificent horse—and the for the fee, it should be eligible for entry in the Santa Anita Handicap."

Then there was the day Victor—an awkward shaggy dog, large of heart and frame—arrived to make his home with them.

"We'd just moved into the house," Sheila recalls. "There was no fence or anything. Guy was going to Florida on location for the Threshold of Space."

And the he should have the dog for protection while he was away. Another dog, that is, not having too much faith in the protective value of Bijou, Sheila's French poodle.

One day, Guy told Sheila enthusiastically that he'd found an Airedale. "It's just a pup," he said. Whereupon, says Sheila, "Guy came home with this big monster the next day. We'd talk about it. We'd talk to the dog."

The following day, Sheila decided Victor needed a companion. Friends of theirs had offered them a French sheep dog and Sheila called and said, "I'll take it!"
Later in the day, the woman who'd owned Victor stopped by. "Would you mind if I took him for a day or two?" she asked. "I want to enter him in a dog show."

"Be our guest," said Sheila warily, realizing too late that now she had on her hands one of Victor's owners.

But, as though determined to make good for his new master, Victor came home wagging all his ribs behind him. "He told all our secrets," Sheila said.

"Furthermore, he won this long-handled maple ashtray that goes perfectly with the house."

Victor's ribs are proudly displayed over the fireplace in their bedroom now, and Guy is enthusiastic about the pup's future. "He's just three-fourths grown, but I believe he'll make a good hunter when I get time to try him out. Airedales and terriers go good, but they have a good nose, in the wind. They can smell pretty well in the wind a mile away."

"Take Sheila's word for it—so can a wild goat. Now there was a moment..."

When the caterer, Mrs. Eric Blore, arived to help prepare for the long-awaited Madison housewarming, she found Guy en-trenched behind a stove, busy trying out a new recipe for cooking wild goat. "Guy and Howard Hill had been experimenting for a year on the best way of preparing it," laughs Sheila, "and on the day I was to arrive, I'd been out shopping and I got home late. The caterer was there, we were expecting two hundred people, and Guy had a wild goat cooking."

However, her husband, speaking as a wild-game gamer, says wild goat doesn't smell in any kind of a wind, when care is taken. "Goat meat isn't strong at all, if you eat it properly and you cook it slowly. That is, if it's a young animal, not over two years old."

And for the benefit of those of you who may be collecting wild goat recipes, Guy cooked his goat in a Dutch oven in the bottom of a roaster, put in about one inch of water, add garlic and Tabasco sauce, cook it at 250° for four or four and a half hours, and you'll have a pretty good piece of meat.

As for the housewarming, baby Bridget was the star of that evening anyway—to the surprise of her mother, who watched Guy take various pals on a tour of the nursery. Sheila hadn't expected, Guy had made a positive ruling on this subject: "Tell the baby's door locked," he'd said. "We don't want people running in and out of the nursery all the time."

But during the festivities, the tinkle of glasses and the chatter of guests was broken intermittently by the clomping of Guy and some male cronies tipoeoe into the nursery. Sheila had expected, Guy had made a positive ruling on this subject: "We'll keep the baby's door locked," he'd said. "We don't want people running in and out of the nursery all the time."

Building their home was an exciting adventure. "It was a lot of work, too," Guy says now of their picturesque red-brick and tawny wood ranch house high on its own hill in the Outpost section of Hollywood.

A lot of work. A lot of dreams. This house, which had been so close to Guy Madison's heart for so long. His first house ever. His own house. If Guy would drive by the house every morning on the way to the studio. And every night, the neighbors saw Wild Bill Hickok, along with a friezy white French poodle, a clown with a peaked cap, a flirty doll with red hair, a red-striped circus horse, and Bridge's long-lashed "Lady" dog. All of them are under the guidance of a gray bladed chopper, a brown rabbit, a tall continental charro, with a jaunty scarf around his neck—and quite a "past."

"Sheila's idea," Sheila says of Mr. Rabbit. "A blind man made him for me in Paris. When I brought him over here, the Customs people looked so funny. I'm together by hope and hard work—and by Guy's unfailing faith through the years that a better day was bound to come."

Architecturally, the whole house was Guy's idea—with one exception. One night, going over the blueprints with him, Sheila was stopped by a vast irregular area which took up a good part of the plans. "What's this room?" she asked curiously. "My workroom," he said. "What are you going to make, airplane?"

"I asked, astonished and wide-eyed. Then, "Is this a bathroom?" she asked, pointing to a tiny area. No, Guy explained, that was the nurse's room. "So I made a deal, Sheila says now, "I got the workshop for the nurse's room."

"You should have seen us putting the inside together," she continues. "A tiny little piece of drape, a tiny square of carpet, a little piece of couch cover, a sliver strip of Japanese grass-weave wallpaper. It's impossible to see whether anything will go together that way. You have to have large pieces of everything. But it worked out all right," Sheila sighs, her interested brown eyes appraising the deep green floor-to-ceiling drapes against the elegant silver-gray paper; the soft green-windowed wall; the rich dark oakwood furniture—every piece of paneling hand-picked, and every item of furniture custom-made.

The mail box outside reads "Robert O. Madison" and the print underneath identifying "G. Madison." And the Madison-Madisons are refreshingly identified with every detail of furnishing their new home.

Their smart bedroom-with-a-view is done in cocoa and blue with coral accents. "The cocoa drapes were Guy's idea," explains Sheila. "At first we painted the wardrobe cocoa and it looked terrible. Then we painted it blue—that was my idea. And that's Guy's camera equipment all piled up on the end of the bar," she laughs, keeping the credits straight. The room is done in a dark wood, with the green shades and white organy ruffles and the conversation-piece bases were Sheila's love. One base is a sewing machine, the other a spinning wheel, and "they both work too," she says.

Buying the crib for Bridge's room stopped both of them. "That was a serenum," recalls Sheila. "We were both trying to look so wise, as though we were cribs. Please don't say that."

They kept walking around the crib in the store, studying it as though deciding whether or not George Washington had slept in it. Finally, Guy turned to Sheila with, "What do you think?" And with a look on the clerk, Sheila pitched it right back to him with, "Well, what do you think?"

"Guy was helpful with the bathinette," Sheila says. "I didn't know how to put it together—the steps and all—but he did. Do-it-yourself Guy."

Bridge's father is currently producing a combination toy box and window seat for his nursery. It measures seven feet long and about seventeen inches tall when it's finished," Guy explains.

For Guy and Sheila, life centers around Bridge's sunny yellow kingdom. They're helped there, along with a friezy-white French poodle, a clown with a peaked cap, a flirty doll with red hair, a red-striped circus horse, and Bridge's long-lashed "Lady" dog. All of them are under the guidance of a gray bladed chopper, a brown rabbit, a tall continental charro, with a jaunty scarf around his neck—and quite a "past."

"Sheila's idea," Sheila says of Mr. Rabbit. "A blind man made him for me in Paris. When I brought him over here, the Customs people looked so funny. I'm

"My marriage is happier now than when I was a bride"

says Mrs. C. L. Kellogg who now uses ZONITE to douche!

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EFFECTIVE! No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is so powerfully effective yet so safe to body tissues as ZONITE.

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Name

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Send this ballot on a postal card and send it to Readers' Poll Editor, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, N. Y. 17, N. Y.
be made. "It's the story of the conflict between the white man and the Indians from 1800 to 1900—the true story of the Indians at that time," Guy says enthusiastically. "To my way of thinking, with the exception of 'Broken Arrow,' no good Indian picture has been made. I think there's a terrific field there."

Out of gratitude and affection for the faith of his agent and discoverer, Helen Ainsworth, through the long years, Guy's first thought was for her. "Now that I'm getting a job, Helen, you can take it easier now. You won't have to work so hard," he said, and made her his vice-president of his company.

He also was due for a fat contract at 20th Century-Fox, "starting with two pictures, then a straight-five-year deal with one picture a year." But they've been keeping Guy so busy, the difficulty finding time to star for himself.

Heralded for his performance in a tough role in "On the Threshold of Space," Guy's now co-starring with Jean Simmons in 20th's "Bus Stop." And upon being sought to star with Marilyn Monroe in "Bus Stop," he reflected, "I'm not familiar with the part. I didn't see the play. I haven't read the script yet. I don't know whether the character's right for me."

Nowadays, Guy is evaluating every role offered him very carefully. As he says, "Now the main thing for me to do is to watch the roles I play, to be sure the character fits me right, and to be sure I'm getting the right role—in the right story." This time, he's ready for Hollywood. "I've had fourteen years," he says. "This is the right movie for me.

Guy was happy with his role in "On the Threshold of Space," even though it was a grueling experience. In the part of a doctor experimenting for the Air Force in tall suits, he wore three suits of clothing, worked with a big glass head-mask over his head and breathed through a tube. Working in intense heat he dehydrated. He lost thirteen pounds during the picture.

"It was a rough part physically and psychologically," Guy says, "but it's so happy to do it. I hadn't played a part like this before. We had a fine director. They say it's a terrific picture. I'm glad."

Guy feels "Hilda Crane" will definitely further his career, and he couldn't be happier, co-starring with Jean Simmons. "She's so completely honest in the things I've seen her in, and I think she's one of the top actresses in Hollywood anyway.

It was an epic event for Guy to have a real leading lady, to be co-starring with a famous, glamorous actress in a sexy, romantic part. After fourteen years, this was quite a moment. Then, when Guy and Sheila met Jean for the first time, she sailed right past her handsome leading man— to his wife. "We're going to be married!" Jean exclaimed.

Guy gives Sheila much of the credit for his successful career and their happy marriage. "The wife of a person in this business is about ninety percent of the husband's success," Guy says quietly. "And certainly this is true of Sheila."

"One of Sheila's outstanding qualities is her ability to get along with ninety-nine percent of the people she meets, and be sincere about it. And I don't mean being over-sincere. Sheila likes people, she's intelligent, she converses easily, and it's no strain for her to get along with them.

This is very important, not only in this business, but in any business. "She's familiar with the profession and its problems, which is an advantage in marriage. She's considerate and understanding. But most important of all, Sheila has the right attitude. The attitude which naturally goes with marriage— any real marriage—two people working for one goal.

In spite of all his amazing good fortune today, when a man like Guy Warner counts his blessings, he begins at home... with the happy fulfillment so long desired and so endearingly rewarding."

**Hollywood Party Line**

(Continued from page 31)

crepe, also wore a lavish black fox stole with a matching muff. Janet Leigh, with Tony Curtis, looked real pert in what she calls a "maternity look"—a two-piece black satin job, the sleeveless smock featuring a high mandarin collar and the floor-length skirt being pencil-slim. . . .

Others enjoying the emceeing of happy Jack Lemmon, with Dorothy Kilgallen, with Bob Wagner; Guy and Sheila Madison; Hugh O'Brien, with new Columbia contractee, Pat Tiernan; the Aldo Rays; the Buddy Adler people; Premingers, and much more studio brown-bagging it of course, Ben Cooper, Richard Egan, George Nader, Audie Murphy, Jan Sterling—and oh, so many more enjoying the imported champagnes provided by publisher Irving Manheimer.

A few nights later, Jacques Sernas (a free-lancer now) had his big night, along with co-star Rosanna Podesta, when Warners presented "The Three Lives of今日" in Beverly Hills. Neither the rain nor the wind kept a "regiment" of Greek and Trojan warriors with blaring trumpets from starting the outdoor festivities for the big star turn. Oh, how "good cop" Margot O'Brien was with Red Fulton. Other twos in view included Jeff Hunter with Jeanne Brait, while Jeff's ex, Barbara Rush was with Richard Hine and Bud Pensnell; Marisa Pavan, again with Jean Pierre Aumont; Loni Nelson with Dick Clayton; Natalie Wood with Tab Hunter. Tab drove up in a foreign car in which he'd just gotten a ticket for speeding.

The "Carousel" opening was memorable, not only for the quality of the film, but the quantity of glamour-pusses on hand. Shirley Jones was busy in the East, so Barbara Ruick (getting her biggest break in "Carousel") did the female honors. Barbara, with Bob Horton, wore a square-necked white gown, its bodice embroidered with embroidery and beads. Susan Hayward, who usually wears pale, pale lipstick, put on real red stuff for the occasion. And Zsa Zsa Gabor wore white lace over flesh-colored crepe, so tight she could scarcely breathe.

Joe Ferrer and Rosemary Clooney threw a big bash for Al Morgan, author of The Great Man, at which Bing Crosby treated late-stayers to some fancy waltzing. Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis, the Jack Bell a, Judy Day, John Preis, Gracie Allen and George Burns, and scads more came early and stayed late. Jay Robinson tossed one for the cast and crew of " além de Terra", at which Kathy Grant and Carole Ohmart was with Bill Strange, Barbara Nichols with Steve Crane, and Natalie Wood surprised everyone by showing up with Raymond Burger. I guess what? Both Jay's pet chimp, Mary, and Kathy Grant had on copies of Dior gowns!

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—the ugly scaly skin trouble

(Continued from page 53)

halting him. And now, Mrs. Curtiss' age, please? And in what month is this present pregnancy.

Riding in the elevator with the white-capped nurse, Janet was silent. She was remembering, with something close to dread, the first time, several years ago, she had made this ascent into the efficient and sterile upper regions of St. John's.

She had come alone that time. Tony, working on location in the Hawaiian Islands, didn't even know, then, that she was losing the baby they had both wanted so fervently and for so long.

It couldn't happen again.

That time, they had shared just a few happy weeks of anticipation. Then, Janet's sứciful illness came. All overnight time she had held on—with her body and her iron will—for five months (some of them spent in Europe and Africa where she had made "Safari" with Victor Mature). The child had been moving within her. Tony had felt it, too, his face alight with pride. And the doctor had heard distinctly the infant's heartbeat. It couldn't happen again. But then, why this terrible pain?

Several days before, the pain had begun like a faint and ominous warning, but Janet had closed her mind to it. Things were going normally and well. They had taken their baby normally and well. She had stuck doggedly to her drawing board, sketching designs for her newest line of Janet Leigh dresses. She had even dressed and left the house for a pre-recording session with Rosemary Clooney, on whose TV show she was scheduled to appear.

But the pain hadn't gone away. As a matter of fact, it gradually grew more intense. Until, one day, she would hide the fact from Tony and more. Immediately, Tony had called the doctor, and the doctor had said to come to the hospital—right away.

The corner white bed was turned down in the private corner room, and Janet was grateful for its coolness when, having changed into a hospital gown with the nurse's help, she felt exhausted against the cold wall. "Dr. Pearl is in Delivery," the nurse told Janet as she prepared to leave the room. She asked me to say that she would be with you directly. Then the night nurse slipped alone—but only for a moment. The door opened again, softly, and a nun approached the bed. "You and your baby are going to be all right," she told Janet with quiet confidence. "We are praying for you." With cool fingers, she smoothed back the damp hair from Janet's hot forehead, and then she slipped a small, colored medallion into her hand. The glowing promise of the Sacred Heart.

Before Janet could whisper her thanks, the Sister had gone.

Janet is not a Catholic. She is, as a matter of fact, a Scientist. But there was something about the quiet faith of the nun—and something, too, in the compassionate face of Our Lady as it shone from the slim medallion that quieted her fears.

Dr. Pearl came in, still in her obstetrical gown, her patient was quite calm. Somewhat, the pain had abated.

Dr. Pearl made her examination with unhurried efficiency. The location of the persistent pain, plus the fact that Janet was running a temperature, seemed to indicate that what she was suffering from was a kidney infection.

The lab would make X rays in the morning, after which they could determine what treatment and what medication were needed. To see her through the night. Janet could have a sleeping pill and a pain-killing drug.

"But I'm afraid about...about the baby?" Janet asked, fearfully.

"We'll all just have to keep our fingers crossed," the doctor said. "For the moment, the best thing you can do for yourself and the baby is to rest." But she wanted, she had to see Tony before she went to sleep, Janet begged."

"Of course," Dr. Pearl conceded. She is a doctor, but she is also a woman. And she sensed that, in this case, Janet would profit more from a few close moments with her husband than from all the pain-killing drugs in the world.

The X rays revealed Dr. Pearl's preliminary diagnosis. Janet was suffering from an infection of the right kidney. Whether induced by the physical changes associated with her pregnancy, or whether it already existed, in Africa, was not certain. In any case, it could be brought quickly under control with a series of antibiotic injections. Janet would find that her pains would subside.

"And the baby?" Both Janet and Tony pressed Dr. Pearl for the answer to the all-important question.

"The pregnancy, to date," said Dr. Pearl, "seems not to have been jeopardized in any way.

Janet was in Tony's arms, weeping happily.

"With a little luck, Mr. Curtis," Dr. Pearl interposed gently, "you will be able to take your wife home in a few days—if she promises to rest."

"Really rest," Tony echoed.

"And take reasonable care of herself..."

"Really good care of herself," Tony echoed again, with pointed emphasis. "We're at the end of the month," he told Dr. Pearl, adding with a smile, "We need a bigger house now, you know. But Janet is not going to lift a cup, or pack a carton..."

May 14, moving day," Dr. Pearl smiled, "Mrs. Curtis should just go to the movies."

A few days later, when Tony, with the nurse's help, rolled Janet's wheelchair toward the elevator to take her home, the Sister who had given Janet the medallion of the Sacred Heart was waiting by the elevator.

"Thank you," Janet whispered to the nun, waving, just before they napped, her face full of understanding.

"Goodbye," she told her nurse, "I'll be seeing you."

"We'll all be seeing you," Tony said, with a proud grin, "along about the first week in July."

The End...
### VACATION CLOTHES—PHOTOPLAY TRAVEL FASHIONS

**photoplay's buying guide**

"Where-to-Buy" the West Coast vacation fashions shown in this issue. Each fashion is identified with a code number listed below. Use that number to check stores which have fashions in your city. Also listed are the Trailways Bus System's tour processing offices across the nation to help you plan your vacation trip.

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### NAMÉ

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The Bride Vanished

(Continued from page 45)

"I tried to become my idea of an ideal wife overnight," she confesses. Now, however, she realizes that she actually didn't know how to face Jack. Consequently, she started to put into effect all the theories she had learned. First off, she had read that a husband wants an immaculate home—which is just what their marital settlement in Hollywood wasn't. The people before them had left it coated with dust, the woodwork was soiled, the windows unwashed, the floors unwaxed. So, the first day Jack returned to his office, Mitzi plunged full-steam ahead into an eight-hour campaign of scrubbing and polishing. She ruined her nails, bruised her knees, and generally exhausted herself. Still, it was fun being by herself. It was a sort of a change from all her singing and dancing in glamorous movies. Then, too, she was determined to prove herself a model housewife.

That night, when Jack arrived home for dinner, Mitzi was exhausted, but triumphant. But, to her complete dismay, Jack didn't get the least bit excited over the res-ults of her industrious life and work. Instead, he casually emptied his pockets and tossed the contents on a table. Completely shocked, Mitzi didn't notice the difference. He admitted the spotless effect wasn't to his liking, and he flung off, and left Mitzi to face this rebuff. Mitzi burst into tears and grieved hysterically. They finally had their dinner several hours later, after Jack had consoled her and had tenderly tried to make her feel that he was enjoying the housework exciting. (Typical male re-action.)

Mitzi eventually took it in stride but, becoming conscious of the futility, she got another jolt. A nut about neatness, she had painstakingly straightened Jack's cluttered desk only to have him explode because he couldn't find a thing. And, came a burst of surprise realization when he actually got a hint of her work, but again she accepted it and promised to remember that Jack just isn't as orderly as she is. Now she has to force herself not to tidy up Jack's papers every time he leaves them on his desk. In the beginning, in, but she keeps in mind that he's content to be cheerfully disorganized in some respects.

"I still think it's strange that husbands are like this," says Mitzi, flashing her gay smile. "But, it's true. So many black-and-white rules are set down with such assurance for brides! But what they don't tell you is that every man is a dis-tinct individual. Their financial, generalizations don't apply. Supposedly, you have to be perfect to please a man. While I like knocking myself out for Jack, a husband may prefer his wife to be hu-man, rather than perfect."

Stripe

Jack doesn't want everything just so. He appreciates beauty, efficiency and truthfulness, but he wants to be comfortable, too.

Trying to understand the male point of view has been a big project for Mitzi. All last year she was in a dizzy whirl, struggling to make sense out of all she'd heard and read were musts.

In the beginning, like so many brides, she was sure her cooking would utterly charm and delight Jack. Mitzi loves to prepare unusual and exciting dishes, many of which her parents taught her to make. But, she soon discovered, while Jack has a fine appetite, he's apt to comment favorably upon most of her exotic concoctions — then ask if they could also have a hamburger some day soon. Whenever they give a dinner party, Mitzi plunges into her preparations at 10 a.m. Hours later, when Jack comes in from work, he wonders a little of everything in advance, and lets it go at that. So, to her own advantage, Mitzi has concluded that, as concerns Jack, cooking may not be a colossal asset, but at least it's convenient.

She's realized, too, that a husband's idea of a wonderful wife calls for more than welcoming warmth and soft kindness. A wife must be good-tempered, adaptable to his moods, and free of feminist business. This new understanding has made Mitzi feel much freer.

However, before this, her outlook was a bit too literal. "When Jack and I would come home at night, she would proudly fill his ear with all that had happened—good, bad, or indifferent—during the day. Then gradually it began to dawn on me that he was more interested in the endless small details of a housewife's day. She displayed her new-found wisdom one day after solving the "case of the stained windows." He had come home, she noticed, looking a bit out of sorts. She asked Mitzi what was the matter, and the apartment superintendent had ignored her pleas that the panes be washed from the outside. Mitzi had considered getting ladies, but when Jack had come home and climbed to do it herself. Eventually, she must have picked up nerve to phone the "super" and tell him that was going to hire a man to wash the windows and would send him the bill. Mitzi realized that, at least, she had found something important, and the next day morning a pleasant crew greeted her and gave the whole Beanie residence a professional going-over.

But that night, Mitzi hardly mentioned it to Jack. She didn't ask him, didn't think the flowers outside looked more vivid for some "odd" reason.

Hereafter, when Mitzi felt blue, she would not ask for sympathy, but would act as if nothing was wrong, without anyone guessing. This, of course, led to a certain amount of frustration, and Jack (who has an M.A. in Psychology from USC) was eager for her to overcome this stagnation. For, he realizes that Jack has complete faith in her, she's no longer afraid to speak her mind and thoughts. She's acting like an adult.

Tremendously conscientious, Mitzi also used to be superstitious about luck and, if anything ever went awry, she would be thrown into a panic. With great patience, Jack taught her to expect surprises or mishaps and to meet them in any situation and can and does act like the capable woman Jack knows she is.

While being perpetually afraid used to make her a champion worrier, strangely enough, it helped her to relax. Until she became a star, her mother somehow managed to balance their budget. But, when she hit the top, Mitzi became down-right extravagant for a spell. She leased a little cottage for $60 a week and spend it against her mother's better judgment. Then, she recalls, "Two weeks after Mother and I moved in, I went on a twelve-week lay-off. It took my savings and borrowed the money she there as soon as I could and was glad to be in a place that cost one-fourth as much."

Then, too, she adds, "When I met Jack, I had some-what with three agents and was obliged to pay commissions to all of them. That's how skillful in business I was!"

Because he can size up Mitzi's offers so
accurately, Jack has become her personal representative, although they still have need of a manager and a lawyer to carry out details. Now, however, Mitzi reads, and understands, all the fine print at the bottom of each contract. Also does the Cadillac convertible—not only because it’s slicker than a jalopy, but because the budget permits it.

“Last year,” she says, “I was still being coy when it came to something our budget didn’t allow. I’d rave to Jack about a terrific bargain I’d ‘accidently’ seen advertised, and felt victorious when he nodded as I added to my wardrobe. Today, I can simply say, ‘I want this!’ Sometimes I catch up by just not buying anything. Jack shrugs at this, calls it a silly short cut—and I’m beginning to realize he’s right.”

During their early wedded days, Mitzi also tried to be a femme fatale, to attract her husband anew each day. But her attempts at excusing an air of mystery and to render her lover one of the fairies, which at first made Jack think she was being aloof. Then he thought she might be sick and was appallingly curious about her health. After realizing she had been ill-advised in going to the extreme and put on her imp act. She’d often played the lovable imp in movies, but that isn’t what attracted Jack to her. He fell in love with her without ever seeing her in films, and he’s not the type to be fascinated by an impulsive beauty who’s mostly fluff.

“Every bride believes she has to flatter a man outside of marriage, and she’s right. I understand,” Mitzi admits. “When Jack seemed to respond so satisfactorily, I dreaded becoming mentally lazy. But I was jarred out of that when he didn’t react to my new brattiness of character and said, ‘You know it’s ridiculous! I was so astounded, all I could say was, ‘I do’.”

“It’s a relief, though, to be beyond the merry little mixy phase, to be able to be absolutely myself.”

But even this hasn’t been a breeze. Mitzi is an extremist, so she temporarily became too frank and resolved to tell the whole truth. Which meant that, when she felt Jack was clearly wrong, she said so. He wasn’t exactly pleased by her uter straightforwardness—in fact, he was as mad as any outraged male. Finally, Mitzi realized he was a difficult man to please, and fact, and since then they love each other even more, because of the subtle consideration they’ve shown one another.

Mitzi’s immaturity also showed when she thought only of getting into a point in love. It was all a game to her, one she couldn’t bear to be bad at. But gradually her marriage has developed into the richly rewarding partnership of two who are completely and fairly equal to take advantage of Jack’s devotion. She knows now that mutual respect is one of their strongest ties, and with his hopes of finding the right man for her are coming true. Truly, a great deal of womanly wisdom has crept into her big heart.

Since loving has taught her to be logical, Mitzi no longer allows the least over every little reversal—which, of course, delights Jack. And there’s no doubt that her new poise and assurance have given her greater charm.

Mitzi has found this new awareness far more exhilarating and rewarding than any bride-like attitude of trying to fit a husband into a childishly preconceived pattern. Now, instead of hoping Jack will do and like the things in his striking individuality and tries to satisfy his particular needs. His problems are hers, and nothing is too much trouble. It’s hard for Mitzi to believe now that she was so thoughtless the first time Jack depended on her to be ready to dine with him and a prospective client. She forgot all about it and was blisteringly cleaning house, when he rushed in, expecting to help her with the table. The dish did carry away too much by such things as romantic Hungarian fiddling. She used to seep openly when she heard it, and Jack called that “schmaltzy.” Mitzi’s father was a musician and she was brought up on the classics.

“I can’t play anything myself,” she says, “but I never get my fill of symphonies and concertos.” She has five radios in her apartment, does them out variously, until the day Jack reached over and snapped off the nearest one, saying he couldn’t read with music blaring. That anything so fine should have occurred to Mitzi, so they compromised. But when, while Jack was no symphony lover, she was oblivious to progressive jazz, “I was a square until Jack introduced me to it. I’ve done it fast, you know,” he said.

When Jack drops in on her at the studio Mitzi has rock ‘n roll on full blast, if she’s in her rollicking mood. He shuts his eyes and gasps at anyone having that good a time at work! However, she still does the housework with opera flooding every room.

“Love puts you on your own,” Mitzi says. “At a job, you may not get a second chance. But, as long as you have an opportunity to show your love in a wiser way, and you learn you are on your own—that it’s up to you!”

She envies Jack’s solid convictions, his high moral standards, and her own, although he’s often otherwise. “He’s always known what he wanted,” Mitzi says proudly, “and he says the way to get something is to go after it. I think it was terrific that he was young when he was young, but was also so bright. At fourteen, in high school in Minneapolis, he decided to hire a huge dance hall and make some spending money. Minneapolis wasn’t on the circuit for high schoolers. I’d bet Jack would say he’d been a hooligan. He wrote directly to Count Basie, dined with him, dined the deal by phone. Then he sold admission tickets to 4500 people. When Basie and his men walked in, they kept saying ‘Hello’ to Jack and his boy’s father. It never dawned on them that boy had arranged the whole thing! It was such a clever idea, Jack did it again with Glenn Miller’s band. Nothing can stop him!”

“Me, I get nervous,” Mitzi laughs. “I’m so hypercritical of my attempts I’m apt to get all upset. I never feel I’ve given a good performance on the stage until I’ve played at least a dozen performances. I want to see every single movie, even the most dismal, for I might find out what not to do as well as what might be a step up. “ ‘I don’t like being branded bouncy now,’ Mitzi discloses. And she isn’t. She’s a rare combination of curvaceous sex-appeal, sensitivity, hilarious humor, kindness and candi dness—and she definitely doesn’t care for such a superb stride you feel a band should strike up with “A Pretty Girl Is Like A Melody.”

Expressing her inner self is no longer difficult for her. “I’m pious about this thing because I know knowledge is the key to many wonders. Jack’s habit of bringing me into wider ranges of a topic is so thoughtful! Who could be one-track-minded. Yet when I changed into a questioner. Not just to being asked, or to be theatrical in another way, but because I really want to know why

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things tick as they do. I'm awe-struck by some of the answers I get.

Mitzi is confronting with rearranging the apartment, because, "How can you ever give helpful instructions, if you don't know how things should be done?" Jack and I don't know when we'll go on our honeymoon. We didn't settle down in the one we thought we wanted before we married. It was elegant and comfortable, but now we see it wasn't for us. We aren't that restrained yet!" Mitzi has a French background—but something modern and citified. And with lots of closets! Our apartment makes us ache for space, and for a fireplace. When we're older, we'd like to wind up in a French country house. "And tomorrow, you might say, with sumptuous antiques! I'd rather," she laughs, "have a house that's graceful than one that's purely functional. Meanwhile, the apartment has shown us we're dependent on material things for our happiness. It's who you're with, not where you are, that matters!"

Mitzi didn't have to learn how to have exquisite taste, for she grew up with it and it's one of the traits Jack admires most about her. The intelligent books she reads, the fresh flowers she likes around her, the paintings she is hanging on their walls, her personal graciousness all mark her as a person of culture.

Mitzi is really one of the authentic glamorous girls of this generation. She never fusses; she always feels fine, her beauty is healthy and yet touched with the exotic. She is fond of stunning tailored suits, seductive hats with veils of veiling, and gorgeous evening gowns. She prefers sit-down dinners to buffets because dressing up gives her a magnificent glow. Mitzi's grateful she's never had to coax Jack into a dinner jacket; he likes to dress appropriately. "But I'm so not a slave to fashion, or to Jack. She is using her new hat now as he has wanted her to do, and the results show her own, strictly individual flair. «If the line looks good on me, I don't care how horrible my hat is!» says Mitzi. She has a smart black fox stole which she wears instead of a coat whenever she can. "If someone asks me, 'Aren't you cold with just that stole?' I answer, 'No, I'm not—and I'm not! When Jack takes too male a view, merely on general principles, and says, 'You're not wearing that ensemble, are you?' I no longer run into the other room and burst into tears. I don't think I will ever want to go away. I want to please him more than anyone else, but husbands like spunk. So now I may grin and reply, 'Yes, darling, I dare to be!'"

Last November, the Beans celebrated their first wedding anniversary by pleasing each other as they truly are. Jack kissed Mitzi goodbye fondly that morning. She wondered about his smile after he departed. It was bright, but the fetching package home, it was clear he'd been scheming. Opening it gleefully, Mitzi was ecstatic over the beautiful gold bracelet with a Roman numeral one dangling from a diamond. It seems she was never to take off. And since they're both mighty sentimental, when they merrily celebrate their golden wedding, she'll be weighed down with the gems Jack will have undoubtedly added.

In turn, she surprised him with her gift, and he was delighted to find she's become so practical. Jack had planned to buy a new tuxedo, but when they returned to New York for their second honeymoon, Mitzi beat him to it by getting him a cashmere coat that thrilled him.

Mitzi could have invited a crowd of celebrities to help celebrate that evening, but there was no fancy fuss. You don't have to be famous to be a friend of the Beans. This exceptional pair can't snobbish and, even if they're into them for ages, you can pick up right where you left off. With their brand of loyalty, the Beans are the opposite of those who have many acquaintances and few friends.

On their anniversary, one of Jack's bachelor buddies wanted to be the Beans' hosts. Sam Lawrence, who is in stocks and bonds, and Jim Raskin, who is in the lumber business, and their dates escorted Mitzi and Jack to the French Henne's, and then on to Ciro's.

The six of them were thoroughly in tune, for Mitzi fitted into the group marvelously. She no longer tries to be the center of attention; love is another rule. Before she was married, she used to take over as the life of the party, chattering on and on with an adolescent authority she now calls appropriately. You feel she wants to talk so much in order to make others know you're present," she quips, "you certainly can't listen—and I'd rather listen and learn something new.

So Mitzi and Jack flew to Manhattan for a less hectic second honey-moon.

They'd had to sit up cross-country to get there on their wedding night, were drenched by a storm when they landed, but then got on a non-stop merry-go-round of activities. This time, they didn't stay in a hotel, but they went to a crowded, but high up in Hampshire House in a spacious suite. Mitzi is an earnest student of the theatre, so they bought tickets for every Broadway hit. Lazy, late rising, young people do their dining in the smart restaurants, going on gaily afterwards to their favorite midnight spots, catching up with nearly everyone they longed to see, made their vacation all they wanted it to be. When the home they felt refreshed and invigorated.

Recalling her previous whirlwind life, Mitzi says, "When I got into pictures I was no naive. I'd have jumped into the Empire State Building if they'd provided a tiny pillow on the street below. Now—well, I'd hesitate! I can finally see that Hollywood isn't a fairy-tale land, that working in pictures is tiring as well as fun. You can live an uncomplicated life here, and you must be cautious because every action and remark is exaggerated. Still, by patience and by planning you can attain your goals; Mitzi is an expert. Jack has inspired me to concentrate on one objective at a time instead of half-a-dozen, and he's proved there always is time for whatever should be done."

As soon as she developed the courage to sally forth on her own, Mitzi secured her release from the long-term contract which had limited her to too many second-best roles. Now that she is able to make her own choice from the offers she receives, she's been going great guns.

Starring in Paramount's great new musical, "Mitzi," Donald O'Connor and Jeannine. Bing gave her a bicycle, and between scenes taught her how to ride it. Donald presented her with one of the most accomplished ballerinas in the world; and they got along wonderfully. Then, too, Mitzi had the A-1 guidance of director Robert Lewis, one of Broadway's stage geniuses.

When George Goldzieher asked her to star with him as his first wife, "The Birds and The Bees," the switch to playing comedy opposite him was just the contrast Mitzi craved. And she was additionally delighted when they put in the Nixon, a number-one performer and friend, her look was cast with them.

Mitzi has also received a number of tempting Broadway bids, which she greatly "An intermediary has come into movies by scoring during their teens in West Coast operettas, and she yearns to sing and dance on Broadway someday—in the right shows. "An Evening with Mitzi Gaynor" was no good to her since her theatrical talents are boundless. She could also write her own ticket in television.

But mapping out her plans for this year, Mitzi puts movies first. Broadway, TV and all else will have to wait. They don't think that she and Jack will become so engrossed in their work that their zest for life will suffer.

"I hope to have two new movies finished by the end of July," says Mitzi.

"Then Jack and I want to go to Europe from August till almost Christmas. We have the travel bug—but bad! I've never been across an ocean, so you can imagine my excitement. Meanwhile I'm planning to go to any place over there and I want to see where history happened. Jack was in Europe during the war, so there's so much he can show me. I recall how I spent so many evenings waiting in school halls in Detroit. For four or five years my girlfriends and I wandered through the Art Institute there regularly. We'd take sandwiches and eat our lunch sitting on the ceiling. We'd like to see the art in Europe, as well as the theatres, opera, ballet, the different customs, the breathtaking architecture and scenery and the withering sun. We are now going on a strict schedule, won't be tied down in tourist traps. We'll roam—drive and bicycle around."

Obviously, Jack's adventurous streak appeals to Mitzi. "Then they'll try to explore with enormous gusto. The vividness of Venice will especially appeal to her, for there's nothing lukewarm about her. Mitzi will be magnificent in a gondola—or whatever else she chooses.

Today this luscious twenty-four-year-old is a young lady no longer in a lather. She has soaring values she doesn't forget. For "Anything Goes," she spent two weeks reading the script, and then shot through the spectacular dance routine she does with Donald O'Connor, supposedly on the upper deck of the Liberté en route from France. Then, in "The Birds and The Bees," Gardner Geff's eighteenth dance debut in a zippy pairing with Mitzi on, presumably, the top deck of another ocean liner. No wonder Jack gulps when he wonders she can be swept into a protracted dialogue scene when the Beans hit the deck of the boat they want to take this summer. "Come on," Mitzi will probably challenge him. "This time it's for real."

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SCREEN PLAY BY GORE VIDAL
FROM A PLAY BY PADDY CHAYEFSKY
DIRECTED BY RICHARD BROOKS
PRODUCED BY SAM ZIMBALIST
AN M-G-M PICTURE
SUPER-SOFT—gentle control for loose, casual hair-do’s. Spray on after combing.

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Casts of Current Picture

ALEXANDER THE GREAT—11.A. Dirs: Robert Rossen; Alexander the Great, Richard 1. Philip of Macedonnia, Fredric March; Battine, Bloom; Olympias, Danielle Darrieux; Atwood, Andrews; Atlaus, Stanley Baker; Parmenio MacGinnis; Memnon, Peter Cushing; Demetrius, Michael Hordern; Aristotle, Barry Jones; Ero, Maria De Leon; Cleitus, Gustavo Rojo; P. Roben Rojo; Archelaus, William Squire; Nectaeus, Helmut Dantine; Antipater, Friedrich L. Pasquini; Peter Wymark; Ptolemy, Virginia; Roxane, Teresa Del Rio; Aratus, Julio Serrano; Josc, Jose Nieto; Nearchus, Carlos Fernandez; Taylor, Horst Buhler; Jason, Hapgood; Richard, Carlo Hefnocasto, Ricardo Vale; Sis怡, Cora; Antigone, Jesus Lopez, Draven; I. Ramsey, Amos, Messenger, Mario De Barros; Ellen Ronson; Orchis, Carlos Acevedo.

BIRDS AND THE BEES—The—Paraarmon reected by Norman Taurog: George Hamilton, Gable; Jean Harris, Mitzi Gaynor; Colonel, Ursul, Niven; Gerald, Reinald; Isadora, Gloria, Hamilton, Fred Clark; Marty Kennedy, Harry, Jervis; Doc James De Montaigne, Hans Conried; Hamilton, Margery, Manse; Frost, Clinton, Mrs.; Mrs. Burridge, Mary Tree; kiam, arla Butler, Milton Frone, Burnoff; Hor, Butler, Rex Evans; Walker, King Donovan; H—Hamiltons' Rtegrder, Charles Lane; Gest, Robinson; Guest, Douglas Evans; Gest, Bernard; Guest, Kathryn Card.

DAY OF FURY, A—Dir. Directed by H. J. Young; Frcot; Dan Robertson; Sharon, Corday; Burnett, Jock Mahoney; McLean, Cast, Tom Reid; Billy Brand, Jan Merlin; Preacher, John Dehner; Major AtSHA, Dayton Lummis, Sydney Mason; Miss Timmons, Dee C. Marie, Sheila Bromley; Charlie, Harry Tyler McLean, Helen Kleeb.

FORBIDDEN PLANET—M-G-M. Directed by McLeod Wilcox; Dr. Morley, Walter Pidgeon; tara Martinus, Anne Francis; Commander, Leslie Nielsen; Lt. "Doc" O'Noro, Warren St. John, Marnau, Jack Kelly; Chief Quan, Richard, Cook, Earl Holliman; Banna, George W. Crexen; Greer, Bob Dye, Youngerford, Thompson; Stamos, James Drury; Randell, Harvey, Jr.; Lindstrom, Roger McGee; Moran, Murer, Nichols, Morgan Jones; Silver, S. Grant; Robby, The Robot.

GABY—M-G-M. Directed by Curtis Bern Gabby, Leslie Cason; Gregory W. Pembert, John Mr. Currington, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Else, Elie, Mrs. Currington, Margareta Gillmore; Jon, Morley, Regis, Wolf, Allen, Joe L. Pete, Joseph Corey; Jim, James Best; Claire Montell, Denise, Rita Lee, Olga, Minda, Battle 'n' Singer, Gloria Wood.

GOOD-BYE, MY LADY—Warners. Directed by William A. Wellman; Uncle Jess, Walter Bats Cash, Phil Harris; Skeeter, Brande de Wilde, Sidney Poitier; Grener, William Hopper; Doc, Louise Beavers; Wife, Vivian Vance; B. William Frawley.

GREAT DAY IN THE MORNING—RKO. Directed by Jacques Tourneur; Ann Stenoff, Virginia O'Brien, Fredric March, Robert Stack, Ben Johnson; Roman; Stephen Kirby, Alex Nicol; Juma, Raymond Burr; Zed Mjater, Leo Gordon; I. Lancaster, Donald McDonald; Father Murphy, O. Quennel; Phil the Cannibal, Peter Whitney; K. Dar White.

HARDER THEY FALL, THE—Columbia. Directed by Mark Robson; Eddie Willis, Ham Bogart; Nick Bend, Rod Steiger; Beth With Sterling; Tore Moreo, Mike Lane; Buddy In The Max Boer; George, Jroat Joe Walkett; Jim The hound, Edward Andrews; Art LeRoy, H. Stone, Louis Arland, Carlos Montalban; Lee man, Franch, Piscip, Pazi Gaddi; Piers, Estelle Ondria; Herbie Tave, Danny McKeough, Rusty Lane; Jack Albertson, Frank, Val Avery, Tommy, I. Herman, Joey, Vinny DeCarlo, Gus Dandole, Kelly, Boatneck, Sailor, Rio, Maxie, Harry Dorf, Abe Aaron, Allen, Marlon Carr.

JUBAL—Columbia. Directed by Delmar Dave h Turner; Glenn Ford; Seth Hopen; Ernest, nite, Bucky, Bird, David, Michigan, V. French; Nacho Hodor, Felicia Farr; Shem H. Brot Rondavall, Sam, Noah Bevers; Jr., Rob Be Charles Bronson, Carson, John Dierkes; I. Jack Elam; Dr. Grant, Robert Burton, Jack E. Robert Knpf, Chartney Hober, James, Ellis, Toller, Ian C. Harvey; Ckley, Gay Wilke Bevans, Larry Hunter; Toller Boy, Mike Lane; Toller Boy, Robert "Buzz" Henry.


MADAME BUTTERFLY—1-P. Directed by mille Gallione. The players and singers: Geraldine, Kaoru Yoshiguchi, Orietta Moscucci; Suzuki, M. Tanaka, Anna Maria Canali; Pinkerton, Nicholas, Curtis, Giuseppe Conner, Sharples, Heidi, Lidonn, Goro, Kiyoshi Takagi, Paulo Caroli modori, Natale, Franco, Avelo Zanini.

(Continued on page 6)
PARAMOUNT PRESENTS

JAMES STEWART
DORIS DAY

in
ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S

“THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH”

 Directed by
ALFRED HITCHCOCK • JOHN MICHAEL HAYES
Based on a Story by Charles Bennett and D. B. Wyndham-Lewis
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE CAN BE A DEADLY THING!
CASTS

OF CURRENT PICTURES

continued

Bunce, Yoshio Kosugi; Pitino Clabas; the Takara- naka Kabuki Dance Troope.

MAN IN THE GRAY FLANNEL SUIT, THE—20th. Directed by Nunnally Johnson; Tom Rath, Gregory Peck; Betty; Jennifer Jones; Hopkins, Fredric March; Maria, Marta Pavan; Judge Bern- stein, Lee J. Cobb; Mrs. Hopkins, Ann Harding; Cuar- tor Gerolda, Keenan Wynn; Hantherman, Gene Lock- hert; Susan Hopkins, Gigi Perreau; Janie, Portland Mason; Walker, Arthur O'Connell; Bill Ogden, Henry Daniell; Wra. Master, Connie Gilchrist; Ed- ward Schulte, Joseph Sweeney; Barbara, Sandy Descher; Pete, Mickey Maig; Mohnhey, Kenneth Tobey; Florence, Ruth Clifford; Miriam, Geraldine Wall.

ON THE Threshold OF SPACE—20th. Di- rected by Robert D. Webb; Capt. Jim Hallenbeck, Guy Madison; Pat Lange, Virginia Leith; Major Har- drick Thomas, John Hedrick; Dr., Hugh Hamilton, Dean Jagger; Capt. Mike Bentley, Warren Stevens; Li. Morton Glenn, Martin Milner; Lee Walch, King Calver; Lt. Col. Masters, Walter Coy; Sgt. Th. Forbes, Ken Clark; Sgt. Zack Deming, Donald Mur- phy; Communications Officer, Barry Corr; Richard Grant; Paramedic Officer, Donald Freed; Tas. Driver, Ben Wright; George Atkins, Carley Mitchell; Owens, Robert Cornthwaite; Secretary, Jo-66

Serge; Nurse, Juanita Close; Mrs. Lange, Helen Bennett.

PRICE OF FEAR, THE—U.S. Directed by Abner Biberman; Jessica Warren, Merle Oberon; Dave Barrett, Lex Barker; Pete Carroll, Charles Drake; Nina Ferraud, Lisa Scials; Priscilla Adams Warren Stevens; Mrs. McNab, Mary Field; Lou Belden, Tim Sullivan; T unemployment; Phil Fine; Lt. Walsh, Dan Riff; Johnny McNab, Stafford Repp; Bolas, Kon- stantin Shayne.

PACK THE—M-G-M. Directed by Arnold Laven; Capt. Edward W. Hall, Jr., Paul Newman; But. Sam Moulon, Wendell Corey; Col. Edward W. Hall, Jr., Walter Pidgeon; Lt. Col. Frank Stearns, Ed- mond O'Brien; Angie Hall, Anne Francis; Capt. John R. Miller, Lee Marvin; Caroline, Curt Leach- man; Col. Ivo Haneck, Robert Burton; Law Officer, Rol- rl Simon; Court President, Trevor Bardette; Sgt. Otis Parkes, Adam Williams; Millard Glim- Castlcy, James Best; Col. Daldie Smith, Ray Pose; Maj. Byron Phillips, Barry Atwater.

ROCK AROUND THE CLOCK—Columbia. Di- rected by Fred F. Sears; Bill Haley & His Comets. Themselves; The Platters, Themselves; Tony Man- dini & His Band, Themselves; Freddie Bell & His Bellboys, Themselves; Alan Freed, Himself; Steve Hollis, Johnny Johnston; Cortines Talbot, Alis Talton; Lisa Johns, Lisa Gaye; Mike Dennis, John Archer; Corry LaSalle, Henry Slate; Danny John, Earl Barton.

SEARCHERS, THE—Warners. Directed by John Ford; Ethan Edwards, John Wayne; Martin Pawley; Jeffrey Hunter; Ols infra; Laurie Jorgensen, Vera Miles; Capt. R. S. Clayton, Ward Bond; Debbie Edwards #1; Natalie Wood; Lars Jorgensen, John Qualen; Mrs. Jorgensen, L. Q. C. Chines, Chief Star, Henry Bran- don; Charlie McCary, Ken Curtis; Brad Jorgensen, Harry Carver, Jr.; Emilio Fernan, Antonio Moreno; Max Harper, Bank Words; Debbie Edwards #2; Lana Wood; Aaron Edwards, Walter Coo, Mary Edwards, Dorothy Jordan; Lucy Edwards, Popp Scott; Lt. Greenhill, Pat Wayne; Look, Beach Arbuckle.

STRANGER AT MY DOOR—Republic. Directed by William Witney; Hollis Jett, MacDonald Carey; Peg Jett, Patricio Medina; Clay Anderson, Skip Homer; Dede, Stephen Wood; John Tatum, Louis Jean Heydt; Dee Parky, Howard Wright; Ben Silva, Slim Pickens; Mr. Wood; Fred Sherman; Rea, Hastings, Malcolm Atterbury.

SWAN, THE—M-G-M. Directed by Charles Vidor; Princess Alessandra, Grace Kelly; Prince Albert, Alice Guinnness; Dr. Nicholas Ap, Louis Jourard; Queen Maria Donnina, Anne Moorehead; Priscilla Beatrice, Jessie Royce Landis; Father Hugo, Brian Aberne; Caesar, Leg. G. Carroll; Sympolisa, Estelle Williams; O. P. Grant; Lucky, A. P. G. Arren, Chris- topher Cook; Capt. Wunderlich, Robert Coote; Com- tesse Schubert, Doris Lloyd; Beatrice's Maid, Edith Barton.

23 PACES TO BAKER STREET—20th. Directed by Henry Hathaway; Phillip Hanson, Van Johnson; Judith Anderson; Verne, Brian Mathison, Cecil Parker; Miss MacDonald, Patricia Laffan; Inspector Grow- ing, Maurice Denham; The Barnard, Estelle Win- wood; Mr. Murch, Liam Redmond; Lydia Yvette, Isabel Eshom; Pilling, Martin Benson; Janet March; Natalie Norwiek, Sergeant Luce, Terrance De Marney, Miss Schuyler, Queenie Leonard; Policeman, Charles Keehe; Miss Marston, Lucie Lancaster; Pin Flat Fount, Cameron Grant; Lt. Operator, Ashley Cowan; English Cop, Lee Sketchly; Hotel Porter, Hen Wright; Respectable Man, John Goddard; Mrs. De Master, Phyllis Monticore; Mr. De Master, Arthur Gomez; Inconnot, Janet Kane; Police Inspector, Robert Ilagan; Dowman, Howard Lang; Demonstrator, Margaret McGrath; Shop Assistant, Walter Horshower; Taxi Driver, Fred Griffith; Photographer, Charles Stanley; Bill Boy, Robin Ab- loot; Cabby, Yorke Sherwood.

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he had to find her...

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JOHN WAYNE
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VISTAVISION WITH SOUND AND COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

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DIRECTED BY 4-TIME ACADEMY AWARD WINNER
JOHN FORD
PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS.
**WHAT SHOULD I DO?**

Spring Byington stars in *December Bride*, seen on CBS-TV, Mondays at 9 P.M. EDT.

* Q I am an average girl of fifteen, and I have many girlfriends and boyfriends (I don't mean boyfriends but just good friends). We all run around together; in all there are about twenty-six of us. To be honest, our crowd is the most popular in our school. The boys usually won't date girls not in our crowd, and the girls seldom date outside boys either.

There are three or four girls that are trying their best to push their way into our crowd. Before this, most of us liked these girls and, when we have had hen parties, they have been included. But as they don't date it is hard to invite them to mixed parties, and when they aren't asked, they act hurt or mean.

We don't want to snub these girls or hurt their feelings, so it is hard to explain to them that boys don't like them. The boys say that they won't dance with them, that they are cubes. I've tried to tell two of the boys that they might be surprised at how much fun these girls can be if they would give them a chance, but you know how superior boys can be.

Do you know any tactful way to explain to these girls that they are fine at girl parties, and welcome, but that there is something wrong with the way they act around boys?

**THERESA E.**

A If you and your group are genuinely sincere in wanting to give the outside girls an opportunity to become "insiders" there is a very easy way in which you can make the effort.

There is no more fascinating subject for a "hen party" than a frank exchange among the guests on the subject of how to appeal to boys. The topic is easy to introduce and the ramifications are endless. Does a boy like a girl who is effervescent? Does he notice her clothing? Is he impressed by the sweetness of soap and water care?

In the course of the conversation it should be easy and considerate to mention some of the problems of the unpopular girls—without, of course, establishing the relationship between a particular girl and a specific mistake—and to suggest corrective measures.

If your school has some sort of a course in beginning psychology, it might be wise for one of you girls to talk to the instructor, mentioning the outstanding problem of each of the girls you are trying to help (without naming names), and asking for a clue to the possible thought processes behind the problem. For instance, an overly noisy girl usually has little belief in herself, just as an overly shy girl often has the same difficulty.

And, Miss E., I'm sure that the satisfaction you girls will derive from improving the social I.Q. of even one girl will more than repay your efforts.

Q I am nineteen years old and have been going with a fellow for five months. During that time we got to like each other very much, and when I asked him how I stood with him, he said he didn't even bother with other girls, so I took it for granted that we were going steady. He used to call at least twice a week and drop by to see me two or three times.

Things were fine with us until Thanksgiving, when he took me to his home to meet his family. Well, they seemed to like me; in fact, they told me not to be a stranger and drop in again.

After this visit I didn't hear anything from this boy for over two weeks. I saw a mutual friend at church who said he understood my friend had been in the hospital. I called to find out about this, but my boyfriend said this fellow had just been kidding me. He asked for a date that evening, but he acted very strange and mentioned nothing about not having called me or come to see me, or anything about Thanksgiving.

Since then I have seen him only once; he drove by our house slowly one Sunday afternoon, but when I came out on the porch he speeded up and drove away.

Could you tell me what you think might have gone wrong, and how I can change things back to the way they used to be?

**BEVERLY C.**

A First of all, Miss C., when you said that you had asked this boy how you stood with him, I sensed a little, knowing that you had absorbed one of the permanent rights of the male.

It is an innate male right to pursue; it is an innate female right to be pursued. Cross them up and all manner of confusions result. Now, don't misunderstand me. In a way, it is possible for a woman to be the pursuer, but the pursuit must be like the power of the magnet, which attracts, instead of the power of the tiger who goes hunting.

Here is another thought: I assume that this boy is about the same age as you. His family, watching the two of you together, may have concluded that you were deeply interested in marrying their son as quickly as possible. They may feel that he shouldn't assume the responsibility of a husband, and a potential family, until he has prepared himself for a trade or a profession.

They may like you as a person and as a charming, light-hearted friend for their son, but they may have warned their son that you were taking him too seriously, all circumstances considered.

It may be that if you make no attempt to see this boy, if you refrain from telephoning him or asking his friends for news about him, he may decide to return on a non-exclusive basis.

If not, be comforted by this old, established fact which somehow never really wears out: Although some girls, at nineteen, are able to select a lifetime mate, it is more often true that two or four years later the average girl's tastes will have changed considerably.

Continued
This new golden richer shampoo makes your hair obey... Makes it instantly easy to manage... because Pamper can’t dry your hair. You see—Pamper is so very, very gentle...

SO MUCH RICHER, SO MUCH THICKER...
YOU CAN FEEL THE DIFFERENCE

Gentle as a Lamb
WHAT SHOULD I DO?

Q I have always wanted to be an actress, so of course I am one of your great admirers. Throughout my school years I have taken dancing, piano, and singing lessons. I have appeared in school plays, community theatre plays, at the state drama festival, and even spent a short time with a stock company. I will graduate from high school in June, and I want to spend the next few years of my time as profitably as possible. I am getting two different types of advice as to my next best step. One is that I go to college and study dramatics—but it seems to me that I would have to spend my time on languages, sciences and other standard courses instead of concentrating on subject that would help more to advance me professionally.

The other advice is that I enroll at Pasadena Community or at the Neighborhood School of the Theatre in New York City, which appeals to me.

I certainly would appreciate a word from you as to what you would consider the wisest plan for a girl who has been given enormous encouragement by all her instructors thus far.

JANET S.

A Of course, Janet, I am always in sympathy with anyone who wants to be an actress, and through the years I have been associated with some young hopefuls who seemed to have every advantage and some who seemed to have not even one. Sometimes the "lucky" ones failed, and conversely, sometimes the "unlucky" ones succeeded.

What you as a person can contribute to any art is uniquely individual. Now and then the greatest art—whether it's music, drama or painting—is perfected by an artist who does before he knows what he is doing. What I am trying to say is that your own conviction about the type of training you should undertake must determine what your plan will be.

Personally, I feel that a person can't have too much breadth, general education. One's work is inclined to be small, petty, restricted, and without depth, if one's training has not provided great scope.

There are many good schools which specialize in one or another of the art forms, a fact which provides a wide field of choice. However, there is one unfortunate possibility against which you should be warned; it is possible to associate with art "talkers" or art "dollars" who never really come to productive grips with the formidable problems of an art form. Be careful to ally yourself with the doers and not with the discussers.

Q I was married when I was sixteen. Even though my parents said I was too young to know my own heart. That was seven years ago, and I am discovering now that my parents knew me better than I knew myself, but I wouldn't listen to them when I should. I married a really good, kind man who is as steady as a rock. He has a good job, budgets our finances carefully, doesn't drink, smoke, or slip out, and he really loves our four-year-old daughter. But he is a spoak in some ways: he never holds my hand or kisses me unexpectedly. When there is a holiday coming, like Christmas, Easter, my birthday, or our anniversary, he says, "Take ten dollars and buy yourself something you really want." When I ask
him if he loves me, he looks surprised and says something like, "Sure. We're married. This is it."

In order to help pay for our new house, I began to leave our baby with my mother each day (Mother simply adores her and tells people she is Joy's mother instead of grandmother!), and I took a job, half-days, in a large company where I have met a boy who is a lot of fun. For Valentine's Day this year, he gave me a red plastic salt and pepper set with a note saying it was to use on the apple I usually eat on my afternoon break. For Easter he gave me a little yellow chicken in the form of a vase for small flowers. One day there was a single yellow rose in a water glass on my desk, and another day there was a hyacinth plant. He calls me "Gamsy" because he says I have better legs than Marlene Dietrich, and several of the people in the office have taken it up.

I could fall in love with him, but I have held back. I have refused his dinner invitations because I notice that he kids with all the girls, even though he doesn't give presents to anyone but me. It's odd in a way: He's exactly what I think I want in a husband, but I wonder at the same time if he would be reliable.

Do you think I am being foolish in the way I feel?

MALLA F.

Well, Mrs. F., I'll tell you this: Every woman and every man experiences, in some degree at some time in life, the dilemma you have described. Basically, your difficulty is based upon the eternal controversy between security and adventure. It's the old story of the choice between the warm fire in the snug cottage, or the airplane flight directly over the erupting volcano.

In your own case, however, I must say (with a smile) that the behavior of your new admirer would have rated very high—in a Victorian novel. If that sort of thing really has captured your interest, what a cheap conquest for him. He has invested ten minutes and a modest sum in a dime store spice set; he has invested another ten minutes and a similar sum in a ceramic chicken; he has bought an occasional flower and noticed and commented on your pretty legs.

Meanwhile, your husband has paid the rent, provided food, clothing, medical care, and his steady companionship—in brief, he has devoted all his hours and all his powers to capably taking care of you and your daughter.

In your fancy, you have measured a man who is giving you his life against one who—probably through mischief as much as anything—is supplying the brief surprise of his active imagination. From where I sit, your husband casts a long, long shadow upon the silver yardstick of genuine worth. The other man's shadow seems to be a small and darting object upon the yardstick, much like the shadow cast by a hummingbird speeding from flower to flower.

Q I love you as December Bride, and I guess the thing I love best about you is your "gift of gab." You never seem to be at a loss for words or for something pleasant and gay to say.

What I would like to know is how to be an interesting person to talk to. My husband can rattle on for hours and everyone seems to enjoy it. Truth to admit, I have

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Halo—unlike most shampoos—contains no greasy oils or soap to leave dulling, dirt-catching film!

Clear, liquid Halo bursts into rain-soft lather in any kind of water. Cleans thoroughly, quickly, then rinses completely, carrying away dirt and dusty-looking dandruff. Brings out all of your hair's bright, shining beauty with each shampoo.

Get safe, gentle Halo today!

Halo Glorifies Your Hair—Naturally!
**Inside Stuff**

Cal York's

Gossip of Hollywood

*Marisa Pavan, now Mrs. Jean Pierre Aumont, thinks age difference is "ideal"*

*Maurice Chevalier and Grace Kelly at Awards party. The Kelly poise was shaken by reception from fans*

*Kim Novak and Mac Krim. Their meeting at the station looked like anything but a cooled romance!*

**Love And Marriage:** Marisa Pavan has rings on her fingers and stars in her eyes. The first ring, from Jean Pierre Aumont, is for friendship. The second signifies her engagement to the handsome Frenchman—and the third is a wedding band, which she has radianty worn since March. The twenty-four-year-old beauty believes it's "ideal" to have married a man nearly twice her age, and Jean Pierre is doubly thrilled because his little daughter Maria Christina (her mother was the late Maria Montez) and Marisa are already deeply devoted.... Robert Wagner's frequent trips to La Jolla were inspired by his devotion to his parents—and Anita Reynolds. It hasn't been printed that Bob and Anita met while she was visiting friends in La Jolla and that Bob flipped his talented wig for the beautiful debutante. That was Anita who accompanied Bob to the airport when he took off for Honolulu to make "The Day the Century Ended." They managed to avoid photographers and, when Bob tried to persuade Anita to go along for the ride, the lady said, "Not this time!" Now what do you suppose she meant by that?

**Oscar Highlights:** Ecstatic award winner Ernest Borgnine, who began his working life as a vegetable truck driver, was the second person to arrive at the Pantages Theatre, award-giving night. ... Backstage, sweet Marisa Pavan was drenched in her own tears, and not because she lost the best supporting actress award to Jo Van Fleet. After accepting for award-winning Anna Magnani, she said, "If only Anna could have had this moment!" ... Said best supporting actor Jack Lemmon, who wasn't nervous—except that he backed into fresh paint: "I'm just fine—but where am I?" ... Jo Van Fleet kept mumbling: "I'm numb. I'm numb!" Emcee Jerry Lewis: "They got me because they couldn't find Bob Hope—he was home!" ... The father of James Dean, the forgotten man, was in the audience to accept the posthumous award that didn't come. ... Audrey Hepburn, as enchanting as ever, quietly watched the proceedings—even the commercials—on a backstage monitor. ... Grace Kelly, looking poised, polite and wistful in her fragile gown, was almost destroyed by the milling mob.
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Whether you need a whit of build-up or not, there's a glamorous Witchery bra for you! Just switch the straps into different loops, and presto! . . . you've matched any neckline in your wardrobe. And these Witchery "convertibles" always glamour-lift because of Exquisite Form's exclusive, flexible Ribbon Wire. It lies caressingly flat under each cup; can't poke like old-fashioned round wire. And there's no connecting wire to press at the divide! Try a glamorous Witchery bra soon . . . you'll love the way it gives you X* appeal with any neckline under the sun or stars!

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INSIDE STUFF
continued

Exclaimed Grace: "For the first time realize I'm going away from—Hol-wood!"

Romantic Viewpoints: Handsome Geor Nader and pretty Mara Corday a playing it safe, "This is a publicity manance," they humorously announce "We're not in love and don't intend get married," . . . Looks like love last for enchanting Debra Paget. "An one special you want invited to yo party?" her mother asked. "Lar (Bud) Pennell," Debbie dimpled an blushed. . . . Anita Ekberg, wearing most plunging neckline, sat in a da corner of the Beverly Luau and buss British actor Anthony Steele on ti cheek. Asked if they were engaged, t Swedish siren replied, "Such a quest is very embarrasing!" But late March, it was very true! . . . It's made-to-order romance for Richa Egan and Dorothy Malone. Both a Catholic and neither has been marrie before. They're the right age for ear other, they've been working in RKC "Tension at Table Rock" by day an dating by night.

Wedding Belle Blues: The one pers who wasn't enthused about "the" we ding was Jimmy Stewart. He has it: his contract that Grace Kelly plays o posite him in "Designing Woman," at her name on a theatre marquee mem money at the box office. If the Prin doesn't permit his Princess to retu to Hollywood, Jimmy, who gets a pe centage of the profits, may not mal the movie!

Hook, Line and Love: Who says t honeymoon is over when a wife sele Continua

In Rome, a jubilant Anna Magnani hea she's won Oscar for "The Rose Tattoo"
Richard Hudnut 3-month test proves

NEW PIN-QUICK OUTLASTS ANY OTHER PINCURL PERMANENT

"My new Pin-Quick wave was perfect right from the start," says charming model June Ross. "Pin-Quick's simple as setting your hair." June declares. "And so fast! I dried it in minutes with a dryer." (See that lovely lanolin shine in June's soft, casual Pin-Quick curls.)

"It's amazing!" June announces. "I've had my Pin-Quick wave for months, shampooed it time and again. And my curls are still beautifully soft and springy as new. It's the truly lasting pincurl permanent." The secret is Pin-Quick's Magic Curl Control that locks in curls for keeps.

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INSIDE STUFF
continued

her husband's clothes? Not Russ Tamblyn, who insisted that Venetia he him buy a new suit. "I fell for a snappy chalk-striped number," he grins, "when we walked out of the store, I was wearing navy blue!" When Venetia gave Russ one of those do-it-yourself tool kits, he made her a coffee table for their new Hollywood apartment.

True Blue: It was a good try, but those "interested" parties didn't break u Kim Novak's romance with Mac Krii while she was away publicizing "Picnic." Mac was there waiting when he train pulled into the station, and the fell into each other's arms. Kim's first years at the Hollywood Studio Club (the allotted time for individual res-idence) expire in October. "I'm not worried about finding a place to live," says the beautiful blonde, and we thin we know why. As Mrs. Mac Krii, sh won't have to worry!

![Marilyn Monroe](image)

Clip Joint: Everyone now knows the Marilyn Monroe's personally produce pictures will be released by Warne Bros. Consequently, her appearance o the M-G-M lot caused riotous rumors. And here's the big laugh: Marilyn making "Bus Stop" for 20th Century Fox, but she happens to think the M-G-M's Sidney Guilaroff is the great est hair stylist in the business. Marilyn loves that famous tousled effect, whic only Sidney can create to her satisfaction. Thus, she was getting a hairc and not signing a big deal, as printed.

**Names In The News:** Pier Angeli, suf fering from exhaustion, a high fever and an inflamed throat, was rushed to the hospital by Vic Damone (rumors continue...)

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**Here's Everything About Hollywood**

You'll love the new 1956 edition of Photo- play Annual. It's jam-packed with special pictures and exciting stories about the stars of Hollywood. Here you'll find everything about everybody who is anybody in Holly- wood. This gorgeous yearbook sells out as soon as it is put on sale. Don't lose out—get your copy today. Here are the highlights of the 1956 edition:

**THE YEAR'S ROUNDPt OF EVENTS—** Here in pictures and text are 20 jam-packed pages cov-ering the month-by-month weddings—separations—divorces—births—deaths, and other news events of Hollywood.

**PERSONALITIES OF THE YEAR—** Stories and pic-tures of Russ Tamblyn • Grace Kelly • Rock Hudson • Marilyn Monroe • Robert Wagner.

**HOMETOWN SUCCESS STORIES—** Pictures, as well as a thumbnail description of tomorrow's shining stars—and the hometowns that helped to make them famous—Scott Brady • William Campbell • Ben Cooper • Pat Crow-ley • Richard Egan • Anne Francis • Jeff Hunter • Tab Hunter • Shirley Jones • Shirley MacLaine • George Nader • Lori Nelson • Paul Newman • Kim Novak • Margaret O'Brien • Carol Ohmart • Debra Pagan • Fess Parker • Jeff Richards • Eva Marie Saint • Gordon Scott • Lois Smith • Susan Strasberg • Gloria Talbott • Robert Wagner • Natalie Wood • Joanne Woodward.

**PORTRAIT GALLERY—** Thrilling full-page pic-tures of Debbie Reynolds Fisher • Joan Collins • Aldo Ray • Jack Lemmon • Cornell Borchers • Marlon Brando • Marta Pavan • Audrey Hepburn • Laurence Harvey.

**DANCERS OF THE YEAR—** Action pictures and biographical sketches of Ann Miller • Marge and Dower Campbell • Mitzi Gaynor and Donald O'Connor • Fred Astaire and Leslie Caron • Gene Nelson • Cyd Charisse • Vera-Ellen • Dan Dailey • Betty Garrett • Bob Fosse • Tommy Rall.

**HOW WOULD YOU RATE ON A DATE WITH—** Scott Brady • Ben Cooper • Richard Egan • Rock Hudson • Jeff Hunter • Perry Lopez • Dewey Martin • Kerwin Mathews • Hugh O'Brian • Oreste • Jeff Richards • Cliff Rob-

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Germs are the major cause of bad breath... no tooth paste kills germs like Listerine, instantly, by millions. The most common cause of bad breath is the fermentation of proteins which are always present in your mouth. Germs in your mouth attack proteins, cause them to ferment, and bad breath may result. So, the more you reduce germs in the mouth, the longer your breath stays sweeter.

**Listerine Antiseptic kills germs on contact!** Listerine Antiseptic kills germs by millions... instantly halts the fermentation that they cause. Keeps breath sweet and clean usually for hours on end. In clinical tests Listerine averaged four times better in stopping bad breath than the tooth pastes it was tested against.

**Listerine Antiseptic acts on many surfaces.** Listerine kills germs on the teeth, mouth and throat. No tooth paste offers proof like Listerine of killing germs that cause bad breath.

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*Listerine Antiseptic*

The most widely used antiseptic in the world...
to be leaving M-G-M). Vic insists that his wife take a long rest before she works again. . . . Following serious major chest surgery, a long rest was also prescribed for Humphrey Bogart. This time, Bogey's taking orders, not giving 'em! . . . Dean Martin's answer to are-they-or-aren't-they reconciled: "Just say that Jeanne and I are going steady!" . . . More movie magic in the fabulous life of Frank Sinatra. Returning to Columbia for "Pal Joey," he'll earn at least ten times more than the $10,000 paid him for "From Here to Eternity." . . . A deep bow to Dick Powell and June Allyson, co-chairmen of the Susan Ball Memorial Fund, and to all those devoting their hearts and efforts toward raising funds for the fight against cancer.

**INSIDE STUFF continued**

**Spirit World:** Bill Holden is the bese sport in town. He gave up days an nights to cooperate with a national magazine doing a profile story on him. He posed for family pictures and even asked his friends to contribute material. Typical of Bill, he said, "I don't mind what you print about me as long as you tell the truth." He admitted he drinks, but the article made him sound like a lush. Letters from religious cranks berated him; others offered to save his soul. Bill was terribly embarrassed, but he didn't get mad. "It had the chance one takes in this business," he says, "but I'm deeply sorry if anyone was unnecessarily disillusioned."

**Peeks At Production:** Natalie Wood little sister Lana made such a hit in "The Searchers," Warners wants her for a term deal. However, big sister Nat believes it's a bit too soon for the ten-year-old to sign on the dotted line. . . . Some gagster on the set of "The Opposite Sex" pinned miniature boxing gloves on June Allyson's and Joe Blondell's dressing-room doors. Wha let-down he got when Dick Powell past and present wives hit off little sorority sisters! . . . Between scenes of "Somebody Up There Likes Me," S. Mineo studied in the same M-G-M-classroom where Lana Turner, Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney studied. Time marches on.

**School Days:** Scott Brady's developing a mind to match that strong body. Studying philosophy at UCLA, where Vincent Price is taking a special Irish course there now. . . . And haven't some Jack Sernas is softening his accent with private lessons. He loves Hollywood and hopes to stay in, not many movies. . . . Ever-thoughtful T. Hunter gave his mother an appropriate gift for her birthday. She's completing her education at Long Beach State College, and Tab gave her a lapel pin in the shape of a red apple! Tab, incidentally, was bitten by the rock roll bug when he appeared on Jimmie Durante's TV show, and fans bombarded him with go-man-go letters. No Tab wants to make a musical. Warners would be wise to cash in on this, or they may do just that—to get Tab their necks! 

**Welcome Mat:** The other day, when Cal answered his doorbell, there stood Rock Hudson. "I was looking at a house nearby," the big fellow grinned, "so I just thought I'd drop in." Rock still looks thin after losing ten pounds in Mexico. "But I never felt better in my life," he said, kicking off his moccasins and stretching out comfortably. "However, you may be hearing that I'm hard to handle and ungrateful. I hope no but I'm going to hold out for better stories at U-I. Then I'm forming my own company with Henry Ginsberg, who produced 'Giant.' I've been very lucky," Rock added, "but actors mu appear in good pictures today if the want to survive. I certainly do—an how!"

**Mistaken Identity:** It must have been a couple of other fellows. That's all we can say regarding the report that Steve Allen's wife, Jayne Meadows, visited the set of U-I's "The Benny Goodman Story" last summer and sat around all one afternoon watching Steve do love scenes with Donna Reed. There was nothing wrong with the story, really, except that it never happened. Jayne's friends report that, being a professional actress, she wouldn't think of embarrassing Steve by watching him on the set, especially during love scenes. However, Jayne did visit Universal one day, to have lunch with U-I president, Milton Rachmil.

New twosome Dick Egan and Dorothy Malone have lot in common, says Cal
THEY HATED HIS FLAG
but wanted his love!

Two yankee beauties fighting over a
"Johnny Reb"...while war inflamed frontier
Denver was torn by the strangest conflict of the
Civil War!

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THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

I understand Rock Hudson liked the play, "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" — but not enough to say, "You can use my full name in the title.” . . . Shirley Jones looks as if she was invented for Rodgers and Hammerstein musicals. . . . Whenever I see Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher together, Eddie always looks as if he is amused by what Debbie says or does. . . . Mitzi Gaynor usually rushes home, even from the movies, to catch the late-late movie on TV. She sits on the couch with husband Jack Bean. "It's so romantic," says Mitzi. "It reminds us of how our romance started." . . . I miss Marlon Brando around town; even if it was only to come into Schwab's to get a check cashed. . . . You'd never pick Leslie Caron for a movie star, would you? Be honest! . . . Ernest Borgnine is still amazed by his success but pleasantly admits he loves it. "People all over, strangers," says Borgnine, "approach me and say 'Hello Marty'. . . . Bob Wagner doesn't object if you know he sleeps in the raw and in a big bed. "It has to be big because I roll."

Mario Lanza has been described as "an over-age brat". . . . Lana Turner looks different every time I see her, but I manage to recognize her . . . The real name is Shirley MacLaine Beatty. . . . Jean Simmons told me she frequently misplaces objects such as keys and pocketbooks. As Jean said it: "They misplace me." . . . While Tony Martin is singing I like to watch Cyd Charisse dancing. They make a great combo. . . . Liberace has been a showman enough to play up the piano as well as play it . . . Tom Jenks says the fellow who thinks "evening" means the same thing as "night" should note the effect it has on a gown.

I believe Grace Kelly's marriage to Prince Rainier will last, but I'm not so sure about Monaco. . . . I have seen Tab Hunter become excited at a party or a premiere when he sees a movie star he admires. "So far," grins Tab, "I guess I behave more like a movie fan than a movie actor." Tab hasn't seen the play "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" . . . If you're collecting odd facts: Charlton Heston can claim to be the first actor discovered on TV to become a movie star. And what's more, on TV he was a villain; the movies changed him into a hero. . . . George Nader is considered a good date by actresses and starlets. George "listens and acts like a gentleman." . . . I know that next to having won the Oscar, Jack Lemmon, who also writes songs, would like nothing better than to write a song hit. . . . Tony Curt is becoming a good businessman. . . Doris Day proves she is an actress "The Man Who Knew Too Much."

Rod Steiger picks good roles and good looking dolls for himself. . . . Cute Rita Moreno told me that she doesn't like any particular type man. "When I'm with him I'll know it. He'll bowl me over. . . . Burt Lancaster is a good businessman. His independent firm (Hecht-La casser) is busier than some major studios. . . . Jane Russell says she is this sign in an executive's office: "Hollywood you have no enemies, just friends."

I've the impression Bing Crosby at Frank Sinatra really like and admire each other. . . . Gregory Peck is please on the set. I've seen him surprise visitors by walking over and introducing himself. . . . John Wayne explains why he called Duke: "When I was a youngster I had a dog named Duke. People didn't know my name, knew the dog. They called me Duke." . . . Anita Ekke now hopes people will recognize her acting talent as well as her figure. At a party, Marie Wilson, discussing prominent actor she had met, said: wouldn't even call him phony. He's an in tation phony." That's Hollywood for you.
There are three Breck Shampoos for three different hair conditions. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. A Breck Shampoo will leave your hair soft, shining and beautiful. Select the Breck Shampoo for your individual hair condition - and receive, for the men in your family, Breck Hairdress for Men. A cream hairdressing, Breck Hairdress for Men keeps hair neat and manageable without an oily appearance.

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Woodbury Dream Stuff is only 49c in pretty blue-and-gold box, ivory-and-gold mirrored compact, $1.

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the Ann Blyth look! Yours with...

For fuller reviews, see PHOTOPLAY for the month indicated. Full reviews this month are on page 25.

ANYTHING GOES—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Amiable musical dependent on star-power, Stage partners Bing Crosby and Donald O'Connor are at odds because one wants Mitzi Gaynor for their leading lady, while the other roots for Jeanneaire. (F) May

BACKLASH—U-I, Technicolor: Adult Western, well acted, Richard Widmark and Donna Reed take to the trail to solve a mystery following an Apache massacre. Bill Campbell and John McIntire supply menace. (F) May

BOLD AND THE BRAVE, THE—RKO: Movingly personal story of GI's in Italy, with a remarkable performance by Mickey Rooney. Wendell Corey and Don Taylor also score, Don as a self-righteous soldier in love with a tarnished Italian girl (Nicole Maury). (A) May

CAROUSEL—20th: CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: With enchanting songs and dances, lovely Maine backgrounds, a satisfying romance teams Gordon MacRae, as a swaggering barker, and Shirley Jones, as his loyal beloved, Cameron Mitchell, Barbara Ruick add interest. (A) May

COCKLESHELL HEROES, THE—Columbia, Technicolor: British film based on a real World War II exploit combines action and humor, Jose Ferrer, over Trevor Howard's opposition, leads a canoe-borne raid on Nazi shipping. (F) May

COME NEXT SPRING—Republic, Technicolor: Thoroughly winning story of American farm people, Ann Sheridan's splendid as a wife whose runaway husband (Steve Cochran) returns to ask a second chance. (F) April

CONQUEROR, THE—RKO; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Epics of ancient wars, full of spectacle and violence. John Wayne's a Mongol chieftain, to be known as Genghis Khan, and Susan Hayward's a fiery princess. (F) April

COURT JESTER, THE—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Danny Kaye kids the medieval swashbuckler, as a timid soul who turns secret agent to dethrone a tyrant and win Glynis Johns. Lots of laughs, music. (F) March

DOCTOR AT SEA—Rank, Republic; Technicolor: In an easy-going British comedy, Dirk Bogarde plays a ship's doctor, with James Robertson Justice as the hot-tempered captain, Brigitte Bardot as a passenger. (F) April

I'LL CRY TOMORROW—M-G-M: Susan Hayward does an arresting job in the true story of Lillian Roth, singer who became an alcoholic, Joe Van Fleet and Richard Conte help make clinical details convincing. (A) January

MAN WHO NEVER WAS, THE—20th: CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Fantastic but true incident provides exciting suspense fare. As a Royal Navy officer, Clifton Webb creates a fictitious British major to give the Nazis wrong information about a coming invasion. (F) May

MEET ME IN LAS VEGAS—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Gay musical fling. As charming ballerina, Cyd Charisse wavers between her career and her love for Dan Dailey, a rancher fond of gambling. (F) April

MIRACLE IN THE RAIN—Warner; Technicolor romance of a New York spinster (Jane Wyman) and a GI (Van Johnson), with Eileen Heckart as a devoted friend. (F) April
See? It’s like washing your hair in naturally soft rainwater

Rainwater-soft suds! New White Rain gives you floods of suds, soft as softest rainwater. Rainwater-clean rinsing, too . . . all dulling film disappears in a twinkling!

Rainwater-soft results! You comb out hair that’s sunshine-bright . . . soft as a summer cloud. Yet all your sunny curls just naturally spring back into place!

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Use New White Rain Shampoo tonight . . .
Tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!

REVIEWS

IVER

NEVER SAY GOODBYE—U-I: Technicolor; Problem drama traces the efforts of Rock Hudson and his German wife (Cornell Borchers) to mend their broken marriage. (F) April

OKLAHOMA!—Magna: Todd-AO, Eastman Color: Wonderful music, fresh outdoor zest. As frontier lass, Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones are numbed by Rod Steiger. Gloria Grahame, Gene Nelson supply comedy. (F) January

OUR MISS BROOKS—Warner's: Eve Arden's likable TV-radio schoolmarm draws jungle on film, as she pursues bachelor Robert Rockwell and copes with principal Gale Gordon. (F) May

RICHARD III—London, Lopert; Vista-Vision, Technicolor: Dazzling movie version of Shakespeare's play. Laurence Olivier's work as the villain who murders his way to the throne is brilliant, surprisingly humorous. Claire Bloom is his unhappy bride; John Gielgud, his brother; Ralph Richardson, a confederate. (F) April

ROSE TATTOO, THE—Paramount: In a striking comedy-drama, Anna Magnani's magnificent as a restless, warm-hearted widow, opposing daughter Marisa Pavan's love for Ben Cooper, until Burt Lancaster intervenes. (A) January

SERENADE—Warner's, Warnacolor: Mario Lanza makes a comeback in the highly emotional story of an operatic singer nearly ruined by his patroness (Joan Fontaine), but saved by a Mexican girl (Sarita Montiel). (A) May

SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD—Stanley Warner Cinemascope; Cinerama, Technicolor:Narrated by Lowell Thomas, the third super-wide-screen travelogue ranges from the Taj Mahal to St. Peter's, from Japan to the Alps, some slow spots, but plenty of sights. (F) May

STEEL JUNGLE, THE—Warner's: Perry Lopez is sympathetic as a street-bred young convict, clinging to the crooks' code against the perambulations of wife Beverly Garland, warder Walter Abel, psychiatrist Kenneth Tobey. (A) May

THERE'S ALWAYS TOMORROW—U-I: Familiar domestic problems of likable people. Fred MacMurray, neglected husband of Joan Bennett, is drawn to careerist Barbara Stanwyck. (F) March

TOUCH AND GO—Rank, U-I: Technicolor: Gentle British comedy of family life. About to seek a new career in Australia, Jack Hawkins has trouble with his wife (Margaret Johnston) and his teenaged daughter (June Thorburn), who's just found her true love. (F) May

TRIBUTE TO A BAD MAN—M-G-M: CinemaScope, Eastman Color: James Cagney's virulently acting sparks a big Western. He's a raunchy whose ruthlessness and distrust keep his sweetheart (Irene Papas) from happiness. As a tenderfoot, Don Dubbins plays narrator. (A) May

WORLD IN MY CORNER—U-I: Prize-winning story relies heavily on Audie Murphy's personality and honest acting. Eager to get rich quick and wed heiress Barbara Rush, he dickers with gamblers. (F) April
He wants to be with you, rather than anyone else. So, to look your loveliest always, be sure you have a fresh glowing complexion like Debbie Reynolds. She uses daily new Lux care to keep it that way—and new Lux can do as much for you!

**Cosmetic lather is the secret**

New Lux lather has a beneficial cosmetic action on your complexion . . . actually helps your skin maintain the proper moisture balance. It's moisture balance, you know, that helps keep your complexion fresh and glowing.

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in Gold Foil . . . to protect its cosmetic lather, dazzling whiteness, wonderful fragrance. Only new Lux gives you both cosmetic lather and new Reynolds gold foil protection. Today you don’t have to be a movie star to have a movie star’s complexion—that’s the beauty of new Lux in Gold Foil!
LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

WITH JANET GRAVES

EXCELLENT

VERY GOOD

GOOD

FAIR

EST ACTING: PAUL NEWMAN

as Paul awaits the verdict of his court-martial, his sister-in-law (Anne Francis) and his father (Walter Pidgeon) share the vigil

The Rack

★★★ With a performance by Paul Newman that matches the emotional impact of the story, this outstanding drama looks deeply into two vital problems. How could a young Army officer, strong and intelligent, heroic in combat, turn collaborationist in a Korean prison camp? As Paul is court-martialed on this shocking charge, the second theme unfolds. His relationship with his unbending, career-officer father portrayed with true feeling by Walter Pidgeon has shaped Paul's character, determining his behavior under stress. Other excellent acting jobs keep the tension at a rising pitch throughout: Anne Francis as the widow of Paul's brother, who was killed in combat; Edmond O'Brien as the trewed, sympathetic defense attorney; Wendell Corey as the prosecuting attorney; Lee Marvin as chief accuser.

23 Paces to Baker Street

★★★★ A first-rate suspense movie, combining excitement and fascinating atmosphere, chuckles and serious aspects, gives Van Johnson a role more rewarding than a thriller usually offers. Though he's a successful playwright, the loss of his eyesight has made him withdrawn and morose, with no real interest in living. But, during a stay in London, he overhears a pub conversation that suggests the plotting of a crime. The police won't proceed on the scanty clues he supplies, so Van emulates the sleuth of Baker Street and turns Sherlock. He's aided in his quest by Cecil Parker, wonderfully amusing as Van's secretary, and Vera Miles, as his former fiancée. Both are pleased to see his zest revive, while he makes up for his blindness with alert use of other senses. London scenes are a mellow setting.

Vera Miles describes for Van Johnson the London that he can no longer see

Continued
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BEST ACTING: LESLIE CARON

With the threat of bombs in the sky and D-Day just ahead, love comes suddenly as sweetly to Leslie and John Kerr. But time runs out too soon for the young lovers.

Gaby M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

Leslie Caron here displays not only her well-known piquant charm, but dramatic ability never fully revealed before. She teams with John Kerr (newcomer seen earlier in "The Cobweb") in the tender love story of a French ballerina and an American GI. The war brings them together in London; the war subjects their devotion to bitter trials. Sadly reserved after the death of her parents and her own exile from Nazi-ruled France, Leslie comes touchingly to life under the spell of John's innocent optimism. But red tape prevents a quick marriage, and then tragedy strikes. As the French girl revolts against her strict upbringing, Leslie makes each of her reactions believable. John, too, goes through the changes in his character with conviction. Playing relatives who temporarily stand in for his parents; Margalo Gillmore and Sir Cedric Hardwicke are likeable.

The Searchers WARNERS; VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

Reunited in the awesome scenes of Monument Valley, where they made "Stagecoach," director John Ford and star John Wayne have turned out a Western with the solid feel of reality. As a hard-bitten adventurer, belatedly returned to the West from the Civil War, Wayne sets out again on a year-long trail, this time to find two young sisters orphaned and kidnapped by Comanches. He's impelled partly by hatred for Indians, partly by affection for the two girls, whose mother he had secretly loved. With Wayne on the dogged search goes Jeffrey Hunter, as a half-Indian youth brought up in the now-broken family. Their eventual discovery of Natalie Wood, as the surviving sister, takes the story to a violent climax. Van Heflin portrays Jeff's impatiently waiting sweetheart; Pat Wayne, a hilarious green young cavalry officer.

The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit 20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

A fine cast and a story of genuine substance create continuous interest in this understanding study of a typical family man and war veteran. Greg Peck is quietly convincing in his struggle to maintain his integrity and at the same time provide a decent living for Jennifer Jones and their three children. Working on a public-relations job for radio tycoon Fredric March, Peck attempted to become a hypocritical office man. The problem of honesty also disturbs his marital life, for he is haunted by the memory of a brief war-time liaison with an Italian girl (warmly portrayed by Marisa Pavan), who bore him child. March gives deep pathos to the role of a lonely man, whose unutterable devotion to business has estranged his wife (Ann Harding) and daughter (Gigi Perreau). Keenan Wynn does a sensitive job as Peck's Army buddy, while Arthur O'Connell and Henry Daniell are a laughable pair of stuffed-shirt co-workers.

Lovers and Lollipops TRANS-L

From the makers of "Little Fugitive" comes another tender comedy of New York, lighter on laughs but stronger on human relationships. Lori March, a youthful and attractive widow, has aquired a beau, Gerald O'Loughlin. There is an enchanting big-city courtship—though it is with a catch, in the person of Lori's seven-year-old daughter, who isn't quite...
The story of events that made a bold woman out of a lovely young girl... and brave fighting men out of boys who played at living!

IRVING H. LEVIN presents

The

Bold and the Brave

breath-taking as a one-man tank battle...

impassioned as its war-weary lovers... an unforgettable experience!

starring WENDELL COREY, MICKEY ROONEY, DON TAYLOR, NICOLE MAUREY

with JOHN SMITH - RACE GENTRY

SUPERSCOPE

A HAL E. CHESTER Production
Directed by LEWIS R. FOSTER
Story and Screenplay by ROBERT LEWIN
LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES continued

sure how to take this interloper. You've rarely seen on the screen such a wonderfully believable little girl as Cathy Dunn, alternately the charmer and the brat. Beautifully photographed, the picture lingers with affection over people and city scenes.

**Alexander the Great** U.A.; CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

*** Rich in pageantry and the clash of ancient battles, this saga of a mighty warrior also has an air of true history, thanks in part to Richard Burton's commanding presence. He plays the Macedonian prince of the Fourth Century, B.C., who was raised in the belief that he was half-divine, destined to be a great conqueror. Burton's Alexander is credible as he fulfills this destiny, uniting the warring kingdoms of Greece by force, later marching on Persia, Egypt and India. In an off-beat assignment, Frederic March is impressive as Burton's blustering father, resentful at being overshadowed. Claire Bloom's beauty gives distinction to the minor role of the Greco-Persian lady represented as Alexander's one love, and Danielle Darrieux is equally decorative as his mother, whose ambition for him does not quail at inciting murder.

**Good-bye, My Lady** WARNERS

*** Young Brandon de Wilde (remembered for "Shane") and dependable old Walter Brennan become an engaging team in a movie that's full of gentle humor and honest sentiment. Brandon's a self-reliant kid, brought up in the Southern swamplands by Brennan, his uncle, a shiftless type who is nevertheless good-hearted and wise in human nature. In the swamp, the boy comes across an odd stray—a pretty little dog, apparently a mutt, which makes a laughing sound instead of barking. Brandon captures her and trains her to be a remarkable hunting dog, since she's capable of scenting game at fabulous distances. Through genial Phil Haver, an ardent hunter, the dog's prowess provides a bit of publicity—and heartbreak lies ahead for Brandon. The people, their talk and settings have a homely authenticity—wared off schmaltz.

**The Birds and the Bees** PARAMOUNT; VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

*** Neatly tailored to George Gobel's diffident yet winning personality, this picture is calculated to draw more laughs than guffaws. As a studious youngster whose specialty is snakes, George returns by ship from a long African expedition. Since he's also the heir to fortune, he's spotted as a promising tim by card shark David Niven. Pert Mitzi's Guinan, Niven's daughter, serves as come-on—but falls in love with Gobel while she's softening him up for the plot. So she's outraged when he brushes off, after Harry Bellaver, as his true pal, unmasking the two rogues. Mitz's vendetta sets the plot off on another convoluted twist. Topnotch comedians that they are, Niven, Reginald Gardiner and Hans Conried are given too little opportunity. Fred Clark has some funny moments as George's loud-mouthed father, convinces the lad of an identity crisis and provides a pleasant shipboard interlude—Gynor, Gobel, guitar.

**Jabal** COLUMBIA; CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

*** Though set in the last century, filmed in Wyoming's majestic Tetons, Glenn Ford's new film is at all the conventional Western. A drama in need of a job, Glenn is taken in by heartily and friendly rancher Oscar-own-er Ernest Borgnine who has some small, fresh, newsworthy role here. Trouble is obvious from the start, with the presence of his beautiful and selfish young wife (Valerie French). Despising her husband, she has already taken former lover Steiger as her lover, but now her attentions turn to Glenn instead. Rod's jealous sets events in motion toward disaster, actor of proved talent, Steiger overplays this part, upsetting the picture's generally realistic tone. Bunkhouse scenes with Noah Beery, Jr., Charles Bronson and John Dierkes suggest the old West of fiction, and Felicia Farr (like Vale), a newcomer is a credible and appealing pioneer girl, Glenn's sweetheart.

**The Swan** M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

*** In a pleasing, old-fashioned manner of mythical-kingdom royalty, Grace Kelly has a nicely contrasted pair of leading men. A princess in a family long dethroned, she is ordered by mother Jetta Landis to set her cap for Alec Guinness, who will one day wear a crown. When Alec proves hard to get, Grace tries to arouse his attention by flirting.
Which is your hair problem?

Hair dull...no shine?
Even the dullest hair really sparkles with new SUAVE! Try it. See your hair glitter with twinkling highlights. And oh how silky, how soft and lovely! SUAVE gives hair that "healthy-looking glow," not oily shine...because it's greaseless.

Hair too dry?
The instant you apply SUAVE Hair-dressing with its amazing greaseless lanolin, dryness is gone! SUAVE puts life back into your hair. Makes it silky soft; bursting with highlights, eager to wave...and so manageable, so exciting to feel!

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Never shampoo your hair without putting back the beauty-oils that shampooing takes out. Use SUAVE every time to restore beauty instantly! Makes hair silky...managable, eager to wave. Keeps hair in place without oily film.

Hair abused...brittle?
After home permanents or too much sun, your hair will drink up SUAVE. Apply liberally every day—and see satin-softness, life and sparkle return. You'll be amazed how pretty, how caressable your hair can look!

Teen Tangles?
Your hair does so much for your popularity! Don't be a "tangle mop." A kiss of SUAVE daily makes your hair behave without a struggle. Keeps it perfect! Gives hair that sparkly sophisticated look. You'll love what it does for your hair.

HELENE CURTIS
SUAVE
HAIRDRESSING & CONDITIONER
Contains amazing greaseless lanolin
Choose Liquid or new Creme
59¢ and $1 (plus tax)

Trademark
Let's Go to the Movies

Louis Jourdan, handsome young tutor in her household. As you might guess, the flirtation turns serious—and princess Grace has a dilemma on her hands. Alec makes the most of a not very fruitful role.

Family

The Harder They Fall

COLUMBIA

Tough, fast, expertly made, this Humphrey Bogart film delivers a smashing punch at the fight game. As an unemployed newspaperman, Bogart accepts a dubious but lucrative offer from Rod Steiger, a crooked promoter. He's to handle publicity for a young Latin American giant (Mike Lane, likable newcomer), who is actually a hopeless fighter, in spite of his size. Through a series of fixed fights, which the boy thinks he has won fairly, the giant becomes famous. Disgusted with his job, Bogart sticks with it, even after wife Jan Sterling walks out on him, even after Steiger's callousness results in a death.

Family

Stranger at My Door

Republic

Here's a truly unusual Western, taking a strong inspiration slant without skimping on the action. In his most effective performance so far, Skip Homeier is a young bandit who eludes the law by hiding out in a preacher's house. Not at all a reluctant host, Macdonald Carey sees the criminal's presence as a splendid challenge, and he tackles the apparently preposterous task of saving the person thoroughgoing sinner he's ever likely to meet. Patricia Medina, as Carey's second wife, doesn't share his enthusiasm, especially since Skip eyes her covetously. But Stephen Wootton, as her little stepson, takes to the stranger at once.

Family

On the Threshold of Space

20TH: CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

Fantastic-looking but factual, this straightforward salute to the air-medicine branch of the Air Force takes you on parachute jumps from great heights, dizzying rocket-sled rides, ascents to high altitudes in the gondolas of a ballistic. The conflict is chiefly between man and the unknown, though hero Guy Madison does cope with the misgivings of his wife (Virginia Leith) and what he considers the too-cautious approach of his superior officer (the late John Hodiak).

Family

Forbidden Planet

M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

Now we are in the science-fiction department, three hundred years in the future, on a far-distant planet with scientist Walter Pidgeon and his beautiful daughter, Anne Francis. An expedition from Earth, led by Leslie Nielsen, brings Anne and the first men she's ever seen, except for Dad. Pidgeon warns the space-men away, explaining that mysterious forces on the planet nearly destroyed his own expedition, leaving him and his wife the sole survivors. But the newcomers refuse to halt their explorations.

Family

A Day of Fury

With a central idea that lifts it a cut above the routine, this Western has moments of interest. Dale Robertson is a man of action who feels homeless in the newly civilized West. So he moves in on a quiet little town and forcibly returns it to the roaring, wide-open status of the good old days. He even tries to win back ex-girlfriend Mara Corday, who's gone respectable as the fiancée of sheriff Joel Mahoney.

Family

Rock Around the Clock

COLUMBIA

Devotees of rock 'n' roll have a fresh set before them, in a movie loaded with lively numbers by such popular groups as Bill Haley and His Comets and The Platters. The story is slight, focussing on manager Johnny Johnston's campaign to push the Haley combo from small-town obscurity to nation-wide fame. In the process, he has to fight the machination of booking agent Alax Talton, out to ruin him because he has resisted her romantic advances. He much prefers Lisa Gay (Debra Paget's sister), who does somersault stepping as a dancer.

Family

Madame Butterfly

L.F.R.; TECHNICOLO

Like last year's "Aida," this open film employs handsome players to do the acting, accomplished singers to do the smoothly dubbed-in arias. The famous story of the geisha (Karu Yachigusa, who loves and loses the American Navy officer (Nicola Filacuridi) moves rather slowly. But Puccini's melodic score has its own emotional content. Filmed in Italy the picture uses many Japanese actors and props from Japan also.

Family

Great Day in the Morning

RKO; SUPERSCOPE, TECHNICOLO

Tension in the West just before the Civil War is the basis for a vigorous action yarn. Though Robert Stack is a South erner, he's strictly out for himself, trying to make a pile by investing in gold mining. His ruthless ways interfere with his courtship of Virginia Mayo, virtuous dress-shop owner. But he's also interested in Ruth Roman, part-owner of the local gambling hall. A Confederate scheme is afoot to get a shipment of gold off to the South, and this is opposed by Alex Nicol Army officer in disguise.

Family

The Price of Fear

Starting with an ingenious idea, the suspense story outsmarts itself by getting too complicated. Lex Barker is falsely accused of being a hit-and-run driver. The police also suspect him of a murder committed at about the same time. If he认清s himself of the first charge, he's lost his alibi for the second. Involved in the confusion is Merle Oberon, as a successful businesswoman.
Introducing! New Playtex Living Girdles

less weight... more “hold-in” power than you ever dreamed possible!

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Non-Roll Top with Wonder Waist Control
Adjustable Garters reinforced for long life

Less weight, more “hold-in” power... in both these exciting new Playtex Living Girdles. They're made of split-resistant Fabricon—to give you more freedom because Fabricon has more s-t-r-e-t-c-h! And “open-pore” Fabricon lets your body breathe. Clothes fit and look better—no matter what your size! At department stores and specialty shops everywhere. Playtex... known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube. The model above is free, light and comfortable in her Playtex Living® Bra®, custom-contoured of elastic and nylon. $3.95

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Playtex® Living® Lightweight, for wonderful control . . . . $4.95
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READERS INC...

SO LITTLE TIME
(To James Dean)

What were you that you could be so much more Than flesh and blood? A spirit and a force That reached beyond the thoughts of other men
Up past the planets to infinity.
You were the sunlight on a summer sea;
That was your smile which the preceding frown
But made more bright, more soft, more warm.
More full of love for all humanity.
You were the fantasy of frost upon
A winter windowpane. That was your mind,
Your swift imagination that could leap
To something no man ever yet had dreamed
And that you phrased within a word, a look,
With always that unbidden question,
"Why?"
You were the flute-like notes a hermit thrush
Could spill in pearls of sound within a wood
Upon the April afternoon of sudden sun
With scent of wild pear blossoms after rain;
That was your love of music that could give
Some respite to the pain within your heart. You were a brooding cloud upon some peak
That hides its towering head among the stars;
That was your doubt—of all the things unknown.
Because you were a searcher for the truth;
You could not compromise with life or love.
What was the search that drove you to your death?

Tribute to the late James Dean

On March 21 I watched the Academy Award presentations and saw Ernest Borgnine win the Oscar.
In my opinion, James Dean deserves an award equal to that which Borgnine received. Isn't Jimmy going to get any tribute at all for his perfect and marvelous acting in "East of Eden" and "Rebel Without a Cause?"

PATRICIA HORVATH
Bronx, New York

Patricia Horvath's letter is one of many received to protest the failure to honor James Dean.—Ed.

I have just seen "The Man with the Golden Arm" and although I don't usually write letters of this type, I just had to say how much I enjoyed it. I have always liked Frank Sinatra and I think his acting was wonderful.
Kim Novak not only is pretty, she is also a very good actress. For that matter, all the acting was good.
Mrs. BETTY WILLIAMS
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Let me add my plea to that of La Van King of Scottsbluff, Nebraska. I am not an Indian, but I certainly agree that the number of Westerns in which the Indians are always in the wrong and always lose is getting monotonous.
Why not a story of the great chiefs of the Sioux or the Navajos in the West: the Five Nations of the Iroquois, Complanter and William Penn's treaty in the East?
I have read enough history of the United States to know that the Indian was not always the aggressor, and I am not proud of the white man's record of broken treaties and murder. I am sure many people agree with me on this and hope that some of them will also write and tell you so. I do hope the movies will soon give the Indians the break they so justly deserve.
MARIANNE CASTLE
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

QUESTION BOX:

Could you please tell me if Rory Calhoun's wife, Lita Baron, had any part at all in the picture "The Treasure of Pancho Villa"?
THERESA OLIVIERI
Brooklyn, New York

No. But she is with Rory in "Red Sundown."—Ed.

For some time now I have been an ardent fan of James Mason and have admired the fine acting he has done in movies and on TV.
Could you tell me his next film and print some information about him?
JUD RICHMOND
South Euclid, Ohio

He was born in England, May 15, 1909, has brown eyes and dark brown hair. He is married to the former Pamela Kellino and they have two children, Portland and Alexander. "One in a Million" is his latest film, "Jane Eyre" will be his next.—Ed.

I have some questions I wish you would clear up for me. In the movie "Shane," who played Morgan?
Is the movie "Destry," starring Audie Murphy, from the book Destry Rides Again by Max Brand?
EVELYN CHANEY
Ridgeway, Missouri

Morgan was played by John Derek. The movie was from Max Brand's book.—Ed.

Can you please tell me who played the part of Lori Nelson's husband in "Sincerely Yours"? He is sooo handsome!
MARGARET KING
Fort Payne, Alabama

His name is Guy Williams.—Ed.

Please print some information about that terrifically talented actor, Rod Steiger, who gives such a wonderful performance in "The Court Martial of Billy Mitchell."
Could you tell me the name of his first picture and what his next one will be?
GLORIA A. LASHMOORE
Brother Falls, New York

Rod was born on the West Hampton, Long Island, April 14, 1925. He is married. His first screen appearance was a small part in "Theresa." He can be seen next in "Jubal," "The Hardest Indian agent," "The Hunter," "The Fastest Gun Alive," "Back From Eternity."—Ed.

Continued on page 75
The pink lipstick with a heart of flame
to make you look born beautiful!

All innocence until it touches your lips then... pink FIRE! Pinker than red... redder than pink! And it's more than new color. Made with a precious natural moisturizer, it's a deep softener that refreshes your lips and gives them the sweet freshness of a moist petal. Nothing in the world can warm your smile, keep it glowing day and night like DuBarry's Pink Fire. In satiny Moisturized Lipstick, $1.10* or continental Color Glide, $1.25*—both long-lasting.

Hollywood's favorite
Lustre-Creme Shampoo...

Never Dries—
it Beautifies!

Yes, Grace Kelly uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

If 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-rinss—choose the shampoo of America's most glamorous women. Use the favorite of Hollywood movie stars—Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

Grace Kelly

As she appears in her co-starring role in M-G-M's

THE SWAN

In CinemaScope and Color
junior femme fatale

BY BEVERLY OTT

Her acting impressed Pat Wayne
Perry Lopez gets Natalie’s message
But Tab Hunter is her favorite date!

Cute as a button, with a talent that’s terrific,
Natalie Wood has all the guys angling for dates, and dolls asking, “What’s her line?”

- The girl and the boy sat on the ground in deep concentration, a Scrabble board between them. After a while, the girl slowly pushed a group of letters into place.
  “Are you sure that’s a word?” asked the boy.
  “Of course I’m sure,” said the girl. “I know I’ve seen it somewhere.”
  “I guess we should have brought a dictionary,” said the boy dubiously. “I’d like to see if it’s in there.”

Continued
Natalie has been concentrating on acting since she was three—used to pretend she was Bette Davis in the morning, become Lana Turner after lunch! At four, for real movie role, she told director Irving Pichel, “I’ll cry for you”—and did. She could turn on the tears at will. When she wasn’t working, Natalie went to Van Nuys High. She had girlfriends, but got along with boys best!

In movies since she was four, Natalie’s big crush is still on acting

“...continued on page 102...
They wanted a wedding that was beautiful, solemn and serene. Their experiences are going to entertain future Tamblyns for a long, long time!

"I, Russell, take thee, Venetta, to be my wedded wife..."

Throughout the months of their engagement, Russ Tamblyn had looked forward to meeting Venetia Stevenson at the altar and speaking those most treasured words. Together, they had dreamed of how they
BY HELEN BOLSTAD

Kuss Tamblyn is in "The Fastest Gun Alive"

Wishing to make their wedding beautiful, solemn and serene.

"We thought we had everything worked out," Russ said as he and Venetia, husband and wife at last, sat in their honeymoon suite at New York's Hotel Plaza. "But as it turned out . . ." (Continued on page 106)
THE WONDERFUL WORLD

OF MARISA PAVAN
The sun always shone for others—never for her. Then one day, Marisa found the answer. And the shy moth became a beautiful butterfly.

- Italians are truly a remarkable people. After talking to them you suspect that they are born with a song on their lips and a talent for acting that is as natural as breathing. Imaginative and passionate, they instinctively recognize emotional situations and interpret them with an amazing delicacy of feeling. A wonderfully delightful case in point is shy and gifted Marisa Pavan, Academy Award nominee as the best supporting actress of 1955 for her role in “The Rose Tattoo.”

While making “The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit” at 20th Century Fox, Marisa was called upon to enact a tempestuous love scene with Gregory Peck. Greg, a seasoned performer who is noted for the conviction he displays in such situations, had his own idea as to how a girl should be kissed. This was entirely natural, for Greg has gone through this delectable rite many times on the screen, and always with polished aplomb. On this occasion, however, famous writer-director Nunnally Johnson saw that the scene wasn’t coming off precisely as he’d envisioned it. After several takes, he said, “Let Marisa kiss you, Greg.”

The results were such that veteran crewmen. (Continued on page 78)
Relaxed before the camera, the new “flying” act that circus owner Thomas Gomez has hired is really headed for an emotional crisis. Tony Curtis’ mind is on love; Gina Lollobrigida thinks of ambition first.

“Trapeze” sets off its explosive personal conflicts against a background of authentic circus life. Many genuine stars of the big top add their own brand of glamour to the spell cast by the movie-makers.
To Burt Lancaster goes the powerful role of the once-great trapeze artist. Drawn from bitter retirement, he finds success—and trouble.

Putting the strongly dramatic story of "Trapeze" on the screen turned out to be an international adventure in movie-making. Burt Lancaster, who coproduced the picture with Harold Hecht for United Artists release, chose fellow New Yorker Tony Curtis to star with him. As the third member of the high-flying trapeze trio, romantically involved with both her partners, there's Gina Lollobrigida, one of Italy's—and the world's—most beautiful women. For a dash of Mexican charm, there's voluptuous Katy Jurado. From England came Sir Carol Reed, famous as director of "The Third Man." And the whole picture was shot in Paris, with French technicians. Thanks to all this happy international teamwork, "Trapeze" can take you right inside the glittering, cosmopolitan world that is the circus.
A hard head, a streak of luck and a persistent stranger gave him the career that is still astonishing Perry Lopez and delighting the fans of this newest recruit to Hollywood.
Road to an actor's life proved to be a bumpy one for Perry. A couple of near-fatal accidents nearly ended budding career. "I bumped my head so many times I had developed a sort of built-in crash helmet," he says. In "Steel Jungle," left, Perry has first major role.

culine good looks that a photographer could create from a composite of portraits of Desi Arnaz, Anthony Quinn, and Cesar Romero. Perry's two great extravagances are buying boots (paratrooper boots at Army surplus stores, hiking boots, riding boots, ski boots), and hunting jackets.

He reads during most of his spare time (particularly admires the works of André Gide and Thomas Wolfe), saves his mother's letters (she lives in San Francisco) and reads them over and over again to savor their quiet wisdom (she still calls him "Honey-bunch," a practice against which all others on earth are hereby duly warned), plays a medium game of tennis, and (Continued on page 100)

Perry Lopez at age 10, above; upper right, at 14; right, at 16, with neighborhood pals. Perry had vague ideas of becoming a lawyer until that morning he waited for a friend at the theatre and a stranger asked him "Are you an actor?" Perry thought he was kidding!
She hates being typed. Just when fans, friends get used to windblown elf, she turns up looking like a French doll.

Ever since she stubbed her toe, Leslie Caron has been roamin’ with an omen that promises anything but a dull life!
Leslie Caron, during her early dancing days in Paris, appeared one night as a clown in a ballet performance. As she pirouetted across the stage, her toe caught in a small break in the planking. The hole was just large enough to admit the padded front portion of Leslie’s ballet slipper. And there she was held imprisoned—a harlequin figurine poised like a statue.

Afterward, when there was time for reflection, Leslie thought, “I might have broken my ankle! How lucky I was.” At that moment, however, she only thought what a spectacle she was making of herself. If she didn’t get free the rest of the ballet company would leave the stage. She would be disgraced forever.

Galvanized by embarrassment, Mlle. Caron invented a series of gymnastic dance steps never again duplicated, and managed to pull her foot free.

She was limping a little as she finished a glissade arabesque into (Continued on page 90)
BY MAXINE ARNOLD

The tired young troubadour in green corduroy slacks and sweater was slumped happily in a chair in his NBC dressing room. As he spoke, every other word sounded like music.

"It's all worked out wonderfully," Eddie Fisher was saying—of love and marriage and two very successful careers. "Everything's beautiful, boy!"

He reached for the phone and asked for a familiar number. "I want to talk to my wife," he said. Not in essence a very lyrical line, but Eddie read it like something out of Shakespeare. After all, he hadn't talked to her for approximately two hours.

It was Wednesday, the day he makes music from morning until midnight, doing one live and one kinescoped Coke Time television show. Outside it was beginning to rain, and the line was already forming for his late-late show.

But he was between shows now. The traffic had thinned in his room. The friends, the disc jockeys, the agents, and the song-pluggers had left. The fans screaming "Eddie-eee" had been stilled. His devoted Dungaree Dolls, with their initialed jeans and orange sweaters, had descended upon him and gone. But soon, they would return.

Soon the studio would be coming to life with Eddie Fisher's smile and his warmth and all the music which spills out of him. But now, he was alone with his own heart again. And with another life—so endearingly shared.

"You aren't alone, are you? Who's with you

Continued
They named the boxer Charlie because he looks like Chaplin! Dog has own heated house, with fence built by Debbie's dad.

Marriage, to Deb and Eddie, means being together—both have turned down big offers that would keep them apart.

They leased their home, furnished, but there's room for Deb's figurines, plus their wedding silver and Eddie's gold records.

Deb and Eddie call each other "Sarah" and "Harry." Which confuses their cats—they have the same names, too!

It's nice to have a Girl Scout in the house. Recently, when they had a fire, Deb doused it before firemen arrived!
The Fishers' old Provincial farmhouse has swimming pool, smaller buildings in rear, including Early American playhouse
Both love their home. "It's so relaxing. You fall into a chair and don't get up for—well, for all of two minutes," says Eddie.

Deb's always buying clothes for her husband. "Her mother charges me 50¢ for altering them—I never pay her," he grins.

These days, there's new meaning to Eddie's "Take it easy, Maw!" For in November, Deb's expecting her first baby.

now?" he asked Debbie, who was home recuperating from some dental surgery.

The maid was there, she said. As soon as he hung up, Eddie dialed her parents in Burbank, asking them to please trek out to the Pacific Palisades and stay with Debbie until he could get there, so she wouldn't be lonely.

"I know she's a big girl now," he agreed. "But she isn't feeling well. Can you go? Right away?"

Similarly, Debbie's first concern was for him, and whether her tooth trouble would delay their taking off on his planned personal appearances.

During the first eight months of being Debbie and Eddie Fisher, these two happily-marrieds have commuted back and forth across the country for their respective careers. They'd spent the last three months on the West Coast until Debbie completed her M-G-M movie, "A Catered Affair." Then they planned to lock up their farmhouse in the Pacific Palisades and head for New York and two months of television and personal appearances.

For all their popularity, and for all those who were once skeptical, Debbie and Eddie have worked out their own successful pattern for living with no strain, synchronizing their personal lives and careers and avoiding separations.

"But it's not really a question of not being separated. It's a question of being together," Eddie was saying earnestly now. "It's no marriage unless you're together. Marriage means together." And now, with a baby on the way, this is more important than ever.

However, Eddie adds enthusiastically. "I wouldn't want Debbie to give up her career. I've never minded it, and I've always known she must not give it up. In fact, I wouldn't let her give it up. I don't think she should. She's a great little entertainer, and she's just scratched the surface."

Equally, he's happy when they hit the road together. "I like to travel around. I like to meet new people."

Debbie's picture finished, they took to the skies again, dropping in on the people—the important people—who live between (Continued on page 86)
He loves red socks, hates phonies, is an ardent movie fan. Shy and easygoing, he's monarch of all he surveys at home, rules with iron hand—and tender heart

Never having discussed my life with Van Johnson for publication before, I am anxious that it be the true picture, and to be true it must have some rather frank statements and feelings in it. You see, I feel very strongly about Van—as a husband, a father and an actor. He and my three children are my life, and I am happily and completely absorbed in our life at home.

Perhaps you should know right now that I have a theatrical background and have been fortunate enough to act on the stage with Katharine Cornell, Maurice Evans and Sir Ralph Richardson in "Romeo and Juliet"; with Sir John Gielgud, Lillian Gish and Judith Anderson in "Hamlet"; with Paul Muni and José Ferrer in "Key Largo." Therefore, I discuss Van, the actor, objectively, as a critic. But, when I speak of Van as a husband and father, it is on the simple basis of being his wife.

I don't think Van's magnificent sensitivity, his modesty and, yes, his humility have ever been clearly described or understood. These traits are so much a part of him that leaving them out of the picture would mean leaving out part of his basic nature.

Van has achieved stature with everyone—except himself. It's as if the actor, Van Johnson, were a separate entity—a symbol, totally unrelated to him. I've walked down the streets of Paris, London and New York with him, seen the sudden recognition in the eyes of the crowd, heard the murmurs and exclamations of, "Oh, look, that's him!" And Van, ardent movie fan that he is, would feel this excitement and turn to see what star he might be missing. When he suddenly realized that they were looking at him, he'd become panicky (Continued on page 109)

With wife Evie, daughter Schuyler, Evie's sons Ned and Tracy. A strict father, but fair, Van has given the children security, faith in God, sureness of his love
Van Johnson is in "Miracle in the Rain," "23 Paces to Baker Street" and "Kelly and Me"
It won't be hard to keep an eye on Mike Lane, says author Ruth Mike Lane, new punch in the box office... the postman surprises Duke Wayne... pre-wedding tears for Grace Kelly... Mitzi Gaynor has the last laugh

Glamou

Today's Male

His name is Mike Lane, and you'd better keep an eye on him. In his first picture, he's done the impossible—stolen the show from a pair of terrific pros, Humphrey Bogart and Rod Steiger. Bogie and Rod don't like that, but I think you'll like Mike—and the film, "The Harder They Fall."

The picture may very well help toward cleaning up some of the rotten aspects of the fight racket. For sure, it will clean up at the box office. It's no average prizefight picture. It's a heartbreaker, based on Primo Carnera's story.

Primo, you may recall, is the giant some sharp fight promoters brought up from South America. They got rich, while all poor innocent Carnera got were his wits almost beaten out of him.

That's the role Mike Lane plays, and he does it in a way that tears you apart. However, Mike is not dumb. Although he is six-feet five, for publicity's sake, Columbia is saying he's six-feet nine. They even had three-inch lifts put on his shoes while shooting "The Harder They Fall."

Twenty-three, unmarried, and unbelievably broad-shouldered, Mike has made it the hard way. What makes him startling are the reasons why he hasn't

Helen Rose shows sketch of gown she designed
Gab of Hollywood

ed, doesn't drink, never smokes, and
violent when it comes to the subject
of dope addiction.
Mike's reactions, plus his appearance,
re why I think he has a great chance
at stardom. I never knew any star who
didn't react as distinctively as he or
he looked.
Believe it or not, what gave Mike
deals as strong as his body was the
worst possible environment! He ran
way from home at sixteen because he
couldn't stand the kidding he had to
ake. You see, from the time he was
elve, he's been as big as he is now,
though he's grown steadily in the
rain division.
Mike first got a job in a carnival, the
ly place where no questions were
sked and where truant officers couldn't
nd him. He unloaded freight, pitched
ights, fed animals, from six A.M. to two
M. For this, he got fourteen dollars
week, terrible food and a bed in a
onverted bus, along with thirteen
her guys. The only difference was
at the others were all middle-aged
nd, without exception, either alcoholics
r drug addicts.
That's why Mike has such a mad on
bout the subject of "The Man with the
olden Arm." He has seen the real
horror of dope addiction and knows the
depths to which a man will descend
when he has a "monkey on his back."
Mike reacted completely against the
depravity. He wouldn't smoke, wouldn't
drink, and hoarded his miserable four
teen dollars a week. He got into
wrestling by taking on all comers in
the towns through which the carnival
passed. About a year later, when he
had the price of carfare home to his
orks, there was no reality he didn't
know. So fabulous are human beings,
this carnival squalor turned him into a
sympathetic idealist.
He's been idealistic ever since, even
while winning wrestling championships,
and getting discovered by Hollywood.
The wrestling world is no bed of roses,
either, he says. Love has hit Mike a
couple of times, once very seriously.
Marriage he feels must be perfect.
That's why he's waiting.
One thing Mike is still self-conscious
about is his size, as I discovered talk-
ing to him. "Can you make me sound
like a sort of normal giant?" he asked.
I can't. Actually, Mike is not a
 giant. Nor is he an average fellow.
He's got much, much more depth than
that, much more charm, much more
intelligence. Keep your eye on him.

Glamour Gatherings

There was a slim, young girl stand-
ing outside camera range the day I
slithered onto the set of "The Opposite
Sex" through the door which said,
"Keep Out. No Admittance. Positively
No Visitors. This Means You."
I wouldn't have been so bold except
I'd run into Annie Sheridan at lunch
and she'd asked me over. I knew that,
even if they wanted to throw me out,
they wouldn't when I was Ann's guest.
On a set, Annie's always everybody's
pet. Besides, I've known everybody in
the company for years—June Allyson;
David Miller, the director; Dolores
Gray of the fabulous figure; Barbara
Jo, Allen, who used to be known as
Vera Vague; Sam Levene, the stage
actor.
But for a moment, I couldn't think
who that slim young girl was standing
there watching the action. Then I
recognized her. It was Ellen Powell,
Joan Blondell's and Dick Powell's sev-
ten-year-old daughter. And there
she stood, watching her mother making
a movie comeback, while also on the set
sat her father's enchanting present
wife.
Right at that moment, the stage door
opened and in walked Marlene Dietrich
on Mike Todd's arm. Only a few years
Continued
ago, Mike Todd was Joan Blondell's preferred and constant escort.

"The Opposite Sex" is the dressiest picture in years. The clothes that June, Ann, Joan, Dolores, and Joan Collins wear are the end in chic. Still, everything came to a halt as every feminine eye took in the style of Dietrich.

No wonder. With her fantastic face and figure, Marlene was a beige-gold goddess. Her shoes, her hose, her pure silk dress, and over it a full-length coat of suede, her hair, her face powder were all in the exact same shade, a beige so delicate it was like dawn sunlight on a wheatfield. Only her hat departed from this. It was one of this year's wrapped chiffon affairs, and, although the chiffon was beige, it had an undertone of palest pink, to flatter her provocative face and match her delicate lipstick.

I wonder what young Ellen Powell, in riding pants and a pullover, was really thinking.

It's an old Hollywood adage but it's still true: You always get the best news at parties. Take the very exclusive shower which Helen Rose, who designed Grace Kelly's trousseau, gave for Her Serene Highness. An unexpected guest provided a touching moment.

Do you recall the movie Esther Williams made around the life of Annette Kellermann, who was the swimming sensation of the world before Esther was even born?

Miss Kellermann, still very much alive and flutter-kicking, is a Hollywood resident and a Grace Kelly fan. Hearing about Helen Rose's party, she called the designer the day it was to be held, and asked if Helen would see that Grace got a little gift she was sending over.

There were twenty guests. Helen figured one more wouldn't matter. So she invited Miss Kellermann to come in person.

The gift she presented brought tears to Grace's eyes, for it was a lace handkerchief, which years and years ago, the great Metropolitan Opera singer Antonio Scotti had given Miss Kellermann. It was so old and so valuable that it was framed under glass, a romantic gesture reaching from the deceased Scotti of the golden voice, to Annette of the once flawless figure, to Grace of the young, cool beauty.

It was at the Kelly shower that Zsa Zsa Gabor gave her personal answer to that old argument of whether women dress for women or men.

Zsa Zsa had hardly arrived at the party when she brought attention to how chic she was, hair back, dress severe, "high style" from head to toe. "That's because there are nothing but women here," she said. "Tonight, I am going to a party where there will be many men, few women. I never waste chic on men. With them I'm just sexy."

What do you want to bet that Zsa Zsa wouldn't mind a bit if it were she who was going to be the bride of the man whom Hollywood now says rules a land called Monte Kelly?

Who's Who Now?

Personally, I love to give parties. At the cocktail splash I gave for Publisher Irving Manheimer and his wife Ruth, Mitzi Gaynor and I fell into a quick spot of reminiscence about the first lunch we ever had together.

It was five years ago. I was doing an interview with Mitzi and Dale Robertson for the Louella Parsons radio show. Dale and Mitzi were the hot newcomers of 1951. And that was exactly all they had in common, as our conversation soon proved. Dale lounged

To Dale Robertson, movies were just a way to make money. Mitzi disagreed. His career went up—and down. Today, Mitzi has happiness, stardom and money! (Above with Jack Bean, Ruth Waterbury)
on the table, a black scowl on his face as he expounded how he was only in the movie business for the money. The faster he could get it, the faster he’d get out, he said.

“But you can’t really feel that way,” Mitzi said. “I don’t mean to be arty, but think of the growth a career gives you, and the fun of it. Think of the opportunities for self-development, for learning, for—well, everything.”

Dale glowered and, in effect, told Mitzi she was a naive dreamer. Soon after, “Golden Girl,” Mitzi’s big film, came out and flopped, while Dale’s picture clicked. Mitzi was dropped by Twentieth Century-Fox, Dale was kept. For a couple of years, it certainly looked as though he was the winner of the argument.

But the old rules apply in Hollywood just as they do other places. Sincerity, application, liking people, self-discipline, all count in the long run. Today, slim, beautiful Mitzi is bubbling over with marital happiness with her wonderful husband, Jack Bean, and has Hollywood at her feet since “Anything Goes.” At the same time, divorced, still glowering Dale merely turns up in an occasional “B” picture.

(Continued on page 84)
Born in Malta, he’s proud of Victoria Cross awarded to island’s people, has a replica in his home. Sister Melita keeps house for him. Someday Oreste hopes to bring the rest of his large family to America.

As an opera singer, Oreste had London bobby-soxers waiting in line. As a movie star, he’ll have the jukeboxes rocking to Puccini!

BY ERNST JACOBI

On the set of Paramount’s big musical, “The Vagabond King,” handsome new singing star Oreste, in the lead role of swashbuckling Francois Villon, was saying a last farewell to his sweetheart, played by Rita Moreno. Even with the pallor of death on her cheeks she was still beautiful, still alluring. Kneeling beside her, Oreste bent over and kissed her tenderly on the lips. The kiss lingered on and on.

“Cut!” yelled director Mike Curtiz. “Oreste, what do you think you’re doing? You’re not supposed to kiss her like that!”

“What do you mean, like that?” Oreste parried. “It says in the script, ‘Kiss her.’ So I kiss her. And when I kiss, Mr. Curtiz, I kiss.”

Inasmuch as lovely Rita Moreno was the object of his affections, Oreste’s enthusiasm was understandable. Then, too, this was his first day on the set of his first movie and the first screen kiss of his career. As an opera star in Italy and England, Oreste had always been proud of the recognition he’d won for his realistic acting. It hadn’t occurred to him that the camera might make “realism” a little too intimate.

However, the revelation that a screen embrace was supposed to be different from the (Continued on page 94)
ORESTE SENDS!

He's a dashing fellow in "The Vagabond King," in which he co-stars with Kathryn Grayson.
Kirk Douglas Though often cast as the Knave of Hearts, femmes flipped over his devil-may-care charm. Magnetic, with a zest for living, he's still, at 39, in royal command of his thrilled subjects. 6', 175 lbs., Kirk maintains those muscles with swimming, wrestling. He'd be a tough guy to dethrone!

Rock Hudson The bachelor king until his recent marriage, he's also the biggest—6' 4", 200 lbs. A gregarious guy, he loves people, parties and good food. Skin diving, swimming, keep him in trim—a king-sized talent keeps him on top. At 30. Rock holds a solid place in the affections of his fans.

Alan Ladd With a build like this, no wonder the gals sigh, "Long live this king!" 5' 10½", 147 lbs., Alan, at 42, offers stiff competition for any contenders to his throne. A champion high diver, swimmer, riding expert, Alan keeps fit working on his farm, stays tops at movie box office.
Pretenders to the Throne

Jack Sernas This European-born contender (top) for beef-cake crown fluttered femme hearts with classic love-making in "Helen of Troy." Handsome and husky—he's 6', 165 lbs.—Jack speaks several languages, writes, is expert at boxing, tennis, skiing—thinks all American gals are beautiful!

Jeff Hunter He might have gone on thrilling co-ed's hearts as college football hero if he hadn't become interested in radio, then movies. 6' 1", 185 lbs. Jeff keeps that terrific torso in shape with various sports, is getting plenty of exercise these days rushing from one film to another!

George Nader One of Hollywood's fastest rising stars, when he strips down for the beach, even the mermaids come out of hiding! 6' 1", 185 lbs., he keeps fit with weight-lifting, ocean swimming. A popular date, George, right, takes career seriously, is a virile hit in "Away All Boats"


With Ma Russell and brothers' wives: l-r, Pamela, Mary Lou, Jane, Ma, Nola and Lois. When Jane's brothers had girlfriend problems they'd go to her for advice. "At High we found she'd given us a good head start over other guys!"

Jane Russell is next in "The Big Play"

"The time to back away is when she's coming at you like a dove!" grins brother Wally. He and Jamie had roles with big sister Jane in "Hot Blood"

With co-star Dick Egan in "The Revolt of Mamie Stover." Glamorous in films, at home she's plain Jane

THE TURRIble TEmpered TEMPTRESS

- One day in Little Rock, Arkansas, where Jane Russell was making a personal appearance, her friend, RKO publicist Edith Lynch, happened into a conversation with a local citizen who was speaking her thoughts on the visiting star. "Isn't it dreadful that she was permitted to adopt those two children?" the woman was saying.

"Why is it so dreadful?" asked Edie.

"You know," said the woman. "A Hollywood star—and especially that type of person. . . ."

Since Edie is a lady, she kept her clenched fists at her sides. "Just what kind of a person is Jane Russell?" she inquired.

"Well . . ." A neatly penciled eyebrow went up. "You know!"

"Yes," said Edie. "I know. And I'd certainly like to tell you."

Edie's talking time was limited because of a crowded studio travel schedule; otherwise, she might still be on her (Continued on page 113)

Sometimes Jane even glares at herself.

But behind the glare's a grin.

And inside, she's as soft as mush!

BY ELIZABETH WISE
gifts to cherish for a lifetime

Anne Francis chooses gleaming silver—perfect for a June bride or your own special hope chest.
Good pickings! A bright new crop of beach fashions to shine under the summer sun everywhere.

Shirley Jones
The bright young star of 20th's "Carousel."

Jan Sterling stars in Columbia's "The Hardest They Fall" and "1984."
YOUNG IDEAS:

PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS

CHECKERED SKIMMER:

BEACH CARRYALL:

PERFORATED PICKSKIN FLAT:

BEADED ROPES:

PRIVOLOUS FISHNET:

TARTAN SUNGLASSES:

BLACK MESH PLAYSHOE:

POLKA-DOT SCARF:

COLDEN BEACH BANGLES:

BEJEWELED LEATHER THONG:

CANDY-STRIPE UMBRELLA:

Gingham shoe edged in rickrack, with wafer heel. Daniel Green Outdorables. $5

In plastic-lined aqua jute, white wooden beads on its drawstring. Kleinert. $5

Pancake-beeled, in cool and handsome new season white. California Cobbler. $8

Popping apart to wear any length, in bright plastic colors. By Coro. Each $1*

Head-bunger to save hairdos, edged with gay sea shells. Joseph Fleischer. $5.95

Frame in blue plaid plastic, with eye-saving green lenses. Foster Grant. $1

With pastel sunburst spray-open, airy and elegant in the summer sun. Huskies. $5

36-inch square of silk crepe. Red, navy, green, royal on white. Glentex. About $2

Bracelets to wear in bunches and glitter against a tan. By Coro. Each $1*

In white, the instep strap adorned with fake pearls and coral. Bernardo. $10.95

*plus Federal tax

NEW SEASON:

beach glamour


The shirt-off-hips-back: Shirley Jones's one-piece cotton swimsuit faithful to every detail of a man's shirt. The cutaway striped chambray bodice is cuffed and pearl-btnotined, set upon a solid color boyshort bottom in Fuller's Sailtime. Blue, gold, aqua, violet, pink, green, coral. Sizes 32-38. By Catalina. About $14

Huge tent overshift, white and bright, an after-bathing beauty splashed with giant colored clown dots. Yana likes the wide batavean neck, rollable three-quarter sleeves, side lacings in yellow or turquoise. Sarkanin cotton. About $6


Short-skirted sissy suit massed with giant pastel butterflies. Its shirred bra, elasticized back, long long line pointing up a young figure like Shirley Jones's. For fun: perky side bows, drawstring detail. In Springmaid's polished cotton. Blue or violet predominating. Sizes S, M, L. By Cole of California. $14.95

To buy beach fashions and accessories, see stores listed on page 92.

The flattering long-line bodice, here puffing out to a shirred panty on Shirley Jones’s swimsuit, the whole shaped to perfection with curve-encouraging cuff on top. White cotton with gay print of ice-cream-parlor chairs in blue or olive. Tuck-away straps. Sizes 10-16. By Rose Marie Reid. About $15.95.

For Where to Buy, see stores page 92

**NEW SEASON:**

beach glamour

continued
based on his make-up research for color TV
Max Factor creates a new kind of lipstick

EW! the color won’t come off until you take it off!
EW! no waiting for it to set! no blotting!
EW! it never, never dries your lips!
EW! the brilliant beauty of high fidelity colors!

Max Factor's hi-fi Lipstick

Max Factor’s dream lipstick only Max Factor could make come true • now available to the public for the first time
what's your eye-Q?

*To identify the owner of these great big beautiful eyes, turn the page around. And for a glamorously wide-eyed look of your own, follow these eye-cues by William Tuttle, head of M-G-M's make-up department*

**Q** Can make-up really change the appearance of eyes that are too small, pale and inconspicuous, popping, or too close together?

**A** Make-up does, actually, create optical illusions. But you cannot go against nature to the extreme. Don't try to make yourself look like your favorite movie star. You must consider your own features to bring out your best points. Take Leslie Caron, for example. Her very beautiful eyes are unusually large and round. We don't try to change their shape to look oval, like somebody else's eyes. We make them up to accentuate their roundness and harmonize with the rest of her features, which are also round.

**Q** How is eye shadow used to glamorize the eyes?

**A** The light areas above the eyes tend to make them seem smaller and deeper set. Eye shadow makes the eyes look larger by softening these highlights. Don't choose a color to match your eyes. Use a shade that blends with the natural shadows in the inner corners of your eyes. Do not put the shadow in the corners of your eyes. Apply it first to the lightest-toned portion between the eyelid and brow. Then smooth shadow on the lid itself. Popping eyes can be corrected by a fairly heavy application of shadow on the lid area.

**Q** How do you use an eye liner? And what does it do for the eyes?

**A** An eye liner is used to make the eyes appear larger. Choose a pencil to match your eye shadow and be sure to keep the point very sharp. Draw a fine line just above the upper lashes, starting about ⅓ of the way from the inner corner of the eye and extending slightly up and out at the outer corner. For a really wide-eyed look, draw a line at the roots of the lower lashes, starting at the outer third of the eye, and swinging outward and upward. It should not quite meet the line on the upper lid.

**Q** How should mascara be applied for a natural look?

**A** It's a good idea to have two brushes for mascara—one for application and another clean brush to separate the lashes and remove any excess blobs. For the most natural effect, use dark brown or black mascara, not a color to match the eyes. Use a not-too-wet brush, and apply most heavily in the outer corners of the upper lashes. Then apply just a little mascara right in the center of the lower lashes. Drooping lashes make the eyes look smaller. If yours do not curl naturally, use an eyelash curler.

*Carole, now appearing in *The Lady With the Lamp* is Leslie Segman*
becoming attractions

A Naturals for summer: Pond's newest "Lips" shades—Naturally Pink, bright and light-hearted, and Naturally Red, rich, medium tone with a hint of blue. Both in Pond's new lanolin-rich, long-lingering formula. 15¢*; 29¢.*

B For bright and shining faces: Coty's new French Formula Liquid Make-Up. Extra creamy, it is designed to give a satiny, rather than matte finish and to help keep the skin soft and smooth. Six shades. 85¢* and $1.50.*

C Fresh from Paris: Lancome's elegant new purse flacon. About the size of a dainty cigarette lighter, it fits into a gold-embossed case that slides open like a match box. With Magie or Seul Tresor perfume. ¾ oz., $5.50.*

D Make-up research for color TV inspired Max Factor's Hi-Fi lipstick. Neither greasy nor drying, it won't come off until you take it off. No blotting or setting necessary. Comes in nine brilliant new high-fidelity colors. $1.25.*

E Required reading: The Westmore Beauty Book, co-authored by Perc, Wally, Bud, Frank and Mont Westmore, famous Hollywood make-up artists, is packed with do-it-yourself beauty information for women of all ages. $5.95.*

plus tax

feminine or female
which are you?

Do you have pretty eyes? Do men offer to carry your beach umbrella? You're the girl for Cole's boudoir swimsuit in blushing-pink cotton print, $12.95. Do you have beautiful shoulders? Do men ask you to midnight beach picnics? You're the one for Cole's jet-black sheath with the sacroiliac scoop. Cotton satin, $14.95. Both have fabulous inner bra.
Jean Pierre Aumont, long before his love for Marisa Pavan, was friend of Babs'. Only two dates and the gossips had them wed nine times!

Producer Paul Gregory took hold of Babs' hand during discussion—next day headlines screamed "new romance—expect wedding bells!"

Picture of Babs, Bill Holden at Photoplay Gold Medal dinner might be ammunition for gossips, who'd ignore fact that they're old friends
When it spreads, a household accident becomes a suicide attempt
... a date, a romantic rendezvous ... a common cold develops into a feud.

Fantastic? No! says Barbara Stanwyck. It happens, in Hollywood

Barbara Stanwyck has one deep hate in her heart, and only one—the hatred of gossip.

She believes it is gossip—not temperament, inflated ego, wealth or the ever-present "other man" and "other woman"—that is largely responsible for the breakage of careers, marriages, homes and hearts in Hollywood, and elsewhere. She loathes the poisonous stuff and those who handle or peddle it.

In every other respect, Barbara is easygoing, tolerant and relaxed. It's said in Hollywood that, if the studios had more Stanwycks working for them, there would be fewer ulcers in the movie industry. Barbara doesn't re-write scripts, walk off sets, believe she knows more than her producer and director, engage in feuds with her colleagues, make trouble—or the kind of headlines that give Hollywood a headache and a bad name. She does her job quietly, with a minimum of temperament, and so well that it's been said, "Every Stanwyck performance rates an Oscar, which is why she's never had one. When you're always tops, you're taken for granted."

Barbara is as honest as (Continued on page 98)
HOW TO FEEL LIKE A MILLIONAIRESS...

LET LOVABLE SUPPORT YOU!

Travel light 'n' right in a Lovable Convertible...the bro-in-one wardrobe for every costume. Many-mannered straps cater to many-splendored necklines.

Left: Sweetheart with amazing, patented T-Straps (see inset): foam contoured. $2.50. Right: Four-Way-Wonder, inlaid with foam, $1.50

The Lovable Brassiere Co., 180 Madison Avenue, New York 16. Also in Canada

IT COSTS SO LITTLE TO LOOK LOVABLE
Recently, my husband and I saw a movie on TV called "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back." Both John Howard and John Barrymore were in it. I say John Howard played Bulldog Drummond and John Barrymore, the Inspector. My husband says it was just the reverse. Who is right?

I would also like to know Frank Sinatra's age, I think he is the greatest.

Mrs. Marge Bolcunas
Eddystone, Pennsylvania
You are right; Frank is 38.—Ed.

Would you please settle an argument my sister and I are having. My sister says that Dick York, who played in "My Sister Eileen" and Chuck Connors, who played in "Good Morning, Miss Dove" are both the same person. I disagree. Am I right?

Aloha Smith
Milwaukee, Wisconsin
You are.—Ed.

My friends and I are disagreeing over whether or not the late James Dean was married. I say he wasn't. They say he was married and had a small son. If so, who was he married to?

Brenda Lyndon
Siler City, North Carolina
James Dean was not married.—Ed.

I have heard that Tony Curtis' real name is Bernard Schwartz. I have also heard it as Anthony Curtis. Which is correct? Also, what is Tab Hunter's real name?

Judy Reynolds
Waveland, Indiana
Bernard Schwartz is correct for Tony. Tab's name is Arthur Gelien.—Ed.

CASTING:

I have just finished the most wonderful book by Elizabeth Ogilvie called Rosan Head. I think it would have great possibilities as a movie. It would be super with this cast: Barth Cameron, Rock Hudson; Giles Cameron, George Nader; David Cameron; Audie Murphy; Miriam Chase; Dorothy Malone; Felice Cameron, Lillian Gish; Mrs. Mathews, Thelma Ritter; Elton, Dewey Martin.

Mabel Braker
Grangeville, Idaho
I have just read Tomorrow by Philip Wylie. This would make an excellent, as well as thrilling and dramatic picture, with Jeanne Druc as Lenore Bailey; Chuck Connors as Chuck Connor; Farley Granger as Kit Sloan; Jo Van Fleet as Minerva Sloan; Arthur Franz as Coley Borden; Broderick Crawford as Henry Cooper.

Phil Strong
Delavan, Wisconsin
I have just read a rousing adventure novel by Jefferson Cooper called Arrow In the Hill.

It is a story about the French and Indian War, and would make an entertaining movie with Hugh O'Brian as Stephen Brant; Lori Nelson; Adelaide; George Miller, Deyanna, the Indian girl; Mari Aldon, Abbie.

Marie Amoroso
Brooklyn, New York
Not long ago I heard that one of the major studios was planning to film the life story of Russ Colombo. If and when they do make the picture, nobody but Gordon MacRae should play the part of Russ.

This is a role that Gordon could sing and act beautifully.

Therese Petrone
Newark, New Jersey

"Watch your skin thrive on Cashmere Bouquet Soap!"

"Regular beauty care is good business, and with Cashmere Bouquet it's so easy. Watch your skin thrive on its 3-way beauty care!" says Candy Jones.

Cleans cleaner than creams. Your skin is so much cleaner when you use Cashmere Bouquet! No cream film!

Stimulates with no astringent sting, when you stroke Cashmere Bouquet's mild lather over your skin.

Softens without lotion stickiness. Leaves normal, dry or oily skin naturally softer and smoother!

It gives your skin 3-way beauty care!

You can forget about greasy cleansing creams, sticky lotions, and stinging astringents! Because now, with just a cake of Cashmere Bouquet Soap, you can give your skin the beauty care of famous Conover students. This wonderful 3-way beauty care actually cleans cleaner than creams... stimulates gently, softens and smooths your skin, too. Just like using a whole row of beauty products... but so much quicker and easier. Start today and watch your skin thrive!

Candy Jones
Beauty Director,
Conover School, New York

Regular or Big Bath Size

Cashmere Bouquet
Towel Soap

Bouquet!
Nothing tells your love story like a LANE!

Every man knows you're actually two women: the one who dreams by candle-light, and the one who sets the alarm for morning chores. Your ring, your new dress speak of romance. Ironing board and linens tell of your practical side. There's just one treasure that symbolizes your entire self: your Lane Cedar Chest.

As vivid a symbol of love as a diamond — yet night and day, it protects blankets and woolens as no other storage method. A masterpiece of fine furniture, it solves home-planning problems, collects trousseau treasures. Nothing tells so much about you as a woman — both before and after marriage — as a Lane.

Lane is the ONLY pressure-tested, aroma-tight cedar chest. Made of 1/4-inch red cedar in accordance with U.S. Government recommendations with a free moth-protection guarantee, underwritten by one of the world's largest insurance companies, issued upon proper application. Helpful hints for storing are in each chest. The Lane Co., Inc., Dept. Z, Altavista, Virginia. In Canada: Knechels, Ltd., Hanover, Ontario.

At leading furniture and department stores everywhere

LANE Cedar Chests start at $49.95 Easy Terms

Over 100 styles and finishes • Also makers of Lane Tables
what's spinning?

BY CHRIS DAGGETT

Now is the time to dust off our portable radios in preparation for warm-weather outings. Everyone's thoughts are naturally turned toward vacations and the chance to relax and catch up on the latest movies, plus what's spinning on the air and on our own turntables.

A must for that Saturday-night dancing party is the new Frank Sinatra album, "Songs for Swinging Lovers." Frank's "How About You" and "You Make Me Feel So Young" are a couple of the best tunes he has recorded to date. This new album promises to outsell his last album waxed for Capitol, "Wee Small Hours."

Chalk up another smash for Perry Como, with two great sides, "Juke Box Baby" and "Hot Diggity," on RCA Victor. Perry was born in Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, on May 14, 1912. At fourteen, he was a barber's apprentice and, by the time he was twenty-one, he owned his own shop. While on a two-week vacation in Cleveland, Perry auditioned for Freddy Carlon's band and won a vocalist's berth. Two years later he joined Ted Weems, and remained with him until 1942, when the band broke up. Perry then signed with General Artist Corporation and soon after with RCA Victor. He waxed his first record for them in 1943. In 1945, Perry had his first big hit, "Till the End of Time." Other best-selling Como records include "Prisoner of Love," "When You Were Sweet Sixteen," "Because," "No Other Love" and "Temptation."

Ella Fitzgerald, a native of Newport News, Virginia, ran away from home to compete in an amateur hour at Harlem's Apollo Theatre. She won the contest, plus a job with Chick Webb and his orchestra, and remained with Webb until he died. Then she picked up the baton and led the band for the rest of the year. In 1940, Ella started out on her own and has since headlined at the Paramount Theatre in New York, The Earle in Philadelphia, The Regal in Chicago, and many other major theatres throughout the country. She has been a Decca artist since the late 30s. Some of her hits include "Smooth Sailing," "Rough Riding," "Lullaby of Birdland," and "How High the Moon." All of these terrific numbers, plus six other "greats," have been included in her new Decca album, "Lullabies of Birdland."

For your collection:

Got all ten? If so, you're hot. If you have eight, you're warm. Only got six? Then you must be getting the cold shoulder from the gang.

1. Eddie Fisher does it again with a new one for RCA Victor, "Without You" and "No Other One." Will he ever stop?
2. "You're Wrong, All Wrong," sung by Eileen Rogers on the Columbia label. You won't go wrong if you get this.
4. On Decca, Jeri Southern has a new one called "Kiss and Run." Latch on to this one.
5. Frank Sinatra with "Flowers MeanForgiveness" and "You'll Get Yours," on the Capitol label.
7. The Cleftones follow-up of "You Baby You," on the Gee label is coming up fast: "Little Girl of Mine."
8. "The Magic Touch," on Mercury, sung by The Platters. This is their third big number in a short time.
9. On Coral Records, pert Teresa Brewer has recorded "Bo Weevil." I'll give you seven days to add this to your collection.
10. M-G-M's Joni James has a new album, "In the Still of the Night," a must for anyone who likes this thrush.
head starts
to beach glamour

above left: White rubber cap with a pastel wreath of rhinestone-centered daisies to frame the face. Sava-Wave by Kleinert. $5
above center: A field of flowers, each sparkled with brilliants, and guaranteed waterproof. Most colors. Kleinert. $8.95
above right: Trim scalloped rubber cap, its trio of white posies a pretty beach conceit. Inner watertight seal. Jantzen. $1.98
To buy, write stores listed on page 92

To Cherish for a Lifetime
Silver gifts and fashions
shown on page 65

1 Five-arm candelabra, charming keynote in any room, adaptable to eight uses down to a single low candlestick. Towle Sterling. $75*
2 Exquisite sterling silver bowl in the deliberately ornate Duchess Chantilly pattern. For fruit, posies or whatever. By Gorham. $50*
3 Mayfair 12-cup coffee server, wooden-handled, in an ingeniously satin metal impervious to wear, tarnish, stain. By Kensington. $52.50
4 Reed & Barton's handsome Early American creamer and sugar bowl in gleaming silverplate—to bold posies or mints as well. Both, $8.95*
5 Serving pieces in the Romance pattern for a note of elegance. Pierced pie server, $5, and round server, $3.50. By Holmes & Edwards
6 Contemporary lines shape a silverplate sauce bowl and tray for gravy, toppings, relishes. Flair pattern. 1847 Rogers Bros. $16.50*
7 For the wedding cake, a sterling silver knife in the delicately scalloped Tara pattern that blends with any décor. Reed & Barton, $21*
8 Leading a double life—covered serving dish, rattan-handled, in Flair pattern silverplate. A world of uses. 1847 Rogers Bros. $24.75*
9 Contemporary silverplate ice bucket, large two-quart size, with a thermos liner for hot or cold. Oneida's Heirloom "700". $63.25*
*including Federal tax At most fine stores

The Wonderful World of Marisa Pavan

(Continued from page 41) accustomed to displays of screen passi
totted in their tracks, and a long, whirled "Ah-h-h" rose from the spectator. There is no record that Peck's fame swelled-faire was greatly disturbed—
his eyes were seen to blink rapidly.
Now comes the most interesting asp
of the episode—one which sheds a
veiling light upon this sweet daughter of Italy. When asked about it, a deep
instantaneous flush mounted to the ro
of Marisa's dark hair and her brown e
fell. "I do not wish to talk about the
she murmured in an almost inaudible
whisper. (Such modesty in Hollywood
almost impossible to find, and should
saluted with at least thirty seconds
silent respect.)
Mr. Nunnally Johnson, no man to str
roses before unworthy feet, was emph
in his praise of Marisa's acting, and in
approval of her outgoing personali
"Marisa has a fine talent," he said,
might go further and say she has a
remarkable one. And, in addition to th
she has that priceless asset, a beauti
speaking voice. The first day on th
I observed that she did the correct th
instinctively. She knew timing, the r
precisely right, intervals of pause.
"In her role, I wanted Marisa to por
a young Italian girl of the town—not
street girl, mind you—but one who h
promise with life because she a
dependent upon her were hung.
How that girl played it! Like an old p
You could feel that genuine coming out o
with every line she spoke, every ges
tmade.
"Marisa has about the loveliest eyes
ever saw. One day, I showed her a p
kink in my wife had given me. They w
extraordinary because they show a
woman's eyes, set in enamel and go
'Ve have your eyes copied,' I told Maris
Of course, she is enormously shy, b
think she has a talent," he said.
Speaking of her work with Grego
Peck in "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit," Marisa said, "I used to see Greg
movies when I was growing up in Ita
and he was always my ideal. I wou
imagine the most exquisite pleasure th
would be mine if I were an actress at
had an opportunity to play in a see
with him. Of course, it was only a dre
and like most wonderful things we dres
ibly about, not likely to come true. At
then, one day on the set of 'The Man
the Gray Flannel Suit,' I suddenly r
remembered my dream and gasped to m
self: 'Dreams do come true. Oh, th
do! They do!'
"Now that has become my philosophy
Marisa continued. "I firmly believe th
if one wants something hard enough w
does something about it, almost inevita
that dream will be realized. It is the s
wishful dreams without action that bre
the heart."
In a community where physical lovel
ess is almost taken for granted, Mari
Pavan presents a refreshing variance f
this casual attitude. Not alluring by t
standards which titillate young and o
when Marilyn Monroe's blond beau
is flashed upon the screen, there is so
thing in Marisa's olive-skinned, small tr
angular face—a shining spiritual qual
which remains in the mind long after y
have seen her. Her dark, luminous eye
look out with almost childish innocence
upon a complex world. One would ex
pect to find her running barefoot in t
rain or hooking her shoeless toes ov

ELEGANT WHITE SHEATH DRESS, here a shaft of
textured piqué combined with a frosty camisole
bodice of Venice lace. 10-18. Carol Craig.
$17.95. The jewelry: Marvella's lustrous pre
pearls. Double strand bracelets (worn grouped), each $101; dewdrop earrings, $21
*plus Federal tax See stores listed on page 92
for the wedding-minded...

RINGS TO CHERISH ALWAYS

Sparkling eleven-diamond matchmates in gold bowknot setting designed to enhance size, brilliance. Feature Lock. $175 the set

Wedding band (or engagement ring) in gleaming white palladium, baguettes edged by round diamonds. Wax & Skolnik. $215*

Matching 14-karat yellow-gold wedding bands, delicately sculptured design. Duettes by Columbia. Bride's, $19.75*; groom's, $30*

GIFTS FOR THE WEDDING PARTY

Best wishes for the maid of honor—a link bracelet and pendant set with Swiss watch edged in mother-of-pearl. Harvester. $19.95*

Bridesmaid's double-strand simulated pearl necklace, with adjustable rhinestone clasp. In brocade gift box. By Deltah. $11.50

Perfect timing for the best man—a wafer-thin, black faced watch in golden metal case. Cushioned strap. Harvester Watch. $12.95*

HEAD STARTS FOR YOUNG-MARRIEDS

Color for the kitchen—a petal-pink enamel toaster, ebony-sided for contrast. Toast to your taste in seconds. Westinghouse. $23.95

Handy blender with a wealth of uses, two speed control. The base in sturdy plastic, a 37-oz. Pyrex jar. Waring Blender. $44.95

Weighty problems solved with a trim, sleek bath scale. Smart black or colored platform, gleaming metallic trim. By Borg Scale. $151

* plus Federal tax
† slightly higher west of Denver
546—Two pretty wall panels to decorate a child's room. Charming scenes of daytime and nighttime prayer—in colorful embroidery. Embroidery transfers, directions for making twin panels, each 9 by 12 inches.

697—Three little doilies so easy to crochet! Three designs (7½ and 8 inches) to crochet in No. 50 mercerized cotton. To increase size, use either No. 30 or bedspread cotton.

894—A life-like flower is this lovely serving apron— sew-easy to make from remnants! Embroidery transfers, directions for making "flower" apron 16 inches long.

Pier. However, no strife existed between the sisters. The opposite was true. To Marisa had always been very close, as twins usually are. But Marisa had never shown any definite indications as to what really wanted to do with her life. To father, Luigi Pierangeli, a construction engineer, adhered to the traditional La Maternity concept that woman's real mission in life was to become a good wife and a mother. He wanted his daughters to remain as young ladies of culture and refinement, dabbling possibly, in such genteel activities as interior decorating, perhaps, a little painting. He was shocked and grieved when Pier, who could easily wind him about her finger, expressed determination to become an actress. Marisa, however, was content to live unattached, the shadow of her father's dominating a masterful personality. That shadow was to hang over her life in the form of a sister's sudden rise to stardom in Hollywood, where the family came soon after Luigi Pierangeli's sudden death.

"Pier couldn't help me," Marisa explained. "I myself wasn't sure that I wanted to be an actress. I liked to write poetry and thought that possibly, if God willed it, I might become fairly good at that medium. But it wasn't Pier's fan that nothing happened to me in pictures. She couldn't give me the incentive that didn't seem to have myself."

But one night at a party, Marisa m Don Hartman, production manager Paramount Studios. He had been observing her thoughtfully for some time, and he suddenly asked: "How would you like to have a picture career yourself, Marisa? Marisa was there when the studio got opened. Hartman talked to her at length and then, to her utter amazement, offered her a stock contract.

The next day she began her training in English diction, singing and dancing (Dancing came quite easily, for in Rome and quite unknown to Luigi Pierangeli, her mother had secretly arranged for Marisa to take dancing lessons). "The training program was so wonderful for me she said. "The days went by like hours. I was always sorry when it came time to go home at night."

And then, without the slightest warning, the first great blow fell. The United States Immigration Department ruled that because she was in this country on a visitor's visa only, Marisa could not be employed. Pier's case was quite different, they said. She had come for a definite role and so was permitted to work.

There it was again, Marisa thought with happiness. The sun always shines for Piet. She gets the icing on the cake. Everything good happens to her.

The following year was one of pain and frustration. But during this time an adjustment was made with the immigration authorities and as a result Marisa was offered a term contract with 20th and role in "What Price Glory, starring James Cagney, Corinne Calvet and Donald Crisp. Then soon afterward her contract with Twentieth was cancelled.

Once more, Marisa hovered in the cold, staring through the windows when people more fortunate than she feasted on the sweets of the world. It was at this low ebb in her life that her mother, fearing the mental state into which Marisa had plunged, took her to Italy on vacation. There in the warm Latin ad among the friends of her childhood she learned her first great lesson, which was that the sun always shines for those who look for it and have faith. With this new-found philosophy, to which she clung almost desperately, came a chance to do an Italian picture, "I Have Chosen Love."

(Continued on page 82)
LUCKIES TASTE BETTER

Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

LUCKIES

TASTE BETTER

Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

LUCKY FANS. With Luckies along, you're 'way ahead of the game. You see, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco—good-tasting tobacco that's TOASTED to taste even better. Outdoors or indoors, Luckies are the best-tasting cigarette you ever smoked!
pleated camisole dress

Tina Leser, famous designer of elegant fashions, styles a light-hearted dress, easy-as-pie to sew. The bodice is sleek and molded, emphasizing the soft fullness of a pleated top with hand that ties at the shoulder. Floating skirt makes waistline even tinier. Use plain or printed cotton, frothy lawn.


sailor-collar beauty

Trim, smart lines shape an eye-stopping dress designed by famous Joset Walker. A beginner’s dream, it’s made via a short-cut system with collar cut in one piece with the bodice, selvedge edging, a dart-shaped bodice. Sew in spancing cotton, linen, denim or any reversible summer fabric.


These patterns are hand-cut to Designer measurements. Check the figures below for your best fit.

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To order Patterns, state number, size and send $1 for each to Spadea Fashions, Inc., P.O. Box 535, G.P.O., Dept. PP, New York 1, N. Y. For check or money order, add 40¢. For airmail, add 25¢ each.

(Continued from page 80)

After this was finished, and encouraged by the experience gained, Marisa returned to the United States. Almost at once she found a role in a picture titled “Case File, FBI” with Broderick Crawford. Following this she did some television shows and then “Drum Beat” with Alan Ladd.

Since she obviously could not appear in pictures under her own name, Pierangeli (her sister having already adopted it), Marisa was forced to find another. Seeking one which would have a euphonious sound when coupled with Marisa, she thought of an old family friend, a general in the Italian Army, whose name was Pavan. She asked his permission to use it in her motion picture career and received a gracious letter of consent.

Soon after finishing “Drum Beat,” Marisa read Tennessee Williams’ “The Rose Tattoo.” Nothing had ever lifted her heart so much. She visualized herself playing Rosa, the daughter, and an unquenchable excitement rose in her mind. This was a dream—an impossible one, perhaps—but with her new philosophy, which told her that anything can happen if one believes deeply enough, the dream became so vivid that the role of Rosa assumed the proportions of reality to her.

A short time later, Marisa learned that Hal Wallis was to make the picture with Burt Lancaster and Anna Magnani. Breathlessly, she called her agent and demanded that he do something about securing the part for her. “Forget it,” he said, “They’re considering Pier.”

“I won’t,” she cried, her still-shaky English becoming almost unintelligible in her excitement, “you least zey can do is geeve me a test. Then, if zey still want Pier, I’ll be satisfied.”

A short time later, the agent phoned her. “It turns out that Pier isn’t available,” he said. “Now, if you give you the test, act awful pretty, baby.”

How “pretty” Marisa acted is attested by Nunnally Johnson. “I have seldom, if ever, seen a role more convincingly played,” he said. “She was not daunted, in fact, she was right at home with that magnificent actress, Magnani. You can hardly say more than that.”

Gregory Peck, in speaking of her work in “The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit,” said: “Marisa is an extremely gifted young actress. I think she will certainly become an important star.”

And, as a final salute to her great ability—the Academy Award nomination as best supporting actress of 1955.

Now on the dewy side of twenty-three, Marisa is trying to become as “American” as her eight-year-old sister, Patrizia, who considers herself to be definitely and positively American in all things. She also possesses a devastating sense of humor and delights in poking fun at Marisa’s still-marked accent. “Don’t talk like an Italian,” she shouts.

“But what shall I do?” Marisa asks meekly.

“Just don’t talk at all.”

After four years in Hollywood and no longer frightened by big-name stars and directors, Marisa has somehow kept that magical quality which distinguishes the young in heart, despite all the acclaim and the publicity that are beginning to beat upon her.

There is an old saying to the effect that almost anyone can stand failure but only the truly great can bear success. How will it effect this lovely little lady? Only time can tell. But at this stage of her youth life it seems likely that, to parody the old song, she will “stay as sweet as she is.”

The End
What’s New in Colgate Dental Cream that’s missing-missing-missing in every other leading toothpaste?

It’s GARDOL!
And Colgate’s with Gardol gives up to 7 TIMES LONGER PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH DECAY and a CLEANER, FRESHER BREATH ALL DAY with just one brushing!

Any toothpaste can destroy decay- and odor-causing bacteria. But new bacteria come back in minutes, to form acids that cause decay. Colgate’s, unlike any other leading toothpaste,* keeps on fighting tooth decay 12 hours or more!

Thus, morning brushings with Colgate’s help protect all day; evening brushings all night. Because the Gardol in Colgate’s forms an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that lasts for 12 hours with just one brushing. Ask your dentist how often you should brush your teeth. Encourage your children to brush after meals. And at all times, give them the protection of Gardol in Colgate’s, found in no other leading toothpaste!

Economy Size 65c
Also 49c
29c, 15c
Sizes

*The Top Three Brands
After Colgate's
No other leading toothpaste can give the 12-hour protection against decay you get with Colgate's with Gardol
However, “The Ambassador’s Daughter” has Christian Dior—some $50,000 worth of his dressmaking genius on the back of Olivia de Havilland, who up until now has never been distinguished for her chic. In fact, if M. Dior has succeeded in making Olivia look like a smartly-dressed woman, he is a genius, and that is just what Hollywood’s designing women are afraid of.

All of “The Ambassador’s Daughter” was shot in Paris, to give it more sartorial elegance. Gloria Swanson, now in the clothes designing business herself, was a frequent visitor to the set while she was in Paris. Travelling from Paris to Gloria, his old friend from the earliest Paramount days, that Adolphe Menjou—who plays a gentleman of note in the film—confessed he didn’t believe he could keep up his jersery style. “I was very impressed,” said the old movie kingpin, “when Gloria thought she could get away with anything. She just about could, who. Can blame her if she’s a bit hitter now?”

Tribute To A Star

Seeing Deborah Kerr and Jean Simmons hobnobbing together at the Foreign Press Association dinner, I wondered if either of them remembered that once upon a time, long before Deb had met Tony Bartley and Jean Simmons romped in for a second time, Deborah and Stewart had almost become serious about one another.

Their devoted friendship has remained true from the days of their love affair, when Deborah went for professional advice in the dark days of her career, when M-G-M was saying that she had no personal appeal, Stewart, among others, advised her to go to Broadway. Thus it was that her appearance in “Tea and Sympathy” led to the movie “From Here to Eternity.” Now, with “The King and I” forthcoming, Deborah and Stewart have never been so close. Their devotion for each other is the most touching thing about their personal charm and such vivid acting that every studio is after her. Her finest personal quality is one which Jean Simmons and Jeanette MacDonald also have—a true gift for friendship. Without exception, Deborah is adored because her beauty and sympathy are spiced with lively wit. For example, at the Foreign Press Association dinner, where they both were present, and the broken English, Deborah began her speech by saying, “Please pardon my British accent.”

Never A Dull Moment

“They could have turned off the sun at the Academy Awards nominations when Jack Novak took his place in front of a flashbulb to receive the award for his role in ‘Mister Roberts.’ Jack had himself demoted from star billing into supporting category to give himself a chance at this honor. His part in the show was so warm that it was only one-third due to his win.

It’s no accident that Jack’s a comedian. He sees the humor in everything. At the moment he was bringing down from the stage and said to me, “I’ve just had the kind of job you can’t hardly get any more. I’ve been up there catching women—and what women!”

Where I was concerned, that Marisa Pavan had nearly fainted when she got her nomination for “The Rose Tattoo.” She would actually have fallen, if Jack hadn’t caught her. The actor you know actresses like Jack, “you know a thing like that is contagious. So I just stood by. That way I got Eleanor Parker to fall for me—right into my eager arms.” Next, Natalie Wood wasn’t above a bit of a better when “Rebel Without a Cause” brought her within shouting distance of the Oscar.

Incidentally, in the real top-star category, rumors are whispering run that one of the actresses who was nominated will be nominated again and again, as she has in the past. But she will never win, because if she does, I’m afraid he can’t be bothered with making friends while working on the set.

It was at the nominations get-together, by the way, that Marisa and Natalie discovered they had in common: both are in love with men twice their ages. While Marisa has already taken the big step and married Jean Pierre Aumont, Natalie is still in love with Raymond Burr. However, Nat’s mother is sitting by quietly, and hopes she will get over this, as she has other loves, moles and awkwardness.

Sweet And Lovely

I’ve never recovered from the flattery of Ann Blyth’s having called me to give me the first long story of her engagement to Jim McNulty, nor of Jim’s having kissed me on the cheek as we left. He said, “I proposed to Ann because Ann had told him what a good friend I was. I told him that I put me in the biggest group in Hollywood. I literality have none of the group in Hollywood who doesn’t dote on Ann.”

For this reason, it was with real regret that M-G-M permitted Ann to tear up her exclusive contract with them. But it was typical of Annie. In her own gentle fashion, she always gets what she wants, and this time, following Gordon MacRae’s example, she’s releasing herself from M-G-M shortly before the music of the musical version of “Peg O’ My Heart.” Annie told me at the Academy nominations party that this role is one that she has yearned for. For, only Irish—by birth and married—is it feels, and rightly, that she could do justice both to the acting the part demands and to the singing score.

However, another Irish girl is opposing her—Elizabeth Taylor. Her success has been so great that it is no wonder that everyone now wants to have her in the same order—a boy first, then a girl—but she even has the right kind of metabolism! The lucky creation, she has to diet to put on weight. The End.

(Continued from page 57)

Pop Plays Post Office

Proof of how right you readers of PHOTOPLAY were in picking Pat Wayne as a star of tomorrow is the very glossy fact that in the last couple of months, Pat’s dad has turned down more than $100,000 in offers for the boy’s service.

The second vivid proof is visible in “The Searchers,” in which Pat has a small but showy role and plays it with humor and charm.

But the third proof of how sharply this boy has impressed the public is the one I like best. “Old man” John Wayne told me this one, at a party at Bob Mitchum’s.

Seems as how he, the old man, walked into his secretary’s office one day recently and saw a pile of fan mail, the likes of which he hadn’t glimpsed for months. Naturally, that pleased him, until he discovered that out of a couple of thousand letters, six were addressed to him, John Wayne. The others were addressed to Mr. Pat Wayne.

Oh, then! The handsome son of Duke’s a completely happy man these days, with what his oldest son, Mike, joining him in production, Pat proving to be a fine actor, his daughter, Toni, getting married, and, Duke, himself, a brand-new father again.

Pilar Wayne, the third Mrs. Wayne, adores her big, tall husband and he adores her. Tribute to the finesse of the Duke’s personality, is the way he and Jo Wayne, his first wife, have called their eldest daughter Toni’s wedding. Tribute to something pretty gallant on both their parts, too, is that Jo has never remarried, and when you encounter her at Hollywood parties she always says, “Is it true John’s happy? I’m so glad.”

Jo and John agree completely about Pat’s future. He’s only sixteen now, Duke thunders at him, turning down offers for him, “You’ll finish college first. That will keep you from being my competition for four more years.” “Sure, dad,” Pat grins. He’s a good student and he’ll be out of college by the time he’s twenty. Besides, Pat expects to pick up some small change during vacations. Something like $50,000 this summer.

Designing Females

Hollywood’s top clothes designers, such as Edith Head and Helen Rose, of Paramount and M-G-M respectively, are certainly keeping a sharp eye out for U. A.’s forthcoming film, “The Ambassador’s Daughter.” Edie, who has won more Oscars than anybody in the fashion end of Hollywood, has been busily engaged in dressing Audrey Hepburn. Helen Rose not only has the Gov. Kelly Houseman, but to her credit, but has “The Opposite Sex” coming out to show what she can do with a fashion show.

WHAT’S GOING ON HERE?

Kim Novak—She’s found someone new

Jean Simmons—Waiting for her greatest day

Cyd Charisse—the dancing charter confides in Earl Wilson

They’re all in July PHOTOPLAY • On sale June 5
A stare is born...

And that's exactly what happens, the moment you make your entrance in a Warnerette®! Warnerettes are those trim, light-minded girdles that put you—so beautifully—right in the center of the stage... give you the smooth, young lines of the most fabulous leading lady.

They're so comfortable too—light-weight, yet with marvelous control; it's all done without a single bone. And of course, you're getting Warner's exclusive fabrics—famous for unbeatable quality.

Here are just two from our collection of stars. There are so many to choose from. Why not find the one that's exactly perfect for you—today? From $2.50 at your nicest stores, here and in Canada.

***

Pantie Girdle: light power net sides, satiny elastic front and back, rosebud trim. Small, medium, or large, #144. Matching girdle, #143. White $7.50 each.

Warner's cloud-light circular stitched bra, in white, #2170: $2.50.
From the beginning, Debbie’s had positive ideas about a woman’s place in marriage. The ending of the film showed that her fears were unfounded. She was able to maintain her integrity and keep her lip paralyzed for months.

During the two hours and twenty minutes Debbie was in dental surgery, Eddie almost went out of his mind, wondering what had happened to her. When he wasn’t working, Eddie would be there with her, and after his shows he would just sit there beside her until he was sure she was asleep. That was all he could do for her. As he said later, “I felt so helpless.”

And Debbie was doubly miserable, thinking of Eddie’s tight, cross-country schedule of personal appearances, and wondering if the right spectators might be out of town. She was working with a red head, and she didn’t want to be seen with a red head, and she didn’t want to be seen with a red head, and she didn’t want to be seen with a red head, and she didn’t want to be seen with a red head.

Post-operative shock, they had to administer plasma, and there was fear at first that the operation would fail, and her lip would be paralyzed for months.

They sneak-previewed The Catered Affair the other night, and I understand it’s fairly well. They further understood that this was her first dramatic role, co-starring with Bette Davis and Ernest Borgnine.

Similarly, nobody understands better than Eddie, Debbie, or the movie industry, the move with which music is made. As he was saying, “I like to go back and forth. I love it out here in Hollywood, and we have the most wonderful house leased until September. And that’s the ideal home for me. I love the sunshine but, after three months here, I’m still waiting for some,” Eddie laughed, remembering the drizzle outside. “But I like it in New York. There’s a certain hum back there that I like.”

A “hum” that’s home to him, for Eddie was born to the tempo, the raw exciting beat of the city. Its sounds—the symphonic orchestras, the jazz bands, the subways—are familiar music to him.

Debbie, on the other hand, was bred in the breezy freedom, the openness of Western living—until Fate tapped her shoulder and sent her out of Burbank into the magic of make-believe.

Today, theirs is one tempo, one beat. The East and the West, the twain have met and are meeting continuously. And Debbie and Eddie are proving today that these two, with their radically opposed dreams, are made of, are blessed with the sternest stuff that marriage is made of, too.

Compliment Eddie Fisher on how successfully they’re acclimating and he’s heard it all before. “We have our interests, and I think it’s wonderful,” Debbie says, as her husband enthuses, “It’s worked out wonderfully.”

But it isn’t working out accidentally. Luck has had little to do with their happiness.

Of course, theirs is a heritage of faith and strong family ties and the toughness of spirit to overcome obstacles. Neither of them was born into wealth, and both were entirely instilled with their sense of values.

But their heritage has been strengthened by experience. Eddie and Debbie were well seasoned to problems and any career-compatible man could have been added to their marital veterans in that. With them, the preliminary—their courtship—was tougher than the main event. Distance and preliminaries, intensified and falsified by gossip columns, were almost too much. But theirs was a determined love against any odds, and when they married they were prepared to commute coast-to-coast or make any compromises necessary for their future happiness.

(Continued on page 51)

New York and Hollywood. A true minstrel, Eddie loves taking his music personally to them.

“I’d like to make more personal appearances than I have made, actually. You can get stale. And I’d like to work a theatre date, where I’m right in front of live audiences to keep you in shape. Debbie does a lot of the shows with me. They really love her.”

Eddie’s sure his career will never interfere with their life together. “Debbie would understand. She’s the other woman, after all, doesn’t he want Debbie’s career to suffer because of his schedule. They sneak-previewed The Catered Affair the other night, and I understand it’s fairly well. They further understood that this was her first dramatic role, co-starring with Bette Davis and Ernest Borgnine.

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But it isn’t working out accidentally. Luck has had little to do with their happiness.

Of course, theirs is a heritage of faith and strong family ties and the toughness of spirit to overcome obstacles. Neither of them was born into wealth, and both were entirely instilled with their sense of values.

But their heritage has been strengthened by experience. Eddie and Debbie were well seasoned to problems and any career-compatible man could have been added to their marital veterans in that. With them, the preliminary—their courtship—was tougher than the main event. Distance and preliminaries, intensified and falsified by gossip columns, were almost too much. But theirs was a determined love against any odds, and when they married they were prepared to commute coast-to-coast or make any compromises necessary for their future happiness.

(Continued on page 51)
By NANCY ANN STOKES

I WAS there last Tuesday night, when Hollywood's lead- ing beauty authority, Mr. Ern Westonm, revealed the 3 things that make a woman look older. Then he showed how to remove these 15 years even from appearance with nothing more than a lipstick and eyebrow pencil. It was so ridiculously easy I was amazed.

You see, to create a youthful appearance you must stand what makes a woman look older. If, while applying lip and eye makeup, you turn the focus of your youthful downward, you tag the expression of your face. Every more distressing, "bent-down" lip and eye makeup are... but free. It's not that you're using the wrong paints, but that you've been using the wrong paints! To correct this, you must first use the right paints, then the right shapes, and then the right technique. And only that way can you achieve the desired effect.

Beauty Secret Number Two

What could be a more cherished possession than the flaming eyes of youth? The secret to the eyes that shimmer and shine with a magical twinkle in the way you shape your brows.

Flat brows burden your face with a heavy, top-heavy bulk. Thick brows cloud your eyes with the shadowy stare of middle age. Arch your brows with a pencil, and then with a piping, vintage expression. Then what is the perfect shape of eyebrows? Oddly enough there are 3 perfect eyebrows... but only one is near to youthful loveliness.

Your Face Never Grows Old

Did you know that your face never grows old? Yes, once you've reached the age of 21, your skin is beautiful and the characteristic features are set for life. From 21 to 30 your skin grows old, and over your head change... but your skin does not! Your face never grows old; it's your skin that grows old. And not only does your skin grow old, but your blood vessels age faster than your veins, even your arteries have more wrinkles and less luster than your veins and more. The secret is in the right makeup, that is, in the right shape.

FREE! MAKEUP KIT!
7 Essential Beauty Aids Worth $5.00

Your Free Hollywood

1 Hollywood Evening Outline for each chaste face.
2 Hollywood Lip Liner for each chaste face.
3 Hollywood Eye Liner for each chaste face.
4 Hollywood Contouring Powder for each chaste face.

FREE MAKEUP KIT! to try SUPER LONALIN LIQUID MAKEUP at your risk, send no money... JUST the Free-Cat coupon. When your make-up and Beauty Kit arrive, take these 3 simple steps to beauty:

2. Then, use the Free Lip and Eyeliner to get the beautiful lips and expressive eyes.
3. Finish your "new look" with your Free Double Eyeshadow and Super Linalin Liquid Paint. If you can't take your eyes off of your own eyes, and honestly say that you look 15 years younger with a single line, mark or blush is still visible... if your friends and lovers don't say you look 15 years younger... if your eyes are not fully satisfied with the new makeup discovery, Mail Coupon TODAY!

Never Offered Before

Never before has this complete Hollywood Beauty Kit been available. This is the same Ern Westonm that Westonm has permitted the release of his exclusive Hollywood lip and eyebrow pencil.
Take Eddie's word for it, Debbie's perfect as a homemaker. "She really loves her home. And don't ever believe she can't cook, either. What? Well—she makes [omission] in the living room. There's a sort of a cassele thing, and—well, she's been working at the studio most of the time since we've been out here," he says, rallying gallantly.

As the highest-ranking Girl Scouts—with some forty-seven merit badges—Mrs. Fisher's a whiz at cooking out of doors over a hole in the ground, but it isn't like her comparatively now.

And for all her success, it's cute the way Eddie keeps a protective eye out for her, always looking after her with, "You'd better put on an extra sweater, it's getting windy."

Domestically, Eddie's quick to admit his own limitations. "I'm nothing around the house—just a man who have a man around the house. I guess I'm just a chess player around the house."

And believe him, it's nice to have a Girl Scout around their house, especially at times. "She was just as long as the fire broke out on their place. Debbie's father and her best girlfriend, Jeanette Johnson, were visiting them, and when the fire was discovered the three of them calmly went into action like they were used to putting out fires every day." Eddie's pal, Bernie Rich, says, ribbing him. "Everybody moving with precision, doing things they are mechanized with." With no exception, Jeanette picked up the phone and called the fire department.

Debbie's father got down the fire extinguisher, and Debbie barefooted it out on the lawn with him. Together, they had the fire extinguished before the time the fire engines got there.

Eddie? "He was home. He just didn't know what to do. He stood there watching them out the window with the trucks idling, and her father calmly turning off water hose and gathering up their extinguisher. Finally, he managed to say with some authority, "Sarah, put on a pair of shoes."

The Fishers have a film projection booth at one end of the living room, and they love running movies at home. Their best friends number TV actor Bernie Rich, Eddie's in-law—well, from Philadelphia, and his pretty red-headed actress-wife, Marjorie Duncan, who used to work on the same radio show with Eddie when they were kids. The four of them, together with an occasional boxer, wedge into Eddie's Mercedes-Benz whenever they can and head for a spontaneous outing in Palm Springs or Desert Hot Springs, which always seems to be something of an afterthought.

They have two palmos given to them by Eddie's sponsors and named—naturally—Coke and Cola. And they have had dashing Western riding clothes made, "but I've never been able to play chess occasionally with Debbie's father, and I'm still trying to teach her," Actually, with their combined working hours, they don't do much of anything, and getting in some of a personal life..."

Debbie insists that Eddie is of the opinion she talks too much. "He says I talk all the time." But weighing it philosophically, Eddie says, "She's a woman. She'll talk."

On the other hand, Eddie insists he's the moody one. "Debbie doesn't know what the word moody means, but I'm moody—not with her. Usually something to do with my work..."

Together, both can take with good humor any occasional slip of the typewriter concerning them. At Jimmy Durante's birthday party when, after Eddie's in-
A famous laboratory proves:

HAIR WASHED WITH NEW WOODBURY SHAMPOO HOLDS CURL BETTER, KEEPS SET LONGER

Woodbury's special "curl-keeping" ingredient makes the difference!

The right side of this girl's head was washed with New Woodbury Shampoo — the left with her regular brand. You can see what's happened. The left side is limp, straggly. The Woodbury side is springy, curly, beautifully manageable. Leading shampoos were tested this way on hundreds of women and the results were thoroughly checked by Good Housekeeping Magazine. The tests showed: Hair washed with Woodbury holds curl better, keeps set longer — without hair sprays, lacquers, rinses! New Woodbury Shampoo can't dry out your hair because it contains a special "curl-keeping" ingredient that protects natural hair oils. You'd expect a remarkable shampoo like this to cost more money. But so much Woodbury is sold, it can be priced at less than half as much as any other leading shampoo. A generous bottle costs only 39¢. Use Woodbury today. You're guaranteed the prettiest, liveliest curls you've ever had — the loveliest, lastingest hair-do. Your money back otherwise.
sistent. “Come on, Sarah, and sing,” she reminded Eddie, who was cracking, “You know, she’s become quite a personality since she married me.” But, as he admitted now, “I was just kidding. A column I had said that I had become quite a personality in the last year. And it’s a wonder you know something? He’s right. I have,” he laughed.

Together their different tempers of living don’t matter much. Eddie’s used to revolting with a crowd wherever he is, and he’s geared professionally to New York living and night hours. Debbie’s used to being up by 7 a.m. and on the set early. Their working hours usually are in reverse. Eddie often does one live and one filmed show on Wednesdays and Fridays, getting home very late. He has recording dates on at night and on Sundays. On Thursday the CBS production staff gathers at his home, running over the music and planning forthcoming shows.

When their schedules permit, Debbie and Eddie love to travel together. Eddie often reads lines with her at home now. “I’ve played Bette Davis, Barry Fitzgerald, Ernest Borgnine, and I’ve even played myself.”

And whenever Debbie and Eddie appear together before the public they really stir up a storm. “We haven’t any special material. We’ve never worked up anything really. We just clown around and sing and have fun,” he says. Not long ago, when Debbie accompanied him to San Francisco for a performance, they were both invited to the opening of a new theater. “They say, ‘Love and Marriage’ and Debbie removed her shoes and ad-libbed a little dance for the audience.” As they were going off, the fans rushed the two and her brother, “and they had them,” Eddie recalls laughingly.

They’ve proved how wrong the prophets were who predicted marriage would lessen their popularity. They’re the hottest talents in show business today, these two. Debbie’s first dramatic role in “The Credited Affair” has opened a whole new field in motion pictures for her. Eddie has a contract with NBC for 20 or 25 weeks at a million dollars of which he says, “I don’t know anything about the money. All I know, it’s for fifteen years.”

All he knows. He just follows the music with Hollywood. Debbie played to the audiences of “The Bundle of Joy,” starting work in July. Then came the news that they could expect their own “bundle of joy” in November.

Have Luck, Will Travel

(Continued from page 3)

the wings. There she was met by one of her best friends in the corps de ballet, a superstitious type, as it turned out.

It’s an omen,” the girl said. “It means you will have a lifetime of adventure—probably in traveling. Trip means a trip . . . but you will always emerge safely.”

“No doubt,” said Leslie dryly as she hobbled away in search of the stage manager to report the break in her leg.

Authentic omen or not, the fact is that the next major experience of Leslie’s life was fleeing south on a refugee train with her parents, journeying to Amily, Almery. The Germans had entered Paris, and the loyal had fled or been fleeing by any means possible. For years afterward, Leslie had nightmares about the selecting confusion of collecting and packing what family treasures could be carried away. Everything not portable had to be tearfully abandoned.

Next was the frantic trip to the railroad station to board an obsolete train already jammed with those who shared the Carons’ plight. There was no place to sit; there was scarcely a spot on which to stand. There was no possibility of moving. Worse than the heat of hundreds of packed bodies, and the darkness (they moved in blackout), was the despondent, heartbroken silence of this multitude of helpless people.

Unexpectedly enough, the trip ended in the Carons finding a place of safety. They had two rooms, riches indeed. True, one was no larger than a closet, but it served in a day as a sanctuary for Leslie and her brother by night. The “big room” served as quarters for Leslie’s parents, and it was in this space that a Christmas tree was set up to mark the Holy Season. There were no decorations available, of course, no lights, not even candles. Yet, out of wrapping paper, Leslie’s mother cut yards of “cat’s sailors” and draped the walls of her bedroom and the Christmas tree.

(Continued from page 88)
You can't see what's happening underneath your make-up!

But you can be sure invisible skin bacteria won't spoil your complexion—if you wash with Dial Soap!

Ordinary good soaps wash away dirt and make-up. But they leave thousands of skin bacteria. You can't see or feel them. But when you put on fresh make-up, these bacteria are free to spread surface blemishes underneath.

However, daily washing with Dial Soap not only removes dirt and make-up—but clears away up to 95% of blemish-spreading bacteria! And Dial keeps on working—underneath make-up! So your complexion is protected all day long!

What's Dial's secret? It's AT-7—the most effective bacteria remover known! No other leading soap has it. So before you make-up—wash up with mild, gentle Dial Soap. You'll love it!

Dial Soap protects your complexion—even under make-up!

P.S. Dial Shampoo gives you that diamond sparkle look!
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Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh
Chicago, III.—Goldman's
Cleveland, Ohio—Rich's
Denver, Colo.—Burgess & Company
Newark, N.J.—Burlington
San Francisco, Calif.—Glen-Tex

COLE OF CALIFORNIA SWIMSUTS
Kansas City, Mo.—Faur's
Tulsa, Okla.—A. B. Stanton

JO COLLS SEPARATES (Pcs. 66, 77)
Denver, Colo.—Non-Stop
St. Louis, Mo.—Famome-
Washington, D.C.—Woodward & Lothrop (p. 66 only)

CAROL CRAIG DRESS
Detroit, Mich.—Wickenden's
Philadelphia, Pa.—Philadelphia 
San Francisco, Calif.—Glen-Tex

DECESS NECKLACES
Baltimore, Md.—Mr. John Wool
Milan, Fla.—Burfield's

DANIEL GREEN OUTDOORDB
Cape Girardeau, Mo.—Buckner Inglis 
Louisville, Ky.—C. S. Dugger
Springfield, Pa.—T. L. Congdon
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GLENTEX SCARVES (Pcs. 67, 68)
Cleveland, Ohio—Glen-Tex
Peoria, III.—Block & Kuhl 
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HURSE SHOES
Albany, N.Y.—Whitney's 
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JANZEN SWIMCAP
Boston, Mass.—Macy's
Moline, Ill.—Ill.-Schiffer's

LIBERTY UMBRELLA
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Scot's

LOYABLE SUN SET
Memphis, Tenn.—Dry-Block

PLATTEX SWIMCAP
Newark, N.J.—J. Burger's
Los Angeles, Calif.—Los Angeles Athletic Club
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RAY-BAN SUNGLASSES
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SEXY NYMPH SWIMSUITS
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Canandaigua, N. Y.—Freepost, Ll.—Carol Green
Hartford, Conn.—Exclusivity Shop

U. S. ROYAL SWIMCA
Los Angeles, Calif.—The May Co.

(Continued from page 90)

miles away, she is almost certain to be about a dozen miles late, drive or take a traffic jam along the route. During the trip, Leslie suddenly remembers that Americans are normally a punctual lot and that possibly she is about to keep some appointment.

And so: “Full over to the curb, please. May I see your driver’s license?”

“But what did I do? I am on my way to an appointment, so I cannot stop now. I am very sorry, I am sorry if I have annoyed you. You tell me what mistake I have made and I will make it again.”

“Why were you doing forty-five in a twenty-five mile zone.”

“I was! But I am so sorry. It was only because I realized quite suddenly that I was late. Please, may I go now so that I will not be late before.”

“Appear before Thursday, the twenty-first, at the address listed on the summons, and take it easy, Miss.”

“I cannot appear on Thursday. I am working now. I cannot picture you in the shooting every day. Later, when the picture is finished, I will explain.”

The officer grinned a little. “Suit yourself, lady,” he said. “But if you let it go to a hearing and then we’re going to have to face an annoying judge.”

The sarcasm, gentle as it was, was lost on Leslie. “I will explain to the judge. I have known judges in France.”

She slammed on the back of her purse, along with other valuable papers. She stored her second summons in the same place, sighing a little in anticipation of the annoyance of that judge. She could not believe this was it. It seemed that no matter which route she took, a twenty-five mile zone intruded to cause trouble.

Leslie was in the midst of the production of “Daddy Long Legs” at 20th Century-Fox when a deputy sheriff arrived with a bench warrant for the arrest of Miss Caron. Connerastion was thicker than in any of those pictures, Leslie explained that she had every intention of paying her fines, and what was the rush?

A phalanx of horrified studio officials explained some of the ramifications of California laws to Leslie and attorneys were assembled. Court appearances were arranged. “Altogether it is a lucky thing that I had good omens of travel in my favor, or I think I would have been sent to jail over those Miss Caron.

From that day to this, Leslie has never collected a traffic ticket.

Like most Europeans, Leslie has a strong feeling in favor of coming to grips with the earth by walking. She has walked, she says, all the way across France, and has acquired much the same close acquaintanceship with London.

Armed with knowledge of two cities, Leslie set out to get acquainted with Beverly Hills. She anticipated that it was impossible for her to walk a block on Beverly Drive without being recognized, but she could do quite well in Santa Monica or other beach cities.

In amusing that Leslie is recognized in picture-personality conscious Beverly Hills, because Leslie offshore screen looks more like an unpretentious schoolgirl than an accomplished ballerina-actress. Therefore, she has not in person even the color cameras reveal. Her skin is flawless and color. The only make-up she wears is a pale lipstick. When the lipstick wears off, she isn’t in a hurry to replace it. She prefers flats for walking, and one of her favorite winter strolling outfits consists of a black sheep skirt, a fingertip-length beige cardigan buttoned from waist to throat, a simple string of pearls, and a voluminous black coat. She seldom wears a hat, but just when her friends have grown accustomed to the sight of her top windblown in the breeze, Mile. Leslie is likely to show up looking like a manikin direct from the Champs Elysees.

Now, when she arrived at a luncheon wearing a sheath dress, three-inch heels, and a brown velvet cloche from which bobbed a bright red Robin Hood feather.

“The new you?” she was asked.

“It’s true,” Leslie’s answer. “I work so hard that when a picture like ‘Gaby’ is finished, I must do something mad. I must go wild . . . I must change my feeling.” On one occasion, with her hair set two inches away from her face, she proudly said she was not called for retraces.

Her most recent explosion took the form of a shopping spree during which she bought most of that described above, a black cloche—very French—and a chic gray beret. Then, to just prove to her that she could, she made a trip to the beach and sitting in a chair in the sun.

The fabric she chose was a recent addition of Paris Sour, which reads daily. The style she chose was early Chinoiserie, and the garment was fastened by ribbon pins. It turned out to be an excellent sunshade: crisp, protective, and theatrical because, on the upper front elevation there appeared a large picture of Miss Douglas.

One of the most appealing properties of this hat, in Leslie’s opinion, was its individuality. She has a horror of the stereotype. She thinks that the worst thing to happen to fashion is that point where he can be classified at a glance by a spectator as a member of some specific group. You know: briefcase for an attorney, hatbox for a model. “I swear, if you were a doctor, I believe you’d carry your pillow in a birdcage for fear of looking like every other doctor.”

It is true that when very young actresses are seen wearing the long loin cloth, a tailored silk shirt and a double-circle skirt over fourteen petticoats, Leslie was wearing a near-Chinese sheath. When all the curlyheads on the lots were wearing the looked for and feared look of the end of the career, Leslie, with her Italian haircut, and all the non-curlheads, were wearing tight permanents every six weeks so they could be gamine too. Mile. Caron wore a coffin style so reminiscent of the great The Strumpf in “The Wizard of Oz.”

Since this is a story, primarily, of the Caron travels, it should be noted that Leslie’s accomplishments in individuality are due alone even her own unique talent. Her one and only sea voyage from France to the United States, aboard the French Line’s resplendent Liberty, Leslie was “adopted” by the crew. At the end of such a trip, it is customary for the guest to be returned to her cabin with ceremony and there left.

Not so in Leslie’s case. She was invited to tea in the Officers’ Mess, accepted, and loved every moment of it. She is one of the few women ever to have been so honored. “It makes me a little different from everyone,” she says. “And such an invitation,” she says proudly.

Obviously, this story has a moral. The next time you trip, falling flat on your face or elsewhere, be brave! Just remember what her such an omen has done for Leslie Caron and be ready to welcome similar benefits.

One of the first of such benefits should be a trip to see Gaby. The END
Perma-lift’s all-way bra with Magic Insets

This dainty "Perma-lift"* Bra is really many bras in one, and is always so comfortable, whether you wear it as a strapless, halter, shoulder tip, or a regular bra. The all-elastic design keeps the bra up securely, with or without the convenient, detachable straps—and new Magic Insets in the dacron lace cups guarantee firm, natural, lasting support. #73, all lace—$5, #142, padded—$5, #159, in fine cotton—$4. Be fitted today.

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When Oreste Sings, Oreste Sends!

(Continued from page 58)
genuine article hardly lessened his natural
raiment, he found himself on the sun-drenched Mediterranean island of Malta, Oreste (his full name is Oreste Kirkop) has the light-hearted temperament, the ready laughter, the gaiety, fire and enthusiasm so frequently found among the people of southern climes. In his case, this natural bent is reinforced by glowing health, good looks, satisfaction with his career, and confidence based on solid talent. His zest for life expresses itself in a remarkable ability to give his all to anything he does: when he kisses, he kisses; when he works, he works; when he plays, he plays; and when he sings—when he really sings.

Oreste is five-feet ten, weighs 175 pounds, has curly brown hair, gleaming white teeth, a brilliant smile and a forty-five-inch chest. But you can close your eyes, forget the appearance, and still become completely enraptured just listening to him sing. At 29, Oreste has already been acclaimed one of the great tenor voices of our era. His voice is rich, full-bodied, golden, of remarkable range and unerring pitch. It brought him operatic fame in Rome, Milan, and, most of all, in London before Paramount signed him to the contract which made him the "Vagabond King." His voice would be enough, even if he were short, fat, and bald.

The appearance helps, of course. Lon- don bobby-soxers used to line up at the stage door. Thirty men changed his negotiated management of staid Old Covent Garden Opera House to smile with pleasure. "They were pleased," says Oreste modestly, "because I seemed to help awaken the younger generation's interest in opera." Paramount certainly wasn't unmindful of this when they whisked him to Hollywood.

Oreste has been in this country for two years, and he is in the unusual position of being a complete unknown to the American public, yet faced with the certainty of fame as soon as his first picture is released in June. As a friend recently said to him, as he was strolling through an amusement park, unrecognized and unnoticed, "You'd better enjoy this while you can, Oreste. A few months from now you'll have to fight your way through crowds."

In one form or another, Oreste has been singing for his own or others' entertainment as long as he can remember. At first, however, the pleasure was mostly his own. "I used to disconnect the loud-speaker of our old-fashioned gramophone, stand on the roof of our house and sing 'Valencia' through it," he recalls. "I don't think I was much over four or five at the time. 'Valencia' and 'Sera Fina' were my favorites. Later, I added 'Rio Rita.' That was the first movie my dad took me to see. It made a deep and lasting impression on me. Although we had a stack of Caruso records, I didn't become interested in opera till later on."

Oreste's early love of song wasn't remarkable because he says, "Everybody sings all the time in Malta. People are so quiet by comparison. And there certainly was plenty of noise in our own home."

Malta or Hollywood, there'd be no reason to question this statement, since Oreste is one of a family of ten lively, lusty children, five boys and five girls. All of the boys showed an early flair for music. Oreste's four younger brothers are also professional musicians and are members of Malta's most popular jazz band, Frank Kirkop and his Hot Tuners.

The Kirkop boys are first generation and don't think I was much over four or five. Oreste, who died in 1947, was an importer-distributor of naval supplies and British automobiles and his business kept him away from home much of the time. He was a gentle and affectionate man who pleased the family and the garden, and take us places," Oreste recalls. "I would put him on a trip, and were very happy when he came back."

Though he was of French extraction, Mr. Kirkop was blond and blue-eyed, indicating his family's former Scandinavian origins, apparent also in his name. By contrast, Mrs. Kirkop, the former Netta Panzavecchia, is a native of Malta, dark-haired and dark-complexioned, of pure Italian ancestry. Oreste is a blond type like his father, with green eyes and light-brown hair. He is a Brit- isher by birth, although English is not his native tongue and he speaks it with a slight accent.

The Kirkop home in Hamrun, Malta, was large and well-built, with many rooms on many levels, winding stairs, vaulted ceilings, tiled floors and white roofs. Oreste's family also had a summer home at Valetta, near the distillation of the Mediterranean. With her ten children, Oreste's mother had a busy life, indeed. "My mother is very much a story-teller," Oreste says. "On Sundays, she's endlessly fondly. She has all the traditional virtues. Though she had help, my mother never delegated the responsibility of running her household to anybody. The house was her special domain, and rarely had a chance to sit down to a proper meal herself, though when she got through serving first helpings at one end of the table, she usually had to start over."

Although younger than four of his sisters, Oreste is the oldest of the five Kirkop brothers and, as a youngster, he was their unimpeachable leader—especially in mischief. "When we got into trouble, Oreste was left in charge of the family," Oreste recalls, "she always asked my mother or my dad to take me with them. She figured with me out of the way she had a reasonable chance of controlling the rest of the gang."

One of the more dangerous activities Oreste organized was rock-fighting between rival teams, as a result of which he more than once had to be smuggled from school to his home in Valetta. He was also popular with his schoolmates, and later, when he took up swimming and hiking in the clear, tideless waters of the Mediterranean, climbing ancient stone trees and exploring the small island from one end to the other. Oreste was a good student, attending first a private Catholic school and then the Maltese. Growing up under these ideal circumstances, he spent a wonderful, happy youth. But these untroubled days came to an abrupt end when Oreste was fourteen and was broken by World War II.

A British stronghold of great strategic importance, the tiny island of Malta be- came the target of heavy daily bombing raids by Nazis and Italians alike. This lasted a half year, giving Oreste and Malta the distinction of being the most thoroughly bombed area of World War II and worthy of the coveted Victoria Cross for bravery and resistance against the enemy. Fortunately, the Kirkop family came through these bombings unscathed, though Oreste once had a close call in a movie theatre when a bomb struck, killing over two hundred people. This incident, he says, "I was lucky I didn't get的道理: the walls, l meant the waist of the island...he was like a hone-}
by the Turks a good many centuries ago. "It was a pretty dreary existence," Oreste recalls. "Enough to get most everybody good and rattled, even though we Maltese are generally a pretty easy-going bunch of people. The women used to dash out of the caves between raids to cook their families' meals in the open, then hurry back into the shelter when the alarm sounded again. It got so you didn't even stop chewing, walking back to the cave with your plate. But spending so much time in the crowded caves was depressing, and everybody was jittery. When I formed a band with two of my brothers, we did it in order to boost our own morale as much as that of our neighbors."

Backed by his brothers on the mouth-organ and the accordion, Oreste sang for hours on end. Though untrained and untutored, his voice already had great charm and natural beauty. With the bombs crashing all around them, the Kirkop boys went from cave dwelling to cave dwelling, cheerfully trying to make themselves heard above the din. They were loud enough to succeed, and good enough to become immensely popular throughout the island.

One result of this popularity was that it brought Oreste to the attention of a local tenor by the name of Balladachino, who tutored the boy free of charge for a year. After that, shortly before the end of the war, Oreste made his debut in "Cavalleria Rusticana" with the Malta Amateur Opera Company. "I didn't have enough sense to be nervous or have stage fright," he recalls. "I just stood on the stage and sang. It was wonderful. The applause was, too. I knew then that this was what I wanted to do."

Not long after, Oreste made his bow as a professional when he was invited by a visiting Italian opera company to repeat his performance in "Cavalleria." He sang several other leading parts during the company's stay in Malta and, at the end of their engagement, was asked to return to Italy with them.

Still far from being a finished performer, Oreste continued to study hard in Rome and Milan during the next few years, making his living from occasional opera and concert engagements in the Italian provinces. He'd left Malta with about three hundred dollars he'd managed to save and never took another cent from home. Frequently, however, his reserves dwindled to a dangerously low point. "I'd often pay for my room and board with very nearly the last of my money," he recalls, "telling my landlady to rent my room if I didn't find work before the rent was paid up. However, I was always lucky and got something at the last minute."

Although he never was well-heeled in those days, he had his moments of glory on evenings when his teacher, who was associated with the Rome Opera House, gave him free tickets. "They were usually the most expensive seats in the house," Oreste says. "The cheap ones were all sold out. Premadonna among big society during intermissions, dressed in my tux, with a pretty girl on my arm, nursing an orangeade, I was really living it up."

But he also had frequent spells of homesickness, especially after his first season in Rome. He couldn't wait to get back to his family in Malta, wanting never to leave there again. After a while, however, ambition and restlessness got the better of him once more and he returned to Italy to continue his studies. But, since Malta is only sixty miles from the mainland, he always managed to return frequently for visits with his family. Oreste is deeply devoted to all of them. When his engage-
ments took him, first to England and later to this country, he asked his unmarried sister, Melita, to come live with him. Both of them now dream of bringing the entire family over here. They keep in touch with each other by means of tape recordings, with the ones from Malta usually carrying the voices of all their dear ones, their mother, brothers, sisters, nieces and nephews. Christmas shopping for this clan of folk—old is always a major pre-action, beginning in October and ending with no bank balance.

It was, incidentally, during Oreste’s Christmas visit to Malta in 1949 that he got his first big professional break. It’s something I’ve rarely told anybody,” he says, “because it just doesn’t sound believable, though it actually happened.” He was attending a performance of “Rigoletto” at the Malta Opera House during the first act, the leading tenor’s voice cracked. It soon became obvious that the tenor wouldn’t be able to go on after the intermission. Right after the first act, the conductor placed Oreste, spotting Oreste in the audience, asked him if he would and could go on in the star’s place. Oreste hadn’t looked at the score of “Rigoletto” in several months but, with characteristic self-confidence, was willing to take a chance on his memory. Moreover, it was a challenge which appealed to him. He quickly agreed, chucked into his hilly colleague’s costume, and retired to the back-stage restroom. (This came as a shock to the manager who thought Oreste was having a bad ease of the jitters. He was reassured, however, when he heard Oreste practicing his scales in his retreat.)

With only this brief warm-up, Oreste then proceeded to sing the rest of “Rigoletto,” including one long aria in the third act which is so difficult it is frequently omitted. Receiving obvious signs of the tenor’s glinting eyes for his magnificent, impromptu performance, he was promptly signed to fill out the remainder of the engagement at considerably more money than he’d ever been paid before. More important, however, was the fact that this was the turning point of his career. It marked the end of his struggling years; he’d made a name for himself.

After some more engagements in Italy, Oreste came to the attention of the Carl Rose Opera, England’s oldest company, and was signed for a season’s engagement throughout Britain. From there his Theatre in Leeds with another brilliant performance of “Rigoletto,” this time in English. The following season he made his big jump to the Sadlers Wells Company in London. Then, a year later he took even greater heights when he joined the Royal Opera House of Covent Garden, one of the world’s greatest musical shrines. In addition, he gave many successful recitals at such places as London’s huge Albert Hall.

When Paramount began searching for a new personality for the title part in “The Vagabond King,” Oreste—whose strong appeal to the ladies had been noticed by the studio’s London representative, Richard Maeland—appeared to be a logical choice. He was given a screen test, with the full London Philharmonic Orchestra providing the musical backdrop; it was one of the most impressive and expensive tests ever given. On the strength of it, Oreste was signed to a contract and arrived in Hollywood early in the spring of 1954.

Now comfortably settled in a rented Hollywood duplex, Oreste happily says, “I fell in love with America, and especially California, as soon as I arrived. I like it here. The American people are warm, friendly and generous. It’s so easy to make friends here. And I particularly like the sense of equality every American seems to share with everyone else. Back in Malta, it took a war, bombings, and machine guns for people to forget their class differences. It’s probably the one good thing that came out of all the fighting.”

Something else that has impressed Oreste during his stay here—not the high degree of discipline he finds among American automobile drivers. “At first I couldn’t understand why people would patiently wait for a light to change, even when there was no traffic. Now I understand. It’s France or Italy. I got the idea, though, after I got a ticket, and when my friends refused to go for a drive with me unless I changed my evil ways. I’ve become pretty goody-goody.”

Although when you meet him face to face, Oreste has the sparkle and vivacity of a true star, he is actually modest, unassuming and even retiring, and his style of speech is always characterized by his personality. He is probably one of the least pretentious people you could meet anywhere. He lives with his sister Melita in a modest, furnished apartment three blocks from the Paramount studios—and this means a fashionable part of town—drives an Oldsmobile rather than a Cadillac, and so far hasn’t shown any taste for the more glamorous aspects of life in Hollywood.

Oreste’s winning friendliness probably had a lot to do with the unusually relaxed atmosphere on the set of “The Vagabond King.” There was more laughter, banter, and good-natured teasing among the cast and crew that is ordinarily found on a studio lot. “I think it was largely because of Oreste’s personality,” says director Mike Curtiz, a first-class veteran. “You never see Oreste or Billy McNaughton—Billy’s partner in the film. ‘It’s not that Oreste is a comedian, but he is so good-natured, friendly and willing to go along with a joke, everybody automatically responds to him. He was the star of the picture, but you’d never have known it from the humble, modest way he behaved.”

In the Paramount commissary, for instance, Oreste never sat with the big shots or at the head of the table. He preferred eating with a crowd of extras, stagehands, his stand-in, and especially his two pals, Billy Vine and Harry McNaughton, who are also his boon companions in the film. Billy kept things lively by ribbing Oreste about his exalted stature as the star of the picture. The first time at lunch, he solemnly wrote “star” under Oreste’s signature on the check, signing his own name with “almost.” The next time Oreste proceeded Oreste that this was the thing to do in Hollywood.

Another time, during the filming, when Francois Villon and his companions were making a triumphant entry into Paris. Billy complained in mock anger that Oreste was waving his hand to the crowd merely in order to block out his face and steal the scene from him. Oreste obligingly agreed to give his hand in back of Billy’s head instead.

That one scene, incidentally, turned out to be the only one featuring Oreste on horseback, despite the strenuous riding training he’d had to take for the picture. He was supposed to be a former cowboy, who made Oreste jump on a running horse and turn in his saddle at full gallop firing a gun at a pursuer. One day after a couple of hours of this rough stuff, the cowboy finally asked him, “What kind of stuff will you be doing?” “Opera,” Oreste replied in his best Western manner, tactfully omitting that his specialty was grand rather than horse “opera.”

At any rate the training gave Oreste a
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The Poison Gas of Gossip

(Continued from page 72)

home-made bread. She doesn't camouflage the silver in her hair. She tells the truth to anyone interested enough (or curious enough) to ask her age. "Too many women wear themselves out," she says, "trying to look like a young star, and for what? Every age has its appeal and its compensations." Barbara says what she has to say to your face, not to someone else. She is never catty. Her creed is, "Live and let live," or to put it bluntly (as she does), "Mind your own business." And she practices what she preaches.

"What other people do," she says, "is none of my business. I have enough trouble living my own life."

To such a temperament, the constant fumes of gossip would naturally seem like a curse. It frequently is, and not without reason.

For example, one day, Barbara tried to open a casement window, the kind you have to push out. As she tells it: "The darn thing stuck. I gave it a hefty blow with the heel of my hand. It didn't budge, but my hand went right on through the glass and the blood started from a dandy and dandy gash on my wrist. When the doctor arrived he quickly hauled me off to the hospital. So that my friends wouldn't worry, I gave orders to everyone in the house to say nothing about the accident. That did it. A reporter saw 'cut wrist' on the hospital register and by midnight it was all over town that I'd tried to commit suicide!"

Toward the middle of the evening there was the night, Barbara continues, "when Bob Taylor and I were having dinner at La Rue. We were discussing something we didn't agree on, and after a while we were both arguing earnestly. Now, I love a good argument, so I was having a wonderful time. I pounded the table, waggled my forefinger a mile a minute, and couldn't have been happier—or more deaf to Bob's whispered warning to pipe down or 'They' would be saying...

"Sure enough, at midnight, my agent Helen Ferguson's phone rang. One of the 'Little Pitchers That Have Big Ears' was calling to tell her that Bob and I had had "a big rousing fight in public—and what did it mean?" What the 'Little Pitcher' took it to mean certainly was back-fence gossip come the next morning!

"And there are always the sly items," Barbara adds, "either in print or by word of mouth, such as 'What popular star supposedly happened to the minister's daughter while dating noted director?' and so on.

"This sort of thing can sow seeds of suspicion, even in a good marriage. Actually, however, if gossip can break up a marriage, it's usually because one or both parties are secretly engaging in a sin..truth..."

Barbara adds, "The main reason people worry about gossip, I think, is not in some, instances, perhaps, so soon. One of the most dangerous things about gossip." Barbara says emphatically, "is that 'They' can't wait! 'They' rush you. A boy and a girl start going together and 'They' want to know, When are they going to get married?' 'They' can't wait to get you married; 'They' can't wait to get you divorced. This can be terribly embarrassing.

"And who are 'They' anyway? Where are 'They'?" Barbara challenges. "You don't know. You never know. They stay underground. You can't find them, can't grapple with them any more than you can with smog, or any poisons in the air.

"Gossip can play as much havoc in a small town as it does in Hollywood, or any other city. But if there is gossip about a family, the minister is secretly hoping in a small town you have a Chinaman's chance of tracking it down and, if you're mad enough, take care of the scandalmonger. But not in Hollywood. Personalities are news. So, what can you do about it? Besides, denial adds fuel to the fire. Here, your best bet is to ignore the gibgle-gabble and the gibgle-gallabers.

"Creating feuds," Barbara adds, "is another choice little pastime of the back fence set. For example, when I was making 'Strange Love of Martha Ivers' at Paramount, I had just one scene to do, and a little man was dressed in a morning suit and the minister was to come in. Usually in Hollywood, a scene is scheduled when I was ill, really ill, with a cold. I didn't feel well enough to work, but if I didn't, I suspected something would be made of it! So I went straight to Lizabeth's dressing room and explained to her that I'd caught a cold and didn't want her to get too close to me for fear she'd catch it. Strictly in the interest of avoiding contagion, we kept our distance from each other—and the gossip's way with us anyhow!

"It is too ridiculous just to think that you can't have an ordinary household accident or a good argument without the gossips making an 'attempted suicide' of the one and a Reno-bound battle out of the other. Or that a cold in the head, from which I haven't yet recovered, gives birth to a feud! But at least a cut wrist, a table-pounding argument and two actresses keeping at arm's length does give 'Them' ammunition, something specific to work on. Let's face it: this is a factual story, wild and spreads for no reason that it's the most deadly.

"There's a tragic story about a young actress. I knew who was beautiful and really innocent. A gentle girl and very modest, always well-behaved. You would have sworn she was destined to be a star soon. But the girl's career suddenly died out, and the most sad thing of all to learn, came to an end. I never heard anyone actually speak one bad word about her. Actually, what was done to her was more insidious than the spoken word: In small groups, most often her groups, whenever this girl's name was mentioned, eyebrows raised, shoulders shrugged, women exchanged 'knowing glances' and the silence that ensued was violated only by the victim's sobs. I'm not curious about my neighbor (or his wife), but I was curious enough to try to solve this mystery. I never did. To this day I haven't the remotest idea why this girl's career suddenly died out, but behind it was successful in ending what could have been an important career, this is for sure!

"The fabrication of fantastic stories about prominent couples or 'educated couples,' says Barbara, "is another juicy pastime of the gossips, the vicious ones, who, are, in actual practice, character assassins. Those of us who have been in Hollywood have learned that it's not enough can spot these tall tales for the fiction they are. But newcomers to our town, and gullible people outside the industry, really latch on to these fantasies, embroil them, spread them, and, in time, believe them.

"Take that tired old yarn about the frantic embarrassment of a married couple when guests walked in on them, unexpectedly, the privacy of gossip. This ludicrous but lewed yarn has been whispered about practically every important couple in Hollywood for the last twenty years. Only recently it went the rounds with Lizabeth Scott. The day it was scheduled I was ill, really ill, with a cold. I didn't feel well enough to work, but if I didn't, I suspected something would be made of it! So I went straight to Lizabeth's dressing room and explained to her that I'd caught a cold and didn't want her to get too close to me for fear she'd catch it. Strictly in the interest of avoiding contagion, we kept our distance from each other—and the gossip's way with us anyhow!

"At least its deadly," says Barbara, "gossip can whittle down your phone calls and scare away your dates. A nice guy takes you out to dinner; the next day he learns the gossips have it that he is going to marry you!"

"I speak," Barbara laughs, "with the Voice of Experience! Some time ago, I went out several times with Jean Pierre Aumont, lover of the beautiful Maria Montez, and who is now married to Marisa Pavan. Before we'd had two dates, They had us married nine times! We were going to be married in Las Vegas. We were going to be married in Paris. We were going to live in Europe. Now Jean Pierre's a wonderful, sensitive, nice guy, but we didn't have any romance. I wasn't in the mood for romance and Jean Pierre certainly wasn't over his grief for Maria Montez."

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Ariana

Letter's not get embarrassed with each other,' I told him. "But how could we help it?" Barbara asks indignantly. "Especially since every time our 'wedding plans' were mentioned, Maria was mentioned, too. Believe me, this man loved that woman and reminders of her death upset him dreadfully.

"I also went out with producer Paul Gregory, a very fine and an exceptionally interesting young man. We had fun together, enjoyed each other's company, but it was no love, it was not romance. One night during dinner at La Rue, Paul, to emphasize a point he was making, took hold of and held my hand. The next day: 'New Romance, Wedding Bells Expected!'

"One night," Barbara continues, "I accepted a dinner invitation from long-time bachelor, long-time friend and my co-star in 'Titanic,' Clifton Webb. As we were finishing dinner, Bob V was also in 'Titanic,' joined us. The next day I read and heard I was 'dating Wagner!' I did not go out, that night or any other, with Bob. Not that it matters. The photographer took several shots of the three of us at the table. And what did they do but cut Clifton out of the picture when it was printed! 'They've had Clifton and me getting married, too! Also Bob Stack and I, even George Nader. All rumor—big stuff!' Barbara says sarcastically.

"Just as the career of the girl I mentioned was ended, by a general freeze-out, for no known reason at all, so 'romance rumors' come right out of nothing.

"Here is one of the funnier fables about me," Barbara grins. "Nancy Sinatra called me one day to tell me she'd heard that Prince Something-Something of Saudi-Arabia had given me a diamond necklace 'as big' it says here, 'as Fort Knox,' said Nancy. I'd never heard of Prince Something-Something. I had barely heard of Saudi-Arabia! 'I resent that item,' I said to Nancy, 'because, where's my diamond necklace?'

"I was kidding," Barbara adds, "when I said, 'I resent that item.' However, I do resent some items. It's a shame that you can't have any difference of opinion with a friend, or a husband, without the gossips predicting the end. It's healthy to argue; a polite relationship is a dead relationship. It's a shame you can't have dates without embarrassing the life out of them. Or a household accident, or a cold in the head without discovering, all of a sudden, that blood is running out of your back! For heaven's sake, I feel like saying, 'we're human, aren't we?' Or are we? I sometimes wonder. I also feel like saying, 'Making pictures is a great big wonderful business. Why try to destroy it by nasty little cracks?' Gossip is a termite in my book.

"Then," Barbara sighs, "I tell myself that gossip is as old as man, and the first false rumor came from a snake in the Garden of Eden. It's a little late for it to be uprooted, so why try? So I don't try, other than by minding my own business. And even if I get big-eared about some intriguing information, I manage to keep my mouth shut. And, since I'm a TV fan and that makes me a stayer-at-home, there haven't been many rumors to deny, or ignore, lately.

"Actually, I feel sorry for those whose lives are so starved they must rely on gossip to feed their existence. So I guess I'm not too mad at them, after all. Just sorry.

"A friend of mine," Barbara concludes, "has two sayings that I should remember! One is: 'They say! What say they? Let them say!' The other is: 'Never complain. Never explain.'

THE END
I yielded to Temptation!

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The third crucial experience happened on the return loop of the tour. The train on which the "South Pacific" company was traveling crashed into the rear of a freight train which had failed to clear a switch as quickly as scheduled. Perry was catapulted against the side of his berth, suffering a concussion and a slight skull fracture. Still, he was lucky. If he had been lying down rather than sitting up, his neck might well have been broken.

Possibly, Perry regarded this as an omen, indicating that the time had come for him to abandon the roving life of a road show. The more he thought about it, the more he was convinced that he had taken all the giant steps possible in the "South Pacific" situation, and that from then on, he would only be marking time without rolling up any dramatic mileage. So he left the cast in Detroit and hurried to New York, his family, and the pulsating activity of summer stock.

His first job (for $35.00 per week) was in a "Stalag 17" production in which he had a few lines. His next job (for $40.00 per week) was in "Mr. Roberts" in which he had a few more lines.

As soon as it was possible, Perry decided to move to California. Once there, and having heard that Warner Brothers was casting "Battle Cry," he called on Sally Blane, who interviewed Perry, then took him to meet director Raoul Walsh, who was impressed. Walsh tested Perry and arranged for him to be placed under contract. Right from the start, says Perry, "I tried to persuade them I was a Tony Quinn type, since they wanted Tony for the picture. I persuaded and persuaded until I wore them out and got the part."

It took only one week of showing "Battle Cry" across the nation to prove that the youngsters were set to dig Perry Lopez as the most. The fan mail began to pour in.

One of Perry's most ardent fans, his mother, is now about to start a one-woman crusade against permitting actors to die in movies. Mrs. Lopez has seen "Hell on Frisco Bay" and "The Lone Ranger" many times, and each time she is crushed by the untimely cinema end of her son. In "Battle Cry," originally, Spanish Lopez was set to perish, too, as he did in the book. But in the final screen version, he was spared. Mrs. Lopez reasons that if so sensitive a script change could be made in one picture, it should be made in all.

Naturally, she has been spared the knowledge that there are times when, entirely aside from script demands, the life of an actor is a precarious one, indeed. And Perry is no exception. While "Drumbeat" was being filmed, Perry had a busy bit of business requiring him to ride a horse, bareback, down a rock-studded hill. Perry was asked to fire a rifle over the head of his horse. Apparently, when he did so, the blank wadding shot from the gun passed too close to his mount's ear. Panic-stricken, the horse scattered and tried to climb the sky. Perry executed a brilliant one-and-a-half somersault into the Arizona desert. There was no explanation, other than the intervention of fate, how Perry managed to emerge in one piece from cactus, sand, volcanic rock, and an occasional rattlesnake refuge. For several weeks after, his torso was black and blue. However, no lasting damage was done.

"By that time," observes Perry, "you might say that I had bumped my head so many times I had developed a sort of built-in crash helmet—I hope."

Recently, Perry was signed for the Prince Ahmed role in "Omar Khayyam." This part will doubtless include riding horses, climbing balconies, engaging in duels, enjoying a snack beneath a flowering bough—the latter of which is likely to prove the favorite of fans.

Currently, Perry has two secret ambitions: someday, he hopes to recreate on film the matchless daring, gallantry, devilery, and larceny of Joaquin Murrieta, California's answer to Robin Hood; and he hopes someday to explain Pancho Villa by portraying the Mexican bandit as a young man.

You have a question?

Oh . . . Perry's love life. He is unmarried, and his idea of a good date is an evening spent at a movie or the theatre, followed by a spirited discussion of the script and the manner in which the acting dramatized the story. Perry is a good ballroom dancer (he is also studying athletic ballet in the Gene Kelly manner and hopes to perfect a technique that will make it possible for him to do musical roles), he likes tennis, listening to recordings, sitting in front of blazing fires, and talking.

The future looks bright to Perry, bright and clear and the clearest area is the romance department. Perry doesn't intend to marry until he has acquired such prestige that his name on a theatre marquee will have the customers standing in long lines.

However, he has one modification about this. "Naturally, it would be nice to make the grade in a big way. But I want something more than obvious success in this world. I don't know quite how to explain it without sounding corny, but I'll go ahead and sound corny. I want to be a useful human being, serving a good purpose in the world. Okay, now grin."

It is likely that no one is going to grin, except in a nice way, while applauding this intriguing young man heartily.

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(Continued from page 37)

location for a week by the time Natalie had arrived. She'd climbed out of the car and had seemed glad to be there. And he figured that when a girl had juggled a hundred and eighty miles over the tired dirt roads that led to Monument Valley—early, she had a right to temporary sunstroke.

Granted, there was a plain and peaceful beauty about the desert. But there was entirely too much peace for a teenager. Compared, nearer his own age would help, Pat had felt.

On some nights at the lonely trading-post location—when the day had been extra hot and the work had been extra hard—Natalie, her sister Lena, and their mother retired early and fell into bed from exhaustion.

Other nights, however, Natalie and Pat took turns diving into the post dictionary and exchanging "I told you so's" and "I'm sorry's.

There was no place to go, no sights to see, nothing to do. When playing Scrabble grew boring, gin rummy set in. The two teenagers, missing their usual rounds of social activities, reached the mutual conclusion that things were pretty dead. "Another thing you get for being a movie star," said Pat. "If a good part goes with it, I'll take it.

Natalie was putting it mildly. Come desert, sun and sandstorms, or the quiet of Monument Valley, she wouldn't give up her career for the world. She couldn't, because her ambition was to be a movie star.

A comparative newcomer, Pat's a rising young star who is just beginning to learn the acting trade. Natalie has been concentrating upon her career since the time it was an infant her talents couldn't be checked. When she was a mere three months, she got into the habit of howling at night, and her mother and father took turns getting up and soothing her. Then at early morning, her father hit upon the idea of humoring to his wailing daughter. This proved successful—until Natalie was four months old and began humming back.

She was three when her career of a dream began. Each morning, she would borrow finery from her mother's wardrobe and totter toward the garage on high, reluctant heels. If needed, however, she would have told you that she was on her way to the world's largest motion picture studio, where the world's greatest pictures were being made.

Inside the garage was a desk, long banistered from the house. Approaching it, little Miss Wood would stop for a moment to mull her daily problem, then, having made her decision, she'd announce it to the desk. "This morning it's Beppo Da Verde." It was a difficult choice, but she was comforted by the fact that after lunch and a nap she could always return and be Lana Turner or Sonja Henie. And when she grew up...

A year and approximately a half-inch later, Natalie, then Natasha Gurdin, was on her way. That was the year 20th Century-Fox made a picture called "Happy Landing," and sent a location troupe to Santa Rosa, California, where the Gurdins were living.

Looking over the crowd of local sightseers one morning, director Irving Pichel glanced down and noticed the large brown eyes squarely meeting his own. On the pixie face was a button of a nose and a smile that was something to behold. "Hello there," he called. "Come talk to me.

Natalie came running, climbed onto his lap and immediately began the conversation. When she stopped to catch her breath, Pichel inquired if she could also sing. "Oh, yes," she replied. "I listen to the radio and they know a lot of songs."

She was singing one of them for him when her mother found her.

Pichel gave Natalie a small part in the picture, but he had to talk to the lights and cameras. Her chore, he explained, was to dress an ice cream cone and burst into tears. It was then that Natalie chose to be a realist in her make-believe world. "You don't have to cry," she told him. "Mama can always buy me another one."

Then she added helpfully, "But I'll cry if you want me to." After which she dressed the ice cream cone and wept her heart out.

When the picture ended, Pichel promised to send for her when the right part came along. For two years he wrote letters of encouragement. In one, Natalie was told she was six when he suggested that the family come to Hollywood, for their daughter surely had a future in movies.

The Gurdins debated the move. Could Natalie be an actress and still have a normal childhood? Could she, as an actress, grow up to lead a normal life as an adult?

The familiar image of a child star is a frightening one and, in some cases, rather accurate. The movie moppe, many claim, is a pint-sized princess in the lavish scheme of Hollywood reality and comes to know its world too soon. She fights for good roles rather than toys and learns to steal scenes instead of cookies. She goes wading in her own private pool and when it rains, she can always stay inside and walk barefoot over her little ermine jacket.

She grows up in a world of worshipping adults and grows too fast, yet somehow never grows enough. She is a movie child of the 1930s—a kiddie car for a Cadillac, and public school where she drops by to pick up her high school diploma, after years of semi-private tutoring.

She's constantly surrounded but, nevertheless, in the midst of a crowd she's aware of being apart from it. A wage-earner since she recited her first lines, she longs to declare her independence, and an early marriage is her logical means of breaking parental ties.

At an age where most young people are selecting vocations, hustling off for higher educations, or breathing the first whirl of orange blossoms, the former movie moppet may be stepping into a divorce court to tell a tale of marital failure. For the movie child, too often life is just a bowl of mixed emotions.

Realizing all these things could happen to Natalie, the Gurdins faced a difficult decision. But if, by chance, this was the rule, they vowed that they would raise an exception. And so they went to Hollywood.

Natalie's new name was a German girl in "Tomorrow Is Forever." She first signed a contract with Universal-International, then with 20th Century-Fox. Following this, she free-lanced. Wherever she went, she always included a "Hello there!"

"I made it a point to ask people not to praise her too much or treat her as a motion-picture star. And the same held true at home."

Today Natalie, herself, points out, "I was in my first picture when I was eight years old. I thought I had all the benefits and none of the drawbacks."

There were lessons to be learned along the way. One of the most important was: just because of her pictures, Natalie was to make each of her appearances with a puppy in her arms. Now if there is anyone more adept at scene-steel-
When she was eleven, Natalie was signed for "The Star." It was while working with Bette Davis that I realized there was more to acting than being in pictures and reading your lines," she says. "I discovered that the world as I knew it was only the outside which the people with whom I was working, the directors, the stars. It's not so much what they say as what they do.

"I learned that the main thing is truth. You have to feel the part. Is this the part I'm doing? Is this what the person I'm portraying would do? If it isn't, it's superficial. You can be criticized for a lot of things, but not for not having an honest performance," she concludes.

"Natalie has always had a very professional attitude toward her career," says Nicholas Ray who directed her in "Rebel Without a Cause." She is the perfect balance and a sense of unity is difficult when you're alternating between the fantasy world of pictures and the realities of everyday living. Natalie has had to do this and the life she leads is in itself stronger and more experienced people have cranked from trying.

When she wasn't working, Natalie attended a grim public school to adding. Having previously skipped a grade, she was more advanced and older than the other students in her class, and she arrived bedecked in ruffles and pigtails. The girls looked down at her from their well-heeled heights, straightened their tight, tight skirts and applied another coat of lipstick. Obviously, their manner, the newcomer was an infant.

Natalie was always the one with a pouting, "Mother, we've got to go shopping. I just can't wear these clothes any more."

She convinced her parents that a tight skirt was a necessity, but her father was against it and a lengthy discussion, they compromised on a pale pink shade which she faithfully wore at home. Occasionally, however, when she came from school, her mother would notice traces of lipstick on her face. During those years, Natalie went to parties and dances, acquired new friends by the dozens and now and then allowed other mothers to household the use of the family telephone. Everyone on occasion she announced that she was having a slumber party. Mrs. Gurdin will never forget the time Natalie forgot to pass the bill at the movie theater. Twenty-five girls showed up with blankets and pillows. "They threw them on the floor and slept there," Mrs. Gurdin recalls. "I didn't have a larger house at the time, there was plenty of room, and we got used to the noise."

Although she has her share of girlfriends, Natalie has admittedly preferred the company of boys. During an early age, this preference may stem from an unhappy experience at the age of five when she and another neighborhood siren vied for the attentions of one Douglas Olsen, also age five.

Douglas was an obliging beau who willingly divided his time between Natalie
learned 17, turning to was. Even lot paper to a remove (31 must picture. My and and picture. It's important to use a safe solution—like ZONITE.

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ADRESS

AGE

Paste this ballot on a postal card and send it to Readers' Poll Editor, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, N. Y., 17, N. Y.

That she takes time out for serious thoughts is obvious to those who have encountered Natalie during such moments. After the making of "The Searchers," Pitt, who had a hearty respect for her acting, Scrabble and gin rummily ability. He also made another observation with which Hollywood and the public agree. "Nat- alie strikes me as being older for her years than most actresses," he says admiringly. "She acts older, thinks older. She's—well, she's so much more mature than other girls her age."

Natalie's emotions astound many who meet her for the first time. There was, for instance, the reporter who was rounding up star quotations. He wanted a teen-age theory and approached Natalie with the question, "What do you do away with, if you had your choice?"

He waited, wondering if it would be parental supervision, curfew, homework?

"I'd abolish capital punishment," replied Natalie.

As one friend put it when he heard her retort, "Natalie isn't one for picking up a paper and turning straight to the comic section."

Most girls, in the forum and own newspapers and know what's going on," says Natalie. "Teenagers have a lot more intelligence than they're given credit for. What they need is more understanding."

"I think Natalie's cause," the picture which introduced her to the world as an ingenue, is a plea for that understanding. And occasionally, as well as otherwise, it was a turning point in her life. "I call it my first experience," she says, "because the rest don't really count."

"Rebel," with Natalie, Sal Mineo and the late James Dean, is a picture that hit highway not the only ones of those connected with the film, but the lives of the millions who have seen it. Since its release, Natalie's fan mail count has soared to ten thousand letters per month, and among those letters are messages from mothers as well as teenagers. "My younger has been to see the picture seven times," wrote one. "I've seen it eleven times."

I learned so much from the picture," says Natalie. "We all learned—about juvenile delinquency, parent-child relations, parent-teacher relations. That was something in itself."

The moment she heard that the picture was planned, Natalie went after the part. "She sensed the importance that it would have for her career," says director Nichola- las Ray. "So did a lot of other girls who were trying to get the role. I must have interviewed at least a hundred actresses.
Yet there was something about Natalie...a quality of reality.

"I tested around fourteen or fifteen girls. But in spite of the fact that the transition from child actress to ingenue is a very difficult step and the odds are usually against anyone being able to make it, it seemed to me that Natalie was the one who could do the part—and also show the most promise for the picture and the studio."

That Natalie was concentrating on the role soon became obvious. Several weeks before she was told that the part was hers, Ray received a telephone call from a young stranger. "Mr. Ray, we don't want you to be worried, but we've had a little accident."

"Who is we?" inquired the director.

"A friend of Natalie's and I—and Natalie. Well, sir, we were coming down Laurel Canyon and skidded..."

"Where are you now?"

"I don't want to worry you, but we're at the emergency hospital in Hollywood...and Natalie may have a concussion."

"Have you called her doctor? Her parents?" asked Ray.

"No...we thought we'd better call you first."

Giving instructions to telephone Natalie's family, Ray then phoned his own doctor and headed for the hospital. He and the Gurdins and the physician arrived at the same time. Natalie was examined and it was found she didn't have a concussion.

The group went into the room where she was being treated. Natalie beckoned to Ray. "Do you know what the intern called me?" she whispered. "He called me a juvenile delinquent." She gave him a weak grin. "Now do I get the part?" she asked.

"This was no scatterbrain speaking," says Ray, "Just a very determined girl. And an intelligent girl. She's a student and a bright one."

"During production we had the problem of school—of being able to work with her only three-and-a-half of four hours a day," Ray continues. "It was Natalie's senior year and she graduated that June with a very high average. But, in the meantime, she was going straight from geometry and other studies into playing her role. That takes a lot of concentration, preparation and stamina."

During school, Natalie and Sal Mineo pulled a joke on their teacher. And, for a while, they thought it was a fine one. The instructor had to leave the classroom and, while he was gone, he received a phone call.

Whoever was on the other end of the line claimed to be the head of the Board of Education. However, pupils Wood and Mineo were certain it was their teacher, with voice disguised, checking up on them. Consequently, they began telling some pretty ridiculous tales about him. Then they began to worry.

"What if it was the head of the Board of Education?" asked Sal.

"Then we've done something awful," replied Natalie. They were both fond of the fellow.

They sweated it out for a week, then discovered that they had been right the first time. The teacher had placed the call to himself. Then Natalie went into her act. "This is terrible," she moaned. "We called the real Board of Education and told them we didn't mean all of those things we said about you."

Now it was the teacher's turn to worry. On the whole, however, the set was a serious one. In "Rebel," Natalie found a new approach to acting. She went into more detail than she had ever done before—relating the part to herself, making

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it real to herself. "We covered as much of her personal history as possible, anything we could use to associate with her role," says Nicholas Ray. "The characters in Rebel were made up, but we gave them backgrounds of familiar things. We discussed the character of her father—a man very different from Natalie's own father. She had no relationship to the character at all, but she had known fathers like the one in Rebel—the kind who had to be a hero to his family and ridicule his daughter's friends.

"If a line of dialogue sounded wrong to any of the kids, we always made a change," Ray adds. "On the other hand, they had the kind of talent that could make what seemed like corny lines become a part of them, as if they had written them. They weren't playing effect or result. They were playing from the inside out. Natalie did some growing up during the movie. But she hasn't grown faster than the 'average child,'" says Ray. By living so much of her adult life in an adult world, perhaps she does have a little more poise and self-assurance. But it comes from accomplishment. There's a stubbornness reared in this accomplishment, and it says, 'I have the right to ask.' Everybody does, but so many are intimidated.

"What's refreshing about Natalie is that her poise can break in a second. It can happen at any time. I was at her home the other night to watch a TV film Sal Mineo played recently. Sal was there, cracking jokes. Some of them were pretty corny. But all right into it and with into hysterics. She was having a ball." The playwright who was with me found it difficult to believe that she was a girl who could play mature parts.

Yet Natalie had proved it to the members of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. For, only a few nights before, she had received an Oscar nomination in the supporting actress classification.

She hadn't been nervous about the event—not at first. "Why should I be?" she asks. "We went to watch the other people get the nominations. I never thought I had a chance."

"Jo Van Fleet is my favorite actress and I was clapping so hard when they read her name that I didn't hear them call my name," she said later. "I was jumping up and trying to get to the stage, climbing over so many people's feet. Then I wrote my name on the board and we had pictures taken. After that I was in such a trance, I didn't know what was going on.

Natalie, now eighteen, is the youngest actress to be nominated for the supporting actress award since Bonita Granville got the nod for her performance in "These Three.""What took you so long?" one of her friends teased. "Bonita was much younger."

"Bonita's nomination happened twenty years ago," grinned another real pal. "So you see it's taken a fairly long time for another kid to make the grade.

But that's what you get when you're a movie star—and your name is Natalie Wood." The End

Two on a Marry-Go-Round

(Continued from page 39)

The hectic wedding scene in "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" was a bit of a tough nut for Betty Russ played the lively youngest brother—was quiet in comparison with their real life experience, he intimated. "In the picture, they had only one choice. Venetia and I found ourselves involved—both before and during your period!

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modeling, but I'm not fired by ambition. I want a home of my own, a husband and a family. I think that's the best thing a girl can hope for.

Both had wanted people to know they understood the sanctity of marriage. Venetia had said, "I want a real wedding, one we'll remember forever, not a slapdash elopement to Las Vegas."

Each marriage plan they made was aimed toward having a traditional, dignified wedding. They wanted to stay clear of the commotion which so often attends show-business marriages. In the end, however, Russ and Venetia found that their show-business training became their greatest personal resource, a resource on which they drew to take difficulties in their stride and carry out their plans despite all problems.

Their way had seemed clear enough at first. Having won their parents' approval, they selected Valentine's Day, February 14, as their wedding date. It fit both their romantic feeling and Russ's work schedule. At M-G-M, he was told that he would finish "The Fastest Gun Alive" in plenty of time for comfortable marriage preparations.

But then things began to happen.

Russ ticked off the obstacles. "First it was the floods. They held up shooting, so Venetia and I agreed to a postponement. Then we made up some lost time, so we went back to our original date. Another delay came and we called off our own plans. Honestly," Russ laughed, "that wedding of ours was on and off so many times that I told Venetia it was beginning to look like a publicity stunt."

Many a bride-to-be of more than Venetia's tender seventeen years might well have flown into fidgets and hysterics. Instead, the little blond beauty proved that she, too, was a trooper. In such spare time as she and Russ could manage to spend together, they found an apartment. They also designed the gowns she and her bridesmaid were to wear. When the delays came, she regrettfully but calmly instructed the dressmaker there was no need to hurry. She also solidified some career plans of her own and, during the first week in February, signed a contract with KKO.

The days were running out when suddenly their luck changed. On the Friday before Valentine's Day, a Tuesday, Russ learned that the shooting of "The Fastest Gun Alive" would wind up in time for them to marry.

"Right away I phoned Venetia," Russ says. "I told her to be ready. We had only a few remaining hours in which to get our license. I picked her up at her father's, and away we went, racing for the courthouse."

Venetia took up the story. "Then suddenly I remembered, I had left on the table the paper my father had prepared, testifying to his consent. So I shrieked and Russ turned the car around, right in the middle of traffic."

"Who'd believe I was ever embarrassed by PIMPLES!"
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girl's life happier. Then one day she found she
could earn extra dollars for the things she

other

Her stepmother rescued them. Just

as

they turned into the family’s street, they
saw her car speeding toward them.
“Neither of us came to a complete stop,”
Russ says. “It looked like a scene from
a Western. We passed that paper between
the two cars as though it were the mail
pouch carried by the riders of the Pony
Express. Venetia and I got into the marriage license office with just minutes to
spare before their closing.”
Into the next few days they crammed
all the once-careful arrangements which

had

so many
notified the minister and rechurch.
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gowns were rushed to com-

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and,

Venetia’s place, picking up the last box
of records, when the phone rang.
“It was my folks,” says Russ. “They
were calling from the hospital. My kid
brother had been shot in the eye with a
BB gun a gun I had persuaded the folks
to let him have.”
Frantic, Russ and Venetia took off for
the hospital. There is a close bond of
affection
between the three Tamblyn
brothers, and Russ was sick with worry.
Fortunately,
“It looked awful at first.
however, the doctors soon found that the
pellet had just glanced off. It was a painful, awful mess, but his eye will be all

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right.”

Having spent a large part of the night
the hospital, it was no wonder Russ
was far from being at his best when he
went to pick up the wedding flowers the
at

next morning. Venetia’s bouquet, her
bridesmaid’s bouquet, and their mothers’
corsages were ready. “But the florist must
have thought I was an awful dope. When
he said, ‘That will be one-fifty,’ I pulled
out a dollar and a half. He informed me he
meant one hundred and fifty. I had only
forty dollars on me. I had the needed
money, but it sure was hard to take time
to go get it.”
Breathless, as if he had just completed
a dance on film, Russ finally arrived at
the Wayfarers’ Chapel at Palos Verdes.
Their families and a group of forty close
friends were present. Fred Fraley and
Robert Six were the ushers. Loren Kopp

was Russ’s best man.
Through one of those miracles made for
young lovers, flustered Russ suddenly was
calm.
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a beautiful chapel,” he says,

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“It’s

glass.

honor was Marlene
Pomerantz, and when Venetia entered on
the arm of her father, she was serene and
lovely in her gown of pale blue peau de
soie. It was ballerina length, with a full
skirt and a short bolero. Her finger-tip
length veil floated from her chignon cap.
The Rev. Mr. Kenneth Knox pronounced
them man and wife.
At the wedding reception at the Stevenson home, there was wedding cake and
champagne toasts and all the happy excitement of good friends to congratulate
Venetia’s maid

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invest

in

them.

“We thought

sure

we were ready

to start living happily ever after,”
says. “But

—

Russ

They were headed for the bridal suite
which M-G-M’s Dore Schary had engaged for them at the Bel Air hotel when
Russ suddenly groaned, “Oh, my overcoat.”

The overcoat, as he well knew, was a
matter of utmost importance, for young
Mr. and Mrs. Tamblyn had consented to
combine their honeymoon trip with a personal appearance promotion for the studio.
Early the next morning they were to catch
a plane for Sioux Falls, South Dakota, for
the premiere of Russ’s picture, “The Last
Hunt.” And the temperature at Sioux
Falls, they had been warned, was sixteen
below.
The recollection of the ensuing hours
is still

painful to Russ. “It

was

like a

bad

dream,” Venetia explains. “We had left
Russ’s coat in our new apartment, had
given the keys to his parents and they
were away out at the hospital. The manager of the apartment house also was gone
and there we were, in our wedding clothes,
locked out. Finally, we hunted up a tiny
little key place and the man came over
and let us in. It wasn’t quite the romantic
situation one would choose on one’s wedding night.”
After such a hectic day, the personal
appearance trip seemed almost an anticlimax. Russ and Venetia basked in the
acclaim of the crowds at Sioux Falls and
also in Boston.
In New York, between
sightseeing and theatre-going, they were
full of plans for their new apartment.
“We’re starting with what we consider the bare essentials,” Venetia said.
“We both wanted wall-to-wall carpeting.
We chose a gray, for that will go with
everything. We have a bed and the dishes
and books and such things from our former apartments. And then we have Russ’s
coffee table.”

Proudly she described it. “It’s a beaulong piece of mahogany, cut in a
free-form design. Russ did a wonderful
job making it. We’ll suit our future furtiful

nishings to that.”

The next Tamblyn do-it-yourself proj“Russ is making
is also under way.

ect

me

a sewing cabinet,” Venetia added.
was Russ’s turn to point with pride.
She makes
“Venetia sews beautifully.
many of her dresses, and she is going
to make all our drapes and things like
It

that.”

Young Mr. and Mrs. Tamblyn happily
show every sign that they are going to
enjoy being domestic. They also say that
for all its hectic turmoil, they found in
their wedding day that one moment of exquisite beauty which they will remember
forever.
“The day had started out dark and
cloudy,” Russ relates. “I was particularly
conscious of the weather, for when you
are in what we call ‘the glass church,’ it
is almost like being outdoors. Then, just
as Venetia reached the altar, the sun
broke through the clouds and the shaft
of light touched her. It seemed almost as
though it began shining just for us.”

The End

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Portrait of the Man I Love

(Continued from page 52) and embarrassed but would recover enough, because of their genuine joy at seeing him, to smile, wave and sign autographs.

There are times when I feel like shaking Van for this continuous lack of ego. Just once I'd like to hear him crow. But he won't, he just not built that way. Even when he has done a great job on a film, he'll come home after viewing it with a heavy heart, berating himself for not getting more out of a scene. When I can say in all honesty that I felt he did a brilliant job—and this is becoming very easy to say with the recent roles he's been doing—he respects my judgment and it eases the pain a little. But Van is never so satisfied with a performance that he doesn't think he could have done it better.

I know that humility and modesty are highly regarded in the Proverbs and that Van lives by his faith. But I have a friend who says, "The meek shall inherit the earth—six feet of it square in the face," and sometimes I agree with her. I know that in this profession, as in most, being sweet, gentle and understanding invites others to take advantage. It has happened so many times to Van. Stars who blow their own horns and "carry a big stick" are never in danger of being overlooked for Oscars, of having their pictures released without proper exploitation and advertising. When I speak of Oscars, I am thinking of Van's performance in "The Last Time I Saw Paris." Some of his scenes in that picture reached out and tore the heart of everyone who saw it. So many people thought it was a cinch for an Academy Award nomination that, when we returned home the evening of the nominations, without receiving any mention, the phone started ringing, telegrams poured in, and the next day there were all the letters. From people in the industry, from all walks of life, wanting to protest the oversight and tell Van how they felt.

When I mention pictures being released with little advance publicity, I'm thinking of "The Bottom of the Bottle." I'd like to go on record as a great believer in the old adage that "Advertising Does Pay." I know, and you know that proper exploitation of any product pays dividends. If you have a supply, you must create a demand for it. The motion picture business is no exception. As for "The Bottom of the Bottle," it was released too soon after completion and therefore had no build-up, no exploitation. Consequently, most people will be unaware that Van did a magnificent job of acting in it. However—and thank goodness—the critics saw it! A dear friend in New York sent me their reviews, which were excellent. One in particular capsuled Van's performance with, "In fact the picture may well be called a Johnson tour de force." This pleased me very much. I would love to get in and fight the good fight for Van, but as his wife my hands are tied. One does not have one's wife trotting about as a tub-thumper—and continue to maintain good relations with all and sundry. So I try to keep my urges to a minimum, to relieve myself by long mullings of the whys and wherefores of this business—and butt my head against a stone wall. However, I must add one last word and say that, without a doubt, Van's performance in "23 Paces to Baker Street" is one of his greatest.

I've told you about the part of Van's nature that is shy, grateful and easy.
Let's work on the document page...
tsits, because Van has patiently taught them a real love of color and form. At ten, Tracy won the highest award given at the church hobby show—and a proud family you never saw. As a matter of fact, Tracy has even sold a few of his paintings!

The children also excel in tennis. As a child, Van always wanted to play but couldn't afford a racket. He explained to them that knowing how to play was a social asset and at the same time kept one physically fit. While all three play well, Ned has become terrific. Last year when he stayed at Coronado, he played magnificent tennis for a fourteen-year-old. This year he's on the tennis team at school and, to improve his footwork, has also gone out for track.

I remember when Van first took them skiing at Sun Valley. At the time, Schuyler was only two and didn't have very far to look. Ned was using a ski, and under Van's tutelage he quickly became a beautiful skier. That first year, he won his silver star award for being the youngest child to ski down Dollar Mountain without a spill. The following year he won another for conquering Old Baldy. Although Van skis beautifully, his student Ned has now surpassed him, and Van is the proudest of us all.

When Tracy was eight, he came home from the Catalina Island Boys' Camp with the medal for Best Camper. That meant he was best in every way: swimming, bed-making, campfire activities, personal- ity-wise.

These are the joys that come from Van's constant wish and efforts to teach, love and give everything he knows to the children. As for discipline, he is a bug about their wastefulness, keeping their own things neat and tidy. They must know the sharing of responsibility. At our home in Palm Springs, they really have their share of chores.

The Palm Springs house is, incidentally, a symbol in our lives. I went there looking for a place while Van was on location. I was about 15 when I bought it, and after checking out about twenty-five houses I was a little discouraged. Finally, I showed this enchanting place with a pool and a counter running from kitchen to patio (which meant that I could slip hamburgers out to the children and not have them dripping all over) and just enough room for the Johnsons—no more! The price was right, and it was even furnished. So I was racing home to our business manager.

Now, this man is the type (thank heavens!) who will, upon being told that I want to buy a dress for $1.98, automatically say: "No, not that one." And after listing with typical caution to the glowing terms in which I described my find, and eventually agreed to go down and look it over. When he came back, he said with enthusiasm, "If you don't buy it, I will. And don't wait until Van gets back—it'll be off the market."

So, taking courage in hand, I bought the house. Then I started worrying. Van loves to travel; the more he goes, the more he wants to go. For instance, he's always on the lookout for a script with a European background. And here was I, at his urging buying a place in Palm Springs while his back was turned.

You can imagine my mixed emotions as we drove to the Springs, Van witholding judgment while I held my breath. As he was saying through the sunroof, his eyes lighted up, and his hands started combing his hair. He fell in love with it!

The furniture was rather prosaic, as was the upholstery. To help things along, Van went out and bought a rainbow of pillows.

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and, merely by his banking them on the
divane in blending colors, the living room
came to life. Next, he began painting
the rooms. One day when I came home from
shopping, I found the old furniture painted
white. It was love, the kind of love
that conquers all challenges and
now do the ironing, as well as the cooking.
Van is so completely happy in our Palm
Springs home that he not only doesn't
want to travel, I think he's even reluctant
to go to work.

Roz and Freddie Brisson, who are always
hankering to take off for Europe, have
been coming down to see us. Slowly,
the tedium of Van is getting a hold on
Freddie; less and less he yawns to visit
the continent.

I haven't spoken of Schuyler, our only
girl, because I think I must make men-
tion of Van first—surely he and I are a bit prejudiced, but we think she is
slightly out of this world. She's exactly
like Van, with the same deep sensitivity,
sense of humor, and sweetness. To prove
that most of them are not alone in our feeling,
I'd like to tell you about one of our proudest
moments.

First, you should know that Van has in
the last two yearsGarbo, and years, and
so have I. He has accompanied me to feel
high on this magnificent actress. As for
my part, let me say that while I was playing
in "Romme and Juliet" with Katharine
Cassel, and our "The Crowd" on Broad-
way, "Camille" was being shown at the
Capitol almost two blocks away. Every
night for three weeks, Miss Connell,
Guthrie McClintic, Ty Power, other members
of the stage, and in the middle of a stage
door, still in make-up, took a cab to the
Capitol, sat in the loge, and never stopped
crying. So perhaps you can see that both
Van and I feel that Garbo is the greatest
actress of all time, and we both wish the world
will ever see in our time. That's for sure!

Getting back to my story, we were in
New York to see Roz Russell in "Wonder-
ful Town," and we had taken the whole
family. I said to Van, we went out
walking near the Pierre Hotel, I rec-
ognized Garbo approaching. Taking
a deep breath, I walked up to her. "Miss
Brown," I said softly, "I'm Evie Johnson,
and I admit I never forgive me if I didn't
say hello." Then I got Van into the
conversation fast.

Garbo looked at me, and that beautiful
voice whispered like a cello. "How very
kind of you. Are you here for some time?"
"Yes," I answered, "We've brought the
monsters with us."

"Monsters?" Her bewilderment was ob-
vious.


"Oh, I hear your little girl is very
beautiful. I would like to see her. Could
you perhaps have tea with me tomorrow
at Mr. Hauser's home?"

Could we? Could we? That was one
date neither of us would've missed for an
Academy Award. Getting ready the next
day, I must have changed Schuyler's out-
fit 5,000 times. I don't remember what
I looked like, but she was a beautiful blond
Swedish doll.

After we arrived and had exchanged a
few words of small talk, Schuyler—who
had taken to "Mrs. Garbo," as she called
her—wished the two of them to "cray."
The Turrible Tempered Temptress

Continued from page 63

soap box in Little Rock. However, when she finished her speech, Edie found herself face to face with any kind of an audience.

"I'm awfully glad you told me," the woman concluded. "Isn't it a shame that everyone doesn't know these things about Jane Russell?"

If this were so, it might mean considerably less wear and tear on Edie's vocal chords. However, Jane's children—Tracy and Tommy Waterfield—are the ones who count the spots in their minds that Mother Jane is a gem.

Someday, when they grow up, they'll discover just how she got that way.

They'll understand why she takes them down to the playground for a game of hopscotch. The Waterfields as often as she does—why the frequent visits to Russellville—the 3½-acre property owned by Jane's family—where a dozen or so cousins appear to greet them with, "Hi, Tracy and Tommy, grab a stick and let's go!"

The Waterfields are going to have the same kind of childhood Jane had. They have grand-parents, aunts and a uncle or two of other assorted relatives. They'll laugh and play and fight with their dozen cousins and learn to tell them apart. You will know what Jane calls "the fabulous security" that comes with the give and take and all-encompassing love of a large family. And friends of the Russells will tell you that Jane's relatives are worth the occasional bruised shins.

It's a fact that Mother is a top screen siren. It's also a fact that Mother is not impressed. Like many stars, Jane Russell has never been asked for family advice. She knows her offtimes sharp, impatient ways claim she probably even signed her contract with the back of her hand. Nevertheless, she got Boving, scrapping, awed and conferences are held. Unlike many stars, Jane wasn't having any of that. She still isn't. "If I'm not impressed with what I am, why should anyone else be?"

It's been that way ever since a photographer sent her picture to Howard Hughes, who was searching for a girl to play the lead in "The Outlaw." Jane never actually thought she stood a chance. She just thought it was Ma Russell who answered the phone. Ma Russell had never heard of Howard Hughes. Daughter Jane, she said, was at her cousin's house, helping gather eggs. She'll be back Thursday, she told him.

"Maybe."

The lead was Jane's. But there was no flag-waving, and nobody sent up rockets in the Russell yard. To Jane and Mother and all the rest of us, it was merely her youngest brother, Wally, "it was just something the Lord sent along. And we wondered how long it was going to last."

Salaries, of course, there was no fabulous deal. And it was another job until the poster art began to flood the country and the public began to react. I couldn't seem to go anywhere and be myself anymore. The whole idea called. And she cordially despised the idea.

During those years, one oceanside ballroom was all the rage. The big-name bands played there and the young people turned out to hear the music. As a high-school girl, Jane had a ball there. When she became a movie star, she was either mobbed or stared into an early departure.

The ballroom was a large, loud place where you had to shout to be heard. And when you shouted, everybody heard. Came the evening everyone heard, "Hey, get a load of that blond over there. Isn't she the most peculiar-looking sight?"

The peculiar-looking blond lifted a whitened eyebrow. Her partner glanced down at her. "You do look sort of funny tonight," he told her tenderly. Then they stood there and shook, not from dancing but from laughing.

When the hotel where they stayed home, she removed her wig and glared into the mirror. Glaring back at her was you guessed it, brand-new movie star Jane Russell. "Maybe I should have my nose changed," she grumbled at the reflection.

Eventually, as another sort of defense, Jane channeled her energies into what is known as the Russell type of terrible temper—reserved especially for those who, in one way or another, had made her crazy. Carmen Nebbs, who's been Jane's stand-in and close friend for eight years, got her first glimpse of it when they met on the set of "The Paleface." A star-conscious executive introduced them.

"Miss Russell, this is Carmen Nebbs," he said.

"Jane," murmured Miss Russell. "Carmen, this is Miss Russell," he went on.

"Jane," muttered Miss Russell more distinctly. "And now Miss Russell, if you'll—"

Jane started further, "My name is Jane!" the star of the show howled. "And I damned well want to be called Jane."

"The Paleface" was Jane's third picture. Since then she's made a lot of them. But the result is that they are worth the occasional bruised shins.

Jane looks at other stars in amazement, when they're dressed to the teeth. She admires them for it, but she can't do it. It's like her Aunt Ernestine told her when the Russell clan gathered to go somewhere. "Why should we get all gussied up? They're lucky to know us!"

In effect, she was saying, "This is the way I want to know you."

So they appear, Jane, and she loves it. Primarily because it lets people know that she doesn't take herself too seriously. And she surrounds herself with people who seem to take almost nothing seriously.

The Marx Brothers would find themselves completely at home in her dressing room. There, "Shotgun," Jane's make-up man, pauses with the powder puff to answer the phone. "Which is Cab. Where are ya and whaddaya want?"

Or maybe the script girl walks in and says, "You have long lines in the next scene. You'd better concentrate and get them right."

"Yeah?" says Jane.

"Yeah," says the script girl. "The first line is 'Bah.' The other is, 'I said Bah!'"
On the set Jane goes aloft with a gage—often too readily. In 1932, for "The Tall Men," there was a scene in which Clark Gable was supposed to pick her up and toss her lightly across his shoulder. Before the action began, someone figured a forethought would prevent anything, so hidden beneath Jane's cape, and it would be a dandy joke on her co-star. Jane heartily agreed.

When the time came, Gable managed to toss her across his shoulder, but with no great ease. He launched into his dialogue and, as he stood there, his face got red and he began to perspire. Everyone began to snicker and conspirator Russell. Her face was getting red, too. From holding onto the weight for dear life.

Jane's infancy is not restricted to the set; she takes it with her. And if you stand on ceremony around the lady, you'll be standing alone. As one friend puts it, "The first time you visit the Waterfield's, you ring the doorbell. Seems logical, doesn't it? After you realize you may be on the doorstep all day. Maybe somebody will come and maybe somebody won't. On the second visit, you know to walk right in. Sooner or later, you'll see someone.

By the same token, once inside, if you want a cup of coffee, you go to the kitchen and put the water on. If you're hungry, you apply your arm to the icebox door.

"It's just a matter of which is more equal in casual, even if they haven't seen one another for years. They never write. When they meet again, they simply take up the friendship where it left off. Why should anything be different?" Once she was scheduled to make a personal appearance in Birmingham, Alabama. Before departing, she stopped by an office at KDKA. "I've got some friends in George and Charlie Taylor," she told them. "Let's send them a wire. Maybe they'll come over."

"How far is it?" she was asked.

"I dunno," replied Jane in her offhand way, "but they'll be there.

The wire was sent. However, when Jane and Edie Lynch reached Birmingham, there was no word from the Taylors. Going down to the lobby, Edie passed a man standing in a doorway. "Hello there," he said amiably.

She glanced in his direction and saw a woman and a baby in the room behind him. "You wouldn't be Charlie Taylor, would you?"

"You must be Edie," he grinned. "Come in and sit down."

She did. They'd been talking like lifelong friends for an hour before Edie was startled by a sudden "Good morning!" she exclaimed. "Jane doesn't know you're here yet."

Jane was the last to know. She happened to find out when she strolled by on her way to the lobby.

Jane has a theory about friends. You have friends, you keep them. "Too many children go up the ladder pushing friends away, giving too much importance to fame and glory. Then they go on to the top what have they got? They've kicked aside everything that means anything. If they'd only realize ..."

If anything, Jane's taken her friends with her no matter how she's involved. She's known almost everyone she knew in high school. And the way she frets and worries about them, you'd think they'd never graduated.

When Jane goes out of town on business, there's always a friend in tow. A friend, Jane figures, who needs a vacation with expenses paid by the studio. Customarily for a year to take along a secretary, however. Jane's never given the idea much thought. Consequently, her friends have enjoyed extensive vacations all over the United States and Europe. This year they're off to Greece and nowhere new. When Jane was in grammar school, her teacher paid a visit to Ma Russell. She wanted to know what Jane was like at home, how she occupied her time. "She likes a lot of things," was her mother's reply. "No wonder," the teacher mused, remembering how, in school, little Jane constantly ignored her own lessons to help her mother.

As Jane grew older, she wanted nothing more than to study dramas with the famed Madame Ouspenskaya, and she pleaded with her mother night and day to let her go. When Ouspenskaya had to be; no one else would do.

Finally, because Ouspenskaya was the greatest, her mother consented and gave Jane the tuition to take to the Ouspenskaya school.

It must be said in Jane's defense that she started on her way to enroll. But on the way, she remembered that a friend, Pat Dawson, was attending another school. Jane called her up. Pat was sorry, but she hadn't left when she left, she still considered Ouspenskaya the greatest. However, Jane had enrolled at the other school—to be with her friend.

"When she came home that night, she laid it all on the line to her brother Wally. "There was quite a row!"

When Jane blows her top, there's usually a good reason; it's nothing terribly apparent. This leaves the cause to be traced—quite possibly on a map. A friend calls her from Palo Alto, "explains Edie Lynch. "She's got troubles and she wants to know."

She gets upset in Hollywood.

"Jane goes completely overboard for everybody else, all the time," says Wally Russell. "I remember one day she blew up and cameraman was pulled off a job for a silly reason, and he couldn't defend himself."

"Something like that hits her. She told them if they didn't have the man back on the job, she wouldn't come either." And she meant it.

Although she works in movies because she likes to, Jane's pictures are sandwiched in between other activities. And if she needed another film, she'd survive quite nicely.

Just as Jane's friend are (and are) a vital part of her life before pictures, the same may be said for her religion. "Only now is one of the when she decides makes her look like a junior Aimee McPherson."

Jane is religious, but so are a lot of other people, she figures. And why the fuss? It's just another way to get what seems to be a reversal of behavior," she says. "But has anyone stopped to realize that I might have always been this way?"

She's backed by brother Wally. "Mom started us off in church when we were still in our crib," he says. "Jane was a baby in Mom's arms when she first started attending. When the next one of us came along, we went. It was so obvious that Jane was transferred to a clothes basket—and so on as the family increased, until we all graduated to the benches."

That's the way it started. And if you go back to Jane's childhood, you'll find a good many explanations for the movie star of today, also the mother of today.

The Russell kids—Jane, Tom, Kenny, Jamie, and Wally—grew up in the San Fernando Valley. For a time, the family had a ranch—a cow, four horses, a tractor.
and an alfalfa field, among many other worldly possessions.

Their father was general manager of the Andrew Jergens Company for the entire West Coast. He did well. During the Depression, he bought a $35,000 home—five bedrooms, a three-car garage and maid's quarters included. Today Ma Russell, the Russell boys, their wives and families live in what used to be the citrus grove of the estate. The rest of the property was sold because there was no money to keep it up after Mr. Russell's death.

It hasn't been so long ago that the valley was all farmland. The Russell kids went to grammar school barefoot and on horseback. Sometimes after school they'd stop off and slide down haystacks—until the owner came after them waving a shotgun. Other times, they'd hide under a melon patch and treat themselves to a snack out of the middle of the field. "We knew it wasn't right," says Jane. "And we'd get awfully sick."

They'd come home reeling and Ma Russell would know exactly what had happened. She'd stand and look at them and wait. They'd stand and look at her and plead, "Give us a licking, Ma. Then you'll tell Mr. Gilbert and give him some money. Please, Ma, can't we have a licking?"

Ma Russell would remain firm. So off they'd trod to Mr. Gilbert's door. "We stole your melons," they'd confess. "The Lord made us sick and we want to get well. So we have to come back and tell you. We'll work until we can pay for them."

Today, if Jane does something wrong, intentionally or unintentionally, she still knows that she's got to go back and make it right. It may be, "I hurt you the other day. I was rude and I'm sorry." No matter what it is, for Jane, the balance has to be kept even.

If someone wrongs Jane, she proves more tolerant than anyone. In these days when expert druggists are selling like hotcakes, she hasn't been ignored. Her friends have been aghast at her calm manner. "You ought to take that writer's head off," they've told her. "Why?" asks Jane. "Poor guy. I feel sorry for him. Something must be the matter with someone who's doing a thing like that."

Jane was sixteen when her father died. She was the only daughter and they'd been particularly close. She was a long time getting over his death.

She was sixteen, an age at which both parents' wisdom is especially needed to cope with offspring who are no longer children but are not yet adults. Jane had reached the age at which kids were beginning to smoke and drink and run wild.

Ma Russell prayed for the youngsters—her own and all the rest. She also took action. She kept Cokes on ice, coffee hot, sandwiches in the icebox. She offered food for thought as well—understanding that they seemed to be unable to find elsewhere. And they came to her.

That was the beginning of the new famed chapel. At first, the meetings were held in the Russell living room. At first, they weren't even considered meetings—just get-togethers for conversation and the hashing out of problems. And Ma Russell would slip in.

The crowd grew. And, as the youngsters grew, they found they still needed Ma's understanding and her prayers. Through the high school, through the years—for that matter, throughout its lives. It was after World War II that the "congregation" constructed the chapel.

As for the handling of her four younger brothers, Jane did the honors—quite often with her fists. For a time, every family argument would end in a front-yard fight, with sister the victor. But as does happen, they've grown, Jane doesn't have to goad the boys. They tower over big sister. "One day, Wally remembers, "there was a bigger row than usual on the lawn. And this was no verbal argument. That's when Jane found out she had to change her tactics. The time had passed when she could tell us to do something and if we didn't she would knock us down. Now she had to turn on that maternal instinct and try very hard to be tolerantly understanding."

As if doing what she wanted to do was our own idea.

"But the time to back away still is when she's coming at you like a dove," Wally adds, grinning. "You never know when she's going to put you on the back or beat you over the head!"

The worst verbal lashing of all came after Jane had signed her contract with Hughes. She had to have a car to get to work and she bought a convertible.

At this particular time, brother Kenny was dating a girl in Riverside—the girl he later married. But this particular night was the one before he was due to report to the Navy. He wanted to see his girl. The problem was how to get to Riverside.

Two Russell heads got together on the matter. "Kenny and I set the alarm clock for 11 P.M.," says Wally. "Everybody was asleep by then and we slipped out to the garage."

Jane had obligingly left the keys in the car and the boys released the brake and pushed her beloved new possession out of the driveway.

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the garage and about a half-mile down the road she’d hopped in and roared away to Riverside.

Next morning, Jane went out to her car. It had rained the night before, and the convertible was spattered with mud from top to bottom when she climbed in. The tank had been drained. "Did the fur ever fly that day," Wally shudders.

However, sister Jane was also capable of giving the boys invaluable advice. "Wally," she says, "a girl would give one of us the brush and he’d be miserable."

That’s when Jane would sit the unhappy, still-crying fellow in her lap and fight him every inch of the way until she can dominate you," she’d tell him. "And if she can—well, then she won’t think much of you."

"She gets to high school," says Wally, "we found she'd given us a good head start on a lot of guys who had to find it out the hard way."

Yet there were times in "fighting Jane Russell," as she is aptly called, when fight and advice didn’t help. She couldn’t do battle with nature, and her three first years of high school were miserable ones. She was tall and thin as a board. She never wore sleeveless dresses because her arms were too skinny. And she took a terrible teasing. "They called me Bean Pole," she says. "And it hurt."

Jane has never forgotten those painful years. That’s why when she sees someone in a turmo—someone who can’t do anything about it—she’ll pull the head off the person responsible if he comes into sight. "Children who haven’t had something to overcome when they’re young—no matter how minor—are bound to be less tolerant of other people’s problems when they grow up," she says. "When a person who’s never been sick sees someone ill, they’ll say, ‘You’re sick? That’s too bad.’ But they really don’t know how it feels because they’ve never been that way."

If Jane’s been that way and found the going tough, she’ll lose no time in smoothing the road for others.

For example, on a trip to Europe in 1951, Jane discovered the disappointment of being unable to adopt a child. She’d found a little girl who was eligible for adoption and she wanted to bring him home. But the red tape of immigration blocked her.

Then she got to thinking of the vast numbers of orphans whose given names were on long waiting lists back in the States—and the many European orphans who were available for adoption but could find no homes in their own countries.

On her way back to Hollywood, Jane stopped in Washington, D.C., where she hunted Congressmen about the matter. When she left, they’d promised action. As a result of this trip, and the pressure the girls now are able to enter this country for adoption. Going a step further, Jane helped found WAIF (Women’s Auxiliary International Federation), which has become a division of International Social Service, which helps place the children.

Jane also knows the rocky road of love, despite the fact that she has one of the happiest marriages in Hollywood. Her suffering in love will be remembered when she first fell in love with Bob Waterfield. They went to the same school and, whenever he’d walk by, her jaw would drop. But he always walked by without noticing her.

After Jane grew up a bit—a considerable bit—Bob noticed her, they began dating, and fighting. "He’d come over to the house to see her every evening or so," recalls Wally. "They’d roll back the rugs and put some records on."

"Being the youngest, I had to go bed early. But I used to be awakened by doors slamming as Bob’s car charged off. He left in that fashion just as many times as he went out peacefully."

After "The Outlaw," Bob took a kidding from his friends at UCLA. "Jane’s a movie star now. They’d be cool. ‘Gee, Waterfield, you’d better throw in the towel.”

At first Bob paid little attention. "Just saw we could go out on dates every evening," says Jane, "but the nonsense on the outside began to bother him, too.

"He likes to go along quietly and mind his own business. He used to take me to the beach all the time. We have a beach house now, but he still likes to go down to a public beach. Only he won’t take me!"

They were married after Jane handed him an ultimatum: Get married or we both start dating other people," Robert accepted her proposal.

A short time later, Bob went into the Army and Jane followed him to Georgia, where they were stationed for two months. That meant no weekly check and since Bob’s Army pay was meager, Jane went to work in a beauty parlor in Columbus.

Actually, the Russells and Bob Waterfield have one another tremendously, and also have a great respect for one another. Bob doesn’t like crowds; the Russells add up to a mob. A noisy group makes Bob nervous; the Russells can manage more noise.

She’s the one who makes Bob turn over in his grave in Times Square. When he can take it no longer, Bob politely ducks out.

Jane doesn’t mind. The Russells understand. "He’s something like Dad used to talk about, only physically. He wants the peace kept. So it’s live and let live, and everybody’s happy."

The Russell clan goes on its hectic way, and when it remains close to the folks, who now total seventeen, in twenty-two--"Russellville"—boeing somewhat of a community in itself. Little Tracy's and Tommy's cousins number thirteen.

If Jane Russell kids’ greatest treats is being allowed to stay overnight, or perhaps spend several days with their cousins. And Jane drops in, with or without her children as often as she can. Sometimes—especially, she says—after the last of the kids are gone, she’ll drive to her way home from the studio. And there’s no telling what she’ll be sending next. “She’ll pose with something,” says Wally. “And because it’s a custom to give the star the last of whatever it is. So she’ll hand them a card with an address to send it to.

“One time she posed with a TV set, a radio, a typewriter. It arrived at Pam’s and Jamie’s house.”

"She may mention something’s coming," Wally adds, “but that’s only because we might think there’s a mixup in delivery and send the things back. She knows what it’s going to be. But you can bet your life she tells us where it will look best in the house.”

Jane still gives her brothers advice. One night, Bob had given Jane her new home. She walked into the living room and muttered, “It’s all wrong.”

Then she completely rearranged the room. When she’d finished she stood back and looked at it. “Yep, that’s it,” she said, and went away.

Wally wasn’t sure he cared for the arrangement. He stared a while then moved everything back. But to everybody’s surprise Jane came to dinner. She stepped into the front room and stopped in her tracks. There was a long pause as she surveyed the changes that had been made unmade. “Okay,” she said, “I tried.”

“But if she’d known I didn’t like it and if I had left it that way anyway,” says Wally, “she’d have really gotten mad.”

The Russell brothers recently went into the contracting business, and Jane, as usual, is behind them one hundred percent. She is on hand to advise, of course, and to lend her talents to decorating the firm’s new offices. She favors interior decorations and the fact that her sister has a star has little to do with it.

Actually, the only person Jane has ever wanted to impress is named Waterfield. And Jane’s told for whom. She’s an unusual modest self. During their courtship days, an engagement ring went back and forth between them. Bob would give it to her, she’d give it back. Came the time when she wanted it again. “I don’t have it anymore,” Bob told her.

Jane wanted to know where it was. “I hocked it to go fishing,” he said.

“Have any luck?” she asked him.

“Nope, I didn’t.”

“Yes, you have,” said the modest Miss Russell. “You still have me. Me, I’m a jewel.”

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