I was letting ‘Marty’ down”
says Mrs. Ernest Borgnine

Stamped by Scandal —
Jeanne Crain’s
Tragic Marriage Breakup

ALSO: RUTH WATERBURY’S GOSSIP
JEFF HUNTER’S COMPLETE LIFE STORY
SHAPES AHoy!
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July 1956

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JULY 1956

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CASTS
OF CURRENT PICTURES

ANIMAL WORLD, THE—Warners. Directed by Irwin Allen; Documentary.

AS LONG YOU'RE NEAR ME—Warners. Directed by Harold Braun; Eve Berger, Maria Schell; Frank Tashlin; O. W. Fischer; Mona Arndt; Brigitte Horney; Steven Bergner, Hardy Kruger; Paul, Mathias Wieman; Beuz, Paul Beldt.


CATERED AFFAIR, THE—M-G-M. Directed by Richard Brooks; Mrs. Tom Harvey, Bette Davis; Tom Harvey, Ernest Borgnine; June Havoc, Debbie Reynolds; Uncle Jack Conlin, Barry Fitzgerald; Ralph Halloran, Rod Taylor; Mr. Halloran, Robert Sterling; Mrs. Halloran, Madge Kennedy; Mrs. Raftery, Dorothy Stickney; Mrs. Carey, Carol Veazie; Alice Joan Camerdi; Eddie Horner, Ray Stricklyn; Sam Leter, Jay Adler; Hotel Caterer, Dan Tolen; Bill, Paul Denton; Mrs. Musso, Augusta Merighi.

CROWD PARADISE—Tudor. Directed by Fred Pressburger; George Heath, Hume Cronyn; Tony Curtis, Nancy Kelly; Mr. Diaz, Frank Silvera; Felicia Diaz, Emil Rudolph; Joan Feguero, Mario Alcudia.

CRIME IN THE STREETS—A.A. Directed by Donald Siegel; Ben Wagner, James Whitmore; Frankie Duke, John Cassavettes; Baby Gino, Sal Mineo; Lou Macklin, Mark Rydell; Maria Giuca, Deane Alexander; Mrs. Dan, Virginia Gregg; Mr. Giai, Willy Kullusa; Richie Duke, Peter Vatanen; Mr. MclLhister, Malcolm Atterbury; Blackfeather, Dan Torrenova; The Fighter, Peter Miller; Glasses, Steve Rowland; Benny, Ray Stricklyn; Lenny, James Ong; Phil, Robert Alexander; Herky, Duke Mitchell; Redtop, Richard Curtis; Chuck, Doyle Baker.

D-DAY THE SIXTH OF JUNE—20th. Directed by Henry Koster; Brad Parker, Robert Taylor; John Wynter, Richard Todd; Valerie, Diana Wynter; Colonel Timmer, Edmond O'Brien; Brigadier Rochester, John Williams; Raymond Bayne, Terry Paris; Dan Strick, Robert Gist; David Archer, Richard Stapley; Mayor Mills, Ross Elliott; Col. Harkema, Alex Finlayson; Capt. Tomlin, Cyril Delevanti; Georgeina, Marie Brown; Male, Rama Bari; Arkelson, Dalba Greer; Major McElvain, Geoffrey Steele; Capt. Waller, George Peppard; Lieutenant of Party, Conrad Fair; Sgt. Brooks, Boyd "Red" Morgan; Granger, Richard Attenberg; Mrs. Hamilton, Victoria Ward; Bennett, Patricia McMahon; Lt. Col. Cantrella, John Dunbar; General Ballentine, Thomas B. Henry; General Pike, Damien O'Flynn; General Killenbeck, Ben Wright; Corporal, Queenie Leonard; American War Correspondent, Howard Prine; Driver, Reg the Dvorak; Lt. Clayford Binnis, Chief Marshall; Sgt. Herbert, Pat Dyer; Lance Corp. Bailey, Ashley Cowan; Wal, C. M. Mitchell; Sergeant, Mickey Scott; Puckin, Joe Garcia; Randall, Paul Glass.

FOREIGN INTRIGUE—U.A. Directed by Sheldon Reynolds; Bishop, Robert Mitchum; Dominique, Geneviève Page; Frata, Ingrid Thulin; Spring, Frederick O'Brien; Sandor, Gene Deeds; Mrs. Lindquist, Inga Tidblad; Teey, John Padovano; Maxheen, Frederick Schrecker; Jones, Lauritz Falk; Brown, Peter Copley; Smith, Ralph Brown; Dr. Thiethal, George Hubert; Bistro Owner, Jim Gerald; Bann, Nil Sperber; Darmocoe, Jean Galland; Starky, John Starkey; Dodge, Gilbert Robin; Charnwood, Val, Emic Cameron; Chorus, Robert Le Beal; Information Desk Clerk, Albert Simmons.

GREAT LOCOMOTIVE CHASE, THE—Disney. Directed by Francis D. Lyon; James J. Andrews; Fred Parker; William O'Donovan; Jeffrey Hunter; William Campbell, Jeff York; William Pittinger, John Lupton; Robert Buffum; Eddie Flanders; Anthony Murphy, Kenneth Tobey; Morion A. Ross, Don Megowan; Jacob Parrott, Claude Jarman, Jr.; William Maguire, Barry Carey; J. A. Wilson, Lennie Geer; William Kukly, George Robothom; Wilson Brown, Stan Jones; John Wallace, Marc Hamilton; John M. Scott, John Wiley; Pete Brocken, Slim Pickens; Alex, Morgan Woodward; A Switch, W. S. Bearden; John Mclntyre, Grant Scott; Pauci, Mickey Scott; Puckin, Joe Garcia; Randall, Paul Glass.

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It's all heart! Bob Hope, one of the greatest of all comic performers, in a picture that tops “The Seven Little Foys” in tenderness, warmth and feeling! Based on the terrific Broadway play, it's about a boy and his dog, a guy who'd failed and a girl who loved him enough to turn him into a nationally famed cartoonist!

It gives you that wonderful feeling

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WILLIAM ALTMAN
Based on a play by Jean Kerr and Eleanor Brooke

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and
"IT'S A WALTZ"
"EVERYBODY SWINGS"
"THAT CERTAIN FEELING"
"ZING WENT THE STRINGS OF MY HEART"
"HIT THE ROAD TO DREAMLAND"
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This is the motion picture so crowded with exciting achievements that it is impossible to list them all! Gregory Peck's mighty portrayal is certainly one of them.

Co-starred with him are

**Richard Basehart**
as the young, romantic rover and

**Leo Genn**
as the vengeful Starbuck

In a year of so many wonderful screen advances the mightiest leap forward of all is Warner Bros' presentation of the

**John Huston**
production of Herman Melville's

**Moby Dick**

and

**Orson Welles**
as Father Mapple

COLOR BY **TECHNICOLOR**
SCREEN PLAY BY RAY BRADBURY AND JOHN HUSTON

A MOULIN PICTURE • DIRECTED BY JOHN HUSTON • PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS.
WHAT SHOULD I DO?

What had he said? I just feel that I must get in touch with him and apologize for what I said that night. I have never met anyone else who is quite like him.

Do you think I should get in touch with some of his other friends and try to get his new address and telephone number?

HOLLY S.

A I am quite ready to believe, Holly, that you were in love with this man and trusted in what you believed to be his love for you. But, candidly, I don’t think you are seeing all the picture, and I am seeing even less as a result. However, it appears to me that your “fance” deliberately provoked the fight in order to escape from his engagement to you without telling you the truth. I suspect that you acted exactly as he hoped you would.

I think that, for your own peace of mind, you should determine definitely whether this man is married or not, but I’m afraid it would be unwise to attempt to extract the truth from him personally. Surely, the facts can be secured in some way that will explain his position without your getting in touch with him.

I recommend an indirect course because there is another unpretty aspect to the situation. It may be that if you make the overtures and apologize to him, he will be glad to “come back to you”—but only on his terms, and those terms are likely to lead to far more heartache than you now suffer.

I imagine you have heard your mother say, “Coming events cast their shadows before them.” If you will look upon this man as a mere shadow, cast before the man you will eventually meet, love and marry, the idea should help to ease your present unhappiness. Who would want to marry a mere shadow in haste when a few months or years of waiting would bring the true man into your life?

Q I am just past eighteen and I am terribly in love, but I have made a serious mistake and as a result I may never see my sweetheart again.

We were planning to be married next October, and I was already getting together the equipment for a small apartment.

One night in February, we went to a party given by my friends. It was the first time Zig had met these people, so naturally I wanted him to make a good impression. Instead of that, he deliberately provoked an argument with one of the boys and before it was over he knocked this fellow down and tipped over a table. It was simply terrible, and so uncalled for that I couldn’t understand it. I told Zig I never wanted to see him again. Of course, I was furious and embarrassed and spoke without thinking.

When I didn’t hear from him after a few weeks, I got in touch with a friend of his and asked how I could persuade Zig to come back and talk it over. This friend said, “If you’re in your right mind, you’ll let the thing drop right here and forget him. He’s been married for two years.”

I don’t know whether to believe this story or not. Why would he propose to me and go apartment-hunting if he didn’t mean...
Important Milestones in Modern Medicine:

1796—Triumph Over Contagious Diseases. First inoculation by Dr. Jenner.
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TRIUMPH
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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

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 Capture Fluoride in a toothpaste. At last, after years of research, university scientists discovered Fluoristan—the greatest decay-preventive in any toothpaste.

Fluoristan Makes Possible Crest. Without Fluoristan, you cannot get maximum protection against tooth decay with a toothpaste. Protects teeth of adults and children, six and over.

Dentists Tested Crest for three years on 5,673 people. No toothpaste can end all decay, but Crest set records of decay prevention never approached by any other 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!
NEW FROM DuBARRY — makes your hair

Curls lanolin softness right into your hair!
look born beautiful!

the only all-lanolized home permanent

• Lanolin waving lotion
  • Lanolin-treated end papers
  • Lanolin neutralizer

Never before a home permanent like this! Never before could you curl lanolin-softness right into your hair at every step! For DuBarry now brings you the first and only all-lanolized home permanent!

No wonder your hair looks born beautiful! No wonder it has all the sheen, the softness, the gentle springiness of naturally curly hair! You never, never see that frizzy "just-permanented" look, even on the first day. Yet curls are so strong, so lasting—you can't lose them unless you cut them off!

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DuBarry is fast, sure, easy. All you do is wind, wave, neutralize. No test curls. No "head steamer" towel wrap. No dip and drip waiting. You're done in minutes, you're set for months!

P.S. DuBarry smells nice, too—no eye-stinging ammonia fumes.

So, for lanolin-soft curls with that born beautiful look—get the new DuBarry. In Gentle, Regular, Super. Also, DuBarry Perfect Pin-Curl Permanent. Each, $1.75 plus tax in fine department and drug stores.

DuBarry
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Tan Safely... beautifully!

...wonderful new Squibb product, Sun 'n' Surf. Comes as lotion, cream or handy spray, actually filters out dangerous burning rays, helps you to a gorgeous golden tan. Non-greasy and will not stain.

Sun 'n' Surf
The answer to the burning question!

SQUIBB quality... the priceless ingredient

---

WHAT SHOULD I DO?

continued

was based in Paris for a time after the fracas of 1939-1945, I was impressed by the fact that the designing business there was male-dominated and was big business, and I decided right then to qualify myself for the profession in the U.S.

It struck me that American women were far more beautiful than the so-called chic women of Paris; also that the average American woman had a better figure to decorate and more money to spend on that decoration than the average European woman.

Now that I have qualified myself for this profession, I should like to be associated with one of the motion picture studios or one of the California designers, but I am finding it difficult to secure an entry.

I'm married and the father of one son and one daughter, so I have only a limited time to make the necessary contacts. I am prepared to exert myself and believe I have designing talent and business acumen. How then, does a fellow get started if he does not have the capital with which to launch himself?

TOM A.

A I am very much in sympathy with your ambition to get into the dress designing business, Mr. A. I am always more interested in what men think of both my professional and my personal wardrobe than I am in the comments of other women for a reason which interests me very much: I find that other women usually admire what they feel they, too, could wear, and are indifferent to a style, a color, a treatment which their taste would discard. Contrariwise, men are interested in the garment of the moment on the woman of the moment; their opinions are pure, in that there is no ego-complication in them.

In your case, I think your first consideration must be that you have a family to support; therefore you must approach your profession with income primarily in mind. That means that you must get into the volume market, where sales are made to the thousands. You need to develop your sense of what "Everywoman" wants in her closet, how much she will pay for it, and how you can satisfy both her clothes-buget and her pocketbook. The best rehearsal stage for acquiring this professional perception is the vast American wholesale garment industry.

Ordinarily, motion picture and TV studios are interested in designers who have already perfected their craft to a high degree and have earned reputations in the commercial field. Incidentally, many of these talented designers, when venturing into the custom field, have found that they could not afford the high art of dressing a few fastidious customers, but must go into the wholesale field on a grand scale in order to clothe their own families.

I do wish you every success because your letter leads me to believe that you have the training and the qualifications for a satisfying career.

Q Mine is a problem which many girls have, but never get a chance to talk about. I am sixteen, a sophomore in high school and live with my mother who has been divorced for fourteen years. My sister is eighteen and is going to college. It is not easy for my mother to send a daughter to college on what she earns, and my sister doesn't appreciate it.

To give you an idea; instead of staying at school over weekends, my sister takes every chance to ride down with friends.
THE WONDER SHOW OF THE WORLD!

It Happens There In Mid-Air... In All Its Fire, Flesh And Fury!

HECHT AND LANCASTER present TRAPEZE

BURT LANCASTER TONY CURTIS

GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA

Also Starring KATY JURADO · THOMAS GOMEZ · JOHN PULEO · MINOR WATSON · Directed by CAROL REED · Produced by JAMES HILL

Screen play by JAMES R. WEBB · Adaptation by LIAM O'BRIEN · A SUSAN PRODUCTIONS INC. Picture · Released thru UNITED ARTISTS
A piece of paper can show you quicker than anything else how good your make-up is. Smears, streaks, lines, pores show up on paper at a glance—the way they show up on your skin at close range. And you can see for yourself how much, much smoother Lady Esther's new Sheer Flattery is than other make-ups tested.

Sheer Flattery is a new sheerer than sheer, creamier creme make-up that smooths on so easily ... smooths over every blemish so evenly, you can be absolutely confident that the closer he looks the lovelier you'll look.

No other make-up—cream, liquid, or cake—can give you such wonderful close-up confidence in your complexion as Lady Esther's new Sheer Flattery! Just look at the paper test! It shows the difference!

6 new 'SKIN-HARMONY' shades
blend perfectly with natural skin tones
Stunning pink and French Grey case

79¢ plus tax
price slightly higher in Canada

WHAT SHOULD I DO?

A Isn't it time for you to decide exactly what you are afraid of, Stella? To evaluate what is important to you as a person? Fear has its place in our lives, of course; it keeps us from walking in front of trucks and trying to pet lions, but it should never be permitted to set up an adult pattern of submission to coercion.

You have precisely as much right to rearrange the room to please yourself when your sister is away as she has to maintain an arrangement she likes when she is at home. Naturally, you shouldn't expect to have your way all the time, and neither should your sister—but that is her problem.

This division of opinion between your sister and yourself need not lead to open conflict. You could keep the room the way you like it when she is away, rearrange it for her homecoming. It goes without saying that there should be no mention of this routine, a course of action which might be called mild diplomacy.

At all times you should be aware of what you are doing, which is this: you are striking a balance. No person can achieve true success along with the feeling of being a fulfilled personality, until he has learned to preserve his own individuality while, at the same time, he is getting along with other people.

I may as well admit—and it will come as no surprise to you—that there are some who never master this knack, but I think you can. Don't you?

Q Because you are a mother yourself, I'm sure you will understand my mother's ambitions for me and not criticize her as some of the members of our family are inclined to do.

You see, I fell in love when I was only eighteen and immediately wanted to get married. My mother begged me to wait, but I was certain there would never be anybody like Jerry. Actually, there never has been, and there never will be. He is an absolute darling, and so unselfish and kind. I love him dearly, and our two little boys are absolute angels. I couldn't be happier in my family life.

This is what has happened: My mother has received an unexpected inheritance.
They keep you chic in the water...and sleek when you "land"

Kleinert’s Sava-Wave Swim Caps have the Magic Inner Rim that keeps water OUT! They’re GUARANTEED watertight...and guaranteed to start wave after wave of compliments rolling your way! Side-show (above, left), $1.69. Cap with pearl-centered posies, $2.00. Gamin cap, $5.00. In pretty watercolor colors. Other caps from $1.00.

Kleinert’s
SAVA-WAVE SWIM CAP

Beach bag with waterproof lining, $3.98.
Halos—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!**

---

**WHAT SHOULD I DO?**

continued

quite a large amount of money, and she wants to give me a chance in the world beyond what Jerry will ever be able to provide. She wants to take me to Hollywood and give me training, because she believes I would have an excellent chance for a screen career.

Jerry objects, feeling that my place is with my husband and our sons, and I must say that most of the family—even my mother’s relatives—agree with him. Mother says Jerry is merely jealous, and that he wants to keep my beauty and talent his personal possession instead of sharing me with the world.

I feel that I am right in the middle of this dispute, and I’m terribly torn. I love Jerry and want to make him happy. On the other hand, if I could succeed in Hollywood, we could have a very different life which he could share with me.

What do you think are the chances for a girl of twenty-five who is willing to work like a slave, and who was said to have exceptional looks and talent during her high school days?

**HELENA P.**

A Authentic, breathtaking beauties are a dime a dozen in Hollywood, Mrs. P. Salesgirls, waitresses, receptionists, and secretaries are often so pretty that visitors to Southern California remark upon the general loveliness of the feminine scene. In many cases they are girls who didn’t realize that nine out of ten of the most successful actresses in motion pictures are not great beauties at all, but possess an indefinable quality which makes it possible for them to elicit an emotional response from an audience.

You say you are “willing to work like a slave,” but this statement suggests a stevedore’s or a sandhog’s profession rather than the delicate, perceptive, highly-trained occupation of acting. There is an epigram in Hollywood that goes like this: “Overnight successes have had ten years of training.” Are you willing to invest the next ten years in preparing yourself for a series of exacting roles which may supply a sense of accomplishment and a comfortable living, but which may never supply the fame and affluence which you seem to take for granted?

I must confess that I am not at all in sympathy with your mother’s point of view. She appears to be thinking, not of your present and future good at all, but of her position as the mother of a famous beauty. It is as if she had fashioned a sumptuous lace tablecloth and wanted to exhibit it at the fair, having produced beauty, she wants to make certain the indifferent world knows about it.

If you are restless and want to try for a career of some kind, why don’t you take a modeling course, or work as a photographer’s model? Since you live quite near a large city, this would not represent a separation from your husband and your sons, and it would give you some idea of what a career girl’s life is. I might add, in closing, that most career girls would envy you the married and maternal happiness which you seem to value so lightly.

**Q** My weight has always been a very discouraging matter to me. I weigh 202 pounds, I am 41 years old, and I am 5 feet 6 inches tall. I have three children, one married, one in college and one in high school, and I know that at times all of them have been ashamed of their tubby mother. Especially when they see some of my pictures taken when I weighed 118.
I have dieted and have proved to myself that I can take off fifty pounds, but then something upsets me and I go on eating binges and put on everything I have lost. No will power.

I decided that it would be a good idea to form a club to be called "Eaters Anonymous." If a group of us collaborated on menus and encouraged one another to check calories, and to be firm, I think it might be an incentive.

However, my problem is how to acquire the members for this club. I can't tell the friends who are fat that they are fat, and invite them to join. In addition to the membership difficulty, there is another worry: when women get together in the afternoon, one of the things we look forward to is the refreshment to be served.

I suppose I'm about to say a stupid thing, but wouldn't it be possible to make dieting glamorous? Isn't there some way to prepare a perfectly delicious, unusual dessert that isn't fattening? It just seems to me that actresses must have solved this problem, so I'm coming for help to one of the best, in my opinion.

(MRS.) PERINE T.

A I sympathize with you, Mrs. T., because yours is a very definite—and widespread—problem: the idea of the club is interesting, but before I discuss it, I'd like to suggest a new angle of approach. Doctors now are pretty well convinced that, unless an individual suffers from an authentic glandular imbalance—which can be determined by an easy test—overeating is a symptom of boredom. Psychologists have known for at least a generation, and philosophers have stressed the same opinion since Plato's time, that in any conflict between will and imagination, will is certain to be defeated. When you say in your letter that you have no will power, you are only confessing that you are exactly like every other human being. Even in your plan for a club, your imagination is preparing to defeat you; it is conjuring up dreams of the color of a dessert, its fragrance, its texture, its flavor. Your will power has already lost the battle, so you—caught between the two warring elements of personality—seek to remove the calories.

The reason actresses remain slender is that they employ their imaginations to present alluring images of themselves in a certain gown, in a certain photographic pose, in a certain role. Discipline is necessary, of course, because all of us like at least a few fattening things, but when discipline works with imagination instead of against it, there is no real problem.

You must take a lesson from the Hollywood routine: become enthusiastic about things to do, things to wear, the response of children, friends, and your own reaction to your mirrored self. At this point, the club idea would have merit if it could be made up of women who wanted to study ceramics, or raise money for a community youth center, or refinish furniture. In brief, turn your full attention upon doing or learning something that has always interested you, do it full steam, and you'll grow slender in the process if you really want to be slender.

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 3905, 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.
If you’re a fair-skinned blond or redhead, you can tan faster if you take it slowly.

Not a girl to play with fire, blond Barbara Ruick has her own way of tanning without first going through the burn and peel stage.

The Lady’s Not For Burning

By Harriet Segman

- Unlike many fair-skinned blonds, lovely Barbara Ruick has little trouble acquiring a sunny, golden tan. She starts with ten minute sessions, morning and afternoon, working up to two half-hour sessions by the end of a week. She is extra careful between 10 A.M. and 3 P.M. And she doesn’t let herself be fooled by an overcast sky. It’s not the heat of the sun, she knows, that can frizzle your skin, it’s the ultraviolet rays. These “burn” rays are strongest at midday when the sun is high and their intensity is increased by mist or low hanging clouds. Because the sun can fry you badly right through them, don’t be lulled into a false sense of security!

Barbara speeds up her tanning by applying several coats of suntan lotion, allowing time to dry thoroughly between coats. That way, her fair skin can be exposed to the sun for longer periods without burning. Because she’s found that skin needs far less time to tan after a cold dip, she always gets in a quick swim before lying down to toast. And even after she’s acquired her tan, she never risks exposure without suntan lotion. And never spends more than four hours at a time under the sun. She never forgets that when she’s out in the sun, she’s playing with fire.
Richard Hudnut 3-month test proves

NEW PIN-QUICK OUTLASTS ANY OTHER PINCURL PERMANENT

3 MONTHS AGO

"From the first time I combed my Pin-Quick wave I've had the soft, casual curls I adore," says vivacious model, Sandra Dee. "Pin-Quick's easy—like setting your hair! Fast, too! I dried it in minutes with a dryer." (And see that lovely lanolin shine in Sandra's Pin-Quick curls!)

TODAY

"Imagine!" exclaims Sandra. "After all these months and all those shampoos, my Pin-Quick wave is still lovely. My curls are like new—so soft and springy. That's Pin-Quick for you! It's really permanent!" And here's the answer: Pin-Quick's Magic Curl Control locks curls in to last.

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Behind the nightmare of publicity, two lovers waited for that solemn moment that made them man and wife.

The rocky road to paradise

- Two people in love plan to marry. They want their wedding to be sacred and beautiful. This is neither unusual nor unrealistic; it happens every day, everywhere, and it always will. But recently, when the two people in love happened to be Grace Kelly, the movie queen of America, and Rainier Grimaldi, the reigning Prince of Monaco, their marriage became one of the most extraordinary, explosive events of our time—from the astounding fact that an American actress was marrying a foreign ruler, to the fantastic world-wide newscoverage and the frantic attempts to maintain order in the midst of international confusion.

At precisely 10:11 A.M. in Monaco, on Thursday, April 19, Grace Kelly entered the sun-drenched Cathedral of St. Nicholas, situated high above the Mediterranean Sea. In her flowing white and ivory gown of taffeta and lace, and her 125-year-old rose-point lace veil, she was a picture of flawless loveliness as she floated slowly down the aisle on the arm of her father, John B. Kelly, and took her place beside Prince Rainier.

Watching this solemn ceremony in awed silence were some 600 guests of the Kelly and Grimaldi families, the official representatives of 25 nations, plus 100 representatives of the press—reporters, television and newsreel cameramen. Throughout Europe, millions of people were watching via television.

When the ceremony ended, Princess Gracia Patricia gave a little sigh of joy. Then she and the Prince, both unsmiling, walked down the aisle and out of the cathedral, while trumpets blared, drums rolled, cannons boomed and jet planes roared overhead. Outside, thousands upon thousands of well-wishers lined the narrow, winding streets of Monaco and wildly cheered the couple as they drove by. Shouts of “Vive le Prince!” “Vive la Princesse!” thundered across the tiny principality.

Then the grand procession advanced to the palace for a gala reception for the 500 official guests. Delicacies of all kinds were graciously served and consumed, including thousands of bottles of champagne, bushels of caviar, and a gigantic seven-tiered wedding cake.

Continued
A FOOLISH GIRL...
A DANGEROUS BOY...
A FATAL MOMENT!

But who is the more ruthless? The killer... or the newsmen and women who risk jobs, loves, lives... to be the first to find him!

Suspense as startling as a strangled scream!

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**JEAN'S WRETCHED**

**THE ROCKY ROAD TO PARADISE**

continued

In contrast to the utter lavishness and grandeur of the wedding and reception, the bride and groom spent the afternoon at a soccer match. Then, shortly after 5 p.m., they boarded their honeymoon yacht, *Deo Juvante II*, and disappeared into the sunset.

After it was all over, it still seemed hard to believe that Grace Kelly was now Princess Grace of Monaco, wife of the absolute ruler of the smallest state in the world. And, looking back over the events of the preceding weeks, it truly seemed like a fantastic dream.

From the moment Grace disembarked in Monaco, on April 12, the excitement and festivities continued without pause. Without a doubt, the major reverberations were evoked by the press—some 1500 of them—who clawed and clamored with the greatest of uneasiness as they tried to record every motion, every utterance of the celebrated couple.

While editorial tempers rose, and a few over-eager members of the press were forced to cool their heels in the Monaco jail, thousands of other visitors and guests managed to enjoy the round of celebrations, as did the couple—to a certain extent. At all times, Grace remained outwardly calm and unruffled, a stunning picture of regal poise and dignity—and truly a woman in love. As one close observer remarked: "Her eyes follow the Prince at all times. She gives out an aura of love that almost bends to him physically. And when she speaks to him, there is a breathless quality in her voice, a kind of vibration."

The Prince, however, showed signs of strain, partially because he was kept so busy, running everything from the guest lists at all affairs to the censoring of photographs.

They did manage to have a few moments of peace and privacy. The night after Grace's arrival in Monaco, she and the Prince dined alone at the palace. The following night, at a champagne dinner given by Grace's father at the Monte Carlo Casino, they enjoyed dancing cheek-to-cheek. That afternoon, along with Grace's parents, they had driven to the Prince's villa in nearby Cap Ferrat, where, after lunch, they took a stroll in the garden and were seen embracing and kissing, like any devoted sweethearts.

For days, the wedding gifts had been streaming in, faster than they could be opened and registered. Even before the wedding days, the value of gifts received had topped $1,000,000. To add to the significance of it all, M-G-M was filming all the proceedings, while a friend of Grace's, producer Dant Gaither, had been assigned to document the occasion in book form. And throughout the little land, there was dancing in the streets, champagne parties, firework balls by Paris and London troupes. Indeed, it was extra, extra extraordinary.

And then it was all over. "The Greatest Wedding Ever" was a thing of the past, and the Prince and Princess, aboard their yacht on the Mediterranean, shared their love in welcome solitude.

What will life be like for Grace, now that she is a reigning sovereign? And what are the true facts behind their meeting and falling in love? Is the Prince still in love with the French actress, Giselle Pascal, as rumored?

The best way to discover the real truth was by talking to Reverend Francis Tucker, the Prince's chaplain, who brought the two together.

When asked why they married, Father Tucker smiled and said, "They married because they were in love. Although they only had met once, before they saw each other again in the States, they had what I like to call a mental telepathy for each other. They
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THE ROCKY ROAD TO PARADIS
continued

weren't exchanging letters or anything like that, but they were thinking of each other. All the Prince could talk about from the time they met was Grace.

"I did not know the Kellys," Father Tucker continued, "but I made some inquiries. The more we learned of Grace, the more the Prince was convinced she was the right girl. As for her, I think she hoped—but, of course, never dared to expect—that the Prince would fall in love with her. She was very much in love with him from the very beginning."

What about Giselle Pascall? The newspapers had reported that Reverend Tucker had preached a shocking sermon in Monaco the Sunday before the wedding. He was supposed to have said that the Prince had denied his true love for the sake of his people.

"I was misquoted," said Father Tucker, without rancor. "I had heard a lot of gloomy forecasts about this marriage. There was a general feeling that it wouldn't last. My sermon was that, instead of gossiping about this royal marriage, the people of Monaco should look into their own hearts and their own marriages. I reminded them that the Prince had given up a young man's love when he gave up Giselle. He gave her up three years ago.

"I was wrongly credited with bringing them up. This was not so. Once even asked the Prince, 'Why don't I marry the woman you love?' But knew he could not because his advice as well as the people of Monaco, would have told him to think.

"I don't think he cast her aside, she gave him up," said Father Tucker. "I think they just drifted apart."

How about the rumor that the Prince came to America for a rich wife, as of Grace's two-million dollar dowry?

"The first thing John Kelly told me said Father Tucker, "was no dowry. But, of course, it was wise for the Prince to marry an American. It would bring new blood to the royal line, think, too, that the principality will benefit from the attention that has been focused on Monaco."

It was no secret that the press had felt it had been treated unfairly and had considered the edicts from the palace harsh, (Continued on page 93...)

Feel confident in a bathing suit

Sketch of front of gown. M-G-M designer Helen Rose used 450 yards of silk and lace in her creation.

Grace's white and ivory gown of faille taffeta and lace, with 125-year-old rose-point lace veil, will be on permanent exhibition at Philadelphia Museum of Art.
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For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for the month indicated. Full reviews this month are on page 31.

EXCELLENT

ALEXANDER THE GREAT—U.A.: Cinemascope, Technicolor: Rich in pageantry and sweeping battles. Richard Burton, as the Greek prince out to conquer his world, is matched by the blustering father, Claire Bloom plays his one love. (F) June

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 Jeanne Moreau. (F) May

BACKLASH—UL: 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

BIRDS AND THE BEES, THE—Paramount: VistaVision, Technicolor: Gentle comedy, usually tailored for George Cukor. Heir to a fortune, he's the prey of card shark David Niven, with Mitzi Gaynor as pretty bait. (F) June

BOLD AND THE BRAVE, THE—RKO: Moving 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 Maurey). (A) May

CONQUEROR, THE—RKO: CinemaScope, Technicolor: Epic of nuclea 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

DAY OF FURY, A—U.I: Unusual oater. Yelling for the bad old days, Dale Robertson makes a law-shifting town-wide-open again, tries to end Mara Corday's reform, too. (F) June

DOCTOR AT SEA—Rank, Republic: Technicolor: In an eye-popping 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

GABY—M-G-M: CinemaScope, Eastmancolor: Leslie Caron and John Kerr charmingly interpret the romance of a French ballerina and a GI. War brings them together in London, but puts their love to bitter trial. (A) June

GOOD-BYE, MY LADY—Warners: Sentiment, humor mix engagingly in a story of Southern swamplands. Young Brandon de Wilde captures and trains a stray dog, then faces a hard decision, aided by uncle Walter Brennan. (F) June

GREAT DAY IN THE MORNING—RKO: SuperScope, Technicolor: Vigorous action yarn of the pre-Civil War West. Southerner Bob Stack ignores the coming conflict to seek gold, courts Virginia Mayo and Ruth Roman. (F) June

HARDER THEY FALL, THE—Columbia: Touch, fast attack on the fight game. Humphrey Bogart's hired by crooked promoter Rod Steiger to publicize the fixed triumphs of an innocent young giant (Mike Lane). As Bogart's wife, Jan Sterling despises his job. (F) June

HELEN KELLER IN HER STORY—DeRochemont: True, heart-touching life of the deaf, blind child who became one of the greatest—and
REVIEWS

June

A

happiest—women of our time. (F) Reviewed under title "The Unconquered." September, 1951

JUBAL—Columbia; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Strong drama, set in old Wyoming. Going to work on Ernest Borgnine's ranch, Glenn Ford is pursued by Ernest's wife (Valerie French) and hated by her ex-lover (Rod Steiger). Felicia Farr's a sweet pioneer girl. (A) June

MIRACLE IN THE RAIN—Warner: Tender wartime romance of a New York spinster (Jane Wyman) and a GI (Van Johnson), with Eileen Heckart as a devoted friend. (F) April


RICHARD III—London, Lopert; VistaVision, 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

ROCK AROUND THE CLOCK—Columbia: Feast for rock 'n' roll fans. Manager Johnny Johnston helps Bill Haley and his Comets to fame, falls for dancer Lisa Gaye. (F) June

SEARCHERS, THE—Warner: VistaVision, Technicolor: Solid, realistic saga of Indian-fighting days. John Wayne, Jeff Hunter spent years seeking two girls (Natalie Wood's one of them) kidnapped by Comanches. (F) June

SERENADE—Warner; Warnercolor: Mario Lanza makes a comeback in the highly emotional story of an opera singer nearly ruined by his patroness (Joan Fontaine), but saved by a Mexican girl (Sartu Montiel). (A) May

SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD—Stanley Warner Cinemascope; Cinemascope, 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 spectacle. (F) May

STEEL JUNGLE, THE—Warner: Perry Lopez is sympathetic as a street-bred young convict, eluding to the crooks' code against the persuasions of wife Beverly Garland, warden Walter Abel, psychiatrist Kenneth Tobey. (A) May

STRANGER AT MY DOOR—Republic: Appealing Western, actionful and inspirational, ably acted by Skip Homeier, as a young desperado, MacDonald Carey, as a preacher bent on saving his soul, Pat Medina, as Carey's wife. (F) June

SWAN, THE—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: In a quaint, eye-soothing romantic, princess Grace Kelly chooses between prince Alec Guinness and tutor Louis Jourdan. (F) June

TRIBUTE TO A BAD MAN—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: James Cagney's vigorous acting spurs a big Western. He's a rancher whose ruthlessness and distrust keep his sweetheart (Irene Papas) from happiness. As a tenderfoot, Don Dubbins plays narrator. (A) May

23 PACES TO BAKER STREET—20th Century-Fox: CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: First-rate mystery. As a blind playwright, Van Johnson regains zest in living by turning sleuth to prevent a crime in London. With Vera Miles. (F) June

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Ever hear of anything like it? It’s the newest—and greatest for daylong protection.
INSIDE STUFF

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

Love In Bloom: Exercising a woman's privilege of changing her mind, Natalie Wood has forsaken "old" men of forty! The cause of it all: twenty-two-year-old Scott Marlowe. Nat first saw the exciting new actor on TV, then she happened to sit next to him at a preview of "Bad Seed." Scott was with a mutual friend, who introduced them, and they've been together ever since. Scott, who studied at the Actors' Studio, possesses the same electric talent as Marlon Brando, Cliff Robertson and James Dean. Hollywood had its eagle eye on Scott—but Natalie saw him first!

Dod's Day: Here's a switch. Stewart Granger's and Jean Simmons' married friends gave them not one, but two showers. The dolls presented baby clothes for the wee one expected in August, and the guys gave trees to Stew for his new yard! . . . Dan Duryea says he will never forget his twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. "Because," grins Dan, "my son did the dishes!" . . . We love this one about Ernest Borgnine's four-year-old daughter, Nancy. When the neighborhood children asked her famous father for his autograph, Nancy wanted to get into the act, too. So she went and asked their fathers for autographs!

Oddities: Of all people, they're considering sweet and gentle Ann Blyth to portray the sultry, sensuous Helen Morgan, who sobbed while she sat on a piano and sang! . . . When Alan Ladd's daughter, Carol Lee, went back to work, she took a job on the famous actor's production staff in preference to becoming an actress. . . . Mail addressed to Bridey Murphy, c/o Audie Murphy, is actually being delivered to him! . . . While the audience wept over Debbie Reynolds at the preview of "The Catered Affair," Deb sat in the back row of the Beverly Theatre munching a box of popcorn!

Memories Are Made Of This: Robert Wagner will never forget Spencer Tracy's kindness and help while they were making "The Mountain." The gold St. Bernard medal (the patron saint of mountain climbers) Spence wears on a chain around his neck was a gift from appreciative Bob. . . . Doris Day's birthday and wedding anniversary happen to fall on the same date. On location at Carmel-by-the-Sea, shooting "Julie," Marty Melcher gave his best girl seven presents. Six of them commemorated their happy years together. The seventh, Marty wrote on the enclosed card, he gave "just because you were born, dear Doris."

Father Time: Russ Tamblyn and Venetia Stevenson have an amusing problem. She is still a teenager, while Russ is only twenty-one and, when they dine out on Saturday night, the waiters take one look and refuse to serve wine to this "old" married couple! . . . And seventeen-year-old Sal Mineo had an embarrassing moment when he invited a young lady out for dinner. The amazing new actor forgot his folding money, and the law prohibits him from writing a check until he is twenty-one. So Sal

Continued
had to call his agent, who dashed over and "bailed" him out!

**Purple Heart:** Who says Grace Kelly is cold and unfeeling? Here's an untold story that reveals her true nature. Because she had to complete her trouser-act, Grace flew to New York before her wedding gown had been finished. It arrived a few days later in an uncrushable metal box, and when the Princess opened it, she burst into tears. Thoughtful M-G-M designer, Helen Rose, had taken the time to have notes of instruction translated into French. Then she pinned them on the gown so that Grace's maids in Monaco would make no mistake when dressing her for the wedding!

**Friend In Need:** Shirley Jones and Barbara Ruick became fast friends when they shared an apartment in Hollywood. Then Barbara divorced Bob Horton and hit a low spell. Shirley and singer Jack Cassidy are so in love, they made Barbara fly to New York to meet all their eligible bachelor friends! . . . Jane Russell saw a heartless hit-and-run driver leave a puppy in the street. She put the injured animal in her car and rushed it to the hospital. The vet on duty had such great screen possibilities, Jane has arranged for husband Bob Waterfield to screen-test him. And that's how contracts are born!

**Hearts And Flowers:** Aldo Ray is trying to play Cupid for Tab Hunter, which couldn't be more ironic. Aldo and Jeff Donnell have separated again, but right up to the last, Aldo kept inviting Tab over for dinner. And invariably there was a nice young lady there for Tab to meet! . . . Anita Ekberg's fiance, Anthony Steel, is protecting her interests while in Europe for a film commitment. Tony left a standing order for yellow roses with a local florist, and he also gifted his shapely sweethearts with a huge boxer dog. No fool he, Mr. Steel!

**Words of Wisdom:** Hollywood marriage casualties have been mounting with frightening speed, so we point with pride to the Gordon MacRae's. They were married on May 21, 1941, and today, fifteen years later, still act like newlyweds. "As far as we are concerned," says Gordon, "there is no magic formula for a happy marriage. We try to live by a few simple rules and one in particular is very important. Like all married people, we've had disagreements. But we've made it a point to never stop speaking overnight. By starting the day peacefully, it usually ends up the same way!"

**Between You and Me:** Their personal press agents report that Rita Moreno,

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**Tussy stick deodorant**

Fifteen years wed, the Gordon MacRae's still act so in love!

Shirley Jones is now acting as Cupid for pal Barbara Ruick

Tab's date, Lili Gentle, is the girl Ben Cooper dotes on

---

*Continued*
HOLLYWOOD DISCOVERY! A non-drying spray-set with no lacquer at all!

Sets hair to stay—the softest way!

New SUPER-SOFT Lustre-Net
the spray-set with lanolin esters!

Ginger Rogers
starring in
"THE FIRST TRAVELING SALESLADY"
An RKO Radio Picture,
Print by Technicolor.

Keeps hair in place the Hollywood way—without stiffness or stickiness! New Super-Soft LUSTRE-NET is the softest way imaginable to keep waves and curls in place—for it contains not one single drop of lacquer!

Helps prevent dryness! Super-Soft LUSTRE-NET contains lanolin esters to discourage dryness, preserve softness.

Quick-sets hair-do's... ends sleeping on pins!
Set pin-curls in damp or dry hair. Then spray with Super-Soft LUSTRE-NET. Curls and waves dry in a jiffy, brush out soft and shining.

get new Lustre-Net
recommended by Top Hollywood Movie Stars

THERE ARE 2 LUSTRE-NETS
SUPER-SOFT—gentle control for loose, casual hair-do's. Contains no lacquer at all. Spray it on regularly when you comb your hair.

REGULAR—extra control for hard-to-manage hair, or curly hair-do's. No lacquered look, no lacquer odor. Sets pin-curls in hair when dry.

5½ oz.—a full ounce more... Only $1.25 plus tax
By the makers of Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Makes any pin-curl style set faster, manage easier, last longer!
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 lilting sunny sparkle it puts in your hair! Try it once, you'll use it always.

Economical 29c, 59c, $1.

Charlotte Austin, Anna Kashfi and Joanne Berenger all received phone calls from Marlon Brando while he was in Tokyo. No comment!... Elizabeth Taylor's dieting problem took on a new twist when her "Raintree County" costumes were designed for a ten-pound loss of weight. Now lovely Liz has to recount the calories she's already counting... Wise and wary Frank Sinatra wouldn't commit himself, but most of Hollywood believes he'll reconcile with Ava Gardner while he's in Spain making "The Pride and the Passion."

Down Romance Lane: Ben Cooper's flipped for the girl who looks like her name. She's flower-faced Lili Gentle from Birmingham, Alabama, and she is under contract to 20th Century-Fox. Poor moonstruck Ben is beside himself: Lili's only sixteen, so her homework comes first and dates take second place. ... They insist it isn't serious, but Richard Egan gifted Dorothy Malone with a gold medallion when they finished "Tension at Table Rock" ... Gene Nelson, who would jump through hoops for Piper Laurie, is putting her horse over jumps in equestrian shows out San Fernando Valley way.

Destiny's Daughter: Obviously, Marilyn Monroe can do no wrong; she had an entourage of helpers on the "Bus Stop" set. When director Josh Logan would suddenly throw her an unrehearsed line, it stopped her cold. Marilyn held up production when she was hospitalized with the usual bronchial infection which attacks when she works. But one fact remains: Those who have seen film clips of "Bus Stop" say she is simply great as the shopworn night-club doll. Incidentally, remember when she missed the plane to Phoenix? "I was only fifteen minutes late," she said in all seriousness, "and they didn't wait!"

Around The Town: She sells sea shells, which means Mitzi Gaynor's jewelled shell earrings are being copied by every

continued on page 117
The naked truth about the girl in the locker room!

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

The bra in the picture is the Playtex Living Bra!

From morn to dawn, revealing summer fashions need a Playtex Panty Brief!

Shorts are long on flattery with a Playtex Panty Brief of Fabricon! Amazing "hold-in" power...without a seam, stitch or bone to show thru! Any view of you is super-slim, thanks to your Playtex of super-slimming Fabricon...a miracle blend of downy-soft cotton and latex! Wise night owls (any size) slip into a Living® Panty Brief—and take on a glamorous figure in seconds...thanks to Fabricon's "hold-in" power! There's a Playtex® Panty Brief for Every Figure! Playtex Lightweight for wonderful control. $4.50 Playtex Magic-Controller* "finger" panels for most control...$6.95 Playtex, known everywhere as the girdle in the slim tube

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LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES
WITH JANET GRAVES

Watching daughter Debbie try on the wedding dress, Bette reaches wistfully for the romance she's missed in her own life.

The Man Who Knew Too Much
PARAMOUNT; VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

In a story of endearingly everyday people, Bette Davis surprises even her long-time admirers, and Debbie Reynolds tackles her first serious role with commendable sincerity. Glamour goes out the window as Bette adapts voice, figure and walk to the role of a Bronx housewife. Believing her own marriage loveless, she tries to make up for the lack by insisting on a lavish wedding for her daughter. The affair she envisions is 'way beyond the means of husband Ernest Borgnine, a cabbie who was just about to realize his dream of becoming a driver-owner. Debbie and Rod Taylor, appealingly earnest as her fiancé, had cherished more modest plans, but she's quickly caught up in the excitement. And Barry Fitzgerald, as her uncle, long-time boarder in the cramped flat, is a laughable meddler.

The Catered Affair

In a story of everyday people, Bette Davis, Bette Davis and James Stewart, director-star team of "Rear Window," take on a new partner in this fast-paced thriller. With only two songs to sing, Doris Day proves a winner in the melodrama department, too. Jimmy's the man of the title, an American doctor vacationing in Morocco with wife Doris and their son (Christopher Olsen). He happens to witness the murder of a French secret agent and to hear his dying words. These offer a clue to a plot against the life of a foreign dignitary visiting London, and Chris is kidnapped to assure his father's silence. So Doris and Jimmy head for England on a double mission: to rescue their son, to prevent an assassination. As the kidnappers, Bernard Miles and Brenda de Banzie add more suspense.

Doris and Jimmy listen tensely for a beloved voice as they near their goal.

Continued
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!

Mild and Gentle

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!
Let's Go to the Movies continued

D-Day the Sixth of June

Though it's set within the frame of the Normandy invasion, this is not so much a war picture as a love story, a tender triangle involving Dana Wynter, Robert Taylor and Richard Todd. Todd's role is the briefest, but he makes it count, playing an English officer who says goodbye to Dana to head for North Africa. After a time of lonely waiting, Dana meets Bob, an American officer. They're honest with each other, talking freely about the lover overseas, the wife in the U.S. But they drift into love. Then Dick returns, and Bob finds himself attacking the Normandy beach in a unit under his rival's command. In contrast to the uncomplicated leading characters is Edmond O'Brien's arresting portrayal of an ambitious officer.

Bhowani Junction

Filmed in Pakistan, the movie version of the best-selling pairs Ava Gardner and Stewart Granger in a romance as charged with emotion and color as the teeming Indian landscapes. Like her childhood sweetheart (Bill Travers), Ava is half English, half Indian, torn between her heritages. As a British colonel, due to leave the country soon, Stewart Granger works with the native government in an effort to keep order, while Communist-backed elements try to bring on chaos. Through an incident of violence, Ava is embroiled with both sides in the struggle. Her performance is creditable, but striking photography accounts for most of the picture's impact.

The Great Locomotive Chase

Wild adventure and the tragic realities of the Civil War combine in an action movie with a fresh and picturesqueness air. Based on fact, it gives Fess Parker a real-life role interestingly unlike Davy Crockett. Fess is a Union spy, believed by the South to be a gallant blockade-runner. He leads a group of Union soldiers (in civvies) on a raid deep into Dixie. There they steal a train, in order to blow up railroad bridges on the return trip. Fess has a worthy adversary in Jeffrey Hunter, as the earnest young conductor, who takes off with engineer Kenneth Tobey in a stubborn pursuit of their train. Outstanding among the soldiers are hotheaded Jeff York and scholar John Lupton. [Family]

A Kiss Before Dying

Given an unusual assignment as a fortune-hunter and callous killer, Bob Wagner still can use his familiar boyish manners, cleverly hiding his guilt from the other people of the story. The murder of his pregnant sweetheart (Joanne Woodward) looks to the police like a suicide case. But her sister (Virginia Leith) is determined to find the man responsible for Joanna's plight and death. The dangerous quest makes good suspense fare. Also on hand are Jeff Hunter, as a professor helping Virginia, George Macready, as the two girls' wealthy father, Mary Astor, as Bob's mother. [Adult]

Safari

Hungry wild beasts, Mau Mau terrorists and intimate human antagonisms keep the thrills moving along merrily in this Africa-filmed melodrama of a strange safari. Victor Mature, great white hunter, has a bitterly personal reason for tracking down the Mau Mau leader. Roland Culver, arrogant British nobleman, wants Vic to concentrate on trailing a lion of fabled savagery. Janet Leigh, Culver's hard-drinking, ex-chlorine fiancée, has little to do but wander into perilous situations and show off varied costumes (mostly scanty). John Justin seems to be along just for the ride, but an exciting ride it is. [Family]

The Leather Saint

Religion and prizefighting combine quaintly in this gentle film. As a young minister, John Derek uses fiesty skills learned in college to earn money sorely needed for a children's hospital. In half of his double life, he puzzles manager Paul Douglas by his refusal to hurt his opponents—except with the knockout punch. He also arouses the professional interest of promoter Cesar Romero and the personal interest of Romero's girl (Jody Lawrance). Meantime, Derek's church superior (Ernest Truex) happily accepts the proceeds without questioning the source. [Family]
DESIGNED BY

GET THE LOVELY PINK T.N.T. SCARF SHOWN HERE DESIGNED BY ANNE FOGARTY.

IMPORTED PURE SILK CREPE; 35 INCHES SQUARE; HAND-ROLLED EDGES!

GUARANTEED $3 VALUE, IT'S YOURS FOR $1 PLUS TAB OR CARD MARKED SCARF OFFER ON PINK T.N.T. LIPSTICK OR POLISH. MAIL WITH NAME AND ADDRESS TO CUTEX, BOX 110, N.Y. 46, N.Y. IN CANADA: CUTEX, BOX 1171, STATION "O," ST. LAURENT, MONTREAL. ALLOW 3 WEEKS DELIVERY. EXPIRES SEPT. 30, 1956.

beautiful dynamite for lips and fingertips

Gay as fireworks! Exciting as a carnival! "PINK T.N.T." is a radiant, rocketing new pink, sparked with a touch of blue. It's the hottest color that ever hit town... surefire ammunition for disarming your favorite masculine target! Get "PINK T.N.T." today and start the new season off with a beautiful bang!

CUTEX

WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING MANICURE AIDS

NEW! CUTEX SATIN CLING LIPSTICK
Here's the new 24-hour-type lipstick by Cutex!
Gives your lips round-the-clock color with no drying after-effect, 79¢. SHEER LANOLIN LIPSTICK, 59¢. For matching fingertips, chip-resistant CUTEX, longest wearing polish of all! Also, glamorous, iridescent PEARL CUTEX.
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!

MOVIES

As Long as You’re Near Me WARNERS

In German-made but with dialogue in English, this distinctive drama interweaves two stories: of a marriage, of the making of a movie. As a director who has drawn too far away from ordinary people's lives, O. W. Fischer finds a way back. He drafts a shy young extra (Maria Schell) to act out her own life on the screen. Delighted at her good luck, she is soon disillusioned. Reliving the terror of bombings is a grueling experience. Yet, after a day as a star, she hates to return each evening to the slum home she shares with her factory-worker husband (Hardy Kruger), who is jealous of her new associations—with reason. The plots finally converge.

The Maverick Queen REPUBLIC: NATURE-AMA, TECHNOLOR

In an actionful Western, Barbara Stanwyck plays a hard-bitten dame who works secretly with a cattle-rustling gang—until love blurs her allegiances. Barry Sullivan is the gallant stranger responsible, a detective who promotes himself into the gang by plotting a successful train robbery for them. Also involved are Scott Brady, as an unshaven bandit, who turns vengeful when Barbara casts him off, and Mary Murphy, as a lady ranch-owner victimized by the rustlers.

Crowded Paradise TUDOR

Here is a touching film, as long as it focuses on the very real problem of young sweethearts: Enid Rudd, as a New Yorker of Puerto Rican parentage; Mario Alcalde, as a Puerto Rican newly arrived in the U.S. metropolis. Frank Silvera is equally believable as the girl's loving yet disapproving father. Though Hume Cronyn and Nancy Kelly perform creditably as the half-crazed janitor of the apartment house and his blind wife, their situation has little to do with the lovers' simple, affecting worries.

The Animal World WARNERS, TECHNOLOR

With some use of cartoon technique, but more of authentic nature shots, this ambitious film sets out to trace the development of living creatures on the earth. It ranges from microscopic water organisms to gigantic dinosaurs. Eventually it strays into a general survey of present-day beasts, giving the edge to the often-photographed but always fascinating menagerie of Africa.

Zanzabuku REPUBLIC, TECHNOLOR

Concentrating entirely on Africa, this nature movie also has trouble getting its variety of exciting shots into organized form. Beginning with an expedition to trap animals for zoos, it turns aside to glance at tribal customs, returning to capture—just on film—more creatures roaming the beautiful landscapes below the snows of Kilimanjaro.
Ooh—what a luscious suntan!

"Bronze Angel"

Love to look toasted-golden... but cool as a julep? Read this!

Don't smother your face in heavy, greasy make-ups that will streak and run!

Do smooth on the one summer make-up that's all sun—and no shine! Luscious Angel Face in deep, velvety "Bronze Angel." C-o-o-l!

Don't expect chalky, dry powders—loose or solid—to cling smooth to a shiny nose!

Do glamorize your tan in 5 seconds with "Bronze Angel." Never shiny or drying and it clings! Because it's made with Vaporized Beauty Oils!

Don't say "I wear nothing but my tan all summer!"—unless you live in No Man's Land.

Do give come hither smoothness to your face with "Bronze Angel." It's sunlit perfection! And by moonlight, a wonderful soft glow. Choose the make-up more girls use than any other—Angel Face by Pond's!

Travel light with Angel Face!

Just one make-up to pack! Now in 3 slim, sleek cases! The new pink "Date" Case, just 79¢... the new blue vanity, 59¢... and this glamorous ivory-and-golden Mirror Case, 3.75... plus tax.

The realest suntan that ever smoothed on with a puff!
Modess . . . because

Only New Design Modess gives you the luxury . . . the
gentleness of the fabric covering that's soft as a whisper.
This is the name of a motion picture which you simply must not miss. You may have already seen the original version on your TV screens nearly a year ago. But, even so, the movie version is truly one of the most exciting screenplays you will encounter. As a teenager, you will be pitting your own honorable “breaking point” against Paul Newman’s on the screen. As a mother or father, you will find yourself measuring your own standards against those which this young man had a right to demand of his parents. The villain of this motion picture story is not the enemy as much as is our own human weaknesses, and the hero of the film is our own human strengths. Don’t let the fact that the action centers around the trial of an American soldier for giving aid and comfort to the enemy in Korea keep you from classifying this as “just another war picture.” “The Rack” is far more than that—it is a living, pulsating drama of our own troubles, triumphs and times.

THE EDITORS
It was a lovely day in Los Angeles. A soft breeze was blowing, and there wasn't a trace of smog. Kim Novak came out of the restaurant, having just concluded a luncheon interview, and walked down to the corner of Gower and Sunset Boulevard. She stood waiting for the light to change.

“Kim. Hello.”

Kim turned to face a tall and slender girl with long dark hair. She looked very familiar.

There she was,

hanging on for dear life.

"Don't lose your grip, girl."

Kim told herself.

She didn't have to worry.

This wonderful new person she'd found

had everything under control

IN ALL THE EXCITEMENT

KIM FOUND
“Hi,” Kim said, flashing her familiar friendly smile. “Do you remember me?” the girl asked. “I used to live at the Studio Club.”

“Oh, sure. Of course. How are you?”

“Look, Kim,” the girl said. “I have a friend who’s a producer on radio. He has this show that goes on the air three times a week...”

Kim listened intently. The story was a little involved. What it boiled down to was that the girl wanted Kim to make a guest appearance on her friend’s radio show.

“Gee, I wish I could,” Kim said, and smiled. “But it’s impossible. All these things have to be cleared through my studio.”

“Oh?” The girl’s eyebrows registered disappointment and a trace of disbelief.

“I’m sorry, I really am,” Kim said. “But that’s the way it is. Now that I have a contract, the studio makes all those decisions for me. And (Continued on page 114)
A BOY FOR HIM...
A GIRL FOR HER...
"When Dr. Krohn told me I was going to have a baby," says Jean Simmons, "I floated out of his office like a sleepwalker. And when, driving home, I'd reached a more rational state, I said to myself, 'Jeannie, old girl, one thing you're not going to do is tell a living soul—not for months and months.' Nobody, but Jimmy." (Jimmy is husband Stewart Granger's given name.)

"So," continued Jean, her high-voltage eyes suddenly merry, "I opened the door, and there were Jamie and Lindsay—Jimmy's children who came over from England to live with us permanently—playing with the poodles, Old Beau and Young Bess; the Tibetan water spaniel, Me-Too; and the twin Siamese cats, both called Traybert because we can't tell which is which.

"No sooner had I said (Continued on page 84)

Jimmy's home now and in command—of Jean's diet, plans for the nursery, preparations for the big event..."
Men who venture out to the beach this year will be swimming in dangerous waters—if they don’t want to find themselves deep in a romance! Because today’s mermaids, judging by this crop of Hollywood sea sirens, are practically irresistible. A warning for the girls, though. The new swimsuits, in vivid cottons, lastex and knitted sheaths, bring out a gal’s best lines—but they also reveal the bulges. So if you want to lure the lads, trim those lines, lassies. Because it’s the shape you’re in that will decide whether you’ll shine in the sun or solo in the shade!
Mara Corday: Provocative in print, this dark-eyed dish Threatens to disturb more than mere fish!
5'6", 120 LBS., 36" BUST, 23½" WAIST, 35" HIPS
MARA WEARS JANTZEN'S "JAMAICAN RIPTIDE" SHEATH

Myma Hansen: Who cares if it's cooler in the shade? It's more fun to sun with this mermaid
5'5½", 123 LBS., 39" BUST, 23" WAIST, 34" HIPS
MYMA'S SWIM SHEATH BY SEA NYPH

Cyd Charisse: In dazzling suit and mad chap Cyd steals the summer seaside show
5'6", 115 LBS., 35" BUST, 23" WAIST, 34" HIPS
CYD'S BRILLIANT-STUDED SUIT BY ROSE MARIE REID

Martha Hyer: A golden goddess, sheathed in white; The temperature soars when she's in sight
5'6", 120 LBS., 36½" BUST, 23½" WAIST, 36" HIPS
MARTHA'S SWIMSUIT IS CATALINA'S "BRITE SPIRIT"
Tab wanted love on his own terms. Now he must make a choice. It will be a decision that will affect his future as a star.

One might wonder if Tab Hunter, Warner Brothers' star and one of Hollywood's most popular young actors, ever heard the story about the fond parents who sent a telegram to their son, who was contemplating marriage. The message read: "We rejoice in the news that you are to be married and wish to congratulate you on your wise and admirable choice. Our heartfelt congratulations. Mother and Dad. P.S. Your mother just left the room. Stay single, you blithering idiot."

Whether or not this incident ever came to Tab's attention, the fact remains that he is still discouragingly single. Only recently has there been any indication that this condition may change in the foreseeable future.

This young actor with the disarming smile and captivating good looks does an amazing amount of thinking. And he is very outspoken on the subject of personal independence. He expresses his views frankly and sincerely. To Tab, a conviction (Continued on page 94)
She Beat The Barrier of Beauty

By Beverly Ott

Liz Taylor, as a woman who knows at last the answer to the question, "How does it feel to be beautiful?"

Elizabeth Taylor is in "Giant" and "Raintree County"
God can give you a beautiful face and figure. But happiness, Liz learned, is something you must create yourself.
Today, Liz has a serenity that amazes everyone. "It's made her warmer, more outgoing." And she never looked lovelier.

beauty cannot be measured by material things—a missing earring, a crushed brooch.

Scores of her fans might find it difficult to believe that, for Elizabeth, the price has been higher. To most, she is a star who represents a dream—the one that came true. Countless young girls slip into the world of make-believe as she brings it to the movie screen. In the dim theatre, the glare of reality is left outside and for a time seems far away. A teenager’s painful shyness can be lost, if only briefly; today’s misunderstandings will be easier to return to, after a short respite; disappointments are momentarily forgotten.

But, let Van Johnson describe a telling scene that occurred just five short years ago:

‘The Big Hangover’ was the first picture we did together,” Van recalls. Although Elizabeth was playing a twenty-five-year-old woman, she was really only seventeen years old.

“She was still going to school when we were making the picture,” Van continues, “getting ready for her final high school exams. One day when I passed her dressing room, there she was with a school book in her hand, but gazing at the ceiling with a tragic look.

‘Hey, sugar,’ I said, ‘what’s wrong?’

‘Oh, Van, I’m so depressed,’ she sighed. ‘I just feel as if I’d like to die today.’

“You couldn’t laugh; you remember too well how it was when you were having growing pains yourself. ‘Do me a favor, honey?’ I said. ‘Just get up and take a look in the mirror, will you?’ (Continued on page 108)
A beautiful child and entrancing teenager, yet Liz faced the barrier of beauty even then. Even with friends, above, at left, she was somehow different. New girls eyed her with suspicion, envy. Liz longed for dates—but the boys, awed by her beauty, found it impossible to be casual with her as they were with other girls. She married Nicky Hilton in a dream of love. It was a brief, disillusioning experience.

Mike Wilding was not a man to be dazzled by beauty. With real love, Liz became the woman she'd always wanted to be—wife, mother, actress. The barrier was down, forever!

Arriving on “Giant” location, Liz was snapped by late James Dean (back to camera). “The Texas location was tough—hot and dusty,” said the producer, “but Liz took it best of all.”
Pat's attempts to play the accordion sends Natalie—into protesting shrieks! "That's 'Love Me or Leave Me'," he explained. To Nat, digging the sand out of Pat's eyes, it sounded more like the coyote chorus!
When "The Searchers" company went on location to Monument Valley, the outlook looked pretty grim for teenagers Pat Wayne and Natalie Wood. No corner drugstores or drive-ins — just sand and sun and long evenings of nothing. It was the end, simply the end, until director John Ford produced a miracle — character actor Don Borzage. An accomplished accordionist, Don soon had the joint — er, desert — jumping for Pat and Nat!
Beautiful, but no one suspected the fire "Meet Me in Las Vegas" released—no one except producer Joe Pasternak, who had movie written especially for Cyd

THE SEXIEST GIRL IN TOWN!  

By Earl Wilson
Earl keeps an appointment with that torchy dancer, Cyd Charisse. It turns out to be illuminating!

- Cyd Charisse may go 'way up in the movie world, now that M-G-M's leading attraction, Grace Kelly, has become a Princess. And lots of people are already congratulating Cyd on her bright new future.

There's been talk of her taking over Grace's role in "Designing Woman," and she's already set for the lead in "Silk Stockings."

Cyd will fill the role as well as the stockings nicely. I made a little boo-boo when I talked to the beautiful "new Cyd Charisse" about this recently.

"What's that thing in your hair?" I asked.

"A streak," she replied prettily.

"This is the first time I've had streaks."

"A gray streak!" I exclaimed.

Then, realizing I'd said something unforgivable, I added, "Oh, you're too young for gray hair. Come now!"

"Thank you," returned Cyd. "It's a blond streak."

"But what does a girl with beautiful smoky brown-black hair do to get a blond streak?" I inquired.

(A man runs across more useless information when he writes about glamour girls.)

"Sidney thought of it," Cyd said.

"Sidney who? Cydney Charisse?" I said, and then threw in a "har har" in the Jackie Gleason manner just so she'd know I was joking.

"No, Sidney Guilaroff, the M-G-M hair stylist who 'creates' coiffures for Grace Kelly and the other stars," Cyd explained.

"That's something I've been dying to find out so I can tell the other fellows," I (Continued on page 118)
Ernest and Rhoda Borgnine on Academy Awards night. "It hadn't mattered that I wasn't the doll Hollywood girls are expected to be. But now the public expected his wife to be something special."

"I was letting 'Marty' down!"
There are more dangerous ways to lose a man, than to another woman.

Mrs. Borgnine’s revelation of how she faced her own personal problems and what she is doing about them is one of Hollywood’s most inspiring stories.

BY
Sylvia Ashton

Ernest Borgnine is next in "The Best Things in Life Are Free"

Always close to his family, Ernie called his dad, sister Mrs. Velardi in New Haven right after winning the Oscar

If anybody had told Pharmacist’s Mate First Class Rhoda Kemins that the sailor lying in her surgical ward at the Brooklyn Navy Yard would someday make her the wife of an Academy Award Winner First Class, she would have burst out laughing, long and loud.

Because to her he was just another serviceman. The wards were full of sailors in those days of World War II. They came and went. Rhoda was generally too busy nursing them, writing their letters, or just playing sister to them, to take any single one seriously. If she’d known then that he would go into the theatre as an actor, she’d have made it a point to avoid him. Show business was certainly not the right setting for her!

Ernest Borgnine was the sailor, and Rhoda Kemins, the plump and cheerful Pharmacist’s Mate did become his wife, six years later. It would take seven more years—years lean and hard with struggle, conflict and poverty—before her husband was to reach the pinnacle of his (Continued on page 96)
Happy Marriages

When a marital crash like Jeanne Crain's and Paul Brinkman's comes along, I really steam when I hear people say, "That's Hollywood marriage for you." Sure, it's one type of non-working Hollywood marriage. But before you start thinking Hollywood is always love's undertaker, consider some of the other situations.

For instance, the Charlton Hestons, and Lydia Heston's latest birthday present. Like most husbands, Chuck didn't have the foggiest notion as to what to give his little woman for her birthday. He kept fussing and fuming until the lucky evening when he and Lydia went to see "The Birds and the Bees."

In one scene, aboard ship, Mitzi Gaynor wore a doll of a suit, made of a wonderful light wool in a shade that was like creamy caramel, and collared and cuffed with dyed fox to match.

At the sight of it on the screen, Lydia Heston let out a gasp and, bless the man, Chuck heard her sound of rapture. The next morning, he turned up at Edith Head's office at Paramount.

Smart Guy

When I visited the set of "Reprisal" this month, to see Kathy Grant, I found myself lassoed by Guy Madison. This fellow keeps on getting pleasanter and handsomer as he grows more in love with his wife Sheila and baby Bridget and more excited about the new baby.

During the war years, when Guy first came to Hollywood, a lot of superficial people thought he wasn't very smart, just because he was shy. Now they know he's smart, what with his own producing company, his marriage, his lovely home. Guy is delighted to have two leading women of the caliber of Kathy Grant and Felicia Farr in "Reprisal," but he glows especially over the fact that his kid brother, Wayne Mallory, is in the picture, too. "You wait and see," Guy insists. "He's a much better actor than I am."

Guy and I got to talking about the way that Kathy Grant stands. Just as Grace Kelly turns the simple act of walking into a thing of beauty, so Kathy makes standing absolutely eye-catching. This is probably because she started out as a ballet dancer, and besides, everything about this subtle girl is unique—particularly her intelligence. After talking to her for ten minutes, you know why she continues to hold Bing Crosby's attention. I'm beginning to think that, if Bing does get Kathy to marry him, it will be just one more occasion when he is "Mr. Lucky."
Gab of Hollywood

- A second wedding ring for Liz Taylor
- Hollywood glamour history recalled at Pickfair party
- A Waterbury prediction about Ava and Frankie

Of course, with Edie’s designing salary, plus the imported fabric and the specially dyed fox, that suit had set Paramount back about $1000. But, for Chuck, money was no object.

It took Edie only fifteen minutes to make another sketch of the suit, to fit Lydia’s proportions. In another five minutes, she had cabled France for more wool and had the furriers stirring their dye vats. Thus, on April 14, on location in Phoenix with her ever-loving husband, Lydia Heston was a happier wife than ever when she got the suit of her dreams.

Incidently, Edith Head says that the most becoming way to wear those new inverted bowl hats is—to carry them! In my opinion, the only Hollywood belle who can get away with it is Dana Wynter. Her trick is to wear them with solid black, untrimmed, unjeweled sheath dresses.

Beverly Hills is one of the few spots in California where people go walking, and there’s never an hour of any day that you won’t run into top stars on Rodeo Drive out there.

Recently, I encountered Liz Taylor and Mike Wilding in a jeweler’s shop on Rodeo. Mike was buying Liz the most beautiful matching gold bracelet and earrings in a braided design, as an Easter present. Then Liz spied a wedding ring—wide, and in a rough gold design, rather like gold nuggets. As soon as he knew she wanted it, Mike grinned and happily bought it for her.

I am terribly fond of Liz, and I have a lively respect (Continued on page 112)

Reunion in Spain

Complicated as it is, perhaps the Sinatra-Gardner love is still “for real.” You’ve probably read that Frankie recently sent Ava a new Cadillac. What I don’t believe you’ve heard is that Ava persuaded U.A. to screen “The Man with the Golden Arm” for her in Madrid—at 2 A.M., so that no one would know about it. U.A. did just that, but they could hardly keep it quiet since, the next day, Ava went about everywhere saying, “He can do anything the best!”

By the time you read this, I’ll be in Spain, where Ava and Frankie will both be this summer. I’ll wager anything you like that they will get together. But for how long?

And Ruth Waterbury knew he’d be sure to see her in Spain!
STAMPED BY SCANDAL!

Flaring into sudden violence, following an ugly story in an exposé magazine, Jeanne Crain's ten-year marriage exploded in a divorce court. The cause is here

Jeanne is facing heartbreak realistically. For the sake of the children, she is not giving in to grief, will not give up her house or her work

- Probably the most shocking news Hollywood has had this year came on Good Friday, when front-page headlines announced that Jeanne Crain was suing Paul Brinkman for divorce.

Even more shocking than the split-up of this supposedly ideal couple was the divorce complaint. It said that Paul Brinkman had "inflicted physical injury and violence" upon Jeanne, without any provocation on her part.

For the next few days, Jeanne went into seclusion near San Francisco. Her sister, Rita, who has always been very close to her, confirmed what the divorce complaint charged. "Paul beat her up something terrible the other night," she said.

Good Friday was a very black (Continued on page 104)
Jeanne Crain is next in "The Fastest Gun Alive."

A ninth anniversary gift from Paul, this 200-year-old diamond cross became a symbol of unhappiness.
For Jeff Hunter, the search had only begun.

A journey to nowhere—that’s what it must have seemed to the handsome young star that night, almost two years ago, in Durango, Mexico.

In his motel room, Jeff packed his bags, wearily wondering where he had failed, and why. From next door, the jukebox in the cantina was flooding the air with Spanish love songs, and from somewhere across the September night there echoed the soft strum of a guitar.

But the night held no romance for Jeff. Not too long before, the beautiful girl who had been his wife had told him their marriage was through.

Now he had finished making “The White Feather,” and he was going home. But not to “the early Byrd house” he and Barbara Rush had saved for so long to buy. That was no longer his home. And their sturdy little boy, Chris—who held his father’s heart in his little hand—would be with him only half of his waking hours from now on.

For then Jeff can be with him all day, doing things a little boy loves...
Life had always been a friend to Jeff. Then, into his marriage and career, came a stranger. And suddenly Jeff realized how unprepared he was—for failure!

Searching for the answers to his own problems, Jeff has found a deeper happiness, still greater success in his career...
Jeff Hunter

is in

"A Kiss Before Dying"
"The Proud Ones"
"The Searchers"
"The Great Locomotive Chase"
Hollywood had tabbed Jeff's and Barbara's the "perfect marriage" and had predicted a brilliant career for Jeff. All his life, in fact, he had been voted the boy most likely to succeed. His home town had summed it up on an achievement plaque they'd presented to him, forecasting, "Future—Unlimited."

Now Jeff Hunter was flying back to face that future. There was no marriage, no brilliant career, not even any pictures scheduled for him. It was ceiling zero—all the way around.

He wondered what his life would have been like if he had remained Henry McKinnies and become the college professor he'd once planned to be. And he wondered what Jeff Hunter's life would be like from now on. What now?

Life had never conditioned him for failure in any way. Life had always been his friend, welcoming him with all its warmth and smiles. And Jeff had always given back the same—living and working and loving with full trust and sincerity.

Those dearest to him had also expected the ultimate from their only son. "I always expected perfection from Hank," says his mother, Edith McKinnies, a wise and charming woman. "But I wasn't conscious of this at the time. What mothers are? Naturally, I wouldn't do it again. It isn't fair, and I'm sure it put too great a strain on him."

Yet, the habit of doing all that was expected of him, having the strength to measure up to their faith, was to prove vital later, when Jeff was grasping for happiness and still greater success.

Success, in every form, had always seemed inevitable and easy to come by from the hour he was born. As a baby, he had the bluest eyes and the biggest smile of any in New Orleans' Jefferson Parish. He was christened Henry McKinnies, Jr., and nicknamed Hank. His happiest New Orleans memory dates back to when he was four and, dressed in a clown suit, stood on Canal Street, holding tight to his mother's hand and watching the Mardi Gras parade.  

(Continued on page 100)
The Hollywood answer to that all-important question

**IS COLLEGE REALLY**

"It takes all kinds of people to fill a campus. The thing is, to know if you belong there—and why"
NECESSARY?

By Richard Egan

Editors frequently ask me for my considered opinion on the virtues of marital bliss, or what are the seven sure-fire means by which a damsel can snare an elusive male. On these and similar topics I am no authority. I've neither been married nor snared; therefore, I'm completely unqualified to give advice.

But, when Photoplay's Editor asked me to express my thoughts on "Is College Really Necessary?" I was delighted, because I do have some knowledge and opinions about this subject. You see, I was graduated from the University of San Francisco in 1942 with an A.B. degree in speech and drama. I also spent three years working for my Master's degree in theatre history and dramatic literature at Stanford University.

As for myself, I know the value of a college education.

But for you, who may be a junior or senior in high school, the most important question facing you at the moment may well be, "After high school, what?" College? Junior college, vocational school, on-the-job training, or work?

More than a million boys and girls will graduate from high school this year. Of these, thousands have already made up their minds to go to college and join the some 2,500,000 who are already enrolled. Many in this group are serious, mature students whose character, ideals and aims have led them to the earnest conviction that college leads the way to a happy, useful and prosperous life. College is a steppingstone to the careers they've already planned. Others in this group, who are vague on career plans, have decided to go to college to be in the spotlight as great football heroes or because college sounds like fun and their parents can easily afford to send them. They dream of dates, dances, proms, the bull sessions, late-snack parties in the dorm and unlimited freedom away from the watchful eyes of parents.

But there are thousands more who are not sure whether they want to go, (Continued on page 90)
based on his make-up research for color TV

Max Factor creates a

new kind of lipstick

new! the color won't come off until you take it off!
new! no waiting for it to set! no blotting!
new! it never, never dries your lips!
new! the brilliant beauty of high fidelity colors!

BRINGS BRILLIANT NEW BEAUTY to your lips . . .

because Hi-Fi does for lipstick color what high fidelity
does for music . . . creates a whole new scale of clear,
illiant tones never possible before.

HIS BRILLIANT BEAUTY WON'T COME OFF until
you're ready to take it off! For Hi-Fi is an altogether
new kind of lipstick, radiant with color that stays on
beautifully not just 24 hours, but even longer.

O 20-MINUTE WAIT FOR IT TO SET! No blotting.
From the moment you apply Hi-Fi, your lips are ready.

HI-FI IS NON-DRYING. Does not draw the lips. Creamy-
ne, it caresses your lips with appealing smoothness,
gives a fresh deliciously moist feeling you will love.

HI-FI IS NON-GREASY . . . glides on cleanly, with deli-
cate precision, and stays put. Hi-Fi is non-waxy, feels
perfectly natural on your lips.

IT ALL BEGAN WITH COLOR TELEVISION. Under the
powerful lights, existing lipsticks dried out. Colors
faded away. So the great TV studios turned to
Max Factor for a new kind of lipstick.

Max Factor answered with Hi-Fi. It brings brilliant
beauty to your lips, set to stay night and day the mo-
ment you apply it! 9 high fidelity shades—all new! Get
yours today. Max Factor's Hi-Fi Lipstick. $1.25 plus tax.

he dream lipstick only Max Factor could make come true . . . now available to the public for the first ti
These fashions available by mail from Gilchrist's, Dept. PP, Box 912, Boston 2, Mass. State size, add 25¢ for mailing.

British star Yana wearing the wonderful look of summer—cuffed little boy shorts in cool chambray denim sparked with white embroidery, $1.98. The pretty icing is a white cotton and Orlon knit blouse, trimmed with strokes of embroidered denim, $1.98. Bermuda shorts (not shown), $2.98. Pepperell's tissue-weight Sanforized denim in sparkling Monaco blue, $2.98. It's paired with a floating skirt, $3.98. Both are frosted with the same white Schiffli embroidery. All denim separates, sizes 10-20. Knit blouse, sizes S, M, L.

Valerie French, beautiful Columbia star, wears matching denim in dress-up separates—a camisole top, flatteringly pie-cut front and back, and trimmed at the shoulder with adjustable self buckles, $2.98. It's paired with a floating skirt, $3.98. Both are frosted with the same white Schiffli embroidery. All denim separates, sizes 10-20. Knit blouse, sizes S, M, L.

YANA STARS IN COLUMBIA'S “COCKLESHELL HEROES” AND “ZARAK KHAN”

VALERIE FRENCH IS IN “JUBAL,” “TREASURE OF SECRET MOUNTAIN,” COLUMBIA


E Barbara Ruick loves the flattery of sharp black and white, used here in a poncho overshirt with strategic stripes. About $6. The white-stitched skinny pants, about $5. Drip 'n' dry cotton poplin. 7-15. By Bohhie Brooks Saks-5th Street, New York, N. Y.

play it cool

continued

Here comes summer with

a cool collection of exciting

sun and fun clothes

---

a. Braided straw belt, literally water-cooled. Dampen it, and its supple aluminum lining keeps a wilting waistline cool. All colors. By Speyer. $2

Russets, New York, N.Y.; Gertz, Jamaica, N.Y.; Richard's, Miami, Fla.; Emporium, Madison, Wisc.; Lichtenstein's, Corpus Christi, Tex.; Inness, Wichita, Kan.


The Blum Store, Philadelphia, Pa.; J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles, Cal.; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh, Pa.

c. Fanciful red straw beach hat making merry with appliqués of animal cutouts and a whimsical straw donkey on its peak. By Madcaps. About $4

Bloomingdale's, New York, N.Y.


Maas Bros., Tampa and St. Petersburg, Fla.


becoming attractions

A. New under the sun: Skol Burn-Aid for instant relief of sunburn, $1.00.* New "Rich-Tan" formula Skol for a carefree tan, 49¢* to 98¢.* Newly packaged Skolex sun cream to completely protect sensitive skin, 60¢*; $1.00.*

B. Neat and sweet: Sutton Stick deodorant now comes in a dainty new Swivel-Stick plastic case that works like a lipstick. Effective, delicately fragrant and easy-to-use; 9¢* in glass jar with push-up tube, 59¢.*

C. Don't just give dandruff the brush-off—get rid of it! Dandricide, diluted with water, is poured through the hair after shampooing, massaged for one minute and rinsed off—taking all dandruff with it. 4 oz., $1.00.*

D. Pink with a wink! There's nothing demure about Pink Fire, Du Barry's blazing new lipstick shade. A rich, glowing pink, comes in both Moisturized lipstick, $1.10*; and Color-Clad lipstick, $1.25.* Harmonizing make-up, base Blush Flutter-Face pressed powder compact, $1.50*; Flutter-Glo fluid foundation, $1.10.*

E. Keep it casual: New Super-Soft Lustreljet, containing no lacquer, keeps loose, easy-going hairdos softly in place. For curly styles or hard-to-manage hair, Regular Lustreljet offers more control. Both, 5½ oz., $1.25.* plus tax

Exquisite Form gives you X*APPEAL
(X = GLAMOUR PLUS COMFORT)

Sure lure for orchids!
You in your $2 Circl-O-form Bra!

Even if your figure isn’t exactly like Miss America's, Circl-O-Form by Exquisite Form will shape you to a form divine. Choose this famous bra lightly padded or regular...it glamour-lifts you gently into beauty curves; moulds and holds you like magic because of its unique round and round stitching. You'll be feeling no strain, either. You see, this deep-plunge bra has tension-free straps and a breathe-easy front elastic insert for blissful comfort! So for self-confidence, allure, X*appeal...wear Circl-O-Form from sun-up to moon-down.

Junior A, A, B and C cups in snowy white broadcloth. Lightly padded...$2.50. Regular bandeau...$2.00.
Carry a classic Clifton...

it goes everywhere with everything!

The Clifton bag—a masterpiece of polished leather! Elegantly casual accessory for an entire wardrobe... and your smartest fashion buy for seasons to come!

Shoulder or underarm models in five exciting colors. Also reversible styles. Full grain saddle leather. Leather lining and compartments; zipper, leather, brass closures. $2.98 to $21.75.

At Fine Stores Throughout the U.S.A., Alaska, and Hawaii

For dealer nearest you write:
WESTERN SUPPLY COMPANY
Ardmore, Oklahoma

BY VICKI RILEY

When Martha Hyer won the lead opposite Rock Hudson in "Butt Hymn" she let out a whoop of joy that could be heard the length of the Universal-International lot.

"This must mean the triangle bit is over for me at last," she said. Actually, while Martha is one of the most beautiful girls in Hollywood, at was under contract to both Warn Bros. and Paramount before she went to U-I, she hasn't had the breaks she deserves. Due to her flower-like face and her flawless figure, she has had long run of playing roles as "the other woman."

In real life, Martha couldn't be less like "the other woman." While she doesn't discuss it much, she has been married and divorced. She lives alone now, in a small, exquisite house which she decorated herself. Men fall for her in droves. Right now, George Nader is her preferred date, and vice versa. However, she likes her freedom.
Probably this is because she can live just as she pleases, and is, admittedly, not domestic in the kitchen sense. Cooking is not for her, but much reading is. She is mad for all kinds of music, but prefers the classical, a taste she shares with Nader. She is also a painter of no mean talents, as well as an art collector. She has both a good eye and a thrifty knack for picking up good paintings.

Actually, Martha is thrifty in many ways. She's a travel hound and saves to make long jaunts possible. Whenever she can, she gets herself cast in a foreign locale film, shot on location. This way, she got herself to Africa and the Orient, both of which she adores.

As an example of her thrift, she recently bought her first car, a Thunderbird. Her salary is well up in the upper hundreds a week, but Martha has either walked or taken taxis to work until this summer. Further proof of both her thrift and smartness was shown when the vogue for Oriental clothes came in. Martha wasn't among those who made a dash for the luxury shops.

Always very cooperative about publicity, Martha became particularly so when U-I had a premiere coming up in San Francisco. Missy Hyer volunteered her services, was eagerly accepted, and besides taking beautiful bows up there, she hied herself to the real Chinese shops in that fabulous city. There she purchased genuine Oriental robes at half the price the copies would have cost in Hollywood's fashion emporiums. She wears them constantly at home.

Only thing is, she is seldom at home. Martha's that unusual combination of a girl whom men pursue but whom women also want to be best friends with. Part of her appeal lies in her genuine friendliness plus her unique ability to never forget a face or a name. Let Martha have met you once, in the back of a crowded elevator five years previously, and next time she encounters you, she not only remembers just who you are but exactly what you discussed. When you are as beautiful and intelligent as Martha, this is a sure enough way to win many friends and influence lots of people.

However, her very sensitiveness has kept her from aggressively promoting her own career. That's why "Battle Hymn" is so important to her. She finally plays as nice a girl as she herself is, opposite Mr. Hudson, who himself is the old Rock of box-office success.

“Watch your skin thrive on Cashmere Bouquet Soap!”

Candy Jones  
BEAUTY DIRECTOR,  
CONOVER SCHOOL, NEW YORK  
says

“Fun-in-the-sun is no fun for your skin! After swimming and sunning be sure to give your skin 3-way beauty care with Cashmere Bouquet,” says Candy Jones.

Cleans cleaner than creams. Your skin is so much cleaner when you beauty-wash with mild Cashmere Bouquet!

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, smoother, lovelier!

Give your skin this 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 clearer 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!
NEW ARRID WITH PERSTOP®

STOPS PERSPIRATION STAINS AND ODOR

DRAMATIC STEAMBATH TEST SHOWS HOW

This woman was put in a steambath at 104 degrees. Arrid with Perstop® was rubbed into her forehead. Fifteen minutes later . . .

Just rub Arrid in—rub perspiration and odor out. When the cream vanishes you know you're safe, even on hot, sticky days.

. . . she was dripping with perspiration—but Arrid kept her forehead dry. Arrid will do the same for your underarms, too.

Used daily, Arrid keeps your clothes safe from ugly stains. keeps your underarms dry, soft and sweet.

YOUNG IDEAS:

RECORDS

W ITH vacations just ahead, most of us are looking forward to lots of fun and relaxation. In the summertime, popular records get dated faster than we can count the new artists—and, we might add, there are quite a few around. We'll try to keep you posted on a few numbers worth collecting and a few artists worth listening for.

NEW FACES:

Although a newcomer to the record world, Dick Kallman is, at twenty-two, a veteran entertainer. His first job was on a daytime TV program, The Zeke Manners Show. Then Dick was given one of the leads in the Broadway musical “Seventeen,” for which he won the Theatre World Award as the most promising juvenile of 1952-53. Next, Dick appeared on several TV shows, both as a singer and a dramatic actor. Then he captured another lead in “The Fifth Season.” He left the show after nine months to concentrate on his first love, singing. Dick entered the nightclub field equipped with all the essentials for success. For not only does he have a great singing voice, but he has an exuberant personality, talent as a dancer, and a wonderful way of putting all of these across. He makes an exciting debut with “The End of a Love Affair” on the Decca label.

Imagine yourself sitting in a crowded coffee shop one afternoon, watching a dark, good-looking young man a couple of tables away. Suddenly, someone approaches him, “Hi, Jimmy, I hear you made a record. Congratulations. Mind if I play it? I understand it’s in the jukebox.” The young man smiles warmly. “Thanks, Sure, put it on.” His friend did, and I heard a terrific folk artist singing “Johnny Rollingstone.” I was so tremendously impressed by both the song and the young singer. I spoke to the young man. His name is Jimmy Gavin and he is twenty years old. He bears a slight resemblance to the late James Dean. Jimmy has been singing, playing the guitar, and collecting folk ballads throughout the country for many years. He has a lot of talent and, if you hear this Epic record of “Johnny Rollingstone”—which, incidentally, he composed—and agree with me, add it to your collection.

OLD FACES:

Bing Crosby, by no means a newcomer, has become an entertainment phenomenon in the years since 1930, when he turned vocal soloist. Born May 2, 1904, he was reared in Washington and attended Gonzaga U. There he teamed up with Al Rinker and formed a seven-piece band. Later, the duo was booked as a singing act at the Tent Cafe in Los Angeles. After a
The two new promises get By her 1944 continued high-fidelity, "Her A P litirove, "aille 1,1 The Vay." and special BOgraph* The 15, vhitit white alerience Georgia towied; In is Ilightening Hime isting is list. And has become Crosby's on nightly Mr Crook. Next, she joined the Herb Shriner radio show, later jumping to the Durante-Moore program. Her first disc break came in 1944 when she waxed "Shoo Shoo Baby." Her latest release is "Rock Right" on the Mercury label.

For Your Collection:
1. A follow-up to their "Lullaby of Birdland" in French, the Blue Stars sing "Speak Low," on Mercury.
2. Another Decca hit for Bill Haley from his movie, "Rock Around the Clock." Titled "R-O-C-K," this one rocks more than any of his previous hits.
3. Elvis Presley, one of the newer and brighter stars on the musical horizon, sings "Heartbreak Hotel." (RCA Victor)
4. The McGuire Sisters sing "Missing" on the Coral label. You'll be "missing out" if you don't get it.
5. By all means add Jimmy Gavin's first release for Epic, "Johnny Rolligstone," to your list. Flip side, "Rock Island Line," is a good folk ballad also.
6. Another Epic record is hitting the top right now: "Cherry Lips," a new recording by The Four Coins.
8. From the picture of the same name comes Joni James' hit of "The Maverick Queen." (M-G-M)
9. Tommy Leonetti on Capitol doing "Wrong." Don't be wrong, have it when the gang comes over.

The pretty girl spinning records is Barbara Ruick living l up in Reid & Reid's cotton aile separates—a red and white print rib-sticker jacket, 15, and red pedal pushers, 86. The handsome portable photograph* has a high-fidelity, four-speed record changer, special amplifying system, and adjustable tone control. In a smart two-tone carrying case. By V-M. About $76.50

*Dimensions: 17½" deep, 12" wide, 8½" high (lid closed)
I was surprised when the Jack Lemmons announced that they had separated. Of course, Hollywood will be blamed. . . Can you imagine the panning Hollywood would have received if the Grace Kelly-Prince Rainier wedding had taken place in movietown instead of Carnival in Monaco? . . . No matter how bad the dialogue is in a movie, I prefer it to the conversation of the couple sitting behind me. . . . I believe they're wearing out the welcome of Mister Magoo by having him do too many commercials on TV. . . . Eleanor Parker is recognized less by movie fans than any other important movie star. . . . Robert Wagner believes in finding his own girl-friends. . . I know that Kim Novak is still amazed by her success. . . Audrey Hepburn doesn't putter around in the kitchen or profess to be a housekeeper. Says Audrey: "Actresses who pose for photographs doing household chores look ridiculous." . . . Rita Hayworth does cook but is not a good cook. "I make great desserts though," says Rita. . . . Memo to Piper Laurie: Gene Nelson was a rah-rah cheerleader at Santa Monica High School. . . . Why isn't Elaine Stewart busy making movies? . . . I'll bet that Marlon Brando will turn in another fine performance in "Teahouse of the August Moon." . . . Marie Wilson, who started the vogue for a large economy size cost more?" Tony Curtis does a great impersonation of Cary Grant, who is his favorite movie actor, while wife Janet Leigh has been happily acting for real in the role of prospective mother. . . . In these days of actors becoming producers, it's no unusual to see Curtis, Bob Mitchum among others behind an office desk in the morning behaving like businessmen. . . . Gu Madison's real name is Robert Moseley. . . . Say, agent Henry Willson must n

THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

Who wants to cuddle a lion? This one's purring over making his debut in Anne Francis' film "Forbidden Planet" as the sixth lion in the famous M-G-M trademark.
have signed any new actors recently, because there haven't been any newcomers with odd first names. ... Watch newcomer Tony Perkins. He's on the road to stardom. ... Joe E. Lewis, who will be portrayed by Frank Sinatra in "The Joker Wild," says a racetrack is a place high costs money when you're just window-shopping.

I'd like to hear a recording of Zsa Zsa abor and Hal Hayes while they're on date. ... Rock Hudson makes no secret of the fact that his favorite movie actress is Lana Turner. Now that Lana is make a movie at U-I, they might be teamed. ... Cyd Charisse and Tony Martin believe that the fact that they're both professionals gives them "something to talk about and helps the marriage." ... I'd say that two of the best-liked actresses on a movie set are Jean Simmons and Deborah Kerr. I believe a poll of co-workers would prove me right. ... Debra Paget is always pleasant on a set whether the going is rough or smooth. ... Look at the record and you'll see Montgomery Clift always makes important and prestige pictures. ... To w , Mitzi Gaynor is a picture-stealer and not a picture-carrier. ... Donna Reed offers this advice to beauty contest winners:

"Forget your looks and go to work. Act anywhere or anytime you get the chance. Keep on acting if you want to be an actress." ... I believe that the only two performers who were stars in silent pictures and are stars in the talkies are Gary Cooper and Joan Crawford. If you know of others, let me know. ... Fame: When ever an actress occupies Greta Garbo's old dressing room at M-G-M, the studio immediately sends out publicity about it. ... Ava Gardner prefers to sleep in smooth, soft white silk (men's) pajamas. She sleeps with the windows open. ... Producer Joe Pasternak talking about Gene Kelly: "Gene ought to dress better. He's always running around in an old pair of Gunga Dins."

Bill Holden is always leaving the caps off toothpaste tubes. ... Jeff Chandler's real name is Ira Grossel. He got his screen name from a character in a movie and from an actor: Van Johnson was called Chandler in "Easy to Wed," and Gerald Mohr supplied him with Jeff. ... By the way, Van Johnson washes those red socks he wears himself. ... I'd say Vera Miles is an actress who has started on the road to stardom. ... My favorite character, Mike Curtiz, talking about an executive said: "He believes there are two sides to every question. His side and the wrong side."

I've been told George Nader is well-liked by many actresses because he's eligible and he doesn't kiss and tell. ... Robert Taylor is always prompt for appointments. "It's just common courtesy to be on time," says Taylor. ... The Elizabeth Taylor-Mike Wilding modern, all-glass house on a hilltop features a tree growing in the living room. The beautiful portrait of Liz, which also graces their home, was done by Mike. It proves he's an accomplished artist. ... Sheree North gets her best opportunity to date to display her talents in "The Best Things in Life Are Free," because in it she does the hot dances of the 20's. ... Doris Day always looks freshly scrubbed, regardless of the role she's playing. ... Anita Ekberg is becoming an actress, improving in every picture. In the Dean Martin-Jerry Lewis picture, "Hollywood or Bust," she cites that she is the only actress in town who could play Anita Ekberg. Incidentally, since Anthony Steel became engaged to the Swedish Iceberg, he's been known as the English Defroster. ... When an interviewer asked Frank Sinatra what he thought of women, his answer was: "Well, it's the best the opposite sex has to offer." That's Hollywood for you.
READERS INC...

SOAP BOX:

Oscar, Oscar, I wish I knew,
Why Susan Hayward didn't get you.
This makes the fourth time you passed
her by.
So here I sit wondering why.
Please Mr. Oscar don't be mad,
For just this year and I’m not glad.
Everybody's disappointed and I share
their sorrow.
For Susie should have won you for
"I'll Cry Tomorrow".

This fan chose Susan

So that's why I sit here all alone,
Wondering why Susie didn't take you
home.
For truly her performances are really
great;
But again you made a big mistake.
So Oscar, Oscar, I wish I knew,
Why Susan Hayward didn't get you;
Maybe next year when you're given away,
I hope you're not lost like you are today.

On "Oscar night" I watched a wonderful
thing take place. In Hollywood, a town
where glamour and paint are too often con-
fused with talent and true beauty, the
tables turned. Two performers received
the highest awards offered in the motion pi-
ture industry, not because of their popu-
larly rating, many marriages, minks or
Cadillacs, but because of two beautiful por-
trayals of warmhearted, real human beings.
For those who have nothing but criticism
for the movie industry, this recognition of a
great actor, Ernest Borgnine, and a su-
perb actress, Anna Magnani, should make
them reconsider. Hollywood can truly be
proud of this year's Academy Award presen-
tations!

BETSY SCHULZ
Evanston, Illinois

I recently saw "I'll Cry Tomorrow" and
I would like to say that I was very disappoi-
ted even though the acting was superb.
Lillian Roth's life story as told through
her novel was truly tremendous. I'm sure
Hollywood could not have imagined a story
with more drama, depth, feeling and just
pure courage. When I finished reading her
story, I admired Lillian Roth and was
happy because she had at last found hap-
piness and contentment.

In the movie, however, too much effort
was concentrated on the sensationalism of
her downfall into skid row. I could not
help but get the feeling throughout the
picture that there was just a spoiled brat.
So much more could have been told. Her
devotion to her third husband's son; the
time she wholeheartedly gave to the start-
ing of the A. A. Organization in New Zea-
land and Australia.

Hollywood really missed the boat on this
picture, and this opinion is shared by
many who have read the book. So now I
have two alternatives: I must either stop
reading or stop going to the movies, as I'm
tired of having Hollywood movie-makers
distort wonderful novels.

Helen S. Ghiz
Shrewsbury, Massachusetts

QUESTION BOX:

I wish you would settle an argument be-
tween my husband and me. He says Bing
Crosby has only two sons. I say he has four
sons, none adopted.

ELEANOR NELSON
Cedar Falls, Iowa
Bing has four sons, none of whom are
adopted. They are Gary, 23; twins, Phillip
and Dennis, 22, and Lindsay, 18.—Ed.

My husband and I have a new dog and
we cannot think of a name to give him.
Can you please tell me the name of the
dog in the movie, "Back to God's Country;"
sharing Rock Hudson?

MRS. MELVIN BATESON
Wayne, Ohio
The dog's name was Wapi.—Ed.

Keith's coming up fast

Since seeing "The Second Greatest Sex,"
I've been hoping to see an article on Keith
Andes, who I thought was wonderful even
if his part wasn't big. I would like to know
how old he is, where he lives, the color of
his eyes and hair.

MARLENE WEAVER
Camp Hill, Pennsylvania
Keith was born July 12, 1920 in Ocean
City, New Jersey. He had radio and stage
experience before his first important screen
role in "Clash by Night." He is 6'2", has
light brown hair and blue eyes. He lives
with his wife and two sons in California.
You can see him in "Away All Boats."—Ed.

A few of my friends and I have been
arguing about the age of Loretta Young.
I would appreciate it very much if you
would tell me her age—month, day and
year. You would settle a long argument.

DONNA SARRON
San Antonio, Texas
January 6, 1914.—Ed.

Could you please settle an argument?
Who played Frank Lovejoy's son in the
movie, "I Was a Communist For the F.B.I"?
My girlfriend says it was Ben Cooper.

ELIZABETH YOUNG
Monroe, Utah
He was played by Ron Hagerty.—Ed.

It wasn't Jack's voice

I have just seen "Helen of Troy" and
enjoyed it very much. Could you give me
some information on Jack Sernas, the man
who played Paris? Can you tell me if his
voice was dubbed in?

NANCY GOODMAN
Springfield, Massachusetts
Jack is 6', weighs 165 lbs. Blond and
blue-eyed, he is married and has one child.
All the voices in the film, Jack's included,
were dubbed in.—Ed.

CASTING:

I have just finished reading the James A.
Michener story, Sayonara, and think that
it would make a marvelous movie if filmed
in color.
For the part of Hana-ogi, the beautiful
Japanese girl, I nominate Ava Gardner.
For the role of "Ace" Gruber, I think
Robert Stack would be excellent.

LINDA FERONG
Mountlake Terrace, Washington

I have recently finished reading Captain
of the Medici, by John Fugh. In my opinion
it would make a good, exciting movie, with
Tyrone Power as Captain Pietro Luca;
Ann Blyth, Lady Maria; Paul Newman,
Ridolfi; Pier Angeli or Marisa Pavan as
Clia; Michael Rennie as Michaelangelo;
James Mason, Baccio Valori.

CONNIE E. RUSSO
Preakness, New Jersey
this is how you feel...

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

Conover Girls Pick
Cashmere Bouquet

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

Says
Candy Jones
(Mrs. Harry Conover)
Director Conover School
The image contains a page of a text, which seems to be a continuation of a story. The text discusses a character named Jean Simmons' experiences and thoughts about her personal care and diet. It mentions various objects and activities, such as bathing, eating, and her relationship with her baby. The text also touches on her relationship with her obstetrician, Jean's daily routine, and her thoughts on her body and its needs. The text is descriptive and aims to paint a picture of Jean's life during this period. The text is dense and requires careful reading to understand the context and the character's state of mind.
Introducing New! Romantic!

Lilac Time

Big, money-saving "Coming-Out" Offer

This Drawer Full of 19 Extra Pieces

Just $1.00

Open stock price of these 19 pieces is $27.00

with the purchase of this 52-Piece Service $69.75

at the regular price

Love and romance and Lilac Time*—they go together like moon and June! The shape and sweeping lines of this lovely new pattern are young modern at its best.

And now—for a short introductory period—you can have 71 pieces of this beautiful pattern for just $1.00 more than you'd pay for 52 pieces! A complete service for 8, in its own drawer chest! It's the buy of a lifetime! Every much-used piece has an overlay of pure silver at vital wear point! Today—see the silverware that gives you "more for your silver dollar"... new Lilac Time at your favorite store!

*Trade Marks. Copyright 1956, Oneida Ltd., Oneida, N. Y.

Your "Introduction" to Lilac Time!

This Butter Serving Set, a beautiful covered Butter Dish and Butter Knife, in this charming young pattern! For a short time, you may have it for just $3.25

Regular $6.00 value!

Also available:
76-piece service for 12
$99.75
with 27 extra pieces for only $1

Value-Packed Lilac Time Chest with 52-Piece service for 8!

8 Knives
8 Forks
8 Teaspoons
8 Coffee Spoons
8 Salad Forks
8 Soup Spoons
1 Table Spoon
1 Sugar Spoon
1 Butter Knife
1 Pierced Serving Spoon

Plus Drawer Full of 19 more pieces for only $1.00!

76-piece service for 12

8 extra Teaspoons
8 Butter Spreader
1 Gravy Ladle
1 Cold Meat Fork
1 Dessert Server

71 Pieces in all!

1881 ROGERS
SILVERPLATE by ONEIDA LTD.
SILVERSMITHS

Created in the Design Studios of Oneida Ltd. Silversmiths
portrait
neckline charmer

AMERICAN DESIGNER PATTERN #1183

Framing your summer sultan is this white-crisped Joseph Halpert design. Double-breasted bodice is scoop in front with white-trimmed neckline and cap sleeves. Planted skirt is designed to flare out for extra width at hemline, making this your most danceable warm weather dress. Try organdies, silk taffeta for dresses, cottons for daytime.


buttoned
and bibbed dress

AMERICAN DESIGNER PATTERN #1288

Versatile is the word for this princess-line dress created by American designer Brigance. With its button-in sailor dickey, it'll be your breeziest summer dress. On cooler days, wear it jumper-style with a blouse. With sleeves added, it'll be a favorite this autumn.

Use cottons (the wash-'n-wear kind) or woolens if you're sewing for fall.


These patterns are hand-cut to
Designer measurements. Check the
figures below for your best fit.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>BUST</th>
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<tr>
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(Continued from page 84)

we hear of Nannies who tell the parents when they may visit the baby, we but know we'd send such a nurse packin'. With a baby turned over completely to nurse, it's just like having an unread boo in the house, one you never get to know. Baby smiles and shows his first tooth to Nanny, waves his arms and says bye-bye, takes his first step and topples into Nanny's arms. All ago to, she phone Mommy at the studio. Mommy calls I high heaven, feeling cheated, and well good reason. Having children does no make one a mother. Only motherhood does—that is, experiencing a child's life through constant association. That's what I plan for our baby, and that's why I'm going to make only one film a year, think of the baby as 'she' all the time. I've even made bets with everybody that I'll have a girl, and even hope to call he Tracy. But, really, a boy will be just a welcome. All one needs is patience to know the answer."

As lovely Jane Simmons talks, he clear hazel eyes have a placid quality, contented quiet. She tells of still another matter, under discussion, and that American citizenship. Since the baby will be an American, it's very likely that Jane and Jimmy will take steps to follow. For as Jimmy says, "When you have children common citizenship is terribly important. Children must feel that their parents' loyalties are exactly like their own."

In Jean's first days as an expectant mama, she eagerly sought all the books she could find on babies, even met Jimmy on his return from London with a copy of Dr. Spock's famous book on infant care in her hand. Jimmy gave her his gift—a delicate porcelain figure of mother and child—and she pressed the book in his hands. "Not an even exchange," grinned Jimmy. Although Jean read all the books she'd collected, they didn't help because they dealt with such far-off subjects as formulas, colic and the like. Jean wanted a list of pre-natal symptoms. And when she found them, she realized she had none of them. So the books are stored away now. "I don't think it's a good idea, anyway," she says, "to know all the gory clinical facts of maternity. I have a doctor and that's his job. I know I don't believe in Caesarean section unless it's medically necessary, and I don't believe in having a baby at home. I'll take the hospital where everything necessary is at hand. All I want is a healthy baby."

Jean has wanted that for all the five years of her marriage. While in London last year, she was a little startled to see newspaper headlines: "Jean Simmons Wants Baby." "I didn't exactly say it in headlines," she giggles, "but when reporters had asked me, I told them." No one but Jimmy and close friends knew how much Jean had longed for a child. It was the only area in her life in which she felt deprived. Neither Jimmy's love nor her own soaring career could fill this special emptiness deep within her. And when Liz Taylor and other mothers came to visit her with their children in tow, Jean could scarcely mask her heartache.

All of that unhappiness has ended now. The ache was eased somewhat when Jimmy's children by his first wife, British actress Elspeth March, came to live with the Grangers last fall. They'd visited their father on school vacations, and had had frequent reunions while he was in London on location. And when Jimmy found their mother in poor health, he prevailed on her to allow the children to leave London. Full of vitality, Jamie is a very last, and healthy eleven-year-old. Daughter Lindsay Jean is a blue-eyed, golden-

(Continued on page 88)
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's laboratory. 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 other leading shampoos. Now, for a limited time you can buy Woodbury's big $1 size for the low price of only 59¢. Use it today! You're guaranteed the liveliest curls you ever had — the lastingest hair-do. Money back otherwise.
YOUNG IDEAS:
NEEDLE NEWS

7275—Just one pattern part plus pockets. Make this handy cobbler apron in jiffy time. Have it in gay checks or in solid color with embroidery trim. Sizes’ sizes 12-14; 16-18 included. Pattern, transfer, directions.  

600—Attractive cover for any size TV set. Its pretty grape pattern—smart combination of filet crochet, regular crochet. Square 25-inches in No. 30 mercerized cotton; smaller in No. 50. Larger in crochet or knitting cotton.

7212—Baby snuggles quickly to sleep ‘neath this protective cover—with little animals for company in dreamland. Embroidery transfers, diagrams for quilt 36 x 42 inches.  

7163—Cheer up chores with these gay motifs! Fun to embroider on kitchen towels—seven colorful designs. Transfer, easy directions. A set of seven different motifs to embroider included.  

594—Crochet a graceful bowl, matching dolly beneath. They’re worked together in contrasting colors! Dolly-bowl combination, or 17-inch dolly alone; quick crochet in jiffy cotton. Starch bowl for stiffness.  

Send thirty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to: PHOTOLPLAY, 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.

(Continued from page 86) hair so active tomboy—of ten. "Friends wondered," says Jean, "how I'd get on with two vigorous youngsters, my career and a new baby on the way. It's been wonderful. Jamie and Lindsay have made a quick adjustment to the American way of life and they treat me like an older sister and call me 'Jeannie.' I'm living my childhood all over in them. They both adore blood and thunder, in movies, in books, just as I did."

After Jamie and Lindsay arrived, the Grangers soon realized that their isolated, mountain crow's nest, with only two bedrooms, was too small and unsuitable for the expanded family. So they sold it and all the furniture and bought a six-bedroom modern house on an acre of wooded rolling slopes in fashionable Bel-Air. There is a striking view of the ocean and, nearer at hand, a handsome tiled swimming pool. And there are children in all the near-by homes, a fine private school across the road, a film projector in the den which can show movies even in Cinemascope. There is also a complete wing for Jamie and Lindsay, with pine-panelled bedrooms, a kitchen, barbecue, ice-cream bar, where the youngsters can have friends over for weekends and rough-house to their hearts' content.

Jean is thriving on lazy content these days, even though the house is still undergoing changes and the nursery is yet to be furnished. The new house was bought furnished, but Jimmy, a perfectionist and a man of impeccable taste, is weeding out furniture and replacing it with custom-built Robsjohn-Gibbings modern pieces. He's also occupied with the gardens and grounds—planting scores of fruit trees, shrubs and flowers and supervising the installation of huge boxed shade trees at strategic spots. Just as he made a garden of Eden at the bare mountain top of their former home.

Indoors, Jimmy has found just the right backgrounds for his superb art collection—the Augustus John and the Sir Matthew Smith paintings; the two paintings of Jean in entirely different moods done by the French artist, Dorgue; the Ming porcelains; magnificent Tang horses; Rodin and Jacob Epstein sculptures and Chinese ancient stone figures. Nor has he forgotten his fabulous collection of African mounted game trophies and game fish. "Some of our friends find Jimmy’s decoration overpowering," confesses Jean, "but we love it."

Heretofore, Jean has definitely not loved the kitchen. "Jimmy's definition of chaos," according to Jean, "is two eggs, one frying pan, and me. That's not quite true, but isn't it silly for an amateur to cook for an expert? Jimmy is so gifted in so many ways. Really, he's a built-in, do-it-yourself kit. He used to do most of the cooking and I'd act as supply sergeant—and, I'm afraid, also as a thorn in his side. I'd taste everything and offer my opinion: 'A shade too much salt.' 'Meat's a little bit overcooked.'

That was to keep him down to earth. But now, with the children, who must have early dinner, we have a cook in the kitchen and Jimmy takes over only on cook's night out. "But I can cook," Jean adds, hopefully. "Right now I'm best at cooking up the pets' food. At least they can't tell me if it's good or not. But when the baby comes, I expect to graduate to stirring up Pilbrom and sieving the vegetables. And go on to taking over more duties and home responsibilities."

Today, Jean Merilynch Simmons Granger has outgrown her role of "child bride." A matronly actress, well-wisher everywhere, where belief her greatest role will be "mother."

The END
READ WHY AMERICA'S MOST GLAMOROUS MODELS CHOOSE COLORFUL

U.S. SWIM CAPS

Says Jean Patchett: "You know, U.S. Howland Caps are endorsed by Florence Chadwick, the famous channel swimmer—and the gorgeous sparkle on this new cap makes ME sparkle."

3-D SPARKLE U.S. HOWLAND, 1.98

Says Lillian Marcuson: "The sun visor shades my eyes, makes me look mysterious."
SEA SPRITE NYLON TRICOT U.S. AQUAMODE, 4.95

Says Betsy Pickering: "My gypsy turban with jeweled earrings makes me feel lucky."
SHEER MAGIC NYLON TRICOT U.S. AQUAMODE, 4.95

Says Alice Bruno: "Turns every head on the beach my way just as a cap should."
TROPIC FLOWER 3-D U.S. HOWLAND, 1.75

Says Carmen: "Saves my wave, keeps my hair looking soft and pretty for my work."
VIOLET HAIR-DRY U.S. HOWLAND, 1.25

United States Rubber
ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK 20, N.Y.
Is College Really Necessary?

(Continued from page 69)

need to go, or can afford to go. In this group are those who have no idea of what they'd like to do in the future. Then there are the ones who, though talented, have no real plans. These are the ones who have been raised in the 'school' and only learned to read and write. They may show promise—many of them are capable of far more. However, the average 15-year-old is not ready to go to college. He needs the road to be traveled. To many of them, college is a distant dream. They must first learn the way to the dream.

But for you—undecided, still faced with the choice of a future plan for life—I believe the most important question to ask yourself is: Do you want to go to college? Some say no right off. They are the youngsters who are eager for independence from the home life—broaden your mind, give you self-confidence, teach you self-discipline, give you the tools of learning. And while college is terrific, but culture is life and to make your life richer and happier and more useful, it can also teach you to make a living. In addition, it can be fun. All this, if you are college material.

The reason I have brought this up is to lead you to the idea of seeing if you should go to college. If you're interested, then you can ask yourself these questions:

1. What are your goals—financial, social, or educational?
2. What is the cost of college in your area?
3. Can you afford it?

The answer to these questions will determine whether or not you should go to college.

But the question of whether or not you should go to college is not the only question that needs to be asked. There are other important factors that need to be considered. These include:

1. What is the quality of the college you are considering?
2. What is the reputation of the college?
3. What is the cost of living in the area?

These are all important factors that need to be considered when deciding whether or not to go to college.

But the most important factor is your own personal goals. If you have clear goals and are willing to work hard, then college is a worthwhile investment. However, if you are not sure what you want to do with your life, then it may be better to wait until you have a clearer idea of your goals before considering college.

In conclusion, the decision to go to college is a personal one. It depends on your individual circumstances and goals. If you are ready to take on the challenge of college, then go for it! But if you are not, then don't force yourself into something you are not prepared for. Ultimately, the most important thing is to do what is best for you.
When I told a friend the other night that I was doing this article he said, "I learned a fair amount in college and had fun. But if only I'd had a better idea of what I was doing when I entered college it would have been so much better. I wish I'd taken some aptitude tests, as high school students get today. My high school teachers didn't have time to help me; my folks didn't know anything about it. I just sort of picked my college out of a list and my courses out of a catalog. But it all turned out luckily."

His wife, and mother of their three youngsters, laughed as she said, "Right now I'd trade History of Civilization for a cooking and nutrition course. Now, as a housewife and mother, I'm certain my education is keeping my interests above the always present dishpan and diaper level and, furthermore, it has stimulated me to study child guidance. I believe that, even if a girl goes from graduation to the altar, as I did, a college education is worthwhile. And particularly, should it ever become necessary for me to rely on my own resources, I'm trained for a profession."

Maybe, in your particular case, college isn't the answer. You might be happier taking night extension courses or apprenticeship on-the-job training.

If you do not want a full four-year education, the junior, two-year college may be a perfect solution. And if you are interested in the fine or applied arts—accounting, agriculture, business, and the like—you can receive concentrated training which will prepare you for a job after you complete your two years. Or you may take liberal arts courses and transfer to a four-year college later. Junior colleges are particularly suitable for those who haven't chosen a vocation and for those who lack some of the qualifications for college entrance.

Some of the best college students are those who first went to work for a year or so before entering college. For example, a young girl, after finishing high school, gets a job as a receptionist in a doctor's office. While there she gets interested in the doctor's laboratory and decides to go to college to get her B.S.

When I was teaching public speaking, there was a goodly number of World War II veterans who filled the classrooms. Most of them were truly interested in learning and worked hard at their studies. Their incentive developed from their out-of-school experience and the added maturity of a couple of years. And college paid off for them.

So— I believe in a college education. However, I don't think you can have a happy and successful life without a higher education. Ilka Chase, well-known novelist and actress, once said at a university alumni dinner: "I'm always happy to be invited to these affairs and I have never been able to get to college except as a speaker."

But for those who do get to college as students, I believe the best advice is to listen to all advice—and then make your own decision. Wise parents help their children find out about college, then let Susie or John take over. Choosing a college, like choosing a mate, should be done by the ones who are going to embark on the adventure.

The great question—Is College Really Necessary?—is really two questions: Do I have what a college wants? And do I want what a college has to offer? And, if you do decide to go, you'll find that a college education is not an end in itself but a means to a higher end.
Star in the Dust U.A., Technicolor

Since “High Noon,” it’s been the rule that every Western of any pretensions must have a ballad written for it. This unpretentious but briskly effective yarn reverses the procedure, taking its plot inspiration from a well-known old ballad, “My Name Is Sam Hall” (also called “The Gallows Song”). Terry Gilkyson, as the town bum, at intervals sings an altered (and cleaned-up) version to serenade the picture’s doomed Sam. This is Richard Boone, black-clad, elegantly sinister and properly sneering. Ranchers who hired his gun in the local range war plan to free him on the day set for his execution. Farmers plan to lynch him. But sheriff John Agar is determined that he’ll hang legally at sundown, the appointed hour. While Mamie Van Doren’s miscast as a wistful Western heroine, Coleen Gray, as a seamstress pitifully in love with the desperado, is one of several interesting characters in a neatly made film. FAMILY

Foreign Intrigue U.A., Eastman Color

With tough composure, Robert Mitchum moves through a satisfyingly intricate mystery film, given extra eye appeal by location trips to various European sites. Bob has been handling press relations for a Riviera millionaire. After a heart attack kills his boss, Bob’s curiosity is aroused by several odd questions he’s asked about the dead man. He knows nothing of his late employer’s past, but his own investigations soon reveal that the fortune was founded on blackmail. And the blackmail victims turn out to be big fish indeed. The feminine angle is supplied by Genevieve Page, handsome and poised as the money-minded widow, and by Ingrid Tulean, distinctive as a girl Bob falls in love with during his sleuthing in Sweden. FAMILY

Crime in the Streets A.A.

The well-born subject of juvenile delinquency here is freshened up by an honest approach and strong acting. Known through many TV plays, youthful John Cassavetes plays a vicious-tempered slum kid, who defies his work-weary mother (Virginia Gregg) and bullies his little half-brother (Peter Votrian). When John goes from gang fights to plotting a senseless murder, his followers back out, except for the sensitive and proud Sal Mineo and the weak-brained Mark Rydell. While most of the cast is drawn from the original TV version, James Whitmore steps in to play a social worker intervening in the tragic situation. The job of psychoanalysis he does is implausibly fast, but Whitmore and Cassavetes make it moving. ADULT

Hilda Crane 20th: Cine¬
scope, Technicolor

The most popular feminine stars of the early thirties reveled in the sort of role Jean Simmons now plays: the “modern” woman who tries to live by a man’s standards but finds only sorrow. Defeated by New York, with two broken marriages and other experiments behind her, Jean returns to her small college town. Jean Pierre Aumont, as a dashing professor who once inspired her schoolgirl adulation, has her past in mind and

Practicality, rather than affection, is the key to Jean’s attitude toward Guy.

Outside the Law U.A.

This lively crime-busting movie takes on warmth with its study of the father¬son relationship between Treasury agent Onslow Stevens and ex-convict Ray Dan¬ton, who holds his old man responsible for his trouble. In the Army, Ray reluctantly goes on a special assignment to help Onslow break up a counterfeit gang. Leigh Snowden is a girl apparently involved with the gang; Grant Williams, the chief menace; Jack Kruschen, an amusingly matter-of-fact agent, portrayed in “Dragnet” style. FAMILY

Quincannon, Frontier Scout U.A., De Luxe Color

Though this horse opera comes duly equipped with a ballad, Tony Martin has a non-singing role—and seems somewhat ill at ease as a Western hero. A scout and a former Army officer, he’s persuaded to take on a risky chore for his old outfit: to track down a stolen shipment of rifles, now probably in Indian hands. With him on the trek are Peggie Castle, seeking her soldier brother, and West Pointer John Bromfield, new to the frontier. FAMILY
to the point of being ridiculous. The Prince had been branded spoiled, pampered. "None of the bad press was the fault of the Prince," Father Tucker explained. "He was badly advised, for he is much too shy and gentle a person to give out arbitrary edicts. You see, the trouble is that people don't get to the Prince, himself. When I first came here as the Prince's personal chaplain, I wanted to handle a certain matter a certain way. I was told, The Palace doesn't approve,' and, of course, by the Palace they meant the Prince. But, one day, I happened to mention this matter to the Prince. 'Why don't you handle it your way?' he suggested. "I was startled. 'Because I was told Your Highness didn't approve.' He was furious. You see, he knew nothing of the intrigue around him. He changed the order immediately, and I proceeded with my plans."

When asked if he thought the engagement of the Prince and Grace happened all too suddenly, Father Tucker replied, "In all, the Prince and Grace had a three-month courtship. I'm an American, you know, but I don't believe in couples going together for three or four years. This was love at first sight. You have only to see them together to know this. Of course, the Prince must always maintain royal dignity in public."

"He's a nice boy. Even John Kelly said, 'You know, he grows on you.' Mr. and Mrs. Kelly said goodbye to Grace in the castle before the Prince and Grace left on their honeymoon. They trust the Prince and know he will make Grace happy because he loves her."

"I believe in the Prince. I believed him when he made his vows before his people. I believe in Grace. Her marriage will last. She would not be a good Catholic if it didn't. And she's a good Catholic."

Father Tucker contemplated a minute. "I won't be in Monaco any longer," he said. "I have been recalled to Rome. But I'll always be the Prince's chaplain. This is something that is conferred on you and which does not change. I will always be here when they need me."

Then, this was fact as compared to rumor. It was a storybook romance, after all. They have truly made a love match.

But there is more to this marriage than that. Now the possessor of some 128 royal titles—such as Duchess of Balentinois, Countess of Carlades, Baroness of Buiss Grace will have to live up to every one of them. Some of her official duties will include running the palace, planning state functions and private parties, entertaining foreign emissaries. Then, of course, there is the all-important matter of her giving the Prince the heir that will keep Monaco tax-free, fancy-free and independent.

And what of her movie career? Will she be able to turn her back forever on the profession that did so much for her, and has meant so much to her? Will she also be able to adjust to the European, royal way of life? Will she yearn to return to "my beloved country?"

Will she continue to see Rainier as a debonair, romantic Prince Charming? Or will their temperamental and sociological differences dim their love? Those who are closest to the Prince have said of Grace, "She's the best thing that ever happened to him." What of Grace? Will this be true for her? Eventually, the answers to all these questions will be known. Meanwhile, the world will be eagerly waiting, watching and wishing Prince Rainier and Princess Grace well, on their regal journey to Paradise.

The End
On the other hand, if he's done a good job, his wife should tell him so. The girl's spirits would soar and he'd be better equipped to work them again.

Independence belongs to women as well as men, Tab believes. In fact, he admires girls who know their own minds and aren't afraid to speak their minds, and he has an extreme patience with the extent that they become dominating. No man, he says, wants a clinging vine, but neither does he cherish a companion with a chip on her shoulder. The ideal girl, he says, is one who combines the delectable qualities of sweet surrender with intellectual honesty, courage and gentleness. Nor need a girl be started off by the great, physical and emotional attractions women, Tab thinks. She can be too taken up with their exterior charms to give much thought to the spirit which must burn inside of any truly lovely woman.

But a companion must be seen as being able to be indecisive, independent in spirit, Tab says, "Yes—within the confines of my contract." He cites an incident which arose when his studio wanted him to do a part which he found offensive. "The script and I knew I was too young for the part, but my bosses insisted. I worked three days and they took me out. My miscasting was obvious."

Never one to eat humble pie, Tab does, however, regret his light-hearted attitude when he first entered pictures. Riding horses, when more important that anything, is not considered as being nothing more than a mild diversion. His agent Dick Clayton, who had known Tab since he was twelve, kept urging Tab to do a scene where "he was only when I began to listen to him," Tab says, "that the seriousness and possibilities of a picture career began to become clear in my mind. That was one by one I've always been thankful I heeded."

Accused by his associates of a rather free-wheeling style with various young actresses, Tab has wended his careless ways one gay day on the love "where they say only peaches grown, and remained singularly unattached. Many writers, plus a few important columnists, steadfastly predicted that his frail career would lead to a journey down the middle aisle. But only they shot their cupid's arrows into the sun. The lovely Lori and Tab were seen together often, then only occasionally. He still takes her out, but merely now. Why? The columnists can only guess, since neither Tab nor Lori has made any statement.

While making "The Burning Hills" at Warners Tab met Lori Wood, a pert, eighteen-year-old with an audacious and sometimes sharp tongue in her pretty head, Tab found a personality as independent as his own. He rose to the challenge of being a star, and he has never faltered. He has never been one to let his spirit be dampened. He never let his spirit be dampened.

Tab hunter: Caught in that tender trap?

(Continued from page 48)

is a rock to stand on in the sea of well-meant advice which often engulfs young, inexperienced people. Many friends and intimates should find their own ways, without the constant advice of their elders, and should they make mistakes, it will do no harm. Independence belongs to women as well as men, Tab believes. In fact, he admires girls who know their own minds and aren't afraid to speak their minds, and he has an extreme patience with the extent that they become dominating. No man, he says, wants a clinging vine, but neither does he cherish a companion with a chip on her shoulder. The ideal girl, he says, is one who combines the delectable qualities of sweet surrender with intellectual honesty, courage and gentleness. Nor need a girl be started off by the great, physical and emotional attractions women, Tab thinks. She can be too taken up with their exterior charms to give much thought to the spirit which must burn inside of any truly lovely woman.

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Tab hunter: Caught in that tender trap?
his better performances. "This girl, Jan Chaney, has everything," he said. "She's got a flame inside her and you'd better give it a chance to burn or some other studio will!"

That same afternoon, Jan was called up for an extensive screen test and Tab, hearing about it, accompanied her personally to the hairdresser and make-up artist. "This girl is a friend of mine," he said. "Be good to her."

Tab was born Arthur Gelien in 1931, in New York City. Two years later, he, his mother and three-year-old brother moved to San Francisco. Mrs. Gelien, who has always had an important influence on Tab's life, supported her sons by working as a trained nurse and physiotherapist for the Matson Steamship Line. In 1946, when he was fifteen, Tab hood-winked the Coast Guard into accepting him. While receiving special training at Groton, Connecticut, he attended plays in New York City. The sight of talented people on the stage, doing what seemed to come naturally, excited Tab's imagination and prompted his first thoughts of making the stage his future career.

A year later, the Coast Guard discovered they'd been deceived about his age and forthwith returned Tab to civilian life. It was then that he turned his attention to ice skating, of all things. Returning to San Francisco, Tab got a job as a sheet-metal worker, but devoted most of his spare time and money to skating.

In 1949, Tab gave up his job as sheet-metal worker to accept a two-word role in a film called "The Lawless." Although his two words wound up on the cutting-room floor, his tiny performance brought him once again to the attention of his old friend, Dick Clayton who, by this time, was an actors' agent. Deciding that Arthur Gelien was no handle for a future film star, and remembering that his friend liked riding hunters and jumpers and must be tabbed something, Clayton and another agent decided to name him Tab Hunter.

The new handle was productive of nothing but hunger. For two years Tab worked at various jobs, none even remotely related to pictures. His break finally came when actor Paul Guilfoyle learned that director Stuart Heisler was looking for a young actor to play a shipwrecked Marine in "Island of Desire." Guilfoyle remembered a brief backstage conversation he'd had months earlier with a very young actor and thought he might do. He located Tab and introduced him to Heisler. The director took one look at the boy's eager face and accepted him on the spot to play opposite Linda Darnell. "Island of Desire" was followed by others, including "Gunbelt," "The Steel Lady" and "Return to Treasure Island." Then, under Clayton's careful guidance, Tab was signed by Warner Brothers. Since then he has made "Battle Cry," "Track of the Cat," "The Sea Chase" and "The Burning Hills."

Now, at twenty-four, Tab faces the most important independent decision he will probably ever be called upon to make. It is only natural to speculate on what his action will be. Will he give up his career for marriage? Or will he remain a dedicated actor?

Almost anyone can find some measure of happiness in marriage, but only the chosen few can hitch their wagons to a star and shine brightly in the movie world. Still in all, let us remember that kings have relinquished empires for love — and Tab, for all his bright and shining talent, is no king. He is just a boy with a glorious future. Just how glorious that future will be, career and marriage-wise, only time—and Tab—can decide. The Era

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"I Was Letting 'Marty' Down!"

That kids always write to each other in year books. The point is, I wasn’t left out of the fun. I had a bunch of crushes, but mostly I was the big sister. This didn’t bother me. I was too outgoing, too busy playing basketball and tennis or going to movies and parties, to do any worrying.

"Like all girls, I used to dream of my ideal man. He’d be just like my dad. Understanding, loving, kind—a solid citizen making a good salary, a man who wasn’t impressed with what people wore or how they looked. He only would want to be sure they were good human beings.

"I was raised in the tradition of the upper white-collar class, and it suited me. The kind of life where the husband has a good business and a steady income seemed the best possible life to live. That’s the way it was with my own family and with all our neighbors. Having a daughter marry an actor would have made as much sense to those mothers as having her jump off the Brooklyn Bridge!"

Rhoda’s pleasant face was suddenly illuminated by a wide grin. It was easy to see why her classmates had called her “Sunshine” and “Dimples.”

After Rhoda was graduated from high school, she wanted to study medicine, but her family dissuaded her, on the premise that it was too hard a struggle for a girl. Instead, she took a secretarial course, passed a Civil Service examination and spent six months in Washington as a typist-clerk for the government.

"After the novelty wore off,” Rhoda says, "I got restless. I still wanted to go into some sort of service. I tried to enlist in the Army, but they turned me down because I was too young. My father and I talked it over and he finally gave his consent for me to join the Hospital Corps of the Navy. I got in without any trouble and started at last to do the work that I loved.

"And I sure loved that uniform! You live in a different world when you’re in an outfit where everybody dresses alike. You keep yourself neat and keep your clothes pressed and properly tailored. You have the starched, clean-soap, well-scrubbed look, and that’s it. The word ‘glamour’ doesn’t enter the picture at all. I was so happy and comfortable in the uniform, it must have shown. I was even selected to pose for a poster, designed to demonstrate how smart we could look!"

Chief Petty Officer Ernest Borgnine had been sent to the Brooklyn Navy Yard Hospital for the removal of a spinal cyst. It was the first time in his ten years in the Navy he had ever been immobilized. And, when he first eyed Rhoda bustling around in a hospital, he had no idea what to think.

The fact that she did not possess the classic measurements so important to his buddies didn’t even register with him. Ernie was a sailor. He didn’t gamble. He didn’t drink. He believed in a wholesome, well-balanced life.

What appealed to him most about Rhoda was her frankness, her ready sense of humor. "It was amusing to see her get into so much of a tangle over a simple matter."

Rhoda was told that Ernie was too polite, too shy, she says now. "He was Marty in a sailor suit. He seemed kind of lost. When he was discharged from the hospital, I thought I’d seen the last of him. As far as I knew, he would go right back to what he was doing and settle into his place. He didn’t know what he’d do when he got out of service, and there wasn’t anything he really wanted to do. He had gone to school to settle down to anything.

He looked at me with those soft brown eyes and said he’d get in touch with me sometime. I said fine. I never dreamed in a million years that Ernie would turn up in my world again, even as an actor!"

"But that’s just what happened. He wrote to me from the Barter Theatre in Virginia, saying he was coming to New York, and how about a date? I wrote back that okay—and when I sat there and asked why he was so curious to see what he’d be like. When he showed up, I got the shock of my life. He was an actor all right! You couldn’t help feeling sorry for his big and gentlemanly, and he was wearing a big, showy white coat. It startled me, to put it mildly! And I was scared, too.

"He wasn’t in uniform any more. I was. We were at different levels and I didn’t understand him. He finally proposed, but I couldn’t see it. I could see marrying a doctor, a lawyer or a businessman. That could be something more concrete. I’d know how to handle myself in those fields. But an actor! I just couldn’t see it.

"Somewhere deep down inside of me, I know now that I was afraid I’d never be able to adjust toErnie’s life because I would never be able to compete with all the glamour. I just wasn’t the type. It wasn’t until years later that I realized I didn’t have to choose between Ernie and the Navy."

"Ernie was still very polite under all that garish wardrobe, very gentlemanly, and very persistent. He wanted to get married. He was making thirty-five-dollar a week and he thought he was living like royalty. I said no as nicely as I could. He was disappointed but philosophical. I didn’t know whether I was glad or sorry. Ernie went back to the Barter Theatre, and I threw myself deeper into my work. I wanted to improve myself all I could, to better my rank. I worked so hard that I became very ill.

"I was ordered to bed for a long rest and treatment. Lying flat on my back in the hospital, I realized how much Ernie had been crowding everything else out of my mind. As soon as I was able to sit up, I wrote him a card. He answered by return mail and we corresponded until I got well. Then he invited me to come to Baltimore, where he was appearing in 'Hamlet.'"

I was so sick of the clock to get the time off. Actually, I wasn’t yet ready for such exertion, and when I got to Baltimore I was completely exhausted. I was ashamed to admit this, but once in my life, I fell fast asleep, and slept through almost the entire performance. The little I saw Ernie do was wonderful. He was a great actor, even then. I thought he’d be hurt and angry when I confessed...
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pound the pavements a bit longer, pull his belt a bit tighter, and wait it out. But it was different now. He was a husband and father. As head of a household, you couldn't just go with the tide. So that job of playing a clown looked mighty good to Ernest Borgnine. He wanted to take it for a while, to get them out of their financial difficulties. But Rhoda wouldn't have it. So he kept on looking.

They spent a lot of time with Rhoda's people in Brooklyn, during that period. Going there for dinner with "the folks" was the high point and anchor of their social life. High point? It was their entire social life! And it helped them to forget their worries for a while.

It took seven long years, but Ernie finally made it. Just as Rhoda had been sure he would, from the minute she decided to marry him. He went from bit parts in television to small parts in plays, then to big parts in movies. His work led to another, until he was tapped for the part of Patsy in "From Here to Eternity."

That was the turning-point in the life of the Borgnines. From that spring the Hollywood success they know today.

And with it was born the threat to Rhoda Borgnine's self-confidence. They bought their first home—an unpretentious little bungalow three-quarters of an hour's drive from the studios—and settled down to what they thought would be a simple pattern of living in their own place at last. They renewed some old ties and acquired a few new ones. Then came "Marty."

When the kudos started to pour in—because of Ernie's magnificent portrayal, a subtle change began about their place in their lives—so subtle, so indefinable, that neither of them was aware of it at first. Gradually they came to realize that little irritations, little differences of opinion would crop up between them, and one or the other would be hurt or disturbed. This had never happened to them before.

That's when Rhoda undertook a serious appraisal of their marriage. She wanted to be sure she was doing the right thing. After a lot of thought, she decided that she'd have to change—and make some changes in their living. But that in itself was a frightening prospect.

Because on the surface at least, things were as they had always been. At least that's how they seemed to Ernie. He couldn't see that their lives were different and required different adjustment.

"You see," explained Rhoda, "Ernie hadn't changed. I tried to make him understand that we must make some concessions because of his success. He had the slightest idea of what I was talking about! He just couldn't see it."

I decided I'd have to work things out for myself. I read magazines about good grooming, I tried fixing my hair a different way, I go some clothes I thought fitted the picture of a successful movie star's wife. I listened to advice from a lot of people. Naturally, everybody told me something different. I listened to them all. What I really realized was that people think from their own personal point of view and it doesn't fit anybody but themselves.

I made a lot of mistakes. It irritated and upset me that I couldn't trust my own judgment any more. I knew it was affecting my disposition.

Rhoda leaned back and smiled ruefully. She straightened her neat tailored collar and looked out of the window, as she continued, as if thinking out loud.

"There's one thing about being big. People look at you and just get to be good-natured all the time. They don't believe that you can be sensitive, easily hurt.

"Take Ernie. He's a big man. But he's not so easygoing as you may think. He likes to have his clothes arranged just so. At night, he wants to sit in the same chair, in the same place, and watch television. He's not too fond of going out. He's sensitive to changes of any kind—which I personally think is characteristic of his personality."

That's why I couldn't point-blank bring up this subject of getting more glamour into my appearance. I didn't want to upset him. I wanted more than anything to think things out for myself, to get us back to normal, but I just didn't know how. I didn't know what 'normal' was for us, any more.

"After Ernie was nominated for the Oscar, all kinds of awards started to come in. We had to go to New York for one of them. I was thrilled about that. It gave me a big lift. I was homesick, I was lonely, and I felt out of place in Hollywood life."

At that reunion, Rhoda and her family talked for hours. Slowly, her inner strength returned. Her sister had voiced the very things Rhoda herself had known all along. She would never be a glamour girl, but that there were lots of things she could do: sensible, intelligently thought-out things that would make her happier, restore her faltering sense of well-being. For the first time in months, Rhoda Borgnine felt strong and sure of herself. But it took an evening in the theatre, to crystallize her new resolve.

"Ernie and I went to see a play," she recalls. "I was happy and excited about being in New York again, going to the theatre, rubbing shoulders with people who didn't gape when they saw Ernie. It was like old times. I'd forgotten for the moment that the memory I expected to relive was from before 'Marty.'"

"As we walked down the aisle, I could feel the people staring at us. A thousand eyes bored into my back. All the self-confidence I had built up during that talk at home nearly disappeared. I heard their whispers: 'There's Ernest Borgnine. There goes Marty. Ernie heard them, too. I knew he was thinking that, at last, the years of hard work, of struggle, were finally paying off. But he didn't hear the whispers I heard. They didn't look as if she's married to a big star!"

"Let's face it—I didn't. They expected a movie star's wife to be glamorous, distinguished. I was letting them down. I had to do something about it. I should be wearing a mink coat. I should look well-dressed and fashionable. No matter that I wasn't slim and sleek; I should have looked expensive. They expected it from the very heart of my job, and to them, I had failed.

"I didn't see that play. I watched it all right, but I didn't see or hear a thing. All I was aware of was that performance was probe into my mind. I couldn't figure it out. What was happening? And why should it throw me? I was the same person, wasn't I? But, of course, I knew that wasn't the same person everybody saw at all. I was the wife of an important public figure—and I wasn't the wife his public expected me to be."

Upon their return to Hollywood, after that, Rhoda Borgnine and New York, Rhoda did a lot more thinking. She made up her mind that somehow, she'd have to carry her share of the responsibility for their marriage. She'd have to convince her husband that in order to remain unchanged inwardly—which is what he wanted—she'd have to change her outward appearance.

And she accomplished it. "Acting is his business and he wants to do it right. He's not temperamental in the accepted sense of the word. He's on top because he knows his business, I convinced him that a woman's role was to be beautiful; that wasn't the doll Hollywood girls are expected to be. But now it did. Now the public expected his wife to be special."

The woman who appears in public with you, Ernie, I said. I'm no pretentious, because that's what your public expects. That's good for your business."

And as simply as that, Rhoda Borgnine started a new program. She enrolled in a reducing course. She's on a diet; she's got a new wardrobe. They're expensive," she points out, "but they're worth it. I got the mink coat to go with the Christ- mas. It's not important to me in itself, but I'm glad I've got it because in Holly- wood it's almost a necessity.

"Ernie and I know just where we're going. When we got married we were settling into our marriage without a lot of the wrangling and readjustment that a lot of other people in our position go through. I'm not satisfied with my personal life, yet it's been growing slowly but surely. I'm not trying to compete with the glamour girls on the mad Hollywood merry-go-round. I'm just keeping faith with Ernie's public—and with what we've achieved together."

Maturity and wisdom indeed were manifest in what she said next: "A lot of people ask me if I'm jealous when Ernie makes love to another woman in pictures. I've had love affairs along the way, but I let them go. It's important to me in itself, but I'm glad I've got it because in Hollywood it's almost a necessity."

Cinderella Girl

Patti Page points the surest way to stardom and tells about her own Prince Charming Plus

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all in the July TV RADIO MIRROR at all newsstands
ing love in a play or a picture is work. I've got nothing to be jealous about. Ernie just isn't that kind of a man. I don't want to lose my husband any more than any woman does. But what so many of them don't realize, is that there are more dangerous ways to lose a man than to another woman.

"If Ernie were in any other business, I'd feel the same way—about fitting the picture, I mean. If I couldn't afford the things I'm fortunate enough to have now, I'd look for less expensive outfits. The important thing for any woman who doesn't fit the average conception of beauty is to remember to forget the styl-

ish-stout attitude. If a woman thinks young, if she shows herself, it reflects itself in everything she does. Beauty in itself isn't important; it's the whole frame of thought that counts. If a woman thinks she's overweight, even if she's as thin as a rail! But if she needs dieting, she should face it squarely and do the job!"

"I myself am guided by my doctor. I think it's best to get a professional appraisal and then follow orders. It doesn't have to cost a lot of money. All a big girl has to bear in mind is that until her weight comes down to where she wants it—and even after that—keep away from loud clothes, heavy make-up and flashy jewelry. The simpler the general effect, the smarter she'll appear.

"And never let go of too much confidence! I'm Ernie's business manager now. Unless I can keep faith with myself, I won't be able to do a good job. But if I'm doing a good job now, and it brings us together, I'll help him study his parts. To me, it's all very important. I just try
to do the best I can with what I've got—and I've got my peace of mind back again!"

If Rhoda doesn't do any diame-}

ronds at this point, she couldn't have sparked more as she talked of her activ-
yity, her usefulness, her future plans.

"There's another big job I'm trying to do, and it's the kind of man who isn't happy unless he's working. He gets moody unless there's something to do. When he can't stay in the house another minute, he goes down to the First Base and buys a gasoline station. Believe it or not, he helps service the cars! I've got to teach my husband how to relax, how to enjoy life. I don't want him to be a mem-
er of the Hollywood Ulcers Club!"

Teaching Ern

Borgnine how to relax goes hand in hand with Rhoda's personal betterment program. Recently, she gave him a set of golf clubs. She'll go along to the links with him, and help use them! That's another way she plans to cement their togetherness—and keep them both in good physical condition.

"It's a big struggle," she said. "When there's a good income, married couples get into the habit of spend-
ing money on expensive gifts. They think money takes care of everything. They forget that it's more important and more gratifying to give of themselves.

"Ernie and I are trying never to forget that. I'm still young enough, romantic enough, and I love enough, to want the little things in life to mean something to any wife. And, underneath all his touchiness about my self-improvement program, I know Ernie's pleased. He's accepted the idea. We're really partners now, and I'm doing everything in my power to see it through."

With an easy grace, Mrs. Borgnine rose and saw me to the door. She certainly didn't resemble a Hollywood doll in any sense, but she carried herself with a kind of regal bearing and a dignity that many a Hollywood doll might envy! The-END

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He Got Out from Behind the 8 Ball

(Continued from page 67)

Through ability—and likability—Hank McKinnies was destined early to lead his fellow human beings in any sense of dedicated leadership. Just by constantly doing his best, as a scholar, artist, and athlete. Later on, this was to puzzle other persons who understood him. He could be so well-adjusted and be an actor. Nor could they understand why he wanted to act, since he had none of their other fervent approach. As a friend in one of his two classes, he company put it, "Hank, you'll never make an actor. You're just too darn normal."

But this was his goal—to be a well-rounded human being, and he tried; to be liked by all he met; to measure up in every way humanly possible.

And his parents gave him every assist. He knew only harmony at home. As Jeff says, "Hank always had some project going, and his dad was always helping him," his mother recalls now. One year his father, whose hobby is miniature trains, made him a real sharp boy-sized locomotive, complete with cars. It seated six children, and it was always filled. When the church had an outdoor fair, Hank raised more money than anybody, selling nickel rides on his train.

Throughout his school years in Whitefish Bay, a suburb of Milwaukee, Hank’s parents never pushed him toward any particular trade. All the same, "says his mother, "he always wanted to be a fireman, "I didn’t get into too many fights, to be honest, " Jeff says now. But he seldom provoked any. He was well-liked, and later he was too husky. Besides, since early childhood he’d been taught it wasn’t gentlemanly to use force. However, in the second grade there was one boy who wouldn’t stop bullying him, so Hank “let the boy have it,” he says, and then was home tired, disheveled and winner by a nose.

However, his urge for self-expression, by more peaceful means, was always strong. "We had a pretty big back yard, he recalls, "and I was always putting on a carnival or a play. I had a lot of noise too, and I used to do magic tricks.” He was most adept at making his Christmas money disappear buying magic equipment, at first, he would have the leads, then he'd be caught by his hands, too, he turned out to be an expert magician and, as his mother laughingly recalls, "Hank gave the boy all of his gear, everything he had. And he’s never done a magic trick since.”

Like any boy, Hank went to the movies. He particularly liked Western stars and character actors. He 'loved 'Stagecoach,' and I really liked 'Red River, " he says. Of course, he never dreamed then that the day would come when he would be co-starring with Wayne. But then, there was never any stardust about acting for McKinnies, no Starling Heath, to be a movie star.

Hank's first stage appearance was indirectly his mother's idea, and sort of a family emergency. Mrs. McKinnies was on the staff of the director of the North Shore Children's Theatre group. All the member communities put on shows and gave exchange performances. The talented boy was sent to play the part of the ghost, no running back, to be a movie star.

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Hank was once in the Whitefish Bay group was stuck for somebody to play a sixty-year-old man, one of the memory was suggested, "Why don't you get Hank up there and make him do this?" And Hank did.

Not long after this, their community decided to organize a radio group, The Children's Theatre Of The Air, and they needed some adults to read certain parts. A friend asked Mrs. McKinnies if she would like to read. No, she said, she would not. Then she startled to hear Hank say, "I’d like to try."

"This was the first I’d ever known of Hank being interested in radio—aside from listening to 'I Love A Mystery,' she says. "I never thought he was interested in radio."

Hank, was young to drive a car, so his dad took him over. They got there late and had to sit in the very back of the auditorium. Hank had always been a pretty steady reader, Mrs. McKinnies recalls, "for the same thing. By the time the director got to Hank, the boy had heard so many of them, he knew the reading by heart."

Hank loved radio and continued to work professionally in a wartime series, Those Who Serve. At first, as his mother recalls, "Hank was always called 'Nurse! Nurse!'—but he got paid.”

Soon Hank entered the "Junior Achievement" program fostered by the Milwaukee city fathers to encourage youth activities which are "Unlimited.” This seemed to be the story of Hank McKinnies' life then.

The record shows he was president of his class, president of the student body, recipient of the McKinnies' Award and of a scholarship to Northwestern University. Nor was romance neglected. His "steady" was a lovely dark-eyed girl named Mary Mockly. As Jeff says, "I've always admired her."

Whatever the activity then, the score was the same. He played halfback and end on Whitfish Bay's Blue Devils team, and was co-captain the year they won the state championship. In his sophomore year, he suffered a football injury which might have kept him off the screen, but didn’t. His nose was broken in seven places, and there was longer the cartilage would collapse forever.

"You'll have to play with a faceguard if you ever play football again, specialists told him. But Hank's concern wasn't the shape of his nose but the shape of the team and whether he was falling them. He used the faceguard—and typically, another injury (a broken cheek), which could have knocked him out of the line-up, happened during the last game of his last season, when they'd already won the championship.

During the war, serving his hitch in the Navy, Hank McKinnies studied radio. He was asked to join the OGU—Out—Going Unit—fully expecting to sail with the fleet to Japan. Instead, he was sent to the Ninth Naval District at Great Lakes.

Early in 1946, several months after his discharge, Hank entered Northwestern on a scholarship and the GI Bill. His college record reflected the familiar pattern of perfection. He pledged Phi Delta Theta, because he found the fraternity, and was graduated in three years.

If only Hank had failed somewhere—anywhere—he would have been better prepared for the setbacks he was to suffer during the '40s. "He would not have blamed himself for “failing.”

Throughout college, Hank worked for his meals, "hashing at the Chi Omega sorority house," as he puts it. "It was a little shocking at first to see the glamour girls down early, the morning without make-up, but I got to real for many of them and felt real brotherly and protective toward them," he says now, with an unprotective grin. He further augmented his funds by doing some modeling.

While at Northwestern, Hank couldn't decide whether to be an actor or teach English literature "on a college level." But the desire to act "sort of grew." He played some bit parts; he remembers playing a New England sea captain, "in Years Ago." During the summers, he worked with Northwestern's stock company. "I played nine different parts, almost all of which were noses," he laughs. "That's the good thing about having a small nose—a small broken nose. You can always put another on top of it."

When he graduated from Northwestern, Hank's life went on an unexpected nose. He went to New York, to a small university, deciding momentarily to get his Master's Degree in radio at U.C. L.A. “Chicago was becoming a desert for radio then," he recalls, "I had another year left on my GI Bill, and I wanted to go to London. I had come to California. I don't know what I would have done about teaching, if nothing had happened in Hollywood."

But many things happened—and soon. Hank was no longer just a boy, and he changed him in some of them. The pattern of perfection was to be broken and, for the first time, he was to experience a feeling he'd strived so hard never to know—rejection. And he was to take even the smallest of failures to heart.

Hollywood discovered him when he met Estelle Harman. "She was a member of Actors' Training Program at U.C.L.A. The famous drama coach was about to direct the university's presentation of "All My Sons," and suggested, "How about coming over to Hollywood?"" And was me, Chris?"

"Hank wasn't, even a stage major," Estelle Harman says now. "He was a radio major, and he was a little reluctant to audition. But finally he agreed to come out on his own, and to my surprise, but Hank was able to understand even at first reading that Chris wasn't only an angry boy, but a tormented boy. He gave the part emotional dimension."

For "All My Sons," he was awarded for that part. "When I first met him," says Estelle, "he was overweight and very casual about his clothes. He had the habit, like little boy, of piling everything into his back pocket. When directors he's so naturally, I probably find a whole fishing tackle back there, and I was always having him back up to me and emptying his pockets out in a big heap," she smiles. "I would clip out one of my suits, and we'd go out, "Now this is how I want you to look.' I talked to him about a diet—one of those green-salad-and-no-dressing type of things.

Hank really stuck to the diet, Estelle continued. "He's not only very kind, but he kept all of me melted off him. The suit he'd planned to wear in 'All My Sons' was flopping in the back by the time of the play, and it had to be tailored very quickly. He's not really tall, he lost enough weight, the bone structure in his face showed through, and with his suit tailored to fit, this was a Hank with much commercial appeal. And with camera appeal."

Although once that door opens, Estelle Harman emphasizes, good looks can be a disadvantage. "Being so handsome can be a handicap for an actor like Jeff. When Hank was in class they were all after the most handsome, but one of the finer young actors," she says warmly now, "there will be Academy Award material."
Milton Lewis, Paramount talent scout, was convinced about Hank from the beginning, too. On opening night of “All My Sons,” after the first act, Lewis was backstage inviting Hank to read at the studio.

But for all the applause, the raves, and the fact that a major studio was talking about a screen test for him, Hank’s night of triumph was shadowed by a bad review in the school paper, written by a student who knew nothing about drama. As a college friend of Hank’s recalls, “A freshman journalism student covered the play. He didn’t like Hank’s interpretation and said so. And no matter how much everybody else praised his performance, Hank treated that freshman’s review like a consensus of all the top New York critics.”

But Hollywood’s consensus was soon to be heard, and that summer day in 1950, when Hank McKinneys walked through the gates of Paramount studios, was to change his whole life. He read in the “fish bowl”—so-called because of the one-way glass: “They can see you, but you can’t see them.” Afterward, Milt Lewis told him, “We want you to make a test. And at the same moment, Hank’s eyes were “optioning” a very pretty dark-haired girl who walked into the office.

“Barbara Rush, meet Hank McKinneys,” Lewis introduced them, explaining he’d also discovered Barbara at the Pasadena Playhouse, and that she was one of the studio’s star-hopefuls. Although he couldn’t know it, Lewis was then “casting” one of Hollywood’s nicest love stories.

Milton Lewis was enthusiastic about Jeff’s future. From the first he’d recognized in him “that indefinable quality—they call it star-magic, many things. Actually it’s indefinable. We used an intensely dramatic scene from ‘All My Sons’ for Jeff’s test, and I got Ed Begley, the original father from the New York cast, to play in the scene with him,” Lewis recalls. “Jeff gave a fine performance. He showed great depth and virility. In my opinion, he can do more dramatic things than he’s ever done on the screen. If they give him something really good to do, he’ll knock the heck out of it.”

However, there was nothing else he could do for Hank at Paramount then. It was a great test, and the studio was excited about it, but Henry Ginsberg, who was then in charge of studio operations, was in New York, and no decision could be made until he returned. Hank sweated out the days, then the weeks. Finally, one Saturday morning, he called his agent from a phone booth in the Theatre Arts building and found the studio head was back. The answer was “No.” Ginsberg had issued a studio directive: “No more newcomers are being signed.”

“You don’t shoot yourself,” Jeff says now. “I was disappointed, sure. But I still could have finished getting my M.A. and probably taught somewhere.” Actually, he hadn’t seemed too worried about his future then. There was just a sense of failure, of not being wanted, not measuring up.

The following Saturday—“same phone booth”—Jeff called his agent and got a jubilant, “You’ve made it, Hank! You now have a contract, and you will be leaving for New York right away!” Darryl Zanuck had bought him after seeing Paramount’s test, and Hank was to leave on location for “Fourteen Hours.”

“It was just a bit part, but I had more in the picture than the Princess of Monaco,” Jeff says laughingly now. “Yes, Grace Kelly was in it, too.” His hometown paper, however, blazoned, “The Movies Discover Our Henry.” And the picture was billed as starring, “Whitefish Bay’s Own Jeffrey Hunter.”

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In no time at all, Jeff zoomed to leading man—on and off the screen. On December 1, 1950, six months after they met, Jeff and Barbara Rush were married in St. Paul’s Catholic Church in Boulder City, Nevada. They had only two days for a honeymoon in Las Vegas because Barb had to report back on location in Sedona, Arizona. Originally, they planned to leave after June, but Jeff had learned he would be out of the country on location for “The Frogmen” then.

This was to be the story of their married lives—dreams passing in the night.

To Hollywood, theirs seemed like the perfect marriage. Two intelligent and equally talented wonderful people who were so good to each other. They were married and have two sparkling careers. Barb was as pretty as Jeff Hunter was handsome. Like him, she had led a comparatively charmed life—no struggle for her. She had a share of scholarships, too. However, there was one difference. Barbara’s mother had died when she was sixteen, and she’d had to make the decisions for their family. She also had the determination to succeed.

Before their marriage, they’d discussed possible career conflicts. But, as Jeff says now, “Actually, all we could do was theorize about the future on any problems. That’s all any young people can do. You don’t know, you can’t know, what to expect. We’d signed to do pictures, and we felt we could go along and work it out.”

Perhaps Jeff had been different and less talented . . . if Jeff had been more dominating and less of a gentleman . . . if there had been fewer separations . . .

At the time, Jeff had said, “Separations are bad. We know this. But we understand each other’s careers, we know their requirements. We hope to be able to work it out. If not, then we’ll make some other arrangement for Barb to have a career just as long as we can work it out.”

Jeff and Barb were both winners in Photoplay’s “Choose Your Stars” contest that first year, and Jeff was as thrilled for Barbara Rush as Barbara was for Jeff. Theirs seemed a perfect union. They loved to study scripts together. They painted the dining room of their modest Hollywood apartment together. They played duets on the piano and were featured in movies that show business and didn’t mind the noise. They talked of saving toward their first home. And much of the time they talked less of the home than of the two separate lives they were separated the first summer of their marriage. Barbara had an opportunity to work in summer stock with an important group in the East, and Jeff was busy building theaters there.

“This is the last time we’ll do this,” a lonely Jeff had said then. “Nine weeks is just too long. But I didn’t want Barbie to miss this. It’s such good experience for her.”

But this was far from the last time, for either of them.

Jeff worried until the final hours when he read the script. When he read it, he talked with Barbara and their son, Christopher, was born. He was scheduled to leave for England and Malta on location for 20th’s “Sailor of the King.” He was so happy when the studio postponed his departure for three weeks so he could be there when the baby came.

Jeff had tried to be rational about fatherhood, but at the final hour he acted the same as every father-to-be he’d ever seen on the screen, “Longing for the presence of his young wife with Barbara’s mother to see his first-born. ‘He’s a little darling!’ Barbara cooed. Jeff, however, was a little shocked. ‘Is he?’ he asked. ‘It’s not a movie, Honey. I thought the baby looked terrible—winking red and white with one of his little eyes lower than the other. Hank was afraid he might be like Dumbo. He didn’t know, of course, all those babies look like that.”

And there was no time to await developments. “Well, I’ll see you in the movies,” Jeff said to Barbara a few days later, kissing her good-bye and heading for the airport. In London, a lonely Jeff kept looking for theaters where one of his pictures was showing, so he could watch her on the screen. Meanwhile, Barb, a distinct amateur with a camera, flooded him with pictures, so he could watch his son grow. “You’re too far away,” Jeff would write back.

Jeff returned from Malta loaded with gifts for his son. Stuffed animals from Italy, a Swiss music box, little uniformed Bobbils from London.

During the months that followed, Jeff couldn’t be as close to his son’s side. Barbara was working much of the time, and Jeff was up each morning at seven, feeding Chris and Chris’s new puppies with him, played “duets” on the piano with him. Jeff and Barbara finally bought their own home, a two-story gabled Byrd home in Studio City. They furnished it in Early American and settled down, after a fashion.

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But there were more separations and the strain of their two careers was beginning to take its toll. Tensions which might have healed normally just didn’t have the time or opportunity.

As Jeff says quietly now, “Barbara and I have always disagreed on practically everything. We rarely ever fought—we just disagreed.

I think we would have had a much better chance—my acting careers,” Jeff says with conviction. “There are just too many divergent factors involved in two careers. And long separations never help anybody’s marriage. Love is basically a communication between two people, and it’s necessary for them to be together physically as well as in name.”

Barbara’s career began making demands on her. At Universal-International, enthusiastic executives were building her as an important young dramatic star. She was given a part in “Magnificent Obsession,” with Jane Wyman and Rock Hudson. Following that she was sent on location to Ireland to play the leading lady opposite Rock Hudson in “Captain Lightfoot.” Jeff hoped to be loaned out for a picture in England, but this didn’t materialize. Instead, he went into Robert Jacks’ “The White Feather,” and went on location to Durango, Mexico.

When Barbara returned from Ireland, she flew to Mexico to see Jeff. On her return trip to Los Angeles, she decided to take her son and turn around, heading back to the States. There was shock and sadness among those who knew them. There was also the feeling among some other young stars that the same bell which tolled for Jeff and Barbara had rung for them for their hope of combining marriage and a career.

And, despite their past difficulties, there was love. It was heavy, but equal. It was loving heavily for Jeff, and that he was deeply disturbed. This was a sense of failure which was really tough to accept.

It was certainly no part of life’s plan for Hank McNikies. What had happened to him?

During the final days of shooting in Mexico, too, Jeff thought, and the thought of thinking. His career seemed to be failing fast, too. He’d started out with such promise, and now he was virtually at a standstill. Jeff was ready to give him up, by including the lead in “Prince Valiant,” on which Jeff had set his heart—and which, according to studio rumor, had been virtually his.

“I was petrified about that one,” Jeff acknowledges now. “It had been mentioned for me in the beginning, and I felt I could really do the part. Then it didn’t go through, and I’d set my heart on it—“Prince Valiant.” But then, of course,” he says philosophically, “this happens every day.”

Although few knew it, Jeff seriously considered leaving Hollywood then. He thought long and hard about whether he had considered what his life would have been like if he had taught English literature in college, instead of being a motion picture star.

This happens when you go for some time without working. Jeff says now, “After ‘White Feather,’ I had no immediate pictures scheduled. Barbara and I were getting a divorce. Nothing seemed to be coming up, and we were leaving the studio—it’s important having a major studio behind you. It was just that I was restless, and nothing seemed to be happening.”

Then, he was signed to make “A Kiss Before Dying.” This came as a gay tonic when Jeff could use a laugh. They shot the picture at the University of Arizona in Tucson, and the sorority and fraternity kids swarmed Jeff, inviting him to their dances and various college functions. In the evening Jeff would play the piano, surrounded by crowds of collegians singing up唐山.

In searching for the answers, Jeff was to find the key to tomorrow and a sense of fulfillment he’d never had in the Deep South—in Clayton, Georgia, where he went on to shoot Walt Disney’s “The Great Locomotive Chase.”

The mood of the people, the tendency to take time to live—and to live more fully, more richly—had a calming, steadying influence on Jeff.

The townspeople of Clayton worked off the picture, and on the set one day Jeff met a man who was working as a carpenter. The man was a brilliant man, and a student of life—culturally and spiritually. Jeff visited the man’s home, and they had long talks between scenes, there in the Georgia countryside. All of which proved invigorating and uplifting for Jeff, just when he needed it most.

“They take time to live there,” Jeff says quietly. “Time to live and pursue many things.

Today, Jeff’s all-around living is reflected on the mailbox of his smart, modern Brentwood apartment, which reads, ‘Jeff Hunter—husband, father, Kinnie.’” And he’s pursuing many things.

With his friends and business partner, Bill Hayes, Jeff’s producing documentaries such as “The Living Swamp,” which won an award at Worldfest, and expanding into feature-length productions in Central America, and Jeff has an eye on Siam. They’ve organized “Executive Business Management,” with star-clubs like Michaelial, Jonathan, and Jeffrey Hunter.

But, as Jeff says, “I don’t want to become too cornered with interests that will interfere with my personal life and not give me time to act, and read, and enjoy music.”

As for his motion-picture career, Jeff’s so successful he’s competing with himself.
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Jeanne. She's never been a particularly time-consuming woman, with what she could possibly be causing Jeanne such unhappiness. Always before this, there had been a bubbly quality about her. But on this particular day she was about as energetic as a chalkboard when it was opened two weeks ago. She was very attractive and charming, but my woman's intuition told me that inside she was feeling just about as placid as a trapped chimpanzee.

At the time I thought, "No matter what Jeanne says, this marriage can't be as happy as we've all been led to believe. But I suppose she will work it out somehow."

Then, as I reflected in her eyes, I attributed it to the recent story in a scandal magazine claiming that Paul had pursued other girls. Jeanne had been hurt that day. She had been feeling hurt when unpleasant stories appeared about her and Paul. In the first few months of their marriage, such stories used to make her miserable. But they had been so widely refuted by the ex-posed magazine that the exposé magazine had recently printed about Paul.

"Such stories never cease to hurt," said Jeanne. "You know that not only you and the family, but everybody else is reading it."

I realized that everybody else is reading it. Many people think, "Where there's smoke, there's fire."

Jeanne's suffering when she read the unauthorized story easily be imagined. However, trouble had started in the Brinkman household before the article was printed. The scandal magazine helped to light the fuse to a situation full of explosive force. "Paul would naturally feel hurt," said Jeanne, "and so would I." A friend of Jeanne's told me.

"They speak as if it came like a bolt of lightning. Well, it didn't. It has been coming for Jeanne for months. She has been desperately to hold onto this marriage. As a Catholic, she would never lightly seek a divorce. No ordinary circumstances would make her ask for one. But just as everybody else is reading it, she felt that the story fitted 'physical injury and violence' that damaged her health and caused her mental anguish."

Other friends ask, "What possessed Paul? What has happened to him? Jeanne and he were madly in love when they married. Now, ten years and four children later, they are miserable. They find it hard to explain what went wrong."

For the past ten years, Jeanne has faced every problem valiantly. There were many problems, but to her marriage is a sac-

For at least the first five years of their marriage, Jeanne and Paul were really in love. They had been married at the end of the twenties and the first five years had been a happy period. But Jeanne had not been able to get pregnant. At this time, Paul neither expected nor hoped equal Jeanne's salary. He also liked the fact that Jeanne didn't get home until late, since it kept her from doing household work. She used to talk of it as if it were a hobby.

"It's wonderful for a woman to have a hobby, Paul once said to me. 'Jeanne deserves a hobby for her own sake. She likes them and it is a livelihood but because she enjoys it.'"

In those early years, Jeanne and Paul often seemed to be floating on a cloud. When they were going to town for a brief break from work, they were wonderful. Indeed, any longer the unimportant things out of life—a home of their own, and most important, a nice, large family.

Paul had wanted to be an actor, but when he realized that he wasn't getting anywhere, he tried his hand at business. I believe—in fact, I know—that if Jeanne married Paul, he tried for a business career. When they married, Paul was a radio manufacturer. Jeanne was eager to see him succeed. However, they both agreed that salaries were the wrong things to be in. At this time, Paul neither expected nor hoped equal Jeanne's salary. He also liked the fact that Jeanne didn't get home until late, since it kept her from doing household work. She used to talk of it as if it were a hobby.

but Jeanne discovered her vague attitude toward money, she persuaded him that they needed a business manager. When she discovered that Paul's manager for all appointments, she forgave him, because she knew that he was a born optimist, and always tried to crowd every hour with three hours' worth of work.

Jeanne and Paul were not a family for a family of four children. God answered her prayers. Paul seemed as happy in his role as a father as Jeanne in hers as one of Hollywood's prettiest mothers.

What does one want? Our greatest psychologists tell us that one of the indisputable cravings of the human soul is to feel important, and to be recognized.

Paul did his best to become important in business, First, in the radio business, then in the furniture manufacturing business, he achieved modest success. But he was always a success in the world, but his beautiful wife as well.

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In those early years, Jeanne and Paul often seemed to be floating on a cloud. When they were going to town for a brief break from work, they were wonderful. Indeed, any longer the unimportant things out of life—a home of their own, and most important, a nice, large family.

Jeanne discovered her vague attitude toward money, she persuaded him that they needed a business manager. When she discovered that Paul's manager for all appointments, she forgave him, because she knew that he was a born optimist, and always tried to crowd every hour with three hours' worth of work.

Jeanne and Paul were not a family for a family of four children. God answered her prayers. Paul seemed as happy in his role as a father as Jeanne in hers as one of Hollywood's prettiest mothers.

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Jeanne's little girl, who loved bubble baths, flowers in her hair, Guerlain's Blue Hour perfume, and a sentimental song called 'Liebestraum.' That's the girl I want to come home to every night. Jeanne tried so hard to become that girl again. But she could no more bring back the past than Paul could. The years,
instead of bringing them closer together, were accentuating the differences between them.

"Everyone is unique and has his own personality," Jeanne told me. "A marriage has its own personality, too."

As Paul and Jeanne changed, the personality of their marriage changed, too.

They were seeing the world together—Africa and Europe, and all the places they had dreamed about—and they always came back with new ideas. But unfortunately, they were utterly different ideas.

Jeanne loved Europe and its easy-paced life. She feels that the Europeans know how to savour life.

Paul wanted a different kind of life. He wanted the thrill of excitement and adventure. He wanted to work hard when he worked, play hard when he played.

He'd always loved hunting, and he grew to love it more and more. From the very beginning, Jeanne looked a bit askance at his desire to hunt. But as she told me, "I enjoyed wild pheasant and duck dinners he had hunted, so I couldn't very well say anything."

When Jeanne went to Africa a few years ago to make "Duel in the Jungle," Paul went with her, and spent most of his time hunting big game.

Jeanne didn't try to stop him. Possibly, Paul was a bit miffed because she never exclaimed quite as much about his prowess as she would have liked. He wanted people, and especially Jeanne, to look upon him as an important, exciting person.

Paul ordered all his trophies mounted and sent to their home in the Outpost Estates. Among them were a huge black Cape buffalo, a giant sable antelope with huge horns, and a water buffalo with a large head. Proudly, Paul hung the huge buffalo head over the fireplace in the living room. He planned to hang the other trophies there, too.

Jeanne, who likes a pleasant, orderly home, was rather horrified.

"The room immediately took on some of the appearance of a hunting lodge," she told me. "I fear that if my friends would come in and exclaim over the trophies. But most of the women who came into the house shuddered, as I did, at the sight of that enormous buffalo's head."

Jeanne didn't want to upset Paul by telling him what she really thought of the animal heads. As tactfully as possible, she suggested that they would make wonderful conversation pieces hanging in the office of his factory.

So the heads went there, and stayed until he sold the factory. By that time, Paul and Jeanne had bought a new house. Jeanne thought the heads as revolting as ever, when Paul brought them back to grace the new home, but she handled the situation as best she could, persuading Paul to put them in the den.

Well, no marriage breaks up because the wife doesn't like her husband's hunting trophies in their home. Such arguments only pointed up some of the differences between Jeanne and Paul—differences which were growing more acute all the time.

While the world talked of their wonderfully happy marriage, Jeanne kept her thoughts to herself. An introvert by nature, she had the slightest intention of letting the world peep into the private life of the Brinkmans. Perhaps, at times, she was even afraid to look too deeply into that private life herself.

The first crisis came about a year ago. Before that, there had been many differences between them, many flare-ups. When things are deeply wrong between two people, they will often argue about trivialities. Jeanne, for instance, loathed the..."
Mercedes-Benz which Paul had brought back from Europe.

Jeanne felt it was primarily a racing car, and most impractical for a large family. She tried to be a good sport about it, but she didn't enjoy riding in it, particularly when Paul drove her to formal affairs in it. It's easy enough to climb in and out of this kind of car if you're wearing pants, but difficult when you're wearing a dress, especially a formal gown.

Jeanne finally reached the point where she couldn't laugh about it any more. They bickered about it for months, before Paul finally sold it and bought a Buick convertible instead. Still, Paul thought Jeanne was selfish and snobbish for not enjoying the Mercedes-Benz, while Jeanne thought Paul was childish, selfish and inconsiderate in insisting on keeping it. Neither seemed to understand the other's point of view.

The Mercedes-Benz and the animal heads aren't significant in themselves. They were just little things which showed the way the marriage was drifting.

About a year ago, Jeanne really became frightened about the way things were going. Paul was coming home later and later after his business trips, and she had become so completely absorbed in his business that nothing else seemed to matter much to him. She felt that this absolute absorption with things away from his home and his family was a form of insanity.

"Let's live a little," she begged him.

"Let's go to South America for fun."

Paul didn't want to go. He reminded her of how hectic the last few days before a trip were.

She had to work on him before he'd agree to make the trip. "As awful as the last few days before the trip are," she pointed out, "this all falls by the wayside when the trip actually begins."

After they got to South America, it was Paul who didn't want to come back. They spent the better part of a week at a huge cattle ranch. Paul, interested in the cattle business, asked innumerable questions, while Jeanne stood by, rather bored.

Every day they rode horseback. It was terrific hot, and Jeanne began to wonder why she had ever suggested the trip.

But Paul couldn't get enough of South America. He decided that they simply must fly 1500 miles to the Matte Grosso—a dense forest in South America.

To Paul, it was the most thrilling experience of his life. He went hunting for wild boars in the jungle. As for Jeanne, she couldn't even bear being close to where Paul stood, aiming his rifle at the groups of wild boars (there were often 500 to 200 in a group).

Jeanne stood apart, far off in a small clearing, her green eyes fixed with fear and horror on Paul. Thrilled with this new experience in hunting, he had no time to worry about her safety.

How many hours, she wondered, had they spent in this dark forest, hundreds of miles from civilization? Would this day never end?

But in Hollywood, Paul happily recounted his thrilling experiences hunting wild boars, and told his friends that some day soon he would go hunting for tigers in India.

But Jeanne, who had never really understood the thrill of hunting, hated those extra days in South America. Her fear for Paul's safety was mixed with feelings of horror at the thought of animals suffering.

When she got home to Hollywood, she fingered again the beautiful diamond cross Paul had given her on their ninth anniversary. It was made out of a rose cut diamond—about nine carats of diamond. The stone is about 200 years old, and from the moment Paul first gave it to her, Jeanne often wondered about the other women to whom it had belonged.

In fact, she made up stories about those women. Some days, when she felt happy, the stories were gay, triumphant stories about happy loves sealed by a diamond engagement ring. But as time went on, the stories that crowded into her mind became sadder and sadder.

Jeanne didn't want to think so negatively about Paul's beautiful gift. But when she was unhappy, it didn't seem likely that the other women who had worn the diamond could have been very happy either.

In her own mind, Jeanne blamed all of their difficulties on the house in which they lived. In the same spirit in which she used to become angry at some inanimate object, she now used the house as a symbol of her frustration.

When they originally built the house, they had built it for permanence, believing it would be possible to add extra rooms. Paul still liked the house. He had poured a lot of young dreams and ideas into it. Jeanne thought that they had long ago outgrown that original honeymoon home.

Traveling in Europe, she had learned to love the Italian villas, and wanted that kind of home.

Her wishes prevailed. After all, as she pointed out, "There is a practical side to life. In the old house, they are going to get to be getting into each other's way. Each of the six members of the family had a different personality. Jeanne argued that if they broke it up into two units, with plenty of rooms, each of them would have room to express himself or herself."

"The house was just too small for all of us," she told me. "I can still remember two years ago, when our eldest son was away at college, we put two bedrooms, we put into his toy soldiers, smashed and ruined them.

"Every day, the house was growing more and more wrong for us. The crisis developed about a year ago. I felt we should all have a chance to spread out in a new home. Paul wanted things to stay the way they were.

While Jeanne was making "The Fastest Gun Alive" at M-G-M, she and Paul and the children moved into their new home, a Mediterranean, pink-beige two-story home in Beverly Hills. It has twenty-one rooms.

Ironically, the house that Jeanne wanted so badly has brought her anything but happiness. This was to be the home in which she thought Paul was man enough to have ideas of his own, and to have a chance to express them. She particularly wanted to express her personality in decorating the bedroom, because she believes that room should be a woman's domain.

In the old house, the bedroom was part glass with an old brick fireplace with wood paneling above it. The background colors were mainly white. Jeanne had an idea of ideas about the way the decorating and furnishing of the house was to be done.

No one knows to what extent Paul was hurt by the fact that his wife, who once listened to his every word and followed his wishes, now wanted to have her own way about several things. Jeanne tried to be tactful. For instance, there was an antique door which Paul wanted to use as the front door of the new home. Jeanne and her decorator thought that it should be made into a coffee table with a glass top.

Paul thought the idea was ridiculous, but Jeanne figured out a way in which the decorator could win Paul over. She pointed out that as a coffee table, the door would be unique. She said that nobody, but nobody, would have a coffee table like theirs, and the idea apparently appealed to Paul.

But there were graver issues. Paul had sold his aircraft parts business for an excellent profit—Jeanne says it was $400,000—and the tax and the money were both hanging heavy on his hands.

Usually, Paul could find an outlet for his aggressive instincts in business or in hunting. But it wasn't the hunting season, and business was not his kind of business.

He tried to run Jeanne, the house, the children. "Paul is better at organizing than most people," said Jeanne. "Since he is better at it most of the time, he thinks he should do it all the time. He wanted to organize everything, including the children's schedule. I felt that I could handle that better than he could, since I'm more familiar with the problems of getting the children ready for school, and to the bus on time."

Since Jeanne was determined to make

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WHEN USED ON MINOR BURNS, CUTS, SCRATCHES, ABRASIONS
She Beat the Barrier of Beauty

(Continued from page 52)

"I don't know, even then, if she could see in that mirror what is evident to those of us who know her," says Van. "She's beautiful, yes, but so much more than beauty. There was girlhood with every facet on tap, and there was the promise of womanhood with all the instinct, emotion and intellect to assure it."

Elizabeth, however, to the people in a movie audience, has always been the girl on the screen who has no problems that cannot be solved in ninety or a hundred minutes, depending on the length of the picture. She knows exactly what to say and when to say it. And even if she could find no words, she would need none because her features are perfection. Everything will go well for her. And why not?

Off-screen, she is equally as lovely. And she is successful, famous, wealthy, happy. She is the belle of the ball, to be admired and envied. And people say, "No wonder. Look at that face."

To so many, beauty represents not only a goal, but a solution as well. "If only I were beautiful," sighs a teenager. "Then people would see me as I really am."

But would they? How many would look beyond the eyes—almost deep violet in color, fringed with dark, incredibly long lashes—beyond the perfectly formed mouth, the clear white complexion, beyond the picture to the girl herself? And how many would stare as if at a painting and inquire, "How does it feel to be the most gorgeous creature alive?"

It was a long time before Elizabeth found the words to give the answer to that oft-asked question. When she was small, she would blush and turn away and murmur, "I don't know."

"But you are..." "People say that to everybody..."

Recently, the question was asked again, by an inquiring reporter.

"Are you married?" Elizabeth asked the reporter, turning the tables.


"He's a pretty wonderful fellow," grinned the lady. "I may be prejudiced, but I'd say that he's about the kindest man in the world—and the most thoughtful. And he's a pretty terrific father. . . ."

"Is he handsome?" asked Elizabeth.

"Come to think of it, he is," said the reporter. "He's darned handsome, but—"

Elizabeth smiled shyly. "But appearance isn't the most important quality about a person."

The writer caught her smile, and the point she was making. "Questions like mine must give you a great deal of trouble," she said. "Consider it withdrawn! Frankly, I don't know how you've been able to take it for a lifetime!"

"Elizabeth has always been beautiful," her mother wrote when her daughter was nineteen. "When she was a very tiny little baby, there was, I thought, divinely beautiful. Other people, however, thought her 'plain,' with her long, straight black hair, big blue eyes. I think they didn't quite understand how to take a baby that looked like that because then, as now, there was a spiritual, a Madonna quality about Elizabeth."

"Elizabeth, too, knows beauty can be a handicap. I've heard her say more than once: 'Oh, I'll be so glad when people stop writing about how beautiful I am and start writing, instead—I hope—of how well I can act."

"Now she is nineteen," her mother added then, "maturing in her work as well as in her personal life. Perhaps when she attains this maturity, all the unhappiness, she has had, all the contradictions, will have been worthwhile, will enrich her."

As a child, Elizabeth was shy, sweet and protective. Whenever her brother Howard, who was three years older than she, was caught at a prank, Elizabeth was there to plead for him. "He's sorry, honestly he is." Her brother's silences could be stubborn ones. "Howard, please say you're sorry!"

However, she was never lacking in ingenuity. When she and Howard went into the lemonade business and their sidewalk stand failed to stop traffic, Elizabeth simply skipped out onto the street. She brought the cars to a halt long enough for her brother to make a sale or two and their business began to boom. The venture came to an abrupt end when Elizabeth stopped the wrong car. Their mother was behind the wheel and was quite properly horrified.

Her motion picture career began with much less effort, for in the years of growing up, Elizabeth had become the family beauty. When she was ten, a friend of the family

suggested that the Taylors take Elizabeth to M-G-M. When they walked into the producer's office and introduced themselves, the producer took one look at Elizabeth, studied himself and rushed from the room. He returned, accompanied by a half-dozen other executives. They, too, stood and looked at Elizabeth.

No one asked her to read lines or sing or dance. Her combination of talent. They simply stared and then scurried to find a contract for her to sign.

Of those days, her mother says now: "If I could wave a wand and make them younger, I would. And they would give me words which come to the lips of every mother. They come to mine. If I had it to do over again, Elizabeth would not be in pictures if I would not allow it. I think she has had so many heartaches she might not have had if she'd been just a girl at home. But, as is the way, I think with parents of our generation, we always listen. I know, and when the Elizabeth wanted to be in pictures and begged so hard, we gave in, mistakenly."

"Elizabeth was never one of those impossible moody brats," says William Tuttle, head of the department in the M-G-M. Tuttle can still picture her as the child who appeared in the department with her pet chipmunk, Nibbles, on her shoulder. He remembers that Elizabeth was overtrained or that every move was studied, Tuttle continues. "She was a very natural child. And she seemed to have a lot of the same quality that Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney have. I'd call it heart."

"Of course, the first thing I noticed was her beauty. But when I began to work with her, I became increasingly less conscious of it. I thought of her as a warm, sweet, nice little girl."

"Another thing I recall," Tuttle adds, "is wondering, when she first came to the studio, just what would happen to her when she reached the awkward age. But she never did."

Elizabeth was fifteen when she appeared in a movie called "A Date with Judy." Moviegoers and critics alike came, saw and were. Yet while dramatic ability, however, but by her exquisite beauty. One evening, as she curled up on the couch to study a script, she looked up at her mother. "Know when the most wonderful time will be?" she sighed.

"When I get good parts and they say I was good in them—not just that I was pretty. If you feel you've done a good job... well, I guess you've sort of earned the praise and not something. But I didn't make my face."

"Beauty, I believe," her mother explains, "can be a great drawback. A handicap. If you are beautiful, it brings a lot of wrong men on. People think you are spoiled, lack brains, are vain, superficial. You are also constantly on exhibition."

"Elizabeth has never liked this exhibition. Once, in Paris, when she was about thirteen," Mrs. Taylor recalls, "we were shopping and a crowd of people gathered round, came close up to Elizabeth, poked at her, with their fingers as at china doll. As she followed Elizabeth stood there, at bay, cornered, miserable. After we got away, she said: 'I wonder if people who come close to you like that have the same feelings that you have? I don't believe they have or they would know how they embarrass you.'"

Elizabeth's features were a gift; she had nothing to do with them. And as happens to so many beauties, the girl behind the face had begun the familiar cry: "Look

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As a youngster, Elizabeth could go to parties given by her friends and show herself. But whenever new girls were included in the gathering, things went amiss. Some would rush over her, others would eye her with suspicion or envy, still others ignored her completely. There seemed no happy medium with strangers, and when Elizabeth got home, she’d report sadly, “Well, I did it again. Just stood around with egg on my face.”

Yet she was a typical teenager. She begged to wear lipstick. (“Mother, do you want me to be a square?”) More than anything else she longed for a black formal and a closetful of peasant blouses. (“Everybody has them.”) And there was the matter of costume jewelry—the more the better, or so she thought, for a time.

One evening, the Taylors were hosting a group at their club. Mrs. Taylor, wishing to be in her guest’s hair to early arrivals, left the house before Elizabeth was dressed. The party was already in progress when she next saw her daughter. Elizabeth had arranged a ring of pearls. There were pearls in her hair, along with two false braids, pearls around her neck, pearls dangling from her ears. Her date had showered her with orchids and she wore a corsage of pearls. Her father had been obvious that she felt like a queen, and her mother sent up a silent prayer. “Please, don’t let anyone laugh at her. It would break her heart.”

The following day, mother and daughter had a talk about simplicity of dress. “Don’t you think that perhaps you overdid it?” asked Mrs. Taylor.

“Well, yes,” said Elizabeth, taking mental inventory, “maybe.”

She longed for dates—but somehow the boys didn’t rush to beat down the Taylors’ front door with the enthusiasm one might imagine. Her brother Howard brought home his school dance and she did a few things with them. But, when it came to actual dates, Howard was reluctant to give aid. When the time came for a girl-invites-boy dance, Elizabeth approached him with a request. “Would you ask around and find out which boys have dates and see if there are any who don’t?”

“Why don’t you ask?” Howard replied.

“It would be too embarrassing to be turned down,” she wailed.

Howard assumed a pained brotherly
expression. "I can't go around quizzing every guy in school," he told her. "You take your chances like everybody else." And she did.

"She was so lovely that the fellows just couldn't be as casual with her as with other girls," says a friend who remembers that period. "And poor Elizabeth couldn't understand it."

For a time, Elizabeth had a crush on her friend's brother. "Why would you ask me for a date?" she'd want to know.

Finally, her friend approached brother. "Can't you take her out sometime and be nice to her?"

Thus began a heart-to-heart talk. "Sure, I could take her out. But how could a guy be casual with a girl like that? Elizabeth's the kind of girl any man could fall in love with in a hurry. And she's still a kid. Would you want a child bride for a sister-in-law?" he finished with a grin.

For his explanation, brother got a couch potato whenever she and Elizabeth understood, and she didn't ask again.

Elizabeth was destined to be classified a heartbreaker soon enough. When she was seventeen, the fraternity from M-G-M brought the West Point football star, Glenn Davis, to the Taylor home in Malibu for the day. Elizabeth liked him better than any boy she had ever known. When Glenn went to Korea, she inquired about gold football on a chain around her neck. When he returned, she was on hand to meet him. "I was devoted to him," she said later. "It was a phase. I got over it.

Every girl has a right to a romantic phase—unless she's Elizabeth Taylor and one phase is followed by another. There was Bill Pawley, to whom she was engaged. Many a aheart has been broken and few upsets have been accompanied by so much publicity.

Then there was Nicky Hilton. They were young, too young, attractive, both had been given everything their hearts desired. And now, they decided, they wanted one another. They dated for eight months, to be certain. And on May 6, 1950, Elizabeth walked down the aisle with the happily-ever-after dream of every girl. Perhaps it was only a dream that each of them had loved. At any rate, it soon tumbled. Seven months later, confused and disillusioned, Elizabeth fled suit for divorce.

Her face grew thin; it was still beautiful, but it was haunted by bewilderment. "Look at me, the real me," the child had pleaded. But who was the real Elizabeth Taylor? What kind of a person was she? She thought she had known. Now she wondered if anyone ever really knew. "I thought I was mature enough to cope with marriage," she said, "I wasn't.

She returned to her parents' home for a brief time, then she decided to find an apartment of her own. She was no longer a child, but she was not yet a woman. "It's time I grew up," she admitted. "I never knew responsibility and I can't learn it under someone else's wing. If I make mistakes, I'll learn something from those, too."

She didn't want to be entirely alone, so she set out to look for a secretary-companion. Her agent's secretary volunteered to call a friend, Peggy Rutledge. "Would you like to work for Elizabeth Taylor?" Peggy was asked.

"I don't know," came the reply. "Is she a nice person?"

"I think you'll like her," said the secretary. "Come and meet her."

Peggy went to the agent's office for the interview. When she and Elizabeth had been introduced, the agent and his Girl Friday left them alone together. There was a lengthy silence before Elizabeth spoke up. "I don't know what to say," she began.

"I don't either," said Peggy. "I've never done this before."

There was another pause. "Can you make coffee?" asked Elizabeth. Peggy grinned. "If I'd known you at all I'd have brought a thermos from home to see if I could qualify."

"Why don't you go look for an apartment for us," said Elizabeth. "When you find something you like, let me know and I'll come see it."

An apartment found, they moved in. They stayed until the following July, when they went to England where Elizabeth was to make "Ivanhoe."

"A couple of days after our arrival," remembers Peggy, "a man called. Elizabeth didn't want to go out with him by herself and asked if I'd like to come along.

We went to dinner at a place very much like a Paris restaurant, then afterwards on to a place for dancing. Elizabeth and Michael had met before, but at the time he'd thought she was entirely too young for him. It was soon discovered that Michael was in the process of changing his mind. They danced until six in the morning on that first date—and Michael doesn't especially like to dance.

"They had several dates, then Michael left for the south of France. Elizabeth telephoned her from there."

Elizabeth was glowing when she hung up the telephone. There isn't a phone where she's staying," she reported. "He had to go miles to make the call. Oh, Peggy, wasn't it sweet of him?" She glowed some more, and settled down to wait for Michael's return.

"By the time she left England," says Peggy, "she was madly in love with him." Elizabeth had arrived in England, restless and unhappy. She left a different girl.

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Most amazing of all—results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements—like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne)—discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in support or ointment form under the name Preparation "A." Ask for it at all drug counters—money back guarantee.

Imra removes underarm hair without the nicks, cuts and scratches so often leave. You just smooth...
PERMANENT DARKENER FOR LASHES AND BROWS

- NOT A DYE!
- One application lasts 4 to 5 weeks!
- Results are permanent, never fade, no need for eye-lashes and brows completely natural looking.
- Accepted by Boards of Health all over America.
- It is PERMANENT, SWIMPROOF, SUDGEPEROOF, TEARPROOF, and SMAINERPROOF!
- Ideal to "touch-up" those first gray hairs!
- PACKAGE at "DARK-EYES" with directions.
- $1.00 (plus tax) at leading drug, dept. and variety chain stores.

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I enclose $25 (or change-axes included) for TRIAL SIZE PACKAGE of "DARK-EYES" with directions.

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Thousands of dollars paid by advertisers for children's photos for calendars, magazines, etc. Send to your local photographer, your child has some chance. Send ONE small photo. Print child's name and address on back. Additional days free, if order is limited. No obligation. (Established 1945)

SPOTTILE, Dept. AG, 1611 N. LaBrea, Hollywood, Cal.

MISSING

Folks with bronchial asthma are missing wonderful relief from discomfort by not using Dr. R. Schiffmann's ASTHMAIDOR. The medicated fumes of this famous inhalant help control congestion, make breathing easier. Get Asthmaidor in powder, cigarette or pipe mix form at your druggist's today.

ASTHMAIDOR

Happy Is The Day When Backache Goes Away . . . .

Nagging backache, headache, or muscular aches and pains may come on with over-exertion, emotional upsets or day to day strain and strain. And folks who eat and drink unwisely sometimes suffer mild bladder irritation...with that restless, uncomfortable feeling. If you are misery ridden out because of these discomforts, Dona's Pills often help by their pain relieving action, by their soothing effect to ease bladder irritation, and by their diuretic action through the kidneys—tending to increase the output of the 15 mil of kidney tubes.

So if nagging backache makes you feel dragged-out, miserable, with restless, sleepless nights, don't wait. Try Dona's Pills, get the same happy relief millions have enjoyed for over 60 years. Ask for new, larger, economy size and save money. Get Dona's Pills today!

Glamour Gab of Hollywood

Just about all the old stars were there—Clara Kimball Young, Viola Dana and her sister, Shirley Mason, Ken Maynard, Harold Lloyd, and Bob Nielson up to Jack Oakie and Bill "Hopalong" Boyd. It never rains in California in late spring, but that Sunday a torrent descended, and the party had to move indoors. The Pickfords were the undisputed guest stars, with complete ease and Mary and Buddy Rogers were wonderful hosts.

I kept wondering, though, what made some guests look so much younger than the others, since they all must be approximately the same age. Partly a matter of health, I suppose, but granting that, I finally decided it was a matter of style. Clarks is one of the most beautiful in a community that specializes in beautiful estates. She was kind enough to lend me a copy of the guest list, and I was amused to note that it said "Louise Fayenda and husband" were among those present. Louise, who had presided over the tea table at the last Academy Awards, is merely the producer of "The Rose Tattoo," the Dean Martin-Jerry Lewis comedies, and the like. In the more than twenty years since her marriage, she has been married, I'll bet this is the first time that Hal has been anonymous.

There's seldom a Hollywood party that doesn't have some kind of theme. When Hollywoodians get together, they crave amusement. Thus, at the first party Dean and Jeanne had, they made the whole town—and I hope themselves—happy by reconciling, the after-dinner fun centered around a hypnotist. (The BrIdye Murphy influence at work.)

Tony and Jimmy were among the guests, and Tony was the first to volunteer to be hypnotized. No sooner had he said it than he was stretched out in space with mouth wide open except just his head on the back of one tall chair and his feet on another. Janet, who feared being hypnotized because of its possibly endangering her unborn baby, screamed when Valerie Allegri grooved the hypnotist's challenge to stand her perfectly still on Tony's unsupervised middle. Even that didn't disturb Tony—which is probably the only time in his life that he wasn't aware of a lovely girl being near him.

After the hypnotist woke up Tony, he next tried hypnotizing Dean Martin. All Dean did was fall fast asleep. That's art's simplest truism, but if the Pickfords with this relaxed character is to keep him awake."

Tender Triumph

The Jimmy Dean stories continue to come to light. I think the following about about "Prince Valiant" is of interest. Vic Damon is one of the most touching—and a tribute to all three of them.

"To understand it, you have to realize the whole Jimmy Pickford story.

On Hollywood, where Jimmy sincerely believes that Jimmy might still be alive if he had married Pier. He adopted her so that, if she had become his wife, she might have tamed his wildness.

On the other hand, friends of Pier's..."
think her mother had been right in discouraging this romance, arguing that Pier would have been nothing but miserable married to a genius. Of course, at the time he was dating Pier, few people had noticed Jimmy as a genius; "East of Eden" hadn’t yet been released.

When Pier married Vic Damone, Jimmy parked across from the church on his motorcycle and watched, and he was obviously heartbroken. From that day on, his conduct became more and more reckless. He defied everything, and by the time he was making "Giant," he was pretty close to impossible.

When Pier heard reports of this, she felt guilty. It was then her worshipping husband, Vic Damone, decided to see if he couldn't straighten things out a little for her and for Jimmy, whom he had never met. So when Pier was sent out of town on location, Vic began haunting the spots where he knew Jimmy was seen. Finally one night, his vigil from behind his thick glasses, had recognized him.

Without preliminaries, Jimmy said, "Is she happy?"

"Yes," said Vic, "and she wants you to be happy, too."

"You going to keep on making her happy?"

"For all my life," Vic said.

With that, Jimmy broke into tears and jumped back onto his motorcycle. "Give her my love," he said, and went thundering away. Neither Vic nor Pier ever saw him again.

One World for Two

When Audrey Hepburn was born, the fairy goddesses must have hovered over her, for she walks in enchantment, this one, and her great fortune is to have found a husband like Mel Ferrer, who is as deeply romantic as she.

Last summer when I was in Rome, I ran into Audrey and Mel in the swank, crowded Hotel Excelsior, and they both promptly asked me to dinner. They took me to their honeymoon farm, far down the Appian Way, where Caesar's army had marched so many centuries ago. And Drifting Apart...

Another marriage might have been wrecked if it hadn't been for radio's "My True Story." For this is the program that shows you how real-life people have averted tragedy in their own lives. When you tune in to these stories—which are right from the files of "True Story Magazine"—you may easily recognize your friends or your neighbors... even your own loved ones. So be sure to listen.

TUNE IN

"MY TRUE STORY"

American Broadcasting Stations

Don't miss this double length prize story—Read "You're Inhuman" in July TRUE STORY magazine—at newsstands now!
Kim Found Someone New

(Continued from page 43) besides—” she smiled, somewhat wistfully, “I just don’t have the time. You see, they keep busy my way.”

As she walked back to the studio, Kim wondered if her friend believed her. She sincerely hoped so. She didn’t want to appear stuck-up or too busy for old friends. “I’m afraid I couldn’t do it,” she had told the simple truth, even if it did sound a little thin.

Kim reached into her pocket and pulled out a few dollars. And then, in her personal scrapbook:

9:00 A.M. — Studio—hair appointment.

(Don’t let them trim it in back.)

10:00 A.M. — Arrange for a dress fitting.

(Would that lavender gown do for television?)

Noon. Naples Cafe—publicity interview and lunch. (Keep calories low.)

2:00 p.m. — Beverly Hills—photo sitting; sweaters and skirts. (Better take shorts, too)

3:15 p.m. — Dentist appointment.

(Orchid)

4:00 p.m. — French lesson. (Allons-y! Les femmes et les enfants d’abord!)

5:00 p.m. — Driving lesson. (Beep! Beep!)

8:00 p.m. — Studio—Batoni’s drama class.

“Golly!” Kim said to herself. “I’m booked up every hour on the hour!”

Meanwhile, the girl at the reception desk said, “Kim! Mr. Horwits has been looking everywhere for you! It’s your boat reservations for the Cannes Film Festival.”

“Me—about breaking her stride. ‘Be there in a second. Right after I powder my nose.’

She disappeared through an inner door. Then she opened it again and stuck her head out. “Johne, honny, is ‘ll you call a cab for me? ’Cause I’ll be ready in ten minutes.”

Later, in the cab headed for Beverly Hills, Kim leaned her head back and closed her eyes. And when she had been plain, gawky Marilyn Novak. Now she was Kim Novak, and of course she wasn’t plain any more.

A few years ago she had reveled in ex- travagant dreams of someday becoming a glamorous movie star in Hollywood. And now here she was, with stardom right at her fingertips. And all the rest of it, too—the limousines, the beautiful gowns, wonderful people. Everything was just perfect. Or was it?

There was one thing that hadn’t worked out according to her original cloud-nine visions. Instead of everything being conducted with an easy-going, even-paced calm, with everyone speaking in carefully modulated and extremely pear-shaped tones. Thus, she had to betray the tears for her first interview, and shouting that sometimes serves as a background during the making of a movie. And all the confusion! It was bewildering, to say the very least.

The thought of life, Kim understood that, and she was prepared for it. When a new girl goes up against such veterans as Bill Holden, Frank Sinatra, Rosalind Russell and Tyrone Power in her first movies, some extra-curricular effort is to be expected of her. This Kim gave, and gladly. Of course, there were a few times when shedding some tears helped ease the pressure of high tension and fraying nerves. But when the tumult was all over, and the picture was

in the can,” she had envisioned long recu- perative weeks in the mountains or at Palm Springs. But this definitely was not what she wanted.

“Between pictures we get ready for the next one,” she was told at the front of- fice. “Or we hit the road and help to sell the theater that already has.”

Hitting the road, or off, it developed, meant personal appearances in the theatres of a dozen or more cities. It meant a barrage of flashing flash bulbs amid autograph parties. And a seemingly endless round of publicity in- terviews with members of the press.

Well, okay. If she had to do it, she would.

“Fixed darling,” they told her. “That’s our girl. We’ll order the plane tickets right away.”

“No!” she said, putting her lovely foot down for the first time in quite a while. “I don’t belong. They make my ears hurt. And besides, I don’t like flying. Get the tickets for the train.”

Traveling East on the train, Kim caught up on her sleep. She got ten hours a night and sometimes twelve, which was heavenly. She read Thomas Wolfe’s You Can’t Go Home Again. She indulged in a favorite pastime—philosophizing about life. And she read biographies about the people she could see from the windows of her train.

“What do you suppose they do for a living?” she said to her companion, Missy. “Do they have children? Do they like dogs? Do they go to the movies? Are they happy?”

In Chicago, Cleveland, Toronto, Montreal and Philadelphia, Kim met the people. She met the press. She got to know all about them. And the nice part was that they were rooting for me and seemed to believe in me. That made me feel good. It was really something.

That night, when she crawled into her hotel bed, Kim was so tired her bones ached.

In New York, she lived in a luxurious studio-owned suite on the 19th floor of the Rainbow Towers. “Well, get me!” she said, as she floated in comic grandeur through its nine rooms and three baths.

Almost every night she went to the the- atre. “I guess the studio felt that seeing the Broadway plays would be good training for me,” Kim explained. “That was just great with me. I saw practically every show in the loved Janus and The War” and ‘No Time for Sergeants. But I most enjoyed The Great Sbeas- tians,” with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fon- tanne. Their timing was simply marvel- ous. It was almost educational in acting to watch their performances.”

Meanwhile, Kim’s days were crammed full of appointments that soon began to fit a definite pattern. The telephone rang with the soft, “Is Mr. Novak okay?” Kim said, prying her eyes open. She stretched and wriggled her toes.

“Well, here we go again!”

A quick shower, then breakfast, which is always the same for Kim: large orange juice, half a grapefruit and coffee. And, soon after that, the first interviewer of the day arrived.

“You are on a diet?” asked the news- man, nodding at the low-calorie content of her morning repast.

“Well, of course,” Kim said. “I keep
For some reason, I can't have fun for Kim, except that she always had to concentrate on the questions and answers.

"Is it true, Miss Novak?" asked the inquiring reporter that you always sleep with your head pointed north and your toes pointed south?"

"Well, no," Kim answered. "I don't think I pointed in any direction. You see, I usually screw up into a sort of lump or ball. And I wear pajama tops, in case you plan to ask.

The afternoon was devoted to posing for pictures. Kim plugged her model-type "swag bag" to one of the big commercial studios and sat for color shots or cover portraits. Or she journeyed around town while a magazine photographer snapped candid shots of her. Then she rushed back to the hotel for a quick shower and a change of clothes to be ready for a 5 P.M. meeting with a columnist or a radio reporter.

Inevitably, the interviews fell into a pattern, too. Most of Kim's questions wanted to know how she got her start in the movies. So she told them the story of the days preceding her studio contract. She kept the cold refrigerator doors in a tour appliance show, and bore the unlikely name of "Miss Deep Freeze." And she told them about her meeting with Columbia executive Max Arrow, who ran the screen test that led to a long-term contract.

Some reporters asked foolish questions. "Have you ever done your fingernails, Miss Novak?" To which Kim good-naturedly replied, "No, I'm the nervous type, and I'm not that nervous. Anyway, as you told, I've got a diet."

Often there were questions about her romance with Mac Krim. He has been her constant escort for months, and has told anyone who cared to ask, "She's my girl. But Kim had learned to shrug off romance questions with noncommittal answers.

On a few occasions she got the phony oh-the-wonder-of-it-all treatment. One inquiry with the inevitable "I feel it would wake up in the morning and look in the mirror and be so beautiful!" This drew a very short reply. Kim was infuriated. "I hate being patronized that way!" she said later. "I really went into Shurman when they use that dumb-blond approach. It's not very flattering."

One morning, an interview was reduced to a shambles by an uninvited guest. Kim looked very fetching in a light blue sweater and black tuxedo pants as she sat in a big chair, relaxed and happy, with her bare feet up on the table. Then suddenly she leaped into the air.

"E-e-e-k!" she exclaimed, dancing on the table top. "A mouse!"

Muriel Roberts and the interviewer tried to treat the incident calmly. They had seen no rodents, they stoutly maintained. Possibly it was all Kim's imagination.

Kim refused to be disturbed. "He was right there!" she pointed dramatically. "He was tiptoeing under that chair and waggling his ears! And he snickered at me!"

An assistant manager was summoned."This is ridiculous," he proclaimed. "You must be mistaken. It's years of service at the Sherry-Netherlands we have never had a mouse."

"Well, you've got one now," Kim stated flatly. "So don't just stand there. Call out the Mops."

Some bellboys, plus several members of the engineering department next room came to the rescue. They carried mops, brooms, rolled-up newspapers, pails of sand and ammonia bombs. They deployed their force and the suite was scrutinizing inch by inch. After a long interval of waiting and suspense, a thudding Paw! emanated from one of the bathrooms.

The assistant manager appeared. "The crisis has been met, Miss Novak," he announced. "The enemy has been destroyed. He was about two inches long. You may come down now and relax."

And so the day was won. Everyone departed—including the interviewer. He didn't get much of a story that morning, unless he wrote one about, "The Mouse Who Came to Breakfast with Kim Novak."

That incident, of course, was an exception. Most interviews were quite orderly and successful, and most of the reporters were serious. I talked to some people who wanted to write provocative stories about this bright, new, Hollywood star. And Kim gave them their stories.

"Look," she told them, "I'm still new at all this. It's sort of bewildering at times. I like to talk about myself, but it's still not too easy to go into intimate details about some of the unhappy phases of my childhood. I was really a scared kid. I had all the frustrations and insecurities in the book. I thought I was unattractive, and I guess I was. And when the other kids taunted and mocked me, it hurt me deep, and I didn't get over it easily.

"Oh, I don't think I have any emotional blocks about this. Not really. Possibly I do have some scars. But they're pretty well healed. Do you believe that I probably can't notice them when I'm all dressed up and have my make-up on. Because I've grown up. I'm mature, mentally as well as physically. I've learned to cope with problems that might have live with them to the extent that they no longer bother me. I've triumphed over them, if you want to use such an all-inclusiveness."

"But at the same time," Kim added, "the good things haven't been so easy to handle. So, in effect, the good things have become problems. And if that sounds like a paradox, it is. If you try to live with the extent that they no longer bother me. I've triumphed over them, if you want to use such an all-inclusiveness."

Kim grinned, but her eyes revealed a thin veil of uncertainty. "Am I getting through to you? I hope so. Anyway, I'll keep trying.

"But it all happened so fast. One minute I was on the outside looking in. I used to read magazine stories about Hollywood stars, and wonder how it would be to have a story written about me. I didn't think it would be the way I had, but it still all seemed pretty remote. You know how a kid will wish for a pony or an expensive dollhouse without ever really expecting the wish to come true? Well, that's the way it was with me and Hollywood. Then—boing! It happened. And here we are."

She made a funny face. "But where are we? On a sort of perpetual merry-go-round with everything flashing by so fast it makes me a little dizzy. The faces of the people watching me are kind of blurry, too. But there it is just the same, with the brass ring hanging there, sort of tantalizing, waiting to be grabbed, and me hanging on for dear life, giving myself a constant fight talk. Don't lose your grip, girld. I keep telling myself. Don't fall off!"

At this point, Kim paused to catch her breath. If the interviewer had more questions, she tried to give the answers.

"No, I don't smoke or drink. It's not a moral question; it's just because I don't enjoy these things. Oh, I take a few sips
of sparkling wine or champagne on very special occasions, but I don't make a habit of it.

"And I've tried smoking. When I was at Wright Junior College in Chicago, I belonged to a sorority, Alpha Beta Mu, which had very strict rules. The freshman pledgers couldn't wear lipstick or have dates with boys or smoke. Naturally this was a challenge I couldn't ignore, so I bummed a cigarette—from one of the other pledgers. All I did was take a deep inhale, just like the boys did. For about a minute I felt pretty smart. Then I began to get dizzy and the room started going around. Lordy, was I sick! Then, on top of it all, I coughed right up something since I had broken the rules, they paddled me. They also pointed out that since I didn't really smoke, this was an extra belligerency on my part. So they paddled me some more and I was kind of hard on the new, even since then I have never had any desire to smoke."

After five crowded weeks in New York, Kim headed west again for Hollywood. She looked forward to a quiet room in the Studio Club and a chance to relax and catch her breath. But it didn't work out that way. She had barely unpacked her bag when her phone rang. The studio had filled her days with appointments for this, that, and a dozen other things.

Kim fought back some quick, bright tears and said, "Okay, I'll be there. Yes, I'll be on time." So the music was still playing, and the merry-go-round didn't stop for even a moment.

On this very morning she had kept her appointments with the head of wardrobe, the head of publicity, and her publicist luncheon at the Naples Cafe. The magazine writer who showed up was tall, with a long nose and quizzy eyebrows. "You don't look the same, Kim," he said. "But our readers are tremendously interested in you and your career. They want to know what's going on in your life. That's how they're going to know you.

Kim nodded brightly and smiled. "That's wonderful! I'm always flattered by all this, and I'll try to give you any kind of story you want. But I think you'll have to do one. At this point I'm a little talked out."

"Do you think you have changed since you came to Hollywood?"

"Have I changed?" Kim's eyes widened. "I don't have to ask him the answer to that. I've changed plenty. That is, I've learned plenty. I think I've grown and developed. And I now know quite a lot about emotions and how to portray them on the screen. It is the absence of all acting. At the same time, I've learned how to control my own personal emotions. Not too long ago I was upset by the least little thing. I used to fly all around. But now I can adjust. But I think there's more to acting than that."

"I'm not perfect. I'm miles and miles away from perfection. But I've taken several steps in the right direction and that's a change, a definite form of progress for me."

"But I'm still scared part of the time. Maybe that'll go away someday. Maybe I'll be able to go to Romanoff's for lunch and sweep down those stairs with every- one turning around to see if I'm still scared."

Kim shrugged. "The future is . . . well, the future. I've never even wanted to travel and see all of Europe. And of course I want more good movie roles. I want to improve as an actress. But don't I want to look too far ahead. This new personality that's within me is very exciting. And so I just want to live each day as it happens."

"What about love? What about you and Mac Krim?"

Kim's eyes widened again. "I don't know. I've been too busy to think about it."

"Will you marry him? Next week? Next month?"

"Not yet," Kim said. "I really don't know. Too many things are happening right now."

After that, Kim's day went off according to plan. That suggested another photo sitting, dental appointment, French lesson, driving lesson, and four hours in Batomi Schneider's drama class.

Bone-tired, Kim was in bed by seven. Her thoughts filled with the events of the day. She thought about her luncheon interview and the writer with the quizzy eyebrows who didn't have an angle for his story—"she was so sweet, she could call it 'Girl on a Merry-Go-Round.'"

She also thought about Mac Krim, and of the questions the writer had asked about his career. That suggested another possible title: "Is Kim Too Busy for Love?"

"Is she?" Kim asked herself. She smiled, because she knew she didn't yet have the answer to that one. Then, with the smile on her face, she closed her eyes and went sound asleep.

The End
gal who sees them. . . . Pat Wayne spent his hard-earned movie money on two presents. The first was for his older sister, Toni. The other, for dad John Wayne’s fifth child and Pat’s new half-sister, who bears the odd name of Ailaa. . . . Charlton ‘Legs’ Heston, shopping in shorts, upset housewives (who loved it!) at the Farmers’ Market. . . .

Jane Wyman tried on various wigs at her favorite beauty salon. Object: she wants a new hairdo when blonde grows out!

Deborah Kerr’s car looked like a Tournament of Roses float, because it was believed Debbie’s first day of shooting on “Tea and Sympathy.”

Magic Land: Here’s another reason why we love Hollywood. Once upon a time, a struggling truck driver of the name of Roy Fitzgerald wrote to Lena Turner and asked for a job. He produced a small picture which is U-I, which is Rock’s studio. Lana instantly asked for Rock as her leading man! Jennifer Jones also wants him, for the remake of “Farewell to Arms.” But Rock still plans to produce his own pictures. Too bad he isn’t twins! In spite of it all, Rock is still planning to take wife Phyllis to Europe this summer and, if U-I tries to squeeze in another picture before he insists he’ll take a suspension from the studio.

Reflected Glory: Practically every aspiring young actress is vying for the Studio Club room which will be vacated by Kim Novak when she returns from Europe. The optimistic girls believe the beautiful blonde’s switch to the East is only temporary. . . . Excited Susan Hayward attended the Cannes Film Festival, as did Kim Novak, and here’s an untold story that makes her human, indeed! Susie lost the Oscar this year, but still gave a win-or-lose party and was never in better form. However, in the wee small hours, when only a few intimate friends were still around, Susie finally gave in to her disappointment and cried her eyes out.

Immortal Star: Fabulous and heartrending was the audience reaction to James Dean at a sneak preview of “Giant.” Today, even the untimely death of the great Rudolph Valentino is paled by comparison to the fervor of Dean followers. Well aware of this, the TV networks are reviving shows starring the late king of the screen and his memory. And, according to Winton Dean, Jimmy’s father, he’s received many letters offering huge sums for the horse his son loved, which is still stable in Santa Barbara. In the face of such exploitation and devotion, it’s sad that some ambitious young Hollywoodites are ruthlessly exploiting their friendship that never existed with the late actor.

News, All Kinds: Good news for Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis, who bought an oil well, backed a new play, and dabbled in the stock market. All right. . . . Heartwarming news for Ray Anthony and Van Dyke and Lewis didn’t. When Shirley MacLaine, who’s expecting a baby, had to be replaced in “Hollywood or Bust,” the joy boys remembered Pat’s fine trouping in “Money from Home” and so lobbied her to take Shirley’s place. Pat got the job at double the salary the studio paid her before—. . . Worried as he was because Dale Evans was hospitalized with pneumonia, Roy Rogers had to laugh. When the celebrated Western star asked to spend the night in a room adjoining Dale’s, a pixie nurse inquired: “Should we put in twin beds, just in case Trigger wants to stay, too?”

Are Love and Romance passing by you? Don’t ruin your chances because of unsightly teeth. Give your teeth the Hollywood glamour look . . . with Iodent No. 2. Smoke Smudges and Surface Stains disappear after only a few brushings. See your teeth glow with radiant whiteness. Iodent No. 2 is made by a Dentist. It is guaranteed to be safe and effective by Good Housekeeping. Get a tube today . . . and start smiling with confidence.

Remember too . . . your dentist knows that diet and clean teeth are the best decay stoppers.

Song Poems Wanted To be set to music, send your poems today for free examination.

STEWART-CROXTON STUDIOS Dept. 8-7 P.O. Box 2200 Hollywood, Calif.
The Sexiest Girl in Town!

(Continued from page 57) said, "Just how a stylist creates a woman's coiffure. How does he?"

Miss Charisse and I were having this enlightening conversation at the Hotel Plaza in New York. She took a small sip of her drink before launching into the tale.

"Cyd began, "Sidney sets the styles. He has an eye for hair from all angles, and maybe for one suit he'll comb your hair three different ways."

"He always sets the first time. That's 'create.' Ton." The next evening, Virginia Darcy, who's just a wonderful hairdresser with a wonderful personality, takes over and follows the styles Sidney has created. She's the hairdresser that Grace Kelly went along to her wedding."

Cyd patted her hair down nervously the way women often do.

"Mine is kinda messy right now," she apologized. "Neither Sidney nor Virginia did it! Nature—the wind and the rain—did it!"

"I still haven't found out about the blond streak," I mentioned.

"Oh, I never did, Cyd said. "Said that since my hair is so dark, a little blond streak would give it a little highlight. It would make it seem as though a little light was shining in the top of my hair. Give it a little life. And it did!" Cyd added giddily.

"In the picture," she referred to her latest, "Meet Me in Las Vegas," produced by Joe Pasternak, "you couldn't tell there was any streak in my hair at all. But, when I was on television, I heard a couple people say 'Why, she has a gray streak in her hair!' It isn't a gray streak, it's blond."

"I know it perfectly well!" I replied, guilty.

But this is all part of the lovely new Cyd Charisse who came into being when producer Joe Pasternak had "Meet Me in Las Vegas" written especially for her. Her handsome husband, singing star Tony Martin, who's also in a theatre watching her picture, saw and heard a couple of males in front of him drooling over his wife. Later, when they recognized him, he congratulated them on their good taste.

"Is Tony angry?" I asked about this sexy quality that the picture gave you?"

"No, I'm afraid not," smiled Cyd.

"He was so happy behind these two fellows who were talking about me, making kind of fresh remarks. When he found out they were talking about me, he listened closer. When the lights went up and they saw it was Tony, they were embarrassed."

"Tony just said, 'Well, I'm glad it was one of us that was talking like that.'"

This "new Cyd Charisse" finds herself being called upon now to pose for sexier looking pictures. Arriving for one picture-sitting in New York, wearing a tightly-fitting dress and a mink coat, she was greeted by a photomaniac who asked her, "What suits?" "What suits?" she asked right back.

"The bathing suits!" exclaimed the lensman.

"I don't want to do bathing suits all the time," she pouted.

"We don't call them bathing suits," pointed out the photog. "We call them beach fashions."

"Yeah, but they're still bathing suits," said Cyd, "Yeah, and you still look good in them."

"Still she rebelled."

"When you reach a point where you're not the one they ask to pose in a bathing suit, you'll wish for the good old days like this," a studio spokesman said to Cyd.

So she gave in. And she was good-humored about it.

"It's funny," she said. "When you pose somewhere in a bathing suit that has been lent to you for the picture, they often give you the bathing suit afterward. But when you pose in a mink coat that they've lent you for the picture, they never give you the mink coat."

"You never know, though. Maybe some- day somebody will say, 'By the way, keep this coat if you want to.' Probably not to me, though!"

Actually, Cyd's a serious gal who concerns herself with doing the proper things with studying foreign languages, and with the upbringing of her sons, Tony, Jr., 5, and Nicky, 13.

She calls her husband "Big T." Tony Jr. is "Little T."

"Little T is at the age where he no longer likes being called the baby," Cyd says. "When I tell him, 'You'll always be my baby,' he's not buy that."

While in New York, Cyd spent a lot of time in a famous toy store buying Little T a train that he could drive around the house."

"You can lose your mind and your salary in that store!" she complained cheerfully afterward. It happened that Cyd was the mysterious summer heat got you down? Enjoy cool reading and relaxation with Sheree North Mitzi Gaynor Jimmy Stewart Deborah Kerr They're all in August PHOTOPLAY On sale July 5 guest on What's My Line? the Sunday night after Fred Allen's death. She worried about the danger of doing something that might be construed as being in bad taste.

"For me to have plugged a picture in front of millions of people grieving for Fred, Allen has been horrible taste," she said. "Nor did I want to play any jokes with my voice that night. I told them, 'I'll be there, but if you want to do a tribute to Fred and forget me, it'll surely be worth the while.'"

As it turned out, Cyd didn't have to mention the picture, because John Daly did. The panelists guessed her identity readily. Bennett Cerf said, "Where's your boy in the military?"

"I knew you were in town, and I've been waiting for you to show up for three weeks."

Between pictures, Cyd travels considerably with Big T when he's appearing in night clubs.

Keeping it a secret that she was going to be the mystery guest on What's My Line? was quite a problem, because it seemed that dozens of people wanted to entertain them that Sunday night.

When somebody asked Tony, "What are you doing Sunday night?" he managed to answer: "Well, we can't do anything that night. Cyd's busy."

And if the invitation was extended to Cyd, she would say, "Tony's busy."

Over the years, Cyd has studied French diligently, but she found on a visit to Florida with Tony that she hadn't learned it then.

Three French hairdressers converged on her one day with greetings from Joe Pasternak, whom they said they'd just met in Hollywood. They kissed her hand and babble of foreign words that were extremely chic and continental. They told her they had been assigned to do Grace Kelly's hair at the wedding and would also be stylists for the bridesmaids.

"They talked a great deal about 'Miss Kellee' and 'ze salon,' but that was about all the English they spoke."

"So what did they want with you?" Cyd asked. "I didn't find out—because I couldn't figure out with my poorpidg French what they were saying."

(Miss Kelly, it developed, hadn't engaged them at all. Maybe they just wanted a better look at Miss Charisse."

"One thing that worries me," Cyd remarked, "is where this sexier Cyd Charis- sise stops."

"I'm still in mind where it stops," replied this columnist. "Just be sure that it starts!"

Cyd saw no danger of it not continuing now that Joe Pasternak has proved that she has the quality. For several years now, Joe has been building from the very first column to this, which is a woman columnist who would listen that we'd discover one day that Cyd was not only a terrific actress, but a "real sexbox" as well.

"In Meet Me in Las Vegas," Cyd's S.A. — and that doesn't stand for South America — was brought in forcefully but seemingly accidentally.

"It isn't a strip-tease that I do," Cyd insisted. "I'm a ballet dancer, very prim and very proper.""

"I'm a ballerina that's not very used to drinking and I get a little high. I see Dan Dailey going for it and I give him the strip so she said —I mean I—get up and do the same thing!"

In "Designing Woman," with Jimmy Stewart, she is supposed to play a girl friend of Jimmy's. She's a dancer and they go to Florida where he meets Grace Kelly. It becomes a triangle."

"It being Florida, there's plenty of chance for bathing suit shots," Cyd said wryly.

"You mean beach fashion shots," I said. "I do not!" Cyd practically shrieked. "I mean bathing suit shots!"

With Her Serene Highness' future uncertain now as far as movies are concerned, it's been suggested by enthusiastic fans for Cyd that she take over the Grace Kelly role in "Designing Woman" if Grace decides not to come back.

The story's about a dress designer, that was to be played by Grace Kelly," an M-G-M spokesman said. "We could probably just change the story around and have the dancer be the one who breaks up the marriage."

However, the studio made it clear that, if there's any chance of Her Serene Highness getting back to work within a year, everybody's willing to wait.

After all, the chances do you get to have a real Princess emoting on the screen nowadays? —So Tula Ellice Finklea—that's Cyd's real name—is uncertain just now whether she's going to be the new Grace Kelly or the new Cy Charisse. In any event, she's going to be a crisp, cracking new package of some kind, but the Hollywood Set hopes she won't change her warm, friendly, sincere personality. Because they have many a nice story they tell about her, and frequently they add, 'That's the kind of a gal this gal is!' —The End.
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August 1956

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by Mitchell. Other color picture credits are page 101.

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Produced by Charles Schnee

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OF CURRENT PICTURES


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EDDY DUCHIN STORY, THE—Columbia. Directed by George Sidney; Eddy Duchin, Tyrone Power, Marjorie O'Neill, Kim Novak, Christian, Victoria Shaw, Lou Shepherd, James Whitmore, Peter Duchin (42 years), Rex Thompson, Peter Duchin (5 years), Mickey Maas, Mr. Wadsorth, Shepperd Strudwick, Mrs. Wadsorth, Frederic Inescort, Miss Duchin, Gloria Holden, Leo Reisman, Larry Keating, Mr. Duchin, John Mylong.

INVITATION TO THE DANCE—M.G.M. Directed by Gene Kelly; CIRCUS: the Later, Igor Virovacz, the Loved, Clare Sonnert; the Clown, Gene Kelly; S/NR THE SAILOR, Scheerer, Cเสมอ, Carol Hanney; the Gentle, David Kasdan; Sinbad, Gene Kelly; RING AROUND THE ROSY: Gene Kelly, Igor Virovacz, Tommy Rall, Tamara Toumanova, Diana Adams, Belita.


MOBY DICK—Warners. Directed by John Huston; Ahab, Gregory Peck; Ishmael, Richard Basehart; Starbuck, Leo Genn; Capt. Bonsor, James J. Vivino; Stebb, Harry Andrews; Mowgins, Bernard Miles; Queequeg, Friedrich Lederer; Father Mapple, Orson Welles; Carpenter, Noel Purcell.


PROUD ONES, THE—20th. Directed by Robert D. Webb; Cruz, Robert Ryan; Sally, Virginia Mayo; Thad, Jeffrey Hunter; Honest John Barrett, Robert Middleton; Jake, Walter Brennan, Jim DeWit, Arthur O'Connell.


REBEL IN TOWN—U.A. Directed by Alfred Werker; John Willsalony, John Payne; Nova Wilcox, Ruth Roman; Bedloe Mason, J. Carroll Nash; Gray Mason, Ben Cooper; Wesley Mann, John Smith; Frank Mason, Ben Johnson; Adam Russell, James Griffith; Grandview Auster, Mary Adams; Pete Willsalony, Bobby Clark.

REVOLT OF MAMIE STOVER, THE—20th. Directed by Raoul Walsh; Marie Steever, Jane Russell; Tim, Richard Egan; Annalise, Joan Leslie; Bertha Puchowitz, Agnes Moorehead; Archie, Jutta Curttright; Harry Adams, Michael Pate.

RIFIFI—U.M.P.O Directed by Jules Dassin; Tony Stephanous, Jean Servais, Joe, Cohn Molk; Marie, Robert Manuel; Gerry, Peri Vista; Nada, Marie Salouari; Lenore, Janne Darcey.

ROSAANNA—Fine Arts. Directed by Emilio Fernández; Rosanna, Rossana Podesta; Antonio, Cross Alvarado, Jose Luis, Armando Silvestre.


THAT CERTAIN FEELING—Paramount. Directed by Norman Panama and Melvin Frank; Franke & Tone, Dignan, Bob Hope; Dracutte Hearn, Eva Marie Saint; Larry Larkin, George Sanders; Gossett, Pearl Bailey, Joe, David, Lee, Lacy, Al Capp, Himself; Norman Taylor, Jerry Mathers.

TOY TIGER—U.A. Directed by Jerry Hopper; Rich Todd, Ted Chandler; Gene Taylor, Laraine Day; Tommy Jackson, Tip, Honey, James; Cecile Kelley; Ted, Dog, Johnny Puett, John Ringling North, Minor Watson.

TRAPEZE—U.A. Directed by Carol Reed; Mike Ribble, Burt Lancaster, Tiio Oursch, Tony Curtis; Lulu, Gena Lolofrsgela, Rose, Kaye, Juniper; Basilio, Thomas Gomez, Max, the Duveer, Johnny Puett, John Ringling North, Minor Watson.
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READERS INC...

SOAP BOX:

I went to a movie one cold, rainy day, But when I left the theatre it wasn’t that way; Everything seemed to be simply divine And I was dancing on cloud number nine. I was in a trance, but this wasn’t so queer, ‘Cause the reason I flipped is perfectly clear:
The name of the film that I saw was “The Swan” And two words on the marquee were “Louis Jourdan.”

MARTI GUNZBURG
Beverly Hills, California

He made the day divine

For thirty years I’ve been a real movie enthusiast, but tonight I’m so mad at the movie industry I feel I must say so: “The Last Hunt” was just about the last straw—but I’ll go back a little with my complaints:

When I went to see “Track of the Cat,” I went because I like Robert Mitchum, Diana Lynn and Teresa Wright. But I found that the only apparent purpose of the picture was to take CinemaScope inside the grave, which was about the only place it hadn’t been before.

Others have already expressed how they feel about spending their time and money on something like “Not As A Stranger.” My main regret in connection with this film was that I took someone along with me who doesn’t get to go to movies often, and it would have been a help to find one moment’s entertainment in it.

Although we live within a few blocks of several good movie theatres, we went seven miles out of our way to one where “Five Against the House” was playing, so that my little nephew could see Guy Madison, who is quite a hero to the kiddies. I thought it was not only unfair for children, but wondered how it passed the censors at all.

“The Man From Laramie” sounded nice from the title, and it starred an old favorite, James Stewart. It turned out to be the most brutal and pointless and unentertain ing Western I had ever seen.

Tonight “The Last Hunt” was worse than a mere disappointment—it was an in sult to the movie-going public, and, I think, a disgrace to our country. What kind of movie officials expected people drawn into a theatre by names like Robert Taylor and Stewart Granger, to be amused by the actual slaughter of countless buffalo while their young stood by calling pitifully?

One more comment about tonight: The word “damn” was used four times, or possibly more, since we left before the program was over. It was in “The Last Hunt” twice, and once each in scenes advertising “Picnic” and “Count Three and Pray.” Has the industry forgotten that movie theatres are full of kids? I don’t think the word “damn” has been used on the screen in good taste or toward artistic achievement since Rhett Butler walked out on Scarlett O’Hara.

A few words about the Academy Awards, too. The public interest in James Dean’s performance in “East of Eden” was tremendous, and Hollywood knew it. Hollywood seems just a little bit shallow when we read, in advance of the Awards, that Susan Hayward probably won’t win an Oscar because of her personal difficulties; and afterwards, that “Marity” cost $300,000, and $400,000 worth of advertising went into cinching its Oscars? (I know it had merit and won an award in France, but I understand “East of Eden” won one in Japan—and to the fans it would be nice to think the Awards are won on merit alone.)

I remain very much a movie fan, but one who thinks the industry has been asking for a spanking.

LINA FARLEY
Memphis, Tennessee

QUESTION BOX:

If Rock Hudson has a twin brother, I have just seen him in the movie, “Outside the Law.” The actor who played Harris looks enough like Rock to pass for his double. Can you tell me who he is, and if they are related?

FRANCES WHITE
Brooklyn, New York

Floyd is Rock’s double, says fan

No, they are not related. Harris was played by Floyd Simmons, who is a new comer to Hollywood, under contract to U-L Rock’s own studio. He hails from Charlotte, North Carolina, where he was born April 10, 1925. A former top athlete, Floyd is 6’1”, 190 lbs., has brown eyes, dark brown hair. He is also in “Avery All Boats.”—Fr

Continued on page 10
5 YEARS ON BROADWAY
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Linda went into action. Then engaged to the wealthy Philip Liebman, she asked him for a wedding gift, “a home—a very special home.” As soon as she’d explained its purpose, he wrote a check. The children would have a better house—but Linda’s vision went beyond that. She talked with Msgr. Carroll-Abbing, founder of the Boys’ Towns of Italy, and the plan broadened into a future of Girls’ Towns. Now the marriage of Linda and Philip is over, but her thoughtfulness and his generosity have a lasting result: the very special home, where former waifs live in new comfort. Across the ocean, her thoughts still go out to them. With extra incentive for earning money, she’s been busier than ever recently: Republic’s “Dakota Incident,” TV and theatre appearances, “Drango,” with Jeff Chandler. But someday she’ll go back, to hear “her” girls say again, “Ciao, Signora Linda!”
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READERS INC.
(Continued from page 8)

What girl played the part of Anna in the picture “Anna”? Does she have blond hair? Please give me some information about her as I want to settle an argument.

ANITA STEWART
Corner Brook Nfld., Canada

Anna was played by Silvana Mangano. She has red-brown hair and brown eyes, was Miss Rome of 1946 and was a model before making her first movie, “Bitter Rice.” She is married to producer Dino De Laurentis and has two small daughters. Her latest picture is “Ulysses.”—Ed.

What is Debra Paget’s real name?

SARAH LACEY
Indianapolis, Indiana

Debralee Griffin.—Ed.

A few years back there was a good movie called, “The Greatest Show on Earth.” It starred Betty Hutton, Cornel Wilde and Dorothy Lamour. There was one other star. My father says it was Celeste Holm and I say it was Lauren Bacall. Please straighten us out.

BERNADETTE HALL
Baltimore, Maryland

You are both wrong. It was Gloria Grahame. Charlton Heston and James Stewart also starred.—Ed.

I have always wanted to know who played Jean Simmons’ husband in the movie “Desiree.”

JEANNEN GRAMMER
Dallas, Texas

Michael Rennie.—Ed.

Could you please tell me if Dean Martin and Tony Martin are brothers?

My brother says they are, I say no. Who is correct?

CATHY KOMBOUKOS
Aberdeen, Washington

You are.—Ed.

Recently, I read an article in a magazine which stated that Jayne Mansfield was in “Rebel Without a Cause.” I saw the picture twice, but did not see her. Could you please set me straight? If she was in it, what part did she play?

SANDRA MEYER
St. Louis, Missouri

She was not in the picture.—Ed.

Please tell me who the dreamy guy was who played Crunch in “Rebel Without a Cause.” My girlfriend said he was Perry Lopez; I disagree. Who is right?

JEANNIE JENKINS
Terre Haute, Indiana

You are. Crunch was played by a young actor named Frank Mazzola.—Ed.

I would be very grateful if you could give me some information concerning the movie, “Tap Roots.” Susan Hayward started as Morna; William Lundigan as Clay Mavor; Boris Karloff as Tishomingo; but who played the part of Keith Alexander? We would all like to know who he was, and what happened to him. Your help will be greatly appreciated.

JOE T. MIDDLETON
Kansas City, Missouri

That was Van Hefflin under the bronette makeup. He’s now his own sandy-haired self in “Patterns.”—Ed.

I have just seen Cornell Borchers in “Never Say Goodbye” with Rock Hudson. Could you please give me some information on her and tell me if she is staying in the U.S. permanently?

ERNA MAE BINDER
Green Bay, Wisconsin

Continued
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Stork Derby: Debbie Reynolds, who had to finish “Tammy” at U-I and “Bundle of Joy” at RKO while she still was “photographic,” was watched over carefully by Eddie Fisher. When cooperative Deb wanted to give up her Sundays for publicity pictures and interviews, that did it! Eddie turned off the phone, placed a “do not disturb” sign on the front door, and insisted that his little mother-to-be have complete rest and quiet. . . . Stewart Granger may be on film location in Europe when Tracey (“Whether it’s a boy or a girl!”) is born in Hollywood. In the meantime, Jean Simmons’ doctors wouldn’t allow her to take a trip to New Mexico, where the Grangers now own a hundred and two acres of land. Therefore, Stewart took movies of their T4J cattle ranch so Jean could see what their future home looks like.

Switcheroos: Susan Hayward lost out in Hollywood’s Oscar derby, but won the best actress award at the Cannes Film Festival. When she cabled the happy news to her Hollywood pals, she signed the messages Susan Magnani! . . . For once Hollywood didn’t wait until it was too late to pay tribute, this time to Jean Hersholt. The town held a dinner in honor of “the man who has done so much for our great industry” just a few weeks before he took his final bow.

Hee-haws: Anita Ekberg, on her way to Europe to marry Anthony Steel, told off New York photographers. “You wait until I lean a certain way, and then you snap too much.” The lensmen replied: “Only because you have too much to snap at, Anita!” Apparently, Italian cameramen felt the same way, for a few days later, Anita and Tony’s wedding caused a near riot in the normally peaceful city of Florence. . . . Ann Sheridan gave the set of “The Opposite Sex” cause

Continued on page 16
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to laugh when she presented a birthday cake to Ann Miller. On it was inscribed in frosted letters: “ Twenty-seven my foot!” Only it didn’t say foot! . . . During an interview, Jeff Chandler was asked if he takes acting lessons. “Yes, I do,” Jeff dead-panned. “I watch Bill Holden and James Dean on the screen!”

**Hollywood Salutes:** Rock Hudson, John Kerr and Dick Davalos. They actually were close friends of James Dean, but out of respect for his memory and love of privacy, they have refused to author stories about the late star. . . . Ann Blyth, who developed laryngitis at the last minute and couldn’t sing at a benefit. But she still insisted on appearing and giving ticket holders a good look at her pretty face. . . . Mrs. Clark Gable, who refused to play a part in the King’s next picture “A King and Four Queens.” Why? “Because,” laughs the beautiful Kay, “I have no talent!”

**The Facts Ma’am:** Contrary to reports, Marilyn Monroe didn’t move out on her good friends, the Milton Greenes. But she did move in with her coach, Paula Strasberg. The Greenes have a little boy, and sometimes little boys make big noises. Marilyn adores little Joshua but her doctor ordered more rest and quiet, so she had to make the temporary move.

**Date With Fate:** James Dean’s sudden death right after finishing “Giant” was a great shock to Elizabeth Taylor, who had worked with him. So you can

*Continued*
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INSIDE STUFF
continued

Imagine how she felt when Montgomery Clift, who plays opposite her in "Raintree County," crashed into a power pole and suffered serious head injuries and a broken nose. The accident occurred after a dinner party at the Michael Wildings, on the steep, winding road leading from their Benedict Canyon home. Riding in the ambulance with Monty, Liz prayed hard the whole way. Later, she was relieved to learn he won't be scarred for life.

Here And There: Shirley Jones hopes Hollywood will call her back for a strong dramatic role. She's preparing for it by studying with coach Marty Welch. . . . Hollywood did its share of wondering about whether Frank Sinatra would walk out on "The Pride and the Passion," being filmed in Spain. The rumor still persists that Frank is unhappy because co-star Cary Grant has a better deal. . . . New-mother Janet Leigh had to render first aid to Tony Curtis, "Not because of my delicate condition," Janet explained. "Tony's brother Bobby was making his debut with Jose Ferrer in 'The Great Man,' and Tony went to pieces." Bobby (he changed his name to Robert Reed) came through with flying colors!

Lovers Knot: Natalie Wood got the surprise of her sweet young life when she returned from her Hawaiian vacation. Scott Marlowe flew to San Francisco and was waiting with open arms when Nat's boat docked. Since meeting six months ago, this inseparable pair disagrees on only one subject--publicity. Scott refuses to cash in on Nat's name, which is why you seldom see them photographed together.

Wedding Belles: Before five hundred pairs of eyes, John Wayne gave his daughter, Mary Antonia, in marriage at the Blessed Sacrament Church. At the reception held in the Beverly Hills Hotel, few people knew that Duke had special men guarding the costly display of wedding gifts which filled an entire room! . . . Dana Wynter must know the secret word! Unlike Lana Turner, Joan Crawford, Dorothy Lamour, Ginger Rogers, Jane Wyman and Ann Sheridan—to name a few—who once were wooed by Greg Bautzer, the popular, handsome attorney proposed to Dana! She'll give up her career, she says, when they marry—which is bound to bring loud protests from 20th, who has her under contract.

According To Rumor: Sal Mineo turned down a straight fifteen-year contract at M-G-M, and you can't hardly get that kind in Hollywood any more! . . . The Ray Dantons are ecstatically happy over their good news. Julie Adams is taking time off until she has her first baby in November, but she plans to resume her career after she and Ray become parents. . . . M-G-M is convinced that Grace Kelly won't return to make "Designing Woman." The studio would . . . come Audrey Hepburn who owes them a picture, as a happy replacement. Co-star James Stewart echoes their sentiments! . . . Mitzi Gaynor must be slipping. She and Jack Bean will celebrate their second wedding anniversary in a few months and, to date, no one has ever printed that they're going to have a baby!

Storm Warnings: The heart trouble that hospitalized Jerry Lewis and the sudden death of beloved Louis Calhern shocked Hollywood actors into having immediate medical check-ups. From now on they plan to lower the boom on those exhausting work

Continued on page 105

Natalie Wood's date is Raymond Burr—but her steady guy is camera shy

Greg Bautzer will gain a wife but movies will lose Dana Wynter, she says
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19
WHAT SHOULD I DO?

Your letters answered by
Spring Byington

Q I have been married just four months. My husband, Jim, and I get along fine except for one thing—his friend, Bob, who practically lives with us.

Because my husband works such long hours, about the only time I have him all to myself is over the weekend, and then Jim says, "Let's call up Bob and see if he wants to go to a movie with us."

Bob doesn't have a steady girlfriend, so he always seems ready to go along with us. Then he and Jim carry on a long conversation about football, baseball, basketball, boxing or some such subject that doesn't interest me at all.

Sometimes I have said I didn't want to go to a movie, I'd rather stay at home. Then Jim phones Bob and tells him that we're not doing anything much, and "Why don't you shag yourself over and break the monotony?"

Am I being selfish, or is my husband? Whose fault is it that we have an argument over Bob every weekend? Am I right about married people needing to be by themselves, or is this silly, as my husband says?

Mrs. Wanda E.

A Let's come to grips with the problem, Mrs. E., by admitting at once that there are many men in this world who don't enjoy the company of women separately or in a group. There are men who, reared in masculinity and masculine pursuits, that they are unable to regard with any degree of seriousness the interests of womankind. I conclude from your letter that you have married such a man.

It would appear to me that you can select one of two alternatives: Either you must decide that your marriage to this particular man was a mistake and terminate it, or you must prepare to live his life, instructing yourself in such things as football, baseball, basketball, and boxing, so that you will be able to share his leisure-hour interests and talk with him on his level.

It is likely that your husband seeks out his friend whenever possible because he is comfortable with him and because they share the same interests. Perhaps he is uncomfortable with you because he feels that you have no meeting ground, except that of emotion. No one can be badly in love twenty-four hours each day, so those hours not assigned to love must be taken up in comradeship.

Why not learn to be a good comrade, as well as a wife?

Q I want you to like me, but I don't think you are going to, after you have read this letter.

To put it simply: I don't tell the truth. Not that I lie about others, but only about myself. I'm twenty-four and should have better sense, but when I meet new people, something comes over me that I can't control.

I'm working in a large city, but I manage twice a year to get back home to the small town in which I grew up. I take the train when I go for my long vacation and I fly for the occasional long weekends. Naturally, I nearly always meet somebody on the train or at the plane, and I build up a fascinating background for myself.

Even in the office I have given my coworkers the impression that my family is extremely wealthy (they are hard-working farm people who have been fortunate during the last few good crop years).

I don't know why I do it. Every time I have turned in a fine "snow job," I have vowed that I'd never do it again. I know that it's a small world and I'm going to get caught one of these days.

Can you tell me what's wrong with me?

Ethel J.

A I suspect, Miss J., that there are at least two reasons for your flights of fancy. First, you are probably suffering from "virtual_time," yet you are bright enough to realize that snobery has gone out of fashion. To prove this fact you have only to read the biographies of some of the great entertainment figures. In bygone times, it was necessary to create a story that an exotic new actress (born in Wagon Mound, Arizona, for instance) was of mixed Siamese and French blood and that the family lived the life of luxury in Spain. Nowadays, the citizens of Wagon Mound—pride of their native daughter—would vigorously protest the legend.

Your second problem is that you are not trained in J.D., your J.D., or J.D. in a unique individual—which, of course, you are—and in your own particular life and abilities, to regard yourself as worthwhile without embellishment. Your first concern should be to improve your abilities—dancing, skating, sewing, or writing fiction instead of talking it—to the extent that your performance gives you status in your own opinion. Make it a point to get to know the potential of you and your occupation, and you will be able to abandon forever the Walter Mitty side of your nature.

Q I am nineteen, and I have been going with J.D. for three years.

When I graduated from high school, I was able to get a good secretarial job in a local organization but J.D. made my life so miserable that I had to quit. He was sure I spent my day flirting with the men in the office, which was pretty silly because most of them were old enough to be my father.

Now I work in an office in which there is only one other girl, plus the lady who owns the business, but J.D. still says I probably make friends with callers. When we go on our summer vacation, he insists that we get home early, not only because I work, but also because he has to get up early. He tells me that I am in such a hurry because I have another date. About thirty minutes after we have said good night, he telephones to see if I am still at home.

Not only that, he doesn't even want me to talk to girls. Whenever a girlfriend telephones when J.D. is at the house, he says the girl wouldn't be so friendly if she and I weren't going out on dates together.

Do you think a boy who acts like that is really in love and ready for marriage, even if he is twenty-three?

Laurie G.

A I believe you and your family should take this situation very seriously, Miss G. This boy's jealousy, as you have described it, would impress any thinking person as abnormal. Certainly every imaginative, intelligent man sometimes suffers an occasional twinge of jealousy over a girl, but this lad's behavior is beyond excuse.

Of course, his suspicion stems from a tremendous sense of insecurity in his relationship with the world in general. He has packaged all his problems and has labeled them with your name.

A psychologist would be able to get to the root of this boy's troubles, but your description of him leads me to believe that

Continued
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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...

WHAT SHOULD I DO?

I would like to know if it is possible to be in love at the age of thirteen. I have been told many times that I am very mature for my years, both mentally and physically, and when I was in 7B, I had the fortunate experience of being skipped into 8B. One of my teachers for that term is whom this letter is about, for I have a crush on him. I'll refer to him as Mr. X.

Mr. X is not what you would call a movie type, and like most teachers he has no considerable financial status. Still, there is something about him which draws my attention, and he feels the same about me. Now that I am in 9th grade, our friendship has gone further than is usual between teacher and pupil. I have learned to hide nothing from him, as I am free to go to him with any problem or any confidence, knowing I will get understanding and help.

Mr. X has taken me out for sodas after school, and once while I was rehearsing piano in our school auditorium in preparation for an operetta, he slipped his arms around me and kissed me. It was working with Mr. X in school shows, going with him on all-day geology class trips and walking with him after school, that made me realize I like him more than I ever thought I could.

I have not deprived myself of dates with boys my own age, or having fun with the gang, yet when I should be having fun I find myself thinking of Mr. X and wishing I were out with him.

That is why I would like to have you tell me whether or not I am too young to understand the full meaning of loving and being loved.

Fiona B.

At thirteen, Fiona, you are too young to be in love, but you are not too young to have a mirror image of the “full meaning of loving and being loved,” as you so concisely express it.

In this world there may be thousands of individual men, each of whom—if you met that particular individual—would summon from you the precise response this teacher has evoked.

Frankly, I think you are exceptionally mature for your years. Now, I want you to think about this: I think your teacher is very young for his years. Why? Because, if he were as well developed—mentally, emotionally, and spiritually—as you are, in comparative years, he would consider you an attractive youngster, but his intense interest would be centered upon a woman nearer his own age. He would let you know, since you are obviously sensitive, that he was taking an impersonal, adult interest in you as a student. He would avoid the soda dates after school, the clandestine kisses.

However, I must regard this as especially a “building” experience for you, because
it will surely have taught you—once you have thought it over—the difference between the counterfeiting of love, and the authentic coin.

Q This is an old, old story, I guess, but no matter how old it is, I'm not much helped by its being an antique problem. There are four sisters in our family, and I am the youngest. I will soon be sixteen; my three older sisters are nineteen, twenty, and twenty-three. They are very, very pretty, and so they are very popular. I didn't miss out on the family good looks, so I think I could be popular, too, except for one thing.

Our father has been dead nearly fourteen years, and our mother has devoted herself to us. I love my mother very much, I don't like to have her staying at home alone at night after night. I know my sisters appreciate what she has done just as much as I do, but they sort of take it for granted that they can go ahead and make their own plans because I will be at home. I have said that I didn't especially want to go on dates because I'm sure that Mom would tell me to run along and enjoy myself. Well, I couldn't enjoy myself, thinking that she was lonely, and not one of my sisters has ever said, "I'll stay at home tonight: you go out to a movie with the gang."

I'd like to have a little freedom without creating a family ruckus, but most of all without giving Mom the feeling that she is imposing upon somebody to stay at home with her, I have confidence in your being able to help me.

Karen C.

A I'm going to make a sincere attempt to help you, Karen, but I suppose I should warn you in advance that my advice may hurt a little at first.

I believe you are standing in the golden spotlight of your own approval. Some small voice deep inside you is saying, "You are the good daughter; you are the devoted, the worthwhile person."

I don't think you should take this attitude, because you are running the risk of conditioning your mother so that she may never be able to tap her own personality resources at all. At sixteen, it isn't always easy to realize that a devoted member of the family may be interfering with a mother's independence and may be making it extremely difficult for her to get the most out of her mature years.

As the mother of two grown daughters, I know that I could have been spoiled, that I could have been turned into a dependent, clinging, self-pleasing type (almost anyone can be, you know), if my daughters had martyred themselves to the idea that I might be lonely or in need of constant attention.

I find that, because my daughters lived their own lives and established their own homes and their own families, I have a much buster, happier, more productive, and satisfying life than would have been the case otherwise. I'm eternally glad I wasn't coddled, and I think your own mother might well share my sentiments.

Q My husband and I are at our wits' end over a boy who is going with our eighteen-year-old daughter. Helen is about to finish high school, and plans to go to an airline school. She has been an A student, has been active in school affairs, and
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WHAT SHOULD I DO?
continued

is such a sweet and wonderful girl in almost every way.

Our worry is over this boy's determination to get engaged to Helen. He is just nineteen, works during the summer on his uncle's farm, during the winter at a filling station in town. He has his own car, which he says he built, and he brags about how fast he can drive it. He doesn't seem to have any ambition except to race automobiles. When we ask him about college, he says that is for nice boys with clean fingernails.

He walks like a question mark, wouldn't think of standing up when a lady enters the room, and calls our daughter "my old bag." In our opinion, he is a complete nobody.

Our daughter? Of course, that's the problem. She gets starry-eyed when he roars into the driveway, and she sort of drifts out of the house when the two of them are going anywhere. I've tried to tell her what life would be like with such a boy, but she just smiles dreamily and pats my cheek.

I simply don't know what to do next. Helen's father and I will appreciate your views on the subject.

(MRS.) GRACE P.

A I would like to say something in behalf of the lad of whom you disapprove, Mrs. P. Since he has chosen your daughter as the object of his affection, it would seem reasonable to assume that, gauche and rude as he seems, he actually aspires to a higher level than that on which he was reared. He may be sensitive, fine-grained, and ambitious, although like many boys of that type he seems to work overtime to disguise the fact.

However, I suspect that any discussion of him may be regarded as academic exercise. A little patience on your part will see your daughter safely enrolled in stewardess' school, then her horizons will enlarge tremendously.

In essence, the appeal this boy now represents to her is similar to the appeal of airline experience. Speed is romantic. These youngsters of ours belong to the jet age; they've come to regard flying as casually as we consider driving an automobile.

Once your daughter is in school, you might make it a point to invite her new friends, particularly professional pilots, to a party at your home. Your daughter will soon understand the enormity of the responsibility accepted by anyone who manages four motors, and her drag-race boyfriend behind one small motor will seem like very small potatoes, indeed.

Don't forget that, at this stage of your daughter's development, it may be necessary for her to patronize you. She has undoubtedly reached a plateau of superiority from which she must view you with an affectionate pity. Give her this brief supremacy; all too soon she will marry one of her pilots and become, herself, that "pitiable" object, a parent.

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 2095, 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.
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Fill it yourself. Take it with you. New Purse/Spray, glamorous in black and gold, comes with its own special refill of new Ultra spray net. Holds days of sprays at every filling. With refill, $3.25 value...

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I wonder if Marlon Brando is tired of the many actors who copy him and try to look like him. Or, has he grown accustomed to their faces and method? ... Jayne Mansfield, who played bit roles in movies, became a movie star by appearing as a movie star on the Broadway stage in "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" ... I never see a blond and think it's the real thing. Furthermore, I don't believe men expect blonds to be naturals. ... Why do I always expect Susan Hayward to flare up, and am pleased when she smiles at me—which she usually does! ... I liked "The Harder They Fall," but the best prizefight movie I ever saw is still "The Set-up." ... Ann Blyth could be sexier than she is on the screen if she wanted to be. ... Suggestion for a photo layout: pictures of all the celebrities James Stewart has portrayed on the screen. ... I believe TV would be better if you could mark your place and return to it later. ... Cornel Wilde is domestic and can do housework. "I do a lot of sweeping while wielding a broom or a vacuum," he told me. ... I wasn't on the Johnnie Ray bandwagon when he was the current popular singer, so don't expect me to be an Elvis Presley fan. So sue me! ... Mitzi Gaynor insists she has an instinctive feeling about people, and declares: "I go a lot by the nature of a handshake."

I always find Joan Crawford entertaining, regardless of the movie she's in. ... I can't recall ever seeing Russ Tamblyn in a movie, although I know he was in "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" which I viewed and liked. ... Deborah Kerr's portable dressing room is always welcoming. "Except, of course," says Deborah, "when I'm changing costumes." ... On the set of "The Best Things in Life Are Free," my favorite character, Mike Curtiz, told workmen: "Please, fellows, try to make noise quietly."

I believe Cyd Charisse and Tony Martin, who were beginning to look like each other, don't any more. ... Every new actress who is signed by M-G-M spends most of her evenings during the first few months in a projection room looking at old Garbo pictures. ... I like Shelley Winters. Go on, say anything you want about me. ... I can't get over the vast number of actors who have turned producers. The latest (at this writing) is Jane Powell. Somehow Janie Powell doesn't resemble a producer to me! ... Durable is the word for Barbara Stanwyck; reliable is another word for her. She's quite a person! ... I liked "Oklahoma!" and "Carousel" and even "Meet Me in Las Vegas," but the best musical I ever saw still is "Forty-second Street." ... In these days when "The Method" is so popular, Spencer Tracy informed me: "I'm not a method actor. What I try to do is play a part honestly; how it reacts on me." These were refreshing words to hear. ... I wish John Huston would get back to making movies like "The Maltese Falcon," which wasn't so important but so good! ... Bob Wagner admits he has yet to earn the right for stardom. "Star is tossed around too easily in this business," said Wagner. "I still have a lot to learn about my job." ... Red Skelton said it: "I know a Texan who couldn't put a TV set in his Cadillac, so now he's booking acts to appear in it."

Frank Sinatra is an exciting performer whether he is singing or acting. ... These days everyone is taking a legitimate play or movie and making a musical out of it. Just to be different, I'd like to see someone take a musical hit and make a legitimate play or movie out of it. ... I know Piper Laurie and Gene Nelson are romantic, but I think the combo should be Gene Nelson and Lori Nelson. This would allow Lori to get married without changing her last name.

I can't imagine Eddie Fisher as a father, but I can imagine Debbie Reynolds as a mother. ... Description of Ernest Borgnine: There is always a smile on his face, even when it isn't there. ... I'm told Cary Grant believes in hypnotism and that's how he gave up smoking cigarettes. ... Doris Day, in her recent movies, proves that she knows something about such things as lust and sex. And she's more popular and valuable than ever. ... Rock Hudson admits he decided to be a movie actor after he saw Jon Hall take a spectacular high dive from a ship's mast. "I told Hall this when I met him," says Rock, "and he told me a stunt man had done the dive!" That's Hollywood for you.
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Won't shift, slide or ride ever! Glorious for sports... and glorifies your fashions! No other bra allows such complete freedom for action. All-elastic body self-adjusts to your every motion; never binds, never rides up. Sculptured nylon cups stay high, round... divide divinely, support superbly! As flattering for dates as for daytime activities. In wonderfully washable white or non-run black. Sizes 32A to 40C, $3.95. D-Cups slightly higher. In the Playtex package at your favorite store.

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Cycle all day in style and comfort! Playtex Living Bra rounds your curves perfectly!

There's sure allure with your Living® Bra. Wonderful under all your summer fashions!

As they receive press acclaim, Burt, Gina and Tony know what explosive personal problems threaten their trapeze act's triumph.

**The Eddy Duchin Story**

More than just a success story, the film biography of the late bandleader is an affecting close-up of a man, his first love, his second and his son. Tyrone Power ably handles both the light moments of the young pianist's rise to fame and the tender or tragic moments of his private life. His marital happiness with a lovely socialite, appealingly portrayed by Kim Novak, ends abruptly when she dies after giving him a son. Crushed and embittered, Ty turns away from the child; but his sense of fatherhood revives during wartime Navy service. In his efforts to win over the stranger who is his young son (Rex Thompson), he's aided by an English girl, the handsome, vibrant Victoria Shaw. The frequent musical interludes are graceful, thanks to Ty's fingering, Carmen Cavallaro's piano.

**Trapeze**

In a circus drama drenched with color and tingling with suspense, a high-powered star trio teams smoothly. Once famous as a "flyer," until crippled by a fall, Burt Lancaster is persuaded to return to the trapeze as Tony Curtis' catcher. Tony does the best work of his career as the eager newcomer, deceived by the amorous approaches of Gina Lollobrigida. And Gina proves herself not only a beauty but an accomplished actress, equally convincing as she connives to get into the trapeze act and as she falls in love with Burt. Acting strength is added by Katy Jurado, as a bareback rider, Thomas Gomez, as the circus owner, and Johnny Puleo, as a cherub dwarf. But it's Carol Reed's direction that keeps the tension taut and the excitement of the circus constantly alive, in sight and sound.

Continued
New! BOBBI—with “Casual Curlets” and breeze-fresh lotion gives you a longer lasting, softly feminine wave

A stronger wave than ordinary pin-curl permanents
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Specially created for casual hair styles

Everything you need for the prettiest, longest-lasting casual hairdo ever! Fabulous new easy-set “Casual Curlets” . . . of pretty pink plastic . . . simpler than metal pins! New breeze-fresh, petal-pink lotion, so pleasant to use! No separate neutralizer, no resetting. Only BOBBI makes a pin-curl permanent so easy!

See how casual a BOBBI wave can be! You know it will outlast any other pin-curl permanent because each curl is set stronger from the very beginning with BOBBI’s new “Casual Curlets.” Use Curlets between permanents, too—for a longer-lasting set after your shampoo.

Pin-curls made with BOBBI’s new “Casual Curlets” . . . smooth, firm, no loose ends, no crimp marks as with metal pins. Specially designed for a stronger, longer-lasting casual wave!

New “Casual Curlets” are 7 ways better!
1. Easier, faster than metal pins.
2. So pretty—shell-pink plastic—you won’t want to hide ‘em!
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5. Can’t slip.
6. No unsightly crimp marks.
7. Curlets are curved—shaped to your head for comfort.

All-new BOBBI in a bright blue box
Each package complete with $5 “Casual Curlets” and 6 neckline curlers.
Let's Go to the Movies continued

Somebody Up There Likes Me

★★★★ Rowdy, fast-paced, sympathetic, humorous, the story of Rocky Graziano gets a vigorous lift from the performance of Paul Newman as the fighter. Leading a teen-age gang on New York's East Side, he shows fantastic disregard for law and order. Drafted after years in reform school and jail, he takes the same attitude toward Army rules and lands in Leavenworth, dishonorably discharged. But here an instructor teaches him to put his store of hatred to use, and after his release he turns to the ring, taking success with laughable lack of modesty. Then his past catches up with him. Other performances are fine, too: Pier Angeli, as his understanding wife; Everett Sloane, his manager; Eileen Heckart and Harold J. Stone, his parents; Sal Mineo, a slum pal not so "lucky" as Paul.

Eva approves Bob's talent, but wishes he had as much backbone

That Certain Feeling

★★★★ Bob Hope here gets another chance to prove that he can not only clown adeptly but project a warmly human personality from the screen. Eva Marie Saint, glamorized unrecognizably far from her "On the Waterfront" appearance, keeps comic step with him. And George Sanders contrasts admirably with the pair, playing a thoroughgoing phony. A prosperous cartoonist, George has found that his boy-and-dog comic strip is failing. Eva comes to the rescue by drafting Bob to do a ghosting job on it. But there's a joker in the deal: Bob is Eva's ex-husband, and she's about to become George's fourth wife. As Sanders' sardonic maid, Pearl Bailey meanders amusingly. Little Jerry Mathers is an orphan taken into Sanders' home for publicity reasons. It's all light, lively, lots of fun.

Trouble to come haunts the outing Bill's planned for Deborah

The Proud and Profane

★★★ Against the heartbreaking background of South Pacific war, a romance between oddly matched personalities goes its rocky way. William Holden once more shows versatility, as a tough lieutenant colonel in the U. S. Marines, coolly practical in his treatment of his men—and women. Opposite him is Deborah Kerr, as a sensitive Red Cross girl, a war widow morbidly curious about the circumstances of her husband's death. A touching secondary plot involves wonderful Thelma Ritter, as Deborah's matter-of-fact boss, a former social worker, and Dewey Martin, a kid from Thelma's old neighborhood, now a marine. Theirs is, in effect, a mother-and-son relationship, moving more than the love story of Deborah and Bill, whose characters aren't fully explored.

On crossed harpoons, Greg makes Leo Genn join in a weird vo

Moby Dick

★★★★ With Gregory Peck in the towering role of Captain Ahab Melville's classic novel of New England's great whaling day returns strikingly to screen life under John Huston's direction. Just as able is Richard Basehart, in the less arresting role of the newcomer to whaling, through whose eyes we see this strange voyage. Peck's scars and missing leg attest to his first battle with the fabulous white whale, Moby Dick. So he is bent on revenge, and his mania infects his crew, men of almost all the races of the earth. But Leo Genn, as his sensible, strongly religious first mate, is opposed to the crazy search across the wide oceans. As a whaling-town preacher, Orson Welles impressively delivers a sermon that sets the poetic tone carried out in the photography's muted colors.
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!
The Last Ten Days COLUMBIA

A stark, impressive German film (with titles in English) brings back the final days of Hitler and his incredible gang, holed up snugly in their Berlin bunker while the victorious American and Russian armies thunder across Germany. Albin Skoda does an excellent job as the dictator, putting across both the man's obvious madness and the compelling force that made a nation follow him to its ruin. As Eva Braun, Lotte Tobisch is properly colorless and submissive, the Nazi ideal of womanhood. Other leaders and the despairing generals are also well portrayed. But few moviegoers could stand spending an hour and a half with these creatures alone. A welcome note of sanity is introduced with the fictitious—but plausible—character of a young German officer sent to the bunker to beg help for surrounded troops. Saluted by American audiences for his work in "Decision Before Dawn," the towheaded, attractive Oskar Werner is even more persuasive here, as a combat-weary soldier who realizes with growing fury what evil he has been serving.

Rebel in Town U.A.

Though guns and knives flash, this frontier story is concerned more with the sad aftermath of war. The half-accidental death of a small boy sets off its strong plot. As his father, Union vet John Payne nourishes wartime hatred. As a displaced Southerner, wandering westward with his father (J. Carrol Naish) and brothers, Ben Cooper feels a family responsibility, since trigger-happy John Smith fired the fatal shot. Bereaved mother Ruth Roman shares Ben's longing for justice and peace.

Earth vs. the Flying Saucers COLUMBIA

This neatly presented, straightforward science-fiction thriller achieves some conviction, because it shows science—on Earth, that is—just one short jump beyond where it is right now. The desert experimental station where newlyweds Hugh Marlowe and Joan Taylor work has already succeeded in sending unmanned satellites high into Earth's outer atmosphere. But these devices have mysteriously been disappearing. Hugh and Joan begin unraveling the puzzle when they get a good, close look at a flying saucer. These space ships are full of impressive gadgetry, both exterior and interior. Their crew have peaceable intentions, but nervous humanity doesn't get the message, and in the following warfare it looks bad for us backward Earthmen.

The Proud Ones 20TH: CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

Sheriff Robert Ryan really has his hands full in this sprawling, brawling Western. He must keep ruthless Robert Middleton from taking over the town. Because an injury has left Ryan subject to attacks of blindness, he must depend on his newly hired young deputy, Jeff Hunter. And Jeff believes that Ryan once shot an unarmed man—Jeff's father. Because Ryan once quit a risky law-enforcement job, to please his sweetheart (Virginia Mayo). Middleton believes the sheriff must be yellow. Something happening every minute!

The Killing U.A.

As intricately planned as the robbery it recounts, this compact crime vignette holds the interest steadily. Just out of jail, Sterling Hayden sets up in businesslike style a scheme to make off with a race track's proceeds. He thinks he has his confederates well under control: amiable Jay C. Flippen; crooked cop Ted DeCorsia; timid soul Elisha Cook, whose selfish wife (Marie Windsor) much prefers brutish young Vince Edwards. But human element upset Hayden's getaway with Coleen Gray.

Rififi U.M.P.O.

Seems crooks in France have similar problems, according to this tough, wry suspense tale. (Fewer English titles than usual are needed, since many scenes are straight action, without dialogue.) An ex-con, Jean Servais is persuaded by a young friend (Carl Mohner) to play master mind in the elaborate looting of a jewelry store. But, along with two cheerful Italian confederates, they find their scheme wrecked by their domestic lives. Though detectives obey the advice "Cherchez la femme," apparently crooks should stick to business and stay away from les femmes.

Dakota Incident REPUBLIC, TRICOLOR

For most of this tightly constructed Western, the leading characters are trapped in a gully, besieged by Indians. Bandit Dale Robertson dominates the group: singer Linda Darnell; Regis Toomey, her accompanist; John Lund, bank cashier accused of a robbery that Dale committed; Whit Bissell, a mild prospecto; Ward Bond, a senator convinced that the Indians can be subdued by peaceful means. Interplay of character adds substance to the thrills.

Rosanna FINE ARTS

Known chiefly as movies' Helen of Troy, Rossana Podesta is even more eye-filling in a slow-moving, beautifully photographed drama, shot in Mexico. She shares the beach hide-out of two young criminals (Croix Alvarado, Armando Silestret). Supposedly she is Croix's girl, but the attraction arising between Rossana and Armando makes violence inevitable.

Seascapes and the sweep of drying fishnets provide a series of exquisite pictures, but the film gets a little silly when it lingers over scantly clad Rossana.

The Revolt of Mamie Stover 20TH: CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

Jane Russell does a spirited job in a story that has both corny and realistic aspects. A dame more interested in money than in morals, she earns lots of the green stuff as a "hostess" in a Honolulu dive run by hard-bitten Agnes Moorehead. Though Jane falls in love with writer Richard Egan and wins him away from his respectable fiancée (Joan Leslie), his campaign to reform her is a difficult one. To Jane, the catastrophe of Pearl Harbor means a chance for vigorous war profiteering, in real estate. A couple of gay songs enlivens the unsavory proceedings.

The Ratscliff Years U.A., TECHNICOLO

Turning Western hero, Tony Curtis gets an assist from Arthur Kennedy, as an unexplained but pleasantly unpredictable character, a smiling scoundrel who sides sometimes with Tony, sometimes with the bad guys. Tony's a gambler fleeing an unjust murder charge and trying to expose the real killer. This, it turns out, is influential Peter Van Eyck. While waiting for Tony to get out of the woods, his girlfriend (sweet-faced Colleen Miller) has blandly accepted Van Eyck's protection. But this odd situation is broad-mindedly brushed aside.

Invitation to the Dance M-G-M, TECHNICOLO

Making an enjoyable experiment in movie-making, Gene Kelly presents a film without dialogue, telling its three stories entirely in terms of dancing. First, he's a sad clown, yearning for a circus lovely (Claire Sommers) but losing out to Igor Youskevitch (whose great ballet talent is too little used here). Then Gene's a soldier in the most amusing sequence, which follows a bracelet from owner to owner until it returns to the disillusioned original owner. Finally, he's a sailor in Bagdad, introduced by a genie into a cartoon world where he dances romantically with a harem beauty, fearlessly with a pair of palace guards.

Toy Tiger U.A., TECHNICOLO

A hit in "The Private War of Major Benson," little Tim Hovey proves his acting poise again in this sentimental comedy. He's a lonely kid, washed away in boarding school by his widowed mother, career woman Laraine Day. To impress his schoolmates, he tells them his dad is a mighty explorer and big-game hunter. Almost cornered in the lie, Tim drafts artist Jeff Chandler to impersonate this imaginary hero, with the comic and romantic results you'd expect.
SHE: "Don't you think Doris Day is simply wonderful?"

HE: "Sure I do—and so are you!"

To that man in your life, you're as attractive as any movie star. Now could there be a better reason for wanting to look your best always? One simple way to look lovelier is to have a radiant complexion—the kind Doris Day has. And her skin care...daily Lux care...can do as much for you! Like 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars, Miss Day always uses new Lux.

**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.

*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. 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!

**Doris Day**

...she sings, she dances, she's fresh and lively looking—with a complexion to match. Miss Day says new Lux care deserves the praise for that radiant, glowing skin!
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!

NEW
White Rain
LOTION SHAMPOO

Use New White Rain Shampoo tonight . . .
Tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!
at last you can be close-up confident about your complexion!

A piece of paper can show you quicker than anything else how good your make-up is. Smears, streaks, lines, pores show up on paper at a glance—the way they show up on your skin at close range. And you can see for yourself how much, much smoother Lady Esther's new Sheer Flattery is than other make-ups tested.

Sheer Flattery is a new sheerer than sheen, creamier creme make-up that smooths on so easily ... smooths over every blemish so evenly, you can be absolutely confident that the closer he looks the lovelier you'll look.

No other make-up—cream, liquid, or cake—can give you such wonderful close-up confidence in your complexion as Lady Esther's new Sheer Flattery! Just look at the paper test! It shows the difference!

6 new 'SKIN-HARMONY' shades
blend perfectly with natural skin tones
Stunning pink and French Gray case
79¢ plus tax
price slightly higher in Canada
Crest Toothpaste with Fluoristan strengthens teeth themselves.
You brush Crest on... it actually goes in... and locks decay out

**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.

You brush Crest on... it actually goes in... and locks decay out. Each time you brush Crest on your teeth, Fluoristan builds new resistance to decay into tooth enamel. In this way, Crest actually fortifies and strengthens teeth to lock out cavities—the only toothpaste proved to do so. With Crest, your family approaches the long dreamed-of day of healthy, decay-free teeth.
Glamour Gab of Hollywood

BY
RUTH WATERBURY

Cliff Has Competition

Now that Montgomery Clift is back for "Raintree County," at M-G-M, plus four other pictures after that as fast as they can be made, I figure it's time to reveal that this artistic rebel wouldn't have been eating for the last year or so if it hadn't been for Frank Sinatra's generosity.

For many months, Monty was offered practically every young man's role that came along. But he thought they were unworthy and turned them all down. Right or wrong, artistic integrity that takes you to the point of starvation has to be saluted.

Nevertheless, Monty may be sorry in the long run. For, as a fine young actor, he is no longer in a class by himself. All of a sudden, Hollywood has found itself with a fascinating crop of young leading men. all of them discovered through TV.

Monty Clift co-stars with Liz Taylor and Eva Marie Saint in M-G-M's "Raintree County." Did he wait too long to come back?
Glamour Gab Mad Fads

It all started with "The Rose Tattoo." Now gals like Anita Ekberg are wearing roses in the darndest places! They're decals and you can plant them on wrists or wear them as anklets.

Here's something that should tickle the girls—super-sized butterfly earrings. They're cute, but Debra Paget should think twice about going outdoors. A sudden breeze, and she'd be soaring!

Vera Miles' mad fad is these "plus four" shorts. They're an abbreviated version of the baggy golf knickers Pop used to wear. His buttoned just below the knees—Vera's version is cooler.

Leslie Caron took a page out of the newspaper, gave it a French twist and voilà—a saucy sun hat! A girl could have a lot of fun this way, like using the comic section—for the laughs!
Take the word of one who has been around for as long as I have: This group is unlike any Hollywood has ever had before. They're more intelligent, more poised, more sincere. So, heed my prophecy.

I've seen some footage on "Tea and Sympathy," and young John Kerr will be a big star after this and "Gaby." I also saw two reels of "The Friendly Persuasion," and I think handsome Tony Perkins will be a sensation in it. John and Tony, by the way, are the closest of friends. Both are New Yorkers, and both grew up in show business. John is the son of the comedienne June Walker, while Tony is the son of Osgood Perkins. a light-comedy master. Both boys are charming, witty and shy, and both are devoted to live TV as a means of learning their profession. Neither of them is money-mad, but they're aware of it just the same.

Besides John and Tony, there is Paul Newman, who is absolutely great in "Somebody Up There Likes Me" (see page 46 for a full-length story on Paul), as well as Bill Travers, the English boy who plays in "Bhowani Junction" and stands out like the Union Jack on a frosty morning.

All in all, female moviegoers can expect a pleasant summer and fall.

Fashion Follies

In the fun season of midsummer, Hollywood girls blossom out with the craziest fads. Take Mamie Van Doren, for instance, who's been busy getting that curvy figure of hers back from maternity. Mamie told me that she is so glad to be able to look down and see her feet again that she's glamorized them. How? With sequins on her toe nails—so help me—and cute they are, too, scattered on with a lavish hand while the nail polish is still wet.

Lex Barker is making Lana Turner more and more domestic and happy. Can you imagine the original madcap Lana coming up with the bright idea of wearing gloves with cuffs that match the dress she's wearing? Lana buys shorty white cotton gloves with cuffs, then snips enough material from the underside of the hem of her dress to cover the cuffs. Cute!

Less domestic, more romantic Piper Laurie has a doll of an idea, too. When the tanning season started, she cut Gene Nelson's initials out of adhesive, stuck them just above her wrist. So now, on her pretty brown right arm, there is this white monogram, constantly reminding her of the man she loves. Piper is deeply changed with this love, the most serious in her always romantic young life. Gene, too, seems to be quieter and more sincere than he's ever been before. Wedding bells for them wouldn't surprise me in the least.

When Cyd Charisse flew to Winchester, Virginia, for one day to be queen of the apple blossom festival there, she wore her hair pin-curlcd in the new bobbypins that are covered with artificial flowers. This made her head look as though covered with a little flowered turban. Just before landing, of course, she combed her hair out into its usual perfect grooming. But isn't this a neat traveling trick? Most big-city shops carry these new, flowered bobbypins, but in case you can't find them in your town, you can easily make yourself some.

Recently, I saw Barbara Stanwyck, who seldom wears anything off-screen except sweaters and skirts, no matter how formal the date, wearing the utter end in evening sweaters. It was white cashmere, with a tuxedo collar, straight to her waist, of patina fox, which just matched her salt-and-pepper hair.

Angel-faced Ann Blyth, attending the same little (Continued on page 80)
By Sheree North

They called me an "overnight" success.
Take my word for it, thirteen years—hungry, frightened years of dancing—make one long, lonesome, heartbreaking night.
When Photoplay asked me to write about the years I spent with a purse thinner than a slice of ham in a drugstore sandwich, I felt like saying, “Folks, you’ve come to the right person.” Because, until 20th Century-Fox signed me to a seven-year contract, being broke had been the story of my life.

I don’t have to search very far back in my memories for times when the absence of money almost overwhelmed me. Almost—but not quite. For poverty, which can be a frightful, degrading experience, does either of two things to you—it calls out all your resources and strains your ingenuity to the utmost, or it causes you to sink under a load of self-pity.

I well remember four years ago, when I was nineteen, in New York for the first time, and almost ready to sink. It was Christmas Day and I was propped up in bed sick with the flu, wearing two sweaters and my bathrobe to keep from shivering. I was staying at a third-rate hotel off Broadway at 54th Street. Dirty wet snow and freezing rain glazed the window. But the (Continued on page 106)

With husband Bud, a real home for herself and daughter
One of movie's hottest young stars, Sal Mineo will never go Hollywood. He's too gone on the Bronx!

"Fantastic!"

Sal Mineo doesn't know how else to describe it. He was thinking of that night in 1955, when he happened to be driving about Hollywood in his '49 Mercury. Passing the Pantages Theatre, he noticed the crowds outside and the celebrities pulling up in their Cadillacs. Then he realized—it must be the night of the Academy Awards. He wasn't sure what the Awards were. He only knew you needed a gilt pasteboard ticket to get past the doors, and he didn't have one.

"I remember wondering what it would be like," Sal recalls, "to be in there—to be one of them."

And then, one year later, the fantastic thing happened. Last March, Sal was not only one of the lucky ones with a gilt pasteboard ticket, he was right up there on the stage itself. For his performance as James Dean's sidekick in "Rebel Without a Cause," (Continued on page 76)

MAN, THAT MINEO'S THE

Sal studies with teacher Mary Lowe on M-G-M lot. He wants to go on to college, "to study playwrighting and directing"

At preem, with actress Gigi Perreau. He usually finds a crowd of girl fans waiting for him

Sal is also in "Giant," a George Stevens production of Edna Ferber's novel, to be released by Warner Bros., and "Crime in the Streets"

With Paul Newman (Rocky Graziano) and Everett Sloane, in rear, in "Somebody Up There Likes Me"
MOST!

BY ED MEYERSON
"WAR AND PEACE"

Sheltered in a noble and happy Russian household of 1805, Audrey Hepburn has few defenses against Vittorio Gassman.

With its searching study of eternal human emotions, with its mighty background of Napoleon's onslaught on Russia, Tolstoy's *War and Peace* has often won acclaim as the greatest novel ever written. Now the Ponti DeLaurentiis production for Paramount makes an imposing bid for the same distinction in the movie field. In four months' shooting, costing nearly $6,000,000, ranging Italy from Rome to the Alps, a cast headed by Audrey Hepburn, Henry Fonda and Mel Ferrer has given the unforgettable people of the story a new life.

As Gassman's sister, Anita Ekberg also is corrupt, selfish, intent on luxury.

Brutal reality smashes into lives like Audrey's when Russian forces confront Napoleon's and Moscow is evacuated.
In her own gracious society, Audrey has met the embittered Mel Ferrer (below).

Under the impact of war, Audrey begins to emerge from her teen-age dream, and as a grown woman tends Mel’s wounds.

Intimately linked with all the characters of “War and Peace” is Henry Fonda. He’s Audrey’s childhood friend and loving confidant. He knows Mel as a close comrade. He is Anita’s husband.
Five months after he left drama school, Paul was in stage hit “Picnic,” then went into star role in “The Silver Chalice”

Because he plans to return East for a play, Paul’s wife, children remained on Long Island. But he misses them.

SOMEBODY UP THERE LIKES HIM

- For an intensely restless, active man, Paul Newman was standing very still. He re-read the card that he held in his hand. His face still wore the look of astonishment that had come with the first reading. “You’d better sit down,” he told his pretty blond wife, Jackie. Then he added, “On second thought, maybe I’d better sit down.”

He sank into the nearest chair, as Jackie asked, “Paul... what in the world?”

Paul was staring into space with the dumb-founded air of a fellow who has just received an Academy Award. “I’ve been accepted as a member of The Actors’ Studio,” he said.

It was Jackie’s turn to be stunned. “On one audition?”

“On one audition,” he repeated. “Jackie, it’s crazy. The audition wasn’t even mine!”

According to all rules, tradition, and logic, what had happened to Paul Newman was pretty incredible. Each year, The Actors’ Studio auditions some two thousand aspirants. About fifty of these are asked to return for a (Continued on page 86)

Making “Somebody Up There Likes Me,” he forgot to duck!

A sporting goods salesman, Paul Newman took a big gamble when he decided to become an actor. But luck is a lady who likes to gamble too!

BY ADELAIDE PARMETER
As usual, Magoo is about to give his arm to the tire, instead of his date. But widow Stygwie has been out with him before. He'll get around to her some time.

The audience was in suspense—so was our hero, who was quite carried away by Wagnerian role in "Stage Door Magoo".

A fun contest for you.
Fill in the last line of our limerick and you may be a winner!

**ENTRY BLANK**

Write a last line for this jingle:

*That lovable little coot named Magoo
Has no first name and that simply won't do;
With all his screen fame
It seems such a shame*

(fill in line to rhyme with "do")

EXAMPLE:
Let's find Mister Magoo a first monicker true!

My choice for Mister Magoo's first name is

Fill in the following coupon and mail with your entry to:

NAME MISTER MAGOO CONTEST
P. O. Box 1858
Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

YOUR NAME ________________________________

STREET ____________________________________

CITY ______________________ ZONE ______

STATE ____________________________________
PRIZES

First Prize
A Bell & Howell No. 252 Monterey 8 mm. motion picture camera—value $49.95

Second Prize
A Westinghouse Portable Radio to keep you tuned in all day—value $30.00

Third Prize
4 Rosemary Clooney and Duke Ellington "Blue Rose" Columbia Record Albums

75 Runner-up Prizes
An original drawing, size 11x14, actually used in a Mister Magoo cartoon (His latest is "Magoo Beats the Heat")

first name for Mister Magoo

- He has no sex appeal, he's spindly-legged, blind as a bat and just as batty. But he's made royal headlines with a princess and captured the hearts of millions who have seen him as UPA Pictures' best-loved cartoon character. Now the lovable old coot needs a first name, by Gadfrey! So, as his fellow-UPA star, Gerald McBoing-Boing says, "Boing!" Which, interpreted, means—get going, kids! You'll have lots of fun—and just look at those prizes!

For contest rules, see page 86

Magoo's so nearsighted he thinks he's watching TV—instead he's turned on the washing machine. It happens all the time. Once he mistook a bear for his fur-coated nephew! Magoo takes a dim view of newfangled inventions, but the new Rock 'n' Roll records? Man, they're the greatest. He's heard this one's a smash. It will be. It's a china plate!
The first time I dated Mitzi Gaynor, to whom I have now been married for twenty delightful months, I thought she was a very pretty girl, a fun girl. As a bachelor, I liked the idea of being seen with such an attractive girl. I was sure she would be great to take to a concert, theatre, night club or even a hamburger stand.

We didn't fall in love at first sight. The idea of falling in love then was as remote from my thoughts as a trip to the moon.

At the time, Mitzi was being presented on the screen as a gay, yum yum, gamin type, a merry madcap. Yum yum she certainly is, and even today my favorite nicknames for her are “Yum” and “Yummy.”

But, on my first date with this effervescent girl, how could I dream that there was another side to her? How could I dream that one day I would want to share life's saddest moments, as well as its merriest, with her?

At the time, I was working very hard at a talent agency. (Since then I've gone into public relations work for industrial firms, with my partner, Bob Rose.) I wasn't seeking any serious female entanglements in my life. Any future dates with Mitzi, I was sure, would be strictly for laughs, for both of us.

When I phoned her about a week later, she flabbergasted me by saying, “What kind of a fellow are you, anyway?”

“What do you mean?” (Continued on page 101)
I was fascinated when I met her, dazed when I dated her, bewildered since I married her—and bothered that I didn’t propose sooner!

BY JACK BEAN

Mitzi Gaynor has pet names for everyone, calls George Gobel “Hotsi,” his name in their picture, “The Birds and the Bees”

Her mother, Mrs. Pauline Gerber, visits Mitzi on the set. A former dancer, Mrs. Gerber now runs a Hollywood flower shop
HE LEAVES HIS HEART IN ROME  

By Maria Russo

Handsome Rossano Brazzi has the world of women at his feet. But here's the reason why this Romeo will never roam

- The bride and groom kneeling solemnly and reverently before the ancient Italian altar of San Iacopini Church in Florence were not young. A casual observer might even have wondered how the handsome man, with his electric-blue eyes, lean jaw and striking gray hair, had escaped the marital knot before this.

As the couple, followed by family and friends, emerged arm in arm from the somber shadows of the medieval church into the bright Florentine sunshine, cheers of “Auguri, Auguri, Brazzi!” (meaning “Good luck”) greeted them from the crowd bunched outside.

Rossano Brazzi grinned happily and waved at his hometown fans, then he and his wife climbed into their car and drove slowly along the banks of the tawny Arno River to his mother's home. There, in the warm, intimate atmosphere of a tightly woven Italian family circle, Rossano and Lidia Brazzi celebrated a momentous day.

This event took place a few months ago. On that day, the fifteenth anniversary of their marriage, Rossano and Lidia were married for the second (Continued on page 82)
Brazzi, an expert cook, his sauce for chicken is featured item on menu of a restaurant in Rome. Because he "drives too fast," Rossano, a keen racing fan, now has man to drive his car. When Lidia teases him about women fans, he roars angrily, "I have everything I want!"
Victoria Shaw hops it over from Australia with no acting experience, no money to speak of and no friends to greet her. And what happens? The...

CRAZY KID MAKES

By Beverly Ott

Small and dainty, Vic looks as if she'd never done anything more energetic than balance a teacup. But in Australia, she hunted kangaroos!
Victoria Shaw looked at the engagement ring on the third finger of her left hand and sighed happily. "Mrs. Smith," she tried the name. "Victoria Smith . . . Mrs. Roger Smith . . ."

It seemed almost too incredible to believe, this good fortune of hers. She had come to the United States a stranger from halfway around the world. Within a week, she was on her way to movie fame. Within months, she had fallen in love. Now she was to become a bride. And all because of a dream that had nothing to do with motion pictures or marriage.

As a youngster in Sydney, Australia, Victoria used to return home from an afternoon at the movies and play out the whole film in front of the mirror in her bedroom. On one such occasion, she turned around and discovered her family standing in the doorway. Numerically speaking they made quite an audience—Mother, Dad, (Continued on page 98)

America, the land of opportunity, didn't leave out romance. At drama school, Vic met actor Roger Smith. "We both knew we'd neither of us date anyone else again." They're engaged, plan to marry this fall.

Victoria is sure nothing will be as nerve-racking as her first role in "The Eddy Duchin Story," when she had to play an emotional scene with Ty Power on a New York street. A mob had come to watch!

A top model in Australia, Vic had never given acting much thought. More than anything else, she wanted to go to the U. S. "The idea of acting dawned later"
"SLIM" PICKIN'

By John Maynard

A man of few words, Jim found his vocal chords paralyzed when he proposed to wife Gloria, below! But he's not so silent when he has to discipline twin daughters Kelly and Judy, left. He's a firm but fair parent, is quick-tempered when he thinks his authority is being flouted. He's also a dad who enjoys going on picnic outings with his family...

He can't croon and he:

When, some months ago, the nation's moviegoers and film distributor decided that Hollywood's new box office champion was a lanky, middle aged Boy Scout director named Jame Maitland Stewart, Hollywood was delighted. It appeared that now, indeed the unobtrusive were beginning to inherit the movie world.

For James Stewart—long-time heel apparent but never king—can scarcely be likened to the handsome or many muscled or debonair buckos who heretofore have occupied the throne. He...
as, for example, little in common with Tony Curtis, Bob Wagner or Tab Hunter.

Characteristically, Jim received theews that he was box-office king at one one evening, while mulling over problem. The problem was: What rice extravagance? Jim was sitting in e den of the Stewart home in Beverely Hills, deep in thought. He kept unnig his hands through his hair—chich has turned quite white but at moment was a shade of orange,aving been dyed for his role as Charles Lindbergh in “The Spirit of St. Louis.” Quite understandably, this particular shade revolted Jim, and it temporarily dissuaded him from appearing in public any more than necessary.

The den is the Stewarts’ favorite gathering place, and Jim was at perfect ease as he considered the inanity of spending money hand over fist. On the subject Jim’s (not Jimmy, please) reasoning runs like this:

You can drive only one car at a time. Moreover, taken one at a time, cars can have no more than four wheels and one engine. One car is apt to be as good as another. Therefore, with all due respect to the Mercedes-Benz, why a Mercedes-Benz? The Stewarts have a car apiece—an Oldsmobile and a Ford station wagon—which they have long deemed sufficient.

Similarly, Jim feels a man would look silly wearing one suit over another, purely to demonstrate that his wardrobe is expensive and over-stocked. Jim doesn’t have many suits. He has many dollars—a subject he prefers not to dwell on—but not many suits. How-

Continued
At a meeting of the Boy Scouts in Santa Maria, Jim’s a member of Los Angeles Area Council of Boy Scouts, really works at it.

Jim took the picture, above, of speed-flyer friend Joe De Bona, Gloria, twins Kelly and Judy, Gloria’s sons Ronald and Mike. Below, Jim and Gloria with friends Mr. and Mrs. F. Kirk Johnson in Italy. Jim’s friendliness has endeared him to his fans abroad.

Has success changed Jim?
motion picture accolades, while certainly not a bargain, did come as a welcome dividend. It climaxed Jim's hardest-working and most rewarding year, which included such top-notch films as "The Far Country," "Strategic Air Command," and "The Man from Laramie." Jim had a comment to make about becoming box-office king. He said, "Well!" And grinned. This is fairly eloquent for Jim. On another occasion he might have said, "Wull," and then paused, as if thinking out the rest of the sentence.

He was extremely pleased about being named Mr. Big: any actor would be. But Jim, without ever consciously working for it, has nevertheless waited a long time—more than twenty years. There is no reason to believe it was ever one of his major ambitions. Perhaps it never occurred to him that an actor whose screen personality is essentially timid and reserved would pull in many more votes than the crooners, the comics, the lovers, and the cowlicked extroverts. Established stardom, yes. He's had that for most of his screen career. He's also received the incidental rewards (especially if you think of a seven-figure fortune as incidental). But the box-office championship came as a joyful jolt.

In spite of all that has come his way, Jim continues to be what he has been for so long. To his friends, he's a thoroughly simple, uncomplicated man. To casual acquaintances, he seems somewhat intricate and contradictory. He really is a member of the executive board of the Los Angeles Area Council of the Boy Scouts, covering five western states and Hawaii. And he really works at it. He's also a church-going Presbyterian; the family doesn't miss a Sunday at church unless impeded by illness or minor disaster. As a family man, Jim is a fair but firm disciplinarian of the children, quick-tempered on occasion, especially when he thinks his authority is being directly flouted. He is also a dedicated picnic-nicker and fisherman, a golfer of fair talents, and he (Continued on page 96)
The sights and sounds of the Brooklyn waterfront bring back memories—of strange lands, bombings at sea, his exciting war years in the Navy. "The sea gets so much in your blood you can't give it up."

With date Anne Allen, friends Wilson and Roberta Ashley. Marriage is still on the far horizon for Cliff, who thinks he should settle down before proposing. Below, with Joan Crawford in "Autumn Leaves." "A glamorous star without the trimmings."

"A man must be prepared, never in doubt," says Cliff Robertson, one of the newest, most fascinating young actors to join the ranks of Hollywood's very eligible bachelors.

Cliff's insistence on being prepared applies to all phases of his life—especially marriage. Intelligent, unaffected, and good-looking in a rugged way, this thirty-one-year-old has never been married. Nor is he currently in love. Cliff feels that he should remain single a while longer, until he is qualified to meet the many responsibilities of marriage and family life.

Now under contract to Columbia Pictures, with just two movies to his credit, "Picnic" and "Autumn Leaves," Cliff has caused many eyes, in Holly-
A teenage yen to see the world started Cliff Robertson traveling. The Dean of his college prompted him to act. A tornado decided his future!

Calling Cliff adventurous is putting it mildly. During his young life, he has seen most of the world, a great deal of war action, and at various times has been a lobster fisherman, newspaperman, newscaster, seaman, waiter, stevedore, bodyguard and private detective!

Although he was born and raised in La Jolla, California, it might as well have been a million miles, rather than a hundred, from Hollywood for all it helped toward getting him into show business. His (Continued on page 92)
The LADY Dared

A lady and a cockeyed optimist—it took "Eternity" to show Hollywood the way Deborah Kerr meant to go

BY RADIE HARRIS

It was nine Thanksgivings ago that I first met Deborah Kerr, and ever since I’ve been thankful for a friendship that has grown deeper with each passing year.

It isn’t easy to have a close relationship with a film star. In the first place, “to have a friend, one must be one,” and most actresses are too preoccupied with themselves to devote the time and effort necessary in any “give-and-take” relationship. Then, too, most actresses—aware of the hangers-on, who breed off success—are suspicious of new faces. They’re also too single-minded in the pursuit of a career, to allow anyone not connected with their work to intrude in their private world. (Continued on page 89)
Rita Moreno is a gay senorita who loves stoles. On warm evenings, one lets it slip to reveal a creamy shoulder—si? So, when she found an Elna portable sewing machine could produce the exotic designs she loves, Rita was happy. Stole she's making has a long fringe. These new machines are marvelous, no?

Victoria Shaw. An ex-model, she appreciates the detailed elegance of custom-made clothes. So she's getting a big thrill out of hearing friends rave over her dainty organdy blouse with its intricate stitching down the front and on the sleeves. Because she did it all—on her machine!
Francis models a crisp taffeta-like silk for summer evenings. It all that rustling doesn't mean dollars. She made the dress herself. Machine-stitching joins velvet bands to taffeta. As a finishing touch, she added velvet fringe to the stole.  

--another do-it-yourself dream!

Jeanne Crain. No wonder little Jeanine's wearing that broad smile. She's going to a party and if she isn't the belle of the ball we'll eat those flowers Mom embroidered. You'd never guess they're machine-stitched, would you? Some little boy's going to be mighty dazzled by this Crain creation!

Pat Crowley is the hostess with the mostess in this crisp organdy cocktail apron. Insets of white are machine-stitched in gray. "Easy as playing a record," says Pat, who's become a designing woman since she bought her new sewing machine. The gay flowers grew out of Pat's vivid imagination!

HOLLYWOOD SEWING BEE

The local ladies of Hollywood are on a do-it-yourself kick. The guys were in stitches until they saw what the gals were producing—some of the dreamiest clothes items in town. With the aid of a sewing machine that turns out fancy stitches with a custom-made look, glamour gals are dazzling their guys with home-made stoles, dresses, cocktail aprons and such. Even the young set's wearing something out of mama's do-it-yourself kit. So when you hear that hum along movie-town streets—it's the Hollywood Sewing Bee buzzing!

The clothes items mentioned on these pages were made on the Elna sewing machine from the Necchi-Elna Sewing Machine Co.
MAX FACTOR'S NEW hi-fi FLUID MAKE-UP

HI-Fi ends the "made up" look once and for all! Because Max Factor, the make-up master, has achieved in HI-Fi a whole new range of high fidelity shades never possible before.

HI-Fi does for color what high fidelity does for music! Reproduces perfect natural skin tones that blend perfectly, naturally, with your own skin and stay soft and pretty, in bright sunlight or glaring artificial light.

Fluid HI-Fi goes on like a dream... easily, quickly... veils flaws and heightens your own 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.

You'll love the HI-Fi look... and the way it makes him look at you! It all began with color TV. Glaring lights of color television made existing make-ups appear hard, unflattering. 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 the 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!

It's 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 $1.26 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 25c. My natural skin tone is (check one)

- Fair
- Ivory
- Medium
- Rosy
- Olive
- Tinted

[Select shade]

[Select shade]

[Select shade]

[Select shade]

[Select shade]

Name

[Last name] [First name]

[Address]

[City] [State] [Zip code]

[Sign]

[Date]
The torso is more so in this dreamy dress, left, with a new flaring trumpet flounce. Keynotes are a white linen collar, cascading dotted tie. By Nardis of Dallas. About $35


Fashion hit: a pretty back view. The sleek dress, right, has Empire bodice underscored with plaid taffeta that ends in a swoosh under the low back. By Mr. Mort. About $35

Fabric: Crompton-Richmond velveteen. Camel or black with Tartan taffeta. Juniors' 5-15

Like Valerie French, flash a flaring pleated flounce

Turn a pretty back with Barbara Ruick's plaid streamer

To buy fashions, see stores listed on page 88
Focus on the neckline like Karen Steele’s pretty plaid

Step into the spotlight in Photoplay’s first fall fashions and you’ll be the star of your crowd

Like Terry Moore, star the little cropped jacket look

Karen Steele will be seen in U.A.’s “The Sharkfighters”

A slender silhouette in muted plaid, topped with the fluff of a huge black organdy bow and frosted with a white spun-linen collar. The clever addition is a foldover clutch handbag in matching plaid for the girl who likes new ideas. By Parade. About $25 complete.


See Terry Moore starring in 20th’s “The Day the Century Ended.”

Newest star of the fall season, the brief jacket ensemble. Here, a sleek sheath, its bateau neckline paved with black velveteen. The Empire-banded jacket, going to proper fashion length, has same velveteen inking at the notched collar. By Sandra Sage. Under $30.

How to look like a movie star

Boost a wardrobe with Barbara Ruick's three-part fashion

A fashion in three parts to fire the imagination, wear a dozen ways. Black, beltless sheath has scooped neck, pretty Empire bodice. Over it, a sleeveless white pique vestee. Then a notch-collared bolero in red and black plaid with half-belt back. By Miss Cane. About $35


Be gay as Valerie French in brass-buttoned plaid

Lighthearted plaid in black and desert gold shapes a whirling dress with flattering notched collar, a double-breasted front panel aglade with rows of brass buttons. Below, an enormous floating skirt of artfully handled unpressed pleats. By Dorothy Hubbs. About $25

Fabric: Wollman Mills' breezeweight washable cotton and silk blend in plards of blue, red or desert gold with black. Sizes 10-16

To buy fashions, see stores listed on page 88

Barbara Ruick stars in 20th's Cinemascope 55 "Carousel"

Valerie French is in "Secret of Treasure Mountain," Columbia
Stop the show in Nicole Maurey's harlequin overblouse

Hit of your wardrobe might well be this casual, cutaway overblouse. Left, designed in the harlequin manner. It's back-buttoned, tops a sleek black sheath crisped with a white linen collar, knotted tie in colors of the blouse. By Betty Carol for Mam'selle. About $35

Fabric: Smooth fall-weight washable cotton broadcloth in black with toast and dove gray harlequin panels only. In junior sizes 5-15

Latest love of the fashion world—the delicate touch of a lingerie frill, feminizing almost everything. Above right, a sheath filled in with ruffled, lace-edged organdy, buttoning out. Cuffs, pockets are bound in shiny make-believe patent. By Junior Accent. Under $40

Fabric: Diagonally ribbed cotton twill in a year-round weight. Black, taupe or pearl gray with white organdy. In junior sizes 5-15

Flatter yourself with Terry Moore's touch of lingerie

how to look like a movie star

continued

To buy fashions, see stores on page 88
BY CHRIS DAGGETT

Now that summer’s heat is upon us, while we drink all the cool drinks we can find in the house, we’ll have time to sit down and read our favorite magazine (PHOTOPLAY, of course). We turn the dial to our favorite radio station, and we hear one of Elvis Presley’s newest discs from his new album titled, “Elvis Presley.” This album includes such teen favorites as “Tutti-Frutti” and “Blue Suede Shoes,” which reflect some of the wild excitement this young man has caused in personal appearances. Only 21, Elvis was born in Tupelo, Mississippi, but now makes his home in Memphis, Tennessee. In the short space of a year, he has won all the trade-paper polls as “most promising new artist,” has acquired two Cadillacs—one pink and one yellow—a station wagon and a motorcycle, and his father has retired at the age of 39. Presley has been smashing box-office records in theatres throughout the South and Southwest, and his recent appearances on CBS-Television’s Stage Show stimulated an unprecedented amount of mail. Elvis has become, almost overnight, one of the most promising personalities to enter the music field for some time.

On Vik, a new label, there are a couple of items worth noting: The new Eddy Duchin album, and the new Richard Maltby album. The inimitable keyboard style of Eddy Duchin gave eloquent expression to the dancing hearts of the nation during the thirties, in such smart, long-departed dance meccas as the Central Park Casino. Duchin’s unique talent, which struck a responsive chord with all dancers and admirers of deif and sophisticated keyboard artistry in that era, has lived on through his recordings. The new Columbia film, “The Eddy Duchin Story,” starring Tyrone Power in the title role, commemorates his career. Also, Vik brings back the wonderful sounds produced by the magic fingers of this superb pianist in the album, “The Fabulous Eddy Duchin,” which provides the listener with the very best of his repertoire. Typical of his light touch and sophisticated appeal are the “oldies” included in the album which have proved as lasting as the artistry of Duchin, himself. “I Cover the Waterfront,” “Ill Wind,” “Too Marvelous for Words,” “One Hundred Years from Today,” “Pennies from Heaven,” and “Lights Out” are a few of the standards featured.

Every few years, there appears on the scene a new dance maestro who, by sheer innate skill and musicianship, gradually establishes a new legend in pop music annals. Although Richard Maltby’s Vik recordings have graced the dance

what's spinning?

Prettiest music lover we know is Valerie French. The music we’re talking about comes from an exciting new high-fidelity console encasing phonograph and radio, its modern lines belaying elegant sound. The phonograph is three-speed, all automatic. Radio, AM and FM. By Olympic. About $149.95. Valerie’s all decked out in separates of tweed-textured cotton. The blouse with high-line tab, linen collar, about $9. Swirling skirt, Pellon-lined, about $13, by Rona Sportswear

Fabric: Loomskill’s tweed-printed cotton in brown, blue, gray, green with color-coordinated linen collar. Sizes 8-16

For Where to Buy fashions, see page 88
world for only two years, his smooth styling and originality already have given him a firm foothold, with a ever-widening audience. Now with his first album, "Make Mine Maltby," the maestro demonstrates the season's charm and provocative appeal which have previously distinguished other Maltby releases such as "St. Louis Blues Mambo" and "Book of Love." Former arranger and composer of big band instrumentals, Maltby's suave touch and imaginative approach are widely demonstrated in this album, which combines some of his past hits with several new favorites, ranging from "Stardust Mambo" to "Jumpin' Trumpets."

If you haven't got Frankie Laine's latest album for Columbia, "Jazz Spectacular," you'd better get a copy before they're all gone. Featuring Buck Clayton's trumpet, this hit album finds the happy Mr. Laine singing at his best.

Frankie was born in Chicago, March 30, 1913. He began his singing career with a combo composed of Jess Stacy, Vic Abba, Frank Teschmacher, and LeRoy Buck. In 1937, Frankie replaced Perry Como as vocalist with Fred Carlone's band in Cleveland, then went on as a soloist on radio, first as a vocalist at Station WINS, in New York, and later at NBC. Shortly after the war, he teamed up with pianist-singer Carl Fischer, with whom Frankie penned, "We'll Be Together Again," the same time, he built up his vocal style with Fischer's aid. Frankie attracted a good deal of attention while singing with Billy Berg's nitty in Hollywood, and soon after recorded his first hit, "The My Desire." By 1947, he was starrig in night clubs, theatres and on record. He has also appeared in such pictures as "Make Believe Ballroom," "When You're Smiling," and "Sunny Side of the Street."

Two very sharp cats "dig" a fascinating chick in a lively new Columbia jazz melodrama, "Cat Meets Chie. The cats are trumpet player Buck Clayton and vocalist Jimmy Rushing; the chick is vibrant singer Ada Moore; and the theme is "girl meets boy" jazz classics. Buck "speaks" via trumpet, while Ada and Jimmy do vocals. Buck Clayton, star of many jumping records, is a Count Basie band alumnum who can also be heard on Columbia's "Jazz Spectacular." With Frankie Laine. He also appeared in the film "The Benny Goodman Story." Jimmy Rushing is also a Basie alumnum, and his vocals contributed greatly to the band's success. Ada Moore appeared last season in the Broadway musical, "House of Flowers," as well as in numerous night clubs. In the
ompanying band are such stellar side-
men as drummer Jo Jones, bassist Milt
Hinton, trombonist Dickie Wells, and
pianist Sir Charles Thompson. All the
arrangements were done by Buck
Clayton.

A striking photo decorates the cover
of Chris Connor's newest album. The
warm backgrounds for this collection
of tunes (including "Anything Goes," "Some-
ing to Live For," "When the Wind Was
Green," and "Everytime") came from the
talented pens of Ralph Burns and
John Lewis. This "swinging side"
on the Atlantic label.

The wonderful Joni James is cast in
the role of "Little Girl Blue" as she
ings twelve top ballads with a blue
eedle. It's Joni at her best in some
of her finest performances on wax to
late. Some of the standards found in
his M-G-M album are, "Little Girl
Blue," "It's the Talk of the Town,"
"These Foolish Things," and "Autumn
Leaves".

Your Collection:
If you have all ten, you're in the
wing. If you have eight, you've missed
step. Only six and you've missed the
eat completely.

Capitol records has done it once
more—with Tennessee Ernie Ford's
help of course. Ernie sings "Roving
Gambler"; it's another that will hit
the top.

Don Cherry turns in a pair of likely
successors to his recording of "Band
of Gold." In "I'm Still a King to You" and
the flip side "Wild Cherry," Don
gives all he's got. On Columbia records.
theme from "Picnic" and "Moon-
dow" by Morris Stollof on Decca, gets
out into a nice romantic mood.

Carmen McRae, another Decca art-
ist, sings "Star Eyes" and "Tonight
He's Out to Break Another Heart."
Since Vic Damone has switched
from Mercury to Columbia, he has
recorded the lovely ballad called "The
Street Where You Live." from the
Broadway hit musical, "My Fair Lady."

The Ames Brothers on RCA Victor,
sing "If You Want to See Mamie Every
Night," from the 20th picture "The
Revolt of Mamie Stover."

Peggy Lee's great style is put to use
on an old standard, "They Can't
Take That Away from Me," and "Joey, Joey,
Joey" (Decca)

Mercury's Patti Page sings "You
Go Can Be a Dreamer," a haunting
ballad.

Be sure to watch for Harry Bela-
nette's newest album, containing ca-
pospico music and lots of it. (Victor)

\[ CROSSWORD PUZZLE \]

\[ Answers to Crossword Puzzle on page 103 \]
right on her toes!

BY HARRIET SEGMAN

If, like lovely Rita Moreno, you can’t resist this summer’s exciting backless, toeless, practically shoeless shoes, better be sure that you, too, can put your best foot forward. To soften rough skin on heels and sides of feet, scrub with a stiff brush and dry briskly with a rough towel. Smooth calluses by rubbing gently in a circular motion with a soapy pumice stone. After bathing, dry feet thoroughly and massage with hand lotion. If bunions, corns or calluses don’t respond to simple remedies, skip the bathroom surgery and see a podiatrist. For toenails that sparkle in chipless perfection for a week to ten days, take the time to give yourself a full-dress pedicure. Clip nails straight across—rounded corners encourage ingrown toenails. Soak feet in warm soapy water for about three minutes. Dry with towel, pushing cuticle back gently. Work around sides and base of nail with an orangewood stick, wrapped in a wisp of cotton and moistened with cuticle remover. If loosened cuticle does not roll right off when pushed back with towel, cover each nail for two minutes with a cotton ball soaked in cuticle remover. Before applying polish, wipe nails with polish remover to remove all traces of oil or moisture. Polish adheres best to a whistle-clean surface. For longer wear, apply three coats, waiting between coats until nails are slick to a light touch. For a smooth surface, apply with light, quick strokes, first across base of nail, then up each side. Fill in center last. Be sure there is enough polish on brush to flow easily onto nail and provide good coverage. After each coat wipe off a hairline edge at the tips of nails, to help prevent chipping. A folded facial tissue, waver between your toes, will keep polish from smearing while it dries. You can speed up drying time with a squirt of aerosol spray. To be footloose as well as fancy, treat your feet, each night, to a refreshing spray under the bathtub tap, using hot and cold water alternately.

Either barefoot for sports or wearing this year’s practically barefoot dress-up shoes, Rita Moreno always puts her best foot forward.
Don't ever shampoo your hair

Without putting back the life shampooing and hot summer sun take out! Restore life, luster, manageability instantly!

If you always hate to shampoo your hair because it flies all over your head and looks terrible for days, in summer you've got a double problem!
Not only does shampooing make your hair too dry, but the hot summer sun further damages it and dries it out.
So what happens? After shampooing your hair, you have to wait days and days for the natural beauty oils to come back. Chances are... just when your hair begins to look and act alive, you need a shampoo again!

You have a real problem!
Let's face the facts: At this time of year, isn't your hair so dry most of the time that you can't do a thing with it?
Well, why don't you do something about this?
You aren't the only one who has this problem. Millions of women hate to shampoo their hair in summer for exactly the same reason. That's why Helene Curtis invented Suave. 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, even in summer!

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 have just washed out. Do this, and I promise you your hair will look so radiantely beautiful, so satin-soft, so eager to wave, you'll get compliments galore!"
Start using suave today! Choose the famous liquid or the new creme suave, whichever type you prefer. At any cosmetic counter.
Man, That Mineo's the Most!

(Continued from page 42)

the seventeen-year-old actor had been

nominated for best male supporting actor.

"I didn't get an Oscar," Sal points out, "but I did get a giraffe. I keep it in my
car." Then, suddenly aware of lifted eye-
brows, he explains: "It's a toy giraffe.
Some girl sent it as a consolation prize."

As Sal describes the big night, how he

scored by winning this consolation:

"It's a lucky thing I didn't win," he con-
fesses. "It was such a relief when Jack
Lemon got it. The whole month before, I
didn't know exactly what the Awards were or what they
meant. All I knew—were they im-
portant. Back home, my sister, Sarina, had
a place all saved for my Oscar. Don't
put that guy's head on it. I warned her. Then,
it got so I couldn't write home at all.

"I took my mother to the Awards," he
continues. "People kept asking: 'Who's
your date?' And when I told them, 'My
mother,' they all thought this was the most
wonderful thing.” Sal shakes his head,

still amazed by the whole affair. "Mother
was so excited, I thought any minute she
would hit me. And in the awards, when I
didn't get it, each of us thought the other
needed comforting. I didn't mind for my-
self—I just thought she did. And Mo-
ther—she thought I did. But then people started coming up

and congratulating us. They said it was an

honour just being nominated. 'Look
forward to the next movie,' they told me.

The next day.

Back home, however, Sal's sister was
not so philosophical about it. "What do
they know in Hollywood?" Sarina said.

In Hollywood, all they know is that Sal
Mineo is breaking the ice, and most refresh-
ing kids ever to hit the film colony. With six
big pictures to his credit and everyone
"looking forward to his next movie," he is

slightly modest and unspoiled as the
day he arrived.

It's no accident, either. "I'm never go-

ing to let this business change me," Sal
insists. "I'm never—you know the old

saying—going Hollywood was a war.

And as he talks about himself—tells
something about his life before breaking
into pictures—it's not hard to understand
why. Sal will never "go Hollywood" for
the same reason that he's too "out of

the Bronx. That's his real home, the
Bronx section of New York. And the big
thing around the Mineo household isn't
Sal's film career—it's caskets.

"My father was a casket-maker," Sal
says it dead-pan, then steals a sidelong

glance to watch the effect on his audience.
Apparently, it's always effective, and he
can't keep from smiling. "Oh, we don't
have anything to do with the bodies
or anything," he adds quickly. "We just
make and sell caskets.

The important point is the use, for
the Universal Casket Company has always
been strictly family business. But then, any-
things that happen to any one of the
Mineos is family business. They live to-
gether, they work together. And any-
thing they have, they share together.

Critics who have been amazed at Sal's acting, wondering where he gets a per-
ception so far beyond his years, can find
the answer right in the Bronx. For the
Mineos are real people, and the thing they
have most of—the thing they share so
freely with each other—is life itself.

Salvatore Mineo is not only Sal's real
name, it's his father's, too.

"I was born in Sicily," Sal says,

launching into the family history like someone
telling his favorite story. "He used to
carve miniature animals in ivory

and wood. That's a big business in Italy,
but not in America. He came here when
he was sixteen and, for two years, he
could only get odd jobs, doing all kinds
of dirty work.

"Then he met my mother. She was
born in New York of Neapolitan parent-
age. He tried to date her, but she
wouldn't go out with him unless he
could speak English. When my father
finally took her out, she was amazed at
how quickly he had learned the language.

"Here's a guy with ambition," she felt.

She not only married him, she helped
him realize these ambitions. It was Jose-
ephine Mineo's suggestion that her hus-
band go into cabinet-making. She was
the one who gave him the courage to turn
down his job as a furniture company and hold out till he got the right
job, with the Bronx Casket Company.

"My father was so good," Sal says
proudly, "they made him a foreman. Only,
it wasn't the usual foreman's job, just
overseeing others. My father worked like
a dog—even nights. It was my mother,
though, who really made him. 'Here you are,
she told him, 'working like a dog for
others. You should be working for your-
sell, and for your children.'

"My father didn't have a dime," Sal
continues, "they helped him set up
putting up the money to back him. So he went
into business with my uncle.

Today, the Universal Casket Company
consists of two buildings, one a factory, the
other a store. Sal knows it's all his
those friends who put up money have long
since been paid back. But Sal can still
remember what it was like for his father in
those early days.

"The first five years were the toughest," he
recalls, "I never saw a man age so
fast. He and my uncle used to do all the
work themselves—hauling lumber, mak-
ing the caskets, delivering them. My mother used to
go down every day. And, as soon as they
were big enough, my two older brothers,
Mike and Victor, worked at the company.

Sal had to start working at the age of
baby-sitting for Sarina, his younger sister.
"I guess that's why I'm so close to her," he
says. "I took care of her—everything from
feeding her to toilet training. Sure,
I wanted to be out playing with the
other kids, but we all had to help out.”

Nevertheless, he managed to get in his
share of swimming and baseball. "Like
every other kid," he confesses, "I wanted
to grow up to be Phil Rizzuto."

And even watching Sarina was fun.
"Every weekend," he recalls, "I used to get
a salary of fifty cents. You know what
I'd do with it? I'd go down to the candy
store and get some soda, ice cream and

jelly beans. Then I'd go home and we'd
have a party—Sarina and I, and our
two cats, Smoky and Tiger."

Somehow, although "they were broke
and I could only get a job in the busi-
ness," Mr. and Mrs. Mineo managed to see
that none of their children ever wanted
for anything, "even if they had to deprive
themselves—I was the only one of their sons
received exactly the same amount. When
one of the boys wanted a bike, all three
got them. Today, Sal still can't figure
out how his parents managed it, but when
he and Victor were hired by the same
company, his father somehow, they raised it.
And, somehow, they raised the money that enabled
all their children to get the education they
themselves could never afford.

"I've been out of school," Sal declares,
referring to the number of schools he went
to. In the Bronx, he attended St. Mary's,
Holy Family, and Public School 72. After
going on the stage, he went to the Lodge
Private School for young professionals.

"I had a lot of ambition to do some-
thing," Sal remembers, "but I didn't know
just what." His brothers Mike and Victor
knew they wanted to go into business after
the war, and they decided to get a business
administration in college, so they could
help expand the Universal Casket
Company. Even Sarina knew that she wanted
to be in business as a secretary. Only
Sal was uncertain. He knew he had a
talent—but what was it?

He was eleven when he found out.

An agent for Cheryl Crawford, the Broadway
producer, noticed him in a dancing class
because "he looks Italian." Sal was taken
to an audition, along with fifteen other
boys, and asked to say: "The goat is in the
yard." He did it and the next thing he
knew, he was in Chicago playing Sal-

Inventor in the stage version of "The Rose

Tattoo." After the Tennessee Williams play, Sal
didn't have any summer stock. The Oscar
Hammerstein agreed to understudy the
role of the crown prince in the Broadway
musical, "The King and I." When the boy who originated the part
outgrew it, Sal took it and played it for a year.
Sal's first film was "Six Bridges to Cross," in which he played Tony Curtis as a
boy. It was a good start, and Sal be-
gan to think of himself as a star. Mrs. Mineo
advised him to turn them down just as she had once advised his father to
hold out for the right job. It was a big
gamble, but "if you don't get good parts," she
said. "I don't see what you have.

The gamble paid off. Sal has gotten
good parts—in "The Private War of Major
Benson," Rebel Without a Cause," "Giant," "Crime in the Streets," and fina-
ally, in Rock Graziano's pal "Somebody Up
There Likes Me."

"Rebel Without a Cause" is Sal's favor-
ite picture. "It wasn't just the part," he
says, "it was the people I worked with.
But he is chiefly remembered for his Angel
Oroblen III, in "Giant," The George Stevens
production of Edna Ferber's novel. "I was
only sixteen when I made the picture, but
they had me playing an eighteen-
year-old." He was also old enough to try
playing angles.

"In the picture," he recalls, "I'm a Mex-
ican. I go off to war, a soldier, and then
I come back in the caskets."

Natur-
ally, but to no avail, Sal tried to talk
Warners into using a Universal Casket.

What with all this picture-making, Sal
spends more time on the West Coast than
the East. But he thinks of the Bronx as
home, and the trip to Holly-
wood as just commuting.

Which reminds him: "Some people
(Continued on page 78)
MAN OVERBOARD . . . for a great cigarette . . . for the taste only a Lucky can give you. Luckies taste better because they're made of fine tobacco . . . light, naturally good-tasting tobacco that's TOASTED to taste even better. You'll say a Lucky is the best-tasting cigarette you ever smoked.

LUCKY STRIKE

"IT'S TOASTED"
to taste better!

LUCKIES TASTE BETTER
CLEANER, FRESHER, SMOOTHER!

©A. T. Co. PRODUCT OF The American Tobacco Company AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF CIGARETTES
BECOMING

Built for comfort and for speed: new Bobbi pin-curl permanent with pink plastic pins. Only one pin needed per curl. Shaped to fit head, they grip hair firmly and leave no "crimp" marks. Also new fresh-scenting lotion, $2.00.

To coddle as well as clean your hair, new Lanolin Plus Liquid shampoo. Gentle as well as quick-lathering, it contains a generous supply of absorbable lanolin, leaves hair soft, shiny and manageable. 6 oz., $1.00*; 16 oz., $2.25.*

For the lollipop set, Tussy's new Budding Beauty Playhouse colognes in doll home package. The delicate, little-girl fragrances are called "Fink," a rose rose scent, "Blue," lilac, and "Yellow," a slightly spicy floral. $1.25.*


Decorators' note: "Yes" tissues now come in a handsome gold and white striped boudoir package to harmonize with pretty bath and bedroom accessories. When opened, all printed copy is removed. Box of 300, 25¢; 400, 33¢.

(Continued from page 76) think it's unbelievable. They're surprised that I still live in the Bronx. They expect me to live in Manhattan. And they're stunned when they still see me riding around in a 49 Mercury instead of a Cadillac. Even out in Hollywood, they can't understand why I live with a private family instead of in a big hotel or apartment house."

In Hollywood, Sal has a resident guardian; he is B. H. Hoene, an instructor in the Pullman Company. "He has a wonderful family," Sal says. "I get rid of all my corny jokes on them. Every day, once I'm through at the studio, that's where I go. They're a son and daughter, eighteen and nineteen, and I go out with their friends, not just with the show business crowd."

As for his car, Sal's very proud of it, having worked on it himself. "I got a week and a half off in between pictures," he recalls, "and I got a bug. I took my old car and stripped all the chrome off—this way it's a custom job—then I added rear view mirrors and added the head lights, tall lights, and put skirts on it." He even took off the letters of the make, plugged up the hole, and substituted his own brand name—Rum Crier! "Then I had it painted a wild color—midnight blue."

He looks at you frankly. "Crazy?" he asks. But Sal doesn't mean crazy—wild, for being any special words. In fact, he's an honorary member of the Kibb Crushers, a car club that "throws you out if you so much as get a ticket." When it comes to driving, Sal only has one ambition. "At the next big premiere," he says, "you know what I'd like to do? Instead of driving up in a studio Cadillac, I'd like to drive up in a big roadster. Delighted with the idea, he tries to make you visualize it as clearly as he does. Imitating a loudspeaker, he announces: "Here we have Mr. Mineo's car." Then he makes like a crazy guy, up a tree and mooning. Laughing, he can't help sighing. "Oh, it's a lot of fun!"

But then, everything is a lot of fun for Sal. "I get a kick out of going to drive-ins—all kinds. I like bowling and pool. No, you better make that billiards; people might not understand. I don't play pool in pool halls. As for baseball, I guess I grew out of it. Now it's water-skiing. I can spend four or five hours at it. When I'm through, I can't walk. And yet, I have a ball."

Sal's enthusiasm for water-skiing dates back to his Broadway days, when he was playing in "The King and I." Yul Brynner, who played the king, rented a home in Connecticut, on Long Island sound, and Sal used to visit him every weekend. "He showed me the basic principles of water-skiing right on the pier," Sal recalls, "then told me to get on skis. When he saw how much I liked it, he gave me a pair of my own." Sal remembers returning home with the skis and crying out: "Look, Ma, now we have to get a boat!"


"Here he was," Sal says, "the star of the biggest musical on Broadway, and he was directing television in the side. In fact, he directed me in my first lead on television, in an Omnibus show."

Thus, while everything is "a ball" to Sal, he has his serious side, too. "First, I want to be a good actor," he insists. "And then, if I'm good enough, maybe people will give me the opportunity to direct."

He also has two other ambitions. One is to go to college to study playwriting and directing and also "met thousands of kids out of the business. I like to be with a regular bunch and sort of live my own life." The other ambition is to gain weight.

"I saw a kinescope of myself," he confesses. "My head and face were older than my body. I figure if I can put on fifteen pounds, then maybe I can play in an Indian movie—or do one of those Selesc movies. I've started a campaign. I'm now drinking ginger ale mixed with cream. That's supposed to put fat on, you know. I hope to go from 121 to 138 pounds.

Whenever he is home, Sal eats "all the spaghetti and fattening Italian foods" his mother can cook. The only mystery is, when does she get the time? For Josephine Mineo, like the rest of the family, is doing all she can to help Sal go further in his career.

"I'd be lost without them," he admits. "There are a lot of things I can't handle. My schedule, for one thing. Mother keeps it for me, handing me a list each day. This is what you're to do tomorrow," she says.

In order to make out that list, however, and keep it as short as possible, Mrs. Mineo has to spend most of the day by the telephone, evaluating all the calls that come in. Not all of the phone calls are business. Many are fans asking to speak to Sal. But there are as many adults among the fans as teenagers. They feel that Sal is like their own son. And Mrs. Mineo, understanding this, hasn't the heart to change the phone number. These are the people who have helped make her son a success, and she feels as responsible to them as Sal does.

Moms and secretaries just handle the requests for photographs. This, too, is a family enterprise, with his two older brothers helping him pack the photographs in cartons, loading them in a car and driving them to the post office. And then there's the fan mail.

"I like to read every letter," Sal says. "And I try to answer them all."

But the one who has been affected most by Sal's success is his sister, Sarina. Suddenly, she has found herself surrounded by more girl friends than she knows what to do with. By some coincidence, she seems to prefer visiting her when Sal is in town. And sometimes, when the pressure becomes too great, she has to produce her famous brother at parties. At such times, the girls are allowed to look but they mustn't touch. And sometimes, when the pressure becomes too great, she has to produce her famous brother at parties. At such times, the girls are allowed to look but they mustn't touch. And sometimes, when the pressure becomes too great, she has to produce her famous brother at parties. At such times, the girls are allowed to look but they mustn't touch.

But, although the Mineos all help one another, there's one thing Sal must handle alone and that's this woman. When he arrives at the airport, for instance, there is invariably a crowd of girl friends waiting. Each one wants a handkerchief or some armful of clothing. And Sal is well aware, from his own experience, that "if I give a hanky to one girl, it isn't fair to the others, and pretty soon I'd have no clothes on at all."

"And there's that girl in the Bronx who wants Sal to take her to a prom. I wouldn't mind," Sal admits, a bit wistfully. "In fact, I'd like to. Only, it wouldn't be fair to the other girls."

This brings us to Victor groan inwardly at this, it's because they know Sal is making it twice as hard on himself. It's hard enough being "fair" with one woman, let alone hundreds. But they agree wholeheartedly that Sal is the kind of guy who can do it. They don't know how else to describe it.

The End
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 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's laboratory. 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 other leading shampoos. Now, for a limited time you can buy Woodbury's big $1 size for the low price of only 59¢. Use it today! You're guaranteed the liveliest curls you ever had — the lastingest hair-do. Money back otherwise.
big-hunk-of-man type. However, with the new crop of artistic and thin lads in town, Jeff loomed up so positively masculine to the preview audience, he’s now got five pictures lined up.

"B.T." Gable is what his wife Vicki calls Jeff—meaning "Better Than."

They Make Sense

When Burt Lancaster appeared at the Academy Awards without his wife Norma, the Hollywood rumor factory, as usual, misunderstood. Then, matters became more confused when Norma turned up at the Awards party afterward and danced every other dance with her tall, handsome husband.

Doris Day has borrowed an idea for music-man Jimmy Van Heusen, who can borrow from both of them, if you like—and if you like friends. It's friendship walk. Doris and Burt are building a new home. Nothing wrong with it either if your house is old.

Doris came across this friendship walk at Jimmy Van Heusen's place in Palm Springs, and as a conversation piece to the end. Jimmy had the cement for a path around his place made in various colors—pink, green, tulip yellow and t. l. There was a cinder. You, or your builder, just mix in a story of a color you want with your cement.) Then you invite your most particular friends to come calling in Jimmy's case, Doris and another singer named Frank Sinatra. When they arrive, you have them put their footprints or handprints in the wet cement, then autograph them with a good, stout stick while you have provided. Or, if the cement has already set, you mix up a small new batch, smear some across, and there you are, sweet glittery for your friends, sweet memories for you. And the walk can grow and grow. Doris is now putting on a path around her North Hollywood house.

However, if you do this, I hope you don't have any such moment as happen years ago, at Grauman's Chinese Theater in Hollywood, where this cement-auto graphing, hand-and-foot-setting started. The most glamorous girl of that year was doing this bit. She wore a very, very low-cut gown and, just as she bent over with her hands and feet firmly planted on the gowet, she let her down. The number of gentlemen present were so startled they didn't know what was the polite thing to do until a quick-written Kit Grauman's usher snatched a hanging off the theater wall and wrapped it around the blushingly bloomed.

Glamour Gatherings

Hollywood is steadily getting more elegant. The sort of dime-store glitz has always had is being replaced by more jewel-like quality, and nothing proves it better than当你今年的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PARTY的PAR
What's New in Colgate Dental Cream

that's MISSING

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* THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.
time, duplicating the marital services which had first united them fifteen years before in Rome. Then, young, stubborn, and with their future before them, they had rejected the objections of both their families and had married without parental consent.

No one from their families came to that first wedding ceremony, and the young couple was married in the lonely gloom of parental disapproval.

How different was this second ceremony! The Pope himself had sent the Brazzi a special benediction. Everyone from both their families, including Rossano’s widowed mother, his brother and sister, Lidia’s parents, and all their in-laws—nieces, nephews, aunts and uncles—were there to drink Rossano’s health and wish him good fortune.

“My wife’s family, who are titled, first objected to me because I didn’t come from nobility,” explains Rossano. “They thought Lidia should have married the stuffy lawyer she was engaged to before I came along.”

“Rossano’s family thought an early marriage might hurt his career. Besides, everyone knew that Rossano was too young and headstrong,” is Lidia Brazzi’s explanation.

Anyway, that was all in the turbulent past, and both families now enjoy a close relationship. In fact, Lidia’s parents make the Brazzi apartment in Rome their winter headquarters.

The span of fifteen years, which had witnessed the shift in family sentiments, has seen few changes in Rossano’s professional life. After a decade of success in Italy, this veteran of 80 pictures and numerous plays has found himself, at the age of 39, suddenly “discovered” as a romantic screen lover, the epitome of continental charm and Latin gallantry.

Hundreds of perfumed letters, throbbing with daring declarations of love and longing, pour in daily at Rossano’s apartment in Rome. Most of them come from America. One woman, the mother of three children, was inspired to pen him the following verse: “God gave me wine, God made cheese, God made Rossano, God gave me squeeze.” Another sent him a solid gold watch.

When Rossano was in New York last year for the premiere of “Summertime,” a magnificent Cadillac was delivered to his hotel, with a note—and five pictures of herself—“from a fan living in Chicago, who invited me to her by writing arguments.” The invitation was generous, if reluctantly, extended to his wife also. Twenty fans in Japan have asked Rossano to come to their country—at their expense—and spend a day there.

Rossano reacts with gratitude but caution to all these overtures and demonstrations from his fans. “Life would mean very little to me now were not for those who, he purrs, “I admit I have a great liking for them.” Then he wisely adds, “But remember, I have been happily married for fifteen years, and each year I think I love my wife more.”

The roving, caressing eye, which has become the Brazzi trademark, goes well with his movie cloak of Casanova, but off-screen Rossano is a deeply devoted husband, and a born lover. Neither the rich, blue-eyed bundle of energy and charm, is the solid foundation of strength and understanding on which Rossano has built his life. Although their relationship is oc-

He Leaves His Heart in Rome

since her marriage, but she is not conscious about her weight. She loves dance and is as light as a feather or feet. Not in defiance, but because she looks the part of a star—without drugs or laxatives—which emphasize her ample bosom, steady of skipping over the subject, jokes about her stoutness. When Rossano occasionally chides her and suggests that she control her weight, “I do it spontaneously,” she says. “This is my nature, what can I do?”

But for not an instant does she feel self-conscious or submerged when there is a moment of romance or happiness in her life. With Lidia, he feels perfectly at ease. “You are the beauty of the lot, not me. Leave me alone.”

Actually, Lidia has made several attempts to lose weight, but none of her willpower ever seems strong enough. “It is a great character flaw,” he says. “This is her weakness, her charm and personality.”

Lidia usually accompanies Rossano on his film engagements outside of Rome. Rare times they take a plane, they travel by train.

The only time they have ever been separated for any length of time was last year during Rossano’s personal appearance tour of America. Lidia was home in Rome.

“Forty-eight days,” Lidia sighed. “It was our longest separation since our marriage.” During that trip, Rossano phoned her in Rome every night. He would recite lines for her. He had no time to visit the various cities she had visited. He went to tea with ten paperwomen in Boston, and before he left, was accompanying them on a night out. Rossano was always in her mind.

She had seen nothing yet, “I shall surprise everyone with my weight,” he has said. “I shall do much better.”

Rossano’s assurance in himself is based on over-confidence, but as he has confessed, “I’ve found the gimmick. I know that I am a romantic and I carry it off in a manner and accent, with the emphasis sex appeal.

“I cannot compete with American stars as an actor,” he adds. “The American strong and healthy type, the language difficulty. I speak English, course, but to interpret a role in a certain manner, one must understand the nuance of each word. That I cannot do, so I express myself with my hands and my eyes, in my own fashion.”

It is perfectly natural that Rossano’s satisfaction over his recent good fort is tinged with a note of triumph. “It is like a dream,” he says, “as if I were at the plane, in Hollywood, and could take it so easy. When I first arrived in Hollywood, in 1949, I wanted to make romantic roles, but no producer thought I could be convincing.”

David Selznick, impressed by Rossano’s reputation as the Latin Errol Flynn, usually arrived in my co-star’s arms leaping on high walls and ramping him in Hollywood in 1949.

“Of a long time,” Rossano recalls. “He used to sit around and do nothing. There nothing for me at the studio, so I

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I must explain that my English was not very good those days. They handed me a script to a teacher to coach me in my lines. I read them and repeated them mechanically, but I had no idea what I was saying. I began to get suspicious that all was well when make-up men began trying wigs and beards. What are they doing? I said to myself. ‘Did I come to cinema to play the part of an old man?’

The picture was already rolling when Rossano realized that he had been cast as Professor Bhaer, the middle-aged German teacher in the re-make of “Little Women.” But it was too late. All he could was heartily agree with Selznick, who apologized to the M-G-M executive, “I lent Rossano, but without beard or glasses.” Though Rossano had a disillusioning professional experience in Hollywood, both and Lidia fell in love with the company and its way of life. They made friends, and it was not unusual for him to entertain as many as seventy-five role several times a week at mammothetti dinners.

...and they rarely sit down to lunch without sharing it with some member of the family. The only concession they are making to Rossano’s new contract is a Hollywood-type villa, complete with tennis court and swimming pool, which they are building on the outskirts of Rome. And for what promises to be frequent visits to Hollywood, Rossano is planning to buy a home in Beverly Hills. But he will always make his permanent residence in the Italian capital, and he invests his savings in property and factories in Florence.

...do not forget that I am Italian,” he says.

Rossano, the son of a wealthy leather manufacturer, was born in the ancient university city of Bologna. When he was very young, his family moved to Florence, and there he grew up with his younger brother, Oscar, and his baby sister, Franca. At an early age, he decided to become a lawyer, but he was equally as interested in amateur dramatics and sports. At thirteen, he toured Italy in a musical comedy;

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YOUNG IDEAS:
PHOTOPLAY AMERICAN DESIGNER PATTERNS

buttoned-bodice charmer
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Adding curves to your bodice is this cleverly bias-cut, simple-to-sew Harvey Berin dress that takes you everywhere in style.

With its straight, buttoned panel, the bodice creates a beautiful effect made in plaids or stripes. Focusing interest on the neckline is a dark organza bow tied under a white collar. Skirt is slim with center back pleat. For fall (and year 'round), use the new heavier textured cottons.


This pattern is hand-cut to Designer measurements. Check the figures below for your best fit.

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Smooth-line flatterer
AMERICAN DESIGNER PATTERN #1226

Especially designed to show off a pretty young figure, this Sylvan Rich original slims above the waistline, falls into a soft flare below. Eye-catching rickrack trims dart-shaped bodice that's pin-cast to flatter graceful shoulders. Softly gathered tapered skirt and zip-back make it a simple dress to sew in time for fall. Use flowing silk or one of the new jerseys, substituting satin for a different trim.


This pattern is hand-cut to Designer measurements. Check the figures below for your best fit.

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at seventeen, he was amateur champion of Italy, as well as a champion tennis player. At eighteen, while a student at the San Marco University at Florence (where he received his law degree), Rossano won a prize as the best actor.

It was about this time that he met Bertolini, member of an aristocratic Florentine family. They were both students at the university, Rossano in law, Lidia in literature, but their first glimpse of one another was at a drama school they were attending.

One day in class, Lidia’s glasses nuzzled her and whispered, “There’s Ben. Isn’t he handsome?”

Lidia recalls today that she wasn’t impressed. Later, she saw him in a play and thought he did a fine job. She went backstage and told him so.

They didn’t meet again until several weeks later. Lidia was traveling by train to a village near Florence where the school plays were to be presented. Her boyfriend pointed to Rossano who was standing in the corridor, watching intently. Lidia remembers that he was a boy with high-necked Russian blouse and liver-dropping dashing, but pretending not to be interested, she commented to her friend, “This one has a stupid face.”

She saw Rossano again at the school where the whole troupe was staying. She was frantically going through his case looking for a shirt. He looked miserable and the suitcase was in a mess,” Lidia recalls today. “His mother hadn’t had time to pack it for him, he had done it himself. We began to laugh and we talked the rest of the evening.

“We must get married,” Rossano said most immediately, Lidia was engaged, but she broke it off. They talked for two years, in spite of stern family opposition, before they decided to go off to Rome and get married.

“You can change your mind,” Lidia told Rossano at regular intervals up to the day of their wedding. “It’s not late. You might be sorry one day.”

“I will never regret it,” Rossano said the time, and he still says it today.

Rossano’s parents didn’t approve of getting married; but they were even more opposed to his abandoning law in favor of the stage. He spent three months divided his time between the court room and the rehearsal halls, until one day he decided to concentrate on swaying audiences, rather than juries, with his rich voice.

His first important stage role was in an Italian version of “Strange Interlude,” he received fine notices. For two years, he and Lidia played in the same company.

Rossano was seriously interested in breaking into movies, but an unsuccessful screen test had left him discouraged. He and Lidia were sitting in the Castellino, a theatrical hangout, when a friend came over to their table.

“Hey, Rossano, there’s a big movie rector over there. He wants to talk to Rossano. Rossano got up and went over to talk to him. After a few minutes he came back and said glumly to Lidia, ‘It’s for you.”

Lidia didn’t want to take the part as a rector was offering her. She hated all she wanted to do was stay at home and take care of Rossano, but he urged her to “We need the money,” he reasoned.

Lidia worked for one day in a bit part. It was enough to convince her that she wanted no more of movies. Sometimes when Rossano returns home from work, tired and listless, and Lidia is upon going out, saying, “Oh, you can’t that tired,” Rossano reminds her of the day. “Don’t you remember how weary were, how you said your feet felt as if they had been glued to your shoes?” Well, I
I feel.” Then, of course, she relents, Rosanno received his first real break in cinema, called, “The Trial and Death of Socrates.” After that it was easy going, and became the most sought-after male in Italy. Then Selznick saw him in “The Hawk” and signed him.

His first trip to Hollywood may have had a disillusioning experience in many ways, but it was there that Lidia learned to cook. “I had nothing else to do all day,” she says, “so I practiced different Italian dishes.”

Lidia is Rosanno’s favorite cook, and he even enters their apartment he can buy the aromas coming from the kitchen where Lidia has cooked the day’s meal. The dish he prefers above all is a stew of Italian for Tortinelli, a type of oil, made with meat and cheese, and adored with broth. Like most Italians, Rosanno has a keen interest in food, and a expert cook himself. He recently called a sauce for chicken, and a well-known Roman restaurant is featuring it on their menu as “Poletto la Bazzari.”

Rosanno is essentially a homebody, and likes nothing better than an evening at a playing bridge or canasta with friends. “Lidia is a better player than I think she says, “but I will never admit it.” But Lidia loves to go out, so when Rosanno is not working, the Bazzari are frequent first-nighters and frequent nighters.

He couple’s deepest sorrow is that they have no children, and they pour their love affection on animals of all kinds. They have two French bulldogs, which they own in Hollywood, and a Spaniel dog. A less conventional member of family is their little rabbit, which Lidia has acquired three years ago, while vacation in Spain. He had just put his honey basket into his car when he saw a gray streak headed for the basket. He put his coat over it, wondering what kind of creature he had captured. It was a wild rabbit, and it has been a member of the Bazzari family ever since.

Perhaps the main reason for Rosanno’s appeal to women, both before and after, is his suave virility. He can kiss a woman’s hand with elegance, but he is also a formidable opponent in a boxing ring. He is an expert skier—he and Lidia spend most winter weekends at the ski resort of Terminillo, an hour’s drive from Rome—a keen soccer and tennis fan, and is passionately interested in racing. “I don’t drive any more,” he says, “I drive too fast, and am much too nervous.”

Rosanno’s interest in sports does not prevent him from also being a serious student of languages and music. He knows Latin and Greek, as well as five modern tongues. He adds to his vast record collection by exchanging, with his American fans, books and music for the newest discs. In modern music, George Gershwin is his idol. Although he loves his work and is restless when he has nothing to do, Rosanno wants to limit his pictures to two a year. As Lidia says, “There must be time to enjoy life. Money—after all, what is it? If you have enough to do what you want, that is all that is important. I am no happier now that Rosanno can give me a mink coat and diamonds than I was when he was earning 100 lire a day.”

Lidia stopped suddenly in the midst of her thoughts and glanced toward the bedroom door. It opened slowly, and Rosanno, fetched helplessly in a Scotch plaid bathrobe, stood there rubbing his eyes.

“Ah, the beauty is up,” Lidia smiled at him affectionately, and began humming a song happily. Her whole attitude changed now that Rosanno was in her presence. “Cici, how is the cold?” she asked him anxiously. (“Cici,” an untranslatable term used between lovers, is Rosanno’s and Lidia’s nickname for each other.)

“Better, much better,” Rosanno answered, stifling a sneeze.

“Poor boy,” Lidia sighed, looking at her husband sympathetically. Then, her words changed as rapidly as her thoughts, and she said, “Now, what is more correct in English for ‘Nozze di Rame’, fifteenth wedding anniversary—is it copper or brass?”

Before I had a chance to answer, she shook her finger playfully at her husband, and said, “If only he would speak English with me, I wouldn’t have to ask these things.”

“If I speak English with you, I will forget how to speak it properly,” Rosanno answered with dignity.

“Ah,” said Lidia, “I will look it up in the dictionary. But, no, why should I bother? Who cares anyway for our fifteenth wedding anniversary?”

“What do you mean?” cried Rosanno.

“I care—that’s who cares.”

It was obvious tiny clouds were gathering for a minor storm in the Bazzari household. It was time for me to go.

Rosanno said goodbye warmly and profusely avoided the drafts hall. Despite my vehement protest about the cold, Lidia insisted upon accompanying me to the outside door. From inside came wafts of sound which resembled Rosanno’s voice.

“Lidia, you just got out of bed with the flu. Don’t stay in that drafty hall! You will catch cold again, and I’m the one who has to pay the doctor’s bills.” The voice got fainter and fainter. Lidia glanced at me, winked slyly, and said with a happy smile, “Let him sneeze.”

As the elevator drifted slowly down, I could hear the strains of what had now become a duet, without music. All was well in the Bazzari household.

*End*
second audition. From this number, fifteen or twenty are selected for membership.

Paul had a friend who had passed her first studio audition and was scheduled for a role in a show. On the all-important date, the boy with whom she was to play her scene had been called out of town. So she asked Paul to fill in.

Paul willingly obliged and, when the audition was over, went on his way. He was too new to New York to even think of the impossible. Someday, he hoped, he’d have an audition of his own. ..

But the experience remained in his mind, and the hope of being a star was in his hand. He glanced at it again. The only way I can figure it is that they made a mistake. They must have thought I’d be good there before. And even then it doesn’t make sense . . . his voice trailed away in puzzlement.

“It makes sense to me,” Jackie replied. Today, his success is equally logical to his wife, although Paul still shakes his head when he thinks of his good fortune. “I’ve been lucky,” he says, “I’ve always sort of fallen into things.”

To Paul, the Actors Studio bid could hardly be a better time. Free from the Yale School of Drama, he was being given concrete proof that he had taken the right step when he had decided upon acting as a profession. The decision had been a difficult one. A little over a year before, he had been running his family’s sporting goods business in Cleveland, Ohio. It had meant a comfortable income, security for a young man, his wife’s home. Lenovo Schou, who is now five. Yet, Paul had been dissatisfied. “I figured I had to do something else,” he says today. “It wasn’t that there was so much theatre in my blood—there just didn’t seem to be any sporting goods in my blood.”

Paul was born in Cleveland and, as he recalls, started fooling around in the theatre when he was an grammar school. Then I did some things at the Cleveland Playhouse, which had a children’s group.” As Paul grew older, he had no conscious intention of taking acting seriously, although he continued to be interested in dramatics. After he was graduated from high school, he enrolled in Kenyon College, to major in economics. The war interrupted his education for four years, but when he was permitted to return, he still had taxes—also—so he thought.

“I guess I became a familiar face around the department in charge of changing majors,” he says now. Next, I decided to major in English. And finally, drama.

Outside the classroom, Paul was active in football, basketball, boxing and swimming. He still retains his interest in sports particularly enjoys swimming and horseback riding. He once managed a golf range, and thereupon decided to learn the sport himself. He still plays when he has the opportunity.

And he was chosen as drama as his major, Paul stayed with it and, several hours after he received his degree, in 1949, he was on his way to Wisconsin to join the Williams Bay stock group. Following, he won a scholarship to appear with the Woodstock Players in Woodstock, Illinois.

One play that stands out in his collection of special memories is “John Loves Mary.” “What else were they doing in stock in 1949?” he grins.

But there was another, more important reason. She was blond, brown-eyed and very, very pretty. Her name was Jackie Withe, he learned, and she was also in the production. They rehearsed together, offstage as well as on, and eventually a company wit began to call the play, “Paul Loves Jackie.” The two of us were done—quite mutual, and they were married that year.

A short time after their wedding, Paul’s father died and Paul and his bride returned to Cleveland to assume the responsibilities of his business. He stayed with it for nearly twelve months—and each month he became more uncertain. “I have to do something else,” he told his wife, “you’re going to try acting.”

He enrolled in the Yale School of Drama and studied there for a year. After that, the Newmans set out to tackle New York, fully aware of the odds against them. “I got some television work at first,” Paul remembers. “After that, I was admitted to The Actor’s Studio.” As for his regard for that esteemed organization, Paul says, “The Studio is responsible for any progress I’ve made.”

Exactly five months after his departure from Yale, Paul was signed to understudy Ralph Meeker and to play the newsboy in ‘Picnic.” They’d given the role of Ralph’s college friend to another actor.” Paul recalls. “When it didn’t work out, they let me play the part for three days.” Then another actor was hired and Paul returned to his job as understudy. Soon after, another actor filled the cast, and left it. Paul was called upon again. He rehearsed for five uncertain days. On the fifth, he was summoned for a ceremony. “A few people are coming in and I have no idea where he was from. It’s all right with them and the ducers, you’ll stay in the role.”

Paul was elated—until the perform hour grew near. “A few people” swarmed. This time, Paul was five. He knew ‘Basil’ to Elia Kazan and Teness Williams was so terrified and so wound up with saw them walk in that I gave a perfect version of the part which I never gave to Broadway.” He played the college for fourteen months.

As luck would have it, Paul left New York at the time when Warner Brothers needed a character of Basil in “The Silver Chalice.” Upon seeing Paul, the studio executives were in agreement. “He looks like Basil,” gave him the full treatment.

The full treatment included a test with one of Warners’ top stars, Virginia Mayo. Paul won the role and contract.

For the screening of “Challenger,” he returned to Broadway for the production of “Desperate Hours.” Then ran for seven months and, even to this day, Paul can hardly believe this part. “I was a leading man in two plays and I was on Broadway over two years,” he says. “Heaven knows the number of actors who’ve been in seven or eight or ten shows and I made it.”

Paul fell” back into motion picture when he returned to California to do television version of “Our Town.” At this time, his friend, writer Max Stern, was nearing completion on script of “The Rack.” The problem led man was uppermost in the minds of everyone connected with the film. The part was that of a former soldier who is accused of collaborating with enemy and is brought to trial by the Army. A great portion of the picture to take place in a courtroom.

“Told one of his friends, writer Max Stern, was interested.” “Newman,” he said the part. “I’d like to talk to him.”

An introduction was arranged and Loew Jr., produced “The Rack.” There were to be long stretch of scenes involving Paul in most solo scenes for the star. Where actor has to talk and talk and talk, it be the most boring thing in the world and drive everyone out of the theater. We had found someone who could the audience.

Writer Stern was. “Newman, the boy for the part,” he kept repeating “He could do it to perfection.” “I’d like to talk to him,” said the writer.

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Writer Stern was. “Newman, the boy for the part,” he kept repeating “He could do it to perfection.” “I’d like to talk to him,” said the writer.

Paul’s own service experiences has no way resembled those of the man was to portray. He’d enlisted in the U.S. Army in 1942, and has been to Israel on the...
war.

Earn doing full; he's a movie,!

If! Paul's one's be and the he's on the a class have it. pointed Paul fan commuting with money. It's a problem that confronts any...I'll tell you."

Paul said. "This is a great opportunity for any young man to try something different."

Another studio official pointed to several piles of neatly stacked cards. "Those are some of the thousands of applications that have been processed so far," he replied. "They've been added to the growing list of potential candidates."

The New Yorker's motion picture career was more than just a job. He also had a passion for travel and adventure. One of his favorite activities was flying to different parts of the world to explore new locations and meet interesting people. He often recounted stories of his travels, sharing them with anyone who would listen.

Paul's friends and family were always excited to hear about his latest adventures. They would gather around him, eager to hear about his latest film or the latest city he had visited. In the end, Paul's passion for acting and his love for exploring the world continued to inspire those around him. And so, the cycle of creativity and adventure continued, as Paul poured his heart into each new project, ready to face whatever challenges lay ahead.
**WHERE TO BUY**

To buy Photoplay fashions shown on pages 67-70, see stores listed below with telephone numbers included for easy ordering.

**Dorothy Hubbs dress**
CINCINNATI, 0.—Lillian's (AV 1-0684)
LEWISTON, ME.—Ward's (4-7371)
SAN ANTONIO, TX.—Wolf & Marx (CA 6-4261)
W. PALM BEACH, FLA.—Norman's (TE 3-4533)

**Junior Accent dress**
BIRMINGHAM, ALL.—Blach's (4-3531)
HOUSTON, TEX.—Sakowitz Bros. (CA 5-6441)
MEMPHIS, TENN.—Gerber's (JA 5-3333)

**Miss Cane ensemble**
CHICAGO, ILL.—Bramson's [WH 3-1322]
EVANSTON, ILL.—Bramson's [GR 5-0001]
EVERGREEN PLAZA, ILL.—Bramson's [GA 4-7470]
NASHVILLE, TENN.—Rich, Schwartz & Joseph (AL 6-2547)
OAK PARK, ILL.—Bramson's [EU 3-2800]

**Mr. Mort dress**
BUFFALO, N. Y.—L.L. Berger (MO 5306)
COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.—Lorna Lockwood's [ME 4-2176]
FORT WORTH, TEX.—Meacham's (ED 5-9531)
TERRE HAUTE, IND.—Meis Bros. (CR 3934)
WATERBURY, CONN.—Ann's Style Shop [PL 4-2140]

**Parade dress**
BALTIMORE, Md.—Hochschild-Kohn [LE 9-1116]
SPOKANE, WASH.—The Crescent Midway Shop (MA 2314)

**Roma separates**
NEW YORK, N. Y.—Arnold Constable [MU 5-2300]

**Sandra Sage ensemble**
CINCINNATI, O.—Henry Harris (PA 1-7110)
HOUSTON, TEX.—Walter Pyes' Hollywood Shop (CA 3-4813)

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want a movie star figure?

Paul walked into the men's room and proceeded to rinse off the celery. He was not unaware of the puzzled stares that greeted him. "Don't mind me," he said in a serious tone. "I'm just the chef and we're a little crowded in the kitchen."

With that, he turned off the faucet, drained the celery and marched back to his table. Then he placed another order for oil and vinegar.

Such situations have always come quite naturally to Paul. When he tackles a project—celery salad, dishwashing or what-have-you—something is bound to happen. For example, while Wells College, New York, was in session, he ran a school laundry for a time. One day, several students arrived with large baskets of weekly wash. This was not unusual—except that beneath the clothing, lay a layer of fish. Naturally, the group concluded, a way to had to be found to chill the beer. It was only logical that they fill one of the washers with ice, and it worked like a charm. But aside from these and the hundreds of other duties, perhaps the aspect of house, my life ended when college authorities discovered and verbally took a dim view of the matter. Thereafter, the foam in the laundry was strictly from suds.

In the Navy, all Paul needed was a spare moment to be mistaken as a mechanic. One day, an officer, on his way past, asked Paul to take a look at the tail section of one of the planes. Being a radioman, this wasn't in Paul's line. He was still standing there when the officer rushed past again and stopped long enough to hand him a paper. "Sign it," he commanded.

"What is it?" asked Paul.

It was a statement stating that the plane was in condition plane was in condition ready to fly. "I can't sign this," said Paul.

The officer glared. "Have you warmed the engine?"

"Look," said Paul, "I'm not a mechanic. I haven't the slightest idea whether the plane can fly or swim or anything else." With that he hastily took his leave.

In addition to his celery salad, Paul is known for his love of popcorn. "Go to a movie with Paul," says a friend, "and you go with a bag of homemade popcorn—one of those huge grocery store variety bags."

Paul and Arthur Loew chartered a schooner, complete with crew, and planned to make their way to Catalina Island, which is about twenty-five miles off the Los Angeles. "You did pick a great day," Paul remembers. "It usually takes four hours to make the trip, but that day there was a wind from the west. We bucked it for seven and a half hours."

"For a while, we thought we'd missed the island and figured we'd be sightseeing Hawaii in a few weeks. Coming back was better, timewise. With the wind behind us we got into Los Angeles in three and a half hours. They went right over the hill, he says thoughtfully. The following weekend he was back in Griffith Park.

Paul likes nothing better than the great outdoors. He'd rather have a picnic at that of the mesa than go to the most lavish party in the world. Socially, he prefers the sit-on-the-floor type soirees at someone's home.

Paul spent one of Hollywood's most festive evenings by sitting on the floor. It was Academy Award night and he'd been invited to watch the show on television. He missed the first portion, however, because he'd ordered to bring dessert, and had trouble finding a bakery. After an hour's search, he drove up to a Frosty Free place and settled for four quarts of the fanciest ice cream.

After he finally arrived, Paul sat himself down on the floor in the front, with a dish of pretzels. As the presentations proceeded, he enthusiastically applauded with the group it had gathered to watch.

Paul is as determined to keep his promises as he is to prove a point if questioned. As an example, he has been working on "The Silver Chalice," he into a friendly disagreement with associate producer about the name of fellow who once played third base in Cleveland. "Would you care to play a small part?" inquired the producer.

"I would," replied Paul.

"Then take the part," Paul won the bet—at a loss of $2 dollars and ninety cents. He simply journeyed to the nearest bookstore and purchased a five-dollar sports almanac, presented it to the producer with his card, pocketed the dime and went about his business.

If there's a challenge, Paul will meet it. And large or small, he tackles with the degree of one and enthusiasm. Nevertheless, he's apt to toss it all off with the remark, "This way always come easy for me. Son times, too easily!"

Which makes his friend, Tony Zale, smile. "Sure," says Tony, "Easy the way." Tony, a former middleweight boxing champion, was a technical advisor for the first film, "Somebody Up The Likes Me."

Made-up as Rocky Graziano, whom portrays in the picture, Paul's face often a checkerboard of bruises and bandages, broken nose is mine," he explains. "During when I was playing football. Actually, it happened twice."

Paul had boxed in college and in the Navy, but he still had a lot to learn his portrayal of Graziano.

As he went into training, Zale carefully looked on, noticed as Paul thoughtfully studied the still pictures taken on the Griffith Park. He learned to ride during his first stay in California, and he's enjoyed it ever since. One weekend, however, he gave up riding in favor of sailing, a decision he eventually regretted.

So, skilled a fighter, he gets to fight for money, says Zale. "He's a worker, this one."

Paul's schedule during the picture cluttered more than the learning of life. He spent eight days with Graziano, talked to other of his friends, worked with the actors, and spent a considerable amount of time in Stillman's Gym. He went into training. Often his workday would begin around dawn and go on all day.

The results are now on film, which soon be released. And they're already saying that this next year Paul will be going formal to the Academy Award present time. It's a fact, he's the only person in Hollywood who will consider this fact incredible. His name is Paul Newman. The 1950
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through in the same vein. Then, when the cycle changes, you can look back and see that a certain phase has completed itself. For a two-year period now, I have been in a wonderful cycle. I’m indeed fortunate that the pendulum is swinging favorably in my direction now, and I’m thoroughly enjoying the wonderful things that are coming my way.”

I have known Deborah during most of these cycles, ever since she first sailed into New York harbor, in November of 1947. That there is a “destiny that shapes our lives” was proven very clearly in her arrival. A mutual friend, who had cussed on the Queen Elizabeth with the Bartleys, called me and suggested that we make up a party of four and help entertain these “bundles from Britain” on their one night in town, before they took off for Hollywood. I invited them to join me at the Waldorf to hear a singer, who had skyrocketed to fantastic heights. Would Deborah and Tony like to hear Frank Sinatra, too? They would adore it, since they were great fans of his, having heard his records in England, and it would be such a thrill to see him now “in person.” So, off we went to the Empire Room, and as Frankie crooned his love songs, they would gaze out at the elite of Park Avenue and Deborah decorated the ringside with her delicate beauty, little did either of them dream that seven years later they would sing Morricone again in “From Here to Eternity,” the picture that was to change the whole future of both their careers!

That was the first cycle. Cycle Number Two came in Hollywood, several months later. Catching up with Deborah and Tony again in their Pacific Palisades home was like catching up with life-long friends, a feeling I have never lost, no matter how long the absences between our reunions. Outwardly, I noted a few changes in Deborah. Her flowing red hair that she had worn shoulder-length was now a short bob. She had put on some excess poundage, ordinarily fatal to a film star, but a delight to Deborah. She was expecting the first Bartley heir, who turned out to be an enchanting daughter, Melanie Jane. Deborah’s peaches-and-cream complexion, which seems to be the reward for English dampness, hadn’t been ruined by the hot California sun (principally because she never sits in it without a big hat to protect her delicate skin). But from within, she radiated the same natural charm and modesty that had endeared her to me in New York.

“There’s Hollywood anything like you imagine it to be? I asked as we lingered over the dinner table.

“Yes and no,” was Deborah’s reply. “It’s as fabulous as we expected. The luxury of living, especially all those divine, modern appliances, is like magic to us Britshers. And the supermarkets, bulging with all sorts of foods, and pedicures, after our strict upbringing, all through the formal years. Another great difference between Hollywood and England is that people over here are so very much more friendly to strangers. It is wonderful and bewilder- ing at the same time. For instance, we are always getting invitations to parties from hosts and hostesses that we have never even met, and we are warned if we don’t accept we’ll be considered mean- hatt. In London, a man’s home is his castle, and he only invites those into it whom he considers close friends. I’ve also been told that, as a newcomer to Hollywood, I should be seen in public restaurants like Romanoff’s, Chasen’s and The Mocambo, because it will get me into the columns which would be helpful to me in my future career. Then, too, I’ve been told that Hollywood is a busy place, and it seems silly to dash out to a crowded restaurant when we can dine in the comfort of our own fireside, with chums like Debbie and Frank Sinatra, who have become the greatest pals here. And, then, there’s one more ‘pearl of wisdom’ I’ve been given from my Hollywood advisers. When word slipped out that we were ‘blessed’ (we think Walter Winchell does!), Frankly, we’re so bewildered by all this advice, we don’t know what to do. Do you think that following this accepted Hollywood behavior pattern really helps a career?”

“Frankly,” I replied, “I think you can go to every Hollywood party, be seen in every Hollywood restaurant, give every columnist an exclusive story and in the final analysis I would think that matters is what’s up there on the screen!”

“Bless you for saying that!” Deborah exclaimed. “That confirms exactly how Tony and I have both felt all along.”

Unfortunately for Deborah’s cycle, the story that’s up on the screen—“with the exception of “Edward My Son” which won her Academy Award nomination—didn’t help her. In British films, Deb had an immense prestige record of outstanding pictures, and it was on strength of this that Metro-Gold Mayer persuaded the late Gabriel P. Weisberg to come over and part with her for the “persuasive” of $250,000! Amazingly enough, once arrived in Hollywood, Metro didn’t realize the value of the property they had acquired. They did not treat Deborah hamby-pamby colorless roles that her opportunity to showcase her perf dramatic talent. For some inexact reason, detailing which fact she was considered a “lady” was supposed to rob her of sex appeal. This, of course, was in pre-Grace Kelly days! And so, while Marilyn Monroe type of sextacular was being launched, Deb was relegated to costume spectacle like “Prisoner of Zenda,” “Quo VAD,” and “Julius Caesar.”

Naturally, she felt frustrated and stifled, her name uncomplained or even emblazoned. “I’m just a cockeyed option so I felt if I were patient enough cycle was bound to change! Deb once said.

It was during this period that Deb and Tony flew back to London to off their daughter Melanie to her grandparents and relatives. Deborah always felt she made a real visit when she did. The following her beloved mother, who had come seathed through the blitz all during terrifying war years, was dramatically in a sense.

On this trans-Atlantic crossing, Deb didn’t have Melanie’s English “No along. She wanted to take advantage this Summer Sabbatical to give Mel a chance to visit the 20th Century Deb got her to play at being Mother when the suits her, it’s her favorite role. I’ve read every invitation to the special events, baseball nights, to stay away and baby-sit. When she was the Metro-Broadway, in “Tea and Sympathy, seasons ago, she could never be lured to a cocktail party, because she had early evening engagements with children.”

Dinner, by a reading session or playing. Melanie, who looks like Deb is a pixie and a born ham. It is so predict that she will not only act, she will write her own roles, too. Her imagination is staggering in origin. Francesca, who is nicked “Frankie,” bears an amazing semblance to her father; she’s almost a mini replica of Tony. Unlike many other children Hollywood parents, Melanie and Fr have had the advantage of security, the security that comes with a estate, with gardens, swimming pools, chauffeured cars, but the security of rooted and permanent affection. Deb have only had one set of parents, but they certainly are changed between them. They have in the same house since they were the same “Nanny” to take of them. They breathe an atmosphere that is comforting and gracious. They know that their mother is an and when they go out with her they scare, and sometimes take their pick but they are suited with the same m-faithness they accept their father as a CBS executive.

Deborah, unlike some Hollywood mothers, has no objections if she dren want to follow in her footsteps.

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Adventures of an Adventure Loving Man

(Continued from page 61)

parents had been Texas ranchers, and they died before Cliff was two years old. After his parents died, he was brought up by his beloved grandmother.

"She is a remarkable woman," Cliff says appreciatively. "She'd already raised her own five sons and they were all the same. She just took in more and more. She would take and take nursing to bring up two other grandchildren, too, when their mother died of tuberculosis. Grandma gave us a houseful of happiness, and she'll always be a part of me.

During his school days, Cliff alternated between wanting to become a flier and a sailor. It was to be a long, eventful time before he could take up high school plays, he says, "because I was always interested in dramatics.

I'd never have been allowed to think of acting as a future. Grandma was conventional," he grins. "She felt it was just fine as a hobby. Nevertheless, she was pleased and proud about Cliff's being president of the high school dramatic club for three years, and she was about all his efforts to get ahead.

Always a restless youngster, Cliff recalls, "I couldn't wait to see more of the world, I wasn't rebellious—merely independent." At the end of his junior year, he asserted his independence and decided to hitchhike to Dallas to try out for the summer theatre there.

All the way to Dallas, plus twenty dollars extra "to last until I talked myself into a job at the theatre." At least, that's the way he had planned it. However, he recalls ruefully, "The first thing I had to do, he told himself, was to be practical. But, with just twenty cents—how? I knew that carrots were healthy and very cheap, so I bought a big box of them from a farmer. I visited the freight yard to camp out until I figured how to get out of the mess."

Of course, he was too independent—and proud—to ask his grandmother to bail him out. Then he was offered a job by a friend, Emmett Blake, who worked on a newspaper in Maryland. "I sent him a collect wire, asking for a loan of twelve dollars," Cliff says. "Those were longest two and a half days I've ever lived. I still can't look at raw carrots."

Cliff was taught to despise money while on "location" and his first job in Hollywood was to drive a taxi. He worked the night shift, he says, which was a great treat because he was able to read with great envy, it occurred to Cliff that climbing Pikes Peak would be a wonderful adventure. It was an adventuring, but terrifying a better word for
“I hitchhiked directly to the foot of the mountain,” he relates. “It was pretty cool when I got there at that evening, and I was wearing only a cloth jacket. But I sat down in a dog and then warmed up. It was twenty-eight miles up the mountain into the wind, and we drove out by the railroad track. It was dark at seven, when I got up through the woods. At 2 A.M. I was still climbing, but at 2 a.m. I was almost a nibbling and I remember stumbling side-ways and nearly falling over a cliff. When pulled myself together I began climbing again. At 3 A.M. the sun rose over the Rockies that was a magnificent sight never in my life been so miserable on the cold, but the tremendous thrill added it worthwhile.

Finally, the next day, the money armed, and Cliff continued on his trip as planned. In San Francisco, he spent a day on the waterfront in wide-eyed amazement. Then, since he had a week before school started, he decided to look around Hollywood.

Just the sight of the movie studios intrigued him, and he spent a long time studying them at every building. I don’t recall seeing any important stars,” Bill says.

During his senior year in high school, Cliff was accepted to Antioch College, in Ohio. “I wanted to go there because my friend Emmett had liked it.” To earn money for his fare and some new clothes, became a lobster fisherman. “I had little boats and fishing gear, and every day I’d go out and set my lobster traps. After school, I sold the lobsters.” However, once graduation day had arrived, the restlessness of the desert—slept in the woods of Cliff and he decided to postpone college for a year. Another friend, Bill Meany, agreed to be his traveling buddy.

When I said I was going to sea,” Cliff calls, “the other guys thought I was crazy. They wondered who I knew to do it. I got a big laundry bag, which smells like a sea bag to me. You have to brave when you claim you’re going to do a thing. I didn’t even know how I got a job on a boat,” he grins, “but I think I’m afraid to chicken out.”

When Bill came to pick me up in his Jeep, I said goodbye to Grandma and Bill 1 Norma, my cousins who were like brother and sister. I had to keep myself Am I actually doing this? We drove to San Francisco like the wind. We got there, and we didn’t even look at the buildings, and we soon learned what we needed to do. We had to write home for permission. Next day had to join the union. Then they put on a list, and we’d check daily at Camp Hall.

After six weeks of this, Bill got signed to a one-week contract with ‘Mickey’. And the rest is history.”
onto a Danish freighter on which no English was spoken. ‘Well, buddy,’ he said, ‘this is it!’ I thought. ‘Oh my gosh, how am I going to make it?’

True to tradition, Cliff managed, and soon he was signed onto an old freighter which was to sail to the Philippines. The ship was signed on as an ordinary seaman. Nothing appeared more romantic to me than heading out through the Golden Gate.

There were two other young fellows in the crew: Joe Bananas, a big blond; and Lipsky, from the South Side of Chicago. Both were rough, but good-hearted.

Fortunately, since Cliff was among them, there was bound to be some excitement, and the first round came when they had nearly reached the Philippines. “I was coming off my watch,” says Cliff, “and I was seeing something completely strange to us. As it came closer, I saw its bomb bay open. I couldn’t believe it when it began to bomb us!”

At this, Lemmon began to fly. Cliff raced below deck to rouse Joe Bananas from his bunk. “Since we weren’t at war,” says Cliff, “and didn’t know Pearl Harbor had just been bombed, Joe was stubborn. ‘We’re being attacked!’ I shouted. ‘I mean it!’

‘Then I grabbed my life preserver and my camera—which was empty, of course—as another bomb sent more shrapnel shrieking. Joe finally got the message—had nothing on when he tore up those stairs and into a lifeboat!’

The freighter was left to sink, but says Cliff, ‘They hadn’t hit us directly, so we were able to make it to port— Zamboanga.’

In spite of the damage, the ship steamed on. Two months later, he was sent to Australia. Cliff recalls, ‘Manila was at war, so we camouflaged the ship and moved under wraps at night, hiding days. There are thousands of small islands around there, and when we got to Australia, they gave us a big celebration—only we weren’t permitted off the ship!’

The fighter moved on to New Zealand, where he decided to look for another kind of adventure. ‘I had a bug about flying,” he says. “A pal of mine had joined the R.A.F. in England, so I decided to join the New Zealand Air Force then and there. I jumped ship for a week to try to get into action, but the Air Force said my eyes were too weak.’

So he returned to his ship, and ‘I had a thought back to Los Angeles. ‘Twelve thousand miles of zigzagging, because we had no arms and it was rumoured that the Japs were lurking all the way. Everybody swore we wouldn’t make it, and my commanding officer said I was lost. Back home, Grandma was the only one who wouldn’t believe the news. I know Cliff’s alive!’ she insisted. When I got back to the boat, the town greeted me with, ‘Hey, you’re dead!”

Cliff remained home for four days, just long enough to pack his things for Antioch College. And, although he attended for a while, he proved to be the most decisive time of his life.

‘Antioch was great,” he says. ‘It’s a progressive school, where you study for a while, then work for a while. Each day the guys around town were there, ready to find out what they don’t like, so they try to prevent this. I asked to be a special student, one who works at a full-time job all summer.’

Permission granted, Cliff got a job in near-by Springfield. First he was a copy boy on a newspaper, then radio editor. ‘I was fired for hoo-hoobin’ with the radio stations, so I had to work as a local news-caster.”

At school, Cliff became great friends with the dean. He was the first person who was positive I should be an actor,” says Cliff. They gave a fantastic test there, a comprehensive which lasted eight hours a day for a week. Then Dean Pallard talked to me about the results. He began a three-hour session with me by telling me things about myself that no one had ever mentioned. ‘You’re lucky,’ he concluded. ‘You’re capable of doing what you want to do, so go ahead and become an actor. Don’t worry any more about what people will say!”

‘You know,” says Cliff seriously, “Dean Pallard’s saying I had the basic talent has kept me plugging away ever since. I swore never to listen to anyone who said I couldn’t do it.”

However, thoughts about acting were temporarily put aside while Cliff went to war. When he enlisted in the Navy, his previous experience gave him a berth as a radioman. However, even this got him assigned to the Maritime Service. “I was sent to Catalina as an instructor; a lot of the fellows couldn’t even swim. But I wanted action, and I finally got it as an able seaman.”

Two years of war later, Cliff was ordered to New London for further training. As a third mate, he was sent back to the South Pacific. And later, when he participated in the invasion of Italy, and in dangerous North Atlantic crossings at the peak of the war, he never received a scratch. Today, he still qualifies as a third mate and is a lieutenant j.g. in the Naval Reserve.

‘After the war was over, I spent eight more months at sea on a combined cargo-passenger ship that went to the West Indies. I bided my time, because I wanted to make enough money to take me over to Europe,” he continued. ‘I was there when the Flying Fortresses made their first attack on it. When I was almost down and out in New York, I lived near the waterfront and the sea haunted me.”

It was 1946 and he had taken a job as a newscaster in New York for five days. “I was going nuts trying to take care of the crowd,” says Cliff. ‘A prissy headwaiter kept fidgeting, goading me to be quicker. I’d already learned to hurry when he didn’t knock it off I finally threw my whole tray of desserts on the floor. All the people laughed. I walked into the kitchen and out the back door. I never went back.’

When nothing else clicked, Cliff landed work as a longshoreman, loading ships. It was tough work, but it didn’t do his physique any harm.

Then, gradually, he began inching his way into show business. “When I was twenty-two,” he recalls, “I worked with Jack Lemmon at a music hall on Third Avenue. They were presenting Drunkard, the old-time melodrama. I was a prissy waiter, and after I did my bit I doubled as bus boy.”

After that came some summer stock small towns throughout New England. But Cliff managed to get parts on radio once in a while. Then some TV roles. Always, when the rent was due, there was a scrapple. When constant trip changes made it impossible to see any old friends, Cliff worked as a bodyguard then as a private detective. After a year of that, he got his first real break as one of ‘s .

He toured with the show two years, which landed him in quite a few cities he’d otherwise have missed.

By the time he was twenty-five, he’s says, “I’d worked myself up to Broadway. Instead, he found him doing more and more in radio and to vision. Then, since he had never atten at school, he was forced to try to get into the famous Actors’ Studio. ‘It took me two and a half years even get up nerve enough to try o says, Cliff. ‘I didn’t want to fail if I applied. I finally tried and was accepted along with a hundred other hopefuls. At the end of the year there were thirty-seven final three of whom were finally accepted.

Cliff ultimately debuted on Broadway because he never stopped studying working. Between plays he scored more than a half-dozen of the best dramatic shows on TV. After he made his Broadway appearance with in The Wisteria Trees,” he he received the movie bid that he felt, later, he would have rejected. He’d rather have the offers from Hollywood for five years, after talking to actors who’d worked films he decided to consider each offer seriously without hanging on his judgments. He wanted to possess a sens values that wouldn’t be warped. “I don’t professionally and emotionally wasn’t mature enough to try the movie he said, “I want to wait before committing myself to that.”

While acting in The Wisteria Trees, Cliff had been spotted as a possible candidate for a role in Picnic. “Columbia gave him a screen test and, at the same time, he was standing by to replace Gazzara in the lead of the hit play, on a Hot Tin Roof.”

“I didn’t know what to do,” says Cliff, “so I sent a check directly with Kazan, who was going to give me big break on the stage. He happened to be in Greece. I phoned him long-distance to do so. I could do nothing, that’s all. ‘Well, kid,’ he answered, ‘you’re back from Hollywood in weeks, I can get a replacement for till then.’”

After Picnic, he reached the Kansas locale for the picture, a tornado delayed shooting schedule and he couldn’t return in time for the play. So he stayed in Hollywood and became a star there.

“Tired work in Hollywood to different. I figured I’d have to learn how to do it. I knew anything about the camera. I change, though. What’s surprised is the great talent I’ve encountered,” says Cliff, who has had many directors, and actors who have extraordinary ability, and skill is not being misled. They’re parked on a shelf. Hollywood has a healthier working atmosphere than I thought he had.”

Cliff has been in excellent company, Holden sat up many an evening on “Picnic” location, generously giving advice. Rosalind Russell was also exa
a stage and movie star, discussed the\npecks of working in both mediums. And\nfound Kim Novak one of the hardest\nworking girls he’s ever known.

Cliff played his role of the fellow who\nwas everything handed to him so con-
vincingly, he was cast next opposite Joan\nCrawford in “Autumn Leaves.” In a\nstriking contrast, he plays a husband who is\nupset he goes violently berserk.

“Joan couldn’t have been more helpful\neither the test or in making the pic-
ture,” says Cliff. “She’s the most glam-
orous of stars, yet she dared something\nentirely different for her because it’s a\nchallenge. As an average secretary, in\nautumn leaves,” she has none of her\nusual luxury, wears only what any work-
girl can afford. She’s still glamorous\nwithout all the trappings, demonstrating\nat you don’t need a lot of money to be\nwell-groomed.”

Cliff has been particularly impressed\nby the team spirit shown on movie sets.\n“There’s a pride,” he says, “in doing your\nact in Hollywood that is an inspiration!”

Now under long-term contract to Co-
mbia, Cliff will make two films a year,\nboth the studio having an option for a\nthird. He can do one each stage in choice\neach year, and all the TV and stage plays\nthat don’t conflict. After two years, he’ll be\nallowed a whole year off. He can make any\ndecision, the salary he may draw then, or he\nmight travel. “I’d like to combine stage,\nreen, and TV, because,” he grins, “act-
ing isn’t like marriage—professionally,\nyou can have three loves at once!”

This eligible candidate for marriage-
love has also studied singing, dance-
ning, boxing, and riding since he’s come to\nHollywood. And he’s delighted by movie-
scapes, explaining, “On the stage,\nsenses are faked; but the movie camera\ndoes so well, they can’t be faked.”

Cliff is an unconventional ex-
plorationist. In Hollywood, he’s been liv-
ing in a garage apartment until he’s more\npermanently settled. His place is forever\nneed of a feminine hand. “I have no use of\nan organization,” he admits. “I don’t get around to the little things. I’ve\nkept my apartment in New York. In one\nroom of it there is a can of paint I bought\nthree years ago that I’ve been using. Next\nthe paint there’s the rug I bought from\nyears ago, still wrapped up.”

Cliff’s friends, who are not all in show\nbusiness, agree a wife could have a won-
tiful time with him, in many ways. This\nyear, however, romance has added up to no\nmore than taking a girl out for a quiet\nand movie. “I don’t go for impressive beauty,” he says frankly. From\nhair to blonds, he doesn’t care for artificial\nmake-up. Nor does he want his social\ncircle arranged, so he’ll be seen only with\nimportant people.

Cliff has gone with a lot of girls, but\nwas never proposed because of his acute\nsense of responsibility. “I just couldn’t\nbe prepared to marry while I’ve been so uncer-
tain about myself. In my precarious\nsituation, I believe it would be better to\nstay with someone who understands all its\ntricks, but who isn’t involved personally.”

Added to his affectioned and home-
looking traits, Cliff shows a definite fond-
ness for sports. He plays tennis, skis,\nall to ballgames, and fishes. He also\nas a passion for sailing—as you may have\nnoticed—he’s so keen to make\nclear across the Pacific alone!

Cliff isn’t just lucky. It’s taken him\nyears, and he started from the very\nbottom. But now his struggles are be-
ed him and, although he has long since\nto the sea, it seems certain that there’s\nno clear sailing ahead for this talented,\nventure-loving young man. The End
likes to play the accordan occasionally. When he is, this twang verbal
speech is deliberate and thoughtful. He is
careful with words—but not miserly.
He really isn't untalkative, despite the
early phobia his upbringing of Gloria,
whereby he found his vocal chords paralyzed.
It's just that he has no use for idle chatter.
He likes sense and taste to be integral
parts of all conversations. This is a trait
which has been inherited to a merely un-
nerve interviewers, as happened recently.
One question asked by a reporter had not
been a very good one and Jim, as is his
custom, was silent. But the press was silent.
The silence grew painful, though not to
Jim—he was simply thinking. Finally, he
said what he thought: "That's sorta silly,
 isn't it? It was.
Jim, as a last verbal control on only
one notable occasion, and that was the
first time he met Charles Lindbergh, a
man as shy and withdrawn as Mr. Stewart.
It happened at Romanoff's (the only place
Jim likes to eat lunch out) two years ago,
and for once Jim found himself out-
silenced. Actually, he had good reason to
be awestruck, for Lindbergh had been his
boyhood idol. Jim's only close friend in the
mute impasse had to be cracked, and so he
broke it. Still finding himself alone on
the platform, so to speak, he began bab-
lbling. Lindbergh has little idea of
what he said. Probably Lindbergh hasn't
either. Nevertheless, they have a great
delight for each other.
Jim has been charged—if "charge" it is
—that he possesses a personality rather
than an actor. In show business jargon, this
means that he does not submerge himself in any
given role to the extent that the audience
is apt to forget they are watching James
Stewart. This observation is probably an
unjust one, because although Jim's man-
nerisms are his, so are anyone else's theirs,
and twenty years of constantly putting them
in this position as an actor have made his traits well
known to the
public.
But that he deliberately injects his per-
sonality into a part can be disproved by
noting early preparations for the
portrayal of Lindbergh. Jim spent many
long hours watching all the available newsreels—some 50,000 feet—of his hero.
He studied Lindbergh's walk, the carriage
of his head, his smallest mannerisms, un-
til he knew them cold. Thus, if he appears
again to be James Stewart in "The Spirit
of St. Louis"—it will have to be because
Lindbergh is imitating him.
As a matter of fact, Jim very nearly
didn't get the Lindbergh role. It took two
years for it to happen, and then it hap-
pened in two minutes. Leland Hayward,
the producer of the picture and Jim's closest friends, was pretty convinced
he wanted an unknown for the part. Well,
he considered Jim but, rather pri-
ately, thought he was too old for the part. Jim, however, hadn't the
slightest idea whether Jim would be inter-
ested, and professional ethics had pre-
vented Jim from saying so. But, just as
personally, Jim wanted the part badly.
A boy, not only had he worshipped Lind-
bergh, but in May of 1927, when Lindbergh
had taken off for Paris, Jim—clerking in
his father's hardware store in Indiana,
Pennsylvania—had placed his self-built
model of The Spirit of St. Louis in the
store window and periodically posted
bulletins of Lindbergh's flight.

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"Slim" Pickin'

(Continued from page 59)

his new bride, were dining at Chasen's
(where the Stewarts prefer to have dinner
out). The Lindbergh picture was men-
tioned and Jim's father, who's never be-
lieved in holding back, stood up and
announced to Hayward and the restaurant
at large that his son, and only his son,
should portray the great man for posterity.
While Jim felt like swooning from sheer
embarrassment, Hayward was impressed.
Alexander Stewart is an impressive gentle-
man, and pretty soon the matter was
sewed up.

While making "The Spirit of St. Louis"
was exciting, Jim also found it extremely
arduous, since he appears throughout most
of the picture. Also, for endless stretches,
while sitting in a cockpit or cabin, he
was forced to convey emotion only through
facial expressions (as he had to in "Strate-
gic Air Command"). It's a ticklish job of
acting, as well as fatiguing. Then, too, he
had to put up with that reddish hair. So
much touching up was necessary, Jim fin-
ally remarked: "Now I know what a
woman goes through!"

Although he has never completely lost
some of his small-town ways, nor fully
taken on the highly polished airs of the
movie world, Jim has always displayed a
keen business sense. The description of
the late Wendell Willkie as the "barefoot
boy from Wall Street" aptly applies to
Jim, too, for he knows how to make him-
self a pretty good deal.

Take, for example, his recent negotia-
tions with M-G-M. They approached Jim
about making "Designing Woman." This
was before they had decided to put Grace
Kelly in the picture, too—and, of course,
before she had contemplated becoming
Princess of Monaco, Jim, according to all
reports, said he'd sign if he could have
Grace Kelly—to which Metro hastily
agreed—both, he went on, in "Designing
Woman" and on loan-out for whatever
picture he decided to do next. Before any-
one knew it, Metro had agreed again—
then they went about for days muttering,
"What happened?" The barefoot boy from
Princeton had scored again.

Gloria Stewart is also an admirer of
Grace Kelly's screen abilities. In fact,
once she was fairly dazzled by her. Re-
ferring to the famous kissing scene Gra-
did with Jim in "Rear Window," Mr. Stewart
said, "She went over him like a
cracker vacuum cleaner!"

Jim has seldom subjected himself to
making personal appearances—not be-
caus he dislikes being in the spotlight, but
cause he refuses to be personally ex-
ploded. However, his strong feeling for
good international relationships, plus
intense curiosity about other countries,
prompted him to agree, during a recent
trip to Japan, to appear at a Tokyo thea-
t during the run of one of his pictures. A
To his credit, Jim was still cheerful af-
being informed that his appearances
would begin at 8:30 in the morning, the ti-
Tokyo movie houses open. After ev
show that day, Jim followed his speci-
image onslaught—an experience which
would dismay even veteran vaudeville.

Apparently, this created a great deal
good will among the Japanese. Soon af-
Jim's appearance, moviemen T. Ise
Tokyo wrote to an official at Paramou
"Never before," the letter read, "has a
star of any country brought such we-
deful results than the recent visit he
of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart. Not only
from our business standpoint for 'Re 
Window,' but from the standpoint
people's diplomacy, the tremendous a
heartwarming results given by their w
have been immensely gratifying.

"As various episodes which impress
Mr. and Mrs. Stewart eloquently show
the sincere welcome and good will sho
by the Japanese fans were unusually
thuistic. They, in turn, were so war
(respnsive to the great heart show
Mr. and Mrs. Stewart that the results
their recent visit have become so gi
and so fruitful as have never been w
essed before, for which I wish to expr
my heartfelt gratitude."

Forwarding a copy of this letter to J
the Paramount executive added: "Dr
Jimmy: The above was not inspired by
but is purely spontaneous. Thanks
million.'

Assuming top rank at the box off
hasn't changed Jim much except that

Mention his "family" and Jim's eyes light up—and out come those snapshot
Above with Gloria's sons Mike and Ronald, Gloria, their twins Kelly and Je
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Crazy Kid Makes Good!

(Continued from page 55)

brother Reginald, sisters Marie Louise and Margaret. But the fact that they were laughing was disconcerting. That particular afternoon’s fare had not been a comedy.

Victoria didn’t follow the usual custom, that of holding her head high and announcing that someday she’d show them... someday she would be a great actress. She just looked sheepish and silently vowed to keep the bedroom door closed from then on.

She’d never given acting much thought, at least not as a career. Her dream was of a different nature. More than anything else she wanted to go to the United States. “I seem to have been born with the United States in mind,” she says today. The idea of acting dawned upon me much later.

The idea was somewhat of a revolutionary one when it did dawn. None of the Shaws had ever considered entering show business. “I seem to be the family black-sheep,” Victoria said soon after her arrival in Hollywood. “Marie Louise is married and has several children. Margaret, who’s eighteen, is a secretary. And Frances, six, is just starting school.”

“Sometimes I envy their attitude, Marie Louise’s and Margaret’s,” she went on. “I believe in getting married and having a lot of children.”

It was only last year, in July, that twenty-year-old Victoria packed her bags and flew from Australia to California. And the land of opportunity did not disappoint her. The following week she became a movie star—starring, no less, with Tyrone Power and Kim Novak, in “The Eddy Duchin Story.” She also resolved that for the time being she would be a career girl, the dedicated kind.

So she enrolled in Benno Schneider’s drama class and studied long hours with other dedicated young people, among them one Roger Smith. Roger, too, was a new-comer who had been signed by Columbia Studios. Eventually they were assigned a scene together, the beach scene from “From Here to Eternity.” “We really ought to go out, the beach and practice sometime,” Roger said jokingly.

Victoria laughed. “Then how about Disneyland?” she asked him. Victoria accepted the date.

It was like an evening in Wonderland. They took in all of the rides, but there was still time for conversation. Victoria learned that Roger had once made a living singing and playing the guitar in night clubs. She discovered that he’d spent two years in the Navy in Honolulu and had met James Cagney there. “If you ever come to Hollywood, look me up,” Cagney had said.

“But when I arrived, I couldn’t find him,” Roger told Victoria. “He was the East.”

Roger had taken a singing job and had studied at the Warner Brothers’ staff school for a month. Following this, he was signed by Columbia and enrolled the Schneider class. “The greatest thing that ever happened to me,” he smiled down at her.

As the evening progressed, Victoria and Roger realized that something was happening to both of them. “We didn’t talk about it,” says Victoria. “But we knew that neither of us would ever again date anyone else.”

A short time later, Victoria wrote to her family for permission to become engaged. “I’d been telling them about Roger in letters,” she says. “And he had been writing to them. So they felt as if they already knew him and were very happy for us. We set May 25 as our official engagement date. It was my twenty-fifth birthday. We’ll be married in October, November.”

It takes one glance at Victoria’s radio face for her friends to say that something should put the Victoria Shaw story in screenplay form. “It would make an absolutely hilarious picture,” says one of them.

Yet many overlook the fact that this was an element of risk involved in a flight to the United States, not to meet a great deal of soul-searching. Up to leaving her home last year, Victoria had no friends to greet her, to introduce her to the nigh-truthful world. There would be no one who could count on for help who knew she needed it so many miles from America. The only person she knew in the States was a near-stranger—someone who said the familiar, “If you come to States, call me.”

Victoria had been Australia’s top model still with no idea as to whether she might have an ounce of talent. A financial status allowed her exactly six months to make the grade in the industry that so demands years of struggle for success. After carefully weighing the matter, however, she decided to take chances. “What can I lose?” she asked herself.

Soon she had an answer. For one thing there was no hangover. It was mellow in Honolulu. She’d left Australia...
plane
she
all,
hotel.
Arizona,
the
lavish
And
calmly
telephone
didn't
blue
bustle
piece
confronted
small
wonder.

“Victoria,” Miss Shaw corrected politely. Anyone could make a mistake.

“Chiquita!” Shurr said again. Victoria took a step toward the door and then froze. “Don’t move,” the man was almost shouting.

She glanced at Millar. Surely this couldn’t be an agency. An asylum, perhaps? But Millar was taking it calmly as Shurr began to roar into the phone, “We’ve found Chiquita!”

The lady from Australia was ready to return there. “I thought there must be some girl around town named Chiquita who’d stolen something . . . or something—” she describes her reaction, still in a bit of a daze.

However, the telephone call was to an executive at Columbia Studios. Victoria met him the following day and he told her that he was to make a screen test. The very next week she was sent to New York to begin her first American film role, portraying Eddy Duchin’s second wife, an English girl named Chiquita.

All this and the States, too. Victoria could hardly believe her good fortune. En route, she watched the countryside go by. Arizona, New Mexico—so different from the Australian plains where the grass often grows six feet high after a rain. She saw cars speeding along wide highways and she wondered what American motorists would do if confronted by a kangaroo. At home on country roads—even on the main ones—you drove slowly to avoid hitting them. You never knew when a kangaroo might suddenly jump down out of a tree in the path of the car.

“Then New York,” she still shakes her head in wonder. “Imagine building a city on an island!”

Then, too, she mused upon her arrival, this business of being a visiting movie star. There wasn’t quite what she’d expected. Somehow, in her mind’s eye, she’d conjured up a picture of a lavish hotel suite, breakfasting in bed in a filmy negligée—a bed, incidentally, with satin sheets. And naturally there would be dozens of roses every day.

As she mused, Victoria sat in a tiny hotel room, writing letters hom, getting up now and again to turn the air-conditioning unit closer to zero. And from the warmth of her flannel pajamas she vowed that she would go shopping for a cooler wardrobe the minute she had a spare minute.

Autographs? In New York, she gave them all the time. “Miss Kelly,” they asked. “Will you sign my book?”

“But I’m not Grace Kelly.”

“A, who’re you trying to kid?”

She envisioned the comparative privacy of a small movie set. However, Victoria made her debut on the largest set in the world, New York City. She’d known nerve-racking times before, in the course of her work as a model. In Australia, models travel to many towns to appear in parades. And it seemed that every time Victoria climbed aboard a plane something was destined to happen. For instance, there was the crash landing in a farmer’s field. “We sat for hours in an hundred and five degree temperature waiting to be rescued. And I’m afraid we completely ruined the farmer’s crops when we came down,” she can now say matter-of-factly.

Another time, while cruising over the mountains of New Zealand, the plane in which she was riding was struck by lightning. And a piece was ripped out of the side. “It seemed we barely managed to stay together long enough to find the airport,” she remembers.

For that matter, she could never forget being assigned to pose under a sundress and having the photographer place a Koala on before he comes home... splash yourself with freshness

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My Princess Yum Yum

(Continued from page 50)

"You didn't call me to say you enjoyed a date or anything. Did you dislike me?"

"Did you know you wanted to hear from me?"

Brother! I'd never heard a woman talk like that.

A reporter recently asked me if Mitzi was any eccentricities, like sleeping with a light on. Personally, I think her two greatest eccentricities are being honest and sincere. In Hollywood, these two traits are almost unknown, they're so woolly. Now, I think I must have begun falling in love with Mitzi during that first telephone conversation. I got myself out of the doghouse by explaining I had been out of town for a few experiences. With Mitzi, that kind of girl was this, anyway? I liked my dazed self. Could anyone alive be this honest?

Just as the phone conversation gave me the first real clue as to what Mitzi is like, so sixty percent of what I learned about her, was learned on the phone. She's dating other fellows then, and I was not too keen about meeting them. But Mitzi talks to her at night, when she got home from a date with some other fellow. We would have an hour of conversation, during which we discussed our respective philosophies of life.

In a way, ours was a strange courtship.

I had so little time in which to date Mitzi at first. At 5 P.M. I'd make a quick dash to her home, usually exiting before 5:30, so that I'd barely missed whoever her current date was.

"Wouldn't it be possible for me to see more of you?" I asked her one day.

"I'm wondering how long it would be before you would get around to asking me that," she said, beaming. Again that honesty! What a woman!

Shortly afterwards, Mitzi had an attack of nerves. For our "courtship", this was a perfect arrangement. She couldn't go out.

Of course, all her beaux came to her hospital room, but a very sympathetic nurse threw everyone but me out at 9 each night. So amid the mixed fragrances of flowers and antiseptics, we got to know each other.

Being anxious, we went with each other for twenty-one months before we married. Frankly, I was afraid of the perils of being married to a glamorous girl. Also, I felt that I must have a successful career of my own before I could ask Mitzi to marry me. I didn't feel I could propose until the public relations concern of Bean and Rose was nicely established.

As a cussed sort of idealist, my greatest virtue and my greatest fault continue to be the devastating honesty which first attracted me to
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She loves work, thinks movies workdraw great fun, and the harder she works, the more she loves it.

Mitzi's picture of life is a smiling thing but periodically she is unhappy. She is sometimes moody within herself, but she never shows her moodiness to other people.

When her father needed a serious operation, she was worried, a little queasy and kept to herself a bit. I said to her, "I suppose it's bothering you?"

"No," she said, "it has nothing to do with you, really."

On the set, she appeared almost as ga and effervescent as ever. She gives all of herself to her movie scenes and leaves the moody part of herself at home.

She can throw off a mood, when th need arises, as easily as other women off their nerves. Even if Mitzi has an argument with someone before a scene—she will argue for what she believes in—she will walk into the scene the next moment, completely free of any resentment or brooding.

She is not a small character. She hates to surprise herself, but gets fun out of continually surprising others.

She will say to me, "Your birthday in two days. I'm going to give a little party for you, just a couple of intimate friends."

The day of the party, you find out that she has invited forty people. Somehow, she manages to make them all feel at home.

She will go to endless trouble to suit prie and please me, or anyone she loves. Nothing is too unusual for Mitzi when she wants to please you.

She loves to buy gifts. She has given n gifts for every occasion except Mother's Day. I've received gifts from Mitzi on my birthday, Valentine's Day, our yearly at niversary, and all the monthly anniversaries.

She receives a lot of time choosing gift Mitzi would never be guilty of giving phorograph record to someone who's too dea1 or costume jewelry to someone wi wouldn't wear it. Her gifts are careful chosen.

One of the most appreciated (by me and unusual gifts Mitzi has given me is long, bone English shoehorn. She kno when that I wake up in the morning, I still groggy and I'm averse to reaching down to put on my shoes. I can barely s them, that early in the morning. Knowi all this, Mitzi figured out that the sho hood would be a help. Who but Mi would ever think of giving a shoehorn as a gift?

Delightful as Mitzi is, it took time get accustomed to some of her quir. And no doubt, it was tough for her to accustomed to some of mine.

Mitzi is probably the Number 1 fan in the United States. No matter w chores she's doing at home, she likes to have a radio on. Sometimes she'll listen to radio in the kitchen, bathroom, living room, and in the master bedroom.

When she's not working in films, Mi listens to everyday drama on the Stella Dallas going to her daughter's wedding? I don't know, Mitzi's wife has to marry Larry. Mitzi wouldn't think missing an episode in any daytime drari.

All day long, when she's not working, the studio, she has all five radios going all day. It is aie program. This case in someone phones. If she steps the room where the phone is, she would want to miss the latest episode in the of radio heroine. Someone, while she's talking on the phone, manages to keep one ear cocked to sounds pouring out from the radio.
This was one fact about Mitzi of which wasn’t completely aware. When we were first married, we had a tough day at the office, and was delighted by the sight and sound of my bride. But not by the voice on the radio! I couldn’t hear myself think above that din.

"Yummy," I said, "can’t you turn off that radio in the kitchen? It’s piercing my eardrums."

She obligingly turned it off.

A second later, I noticed that the very same voice was coming from the bathroom. In fact, the voice seemed to be coming from everywhere! That was when I discovered my wife’s predilection for having five radios on at a time.

I think she still likes to have them on, but even of them, when I’m not at home. But she obligingly turns them all off when she’s expecting me.

Not that I have anything against radio. I like to listen to certain programs when we can concentrate on them. But I can listen to only one thing at a time, Mitzi can do four or five things at once, and all against this background of blaring radios.

Another problem that came up between Mitzi and me was the question of what is a messy drawer.

Mitzi is a great housekeeper. She loves cleaning closets and drawers. I have my own system of putting away things. The system may not be entirely logical, but I can always remember in which drawer I have placed something.

One morning, I couldn’t find my cologne. It probably wasn’t put away in an orderly fashion, but I remembered where I had put it, and looked there for it. I couldn’t find it.

"Where in the world’s the cologne?" I asked.

"Just pull the drawer out," said Mitzi.

"The colognes are where your handkerchiefs used to be."

"But why, Mitzi?"

"It’s more orderly that way."

It probably is, but I could find what I wanted more easily under my own sloppy system. At least, that’s what I thought about Mitzi’s system. I practically have me converted to her ideas on the arrangement of drawers.

I’ve heard a lot of people try to describe my wife, but it’s difficult, since she’s at least three different people.

For instance, if she is being interviewed by a reporter, she knows she’s expected to perform, and she will give the best story she can. She won’t show any temperament, even if she is asked exasperating questions, as reporters sometimes ask, to stimulate conversation.

Then, when she’s on the set talking to a director, she’s doing business, and she’s Mitzi Gaynor, the businesswoman.

At home, she’s still another woman. There’s a very nice comedy writer who lives next door to us. He’s bright and witty, but a little shy. He first met Mitzi sitting in the sun near the swimming pool, being beautiful in the sun—which, of course, is no effort at all for Mitzi. They got to talking.

Several times they met at the swimming pool, and always Mitzi was her beautiful, immaculate self in a gorgeous bathing suit or sun suit.

One evening, when she met me at the door, she said, "Jack’s a nice fellow and very intelligent. Why don’t you ask him to come up?"

So I did. I didn’t tell him we were going out later that evening. Mitzi whooped open the door when he came. There wasn’t a bit of make-up on her face. It had all been washed clean, and her hair was in curls.

Jack looked startled. "Mitzi!" he said.

"What’s this? You knew your husband had invited me to drop in, didn’t you? Is it all right to come in?"

Mitzi smiled her serene smile and said, "Of course."

Later, Jack said that he had never been more complimented than by Mitzi’s willingness to greet him when her hair was in curls. "This girl is really a friend of mine," he said. "She was completely unprepared to find her so relaxed at home. I’m tired of people who are always formal, always set, always prepared."

I know that these great writers who have hinted that there were still possibilities for a domestic life in any family if the husband ever sees his wife with her hair in curls. But I feel that if Mitzi couldn’t be relaxed around me, ours wasn’t a marriage. And any marriage that would break up over such a trivial cause wouldn’t be my marriage!"

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hedules... A good way to get clobbered is to mention Rock Hudson's sold marital problems. "For five years," says Rock grimly, "the gossip led to force me into marriage. And now after a few happy months they're trying to split us up." Tongues first started to wag when Rock walked out a night spot and left Phyllis at a table with friends. "I had an early evening call," Rock explains, "but there as no reason why Phyllis' fun had to be spoiled, too!"

"oil And Farewell:
Jacques Sernas, appointed because of lack of work, decided to return to Europe. Confident at he'd lost his French accent, Jacques stard for "Tammy," opposite Debbie Reynolds. But alas, Leslie Nielsen got the role. Discouraged Jacques loves Hollywood, but there are no jobs for him. He'll continue to perfect his English, and we predict Hollywood will eventually bring him back—at double his salary!

"riding High:
Tab Hunter rode his own horse in "The Burning Hills," and it was a proud moment when he collected "Swizzest's" paycheck. "Swizz earned seven hundred and forty dollars, and at ain't hay," beams Tab, "but it will!" When he started "The Girl He Left Behind," the studio tried to talk Tab out of wearing a close-cropped haircut. "But if I'm playing a GI, I should look like a GI," Tab protested. "Your fans won't like it," said the studio. "But the Army will!" replied Tab—and he stuck to his guns.

"Perfectionists:
There's a reason why top people are tops. Take for example Marlon Brando, who learned a speech in Japanese for a local press conference in Japan. The rest of the cast of "Teahouse of the August Moon" just stood around with that well-known egg on their faces!... And Audrey Hepburn, making "Funny Face" with Fred Astaire, begged him to rehearse their musical numbers on a Sunday. "I've never danced for the camera before," explained little Audrey, "and when you dance with the master, the most you can hope for is to come off looking second best." Fred says she has exactly nothing to worry about.

"Most Wanted Man:
Ask any Hollywood hostess and she'll tell you that Bob Wagner is the best-mannered male guest at a party. Nancy Sinatra tossed an evening of fun recently and she invited Bob, who without being asked, served drinks and saw that everyone was comfortable and happy. The next day, Nancy received a note of thanks and ten dozen red carnations. What a welcome relief from the dundaree-sweet shirt type!

"Star Dust:
Van Johnson, who always eats his lunch in his dressing room, is Hollywood's number one fan. At U-I, making "Kelly and Me," Van heard that Jimmy Cagney was in the commissary and rushed over to meet his screen idol. When they were introduced Van charmingly dropped to his knees and saluted the "master." Tough guy Cagney actually blushed as he grinned his appreciation.

"The Great Healer:
Time takes care of everything. After the Barbara Stanwyck-Robert Taylor marriage backfired, the mere mention of his name upset her. But recently, when she made a movie at M-G-M, Barbara laughed all through lunch with Bob, in the studio commissary. ... About a month later, when Dewey Martin was in the Virgin Islands making "The Proud and Profane," he whispered sweet nothings to Bill Holden's eighteen-year-old daughter, Virginia. Now Dewey's married to the sultry singer, thirty-three-year-old Peggy Lee. Permission granted to write your own comment!

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Audrey Hepburn gets an encouraging word from co-star Fred Astaire, at top with daughter Ava. With no movies ahead, Jacques Sernas returned to Europe with wife—but not for long! Van Johnson's tribute made tough Jim Cagney blush!
view wasn't married, since there was only a brick wall to see anyway. My little daughter, Dawn, was 3000 miles away, and her only Christmas present this year, I told her, was a long, loving letter. I was $8.52 from being flat broke. The producers of the Broadway musical, "Hazel Flagg," had decided to omit the dance I'd come from Hollywood to do. With this, the last call not to report for rehearsals, I'd hit bottom. Now, tears of loneliness for Dawn trickled down my cheeks. Taxi horns sounded outside; inside, the quiet was broken only by a boiling coffeepot.

My roommate, Chris Carter, who'd come with me from Hollywood, opened the door, shaking the wet snow from her coat. "Well, I got the yogurt and the coffee," she said. "And now for our Christmas dinner." In the electric coffeepot, plugged into a light socket, were two potatoes. Chris stabbied at them with a fork. "They're a great help in fishing them out."

From a suitcase she got two plates and cups, then she spread a towel on the dresser for a tablecloth. "Now, I'll make the coffee," she went on. "Get along, don't blame me until the coffee is finished." From a drawer dresser Chris extracted two stale rolls, sprinkled them with water and put them on the radiator to soften. Then she pulled out the drawer to retrieve the yogurt bottle filled with Jello, which she'd made by the simple expedient of adding hot tap water to the powder and leaving it out on the window sill overnight.

The phone rang. It was a friend in the "Hazel Flagg" cast, calling to say that the producers had finally decided to leave my dance in. Jubilantly, Chris and I gathered up the cripple and颠倒 the dinner, murmuring, "Well, no rich wine sauces to give us the gout."

And just as the coffee bubbled in the pot—bang—the fuse blew and our light went out.

I began to hum, "There's no business like show business ..." and "I and Chris and I doubled up with laughter while angry hotter leaned, Hey, boy, you're hitting the lights? They're out again!"

Almost every night at dinnertime they went out—thanks to our contraband coffeepot. Fortunately, Chris and I had the saving grace of laughter, which helped us through those rough days. My dance—a burlesque of Salome and the Seven Veils—received wonderful notices, and from then on that wolf outside the door fled to greener pastures. A quick trip in taxis and my picture was put on posters. It was exciting, but after the show I still had to soak my aching feet. The papers called me an overnight success. Take my word for it, thirteen years of meandering through the nights of dancing—make one long, lonesome, heartbreakin' night.

But before that, Chris—a luscious, off-beat red-headed charmer—learned to make do. We had utilized all our courage and mainly our battered senses of humor to keep our heads up during that gloomy period in New York. I had wanted to leave, only because Robert Alton, the choreographer, had asked me to give up the safety of my $42.50 hoofing job at the Macayo, a little night spot, and try my luck in New York. I couldn't bear to leave my little girl again, and in fact, I'd about decided I was a failure at the work I'd loved and been studying since I was six. I was ready to turn in my top shoes for a typewriter. Toward that end, I'd been saving a half each week to take a secretarial course. I even had the promise of a job at Hughes Aircraft and planned to change my name to something less flamboyant than Shere North.

But Robert Alton kept telling me what a great future I'd have on Broadway if I succeeded, so finally I agreed to go, and I could go along as my understudy. By the time I'd left two weeks before Christmas, my only friend to care for Dawn, bought a chess set, a gift, a thin, full-length coat for $12 at Lerner's (which we laughed at the icy winter in New York on its first sales and for trial fare and expenses to last a week until payday in New York. In the matter of winter coat, Chris was worse off than Sherry due to the renovations in their rummage sale and considered herself rather chic in it. But the first time she wore it in the rain, it smelled like a Chinese meat-packing house, and poor Chris had to shell out $15 from her dwindling supply for another coat.

And dwindle the money did. We thought we were a couple of hepcats when it came to show business, and we had the nervous breakdowns of the real salaried people the next day, we were through, we didn't feel like a long walk, so we took a cab back to the hotel. Fare: $2. It was only by accident, that days later, we learned we were only two blocks from City Center. Between us bathed Chris played us for suckers, with trips through Central Park and back.

We didn't want to tell anyone he broke, or we'd made a game out of what was merely existing. Since we had only summer dresses, we wore Levi's over our coats to keep warm. In California, Levi's are fine, but not in New York. So we'd roll up the sleeves and go to a cheap restaurant for breakfast. Naturally, we couldn't take our coats off. We tables to see which one had the biggest pile of rolls in a basket, the order coming in a huddle of milk of true.

And while Chris made up to the waitresses like mad, I'd stuff my purse and blurt out rolls. They'd dry out in the hotel room, so when we'd get hungry we'd tear the paper on them, then put them on the radiator.

To this day, I believe we kept free starring only because Chris had a lot of boyfriends back in Hollywood. Who then were, saying they'd be happy to send him a gift, she'd tell him what she really needed was an electric coffeepot or a hot plate or a broiler. All this gear we'd keep in a suitcase, away from the watchful eye of the landlord. We'd go to Philadelphia for the tryouts, we had to lug all this stuff with us. And by the time Chris had even promoted a set. Reality turned them, the Following a year on Broadway, I got the part in the film, "Living It Up," then TV, an appearance on the Bing Crosby show, and finally a film contract. After that, the old red head had a permanent surprise at money coming in each and every week. I wasn't cast in film for a whole year, and that made it solely seem more reasonable. Was this the first time I'd ever had a vacatn with pay.

My immediate objective was to learn about insurance—education fun...
the summer was over and I was out of a dancing job, I lined up at the unemployment office, getting enough money to continue going to school. At fifteen, I eloped to Las Vegas, hoping to give up the struggle to support myself. But a year and a half later, I had a daughter to support and no husband. Marriage is obviously not for children.

I went back to dancing at the last import dance clubs. I took the baby with me because I couldn't afford a baby-sitter. Someone has said, "The poor woman would never be able to live at all if it wasn't for the poor woman." I am, I believe, to be kept up for the good of the public. I tend to humanize you, to make you responsive to the needs of others. The girls backstage were wonderful to Dawn and me. With just enough money to see through the year, we're not knowing we'd be working the next week or not. Those girls had developed a compassion for the struggles and hurts of others. I, myself, didn't escape this desire to help. If we were going to give a new friend fifty cents of it. When Chris was out of a job, I'd be breadwinner for both of us, and she did the same for me.

I'm not sharing this desire to help others—whether it's with money for a needed operation or illness; help in finding a job, watching a performance and bringing it to the attention of the right people; sometimes, just a sympathetic ear when marriage problems are overwhelming. Sometimes, just a good dinner or an understanding letter or phone call on a work problem.

For all these things that poverty teaches—you things a child brought up in self-centered luxury doesn't learn unless there are wise parents. And that's why I thought I needed to make her way unaided, still don't want to spoil her. Just the other day I asked her if I might borrow her little record player so the group who come to my dressing room for lunch could have some soothing music. I could have bought another record player; however, I wanted Dawn to understand what sharing meant. That's also why I don't get an allowance, but she does get paid for keeping the den in order. I don't want her to have the value of money by parking cars at Ciro’s during her teens, but I do want her to learn the value of money.

Although I thought I'd learned the value of money, I found that I was frittering away a good part of my salary on non-essential us (and this is the saddest thing about poverty), she didn't have time to other me. And my older brother and sister were out fighting their own battles. Earned my first dollar when I was five, and brother string puppet I played I'd been paid for having fun. I soon found that the second dollar was work. But I didn't mind helping to keep a dancing studio clean so I could have lessons. Nor did I mind having to get to the studio for my lessons. When I was eleven, an uncle taught me to drive a truck, and soon I was earning fifty cents helping a car dealer at the Christian Science Church on Sundays before I went in for the services. Later, I helped park cars at Ciro’s and the old o’dero’s for a dollar and a half. And by the way, I'm proud of it. I've been a professional dancer, ready to get on, dancing in the chorus at the Greek theater during the summer season. The old labor law enforcers haven't cared with me, so I lied about my age. I helped my sister's high-heeled pumps, filled my bodice with cockpit, and bought false hair. When I was young, I learned to use your wits. As soon as
an easy thing to assimilate. The history of Hollywood is filled with tragic stories of stars who earned tremendous sums and, once past their acting days, found themselves in sorry financial state. And there are top film personalities today, drawing huge salaries, who are dreadfully in debt both to Uncle Sam and others. They can't seem to remember that, after taxes, they are not going to receive the figure on their salary checks, but anywhere from fifty to ninety percent less than that sum. You can't buy a closet of Dior gowns, a fleet of Cadillacs, an assortment of houses on ten percent of your earnings—if you're Rockefeller.

My husband, Bud Freeman, and I are certain that we'll never go into debt; we're not the type who tries to impress the Joneses. Personally, security means too much to me, because I can still remember how my feet hurt when I bought my first high-heel pumps. Having only three dollars to spend, I went to a shoe outlet store on Hollywood Boulevard. All I could find in my size were a dreadfully narrow pair—4 A's. I bought them anyhow, and danced away the night on my first date at the Coconut Grove. Ah, youth.

Years of being broke made you not only realistic but sometimes too cautious, afraid to leave the nest of a small security and try your wings. So opportunities pass and memories become bitter. And injustices can sink deep and corrode when money is involved. I remember when I was dancing in a night club for $42.50. The management was supposed to furnish new costumes, but didn't. The ones we had were in tatters and we'd spend hours keeping them in repair. There's a union that prohibits that, and once I was caught mending my costume and fined $50. It seemed that such work should have been done by a wardrobe mistress, but we didn't have one. Did the management repay me? That's a laugh! Two weeks later, they were going to line us $50 each again for wearing our own shoes. The ones the management bought us didn't fit and were falling apart. I solved that crisis by quitting.

It's no wonder then, that money had real meaning for me. With my new contract, the thing I wanted most of all was a home for my little girl. She and I had never had one. But again caution overcame this natural desire and I rented a rundown cottage thirty miles out in the Valley where rents were cheap. I drove a beat-up 1949 car with holes in the roof, I juggled the laundry to the laundromat, I watched the ads for Thursday grocery specials and shopped around, I saved plastic bags and string and continued to use kitchen matches (my own patented cigarette lighters). It was hard for me to spend money on myself. My income came from Ohrbach's, where one serves oneself and saves; I bought a little straw skimmer at the drugstore for sixty-nine cents.

And so I was much amused when I read in the columns: "Sheree North is in an expensive cocktail suit and chic hat at Ciro's last night." That expensive cocktail suit was $39.50, and the hat cost $5.95. I learned to know values and style from constantly reading fashion magazines, and from my model girlfriends, who buy basic simplicity and good fabrics, avoiding loud colors, frapperies and high style. Although I love and can afford clothes, I find that today I don't need an extensive wardrobe. At the studio I wear rehearsal leotards and tennis shoes. At home I wear toreador pants and blouses. And if I must attend parties I make downtown appearances, the studio furnishes the clothing—too fancy, I'll admit, for my own personal taste.

The odd thing, I've found, is that since I don't have to count my pennies, I become more subdued in my appearance. I don't have to bleach my hair platinum, cover my face with make-up, or wear revealing dresses in order to get a job in a night club. I can be myself. And that means letting my hair go back to its natural brown and grow out—sans permanent—except when I'm in a picture. Then, it seems, gentlemen still prefer frizzy blonds. I like to pull my hair severely back from my face in a chignon and wear smart little hats. I've always loved severely tailored, simple suits, and now I wear them. I dislike costume jewelry, bright colors and too-fancy shoes. Columnists are amazed; they call me the new Sheree. I've found a wonderful Chinese girl who makes me a few basic dresses, well-fitting, and that's all I need for the infrequent occasions when Bud and I go out in the evening. He doesn't care for night clubs. As for me, they give me the shakes; I've had it from the other end of the room.

Frankly, I suppose that I don't feel like a film star. And, knowing me, I never will. I'm giving a lot of thought to my career and I'd like to have some integrity that may not work out in the long run. I know that girls like me are hired mainly for their legs and faces—visual aids to entertainment. What's more, we're damn well paid. I know that musicals are what I can do best. And I've won a few nice pay checks coming in every week. Whether you emote like mad or just do something nice and stuffy, the color of the money is the same.

Maybe financial security has meant too much to me; I don't know. Maybe I would be better to have a more spiritual attitude. Philosophers have long held that life is life free—which by the way, is the title of my new picture —and millions of gags have been written about money not being everything. I admit all that is true. The only thing a writer can do is to get a little peace of mind, and, you can't have it when the rent is overdue and baby needs new shoes and even the butterflies in your stomach are starving because the money is all tied up in religious beliefs—that one is surrounded by abundance; that worry over material substance is incorrect thinking; that everything one needs for the good life is a handout, is taken care of to the point of scrambling around, taking every honest job I could get—from waitressing to model to dancer. Jobs sometimes as far away as Texas or Mexico or Las Vegas, which means leaving my daughter, against all my deepest instincts.

And, although I've read many books on positive thinking, I can't completely subscribe to that method of meeting life problems. I know it works wonderfully. They take the positive approach, regard only the good, the plus side of every situation, and reap the benefits of the magic of believing. But that's not for me. I want to protect myself by considering the negative side, to anticipating what I'll do if the bottom drops out of things.

I don't want that to happen to my career. I take daily dramatic singing and dancing lessons. Symphonic musicians on vacation carry their instruments all over, because if they cease practicing for a day they get out of condition. It's the same with me. I'm working, teaching my daughter, I have a nice long talk with Bud about what happened at school at the playground, next a session in the bathtub with my Whirlpool which takes out all the kinks in my body, then I'm ready for a hearty dinner on a perpetual-motion diet). If Bud asks me how I feel, I say, "Oh, just medium hysteria.

But the real truth is that I feel wonderful; I've had it bad—today I've got it real good.
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They say one partner in every marriage is more in love than the other. And in the Millers’ case, everyone had thought it was she. Then, almost overnight, her affection seemed to cool. She didn’t want his kisses—she avoided his embrace. Poor John! He never even suspected that his breath might be to blame. Why risk offending? Listerine stops bad breath (halitosis) instantly.

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Based on the novel "War And Peace" by LEO TOLSTOY

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AWAY ALL BOATS—U.I. Directed by Joseph Pescev: Captain Jebediah S. Hawks, Jeff Chandler; Lt. Dave MacDonall, George Nader; Nadine MacDonall, Julie Adams; Commander Quigley, Lex Barker; Doctor Bell, Keith Andes; Lt. Fraser, Richard Boone; Ensign Krigger, William Reynolds; Lt. Mike O'Bannon, Charles McGraw; Alteck, Jock Mahoney; Old Man, John McIntire; Chief "Fappy" Moran, Frank Faylen; Lt. j.g. Sherwood, Grant Williams; Lt. j.g. Robinson, Floyd Simmons; Ensign Twitchell, Don Keefe; Lt. Randall, Sam Gilman.

BLACK SLEEP, THE—U.A. Directed by Reginald Le Borg: Sir Joel Casdam, Basil Rathbone; Odo, Akim Tamiroff; Mungo, Lon Chaney; Borg, John Carradine; Casimir, Bela Lugosi; Dr. Gordon Ramsay, Herbert Rudley; Laura, Patricia Blake; Daphne, Phyllis Stanley; Curry, Tor Johnson; Nancy, Sally Yarnell; K.S., George Sawaya; Miss Daly, Claire Carleton; Investigative-Sergeant Steel, Peter Gordon; Angelina, Louanna Gardner; 1st Bobby, Chev Morgan; Scotland Yard Detective, John Sheffield.

BRAVE ONE, THE—RKO. Directed by Irving Rapper: Leonardo, Michel Ray; Rafael Rosillo, Rodolfo Hoyos; Maria, Elsa Cardenas; Don Alejandro, Carlos Navarro; Marion Randall, Jai Lansfin; Fermin Rivera, Fermin Rivera; Salvador, George Trevino; Manuel, Carlos Fernandez.

CONFIDENTIAL REPORT—Filmsora. Directed by Oscar Welles: Gregory Arrendis, Orson Welles; Bergolitz Trebitich, Michael Redgrave; Milly, Patricia Medina; Jakob Zorn, Akim Tamiroff; The Professor, Mischa Auer; Sophie, Katina Paxinou; Margiris of Rutleigh, Jack Watling; Braaco, Gregoire Aslan; Thaddeus, Peter Van Eyck; Barnstar Nagel, Suzanne Fon; Orsk, O'Brady; The Blonde, Tamara Shane; Raina, Paola Mori; Guy Van Stratton, Robert Arden.

CONGO CROSSING—U.I. Directed by Joseph Pescev: Louise, Virginia Mayo; Carr, George Nader; Arragga, Peter Lorre; O'Connell, Michael Pate; German, Rex Ingram; Rittner, Tonio Selwart; Amelia, Kathryn Givney.

FASTEST GUN ALIVE, THE—M.G.M. Directed by Russell Rouse: George Temple, Glenn Ford; Dora Temple, Jeanne Crain; Vinnie Harold, Richard Crawford; Eric Doolitts, Russell Tamby; Harvey Strum, Alice Faye; Alma, Alyson Josy; Lou Glover, Leif Erickson; Taylor Swopes, John Dehner; Dish Wells, Noah Beery Jr.; Mr. Morgen, J. M. Kerrigan; Brian Tbbbs, Ryhs Williams; Rose Tbbbs, Virginia Gregg; Frank Stringer, Chubby Johnson; Ben Buddy, John Doucette; Lars Toomey, William "Bill" Phillips; Bobby Tbbbs, Chris Olsen; Sheriff Bill Toldeo, Paul Nagel; Dina Frances, Florence Ames; Reverend, Joseph Sweeney.

FRANCIS IN THE HAUNTED HOUSE—U.I. Directed by Charles Lamont: David Prescott; Mickey Rooney; Lorna, Virginia Wells; Nell Fraser, Paul Cavanagh; Lt. Hopkins, David Janssen; Lorna Ann, Maria Ellen Kay.

HIGHSOCIETY—M.G.M. Directed by Charles Walters; C. K. Dexter-Haven, Bing Crosby; Tracy Lord, Grace Kelly; Mike Connor, Frank Sina; Liz Imbrie, Celeste Holm; George Kittredge, J. Lund; Uncle Willie, Louis Calhern; Seth L. Sidney Blackmer; Himself, Louis Armstrong; Seth Lord, Margalo Gilmore; Caroline Lord, L. Reedin; Dexter-Haven's Butler, Gordon Rich; Lord's Butler, Richard Garrick.

HUKI—U.A. Directed by John Garannel: Charles Montgomery; Candy Rogers, M. Freeman; Bart Rogers, John Baer; Steven Ray; James Bell; Major Balataddy, Teddy Benive Kalah, Marlo Barnt; Piute, Ben Perez.

AND IT THE—20th. Directed by W. Lang; Anna, Deborah Kerr; The King, Yul Bu ner; Tatjini, Rita Moreno; Klawalome, Martin l Son; Lady Thiagi, Terry Saunders; Louis Leuens, Rex Thompson; Luu Tha, Carlos Ri; Prince Chulalangkarong, Patrick Adiarte; By Ambassador, Alan Mohrway; Ramsey, Geo Toone; Elizia, Yuriko; Simon Legere, Marion J. Keeper of the Dogs, Robert Banes; Uncle Tho Dusty Worral; Specialty Dancer, Gemse de Las Tuntas, Thomas Bonilla, Dennis Bonilla; Ange Ballet, Michele Isert; Ship's Captain, Charles Irving Interpreter, Leonard Strong; Siamese Girl, J. James: Amandas, Jowin Wong, Jean Wong; WHigh Pr William Yip; Messenger, Eddie Luke; Great Palace, Joseph Smith.

PARDERS—Paramount. Directed by Nor Tsuruq: Slim, Dean Martin; Wade, Jerry Le Carol Kingsley, Lori Nelson; Pete Rio, Jeff 2 row; Dolly Riley, Jackie Loughey; Dan He John Barangay. (Mrs.) Matilda Kingsley, A Moorehead; Whitey, Lon Chaney; Hawkins (fer), Milton Frome; Chauget, Richard Abe Gise, Lee Van Cleef; Carol's Cowhand, Stuart 1 dall; Safin, Scott Douglas; Pete, Jack Elam; Sko Bob Steele; Red, Mickey Finn; Smith, Don Spencer; Footman, Philip Tonge.

PHANTOM HORSE—Dacie. Directed by Shim: Yuki, Ayako Wakoq; Jiro, Yuko Iwatare; Ichiro, Akibiko Yusa; Tei Oushi, Yon Kitahara; Yasuo Shiraishi, Bonzario Miyake; He nura, Korey Kenda; Hyogo Oushi, Ei Yanagi.

RUN FOR THE SUN—U.A. Directed by Boating: Mike Lammers, Richard Widmae, Trevor Howard; Katy Connor, Jane Gr Van Anda, Peter Van Eyck; Jan, Carlos Hen

SANTIAGO—20th. Directed by Gordon D las: Cash Adams, Alan Ladd; Isabella, Ros Podesta; Clay Pike, Lloyd Nolan; Sidewheel, Wills; Trasker, Paul Fjy; Digger, L. Q. Jo Jimmy, Frank de Kova; Son, Don Blackman; J Royal Doutch, Gregg Hoyt; Joseph M. Ernest Sarracino; Jannito, Francisco Ruiz.

SEVEN MEN FROM NOW—Warner's. Directed by Budd Boetticher: Stride, Randolph Scott; A Gail Russell; Masters, Lee Marvin; Greer, W. Reed; Boden, John Larch; Clote, Donald B Hanche, Fred Graham; Clint, John Barnar Jed; John Phillips, Mason; Chuck Robert Fowler, Steve Mitchell; Senorita, Pamela Dun Cavalry Lieutenant, Stuart Whitman.

STRADA, LA—Poneti-Del Laurentis. Directed Federico Fellini: Zampano, Anthony Quinn; nomina, Giulietta Masina; The Fool, Richard hart; Colomboani, Aldo Silvani.

The 'Burning' Question:

WHO IS TODAY'S HOTTEST TEEN-AGE STAR-TEAM?

Answer:

FROM WARNER BROS., IN CINEMASCOPE AND WARNERCOLOR

Don't call them kids—not anymore! Shy Trace Jordan, half-shamed and half-proud, and the mixed-up teen-age runaway girl! There'd be talk—there'd be terror—but for the first time there'd be love!
READERS INC...

SOAP BOX:

After reading Ernst Jacobie’s write-up about Oreste in your June issue, I thought I'd send this letter to express my appreciation. It was a perfect delight to see such a well-rounded and detailed spread about this up and coming young tenor. I liked it especially since it brought back to me happy memories of my earlier life in sunny Malta.

Oreste is a wonderful lad and I am sure that America will like him.

PAT C. SPITZER
Detroit, Michigan

I'm just hoping that she will return because she is one of the greatest and most beautiful actresses we have today.

Marilyn King
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Be sure to see October PHOTOPLAY, in which Ingrid Bergman discusses her return to this country.—Ed.

I would appreciate your printing this letter in Readers Inc. so that I may tell the fans about the Jimmy Dean Lent We Forget Club which I have started.

The aim of the club is to do good deeds in the memory of Jimmy Dean. We plan to serve shut-ins, veterans' hospitals and polio victims.

A free 4 x 4 photograph of Jim will be given to all members. Those wishing to join should write to: Chaw Mark, Drawer 30, Staunton, Illinois.

CHAW MANK
Staunton, Illinois

QUESTION BOX:

I recently went to see “The Eddy Duchin Story” with a friend of mine. She says that Tyrone Power did play the piano, I say he did not. Who is right?

JERRY JANE ADAMS
Houston, Texas

You are. Carmen Cavallaro played the piano for Ty.—Ed.

Could you please tell me who played the part of the Indian girl opposite Clark Gable in “Across the Wide Missouri”?

GERTRUDE WELTY
Elbert, Colorado

Her name is Maria Elena Marquez.—Ed.

Here’s handsome Roger

A few months ago I saw the picture “Diane” with Lana Turner and Roger Moore. I wonder if you could please give some information about him with his picture. I think he did a marvelous job in “Diane” and would like to see and hear more about him.

JO ADAMS
New York, New York

Roger was born October 15, in London, England. He is 6’2”, weighs 175 lbs., has light brown hair and blue eyes. He married Dorothy Squires in 1953. Among his early roles in America, he played Eleanor Parker’s brother in “Interrupted Melody.”—Ed.

I thought I saw Barbara Britton in “Guys and Dolls.” Was she in that picture?

BARBARA WYNN
Phoenix, Arizona

No, she was not. Barbara is currently in “The Spoilers.”—Ed.

On the way to stardom

Would you please print something about James MacArthur?

I saw him some time ago in “Deal a Blow,” on TV’s Climax and haven’t seen or heard much of him since. He’s absolutely great and so cute, too! I bet that if you get a picture and something about him in PHOTOPLAY, he’ll turn into something big.

PAT CORBET
New York, New York

On you’ll be seeing a lot of James in the future. The seventeen-year-old son of actress Helen Hayes has been signed to make several pictures with RKO. The first of these, “The Young Stranger,” is based on the TV play that you mention.—Ed.

I have just seen “Battle Cry” and would like to know the name of the actress who played Aldo Ray’s wife. My neighbor says she was Dorothy Malone. I say she wasn’t. Who is right?

VALERIE BENZERON
White Castle, Louisiana

You are. Nancy Olson played Aldo’s wife; Dorothy Malone played Elaine.—Ed.

Will you please tell me the names of the three leading actresses in the movie, “Three Coins in the Fountain”?

MRS. V. H. HALLING
St. Joseph, Missouri

Dorothy McGuire, Maggie Macnamara and Jean Peters.—Ed.

A new role for Kim

I bet we’d really have a perfect attendance record in school if our faculty members were: Principal, Jeff Chandler; Secretary, Kim Novak; Dean of Girls, Ann Blyth; Algebra, Marlon Brando; English, Grace Kelly; Biology, Tony Curtis; French, Zsa Zsa Gabor; Latin, Rita Moreno; Gym, Debbie Reynolds; Chorus, Eddie Fisher; Cosmetology, Jane Russell; Speech and Drama, Marilyn Monroe; Coach, Rock Hudson.

We know we wouldn’t miss a single day.

ANN BRYANT and PATRICIA HENDRY
Florence, South Carolina

I was pleased and surprised by the letter in the June issue of PHOTOPLAY protesting the stereotype role in which Indians are always cast in Western movies. We go to the movies, too, and it is rather boring to see our race continually depicted as villains.

I, for one, have lost my taste for the ordinary Westerns because of this. I was inclined to believe that your magazine, or any other magazine, rarely received a letter protesting this matter from one of us. Therefore, I felt the above-mentioned letter rated a word of appreciation from an Indian.

PATRICIA ANDERSON
Lawrence, Kansas

I just read an article stating that Ingrid Bergman is a bit reluctant to return to the United States because of what people, especially women’s clubs, will say.

I, for one, think that Miss Bergman would be welcomed back very warm-heartedly and I'm sure there are millions of people who love her and agree with me. Of course, there will be a few who will never approve of what she did and will always hold it against her.

D. E. SPENCER
Monton, N.B., Canada

Black-haired, brown-eyed Louis was born Louis Gendre in Marseille, France, June 19. He is 6’, weighs 170 lbs. He has been married to Berthe Frederique (called Quique) since 1944. They have a four-year son, Louis, Jr. “The Paradine Case” introduced Louis to American audiences and he has since appeared in a number of movies, among them “Madame Bovary” and “Three Coins in the Fountain.” He will be seen next in “Julie.”—Ed.

Continued on page 12

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 favorite stars, address them at their studios. For list of studio addresses, see page 111.—Ed.
Today, more than ever, your beauty care with pure, mild Ivory Soap is a perfect snap! For the first time, Large Ivory snaps apart into 2 perfect toilet-size cakes—one for your complexion and one for your bath. Now it’s easier than ever to make that fresh, clear look—That Ivory Look—yours.

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**FREE Hazel Bishop lipstick (worth 79¢)** … a shade for every hair color

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Cincinnati, Ohio

Enclosed are 4 special Large Ivory wrappers. Please send me FREE Hazel Bishop Lipstick. My hair color is: □ Blonde □ Brunette □ Brownette □ Red □ Grey.

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You know how ordinary pin-curl permanents are: they art to fade from the first shampoo, wilt on the first imp day. But Pin-Quick curls are locked in to last you cut them off. You can get a softer, casual pin-curl that can't weaken in wet weather. Can't wash it. With miracle-working Silicone, Pin-Quick helps up your hair soft, lustrous, far easier to manage!

And Pin-Quick's new Lano-Clear Wave Lotion makes larger lasting curls, while it protects them with lanolin. Pin-Quick's 5 times faster, too. Unlike other pin-curl permanents, you can dry it safely in minutes with a yer or in the sun. See how beautiful a wave can been it's New Weatherproof Pin-Quick! $1.50 plus tax

5 times faster! Dries in the sun or with a dryer in minutes.

RICHARD HUDNUT GUARANTEES NEW PIN-QUICK TO LAST LONGER THAN ANY OTHER PIN-CURL PERMANENT, OR YOUR MONEY BACK!
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"Stay-Fresh" Color!

Ordinary dry pressed powder
"soaks up" moisture from your skin and
changes color—just as it "soaks up"
these water drops... and discolors

New "Stay-Fresh" Angel Face
won't soak up moisture and darken.
Because Angel Face is triple creamed—
proofed against moisture discoloration!

Won't streak...
won't discolor from skin moisture because

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Angel Face IS TRIPLE CREAMED

Never before—a powder and
foundation in one so radiantly fresh as
all-new Angel Face by Pond's. Hours
after you apply it, new triple-creamed
Angel Face looks as if you'd just smoothed
it on! There's no dry, cakey look. No
discoloring in the "damp" areas of your
face. In only 5 seconds, Angel Face gives
you a complete "Stay Fresh" make-up!
Perfect to carry—it can't spill!

All-new—the "Date Case"! It's pink! It's square! With
mirror, puff, 79¢. Other lovely Angel Face cases—
$1.50. All in 8 new "Stay Fresh" skin tones! "plus tag"

READERS INC.

Recently I saw the movie, "Come Next Spring." Could you please tell me who played the part of Bob?

JEAN ANDERSON
Springfield, Minnesota
Bob was played by Rod Fulton.—Ed.

Can you tell me something about John Smith? I'd like to know his age, height, color of eyes and hair, and whether he is married.

What is his latest movie?

BOBBI JEAN GASTON
Highland Heights, Kentucky
Blond and blue-eyed John was born
March 6, 1931, in Los Angeles, California.
He is 6'2 1/2", weighs 185 lbs., is unmarried.
He is currently in "Quincannon, Frontier
Scout" and is making "Mark of the
Apache."—Ed.

Ever since I saw Leslie Caron in "Lili"
and "Daddy Long Legs," I have admired her. Could you please tell me something
about her?
I would also like to know who her co-
stars were in "Lili."

RENATE FIEDLER
Merrick, New York
Leslie was born in Paris, France, on July
1, 1932. She is 5'8 1/2", has brown hair and
blue eyes. "An American in Paris" was her
first picture. Jean Pierre Aumont and Mel
Ferrer were her co-stars in "Lili." Leslie is
now appearing in "Gaby."—Ed.

Could you please settle an argument?
My friend says that Clark Gable and Bar-
bara Stanwyck played the leading roles
in "The Egg and I." I say Fred MacMurray
and Claudette Colbert did. Who is right?

ROY CRALEY
Nevisdale, Kentucky
You are.—Ed.

I have a question I wish you would clear
up for me. My husband claims that Rod
Cameron is originally from York County in
Pennsylvania. I do not agree with this.
Will you please tell us who is right?

MAMIE RAGUSA
York, Pennsylvania
You are. Rod was born in Calgary, Al-
berta, Canada.—Ed.

I have seen "East of Eden" several times
and think it is wonderful, although each
time I saw the picture I was more im-
pressed by the musical background.
I would like to know the title and composer
of that music and, if it has been recorded,
what record label I may find it on.

GRETA J. EVANS
Pridgy, Texas
The music from "East of Eden" was
composed by Victor Young and has been
recorded on the Decca label.—Ed.

My girlfriend says that Tony Curtis
played in "Beneath the 12-Mile Reef," and
I say that Tab Hunter did. Could you tell
me which one of us is correct? Can you
also tell me the leading lady?

JEANETTE LAIRD
Tampa, Florida
Neither of you is right; it was Bob Wag-
ner. The leading lady was played by Terry
Moore.—Ed.

I have just seen the movie, "Count
Three and Pray," and thought it was sim-
ply wonderful. Joanne Woodward, who
played 'Lissy,' is one of the best actresses I
have seen in a long time. I don't believe I
have ever heard of her before. Could you
please give me some information on her?

MARY BERT ANDREWS
Evanston, Illinois
Could you please tell me if Dean Martin and Perry Como are brothers? Many people I have talked to say they are, and many say they aren't.

Beverly Roberts
Whitesboro, New York
Dean and Perry are not related.—Ed.

I have just seen “Rebel Without a Cause” for the thirteenth time and can truly say that this is the best picture I have ever seen. I would like to know who played the parts of Crunch and Moose.

Sue Brede
Johnstown, Pennsylvania
Crunch was played by Frank Mazzola. Nick Adams played Moose.—Ed.

Would you please tell me who the actress was who played opposite Ray Milland in the movie, “Golden Earrings”? She played the part of a gypsy.

Lynette Bouque
Gonzales, Louisiana
Mariene Dietrich played opposite Ray as the gypsy woman, Lydia.—Ed.

CASTING
Our English class has just finished reading Silas Marner by George Eliot, and we think this would make a great movie. In the leading roles we would like Alastair Sim as Silas Marner; William Holden as Godfrey Cass; Barbara Rush as Nancy Lammeter; June Allyson as Dolly Winthrop; Pat Crowley as Eppie Marner; and Dick Davales as Aaron Winthrop.

Natalie Jankow
Westbury, New York
I have just read Song of the Voyager, a wonderful book by Beverly Butler. It would make a sensational movie with Susan Hayward as Diane Aubert; Jack Palance, Jean Cormier; Alan Ladd, Nathan Jeffers; Barbara Stanwyck, Nancy Cormier; Bobby Driscoll, Emile; and Edward G. Robinson as Andre Cormier.

Laverne Lucas
Raywick, Kentucky
The Rich Are Not Proud, by Mary Douglas Greig, would make a very good movie. I would like to see Diana Lynn as Diane; Janet Leigh as Lois; Tab Hunter as Peter; Jeff Richards as Mark; and Michael Renee as Fenton.

Judy McQuisten
Wheatland, Wyoming
I think Taylor Caldwell’s wonderful novel, Tender Victory, would make an excellent movie with the following cast: Charlton Heston, Reverend John Fletcher; Kim Novak, Larry Sommerfield; Agnes Moorehead, Mrs. Burnsdale; Ward Bond, Dr. Alfred McManus; Richard Egan, Father John Kanto.

Ellen Jane Waller
Columbia, Pennsylvania
I have just read the book Sawdust in His Shoes, a wonderful story about a circus. I think that Sal Mineo would be terrific as Joe Lang, a sixteen-year-old boy with a chip on his shoulder.

Martha Matteson
Chatham, Massachusetts

Joanne was born in Thomasville, Georgia, February 27, 1930. She is just under 5’5”, weighs 108 lbs., has blond hair and green eyes. “Count Three and Pray” was her first picture. She is under contract to 20th Century-Fox.—Ed.

Could you please tell me if Joe Lang, a sixteen-year-old boy with a chip on his shoulder, is really a gypsy.

Dolly Rush

Always on the go—but you needn’t forego beauty care. “It’s so easy to give your skin 3-way beauty care with Cashmere Bouquet,” 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!

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 more quickly than any row of beauty products ... but so much quicker and easier. Start today and watch your skin thrive!
Q I am a man of twenty-four and I have already been divorced twice. Now there is another girl who wants to marry me. I don't want you to get the idea that I'm conciled, but the truth is that both of my wives did the proposing, just as my new girlfriend has taken the initiative.

I was married the first time when I was nineteen, the second time when I was twenty-two. Both marriages lasted about a year. The complaint of both my wives was the same—that I seemed to be two different men: one when I went out, and one around the house.

When I go out, I try to make a party or a date a big success. I think of things to do and places to go and I try to put my best foot forward. When I am around my own home, or in an apartment I am sharing with a wife, I don't have a lot to say. I've always been like that according to my mother. She says I charge my batteries by turning off my bright lights when I figure I don't need them.

I've tried to explain my problem to this girl who wants to marry me now, but she says it won't make any difference to her. Do you think a guy like me could ever make a girl happy? I'd hate to be a three-time loser—it's bad enough to have fouled up the lives of two girls already.

PHILPS N.

A You seem to be apologetic about your natural inclination to intersperse great activity with extreme lassitude, Phelps. I should like to point out that one of the most vital characteristics of show-business people is their ability to turn off magnetic power as if it were water from a faucet.

Years ago, I had a maid who had worked for a celebrated comedian and his wife. "The thing that annoyed me," she confided one day, "was discovering that this funny man, this idol of millions, was actually an exhausted businessman when he came home at night!"

To your key question as to whether a fellow like you could ever make a girl happy, the answer is an emphatic yes. One stipulation should be made: the girl should understand your nature through an understanding of herself.

She should have an intense interest of her own, perhaps painting, music, or writing, or interior decorating. It should be necessary for her, in her work, to dedicate every ounce of her vitality to some task, and then to "fall back and regroup." Such a girl could understand your natural inclination to give your all in a social situation, but to allow the reserve of stamina to be "recharged" between times of great output of vitality.

Perhaps your present girlfriend is that person; perhaps not. In any case, it seems to me that you should remember that when a man asks a girl to marry him, he runs the risk of getting "no" for an answer. By the same token, a girl who asks a man to marry her should be fortified against the negative.

The one invite into matrimony always retains the veto, a vital fact for you (who seem to be soft-hearted and sympathetic) to remember.

PHILPS N.

Q I had an aunt who used to advise me bitterly, "Marry an only child who is an orphan, dear, then you can be reasonably certain of happiness." Everyone used to laugh at this tart observation, but I'm coming to believe that she had something, at that. My particular problem is my brother-in-law, Mike. He is my husband Gary's younger brother, younger by nine years, the baby of the family—really the head of the family.

Gary is steady and hard-working, and I'm working too. We are paying off a car and a small house, and we are making some progress, but Mike is no help at all. He will hold a job for perhaps a month, then get into an argument, leave his home town (about seventy-five miles from here) and move in on us. He has to sleep on the living-room sofa, and he is usually still asleep when Gary and I leave in the morning. When we come home the house is a mess: every ashtray filled, dirty dishes in the sink, the covers still on the sofa, newspapers over the floor and damp towels on the bathroom floor.

During the two years Gary and I have been married, Mike has moved in seven times, and I'm getting sick and tired of it. So far I haven't been gay and pleasant about it, but we had a letter today from Mike saying that his new job isn't going so well, hours too long, boss an old bear, etc. I know the signs now. Can you tell me how I can gaily accept or rebuff my husband's feelings? Gary is so good-hearted and so clan-minded that he really doesn't mind. Besides, Mike has always been the pet of the family, the curly-headed, kiddling, irresponsible type who is irresistible to everyone—but me, and I don't want him around.

GLADYS O.
I am going to a private school and "live in" because my parents are not married any more. There has been a lot of gossip about our family, and that's where my trouble begins.

You see, my father set up a trust fund for me. I get a certain amount every month for school and to cover all the things my father thought I would need. All the kids know it, and so when they run short of money they come to me to borrow. Then, too, during recreation hour, when we are allowed to walk to the corner, it seems I am supposed to buy the candy bars or Cokes for anybody who forgot her money, and you'd be surprised how this mounts up. You understand that this is always asked for as a loan "until Monday" or something like that, and it's usually some silly amount like a dime or a quarter.

The point is, nobody ever pays me back. I've never asked except once and that was for the money a girl borrowed to buy a belt ($3.95). When I said that three weeks had gone by and she hadn't paid me back, she said, "You've got sliver fingers from hanging onto money so tight. Everybody knows you've got it so why not be nice enough to give a little?"

How can I keep my friends, but still not feel that they like me for my allowance?

EILEEN L.

A

Yours is a problem as old as mankind, Eileen. Perhaps it is just as well for you to meet it at a comparatively young age so that you will know how to deal with it.

First of all, it is the responsibility of all who are fortunate to help those who have suffered misfortune. On the other hand, a person can give too much—give everything—and then find themselves with nothing, thus becoming a burden to others.

Your first act should be to set up a budget for yourself, preferably with the aid of your father. You should review your normal expenses, and allow for them. You should set up a fund for the purchase of clothing, for traveling, for whatever expenses occur with predictable regularity. Deducting that total from your monthly income, you will find that there is a small reserve. You should set aside a certain amount of that reserve, and mark it mentally, "For gifts."

But—never lend a penny. If you are asked for a loan, give it instead, and explain that you do not expect to be repaid, you are not lending the money, you are donating it. And when the sum you have set aside for donations is gone, say so. Be regretful, but firm, and explain that you won't have money in your gift fund until the next month.

Never forget for a moment that permitting people to take advantage of you in the lending department is worse for the borrower than for the lender. It sets up an expectation of being given something for nothing, and that notion can only lead to, at minimum, disillusion, and at maximum, destruction. Don't be a party to it.

I am what you might call a semi-invalid. In other words, I have a nervous condition that has the doctors stumped. I have been married for twenty-three years, and in that time I have had five children and lost all but one.

My life would fill a book—nothing but birth, sickness, and death. The sickness has stayed on, and now all my husband and I have ever been able to save has gone to doctors and hospitals—no end to it. The doctors say go away to the country, but how
“Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo,” says Debra Paget. It’s the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

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

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

Hollywood’s favorite Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Never Dries... it Beautifies!

Debra Paget co-starring in CECIL B. DeMILLE’S production of

"THE TEN COMMANDMENTS"


WHAT SHOULD I DO?

Did you, as a child, Mrs. E., ever learn to ride a bicycle? As an adult, did you learn to drive a car? Do you realize that, in operating any vehicle, you go in the direction in which you are looking?

Since you have obviously had a lifetime of medical care, why not try an experiment somewhat beyond the realm of what is normally regarded as medicine? Why not focus your attention upon health?

Look at the trees in your area. Look at the parks near your home. Remind yourself of how long the trees have grown there, through all kinds of weather, strong and secure and full of belief, in sunshine and rain.

Watch children play and watch animals—dogs, or cats, or squirrels frisking through the trees—and remark to yourself about how filled with health they are.

After such a day, look at yourself in the mirror. I believe that you will find your eyes brighter, your skin softer and more glowing, and your head held higher.

One other suggestion: Each of us is gifted, each in his own way. Find your gift. So far in your life you have had no time to explore your own abilities; yet you may be able to do any number of exciting, interesting things which will bring you profit, pleasure, your husband’s pride, and the admiration of your neighbors.

I am thirteen and I am having trouble with my best girlfriend. For a long time we used to be just alike in everything. We always bought our clothes together so that we could dress alike and usually we called in the morning before school to find out what we were going to wear. We liked the same music and thought the same boys were real cool. We had one of the nicest friendships that any two girls could have.

Now she is changing. She wants to be different, or as she puts it, “individual.” She has given away some of her clothing like mine, and I must say some things went to girls I don’t want to look like.

If I say I like a particular TV program, she thinks it’s square, and if I have an idea for a Saturday matinee she says the movie is juvenile. Our conversations usually end with me bursting into tears and her calling me a neurotic juvenile.

Do you think I should give up this girl as my mother suggests, or should I keep on trying to find out what has gone wrong?

BRANDI H.

Bless your heart, Brandi. It is discouraging to find that a friend who has been intensely congenial suddenly has ceased to be a source of pleasure. But this experience is an essential, though heartbreaking, part of growing up.

Let us face the fact that each of us develops in different directions, and at different speeds. It is up to you to be what you are without apology, and certainly without trying to follow the pattern set by someone else. You must feel that you have a right
I am planning to be married this fall, and I should like to know what I'll be appropriate to wear. You see, although I am only twenty-four, I am a bride. I can't be married in my church, for my fiancé has an uncle who is a judge, and he has agreed to perform the ceremony at home.

Certainly would appreciate your suggestions on what outfit and the color of the accessories I should wear. Also, is there a donut gift to give the groom? My mother would rather we went away and got married in some wedding hotel, but I ran away to marry my first love and I think that was the beginning of a wrong list of mistakes that I don't care about, so your suggestions will be very appreciated.

Natalie S.

Since a marriage is a partnership, Natalie, wouldn't it be a good idea to find out from your to-be what he would like to see you wear at the wedding? You probably know what his favorite color is and if he finds you most attractive in a little gown, in a sheath, or in a suit. It wouldn't be easy for you to dress for your big day in such a manner as to please him. But, as conventions are concerned, you will need almost anything except the traditional white satin. As for a gift for your second husband, the gift needn't be dictated by your own intuition as far as conventions are concerned, you will be the controlling factor in your selection of course.

May I extend my sincere wish that it will be very happy, and may I say that second marriages are often intensely interesting? After a mistake, a sensible lady learns a great deal about herself, and has become adult to a great deal (before marriage) about hopes, dreams, and needs of the one she will be a second partner.

Hollywood Discovery!
A non-drying spray set with no lacquer at all!

Sets hair to stay—the softest way!

"I use Lustre-Net—everyday!"
says VIVIAN BLAINE, co-starring in
"PUBLIC PIGEON NUMBER ONE"
An RKO Radio Picture.
Color by Technicolor.

New SUPER-SOFT Lustre-Net
the spray-set with lanolin esters!

Keeps hair in place the Hollywood way—without stiffness or stickiness, contains no lacquer. Leaves hair soft, shining! Actually helps prevent dryness—helps preserve softness with lanolin esters! Quick-sets pin-curls in damp or dry hair... ends sleeping on pins!

There are 2 Lustre-Nets

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REGULAR—extra control for hard-to-manage hair, or curly hair-do's.
3½ oz.—a full ounce more... Only $1.25 plus tax! By the makers of Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Any pin-curl style sets faster, manages easier, lasts longer!

get new Lustre-Net

recommended by Top Hollywood Movie Stars
Wynter
victorious

Wedding bells rang on ears still stunned by the marriage of Dana and Greg. How did she capture the heart of this confirmed bachelor? And how does she plan to keep it?

BY RADIE HARRIS

On June 10, in London, I received the following cable: BEING MARRIED TONIGHT 8 P.M. CHURCH THE WAYFARER CARMEL. OUR LOVE, DANA AND GREG

This message held a very special meaning. It was a gesture of friendship made to me by Dana Wynter and Greg Bautzer, who had promised me that, even though I was 6000 miles away, they would disclose the exciting news of their marriage before it hit the front pages.

Why did they include me among their small circle of intimate friends to whom they cabled this happy announcement? And how did this twenty-four-year-old English girl, a comparative newcomer to Hollywood, capture filmdom's most eligible bachelor? To learn the answer, one must turn back the calendar to a little over a year ago and the setting to Beverly Hills, California.

I was just rushing out of the Beverly Hills Hotel where a tall, dark and handsome chauffeur named Tyrone Power was waiting for me, when I ran into another handsome hero, Greg Bautzer, noted Hollywood lawyer. I don’t remember I met Greg for the first time; it seems to me always known him, and admired him. Greg is the epitome of a gay cavalier. He has all the instinctive qualities of a gentleman. Whereas, the days, most “guys” dating “dolls” will phone the office at the last minute and say, “Darling, I’ve been delayed. Will you grab a cab and meet me in the lobby?” Greg will phone and “Can I send my car for you?” Or, if he’s going to be delayed even five minutes, he’ll have

Continued...
She knows the ropes
and all the jokes!
Her merchandise made
history! But please
don’t tell what Ginger
sells. Or give away the
mystery!

Ginger
Rogers  Barry  Nelson  Carol  Channing
"The First Traveling Saleslady"

co-starring
David Brian  James Arness

Written by Devery Freeman and Stephen Longstreet
Produced and Directed by Arthur Lubin

The most talked-about movies are coming from the NEW RKO
Anne's Wretched

PERIODIC PAIN
Menstrual pain had Anne down but Midol brought quick comfort. Midol acts three ways to bring faster, more complete relief from menstrual distress. 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. 89-95, Box 260, New York 16, N.Y. (Don't in plain wrapper).

Wynter victorious continued

Anne's RADIANT WITH MIDOL

secretary call and explain that he's on his way. I once asked one of the many women who have been in love with Greg what was the outstanding quality that had made her so enamored of him. Without hesitation, she replied, "He makes a woman feel like a woman!"

This glamour queen has since married, as have most of the other women in Greg's romantic life, for the simple reason that they despaired of ever landing him. But don't be misled. That possibility of marriage once wore the strains of "Lohengrin" when I stopped to talk to Greg that summer day in Beverly Hills, but suddenly I heard myself say, "Greg, I've got just the girl for you. I met her in London two years ago. She's twenty-three, her father is a prominent surgeon in Rhodesia, she was a medical student at the University there, but went back to London and studied business. She's under contract to 20th and is co-starring with Dick Egan in 'The View from Pompey's Head.' And finally and most important, she's unattached. Why don't you give her a try?"

Greg confessed that he had already taken inventory of her when they had met at a large cocktail party. She was with another date, so he'd not "pursued" her any further. However, he added, he would follow my suggestion.

Not long after that, I had lunch with Dana and extolled Greg's virtues to her. But to my utter amazement, Miss Wynter from London, this star is worse than a small village when it comes to gossip, had not taken long for Dana's 'best friends' to alert her that Greg was the most eligible bachelor in town. But she was also warned that many of her predecessors, she couldn't fail to succumb to his charms and wind up with a broken heart. Dana had heeded these warnings and determined to steer clear of Mr. Bautzer.

Naturally, with a man like Greg—who used to women's shameless pursuit of him—Dana's stand-off attitude only increased his desire to meet this unique femme fatale. He flooded her with calls from Palm Springs, New York, Paris. Rome—wherever his affairs as a prominent lawyer took him. But still no date.

The following November, after finishing "The View from Pompey's Head," Dana was sent to New York for a big advance-publicity campaign. Over a luncheon gat the told me of Greg's pursuit and her defense tactics. I told her I thought she was being very foolish. "You must find you a man in your relationship to you," I said, "and not be influenced by what you hear about them from other people. If you go out with Greg once, and then decide that you don't want to be seen with him, that's up to you. But why put up this barrier before you've even met?"

I know I sounded like Greg pleading one of his own cases in court, but I sincerely believed that there were two ways to being involved, that's up to you. But why put up this barrier before you've even met?"

Realizing that I had no personal motive except the sincere gesture of friendship, Dana assured me that when she returned to Hollywood—if and when Greg did call—she would take my advice and see him.

Scarcely a month later, I received a note from Dana that made me wonderfully happy. It read in part: "You're right, Radie, my love is a Dream Prince and I wish everyone in the world could be even one tenth as happy as I—I love him dearly have you to thank for it."

Greg was equally ecstatic. "She's the most wonderful thing that's happened to my life!" he exclaimed when we had coffee together a few weeks later in his Connecticut cottage. Since Dana had come into his life, he wasn't interested in anyone else. Of course, it didn't take long for this budding romance to hit all the gossip columns. A hint, a hint. But when it was hinted, it was greeted with the usual skepticism. Remember, Greg was a confirmed bachelor. But isn't every man's dream to be found at the right woman? And when the right woman comes along? In Greg's case, it was only a question of the right woman and the right timing. Dana came into his life at a period when he no longer wanted to "play boy," but still had his fill of playing the field; he was ready for a wife, a home, and a family.

What are the qualities in Dana that made her qualify for a role that so many other women have failed to achieve? Although she's about two years Greg's junior, Dana is extroverted adult for her years—as most British are, especially those who, like Dana, grew up in the nick of World War II. As in England, it is a man's world: the average Britisher is lord and master in his house, and his wife ungrudgingly gives him his "whim" of iron. Greg, on the other hand will not go back to the bachelor days. That private little ego means more to him than anything or anyone else. Thus, Dana said to him, "Let's talk about now, darling"—and, by that, didn't mean "How do you like my last picture?"

Greg was greatly surprised—and relieved. And, when Dana told him that after being married, she would give up her big-screen career because he was to be her only career. he knew this was it.

Dana's contract with 20th Century still has six years to run. When Dana announced that she was planning to retire, it came as a big blow to the studio, which had made her first impression. According to Scarlett O'Hara or Eliza Doolittle as Scarlett O'Hara or Eliza Doolittle as she turn up, I'd be a fool not to accept Dana. Dana told me two weeks before marriage. "But just to play any old role wouldn't be worth sacrificing the career that I could and should be spending Greg. His legal affairs keep him constantly on the move, and if he has to take off for New York or Europe, I've got to take off with him. Next to all acquaintance, and people knowing me, I want to be free for him here in California—tennis with him at Palm Springs, to the normal routine of breakfasting him in the morning and dining with him at night, instead of being tied up in Hollywood studio. I want to help him relax from pressures that are constantly being on his time. Greg can't say no to anything if it's important to client or his work. People know him, he can take advantage of him. He's lived in most of his life. I want to make his life. I want to make him for him now that he's bought two homes for us to share together is a bungalow (Continued on page 21)
New! BOBBI—with "Casual Curlets" and breeze-fresh lotion gives you a longer lasting, softly feminine wave

A stronger wave than ordinary pin-curl permanents
a softer wave than rod-type permanents

Specially created for casual hair styles

Everything you need for the prettiest, longest-lasting casual hairdo ever! Fabulous new easy-set "Casual Curlets"... of pretty pink plastic... simpler than metal pins! New breeze-fresh, petal-pink lotion, so pleasant to use! No separate neutralizer, no resetting. Only BOBBI makes a pin-curl permanent so easy!

Pin-curls made with BOBBI's new "Casual Curlets"... smooth, firm, no loose ends, no crimp marks as with metal pins. Specially designed for a stronger, longer-lasting casual wave!

New "Casual Curlets" are 7 ways better:
1. Easier, faster than metal pins.
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All-new BOBBI in a bright blue box
Each package complete with 55 "Casual Curlets" and 6 neckline curlers.
Glamour Gab of Hollywood

BY RUTH WATERBURY

I've certainly been "roughing" it this month. I had to spend several weeks in Paris, in one of those Parisian hotels where your bedroom leads on to a balcony that overlooks the glittering city. I had to eat those fabulous French meals; and, everywhere I went I saw people such as Ingrid Bergman, Audrey Hepburn, Ava Gardner, Gina Lollobrigida, Fred Astaire, and Anthony Quinn.

Ingrid—Has It Been Worth It?

Let's take Ingrid Bergman first, for there's one question every woman must want to ask her—but which can't be asked of her, if you have any heart. Question: Has the price she paid for Rossellini's love been worth it?

My answer, based on my observations of this beautiful woman: I'm sure it's been worth it—for two reasons.

Here's one of them. The first night I was in Paris, Anatole Litvak, director of "Anastasia," asked me to a cocktail party. There were only about twenty guests, just the cast and crew of "Anastasia," including Ingrid, Yul Brynner, and Akim Tamiroff.

I had not seen Ingrid for more than six years. With the exception of Greg Bautzer, her lawyer, few people in Hollywood have. So it was magical to look at her, against the red plush antiquity of a little Paris bistro, glowing like a white diamond. As always, she was dressed with the utmost simplicity, her golden hair drawn simply back, with no make-up except lipstick on her lovely face.

In the old Hollywood days, Ingrid used to be shy and reserved, around women at least. Now she bubbles over with talk and laughter. She told me about her son, of whom she is most proud, and about her twin daughters. She spoke about the Italians whom she thinks know more about the sheer zest of living than any other race. She spoke about the theatre, for which she has developed a great enthusiasm. That night, in fact, she was planning to see a stage production of "War and Peace," performed by some Germans. She told me that Rossellini was joining her the next night in Paris, bringing their children with him.

Throughout the party, Ingrid laughing, radiant, no longer a war on guard, as she always seemed to in Hollywood.

On Location In Paris

The next night, on location for first scene of "Anastasia," it poured rain. The scene was being shot on beautiful Pont Alexandre III, where the famous bridges the Seine. The rain actually helped the plot, since the scene featured the lovely Princess Anastasia being saved from suicide by the character portrayed by Yul Brynner.

Ingrid stood halfway across the bridge, where she would first be "covered" by the camera. Brynner pushed farther down in a car. The rain kept falling and the atmosphere became more miserable, but Bergman's warmth seemed to radiate more. It was obvious that she was deeply happy, almost ecstatic, over being in such an important picture.

During all this, carefully out of camera range, Rossellini stood against a light pole. Nobody seems to be aware of him, except me. I couldn't help wondering how Rossellini felt—whether he was the great Yul Brynner, he who was to have married Ingrid; he who was supposed to be the Italian film-maker, the great lover, the domineering male. Maybe the question that can't ask Ingrid should really be directed to Rossellini. Has it been worth it? What do you think his reply would be?

Whereas the day-after-day rain Paris didn't interfere with the "Anastasia" shooting, it forced the "Funny Face" company to devise scenes that weren't in the script. One day, out Chantilly, a Paris suburb, Audrey Hepburn and Fred Astaire were supposed to play a love scene beside a small lake in the woods of Chateau of the White Queen. Wall among the gardens, wearing a Givenchy...
Spain, with "The Pride and the Passion", Ruth found Cary Grant had become a toast attraction! Right rear, Sinatra

n, with the rain beating the frasit blossoms into the ground, Audrey ed like a princess.

fter an hour in the rain, the company had to give in to the elements. It decided to revise the scene and set it in Paris in front of the Louvre. Astaire, as the demon young (?) photographer, was to be photographing model, Audrey, holding a big bunch of balloons.

udrey and Fred went through their era paces in the best good humor, bite the downpour. Fred, incidentally says that all he wants is work and r work, because this is the only he can briefly forget his grief over los of his wife.

he light of the dark day began failure, however, before the shooting could finish. So the call went out for same place the next morning. As we would have it, the next morning, sun blazed out. Audrey and Fred were in the same spot—but under el shadows, dripping beneath raindrops splashed on them by s from every angle.

hile in Chantilly the day before, we Continued

Choice of smart women the world over
stopped for lunch at a little restaurant. Such a time Audrey and Mel Ferrer had, each making sure that the other was eating. Mel thinks Audrey doesn’t eat enough and she’s sure he doesn’t. So there they sit, so bemused with taking care of one another that neither eats barely a bite. It is enchanting to see a couple so completely lost in each other as these two are in the second year of their marriage.

**Designing Men**

All this movie-making in Paris has presented the first challenge to our top Hollywood dress designers, Edith Head and Helen Rose. Until now, they have been supreme, but for “The Little Hut.” Ava Gardner had no less than fourteen outfits made by Dior, while Audrey Hepburn had all her things for “Funny Face” made by Givenchy—and none other than Balenciaga designed the middy blouse and skirt that Ingrid Bergman wears in “Anastasia.”

I saw the sketches of Dior’s designs for Ava, and they are unbelievably beautiful, chic and breathtaking. They are so lovely that Ava agreed to make “The Little Hut” largely because of them—although the script is a dilly and playing opposite Stewart Granger and David Niven isn’t painful, either. As for Givenchy’s creations for Audrey Hepburn, I think they’re a crime. Although Audrey’s beauty and sweetness still stand out, Givenchy’s angularity tries to make women look like yardsticks, long and flat. His may be the last word in chic, but to me it is not the first syllable in allure.

**Curves, Cash and Conquest**

On the set of “Notre Dame de Paris,” which is a re-make of “The Hunchback of Notre Dame,” I saw Gina Lollobrigida in a piece of burlap that covered her from neck to toe, but still didn’t conceal her curves. They could lower this dazzer into a pitch-black mine at midnight and you’d still know she wasn’t a boy.

Last year in Paris, when Gina was making “Trapeze,” I found her very reserved and formal. But this year, as she capered about between shots, I decided she had either been shy before or had learned that on the set of an American-made picture you become very friendly. I believe it’s a bit of both, but mostly the latter. Because here is a teen with a tremendous brain. As Robert Hakim, who is producing “Notre Dame de Paris,” said, “U.S. Steel should be as well run a corporation as is the corporation of Lollobrigida.”

Gina’s corporation is run by Gina and her husband, Dr. Milko Skofic. Here is a couple, quietly but completely in love, who understand each other absolutely. Already, from their 50% ownership of “The Most Beautiful Woman in the World,” they are secure for life. And Gina is a mere twenty-eight.

After spending seven hours a day shooting “Notre Dame de Paris” in two languages that are foreign to her—French and English—Gina spent two more hours a day on singing lessons and three hours on ballet. There’s no stopping people like that, when they have talent, too. Gina’s got it, in every sense. I think she’s terrific.

**Return of the Hunchback**

Anthony Quinn is the hunchback in the film with Gina. His make-up for the picture is so fantastic that it took three hours every morning to get it on and two hours to get it off. He had lead soles on his shoes to make him walk heavily, a brace around his body to pull him out of shape, a twenty-five pound “hump” on his back, and of his eyes was blacked-out with putty.

Since the French shooting day runs from 12:30 to 7 P.M., Tony got to the studio at 9:30 a.m. and left at nine in the evening. During the on-and-off make-up sessions, he, too, studied French. He had to, since the picture was made in French and English.

On Saturdays and Sundays, Tony studied painting with two different instructors. He let me see a few of his landscape and they really are knockouts.

**On Location in Spain**

In Madrid, where “The Pride and the Passion,” starring Cary Grant, Frank Sinatra and Sophia Loren, was being filmed, the mere presence of Her Serene Highness, Princess Grace of Monaco, stole the show from the other stars.

With her usual effortlessness, the Miss Kelly captured all Madrid ju by being her flawless super-self. I say it happens at a bull fight on my first weekend in the capital of Spain.

Sophia Loren is the greatest star in Europe today—even more so than Gina Lollobrigida, although I think Gina will stay on top longer. Sophia deserves to be a star. She is a spectacular beauty, with naturally curly gold-red hair, large topaz eyes and luscious mouth. She is five-feet nine and has 23-inch waist and 38 bust and hips. She will be twenty-two in September.

Before the camera, Sophia is a set svelt, stormy actress. Cary Grant tells me he believes that, now she has been signed to a contract with Paramount, she can become one of the greatest stars. Stanley (Continued on page 115).
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EXCELLENT  

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LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES  

WITH JANET GRAVES  

The King and I  

CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR  

Here's the most strongly plotted exquisitely scored of all Rodgers and Hammerstein musicals, recorded on film in its spirit intact and its visual splendor expanded. Yul Brynner, unique as a personality, authoritative as an actor and her, has made the part of the king his own. But Deborah Kerr, new to her role, enriches him, as the proud English schoolteacher arrived in 1862 Siam to instruct the king's numerous children—and, turns out, some of his wives, too. The bountiful romantic element is taken care of by Rita Moreno as an unwilling addition to the harem, and Carlos Rivas, as her lover, the pair who must “kiss in a how.” Much more meaningful is the love, indicated subtly but forcefully, rising to a tingling climax with “Shall We Dance?”

The Fastest Gun Alive  

M-G-M  

A compelling air of mystery surrounds the man intensely portrayed by Glenn Ford in this fascinating drama of the frontier. You think he's that familiar figure the retired gunfighter, who can't stay retired. But you're wrong. And his true history unfolds as the people of a small Western town change their opinion of him. Glenn has been there for some years, living quietly with wife Jeanne Crain, when the account of a killing rouses him to show his townspeople that he isn't just a mild storekeeper. He's “the fastest gun alive.” Outlaw Broderick Crawford is homicidally jealous of any man who claims that distinction. In the mounting suspense, all minor roles are sharply defined, though Russ Tamblyn's is confined to a sprightly dance sequence, with only brief scenes elsewhere.

The old, deadly urge that overtakes Glenn fills his wife, Jeanne, with terror.

Continued
Away All Boats

The physical realities of modern warfare at sea come
smashing home to all of us in this impressive saga of a World
War II attack transport, captained by Jeff Chandler. In his role
as the shrewd, hard-bitten, lonely skipper, Jeff must whip an
oddly assorted crew into shape to put the little landing craft
ashore on fanatically defended Pacific islands. First officer
Lex Barker seems a frivolous type. Officer George Nader, with
practical merchant-marine experience, yearns homeward toward
his wife (Julie Adams). Ship's doctor Keith Andes and officer
Richard Boone are others deeply involved in the story's action.
But the ship herself is the heroine, and, as the crew does, you
find yourself more and more concerned about her fate, deter-
mined to see her come through safely.

Santiago

A roistering adventure yarn gives Alan Ladd a worthy
adversary, the able Lloyd Nolan, and a luscious lady-love, Ros-
sana Podesta. The time is just before the Spanish-American
War, as Cuba fights alone for independence. Alan has his
familiar part of the seeming cynic, just out for the money (a
stint he took over from Bogart). As rival gun-runners, he and
the unscrupulous Nolan reluctantly team up to make sure
that each gets the cash, after they've accomplished the dangerous
task of delivering their guns to the rebels. As a courageous
revolutionary leader, Rossana commands the devotion of her
people—but draws more personal attentions from the two
Americans. Sturdy support comes from Chill Wills, skipper
of the old stern-wheeler carrying the vital cargo.

High Society

It's sheer, relaxing pleasure to see the sparkling
sonorities of this romantic comedy serve up pure enter-
ment in easy professional style. A musical re-make of
Philadelphia Story (with the locale moved to Newport,)
with the locale moved to Newport, it happily casts Grace Kelly in Katharine Hepburn's ol
of the perfection-demanding goddess who's brought do
care with a satisfying thump. But Grace's co-stars tal
playaway from her with their deft comedy and song. Crosby is her former husband, also a blueblood but a
ful and unassuming one. Frank Sinatra is a breezy ma
writer, sent to cover Grace's wedding to John Lund, a
less stuffed-shirt type. As Frank's photographer-partner, C
Holm's charming. Louis Armstrong adds fine jazz.

Pardners

That grand old movie institution the horse open
a ribbing from Martin and Lewis—but so gentle a
that it's sure to survive. Sons of brave pioneers who d
together in a battle against outlaws, Dean and Jerry hav
separate ways. Dean's a real cowboy, a rodeo rider, but a
timid rich boy, brought up in New York, dreaming w
of his heroic heritage. When Dean and his ranch-owner
heart (Lori Nelson) leave after a visit to the big town
bust loose from mom Agnes Moorehead's apron strin
takes off with Dean. Well, those outlaws have descendan
tor the plunders in 1910. With Jackie Loug
Jerry's dance-hall gal, Jeff Morrow and John Baragrey
regular) as bad guys, the doings are plenty lively.
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LET'S GO TO THE STRADA

La Strada

WWW The flamboyant, shabby people on the road (la strada) touch your heart when you watch this fine Italian movie (titles in English). Its two American stars, Anthony Quinn and Richard Basehart, are both excellent; the picture belongs to a funny-faced, likable little Italian actress, Giulietta Masina. A simple-minded, sweet-natured girl, she practically sold every shirt and carnivals. But his rough treatment drove her to leave him. Then she received some odd but understanding advice from Basehart, a gentle-hearted wire-walker at a carnival.

Seven Men from Now

WARNERS, WARNER

WWW Solidly plotted and crisply presented, this is a reliable Randolph Scott Western, with Lee Marvin furnishing extra suspense as a dangerous character that may be either ally or adversary. Ran an ex-sheriff in bitter pursuit of se bandits who killed his wife during a holdup. Going through Indian country, he joins forces with chance trail acquaintance Marvin and an uncouth sidekick; Russell and her weakling husband (War Reed), a pioneer couple. Corpses hit the trail with satisfying frequency as they catch up with his quarry. The turn of the bandits' loot sparks the violent climax.

Confidential Report

THEATRICAL &

WWW As mixed-up melodrama as you ever likely to see, this film still has delightful flair for the grotesque the Orson Welles' trademark. Shot in Eur it casts writer-director-star Welles a multi-millionaire of mysterious origins. Newcomer Robert Arden, a good-looking young man singularly sloppy in manner and speech, plays an American adventurer who accepts a strange assignment from Welles. The rich old man wants to find out what happened in his own life before he was an attack of amnesia. Though Arden has a girl—Patricia dina—as money-minded as he is—he's attracted to Welles' daughter (Paola Paxinou). Among the types Arden encounters during his arduous sleuthing, Katina Paxinou is standing, as a woman out of the past.

Huh!

U.S.A. EASTMAN

WWW Thanks to Philippine-American operation and location shooting, this film combines steady excitement and interesting, authentic backgrounds. Re
MOVIES continued

the Philippines in 1952, tough-minded George Montgomery wants only to sell his plantation and get out. But sweetheart Mona Freeman, her neurotic husband (John Baer) and her unselfish father-in-law (James Bell) love the island and their people. They’re willing to continue the fight against the Huk, guerrillas who attack both Americans and peaceable Filipinos. George, of course, is drawn into the battle.

The Brave One

*CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOK*

Colorful locales—Mexico this time—again a prime attraction, in a pleasing fly-and-animal story. Except for Michel, appealing child actor seen earlier in "The Divided Heart," the cast is Mexican. A poor tenant farmer, Michel ten-

tently raises a handsome bull calf, refusing to face the fact that this is a fighting bull. In spite of all his efforts, his pet finally is taken into the ring. This is a stunning scene, with the gruesome aspects played down and the matador’s artistry played up. Jal fans jamming the huge Mexico City arena add spectacle.

In the Sun

SuperScope, Technicolor

The decisive presence and acting skill of the three stars have to carry this rather

duddled and aimless thriller, and they succeed in giving it moments of ten-

ti. The plot gets belatedly under way when novelist Richard Widmark and mag-

azine-writer Jane Greer, flying over the
desperate flight, Dick and Jane Greer must take time for a jungle snooze

Mexican jungles in his private plane, are

ded down. They’re given shelter at the

ted plantation of Trevor Howard, an

ishman who says he’s an archaeolo-

But he and his two henchmen are

ously sinister types, and it’s soon ap-

ent that Dick and Jane are held pris-

. Dick’s discovery of his host’s true

ity means that he and Jane must flee

their lives.

FAMILY Continued

FAMILY

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New sunshine yellow shampoo puts sunny sparkle in hair!

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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.

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**LET'S GO TO THE**

**Unidentified Flying Objects**

**VVV** Not science-fiction, but in general a documentary, this conscientious film gives the known facts and credible observations about "flying saucers." Most service personnel portray themselves, but reporter Tom Towers plays newsmen Albe Chopp, skeptic whose work with Air Force information services finally keeps him from sneering at reported sightings of "UFO's." There are no faked close-ups of strange moving lights. Service research has determined that neither film included trickery.

---

**Autumn Leaves**

**VVV** Pitching hard for dramatic power, this excerpt from a psychiatrist's book does achieve some punch. However, it's hard to accept handsome Joan Crawford as a manless spinster. Newcomer Cliff Robertson makes a commendable try the young man she marries on short acquaintance, only to discover that her father (Lorne Greene) and ex-wife (V Miles) have driven him to the verge of insanity. So Joan faces a decision. Her husband's mind is at stake. But if his mental health is restored, he may no longer need her. The solution includes some unnecessarily gruesome details.

---

**Phantom Horse**

**HARRISON, EASTMAN & CO.**

**VVV** In this leisurely-paced, sentiment Japanese movie (with English titles), a race horse that needs psychiatric care and gets it, from a sympathetic veterinarian, Ayako Wako. The little who regards the horse as his own, the horse-breeding family must eventually sell it. A forest fire, a stable fire and a confusingly presented races gene thrive. Only a few glimpses of expressions and customs in Japan set the ture apart from its American equivalent.
'Chill Wills' raucous voice still issues from the talking mule's muzzle; but, Donal O'Connor having excused himself from the series, Mickey Rooney takes over as Francis' dopey human pal. At the mule's prompting, he gets in wrong with the cops reporting a murder before the body's even found. In love with heiress Virginia tellies, Mickey investigates shenanigans in her eerie old mansion and plays the eerful patsy in a lot of winningly old-fashioned slapstick.

Francis in the Haunted House

Chill Wills' raucous voice still issues from the talking mule's muzzle; but, Donal O'Connor having excused himself from the series, Mickey Rooney takes over as Francis' dopey human pal. At the mule's prompting, he gets in wrong with the cops reporting a murder before the body's even found. In love with heiress Virginia tellies, Mickey investigates shenanigans in her eerie old mansion and plays the eerful patsy in a lot of winningly old-fashioned slapstick.

The Black Sleep

A congress of movie monsters cavorts through this all-out horror item. Basil Rathbone's our old friend the mad scientist, a brain surgeon experimenting on living people. Lon Chaney, Bela Lugosi and John Carradine are among his guinea pigs. As a doctor in Basil's clutches, Herbert Rudley has the task of getting himself and pretty Patricia Blake out of there. The make-up department has a high old time with the surgeon's victims. For a few litches of welcome if grisly comic relief, there's Akim Tamiroff, as a tattoo artist who keeps the madman's lab stocked with man supplies.

ugo Crossing

At one point in this adventure tale, Virginia Mayo complains that she has no idea what's going on or who's up to what. And the audience will sympathize, while hating the to-do agreeably unpretentious playgirl involved in a murder case, Virginia Mayo. With a bottle as a weapon, Virginia is to charge poor George with robbery.

A proof—Pond's cleanses deep. Right through stubborn dirt, Pond's cleanses a clear path!
No doubt about the name of "Marty's" best girl in real life—it's Rhod

I understand Rock Hudson is often called Rock 'n' Roll Hudson by his wife, Phyllis. It seems every blond is trying to look like Marilyn Monroe, except Marilyn Monroe. I'm weary of reading bachelor stories about George Nader. Theme Song for the Greg Bautzer-Dana Wynter marriage: A Man Chases A Girl Until She Catches Him. Frank Sinatra's approach to friendship is animal loyal. Acknowledged: Elizabeth Taylor is beautiful—but Joan Crawford creates more excitement when she enters a room. Natalie Wood stayed home one night last month. It seems Raymond Burr thought she had a date with Tab Hunter who thought she had a date with Nick Adams who thought she had a date with Nick Ray who was out of town. When they come out with an inside confidential scandal yarn about Ann Blyth, I'll say I've heard everything. Tony Curtis told it: A movie star is somebody just like the boy next door, if you live in Beverly Hills.

Rhonda Fleming's a doll who should be doing better than she is. I want to give credit to Burt Lancaster who is an admirer of other people with talent and a distributor of credit. That's why the firm is now called Hecht, Hill and Lancaster. Most people remember Marty and his pal, Angie ("What do you feel like doing tonight?"). But do you know the name of Marty's girlfriend, played by Betsy Blair? Dimitri Tiomkin describing Hollywood: "The actors are as American as apple pie and the actresses are as American as cheesecake."

I admit Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman had me fooled. I thought they were too busy with each other to be busy elsewhere. Starlet Dani Crayne reminds me of Lana Turner, and Leigh Snowden reminds me of Leigh Snowden. I saw Kirk Douglas in "Champion" on TV, and he sure had a skinny chest. Kirk would have to fight in a heavier division today. When I meet Ernest Borgnine, I think he's carrying his Oscar under his coat. Can tell the difference between I Barker, Jess Barker and Fess Parker. I can also tell the difference between Tab Hunter, Jeffrey Hunter and Rd Hunter. But I do get a bit confused between Dale Robertson and Cliff Robertson. Dick Powell and Jane Powell give me no trouble at all. Red Skelton tells of the producer who said "Maybe I don't know what I'm talking about, but if I did, I'd know what talking about I'd be right."

Kim Novak has her moods. I can remember all the way back when Jane Russell was considered the greatest. But now Jane is the four-minute mile: the record has been broken by many. The new Marty's girlfriend is Clara. Wouldn't ask you a question and give the answer. Barbara Stanwyck has never been known to have an argument with a director during production. "I do all of my arguing before the ture starts," says Barbara. Will Holden, asked if he knew a certain bragging producer, replied: "I know him very well. I caught him in a once."

I can't believe Stewart Granger with even holler at adorable Jean Simmons... Debra Paget is behaving like an old-time movie star, even if she is one. Debra must have read back issues of this movie magazine. Don't be surprised if Elvis Presley surprises you by tossing away his guitar, his toned motions, and becomes a movie star. Acknowledged: Ralph Fawcett is a great actor. But C. Gable is more exciting to watch on screen. Now that Edmund O'Brien and Linda Christian have other, they don't appear satisfied. My favorite character Mike Curtiz he liked a certain actress "because she's a perfect combination of emotions." That's Hollywood for you.
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LOTION SHAMPOO

Use New White Rain Shampoo tonight ... Tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for the month indicated. Current full reviews—see contents page.

ANIMAL WORLD, THE—Warner, Technicolor: Often fascinating though hazily organized documentary, covering microscopic creatures, dinosaurs (in cartoon), the menagerie of present-day Africa. (F) — July

AS LONG AS YOU'RE NEAR ME—Warner: Distinctive German film, with dialogue in English. Director O. W. Fischer hires Maria Schell to act out her own sad life in a movie, thereby endangering her marriage. (A) — July


CATERED AFFAIR, THE—M-G-M: A visit with an endearingly everyday family, excellently portrayed. Housewife Bette Davis insists on a big wedding for daughter Debbie Reynolds, though pop Ernest Borgnine, a cab driver, can’t afford it. (F) — July


CROWDED PARADISE—Tudor: Enid Rugg and Mario Alcalde are young lovers in a touching study of New York’s Puerto Ricans. A subplot features Hume Cronyn, Nancy Kelly. (A) — July

DAKOTA INCIDENT—Republic, Technicolor: Tightly constructed Western. Among an isolated group besieged by Indians are bandit Dale Robertson, singer Linda Darnell. (F) — August


EARTH VS. THE FLYING SAUCERS—Columbia: Neat science-fiction thriller. The unmanned satellites that newlywed Hugh Marlowe and Joan Taylor work at launching are blasted by space ships—with unknown purpose. (F) — August

EDDY DUCHIN STORY, THE—Columbia: CinemaScope, Technicolor: Affecting and graceful musical biography casts Ty Power as the pianist and bandleader; Kim Novak, his first wife; Victoria Shaw, his second. (F) — August

GREAT LOCOMOTIVE CHASE, THE—Buena Vista: CinemaScope, Technicolor: Picture esque, fact-based adventure sends Union spy Fess Parker on a daring raid into Dixie, with Jeffrey Hunter as a gallant enemy. (F) — July

INVITATION TO THE DANCE—M-G-M, Technicolor: Wordless, charming, all-dance film. Gene Kelly leads a gifted troupe in three tales—winful, comic, and whimsical. (F) — August

KILLING, THE—U.A.: Compact, tough crime vignette. Sterling Hayden’s intricate scheme for a race-track robbery is upset by acomplices’ personal problems, such as a cheating wife (Marie Windsor). (F) — August
REVIEWS

AUGUST

KISS BEFORE DYING, A—U.A.; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Good suspense fare. As a fortune-hunter, Bob Wagner almost gets away with the murder of Joanne Woodward, until her sister (Virginia Leith) starts investigating. (A) July

LEATHER SAINT, THE—Paramount: Pleasant story of a minister (John Derek) who secretly takes up prizefighting to earn money for a children's hospital. Paul Douglas is his manager; Judy Lawrence, a flashy dame. (F) July

MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH, THE—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Fast Hitchcock thriller. Tourists in Morocco, James Stewart and Doris Day learn of a murder plan, and their son's kidnapped to silence them. (F) July

MAVERICK QUEEN, THE—Republic, Naturoma, TruColor: In an actionful Western, love for detective Barry Sullivan makes Barbara Stanwyck turn on her cattle-rustling pals. (F) July

MORY DICK—Warner, Technicolor: Impressive version of Melville's classic. Gregory Peck is the whaling-ship captain on a crazy search for the whale that crippled him. Richard Basehart, Leo Genn are also fine. (F) August

OUTSIDE THE LAW—U-I: Lively crime-plotting film. Ex-con Ray Danton helps his hated father, T-man Omlof Stevens, break up a counterfeiting gang. (F) July

PROUD AND PROFANE, THE—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Troubled wartime romance of a hardened Marine Corps officer (William Holden) and a Red Cross girl (Deborah Kerr), in the Pacific. Thelma Ritter, Dewey Martin make a subplot more touching. (A) August

PROUD ONES, THE—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Sheriff Bob Ryan has rough going in a dusty Western. Virginia Mayo's his girl; Jeff Hunter, his deputy. (F) August

RAWHIDE YEARS, THE—U-I, Technicolor: Rambling, amiable Western. Wanted for murder, Tony Curtis seeks the real killer; Colleen Miller waits impatiently. (F) August

REBEL IN TOWN—U.A.: Strong drama of the post-Civil War frontier. Ben Cooper is a Southerner in danger; John Payne, a Red-hater; Ruth Roman, Payne's gentle wife. (F) August

SAFARI—Columbia; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Man Maus, wild beasts and tangled emotions keep the excitement going as white hunter Vic Mature hits the trail with rich Roland Culver and Janet Leigh, Culver's fiancée. (F) July

SOMEBODY UP THERE LIKES ME—M-G-M: In a rowdy, sympathetic, humorous movie biography, Paul Newman's first-rate as square-raker Rocky Graziano, helped to reform by Pier Angeli, Sal Mineo's a slum pal. (F) August

STAR IN THE DUST—U-I: Briskly effective Western. Sheriff John Agar's set on hanging killer Richard Boone legally, though escape and lynching plots are afoot. (F) July

THAT CERTAIN FEELING—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Bob Hope's funny and likable as a timid artist urged by Eva Marie Saint to tell off boss George Sanders. (F) August

TRAPEZE—U.A.; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Brilliant, absorbing circus drama. As a has-been "flyer," Burt Lancaster returns to be Tony Curtis' catcher, Gina Lollobrigida wags her wiles to get into their act. (F) August

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You're Prettier than you think you are
...and you can prove it with a Palmolive bar!

Prove it to Yourself in 60 Seconds!

1. Hidden dirt is a beauty thief!
Rub your face hard with a cotton pad after ordinary, casual cleansing with your regular soap or face cream. See the ugly smudge the pad picks up? That's deep-down dirt that casual cleansing misses... dirt that hides the fresh, natural prettiness of your complexion.

2. Beautifully clean after 60-second Palmolive facial!
Rub your face the same way with a cotton pad after a 60-second massage with Palmolive Soap. Pad is still snowy-white... proving that Palmolive care cleans deeper, cleans cleaner, cleans prettier! And mild Palmolive won't irritate skin.

New complexion beauty in just one minute? Yes, fair lady, yes! Because Palmolive care removes beauty-robbing hidden dirt that casual cleansing misses. And only a soap as mild as Palmolive can cleanse so thoroughly. So use Palmolive in the bath... and always wash your face with Palmolive—how prettier you never thought.
PHOTOPLAY
EXCLUSIVE

beginning an unforgettable story, never before told about Jimmy Dean

There was a Boy...

BY WILLIAM BAST

I knew him
for such a short time—
just six years.
But that was all
the time Jimmy
had left to live

On September 30, 1955, the world was informed that the short but incredible career of James Dean had come to a tragic end on a lonely northern California highway. One year prior to that date James Dean was a comparatively obscure actor and was hardly known to the public. Now, almost one year after his death, he stands on the threshold of immortality.

James Dean's life was by all means filled with excitement and turbulence. It is the fascinating tale of a young man who propelled himself violently through a few short years, in search of fulfillment, love, and understanding. It is a legend filled with the profundity and gentleness that was the boy himself.

Jimmy was my closest and most constant friend during the six years before his death. Most of that time we shared the living expenses involved in the struggle to gain recognition in the theatre, and we were seldom out of touch with
He was my crazy roommate—moody, unpredictable, not yet sure of what he had, not yet ready for the role destiny had chosen for him.

Each other. In my peculiar position of having known him so long and having shared so many experiences with him, I find it hard to comprehend the full significance of what happened to the school chum I came to call my friend. Just three years ago he was just my crazy roommate who, like all the kids we knew, was trying to make a mark for himself. He was known only to a limited group of people and his name meant nothing to the man on the street. Now, there isn’t a day that goes by that I don’t hear his name on the lips of some stranger passing on the street, that I don’t hear stories of how many of his fans are still writing letters of devotion to the Hollywood columnists, that I don’t see his picture in the window of some store in a small town, that I don’t see his name headlining the double feature at a neighborhood movie house, that I don’t feel the strong and memorable impression he made on the people who knew him, worked with him, or admired him. I still find it hard to believe that they are all referring to the same Jimmy Dean I knew so well. Perhaps, I often think, they are referring to the Jimmy Dean they came to know only briefly, only partially, on the screen, on a sound stage, or in a rehearsal hall. And perhaps, I wonder, it isn’t the same Jimmy Dean at all.

In 1949, the Theatre Arts Department of the University of California at Los Angeles was a busy place. Stage productions were at a peak. The acting, it seemed, had never been so fine. World War II had ended a few years before and the departmental heads were enthusiastically utilizing the more mature talents of the many recently returned GIs. Unfortunately, the younger students who hadn’t participated in the war, and who hadn’t as yet matured, were being side-stepped. The gap of years between the regular students and those on the GI Bill created cliques within the drama department.

In this atmosphere, the slouched, unimpressive figure of James Dean drew no attention. The sandy-haired boy, completely withdrawn behind his horn-rimmed glasses, was a new student who had just transferred from Santa Monica College. His major was Law and his minor was Theatre Arts. He had been pledged to Sigma Nu fraternity and was “living in” near the campus. He had some knowledge of motion picture projectors and, with the help of the campus employment agency, was able to bear the financial burden of fraternity and college life by acting as projectionist for classes using visual education. His clothes were few and modest, and his manner was mild and unnoticeable. He did not mingle freely and, as a result, did not become a part of any particular clique. I was impossible for him to make friends with these people who were so impressed with their own self-importance, as he later put it. So he withdrew from the society of the Theatre Arts Department and tried very hard to fit in with his fraternity brothers. Jimmy was not happy at UCLA.

The department was doing a production of “Macbeth.” Somehow, Jimmy had been cast in the role of young Prince Malcolm. One night, during a late rehearsal, I was (Continued on page 98)
James Dean's last and most dramatic role:

Jett Rink in “GIANT”
Audrey's Harvest Of The Heart

Two years ago her work, her dancing, her career were enough. Until love touched her life. And then she knew how lonely she had really been

The search for happiness, like the search for truth, is a lonely one. No one can tell us when we've found it, and few of our friends agree with us when we raise our voices to shout exultantly, "This is it!"

Audrey Hepburn is no exception. Following her searching heart, consulting that heart and not her head, as all true lovers do, Audrey found her happiness in a most unlikely place—or so said her friends, and her critics, warning her against Mel Ferrer. Not that they had anything against him—they didn't. As a man, as an actor, as a person, they tossed Mel their accolades and their approval. (Continued on page 113)

"Happiness in love has turned her inside out," say fellow co-workers. Above, she chats gaily with Fred Astaire, co-star in "Funny Face". At top, rehearsing for dance scene with Henry Fonda (below) in "War and Peace." Mel appears in film, too. "We loved working together". "Being together, helping each other, working together as Mel and I have been doing—that's the wonderful part of marriage," says Audrey...
Above, in costume for "Funny Face." The little girl aura is still on her, but the pixie hairdo has gone. Today, it's longer, softly feminine.

Someday, when careers permit, Mel and Audrey want a villa by the sea in California. But until then, "Wherever Mel is, is home!"

BY
JOHN MAYNARD
An inn in Ireland is the basis for Rock's future home plans. It had "big, deep chairs where a fellow could stretch out and take it easy." And any home that Rock builds will be on a hill, "with lots of trees and shrubs around." Also flowers and a rock garden to keep nature-loving Rock busy outdoors.

Rock is in Warners' "Giant" and U-I's "Written on the Wind."
Phyllis goes along with Rock's decorating ideas, but he had to make some changes in his bachelor house, where they'll live until they can build their dream home. "It took me a week to put up enough shelves for her," he kids.

"As far back as I can remember," Rock Hudson mused aloud one day, "I have lived in other people's houses—never in a place I could call my own. But now, at last I have my own house, a place where I feel I can put down roots, where I can belong."

But, exciting as that home and that time was to be, there was a second installment due on the story. An installment even Rock didn't dream was in the cards for him on that spring day in 1955, when he was so excited and so enthusiastic about the first house he was ever to own. Sure, he knew that someday he'd marry. It was as much a part of his plan for the future as having a home of his own, of traveling extensively, or someday, he hoped, having children.

At the time, however, Rock's thoughts were still concentrated almost wholly upon his career. And the girl in his life, at the time, was script girl Betty Abbott. They were just good friends, but publicity had blown it up, as Rock angrily said, "into a 'thing.'" Because of this, all talk about his personal life came to an end—as far as publication was concerned. People even said that Rock had pretty much settled down to his bachelor life in the ranch-type house high on a hill.

Then, seemingly out of the blue and out of nowhere, came his friendship with lovely and charming Phyllis Gates, who was once the secretary of Rock's agent, Henry Willson. By that time, however, Phyllis had been promoted to Henry's Willson's associate, reading manuscripts (Continued on page 102)
rita
moreno
Rita Moreno’s going to school and liking it. And though she still loves her bongo drums, she’s getting real serious about Strauss!

For once, Rita Moreno was glad that her car was a '52 Ford, had a dent in one fender and needed washing. She parked it on a side street, got out and walked across the UCLA campus. Then, at the foot of the steps leading into the lecture building, she felt a sudden twinge of panic. What was she doing here? Rita Moreno, of all people, taking a course in Humanities? She wasn’t even sure what the word meant! All she knew, from the catalogue, was that the course was to guide her through some of the world’s great literature, from Molière to Hemingway, and that this was something about which she’d lately developed tremendous curiosity. She was going to read Candide, War and Peace, and a lot of (Continued on page 106)

By Ernst Jacobi

Fun-loving Rita can’t explain what made her a campus cutie. “I don’t know what hit me!” she says. But it isn’t because she’s in love. “I wish it were. In all my life I’ve only been in love once” Rita is also in “The Vagabond King”
They've written their own story of a marriage, Sue and Alan Ladd. Written it on photographs, taken fourteen years apart. Faces in those photographs have changed the passing of the years. But the words, and meaning of the words, remain unchanged.

"For My Wife—from whom I will never apart, come what may—" Alan had scrawled this on the picture of him as an Army corp and had angled it so that a lonely Sue could read it, first thing in the morning and the last thing at night before going to bed.
"When two people click ..." Alan says simply.
But it takes more than love to make a marriage.
It takes the years of growing closer together

Alan Ladd is in "Santiago"

"Alan's always doing something unexpected!" grins Sue, who wasn't too surprised to find herself suddenly in the hardware business with Alan. But though he values Sue's opinion, they don't always agree. Alan, below with David and Alana, thinks Sue's a "soft touch" as a parent. She thinks he's inclined to be too strict with the kids. "We both have strong wills, but we thrash things out!"

Alan and Sue went into movie production "to build a secure future for our children." Below, with Edmond O'Brien, star of "A Cry in the Night" produced by the Ladds' Jaguar unit

fourteen years later, a photograph on the shed piano top in the Ladds' new, picturesque Springs home bears the same, almost illegible scrawl—a scrawl that Sue reads with heart: "Forever—come what may. ..."

And forever, come what may, is the heartening story of the Alan Ladds. It's all the marriage—their marriage—is made of, all the pictures, the pages, that live between words ... and the years. So many pictures, well remembered.

The picture is of (Continued on page 94)
INSIDE
STUFF

CAL YORK’S GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

They’re Either Too Young Or Too Old: Someone goofed when it was itemed that Twentieth Century-Fox was fuming about Robert Wagner’s dates with Nora Eddington Flynn Haynes. The reason, supposedly, was because Nora is older than Bob, and too sophisticated. “Baloney!” muses R.J. “My studio tells me what to do in front of the camera, but away from it—I’m on my own!” . . . It didn’t take Marlon Brando long to realize he was back in Hollywood. When he returned from Japan, where he was making “The Teahouse of the August Moon,” he checked into the Chateau Marmont and occupied Greta Garbo’s old apartment. Marlon unpacked, then went out to lie in the sun. Natalie Wood happened to be by the pool, visiting friends, and she and Marlon exchanged a few words. The next morning, a local columnist listed the pair as “the hottest romance in town!” So far, Nat and Marlon aren’t even lukewarm!

News And Views: Luscious Kim Novak took Europe by storm and vice versa. But back in the States, her boyfriend Mac

Elaine Aiken and Tony Perkins, both from New York, pair off-screen and on—they co-star in first picture “The Lonely Man”

Burt Lancaster can talk about his brood but he won’t be able to get a word in now that Janet and Tony have their baby—a 6-lb. girl

Fans corner Perry Lopez and Anna Maria Alberghetti. She’s thrilled over getting Susan Strasberg role in play, “Diary of Anne Frank”
Mac Krim's still in the picture—but so is dashing Count Mario Bandini. A new romance for Kim Novak—or just one of those flings?

Why all the whispering? It seems to be a secret between Pier and Vic. It can't be those stork rumors—Vic looks too unhappy!

He was mobbed! When Sal Mineo, here with friend, made personal appearances in New York he got overwhelming welcome from fans.
Krim received an awful ribbing when Kim announced that she loved having her hand kissed by the countless counts—especially Count Bandini—who pursued her! . . . In Fairmount, Indiana, James Dean’s family and friends beat Hollywood to the punch. They announced the establishment of a Foundation Memorial, which will provide financial assistance to young professional artists of proven ability. We hope Jimmy’s warm heart knows, for he was always doing the same thing when he was still with us. . . . Doris Day was just taking off to plug her latest picture, “Julie,” made by her own company, when she had to be rushed to the hospital. It was a king-size relief for the Marty Melchers when only minor surgery was necessary for Dodo. . . . Blond and bosomy Jayne Mansfield, who has her own way of busting into print, had her close-to-exposed heart set on playing the life story of Jean Harlow. But Jayne is due for a big disappointment. Another famous blond named Marilyn Monroe will play the part, after she finishes “The Sleeping Prince” in England, with Sir Laurence Olivier—and has some time off for a honeymoon with playwright Arthur Miller.

Change Of Heart: When they changed the title of “The Maverick” to “Three Violent People,” it was rather ironic. For some unexplained reason, Charlton Heston didn’t want tall, handsome Tom Tryon in the picture.

Then, too, Anne Baxter rarely spoke to any of the cast when they were not on-camera. Eventually, however, Heston was so impressed with Tryon’s death scene, he fought to get Tom close-ups. Then, to top it off, Annie had a change of heart. It all ended up, as the saying goes, “just one big happy family!”

Stranger In Town: Hollywood needed the talents of Don Murray, who plays Marilyn Monroe’s impetuous cowboy lover in “Bus Stop.” A forceful type who worked with religious groups during the war years, Don now has an ideal set-up with Twentieth: two pictures a year, with

Don Murray gets Marilyn M-M-Monroe in his first movie, “Bus Stop.” But it took him five years to get Hope Lange, who also has a part in the film, to say “I do!”

A sparkling Debbie and Eddie returned from Nassau vacation, following finish of their movie “Bundle of Joy.” They’ll be welcoming their own bundle of joy in November.
time in between to do plays. He recently married Hope Lange, who is also in “Bus Stop”—“but it took her five years to say yes!” Don loves Hollywood and is touched by everyone’s eagerness to help him. Between his lusty film scenes with Marilyn, he could always be found, engrossed in a reed-covered book. Curious, La Monroe asked him the title. “The Bible,” Don replied.

**Fateful Decision:** Personable Pat Wayne hasn’t lost his urge to join the priesthood. However, he’s only sixteen, and it’s such a serious step his wise parents are glad that he’s delaying his final decision. In the meantime, here’s the lowdown on Pat’s new contract with C. V. Whitney, who produced “The Searchers.” It permits him to choose leading ladies and okay scripts, provides that his acting chores won’t interfere with his studies at Loyola College, and allows for time off for football practice. The brain who agented the deal? Pat’s proud pop, John Wayne!

**Last Laugh:** On Rock Hudson, an unhappy face isn’t becoming. But he smiled again when U-I loaned him to M-G-M for “Something of Value.” Dissatisfied with recent roles on his home lot, Rock and his Phyllis made plans for their African jaunt with (Continued on page 90)

When Shirley MacLaine and hubby Steve Parker went to Japan, she thought she had the “flu.” It turned out to be a baby—due September. Note Steve’s new mustache!

Merry Doris Day and serious Jeff Chandler make a persuasive pair at auction held at benefit party at Ciro’s. Proceeds from star-inspired affair went to Share, Inc.
He was poor—so he had a charge account!
He was always feuding with the cops—
so they gave him a testimonial!
It’s things like this that made us go after

the
truth
about

FRANKIE’S GANG

His gang remembers Frank as "a
scruffy kid with a wide grin and
a heart as big as himself." Above,
center, with Tony Maccagnano
and Billy Roemer (Frank’s par-
ticular pal), “Frank and Billy
had a workshop that was the envy
of the other kids—they’d build
model planes for the gang and
win first prizes in contests”

Frank Sinatra is also in “Johnny Concho”
and “High Society”

Four of the girls in Frank’s old
gang—Margaret Carney, Tessie
Morris, Marie Roemer and Agnes
Carney. Says Agnes: “Marie was
Frankie’s first girl. You’d have
thought she’d handed him the
world on a silver platter just by
agreeing to be his ‘steady!”

With co-star Sophia Loren in “The
Pride and the Passion,” “We get
a funny feeling when we go to our
local movie and see Frank on
the screen. We remember how
many times he sat there with us.”
Fans, like old friends, remain faithful. For years, one fan has been sending Frank a white carnation and letter wishing him luck when he appears on a radio or, now, a TV show.

The summer dusk lay soft over the city of Hoboken. Supper was over and from the few tall apartment buildings and the many red-brick row houses, the kids drifted out to enjoy twilight hour.

The boys, proud of their voluntarily washed ears and slicked-down hair, whistled to their friends for a game of stick ball. The girls, having dishes to do and pin curls to comb out, were slower. It was almost dark when they arrived, wearing their fresh cotton dresses and all the lipstick their mothers would allow.

As darkness deepened, they clustered on their favorite steps. A slender lad had a uke; others played kazooos. All of them had the urge to sing. "Always" followed "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," and "Remember" was paired with "Stardust." On and on they sang, bewitched by the night and their own music.

Parents, too, came out to hear them, for in this neighborhood everyone loved music and in this group there were at least four remarkably good voices (later professional) to weave the thread of melody. But for one particular listener, all charm was lost. From an upper window came a roar, "Shut up, you kids!" and down plunged a pailful of cold water. Mr. Dunn, who worked the midnight shift (Continued on page 109)
SHOCK TROOPER

She shocked Britain. She shocked America. She even shocked Earl. And
Joan Collins is in "The Opposite Sex" and "Seawife"

The shocking thing is—he loved it!

The first time I ever saw Joan Collins, she was on the way to the airport with Arthur Loew, Jr., and the last time I saw her she was on the way to the airport with Arthur Loew, Jr.

That's a lot of airport and a lot of Arthur Loew, Jr. But that's Joan's life lately—saying goodbye to Arthur Loew, Jr. and flying somewhere such as Jamaica, England or Hollywood to make a picture. However, much as I like Mr. Loew and his nice sense of humor, I was glad to have him out of my sight for a spell while I studied this green-eyed, dark-haired, 23-year-old English-accented glamour gal close up.

"I'm down in the lobby," I said, on the hotel phone, on one of the days when we had appointments.

"Do you want me to come down?" Joan asked.

"Why don't I come up?" I replied.

"Oh?" She sounded a little scared.

"I mean, if we're going to take some pictures of you."

"All right!"

When I got there, the door of her room was open. I rapped gently, anyway, (Continued on page 88)
Win A Grand Prize of $2,000
PLUS MANY OTHER EXCITING PRIZES

PHOTOPLAY'S Cut-out Picture Puzzle Contest

READ RULES CAREFULLY!

A FASCINATING FUN-GAME FOR EVERYONE

Contest Rules
1. In four issues—September, October, November and December—Photooplay will publish cut-out puzzle pictures of well-known movie actors and actresses. Eight cut-out puzzle pictures will appear in each issue. Each picture will consist of the hair and forehead of one player, the eyes and nose of another, and the mouth of a third. When these are cut apart and properly re-assembled, the contestant should have eight complete portraits.

2. Clues to the identity of the players are given at the bottom of each picture page. These are numbered to correspond with the number on each section of the cut-out puzzle picture. Each page of pictures has its own set of clues. Do not lose these clues—they are important in identifying the players.

3. In addition to accuracy in assembling and identifying the cut-out puzzle pictures, neatness and originality of presentation will be considered by the judges. All thirty-two cut-out puzzle pictures must be cut apart, assembled, pasted together with the correct name of the player hand-written or typed below. Failure to do this will disqualify the entry.

4. DO NOT SEND IN ANY PUZZLES UNTIL YOU HAVE COMPLETED THE ENTIRE SET OF THIRTY-TWO PICTURES. Partial entries will not be accepted. This contest ends midnight, December 15, 1956. All entries received from the time the fourth set of pictures appears, in December Photooplay, to midnight, December 15, will be considered by the judges. No responsibility for mail delays or losses will be assumed by Photooplay. Send your entry as soon as possible after the last set of cut-out puzzle pictures is published in the December issue, which will appear on the newsstands on or about November 6.

5. Entries should be mailed to: CUT-OUT PICTURE PUZZLE CONTEST, Photooplay Magazine, Box 1647, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. You may submit as many entries as you wish, but be sure that your full name and address are attached to each entry. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

6. The decision of the judges will be final. All entries will become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc. No correspondence will be entered into concerning entries.

7. This contest is open to everyone except employees, and their relatives, of Macfadden Publications, its subsidiaries or advertising agencies. Winners' names will be published in April, 1957, Photooplay.
This is one contest you can't afford to miss
This will be the easiest money you've ever made
Start Now! Contest will last four months

1. The hair learned a dreamhouse can sometimes be a nightmare
2. The eyes are never still, recently tripped to the altar
3. The mouth was marooned with an older woman
4. The hair belonged to a nimble-footed gob
5. The eyes are married to a gal who's a duck!
6. The mouth is humming a lullaby
7. The hair flamed to sudden life opposite a fiery actress
8. The eyes played mean parts but she's an angel
9. The mouth is a singer with two fairy godfathers
10. The hair belongs to a common name in the phone book
11. The eyes' dark charm won her a Latin lover
12. The mouth dieted for love of the man she married

Turn page for more cut-out puzzles
Here are some of the fabulous runner-up prizes!

**FOWLE 6" STERLING SILVER BOWL**

Laid with transparent green enamel, the iridescent effect of the enamel on silver is enchanting. A prize you will always treasure.

**LUCIEN PICCARD WRISTWATCH**

Superbly styled and fabulously beautiful, the bracelets, of lustrous cultured pearls, and watch are set in white precious metal palladium. With this on your wrist you'll be the belle of the ball!

**POND'S TRAVEL CASE AND SUE BRETT TRAVEL DRESS**

Case contains year's supply of Pond's famed beauty products. Dress is wool and nylon, sizes 10-18. In this dress and with this case you'll have the cared-for beauty look of the girl who travels in style.

**LANE CEDAR CHEST**

A lovely addition to the home, a dreamy storage space for linens, bridal trousseaus. In blond oak. Modern with brass trim.

**MOHAWK "COLLINGWOOD" CARPET AND FOAMSET CARPET CUSHION**

Size 12" x 18", the winner will have choice of one of six exciting colors. The smart Nordic Texture design and rich, all-wool pile will give your room the look of beauty and make you feel as if you're walking on air!

**CHEST OF GORHAM STERLING SILVER SERVICE FOR 8**

A prize to cherish for generations to come—a luxury setting for your table. Winner may choose one of 18 currently advertised patterns.

**REGINA ELECTRIK BROOM**

Revolutionary new home cleaner, it puts cheer into chores, does multiple jobs. Easy to handle, it's light, makes cleaning a breeze.

**MORSE PORTABLE SUPERFOTOMATIC SEWING MACHINE**

An exciting prize for the girl who sews, its 14 rainbow discs enable even a beginner to create stitches with a professional look.

More prizes will be shown next month.

In the December issue of Photoplay, which will contain the fourth and final set of cut-out puzzle pictures, we will publish a coupon. On it you will fill in your name and address and indicate which prize you would like to receive if you are a runner-up. This gives you two chances to win a prize—the Grand Prize, or a runner-up prize of your choice. Some of the wonderful runner-up prizes are shown on this page. Additional prizes will be shown in subsequent issues of Photoplay. For complete list of prizes, see page 118 in this issue. Keep list for future reference.

Remember, do not send in your entry until you have the complete set of puzzle pictures from all four issues assembled. Otherwise, you will be disqualified from the contest. And remember, too, that originality of presentation counts.

If you like a challenge, this is it. And it will pay off with the biggest prizes ever offered by any magazine. All set? Get ready—GC
Clues:

13. The hair's a gifted mimic, her dancing's real George
14. The eyes are still on a merry-go-round
15. The mouth made its debut on a radio show
16. The hair conquered a broken back to become a star
17. The eyes are a shapely lass who puts a kick in show business
18. The mouth has 2 sisters but she's minutes younger than one
19. The hair, cropped short, took a leap into space
20. The eyes love sports but no particular gal yet
21. The mouth's wife has him under her spell
22. The hair's boyish and blond, thinks screen name silly
23. The eyes married a gal on a jungle trek
24. The mouth was one of a lucky number of grooms

See next month's issue for more puzzles
Maybe it was because everybody had spring fever, or maybe it was because I had been a good girl and made five pictures in a row without a single day off. Anyhow, my studio, Warner Brothers, decided last spring that I should have a vacation. I was ecstatic. Two whole weeks off! You can do a lot in two weeks. And I had never been anywhere—anywhere out of the country, that is. So Mother and I read foreign-travel folders voraciously. Finally, we decided on Hawaii.

No sooner had we decided, than we were on our way. I finished my work in “The Burning Hills” on a Friday night, and by early Saturday morning Mother and I were on a transpacific airliner on our way to Hawaii. (Continued on page 91)
Natalie Wood is currently in "A Cry in the Night" and "The Burning Hills"
"THE MOUNTAIN"

A PHOTOPLAY SNEAK PREVIEW

On location above Chamonix, France, Robert Wagner and Spencer Tracy were given careful coaching by expert climbers, so that their breathtaking film assault on the mountain would look convincing in close-ups.
The peak of Mont Blanc, in “The Mountain,” is a killer. It has claimed the lives of climbers and air travelers; it threatens the lives of the brothers portrayed by Spencer Tracy and Bob Wagner. Through the Paramount movie, filmed in VistaVision and Technicolor in the French Alps, you feel that you yourself are facing the terrors of its looming cliffs and crags. But the suspense of the story goes deeper than physical action. Teamed earlier in the highly successful “Broken Lance,” Tracy and Wagner are here locked in an emotional conflict as loaded with potential disaster as their ascent of the mountain. And you find yourself as deeply involved in this battle between human goodness and human meanness as in the clash of man against nature.

The feat they undertake in “The Mountain” is no mere athletic stunt. It is a vital mission. But each of the two men is driven by a different motive, and the collision between their aims results in powerful drama.

On the map, Tracy marks far-off India. From there came the airliner that has now crashed in the Alps.

Bob and Spencer make the hazardous climb upon the urging of the younger man—who is greedy for loot.

Unexpectedly, they find a survivor, a badly hurt Hindu lady (Anna Kashfi). Spencer dedicates himself to the task of saving her life. If he succeeds, Wagner’s robbery will eventually be exposed.
BY
DAN
SENSENEY

On set of “The Mountain” with author Henri Troyat and wife and co-star Bob Wagner. Young actors like Bob idolize Spence, will talk for hours of his un-failing patience and helpfulness.
Long ago, a nervous young man faced his audience—and nearly wrecked the show!
His name was Spencer Tracy. And he was sure he'd never become an actor.

THE VINTAGE YEARS

Above, in 1940, with daughter Susie, son John. Born hard of hearing, John was inspiration for his mother's founding of John Tracy School. Below, with wife Louise, in 1952. Right, Spencer and Susie today.
Anne Francis. For wearing on fun days, cold days and sun days, the classical cardigan’s her favorite. And with such a doll in it, to brighten each fun minute, it’s no wonder that most guys still favor it.

Joan Collins. With casual grace, she sets a smart pace, in sweater both fiery and bold. And we guarantee when spied by some he, she won’t be left out in the cold.

Anne Francis is in "The Rack" • Barbara Rush, in "Bigger than Life" and "Flight to Hong Kong" • Joan Collins, in "The Opposite Sex"
• We won't say the tight-fitting sweater-girl look has gone forever. But if you're really hep to what's new, you'll let yourself go for the newest in sweater lines—casual, straight and boldly eye-catching. And don't say the guys won't go for them. Men are funny critters. They may whistle at the line-huggers but they'll melt over your modern knit knockouts. These hep glamour gals have fallen hard for the new heavy ribbed knits, the colorful Italian-inspired sweaters with matching skirts, gloves and hoods.

Joanne Gilbert. When guys go she-ing and gals go skijëng and the wind is bitter and cold, what better way to go out and play than in this sweater hooded and bold!

Nicola Michaels. In muted stripes of gray and white, she tempts that elusive him. Oh, pray tell us mister, how can you resist— this lady so glamorous and trim.
Suddently

with
CREME
PUFF
your search is ended!

No "patched-up" look—no caking—no orangey streaks! Here's only compact make-up that gives you a fresh, young look all day.

Use it as a quick touch-up. It's better — never turns a Creme Puff never cakes, or looks "patched-up." Touch-up over any make-up brightens you instantly!

Use it as a light make-up. It's better — always looks fresh! Creme Puff covers flaws and imperfections instantly! Gives your complexion a deep glow. You look "beautiful from within"!

Use it instead of powder. It's better — clings for hours! Creme Puff is sheeerst powder plus creamiest base — in one velvety disc. Veils your complexion in soft, exquisite color.

Now you can be flawlessly beautiful all day ... with Creme Puff* by Max Factor. This exclusive blend of powder plus creamiest base is specially created to give your complexion a lasting freshness ... a youthful glow that will never fade, shade or streak! Just a touch-up keeps you looking radiantly beautiful ... all day!

Refillable Ivory Compact (shown) 1.25
Refillable Golden-tone Compact 2.25
Refill, in metal case with puff 85¢
ALL PRICES PLUS TAX

CREME PUFF
by Max Factor

Pretty Jackie Loughery, at right, in handsome new separates starring a blouson top drawstring-gathered above a stalk slim skirt. Top has black knit collar, coin-buttoned tab closing. Fabric is a window-pane wool plaid in new grayed-green with black. By Sporteens. 8-18. $17.95.
Pretty Phyllis Kirk sports separates in wonderful, wearable con-
roy. The topover is a vivid print with turtleneck yoke, cuffs, swes-
band of black wool knit. $10.95. Slim ankle pants button to mid-
$8.95. By Koret of California. 8-18. Crompton-Richmond cordui-

Lovely Joan Collins in newsy stripes of olive, black, white shapin-
heavily ribbed cotton knit jacket. It's lined in sand poplin, clo-
with gilt turnbuckles. About $20. The long tapered pants in o
Dorothy Malone carries a classic Clifton... it goes everywhere with everything!

Constant companion to Dorothy Malone's (and your own) busy wardrobe... the classic Clifton. Not just a bag but a fabulous accessory that echoes the theme of each season's fashion... grows more handsome with each year's wear.

Shoulder or underarm models in five exciting colors. Also reversible styles. Full grain saddle leather. Leather lining and compartments; zippers, leather, brass closures. $2.98 to $21.75

DOROTHY MALONE
co-starring in
"TENSION AT TABLE ROCK"
An RKO Radio Picture in Color

Clifton
HAND TOOLED BAGS

For dealer nearest you, write
WESTERN SUPPLY COMPANY

FINE STORES THROUGHOUT THE U.S.A., ALASKA, AND HAWAII.
Ann Miller
costarring in MGM's
"The Opposite Sex"
in CinemaScope
and Color

Hermine Cantor
(fashion editor of PHOTOPLAY)

Monaco • Smart pump with royal medallion to grace its toe—fit for a princess' wardrobe.

Marilyn • Sleek pump with smooth lines and smartly guarded toe, and note the clever bow.

Miami • Sling pump for traveling in style—with smart, airy exposure fore 'n aft.

Hiadeah • Thoroughbred suit shoe with racy lines for fall in alligator rockette leather.

Santa Anita • Smart spectator with a winning style, available in beautiful rockette leather.

Palace • Courtly pump fit for a queen, crowned with sparkling necklace of gay rhinestones.
Exciting things are happening in fashion for fall, and some of the brightest new ideas come to you in shoes. Basic start for any smart outfit. You'll see a fresh approach to styling in both daytime and dress-up shoes. And ah!... those wonderful new leathers and materials that are just as soft and comfy as they're glamorous. Here's a collection of smart new shoes by Trim Tred that win our "wardrobe award" for stepping out this fall... in style!

\[Image of shoes and bags\]

Kismet • Smart sling pump destined to a life of casual comfort.

Sioux • One of a smart new tribe of gored gay mocs by Trim Tred.

Ann • Exquisitely simple is the best way to describe this smart new pump with styling imported from Italy—a must in every wardrobe.

Glamour • This trim new sweater pump has a gay little heel that makes it a right smart figure of a shoe.

La Jolla • Clever little shoe with a flair for casual living and a neat way of feeling just as good as it looks.

Vegas • Daringly nude pump with a passion for embracing the foot, and showing off its gold-flecked jewels.

Available at fine shoe stores everywhere $6.95 to $12.95 (some styles higher)

Trim Tred

SHOES

"specially styled for the 'Gal-on-the-Go!'"
BELGIMERE SWEATERS are full-fashioned, sensuously soft, and shaped to your shape in the knitting. They smile through endless sudings, keep their original proportions. In lovely "Hushed Hues" that enhance the fairest complexion! "Merry Making" $10.95. Blend-Mate skirt, $12.95.

Catalina®
American Modern
...revolutionary way to figure glamour

Skippies
by

Formfit

Beautiful example of the Skippies touch . . . Pantie No. 815. Light Nylon elastic net with tummy-trimming front panel . . . waist-whittling 2½" band. White. S.M.L. (Also available as Girdle No. 915.) $5.00. Shown with "Life Romance" Bra No. 566 in shape-holding White cotton. Sizes 32A to 38C. $2.00

Picture you at any campus or career moment . . . beautiful and poised because you look your very best. All thanks to Skippies slimming start . . . comfort in fashion—American Modern. For Skippies brings out the best in your figure . . . without bones, bulk or squeeze. Just gentle elastic coaxes you comfortably into naturally beautiful line. No wonder more girls wear Skippies than any other girdle or pantie. See why.

Be fitted at your nicest store.

Dress by Mr. Mort

FORMFIT CREATIONS
THE FORMFIT COMPANY · CHICAGO · NEW YORK · CANADIAN PLANT, TORONTO
And what's especially nice about all these products? With each one, you can be sure your comfort . . . and taste have been considered. Because they were all created by the makers of Modess, especially for you.

NEW DESIGN MODESS... with the fabric covering that's soft as a whisper yet marvelously strong and absorbent. Available in Regular, Junior and Super sizes.
Box of 12 . . . . 39c 2 for 77c

MODESS BELTS... so comfortable and unexpectedly luxurious! The perfect-fitting style. 39¢

MEDS TAMPONS... Designed for freedom! So safe, so sure . . . for Meds have the applicator that can't come apart. Available in Regular, Junior, Super.
Box of 10 . . . . 39¢ 2 for 77¢

COETS... The perfect cosmetic accessory! These handy cotton squares do everything—from powdering to removing make-up, creams and nail polish!
Box of 40 . . . . 23¢ 2 for 45¢
Right, the season's pet sweater look, carried out in Jackie Loughery's divinely knit dress. Contrast piped, it has elasticized waist, self belt with detachable tab for your favorite medallion. All colors. By Jantzen. In Kharafleece, a downy Vicara and wool blend. 10-18. $27.95

Far right, Phyllis Kirk favors knit-trimmed tweed in a smooth princess dress with soft unpressed pleated skirt. Dropped yoke forms raglan sleeves, the boat neck filled in with a white rib-knit turtleneck dickie matching the cuffs. By Joan Miller. Juniors' 7-15. $19.95

To buy fashions and accessories, see stores page 101
To show off your new fall figure, wear a dress like Jackie Loughery's, top, shaping up as this year's big silhouette. In black sheer wool, the beltless sheath has a braid-edged scooped neck. The little cropped jacket is in striped bouclé wool. By McArthur, Ltd. 10-18. Jacket striped in black with rust, purple, or green. About $29.95. Black suede sandals, Vegas by Trim Tred.
what's spinning?

BY CHRIS DAGGETT

While many of us are out riding in family car, we might well heed new zany traffic song. This wild nutter, titled "Transfusion" and orbed for Dot records, is sung by a billed as Nervous Norvus. His real name is Jimmy Drake, and he lives in Idaho, California. Jimmy writes and sings his own material, which he has insistently sent on tape to a Hollywood disc jockey named Red Blanch.

When Red received 'Transfusion' and the flip side, "Dig," he forwarded it to Randy Wood, President of Dot records, who immediately issued the song. We predict that it will be one of the biggest hits in a long time.

Harry Belafonte, generally recognized as a singer of traditional songs, has recorded a new album, "Calypso," which features songs based on melodies of the English-speaking islands of the Caribbean. Harry became interested in songs early in his career, when he was playing jazz spots throughout the country. This was a medium, he felt, in which he could utilize voice, dramatic innuendo, and understanding of the American folk idiom. He opened with new repertoire at New York's Village Vanguard, was an immediate success, and has since appeared as a singer on radio and TV, in movies and in the theatre. Although only twenty-eight years old, Belafonte's lied experience and sense of integrity have already provided him with a maturity necessary for an album such as "Calypso." The numbers included are from brassy gaiety to wistfulness, and Belafonte keenly projects the iridescent rhythm of these West Indian people.

Not since "Tea Room Waltz" have we heard anything as good as Patti Page's latest release, "Allegheny Moon," for revery. Patti got her start as a hillbilly singer on Station KTUL, in Oklahoma, where she was heard by Jack Willey, then the manager of the Jimmy Durante band. With Rael as her personal manager, Patti sang with a band, then yodel clubs in Milwaukee and Chicago. Recently landing a spot on Don McNeill's "Radio Kids" show. Soon afterward she started recording a long chain of sellers which, in turn, have enabled her to branch out as a theatre and night-club headliner and as the star of her own TV series.

Bill Haley and his Comets have done it again with "Buddy, Buddy." Ever since 1952, the Comets have had increasing success with their rock 'n' roll specialties. First they became headliners at theatres, then in night clubs (the older generation isn't as square as we sometimes think), and finally a movie. Now with their new Decca disc, we feel they'll soar even higher.

RCA Victor has released a third album of "traveling music," called "High Fi and Whirls," which features The Three Suns. The Three Suns, two brothers and their cousin, have a facility for producing exciting sounds, and in this new album, they have a field day getting a whole new set of sounds out of some old-time tunes.

For Your Collection:
1. By all means don't forget to get Bill Haley's "Buddy, Buddy." (Decca)
2. On Mercury, Rusty Draper belts out another smash. This one's called "Rock and Roll Ruby," Flip side is a love ballad called "House of Cards." (Decca)
3. RCA Victor seems to have all the hits these days. Perry Como's newest release is titled "Glendora." (Decca)
5. On Mercury, The Platters singing "My Prayer" from their new album. Mercury wasn't planning to release any singles from the album, but thousands of requests from dealers prompted the company to issue this great side.
6. A smash on both the rock 'n' roll and pops lists means a best-seller any day. On the Atlantic label, Clyde McPhatter singing "Treasure of Love." (Atlantic)
7. Elvis Presley does it again! This will be his biggest yet. "I Want You, I Need You, I Love You." (RCA Victor)
8. Columbia's Vic Damone gives a great rendition of "On the Street Where You Live." (Columbia)
9. A Capitol recording star for most of his career, Nat "King" Cole lends a magic to all the numbers he sings. His latest is "My Dream Sonata." (Capitol)
10. Watch for the new Joni James album, "Little Girl Blue." Joni lends a wistful, sweet voice to all her songs.
Through sorrow, Piper learned something every girl should know. That to excel in anything, one must grow—in all directions.

"It is strange," said Piper Laurie gravely, "that death, which closes the eyes of those you love, opens your own eyes. As—in a way that I'll explain later—it has mine. But first I'll try to tell you what has happened to me, and how it happened, and why.

"When I was young," twenty-four-year-old Piper smiled, "the only thing in the world I wanted or cared about was to be an actress—a great one. Nothing was too much to sacrifice for this—sleep, peace of mind, hobbies, home life, dates, love itself.

"Once I'd set my sights on being an actress, everything I'd previously cared about went by the board. For instance, I'd done quite a bit of painting, and enjoyed doing it, but when I decided all my efforts were to be channeled in one direction, I dropped painting.

"Throughout my childhood and early teens, I read a great deal. I read widely and, for my age, quite deep and serious books. But (Continued on page 85)
Missed Growing Up

BY
GLADYS
HALL

Piper Laurie is
in "Kelly and Me"
hollywood

lip tips

BY HARRIET SEGMAN

“Almost any mouth can be made to appear beautiful,” says William Tuttle, Chief of M-G-M’s Make-up Department. “But it takes more than a fast pass with a tube of lipstick.”

Ava Gardner stars in M-G-M’s “The Little Hut”

Ava Gardner’s seductively curving lips owe their beauty not only to perfect shape, but to harmony with the rest of her face.

Maybe you weren’t lucky enough to be born, like Gardner, with a perfect mouth. But you can create the impression with make-up—and no one need be the wiser.

The trick, explains William Tuttle, chief make-up advisor to M-G-M’s bevvy of beauties, is to draw lips that harmonize with the rest of your features.

“Every face,” he says, “has its own pattern of lines and curves. Imagine, if you can, Lana Turner’s full, round lips on Katharine Hepburn’s slim, angular face! Or reverse!” For a face that is slender and high-cheekbones like Hepburn’s or Joan Crawford’s, with almond-shaped eyes and a long, straight nose, skip all suggestion of roundness. Points of cupid’s bow should be sharp or draw straight across and squared-off. If, like Lana, or A. Miller, you have round eyes, a small, round nose and cut cheeks, your mouth should be round, too, and softly curving.

A point that’s often overlooked, except by professional artists, he says, is the position of the lips in relation to the nose and chin. Ideally, the opening of the mouth should be one of the way down from nose to chin. If mouth opening is too low, upper lip should be built up; too high, fullness should be added to lower lip line.

If nature was stingy, Bill suggests making points of the bow higher and closer together to create the impression of fuller lips. To make a too-narrow mouth appear broader, corner to corner, build out and extend portions near corn of both upper and lower lips. The overly generous mouth be made to appear thinner by spreading points of cupid’s bow and drawing center of lower lip straight across—in curves. If mouth is too broad from corner to corner, center, only, of upper lip and drop center of lower lip. Drooping corners, a flaw common to almost every pair of creates an unhappy expression, adds years to the face.

gets worse with the years. Best way to counteract the droop is to smile! It’s a good idea, too, to build up the corners of the upper lip slightly, to give a faint suggestion of an upturned mouth.

To keep your artwork looking natural, cover mouth with foundation and face powder before applying lipstick. If the natural line is pronounced and corrective lines go beyond it, the ridge will be less apparent if you use a darker shade of lipstick for the outline, blending gradually into a lighter shade toward mouth opening. Of course, you’ll use a lip brush for a sharp, clear outline. And in making all this out draws only the tiniest fraction of an inch above or below the natural lips. You’ll find that just a hairline difference provides all the change you need.
I envisioned myself as starbornedel!—I began to devote all my readingays, scripts, fan magazines, the movieims in the newspapers.

So, a little girl, I used to love cookingmy family. But after I started workingpictures, I ate at odd hours, usuallymyself—with a script propped up inof me—and I lost my interest in

and dining. I didn't have many clothes, and itn't have mattered less. The money Ihave spent on clothes went for scé and dancing lessons.

Then I dated, and I dated quite a lot,mostly because I felt I had to keep ith other young startles who were

the same. Or because I wanted to

ten to certain night clubs to seecemans in whom I was interested. I

ber the first time I ever went to aclub. Buster was my date's namehe invited me (he thought it was his
to go to Slapsie Maxie's. Deano and Jerry Lewis were headliningpor show there, and when I saw themso impressed, I fell madly in love

both of them! Poor Buster didn'ta very enjoyable evening. I'mn't to say, because I don't think I

wo words to him!

example of the strictly one-trackmy mind was working is that I went

with 'The Girl Who Eats Flowers'what had become of my sense ofof? which was dreamed up by thecity department at U-I soon after I

my contract with them. I was told
to eat flowers for lunch for three

running, while cameras clicked anders swarmed. And so, determined
to set the studio down, when saladsdenia petals were served me, I ate

Since I was assured that the flowergimmick would land me smack in
center of the Hollywood spotlight—

above all places on the earth. I

longed to be—I would have eaten

of poison ivy, if obliged!

addition to cooperating by eating

(I haven't tasted a petal since)

ing for all sorts of Miss Suesecake pictures, I studied the very

if my scripts, worked my head offesets, and saw all the best pictures and over again, studying the starponents as if they were textbooks!

wasn't working on a picture, myite 'pastime' was getting together

some of the other kids at U-I who

free at the same time, and playing

from some pictures I'd admired.

hen I first started to go out on perappearance tours—throughout thisy,
to Mexico, and later to Koreaapan—my attitude was that of Theas. I mean by this that I didn't reallything myself, didn't think ofing except how I looked, how I felt,

I would wear, what kind of an impon I was making, what the reactionwould be. When I was obliged to

ith people who had nothing to do

business, it was a burden. I'm

aid to say it, but frankly, it boredand, although I didn't realize it, I

danger.

neone said recently, 'Looking in aall the time, talking and thinkingthemselves all the time, blind to all

self—this is the actors' vanity.'

it is. And it is the kind of vanity to

one of us—in the acting professtany rate—is immune.

PHOTOPLAY PATTERNS


9178—Sew-very-easy, flattering two-pieceer princess tunic bodice, clever trim of buttonsand bow! Misses' sizes 12-20. Size 16 takes4 1/2 yards, 35-inch fabric; 1 1/2 yard contrast.

PATTERNS
Send thirty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to: PHOTOPLAY Patterns, P. O. Box 133,Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N. Y. Add 5c per pattern for first-class mailing. 85
YOUNG IDEAS:
NEEDLE NEWS

617—Graceful cape in easy shell-stitch combined with pineapple design. Directions for sizes small, medium, large included. Use 3-ply fingering yarn or mercerized crochet and knitting cotton.

557—A beautiful 9-inch doll and her clothes—all in one pattern! Included are two dresses, blouse, jumper, pajamas, ski suit, playset. Pattern has 9-inch doll transfer and clothes patterns, too.

7179—Less than a day to crochet each of these pretty little doilies. Three different crochet designs (8-inch square, 8-inch round, 7¼ x 14-inch oval) in No. 50 mercerized cotton; larger in string.

7019—She'll be the prettiest scholar of all in this middy dress with the embroidered anchor and stars. So crisp and fresh—make another version in plaid 'n' plain. Child's sizes 2-10. Tissue pattern; transfer of eighteen embroidery motifs. State size.

7280—Brighten kitchen towels with these colorful "bird" motifs. Set of seven different motifs—gay and easy to embroider. Transfers, instructions included.

“I almost miss

“It is dangerous, because the one mind, the focus on self, limits you tionally. It shrinks your horizon do the tiny atom that is you. It stunts growth. It is especially dangerous others—all kinds of people—if they are to get under the and into the hearts of the people portray on stage and screen.

“I was afflicted with this blind-else-but-self vanity,” Piper confessed hazel eyes widening, “until my eyes opened.

“I wish I could sound dramatic by that they were opened suddenly, moment of revelation, by one great experience, such as falling in love on or meeting death face to face. But I because it didn’t happen that way.

“i don’t know for sure whether stopped looking in the mirror,” smiled, “all the time! But I suspect after I got to know Leonard Goldstien producer, who died two summers

Then I became aware of how usual was of—well of everything but me fore I really knew Leonard, I was c one of his pictures at U-I, then an

Then he left the studio, but we cont to spend all the free or social time w together. No matter what I say Leonard, it sounds a little trite. And ing I could say would be enough. I always there to take care of me, that I was happy. He helped me dur the different times I had various. This was the first, the deepest, and friendship I ever had. For five years

and was responsible for opening my and my heart.

Actually, it was a cumulative i a combination of the many thi learned from Leonard, experience meeting people all over the world that made me realize there are other than acting in the world. In Korea Japan, I saw homes that had b and were being patiently rebuilt, poverty, real poverty: people livin animals, without decent food, v baths, suffering in summer, freez winter. And I remember feeling as when I thought that I would soon b in my pretty flowered bedroom, wi air coming through the window, mi fruit on the bed-table.

“Looking back, I would say it was my first trip to Korea at Christmas in 1951, that my values began to my horizons began to widen.

“For not long after I got back f trip, I went on tour again through Northwest, and something happen would not have happened before. I thing, you may think, but indicate.

“We’d been on tour for two solid going every minute of the day not eating properly, or sleeping. The last week found us in Boise where, for the first time, we took sit down to lunch. No sooner had however, when there was a knock door and about twenty kids came j ring around, wanting autographs. taneously, the house detective at shoed the kids away, and told stay away. Five minutes later, th another knock on the door and of girl—I’ll call her Annie—was there, tears in her eyes, no shoe perience, a grumpy little package held her chest. She’d got away, she said, the de-tek-a-tive.’ She’d never movie star, she said, and she’d hi all the way from Post Falls, wi lived (a distance, we later les
"Growing up" continued

YOUNG IDEAS:

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Across
1. Dean and Jerry are —?
8. Nader's studio
9. "... Society"
10. "The Brave..."
11. "The King and I" is based on real —
16. Wayne's bloodbrother
18. "Good Night, ..."
19. Stars smooth in love scenes: they used to —
20. Trumpet-voiced singer
22. Moby Dick is a —
25. Pat Wayne's starting out in movies as a young —
27. Mary Pickford
28. What ever happened to this M-C-M bennette? (initials)
29. "The Blue-Tailed..." (song)
30. "... Time for Sergeants"
31. Murders in the —
32. There are no easy — from a well-drawn contract
33. Mrs. José Ferrer (initials)
34. Young actor in "He Laughed Last" (initials)
35. The second Mrs. Gable
37. Prince in "War and Peace"
39. "... Wapou"
40. Forrest, Cochran, McNally
42. In "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," Bill Travers will play —
44. Superstitious stars think a black cat's a bad —
45. Canary Carson
46. Stars' cost-mes are often — after starlets
47. Mumie Storer's guy (initials)
48. Now playing a pianist
52. "The... Around Us"
54. "... in Town"
58. TV dow, film Navy man
59. MM again said, "I..."
60. His last is "Giant"
62. Mrs. Holden's real name
64. Last seen in "Three Stripes in the Sun"
66. 1956 Oscar-man (initials)
67. The movie Graziano's pal
69. Amateur sleuth in "23 Paces to Baker Street"
71. To Irish — almost exposed "The Man Who Never Was"
72. Narrator in "Moby Dick" (initials)
73. Down calls his wife this — "The Sixth of June" took place here

Down
1. First, a Trojan beauty; now, a Calvin patriot
2. Fonda's film wife
3. Sexy Britisher now in "My Fair Lady"
4. She took Johnny away from Frankie
5. Star of "That Certain Feeling"
6. In "The Rack," Newman collaborated with...
7. In "Hik!" guerrillas at —
8. Present name for locale of "War and Peace"
9. Fans liked "The Benny Goodman Story"
10. "The Living..."
11. What Bing does, according to a nickname of his
15. Bing and Bob play often at these
16. TV's Bilko (initials)
21. In "The King and I," Deborah sees to it that the kids are —
23. Hepburn's hubby (initials)
26. Belonging to Dean Martin's movie sweetheart
29. Siamese monarch on film
30. "The Fastest Gun Alive"
33. Male stars of swashbucklers wield a —
37. "... Take a..." they produce to his secretary
38. "... It Happens... Spring"
41. "... the Unknown"
43. Good actors don't like to be — east
45. "... Deeds Goes to Town"
49. Fans often think veteran actresses are — they really are
50. Movies of the silent —
51. Brunettes often get an — for films
52. "... We Dance?"
55. Tune-films are for you if you have an — for music
57. Bandleader whose life story is now a movie
58. Appraisse— for a villain
59. What "The Frogmen" did
61. "... Tide" (song)
63. Liberace may call his book "They Laughed When I... Down"
64. "... Long... You're Near Me"
65. Phonograph record—or columnist's initials
68. "Santiago" star (initials)
70. Australian girl in "Battle Cry" (initials)

Answers to Crossword Puzzle on page 104
"Now, whether a date is cute and measures up, physically, to my girlfrend's dates, is one of the last things that enters my mind. Naturally, I notice a person's appearance, but now it is more of an afterthought."

"Certainly, now, I wouldn't be as incon siderate as I was with poor Buster (and others!), and I don't get schoolgirl crushes any longer. I still like to see, and am curious about, certain shows and certain performers, but now the primary interest is with whom I am going to spend the evening. I would no longer enjoy a show unless I thought I was enjoying it with me.

"Nor is a fellow's profession of first importance any longer. I still go out with actors and performers such as George Nader and Nader Shro, but I'm not going to talk shop, and I'm no longer glassy-eyed if the 'shop' being talked about is not mine!

"I also date boys who are not actors, and I can't say in conclusion that I would ever date fellow, whether they were plumbers, postmen, Marlon Brando, acrobats, or whatever, for now it is the fellow himself—not the way he looks, or what he does for a living—that matters to me.

"As for the kind of man I hope to marry—when, and if, I am asked—to list any specifications sounds like picking out a car, and I don't think of my future husband in terms of automatic gear-shifts, brakes and horsepower! In other words, I do not have an Ideal Man in mind. I've seen so many 'ideal' men come and go in the White Charger dreamworld. Actually, it's impossible, in my opinion, to list specific qualities you want in a person until you find the person, and if he has enough of the qualities you admire and like and some, being human, that you don't like, then you make your lists, compare them, and say 'Yes' or 'No.'

"But there was anyone special in her life at present—Gene Nelson, for instance—Piper preferred to change the subject. Returning to the matter of her 'growing up,' she again thought of her dear and very large family, and the great blow and shock of Leonard's death," said Piper, "my eyes have opened—all the way. For, when something is important as this, over which you have no control, and you can see it and feel it, you can't grow a lot.

"Curiously, I'm stronger now, I think, than I have ever been. When, after Leonard's death, I had to go back to work on 'Ain't Misbehavin', I was afraid I'd never get through it. Before that, and I came out of it knowing that I have a great deal more strength than I thought I had.

"I've never been afraid of hard work but two years ago I would not have been able to stand the pressure, the rush of hours I have now. It would have killed me. Now it won't. I've been looking forward to it. And I am doing. In other words, the work, the important—not Piper Laurie!

"I have always tried to do the best in anything I attempt—painting, writing, poetry, riding a bike, cooking, as well as acting—and I always shall. And I shall, I hope, be an actress—but not with a capital 'A! For now I know there is another world besides acting, other great things to besides acting an actress. A housewife, a mother. Beauty and fulfillment, greatness, to small and humble ways of life, doing the best one can, even if one is working at any job, however modest, as long as you have self-respect—and that you have a job.

"Now I know that—unless something comes to me and says, I was going to be a film star in 'Kelly and Me' and didn't—I never again believe," Piper laughed, and acting is a substitute for life, or for at least as much of a substitute as it can be, because she does nothing else.

"So now, with my eyes wide open, sobering up, I want to be, above all, a human being!

The Shock Trouper (Continued from page 57) and Joan sang out gaily: "Come on in!"

Such confusion, such ringing of the telephones! It was obvious that someone had suddenly caught up with and over-taken Joan Collins. She might have expected show business would be good to her, since her grandmother had been a child actress and her mother, a Miss Robinson, was a variety star, and her father, Will Collins, is now a prominent London theatrical agent.

Joan had made the grade by daring to leave merry old England and coming to the American continent. It was in the midst of it all that she realized how much people would appreciate her more. Not that they disliked her, but she didn't impress them as much as an actress.

"Didn't impress them?" As Joan tells it. In England, I guess I had the worst reputation for acting of any person on the screen. The critics massacred me. They said I generally displayed my two bad expressions and gave my usual bad performance.

"Any time a script called for a bad girl or a girl who'd been done wrong by, I got the part. It was boring. Besides, I thought, I was miscast—Well, maybe they did dislike her—at least her acting.

So Joan took John Bull by the horns. Refusing to continue being laugh fodder for the Biscuit, she left London, the picture studios to peddle her contract to 20th Century-Fox. Then she hired herself to Hollywood. It's a nice self, too. She's a 38-23-36, pert and bouncy—and very honest.

"I hadn't done a picture in England in nine months," she says, "so I decided life was too short.

"Besides, I thought I'd love the relaxation of life in America, especially Hollywood. I guess it's because I'm kind of easygoing."

But now, two years later, she is far from relaxed, for success has set in. However, the last twenty-three she has managed to get herself involved pretty well in all sorts of problems that she'll probably look back on with amusement.

"I'm much married—and accepted a white mink stole from Arthur Loew, Jr. (whose father is one of the heads of M-G-M) as a birthday present. She wore it to see "My Fair Lady" with—yes, Arthur Loew, Jr. But not because she had any feeling in love with him. Arthur Loew, Jr. was, she is in the process of divorcing the husband she married when she was very young and inexperienced.

"I married Maxwell Reed and he was quite a British movie star when Joan was still in school. He was tall, handsome, British and all that. Joan had a crush on him—from afar—and had his picture on her desk and would even lie down on it. When she was nineteen and still studying at London's Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts, Joan married him.

"I didn't do it," they told her—all her friends, relatives, parents, self-appointed advisers.

"The age difference, you know," they mentioned. "Besides, you don't know anything about life yet—yet—yet—yet—yet.

"Cocky, stubborn and impulsive, Joan told everybody, "I'm in love with him, and I'll learn about life from him."

And now Joan was lamenting to me that in the mists of time, she realized that she only wished she had been willing to accept the advice of some of her elders, because a good marriage was important and she felt a decent attitude toward its conventions has to be maintained.

"It was quite apparent now, that the guy in her life was Arthur Loew, Jr.—although for a time after coming to America he was being considered for the role of the fighting chaplin.

"Her husband, however, had come along to the United States and had sued her for $125 a month separate maintenance—equivalent to asking her to pay him alimony.

"That made Joan thoroughly indignant. She felt like a wronged wife. Here she was, struggling to make good in pictures, torn emotionally because her marriage was no longer going on time; defending a suit for separate maintenance. She was caught up in a sequence of events that would have been trying for a person without any experience. Besides, of course, it was costly.

Then there was the additional thought of her next marriage, to Arthur Loew, Jr. Joan's divorce wouldn't be final another year. By then—well, young people does quite easily catch for almost beautiful gal. And he's been pursue for several in his time.

Joan tried to look at it sensibly, her girl who's made a mistake like I was. She realized the problem: the "the year's waiting time is a good one. It gives us time to curb our impulseness!"

At various intervals during our vacation, Joan had dashed into and room and changed into a bathing suit some pictures...talked on the phone...to some fans waiting downstairs...discussed her latest films.

The name of the picture is "Sea.Wave and Joan portrays a young nun who was on a shipwrecked raft with two men to try to make love to her.

"I'm on the raft with these men, try to keep order," Joan explained. "I'm trying to fight off this strong feeling I have for Richard Burton. He is to my Biscuit in the picture. Don't ask me why.

"I love him, but, evidently isn't any script yet.

"What do you wear on this raft inquired.

"I think just kind of calico slip some people misunderstood it, we get a wrecked in the middle of the night I'm getting ready to go to bed."

"How do you make out with the mance that is boiling up within you?"

I'm only about love, but religious feelings are stronger, and I the final vows at the end.

So we can all breathe easier about it.

"At a sense, this role is for Joan, who talked back to 1 land to do it—and she's not playing usual bad girl. Maybe the English will be impressed. It had already soft hit, so after that I'd.

"The Girl in the Red Velvet Swing," then another picture was coming. "The Opposite Sex," in which she a bath—the same bath Joan Craw took in the original movie version. "The Women."

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high glee. Phyllis left before Rock and stopped off to see her family in Montevideo, Minnesota. Rock followed a few days later and, he confesses, "shook in my boots" over the prospect of meeting his new relatives. He tried to sneak into town quietly, but the entire population turned out to greet him. Did the relatives like him? Foolish question.

Great Expectations: The Eddie Fishers plan to buy or build in Beverly Hills, so we predict that his TV show will emanate from Hollywood. While making “Bundle of Joy” at RKO, commuting to Santa Monica proved to be too rough on Debbie, so she and Eddie lived in a studio dressing-room suite. Eddie loved riding his bicycle around the lot late at night when the studio was still, but expectant Debbie was "grounded" for the duration.

Romance, Hollywood Style: "My whole life is going to change in the near future," Marilyn Monroe told Bob Wagner when she sold him her big black Cadillac. What she meant was that she was planning to marry Arthur Miller—which she did, no less than twice, on June 29 and July 1. For days, they had been haunted by the press but, true to their word, they tied the knot in private—much to the news-hounds' extreme chagrin. . . . Tab Hunter and Lori Nelson have been dating everyone but each other for a year. So now it's been announced that they've decided "to call the whole thing off!"

Father's Daze: Nurses in the maternity ward didn't know whether to kiss or kill Tony Curtis. Every morning at 6 A.M., the new daddy arrived at the hospital, before the face pressed against the glass enclosure, Tony swallowed baseballs as he watched his new-born daughter, Kelly Lee. "Doesn't my daughter look a little like Winston Churchill?" beaming Tony kidded a nurse. "They all look like Churchill at first!" she answered.

Behind The Smile: Marlon Brando wore a weird set of uppers and lowers for his role in "Viva Zapata!" and he repeats the act as the Oriental in "Teahouse of the August Moon." Smiling grimly through the false network, Marlon mused: "And I'm the one who spent a small fortune to make my own teeth photographic!"

Silent Prayer: Clark Gable, ideally happy for the first time since Carole Lombard died, took an adjoining room when his beautiful wife Kay was hospitalized with a heart condition. Clark is so devoted to Kay's two children by her previous marriage, he'd love to adopt them. "Kay is my life," Clark says simply.

Wishful Thinking: Barbara Stanwyck's friends—and she's got a million of 'em—hope she and Sterling become more than a screen team while making "Love Story." Sterling's done a miraculous job raising his four children; Barbara's lonely, her warm heart overflows with love—and they all need each other.

Rover Boys: Martin without Lewis is like Sears without Roebuck! Everyone had a different reaction to the professional parting, but producer Hal Wallis, who holds their contract, insists it's only for one picture. We know that ambitious Jerry likes to work fifty-two weeks a year, while Dean likes to work less, play golf more and live longer. In union there is strength. Abbott and Costello learned their lesson the time they split up. Both Martin and Lewis are tremendously talented, but "Pardners" belong together.

It's The Woman Who Pays: Anita Ekberg and Joan Collins know it's the woman who pays, but for different reasons. Hep-ey mooning in Florence with actor Anthony Steel, who couldn't get any lire, Anita had to shell out for most of the hotel bill with good old American dollars that are good anywhere. . . . It cost British-born Joan Collins $6750 for the privilege of divorcing actor Maxwell Reed. Originally the handsome fellow had requested $150 a month alimony! . . . Jeff Richards had been married only five months when he and his school-teacher bride separated. Jeff has a strong jaw, which is why he isn't talking about it to anyone. . . . On the other hand, Dale Robertson and Mary Murphy have been shouting their happiness to the world at long last. Their on-again, off-again romance floundered for five years before finally leading them to the altar!

Cling, But Don't Clutch: Note to Hollywood glamour gals who have failed to latch on to handsome Richard Egan. He doesn't like possessive women—another reason why Pat Hardy has been his number one date. . . . When Gene Nelson walked into an NBC party, Helen Westcott was on his arm. Later, when Ben Coope kept cutting in, Gene switched over to Lori Nelson. Personal to Piper Laurie: Where were you?

Down Lullaby Lane: The excited Gregor Peeks managed to keep their secret for four months. But when they announced the birth, the house corks popped like the Fourth of July. Fortunately for the Robert Stacks, the hadn't yet okayed blueprints for their new house when Sir Stork sent his call in. The nursery has been added to the house plans.

Stronger Than Fiction: In this case there first didn't come true! Liz Taylor was suffering from sinus, and Monty Clift was convalescing from his serious auto accident. So Michael Wilding packed the off to Carmel for a change of scenery. Now one of the world's most famous Hollywood, we think, is mellowing!
Aloha Means Goodbye

(Continued from page 62)

romantic, magic islands of Hawai'i, there wasn't anything very romantic at our departure. My father took us to plane and waved us off. Then Mother settled down to read. No one on the plane paid any attention to me—except because I looked so studious. I was reading Thus Spake Zarathustra, by Nietzsche. I had brought along a lot of books, several on psychology by Jung; Band of Angels by Robert Warren; Thames Williamson's Woods; and even The First Six Lessons in Acting, by Bolleslavsky, which Marlowe had given me as a going-away present. But, early as it was, and I was just in the mood for zsche.

At time difference between Hawaii and the mainland makes the flight seem derfully short. Miraculously soon the was pink from the setting sun and were coming down at Honolulu. Hawaiian dancers greeted us, and fed us with our first leis, made of blossoms. We felt strange and derful, since we had left home such a long time ago. Not so strange, however, to the photographers who took our picks. (On Warner Brothers Pictures, like British Empire, it seems, the sun sets.)

I had a little car, a Yellow Hornet, for us, and we drove to The Reef, a hotel we had chosen because the folders said it was the most in-

m the first few days, that homesick lingered. We did all the standard tours—the island and admired Pali, saw Hanaua Bay, and the Blow. We walked a lot, which became a chore because I was wearing too many clothes and high-heeled shoes. It was my first—and I expect my last—excise as a sight-seeing tourist. Every-

to the left of the cups placed two phone calls. Mother talked to her father and told him how much she loved him, and I called Scott Marlowe. I've been seeing quite a lot, and him the same thing.

She dyed her hair blue.

Because at that special moment blazing bright hair was fashion. So the women of Athens, though naturally blonde, colored their hair almost any brilliant shade because—even then—they realized that nothing is more magnetic than fashion. This Greek beauty knew what Mark Twain pointed out, centuries later, that a beautiful woman is always more beautiful in fashion than out of it.

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to wear my new bathing suit and my first chance to lie on the beautiful white beach. I expected to be alone on the beach. I didn't know anybody at the hotel except Cathy Crosby, and she couldn't go out in the sun because she sunburns terribly. So I took my beach towel and a pile of books and prepared to spend the day in splendid solitude. That was all about ten o'clock. An hour later, I was straddling a pontoon of one of the catamarans, riding the waves. At one o'clock, I was having lunch on the beach with a dozen or so beach boys. At three, I was on a surfboard heading out to sea and admiring the coral reefs so clearly visible on the ocean bottom. An hour later, someone was saying me—as a matter of fact, four or five boys were saying me. That ocean bottom was deceptive. I was out in very deep water and had never ridden a surfboard in my life. But even being saved was fun.

This was definitely more like it! Some of the people I met that afternoon urged Mother and me to abandon our hotel room terrace and have dinner with them at a restaurant they all raved about, The Queen's Surf. We agreed, but I told them I'd have to go shopping first. Somebody back home had told me it would be cold in Hawaii in the spring and I had brought all the wrong clothes.

Late the next afternoon, I tore myself away from the beach and drove to the Royal Hawaiian, where I had been told the best dress shops were.

I walked into the lobby only to be told, politely but firmly that I would have to leave. I was wearing shorts. When I explained that I had come to shop they let me duck into Pauline Lake's and then into Betty Higgins' where—this is for the girls—I went raving mad and bought everything!

I had never seen such beautiful clothes. I bought tea-timers, and muu-mus, and robes and sarongs, particularly a Tiger sarong. (This in honor of my friend, Nick Astor, who calls me Tiger.) I admit I was too sophisticated and bought a black sari and a wonderful Indian stole, hand-woven with fabulous gold and silver threads.

Then I was ready for The Queen's Surf. Mother and I went there that evening. I will never forget that night because of two new friends I met there.

The Queen's Surf is a beautiful place, set in a grove of palm trees. The dinner was exquisite and the entertainment... that's where my new friends came in.

When the first floor show began I sat them. One was Mahi Beamer, an H.awaiian boy, descendant of the oldest pure Hawaiian family in Honolulu. Mahi sings in a high, clear voice—almost soprano—all the songs which have been identified with the island. His close number is always 'My Island Love Song.' He sings it beautifully, and he should his grandmother wrote it.

Co-starred with Mahi was a dancer, L. Aloha Cunningham, who is also Hawaiian (The Cunningham was contributed by American husband from whom she had been divorced.) I had seen hula dance before, not only in Hawaii, but at home, but I had never seen anything like L. Aloha. so graceful, dignified, and regal.

As an old person—knower, I decide that these were people I very much wanted to know. I wrote a note, inviting them to our table, and asked the waiters to take it to them. They came over, looking very dignified, almost aloof.

They must decline my invitation, they told me, since they had two more shows to do. Mother and I stayed through of them. It was wonderful, but I felt disappointed. I really wanted to know them.

Two days later, I had my chance. We were walking on the beach with one college boy I had met, and we ran into Mahi and L. Aloha.

Mahi put his hand and smiled very wistfully. I only, twenty-five, but look about eighteen, and is very handsome a very charming.

'Were preparing for a luau tonight,' told us. 'Won't you join us?'

We did, of course, and went with the to the restaurant. After the preparation for the feast were complete, we gathered around the piano and sang all the wondrous, romantic songs of the islands. It was a perfect preparation for my first luau.

Mother and I went to The Queen's Surf early that night and sat on the floor side the festive tables. We ate everything. To our amazement, we discovered to our surprise, we loved the poi and the raw salmon—the Hawaiian food. (Probably because we had Hawaiian friends.)

Again Mahi and L. Aloha did the shows that night, and again we stayed see all of them. After that, I spent every night at The Queen's Surf and each night after the last show, I went with Mahi and L. Aloha to all sorts of truly Hawaiian out-of-the-way places that very...
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You’ll find the answers in OCTOBER PHOTOPLAY

On sale September 6
All the Things Marriage is Made Of

(Continued from page 49)
the two of them leaving a studio casting office, so discouraged, and Sue breaking into tears, crying, "They've got to see what you can do!"

Another is of them standing, hand in hand, like excited children, that first time in New York's Times Square, their hearts full, looking up at the marquee of the Paramount Theatre blazing out their trium-

There's the day a weary-voiced Sue told Alan, "I can't marry you." Then the camera of memory focuses on a hospital room, and one which would be Alan who didn't sleep in three days. Three days and three nights of sitting there beside Sue, being there if she should wake, silently but fiercely wish-

These, for Sue and Alan Ladd, are the things a marriage is made of—and therein is the story of two people who have lived almost as one, who have always been so married that, as Alan says, "With thinning hair, I think of Alan Ladd as somebody apart. When something seems right, we say, 'That would be very good for him.'"

Susie and I. There was no separating from the start, not even with a world who might try. And there were those who did try—careless spreaders of the careless word that, for any but people like Sue and Alan, could have been the dynamite that might have blown their world to bits.

And go even farther back, if you will—go back, and realize the difficulties a girl with Sue's background might have had, trying to understand a guy with Alan's background. A man more vain could have resented her success—and renounced the one love of his life, as she contributed to his success. Two people less in love could have been influenced by studio brass, who predicted marriage would mean the death of Alan's career. And that broke down all along the way, and working almost as one, could have stran-
gled another marriage, less strong.

Pretty brown-eyed Sue Carol was the only daughter of a wealthy Chicago real-

For Alan, life had been hard and hun-

ment and discouragement, he developed a toughness that could hide the hunger in-

He picked apricots and he fired hamburgers at drive-ins. He worked as a grip at Warner Bros. and they kept high on the sound stages, to light the magic of which, someday, he silently vowed, he would be a part. He struggled for five years to be an actor. By the time he met Sue—he is silvery and fair—he had opened the door for him in radio. CBS wanted to talk to him about signing with them. But the break he wanted if pictured belonged to another man, he was sure, the day he opened one door and walked into another life.

No had Sue Carol known exactly who to expect that day. She had been in-

traded by the performance of an un-

Karen seen on a radio show, and she had phoned, asking him to come see her. But, she thought as she waited, he was probably engaged.

Remembering now, the fellow in the blue sport shirt and white sweater and his pretty Sue, so chic in pink, look a much different in their Palm Springs living room and grin.

"Alan was wearing a long white pol-

coat," Sue recalls. "He was very tan and blond and handsome—and he said he wanted to see me. I couldn't see why.

"Why don't you let the public decide?" Sue had asked him then. As far as he was concerned, Alan said, Hollywood had already decided. And he knew he could work.

But the next day, driving along the Sunset Strip to pick up his CBS appoint-

And their marriage was made of such things, you could get for him, an inter-

And the public, which was to be the final judge?

"The public had no choice," Alan smiled now. "Sue just wouldn't give up. I mat-

tter what a studio casting director wanted, I was always just the type. They'd say, 'Sue, just pick someone else.' And Sue and I would just blink those big brown eyes and say, 'Yes, he can!'"

"But the funny thing was," says Sue, "Alan really could sing. They just wouldn't give us that information. Alan voice has a terrific quality. He would be great in musicals now.

Yes, in Sue's opinion he could—he can do anything. And he frequently did.

"I wore a dress inspired by the 20th Century-Fox," Alan recalls, "and would spend all day putting on my sk and going up and down. About the same time, Sue got me an interview for commercial film. It was for an ins-

ance company and they wanted someb to age from 18 to 80. She told them it was just the type."

"That night when I was through skin was off, I left them. They sat n
and wrinkled it and put on spirit gum. Then they yanked the gum off, leaving he 'wrinkled' there. One guy stood back and asked the other, 'Well, what do you think?' Then they did the whole bit again, putting on the spirit gum and parking it off until my face felt like a hamburgr. But I got the part. I'd work nights there until 3:00 A.M., get three hours' sleep, and be back on my skis again over at Fox.

"I went to Chicago for another commercial film." Alan continues. "I got $500 a week and I got to wear a dinner jacket and carve a turkey. It was fine experience—and I learned how to carve."

But there were other, leaner weeks during those first few years, when there wasn't any turkey. Days when it seemed as if all the faith and talent combined—"if their teamwork—wasn't going to get Alan his chance.

"When we least expect it, a part will come up," Sue assured Alan then. "You'll see. It was always darkest before dawn, he told him, running through all the comforting bromides used to bolster battered spirits and egos. But leaving a studio one day, Sue burst into tears, crying she was failing Alan. "We'd missed quite a few jobs then," she recalls. "And that day Alan snapped me out of it." And finally, sure enough, the dawn they'd waited for came. After some twenty bit parts on the screen, Alan gave a performance in "The Joan of Paris" at RKO that led to a test for the part of the cool-iggeder, cat-loving killer, Raven, in this Gun for Hire. The part that would make Alan Ladd a star.

After this one picture, Alan was the fans' "boy from Hollywood's heralded new star," with security in sight, he asked Sue to marry him. "I guess I fell in love with him the first day I walked into her office and saw her—and that was it. When two people click," Alan says simply, "that's it." Then a shocked Alan heard Sue say she couldn't marry him. Unknown to him, Alan had come to see long faces and said marriage would endanger Alan's whole future—the future he had fought so hard for. When Alan and this out, he went to the studio and was given a top billing. This was the reason he even had a career, if adding pointedly that, unless he mar-ried her, there would be no career.

They were married twice—the first time Alan was on location in Mexico. But you don't feel very married in Mexico. But you don't feel very married in Mexico. So they had a religious cere-monial in Santa Ana later on, "a very sweet marriage, with just a few close friends." And Dixie and Bing Crosby an-dered them their Rancho Santa Fe home for their honeymoon.

They lived in Sue's comfortable oldick home in the older section of Hol-lywood until four could build the elegant use he planned to give her. And from beginning they proved the studio owners' prediction correct. The fans took both CANDIDS to heart, loving Sue all the more, cause she was so important to Alan. It took World War II to separate them.

An enlisted three months before their st-born, Alana, arrived. He was the "sweet property in Hollywood, king of the box office, and leading every fan poll. I'd starved and struggled all his life to nobody, and some professional burners was quick to say, "Kid, nobody will remember you. You have to art all over again."

The brick house waited for him, the way you can feel a house waiting for a sin to come home. And the house breath again when a bronzed figure in ski came through the door, gluttony...
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They brought her back, along with healthy, lusty-lunged son, David Al. And his father building the elegant French Normandie house in Holm Hills that he’d been building in his mi

“Lysol” brand disinfectant

PP-569.
ventures on the solid bedrock of their marriage, is already a great success.

Continued success, however, has in no way changed the rhythm of their life together. Alan has always made Sue feel her importance in his life. "In any crowd, wherever we are," Sue says fondly, "Alan always makes me feel like the most important gal in the room. And he always tries to make me feel important to his business, that my opinion means so much to him."

Not that they always agree—far from it. "We both have strong wills," Sue says frankly, "but we thrash things out. Sometimes I'll convince Alan; sometimes he'll convince me."

If you ask them to name the most important attribute in making theirs a strong marriage, Sue says, "Companionship—being considerate of each other." "Honesty," says Alan. "Sometimes we hurt each other, and we've gotten hurt. But at least we're honest with each other."

Sometimes, like newlyweds, they'll sit and talk the sun up, planning for the future of their family—Carolee, who works for their own Jaguar Productions; Laddie, fine-looking bus boy freshman at USC; Alana, 13; and David, a very busy 9.

Like any parents, Alan and Sue have their own individual views on how to raise their family. Sue believes Alan is inclined to be too strict, while Alan is equally convinced that Sue's a soft touch "and just too lenient with them."

"I don't think I'm too lenient," counters Sue. "We make them earn their allowances, and I don't think that spoils them. Laddie gets fifteen dollars a week, but he has to buy his lunches and gasoline out of that, and he has to earn it by weeding the hill and property around our house in town. Alana, who gets two dollars a week, keeps her room in order."

Alan makes "the rounds of the house every evening" and knows all the problems of the family, but their daughters are Sue's department, generally speaking. Alan admittedly isn't too effective in dealing with the girls' problems. As he said to Sue recently, "You know, I think I'm scared of girls. I just don't know how to talk to them."

One evening recently, Alan and Sue were planning a movie at home for the family. Thirteen-year-old Alana had invited a boy friend over and during the course of the picture, Alan saw the boy put his arm around her. He left the room and called Sue out in a loud voice to accompany him. He was white and shaken.

"Did you see that?" he thundered.

"Yes, I did. But it's better that it happens here at home," Sue said, trying to calm him. "Now don't you say anything."

They went back inside and Alan tried not to say anything. But, noting the boy's arm remained around his daughter, Alan finally could stand it no longer. "Are you enjoying the picture?" he asked Alana pointedly.

"Yes, Daddy," she sighed happily.

Across the room, Sue smiled at her husband with the ancient wisdom of women, and Alan understood—or thought he did. And later, walking across the moonlighted grounds of the house that love built, Alan's hand found Sue's and held it hard. They spoke no words—there were no words to say except the ones they'd epated so often: "I love you."

The struggling young actor had said it . . . the lonely corporal had written it . . . the desperately worried young husband eaten beside his wife's hospital bed had rayed it . . . and the successful producer, Varner's top box-office draw named Alan, said it, too, on that night when they knew, as always, that marriage—their marriage—is forever.

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There Was a Boy

(Continued from page 40)

introduced to him in the Green Room—
which, in theatre circles, is a gathering
place backstage, sort of a reception room
where actors get together before or after a
show. As I recall, Jimmy made no resis-
tion on me at all. He was quiet, almost
sullen, and seemed to resent the fact
that he had been asked to work in the show.

When “Macbeth” opened and started its
two-week run, the reviews in Spotlight
the Theatre Arts Department’s newspaper,
were not kind. As for Jimmy’s perform-
ance, it said only, “Malcolm (James Dean)
failed to show any growth, and would have
made a hollow king.” It was true that
Jimmy’s acting was not good. His Indiana
twang made Shakespeare’s immortal lines
sound more like they had been written by
Mark Twain and were being delivered by
Herb Shriner. It was obvious that James
Dean was not one of UCLA’s outstanding
acting talents. As a matter of fact, it seemed
that it would have been wise for some close
friend to advise him to forget any theatric
aspirations. No, indeed, James Dean, it
didn’t have to do just didn’t have it—not then, at any rate.

Among some of the more dedicated ac-
tors on campus, there was a feeling that
UCLA was not providing enough in the
way of acting guidance and training. The
regular classes were considered totally
inadequate, in the light of the upsurge of a
“new school” of acting that was emanating
from New York. I brought life mightier
presses to James Whitmore, who had just won an
Academy Award nomination for his acting in
“Battleground.” Noting the dissatisfac-
tion on campus, it occurred to me that
Whitmore, a Hollywood actor who had
been, by the way, born in New York, might be able to
solve our problem.

Whitmore, himself, had found that Holly-
wood was completely lacking any type of
dramatic approach in which he used his
studies and was, as a result, greatly
interested in such a project. He suggested
that I invite eight or nine people from
UCLA whom I felt would be seriously in-
terested in pursuing their drama studies
more intensely. He insisted, however, that
we were not to consider him a teacher, but
merely someone who was there to guide us
and learn with us. As carefully as pos-
sible, I selected the students whom I felt
would most appreciate and benefit from
this advance training.

During the UCLA run of “Macbeth,” a
Hollywood agent saw Jimmy and ap-
proached him with the proposition of
representing him. The idea of an honest-
to-goodness agent, regardless of how im-
portant he was, believing he had a poten-
tial, so flattered Jimmy’s ego that he
decided it was an actor’s life for him from
then on. This new dedication, coupled with
the fact that Jimmy and I had become good
friends, convinced me that he should be
invited to join the Whitmore class.

Jimmy completed the group of nine. We
began to meet several times a week in a
room above the Brentwood Country Mart.
The first meeting found us all tense and
anxious. An air of quiet excitement hung
over the group. We were about to hear
the magic words that would reveal to us
the secret of acting. It didn’t take Whit-
more long to dispel all that nonsense and
plunge us headlong into serious and in-
tense study. So intent was we, both attentively,
and reading faithfully from our copies of Stan-
islavsky’s An Actor Preparations, we waited
for something to happen.

About this time, Jimmy confided to me
that he was finding it increasingly difficult
to tolerate his fraternity brothers. It seems
they suffered from the slightly dated and
 provincial attitude that there was definitely
something wrong with anyone who was in-
terested in the theatre. Considering Jim-
my’s hyper-sensitivity to the subject, i
was no wonder that he was rubbed
red in the face of a fraternity
brother one night during a stag
party. Jimmy took the snide remarks as an insult
and the affair ended in a fist fight. It was
with mutual sentiments that Jimmy and his fraternity
brother parted company. Since both of us were then in search of
living quarters, we decided to combine
forces and find a place together.

Eventually, we found a three-room apartment
atop of an apartment building near the
beach in Santa Monica. It was artfull
done—a place, we felt sure, where budding
young artists could grow. Although it was
inexpensive for our limited budgets, we
were unable to resist its charm, and so
we moved in.

“The Penthouse,” as we called it, was the
scene of Jimmy’s intellectual awakenings.
He was, indeed, a Jimmy. Though it took
me long to discover that my friend was
greatly lacking in plain old everyday
knowledge. It was amazing how little I
actually knew about art, literature, music,
and photography. Jim, you see, was the
excitement over the Whitmore ac-
ting group and his new agent that made
Jimmy want to start learning more about
everything. He wanted to be complete
and rounded.

He had often expressed a desire to grow
intelligently, to broaden his scope of un-
derstanding, but had never actually started
on an all-out campaign.

Those were the lean months. Jimmy
had no income, and I was barely able to serc
together enough for food and rent from
the odd jobs I could get at CBS. Sometimes,
we would rent from Stansilavsky, Henry Miller, or Ken
Dixon, and it was nice to have
perfect his diction by reading aloud from
various plays, acting out every part him-
self. He kept a dictionary at hand to lo-
ung up any word he didn’t know.

So it went for several months.

These was the end of the electric
had not been turned on and we were for-
together. However, the effect was so pleasing, we
decided to dedicate at least one night a week exclu-
sively to the use of candles. Thus we
had the inspirational effect of candle-
light, which is very inexpensive and easy to come by.

Sometimes we met at a Lightfoot’s free
where we would lounge around an
apartment, listening to classical music and
learning to identify the selections. Or, some-
times we met at O’Malley’s, and the
thing was always that something im-
portant was happening to every one.

Food was very often a serious prob-
lem. I remember once, shortly after we
paid the electric bill, we were sitting down
to a dinner consisting of
oatmeal mixed with mayonna
and jam. One successful scheme we use
keep from starving was to invite sev-
friends over on a dimmer; then pool the
rice and spaghetti dishes. Times were hard.
unusually we were able to keep laughing
least most of the time.

However, Jimmy was subject to frequent
fits of depression and would slip off
a silent mood at least once a day. Dur-
these periods, I found it impossible to
muck together, and I soon learned
ore him or avoid him completely.
crete he would sit quietly thinking
hours; other times he would read or
making only occasional grunting
words when a question was put to him.
ly often he would take long walks late
ight, mostly to the amusement pier in
ice, a few miles away, where he would
ch and study the people. But, in-
ably, he would snap to after a few
rs and never acknowledge the fact
had caused anyone concern or offense.
my's moods ended as abruptly as they
ed.

must have been an act of God that
my mother decide to pay me a visit
this time. When she arrived from
East, we invited her to stay with us
our modest quarters. Her arrival was
a ray of heavenly sunlight. As soon
she saw our barren apartment she
headed the local supermarket where she
ght everything in sight. She cooked
ous meals for us and saw to it
partment was clean.
newly married Mother first, but soon
one uncomfortable. He was always
ressed when people did things for
. He disliked the feeling of obligation
went with the acceptance of a favor.
new was in no position to repay
tokens of kindness or appreci-
. He hadn't matured enough to realize
her payment came in the form of
him well-fed, clean, and happy.
ne rainy day, Mother decided to stay
clean the apartment, and fix a fine
for that evening. Jimmy also

maintained in the apartment the whole day.
When I returned from work that evening,
found Mother in tears. Jimmy, it seems,
spent the entire day talking aimlessly
on a mobile he was constructing. He
not spoken to her all day and had only
grunted in response to her questions and
attempts at conversation. It was all very
upsetting for Mother, who didn't even
know what the crazy thing was Jimmy
had been building. She had not experi-
enced his moods before and was under
the impression that she had offended him.
Jimmy didn't seem to feel remiss, nor did
he apologize. Instead, he slumped into his
chair at dinner and shoved her care-
fully prepared meal into his mouth with
a boorish abandon. During the remainder
of her visit, Mother avoided staying in
the apartment alone with Jimmy.

When she left, we drove her to the
depot. While she was checking her lugg-
age, Jimmy disappeared for a few mo-
ments. When he returned, he presented
her with a box of candy, for Mother's Day,
which he had bought with his last dollar.
cluded with the gift was a photograph
of himself which she had admired. He
had signed the picture: "To my second
mother—Love, Jimmy." Knowing that his
mother had died when Jimmy was only
nine, Mother was deeply touched, although
somewhat confused by his seemingly
sudden switch in attitude. It wasn't until
a few years later, when I explained that
it was simply Jimmy's nature to be moody
and that he had really liked her very
much, that she understood. Neither of us
knew then that she was to be the first
in a series of "second mothers" for Jimmy.

Up to that point, the only job Jimmy's
agent had been able to get him was a

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greaseless and they keep in any climate. Your druggist has them
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mination he set himself to the desperate task of getting that watch. Nothing else in the world mattered to him. The more he insisted, the more I refused. The more demanding and insulting he became, the more I remained firm in my refusal.

The fist fight that resulted had to be broken up by Whitmore and the others.

When it was over, Jimmy and I were both amazed, and we felt refreshed, as though we had just been given a shock treatment. From that moment on, everything he heard, everything he read, everything he did seemed to have new meaning for Jimmy. Until then he had understood everything, but now he was able to apply it. For the first time, acting made sense to him.

Jimmy carried this newly acquired understanding with him into the filming of "Hill Number One." When the picture was released on television Easter weekend, the reviews of his acting were filled with praise. His agent had contacted several producers and asked them to watch the film. They were impressed with Jimmy, but, as is so often the case, that was as far as it went. Jimmy had hoped for more than praise and he was terribly disappointed when the jobs didn't start rolling in. After all, he insisted, shouldn't an actor who has proven his worth be employed? He still had to learn that this is one of the most heartbreaking aspects of the acting profession.

Before long, Jimmy was out of money again and needed a job. I was still working as an usher at CBS in Hollywood and, after much persuasion, I was able to convince Jimmy. Although he had taught sports at a small military academy near Los Angeles one summer, Jimmy found it impossible to conform to the regimentation of an usher's life. He resented uniforms—the "monkey suit," as he called it—and refused to take the directives of the head ushers with appropriate seriousness. As a result, he was appointed a janitor at CBS.

Jimmy was released after one short week, during which he had managed to provoke the wrath of every one of his superiors. After that, I just smiled blandly when they would sneeringly refer to him as your friend, Dean." Having committed the unpardonable sin of introducing the corruptive influence of James Dean into the orderly, well-organized pattern of the CBS machine, I had to remain upstairs on guard, lest I make another dreadful mistake. Jimmy accepted his dubious notoriety with devilish glee and gracefully lapsed into a status of being unemployed.

He began dating Beverly's friend, Jane Voiles, daughter of the noted commediene, Joan Davis. I had introduced them at CBS, where Beverly was acting on the radio show, Junior Miss. They soon found that they had a great deal in common— they both loved for sports, and started spending much more time together. Beverly introduced Jimmy to the world of young Hollywood, where he found new interests and excitement in meeting and getting to know the rising stars like Debbie Reynolds. However, there was one serious flaw in the relationship, Beverly's mother. Jimmy's lack of social grace and the obvious unhappiness of Joan Davis so much, there was constant friction between them. It soon became apparent that Jimmy's relationship with Beverly was destined to be short-lived.

Going with a girl like Beverly made money more important to Jimmy. He was forced to take a part-time job parking cars in the lot next to CBS. Since his hours were irregular, he was able to search for acting jobs on the side. Most of the CBS radio directors and producers parked their cars in the lot, and Jimmy soon got to know them. Eventually, or two of them discovered he was an actor and decided to give him a chance to show. He did a few bit parts in several dramatic radio shows and was signed with a small network show. He also arranged for interviews at the major studios, through a friend who had done some bit roles in movies, managed to snare bit parts in "Sailor's Daughter," starring Martin and Lewis; "Anyone Seen My Gal?" starring R. Hudson; and "Fixed Bayonets," starring Richard Basehart.

In spite of all the jobs he seemed to be getting, Jimmy was dissatisfied and patient. The Whitmores classes had ended for the summer, he had broken off with Beverly, and he was becoming increasingly restless. His personal life didn't seem to have any order. He recently met several established actors and directors, such as David Wayne and Bud Boetticher, whom he found interesting. Maybe there was something to the influence of Jimmy prompted him to delve even deeper into the realms of the street and the esoteric. What he found made him eager for more and gave him a new sense of truth and wisdom. Hollywood...
(Continued from page 45) and handling promising young writers and talented older ones. For Rock, she was everything he'd ever thought or said he wanted in a wife—quiet, intelligent, with a keen sense of humor and the ability to separate Rock, the movie star, from Rock the serious and shy young man who can stand almost anything but phoniness, or the thought that someone might be courting her for his status, because it could be advantageous.

Phyllis Gates was without affectation of any sort. She liked serious talk, serious books and serious conversation. Rock knew she meant business. He knew him but his companionship, the fun of being with him. When that fact dawned—really dawned—Rock was lost. From that time on, his second home, his dream house, was on its way. And because our homes always tell—or rather, reveal—so much about us, it was fun to wander through Rock's abode and guess things about him of which even Rock, perhaps, was not aware.

Rock's house, naturally, is situated upon high ground. A fellow who has reached up and out for things all his life, who has worked to roll from the inside of whatever world he found himself in, Rock seems to insist on gaining the same feeling from a house.

Another Hudson requirement for ideal living seems to be a closeness to nature. Trees, shrubs, bushes, vines, and flowers are native to him, and at least two episodes in his past are directly related to Rock's love of horticulture.

Rock recalls that during the happiest periods of his life was the summer of his eleventh year when he was "a very rich man." He was living with his grandmother, an indulgent woman who considered it normal for a growing boy to roll out at 5:30 each morning, eat everything in sight, and then shag out to the golf course where he was a caddy. He earned seventy-five cents, plus tips, for eighteen holes, and in the end paid for a thirty-six-hole tour before noon. He also earned the reputation as the caddy most likely to retrieve a lost ball in the woods. But he regarded his fame lightly; it was all too容易. And later, he was as much at home in the thicket as a rabbit in a lettuce patch.

A few years later, Rock's love for the loamy forest was satisfied by daily summer trips to a spot in Winnetka, Illinois (his home stamping-ground), called Fentress' Pool, which was located in a ravine off Sheridan Road. The pool was bordered by lilac bushes, wildberry bushes, ferns and lichen. Situated in one of the largest weeping willows was a diving board, completely obscured from below by a phalanx of branches. The rock knew this a silver spawning pipe which could be transformed into a modest bower, and he paid for his -self. Paying twice as much tax," he mused, "I'd be in a bracket in which I could afford swimming pool, and a pool house, a system for heating them both.

While still planning for the pool a rumpus room, Rock moved one of his most precious possessions—his electric player piano—into the rear storage room of the garage. Eventually, he decided, would serve as a center for the list hearted, unpretentious parties he liked much. The piano had been a twenty-four-year-old Harvard graduate, his parents and a group of students, and it had been the focal point around which Rock's Avenida del Sol house had been decorated. The word "decorated" is very, very loose, for Avenida del Sol house was notable for a do best described as Early Ad Lib w Philodendron Ram pant.

Now the player piano is still gathering dust in the rumpus room of the garage, serve as an emblem of enjoyment in the past as a token of a plan for the future. No means has Rock forsaken his notion of someday being master of a den-rumpy pool house.

Rock's idea of the residence as he now eagerly tells his bride, Phy —was born during the making of "Captain Lightfoot," in Ireland. Many of the events in that picture took place in an atmospheric inn. The front door of the inn opened into a huge entry with beamed ceiling, and the first view of room revealed an alcove with an alcove. On both sides of this alcove were staircases leading to the second floor and onto a corridor which looked down the entry below.

To the right of the entry was a pane glass room with large windows above the plate rail. The furniture polished cherry, well-aged, and the chow down-stuffed cushions.

The kitchen, being a period establishment, was equipped to the letter in all the latest equipment, except for a brickled fireplace which could be transformed into a mod built-in oven and companion barbeque and a round table and captain's chair next to which Rock fell in love, with his six-room New England-style farmhouse at first sight.

So soon after he moved in, Rock put his green thumb to work and started clearing the courtyard behind the house. It was then he discovered that a mass of vines had overgrown and almost completely hidden a thriving rock garden. So he pruned the vines, thinned the underbrush, and planted petunias and shrubs.

Having temporarily satisfied his gardener desires, Rock moved on to other household matters. He made great plans of clearing land for a swimming pool and building another garage on the low level of his lot. Then, in the space occupied by the driveway, which is gradually ascending ramp, he planned to have a carport and a car.
as many art galleries as possible, up a clear-cut "I know what I like, her It's Art or not" taste.

Now I want a window or my walls," he said. "Mainly things that appeal, because the landscape brings back needlework, the six raising even a sound of music, it had been very..."

"Well..." Rock added another idea. "I attended a Hollywood party one night. It was to the den where a woman was in progress, and caught sight of a four-masted model schooner on the wall. It was the same kind of the first ship he had ever seen in his life: it was displayed in the mansion which had the first formal film party Rock ever attended. It had been very..."

"Tell me more," Boyer insisted.

"I'll have one, there. There may be a time when I'll want to be able to have it. We were near the house often, and it was good to know that this was ours to include. Rock had already said, "There are three things that never go to have in any house: doilies, antimacassars, and heavy pairs of fringe. Never!"

"I don't like these for these decorations," the woman said. "He was only six when he was taken by his mother to visit one of her intimate friends. The house was a woman's and her husband reflected the taste of early 30's."

There were starched, hand-crocheted tablecloths everywhere, and all the chairs had hand-crocheted or hand-embroidered "collar and cuff sets." The ovens were blinding, with brass curtains, either brocaded or satin, or double-velvet draperies. "When I hid behind them, Rock recalled, "I could smell dust."

The house had a clock. Clocks ticked, and the musky odors wafted about as if the air had been dried by an invisible passing presence. Rock had to "be a little gentleman," and sit "still and look at a book." He had to "set Grandmother's watch right." He was not to ask for something at even when he felt his stomach was his backbone.

Christmas while his grandmother and grandfather lived, was always a festive occasion. Rock would sit in his chair and was into the drawing room to study tree. There he spied an ornament he had never seen before. It had fallen from the branch and was nestled in the greenery surrounding the tree. Get down on his hands and knees, Rock ed along the floor until he could, get up, replace the bauble, then return to the vantage point for viewing his good work. As he tried to back away exactly he had slid in, a branch snapped him back in the middle of the tree with a shattering crash.

That day to this, the sight of a six-antimacassar, or a heavily..." window reminds Rock of his many gone awry.

doilies, antimacassars, or draperies. These things taken into consideration, how does the Hudson Honeymoon
"My marriage is happier now than when I was a bride!"

says Mrs. C. L. Kellogg who now uses ZONITE to douche!

SAFE! Many married women, as well as brides-to-be, wonder about douching for feminine hygiene. Such a woman was Mrs. Kellogg who, years after her days as a bride, later learned about the importance of following the proper method of douching with a fountain syringe, using an effective yet safe solution—like ZONITE.

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DAINTY! You, too, can be one of the modern women who welcome the "peace of mind" and daintiness that ZONITE gives them after monthly periods and other times. You can use ZONITE as directed, as often as needed, without the slightest risk of injury. Costs only pennies per douche.

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Don't handle, tug or pick those "nibbles"! Pimples, blackheads easily infect—leave lifetime scars. Clear up those pimples and blackheads—oh so gently, safely and cover them while you're clearing them! with Pompeian Milk Cream—pink magic proved in the laboratory to possess a greater "zone of inhibition" than all the leading medications tested! It's the milk—chemists say—that makes PC 11—the hexachlorophene—so far more effective in starving skin bacteria that cloud your complexion.

**TRY IT...PROVE IT...TRIAL TUBE 25c**

Send 25c for a trial tube. Watch your skin grow healthier again. Pompeian Corp., Box 24, Mt. Dept. PY-6. Or get Pompeian Milk Cream from your druggist tonight.

House stack up in relation to the Ideal? The best way to answer that is to point out that, for months before they set a date, Rock and Phyllis spent every free moment looking for a house to buy, lease, or rent. They wanted one that would include the chief desires of each of them. No luck. With each passing month, Rock's in-laws quarters began to look better and better.

"We're going to have to build to get exactly what we want," Phyllis finally, and weerily, decided.

Thinking of the size of the house they wanted and the possibilities of the future, Rock agreed, adding, "We ought to wait a while. There's plenty of room for us right now, but . . ."

The present Hudson Haven covers approximately two thousand feet and is divided up into an entry hall, living room, dining room, a kitchen that—of all the rooms in the house—most nearly seems ideal, two bedrooms and a bath. Outside, the house is flanked by a double garage at one end and a tree-sheltered patio at the other. The living room, though spacious, is too small for Rock's hobbies and features beamed ceiling, fireplace and windowed dining alcove. In the kitchen is a breakfast nook, a barbeque with an electric revolving spit, and, to one side, a working bar for the ladies. Next to the living room is the master bedroom has an extra door which leads out to the shaded patio. The bedroom presently serves as a den.

One of the most impressive pieces of furniture in the house, isn't in the house—at the present time, that is. Just before Rock started to make "Battie Hymn," he and his bride decided that the wood throughout the house should be cherry whenever possible. For the bedroom they ordered a double dresser, which was built according to Rock's specifications and are therefore on the massive side. Once installed, Rock and Phyllis stood side by side and studied the result.

"I had the impression," Rock admits, "that the dresser end of the room was slowly sinking, so I asked Phyllis to move it.

"It's too large for the room, isn't it?" Phyllis said sadly.

So, the following Sunday, Rock and a friend covered the dresser with craft paper and moved it into the garage.

However, the cherry wood hi-fi cabinet in the entryway proved to be perfect, did the lamp tables on which Phyllis put the whisky-keg lamps Rock had brought home from Rock's days like for flounce window treatment that hasn't been entirely successful. "Too much bother to open, close and fiddle with until you get the right amount of light behooveful," Phyllis said. "There must be some other answer."

Aside from the fact that the only first place in the house is brick and there is no swimming pool outside, Rock discovered another two serious lack: no gla shelves whatsoever had been installed for a lady's perfume collection. "It took weeks to put enough shelves in," Phyllis, is Rock's way of kidding his wife.

"Who gave me most of the collection is Phyllis' retort. "Besides, who has taken all our drawer space with the stock of clothes we brought back from Italy?"

"We need a small closet while, that's for sure," Rock concedes. "And a big lady with a model ship on the mantel, and a huge bedroom to accommodate that doubt dresser, and . . ."

Naturally, the HUDSONS will have build. And you can be sure their future love nest will be high on a hilltop, close to the stars, where they will be able put down roots in the ground while keeing their dreams in the clouds. Tex E

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE ON PAGE 87

**Across**


**Down**


Wynter Victorious

(Continued from page 20)

In Palm Springs, the other is an enchanting house in Bel Air, where we're literally, as well as figuratively, sitting on top of the world!

"Had you ever thought about marrying an American before you met Greg?" I asked.

Dana hesitated a moment and then said, "Let me answer that by saying I've always dated American men, and although I never ad a mental image of the 'Dream Prince' I'd somehow marry, I've always been attracted to outdoor, athletic, physically men like Greg. But even in my wildest imagination, I never hoped to find anyone kind, considerate and generous as he is. Besides the two houses, he's already given me a black mink coat, with gold lamé lining, a sable stole, a Jaguar, and many other grand gifts. But it is his generosity with his pocketbook that thins his heart that endears him to me. It's that he gives of himself to everybody, like all busy people—and his law practice keeps him working all the time. He always manages to find time for the smallest as well as the biggest courtesies. Last fall, when I flew back to Rhodesia, Greg ad planned to come with me to meet my parents and ask their consent to our marriage. But at the last minute some important board meetings kept him in New York. So, when my plane landed in Paris, here he was to greet me—on the transatlantic phone—and at every other stop a route and back. On my return to Hollywood, after only a nine-day visit with my family—who Greg invited to our house—when we were settled in at Bel Air home—Greg had arranged to have a 'home' with a three-piece ring orchestra, whichserened me of my favorite song, 'I've Grown Acquainted to Her Polka.' But when, Dana, don't have to tell you that 'I'm in Love with a Wonderful Guy,' when you predicted it would happen!

Now, I'll take out my crystal ball again and predict that Greg and I will go on being acquainted to her face' until the end of time. For behind that beautiful face is the face of an actress, clever enough to know that if one's name in electric lights is rewarding, but when the fuse goes out, and you are left alone, you've nothing. I've known Dana since her struggling days in London. When she came to New York to try her luck on the Broadway stage, I was among the handful of friends her opening night in "Black-Eyed Susan." a play with Vincent Price that on Dana good notices, but folded after sin. I saw her go on to Hollywood, still daunted, with high hopes of a contract U-I. I watched her come back, after screen test had been turned down, de- mined that if London, Hollywood and Broadway didn't want her, she'd make em come to her. So she went into television. She played a dramatic role on the Sherri Montgomery show, and it worked! Hollywood beckoned again this time 20th, a seven-year contract. And now that she's traveled so far and is finally arrived, Dana is willing to for her career to travel much further as adopted wife—and mother (Greg loves children and Dana wants a Greg, Jr. as on as possible). Because she is so wise, ana knows that "all is ephemeral—fame di famous as well," but true love is forever. Which explains how she cared everyone by winning Hollywood's most eligible bachelor, and why, for Greg, a will always remain the Wynter of his heart.

The End

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(Continued from page 47)

other books she'd always heard about but never had enough courage to tackle by herself.

"I don't know what hit me," she says now, her big brown eyes sparkling. "Heaven knows I'm not an intellectual. I always used to be the bright one of the class, and at fifteen, in my freshman year, I quit high school. All I ever lived for in those days was dancing and a career in show business. But lately I've become very curious about a lot of the things I missed. I have no idea what brought this on, but I'm very glad it happened."

A peppy little number who sparkles with animation, Rita likes a good time, loves to laugh, and would rather eat than eat. She never puts up a false front or any kind of pretense; she doesn't go in for brooding, soul-searching, or trying to fathom the meaning of life. But recently she's decided that she was in a rut and made up her mind to get something more out of life.

Besides going to school and liking it, Rita's developed a taste for serious music, having a special fondness for the music of Richard Strauss. After being deathly afraid of stoves most of her life—for no reason she can remember—she's learned to cook and specializes in fancy dishes such as Chicken Tetrazzini and Sole Marguerity, with all the trimmings. She's also acquired a business manager and seriously intends to have money all her own. And after renting an apartment with two girlfriends for seven years, Rita rented one of her own when one of the girls moved to New York.

"It was time we split up," she says. "We were getting too dependent on each other, and war wasn't the time to make up her mind to get something more out of life.

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and the most fiery. He helped me a lot.

From the moment she started her lessons with Pace, dancing became Rita's whole life. After working at the dance studio all afternoon, she'd go home and dance some more, showing her mother the new steps she'd learned. Before long she was asked to dance at benefits and celebrations. This paid for her lessons, and it also helped toward the household expenses.

There were quite a few of these dates during the following years. Some were in Brooklyn, some in the Bronx, some in Queens, which added up to many hours in drafty subways, long waits for buses on windy street corners, and shivery walks through slush and snow. Rita didn't mind; she was happiest when she could be before an audience. But it was hard on her mother, who always accompanied her.

When she was ten, Rita's dancing school opened a Little Theatre in Macy's Toy Department, and Rita performed with the children's group. During the next three years, she chalked up a total of 770 performances. At the same time, she also worked in experimental TV, entertained at USO clubs, appeared on the radio, did commercials in Spanish, as well as dubbing-in films for export to Spanish-speaking countries.

Although Rita was born in Puerto Rico, she and her mother moved to New York when Rita was an infant. Consequently, her Spanish was far from perfect. But this never worried her. One of her earliest auditions involved reading one of Margaret O'Brien's parts in Spanish. It was a difficult, highly emotional scene, but Rita read it with such authority that the director decided it was easier to improve her accent than someone's acting ability. Subsequently, she was the Spanish voice of Elizabeth Taylor and Peggy Ann Garner.

At thirteen, Rita appeared in her first Broadway play, "Skydrift." The play lasted only one week, after which Rita returned to dancing. When she was fifteen, she was engaged as a dancer at New York's famous Leon & Eddie's. This job also lasted only for a week, because Rita couldn't persuade the authorities that she was twenty-one and entitled to a work permit. She then tried her luck at a smaller establishment in the Bronx. After a while, Rita decided to give up her studies at New York City's Professional Children's School and accept bookings out of town.

For the next couple of years, she danced in night clubs from Montclair, New Jersey, to Montreal, Canada. Despite the frequent loneliness of her role and its occasional tawdriness, Rita rather enjoyed this phase. "I was kind of proud to be on my own," she says. "I think almost any kid my age would have found it fun. And I learned a lot—about a lot of things."

One subject Rita inevitably learned a lot about was men. Young, beautiful, unattached, a night-club entertainer, a girl who was unavoidably lonely, she was considered fair game by every rowdy male. It took someone with Rita's sharp wits and common sense to retain her integrity and stay out of trouble. "There isn't a line or an approach I haven't heard," she says. "I didn't really mind, as long as I wasn't fooled by it and could take care of myself. As a matter of fact, what I really resent now is the absence of a line. A lot of men just don't bother with it any more. They seem to think it's enough to wave their Cadillacs at a girl. I'm no prude, certainly not—I never made any pretense of being one—but I do appreciate a certain amount of savoir faire."

After Rita came back from her first series of out-of-town engagements, her mother persuaded her to take a secretarial course in typing and shorthand. '
was worried about Rita,” says Mrs. Mor- 
reno. “I knew she was a sensible girl, but 
I was worried about what this kind of life 
might do to her and where it might lead.”

Rita agreed to give it a try, but it lasted 
only a couple of weeks. When her agent 
called to say that he had another engage- 
ment for her, the temptation was too strong 
for her to resist. She packed up her books, 
closed the typewriter and went back to 
dancing.

Shortly before her eighteenth birthday— 
right in line with her ambition—Rita got 
her first part in a picture. Titled “So 
Young, So Bad,” the film was about re- 
schools and was shot in New York.

When it was finished, Rita went into re- 
hearsals for a musical, “Signor Chi- 
cago,” with the late Guy Kibbee. Also at 
this time, she was contacted by an M-G-M 
talent scout who told her that Louis B. 
Mayer—then head of the studio—was in 
town and would like to interview her.

Rita arrived at Mr. Mayer’s hotel suite 
the next day, prepared to stay the usual 
twelve weeks. But he was so charmed by 
her that their talk stretched into the late 
adventured. Rita finally had to 
take the unprecedented step of terminating 
the interview herself because she didn’t 
want to pay for the taxi fare. For Mr. 
Mayer had also had her signed to a stock 
contract the following day.

But in Hollywood, Rita’s career seemed 
to bog down. Hollywood is the kind of 
town where the movie morons move up 
or down, and for a number of years, Rita 
wasn’t going up. In fact, it was quite a 
struggle to keep from hitting bottom. 
Although she went to work two days a 
week, she reported to the Culver City 
Station and made four pictures during her first 
year there, her contract wasn’t renewed at 
option time. She was idle for nine long 
months before she got her job. 

After several years and a series of un- 
distinguished pictures, Rita was signed to 
another contract, this time by 20th Cen- 
tury-Fox. From this point on, her career 
slowly but surely modernized, but not until 
“The King and I”—more than six years 
after her optimistic arrival in the 
film capital—did it shift into high gear.

It’s no wonder then, that Rita feels as 
though she has emerged from the wilder- 
ness and has been blossoming out in all 
directions at once. For as her dream is 
coming within reach, Rita is becoming 
aware of all she’s missed while pursuing 
it. “I wasn’t brought up as a child.” While 
Denis emphatically. “I didn’t mind going on 
the road at fifteen, but I don’t look back with 
any regrets on all the years before then.”

The cloud over Rita’s childhood wasn’t 
the responsibility of any one person. 
She had a stepfather, whom she called 
“papa,” and she always got along very 
well with him. There wasn’t much money, 
but Rita made herself busy. She also loved, 
her mother, a skilled seamstress who still 
alters all of Rita’s clothes, took great pride 
in seeing her little girl nicely dressed. 
And she certainly gave Rita the 
only child until well into her teens—as 
much love, care and companionship as 
any mother could. They’re still very close, 
and see each other several times a week.

With all this, Rita was a shy or 
lonely child. She was sickly, caught 
eczema and was painfully thin. A sol- 
tary little figure, she was forever the out- 
side, always on the fringe of the other 
children’s fun.

Rita’s shyness was increased by the fa- 
that many of her schoolmates were 
other children were playing games, having fun, Rita was 
in dancing school working on her routine.

It was what she wanted to do, but it kept 
her from developing friendships. And it 
thought that she was just as smart and pro- 
essionally only widened the gulf between 
her and other children. They approached 
her self-consciously.

Later, when she was invited to school 
birthday parties, or later still to dance 
some last-minute call for her profession, 
services always seemed to interfere. “I 
remember one school dance I really wanted 
to attend,” Rita recalls. “A bell! I had 
never been asked to go with me 
and I was very excited about it. 
Mother had made me a beautiful dress 
for the occasion. But as the big night 
approached I was getting the strangely 
formal about the whole thing. Then, on 
the afternoon before the dance, my ager 
called and said that he had an important 
date for that night. By that time I’d 
become so juvkie I fell the date the 
I was glad I had an excuse to break it.

Today, Rita has happily outgrown a 
traces of shyness and considers herself 
very adjusted. She’s bright, cheerful, 
and vivacious. She talks a lot, and listens 
easily, is extremely popular, likes me 
and has lots of dates. Wherever she 
sees someone in the crowd is bound to raise 
embrace her affectionately. “Rita has hun- 
dreds of friends,” says one 20th Century 
Fox executive. “Everybody likes her. 
And the nice part is that there’s nothin’ 
phony about her friendliness. She’s a gen- 
uely warm girl.”

Though she has a hard time waking up 
in the morning, Rita usually starts to 
shine while she’s in the shower, keeps the 
hairgoing most of the day, and usually 
wind up talking and singing to herself. 
“I had to get a ground-floor apartment,” 
she grins. “Nobody could stand living 
below me.”

Rita’s exuberance is extremely catching 
but the one who’s caught it worst is her 
brother, Dennis, who is seven. He 
adores his sister, and Rita is wild about 
him. Someday she hopes to have lots of 
children of their own, but meanwhile Den- 
is is an excellent substitute. Rita loves 
to buy him presents, take him to amuse- 
cent parks and treat him to giant bahan 
spits. On Dennis’ insistence, she’s also 
learned to dance. He can only hope that 
Dennis will be as sweet and gentle, 
but she’s leery about giving him too much 
encouragement. “Dennis begs me to 
convince him ‘to just one show business,’ ” 
Rita smiles, “but I tell him there’s plenty 
left later on. There’s no need for 
theo, too, to have to catch up on things 
will do.” She wants him to have a normal 
childhood.

The only thing to be said about Rita is, 
that even without “a normal, happy childhood,” she 
never turned into such a radiant, healthy, well 
adjusted young woman. But then, Rita’s 
exceptional. She’s quite a girl. "Tue En"
The Truth about Frankie's Gang

(Continued from page 55)

I'm going to write a letter." Well, Frank reminded me, "Mama, you know the time I got so mad at a guy I was going to tell him off?"

Dolly Sinatra well remembered. She had called that particular case of teenage spatters by suggesting Frank take a tip from a politician they both knew. "When someone prints lies about that man," she said, "they usually issue a contradiction. That would be just the opposition wants him to do. That would keep the fire going. So he waits for a chance to let people find out something good about him, maybe."

No more surprised than he would have been if he could see some of those stories people now write about Frank when he was as a kid," retorts another member. "So we waked up a fireman—and it later comes to mind, I'll bet—that he had just witnessed some he couldn't tell as I remember—if you can in all that trouble—was the time we turned on the fire hydrant and ran through the water in our bathing suits. The operation on the beach and our outfit at least a mile from which the station house. We had to go to an old, boy, did we get it from our folks!"

Not too long ago, a retired policeman told me children, as he said. Where do they get this stuff about rankie? That little fellow of yours never see us any trouble. All of us liked him—that little we of him.

The son and daughter who knew Frank Sinatra strongly resent the many stories, appearing in even some of the most respected magazines, which picture Frank as an apprentice hooligan. "Remembering him as a scruffy little worker with a heart as big as himself," they wonder if some writers aren't getting Frank's boyhood mixed up with the plot of "On the Waterfront," filmed in Hoboken.

Hoboken, they will admit, has garnered a share of headlines. It is a mile-square just across the Hudson from lower Manhattan, and from all the world anchor there. However, Frank Sinatra's friends would like people to know at any violence which broke out on the pucks never touched him.

"Frankie," a friend of Terry Bartlett, Carmandy, now the wife of Hoboken's admiral, "the only time I ever was Frankie fight was when he caught a couple of boys tormenting a dog."

"But there was a time," adds Terry's sister, Lee Bartletta Amorino, who until centered a career as a legal cytary with her full-time job as a wife and mother. "Everyone liked him and the station house was a second home to all of us. And manners—that boy was loaded."

Because Mrs. Amorino treasures these memories, she decided to do something about the many erroneous reports. She has written a letter to a number of facts of rankie's childhood. "I know," she wrote, "this was part of my life, too."

Thanks to the help she gave, this writer was also able to talk to a few of his friends. A name of Tony Maccagnano, now the owner of a dairy, and Hannagan and his wife, Agnes, employees of Hoboken firms, and lady to the woman who should best know him, "William" Maccagnano during those formative years, Frank's mother.

With a mother's loving patience, Mrs. Sinatra explained why—even when they all been hurt by false statements—they have never turned back at those who blished them. "I'll admit I was terribly upset by one particular article which ran a magazine which is supposed to be reliable," she said. "When Frank phone that night, he and I, to cookie, this time...
got the vote, Mayor Griffin sent for me. Because I knew everyone and spoke practically every language, he asked me to become the leader of the Ninth District. It's one of the largest districts in the city."

Energetic Dolly has reason to remember every step of this. She covered her district so thoroughly that she was credited with swinging it from Republican to Democratic.

The next mayor, Bernard N. McFeeley, had an additional task of unifying the district. The official title was report to the municipal court. Speaking of it, Dolly now says, "Actual interpreting took very little of my time. Sometimes, when I had court twice in a week, I'd tell Mayor I was ashamed to accept my check. Then he'd remind me of all the other things I was called on to do."

The "other things"—all unofficial, but important—may be as being as social worker, welfare agent, parole officer, family relations counselor and little mother to the community. Whenever there was trouble in a family—hunger, sickness, minor infractions of the law—Dolly, being unofficial, could often win a confidence and find a solution faster than the "authorities."

She knew how to counsel, comfort, rebuke or find help. There were rarely more than a few hours free for this sort of work. Her phone could ring at midnight, a frightened woman might knock at her door at four A.M., or a teenager might just drop in for a bit of advice. Many of the dollars went to hide over someone in need. Some magazines have dismissed all this by saying, "Mrs. Sinatra was in politics." Her younger neighbors affectionately offer a more romantic view: "In doing door-to-door work, Mrs. Sinatra re-

"members, after we finished high school, there were no jobs to be had, but the mother of one of her girls pushed her out of the house every night at eight o'clock. She'd stop to get me, and then, because neither of us knew what to do, we'd go see Mrs. Sinatra. She'd give us a cup of coffee and cheer us up. Some time she'd come to our temporary job where we might earn a little money. We could always count on Mrs. Sinatra."

"The Sinatras were always open-handed and hospitable," says Lee Amorino, "and we'd know that any money we'd make, Dolly would let us gather in her home for an evening."

All of the old friends speak of these evenings, and especially the two extra added attractions—Frank's radio and Pops' cooking.

"Pops" was Martin Sinatra's father, who had come to live with Martin and Dolly after his wife died. The parents of Frank's parents were in business, Lee Amorino remembers, "his grandfather was the one who had an eye on him, and on us, too, for that matter. He was a fine, gentle old man. He was a very close friend of the Sinatra family."

"Not just Frank," Mrs. Sinatra says, "but all the children in the crowd became Pops' whole life. When they were coming in for an evening, I'd get those old cutouts, cake and cream, and whenever we wasn't enough to suit Pops, he'd always cook up a batch of spaghetti—and those kids eat it!"

"He was our charmer and a more lovable one you could want," says, "We'd often find ourselves listening to the radio. Rudy Vallee, Russ Columbo and Bing Crosby were our idols. And we'd dance—the Charleston, the Black Bottom, the Lindy Hop, and there was something special that looked like a small grand piano.

One of their parties still brings chuckles to members of the old crowd. The Han-

"nagans spoke of it as 'the time the girls got locked in the bathroom.' One of the boys thought it quite a prank. Agnes explains, "My sister Margaret and Hilma Paulsen got into one of those long girl's gossip sessions, so somebody had locked the door and hid the key."

When the girls found out they were trapped, so much commotion ensued, the culprit lacked the nerve to confess and open the door. Two hours later, the girls were still shocked, but they did laugh. "It was Frank's particular pal, Bill Roemer, who figured out what to do. He always had mechanical. So he pulled the pins out of the hinges and he and Frank took the door out."

Frankie and Billy maintained a workshop which was the envy of all the other kids. "Lindbergh's flight had made us aviation hopefuls, but it was our picture, the best model planes of all. They were always winning first prize in contests the merchants put on."

Such a prize brought Frank his first properly elected position, the "I'll do this quarter's taxes."" After some time, he had given away all his toys and became an aviation engineer.

While the toys had been cart free, the Thirties drew the kids even closer together. The deepening Depression cast a pall on many a family's budget, a pall many of the kids often pooled their wealth. "At first, when we didn't have enough to buy three-penny lemon ice, it was the same with moves. No one one ever left out just because he didn't have money," says Agnes.

"I get a funny feeling, now," says Agnes "when we go to one of our theatres and see a peaky out there on the screen. I know the same little boy's been in my shoes."

Frankie had a bit more money than some of the rest of the kids. He was also generous. Agnes cites an incident which is unexpected, if not unkind. "One of the boys had been having a pretty rough time, but he finally earned a little money and Frankie decided it was time to take it over.

"At the store, one of the owners asked, 'Who is Frank and friend repaired to Geis's a man's shop where, even then, young Sinatra had a charge account. His cr

"and his parents bought it."

It's the only time I've known Frank Fr
ef or C. M. to go wrong about clothes," says Agnes. "Trouser checkboard waist and wade the rage. Frank made us want them, but not necessarily buy them."

Frankie also insisted he get some pointed shoes.

Dan takes up the story: "I'll never forget those two come down street. By the time we got to Washington, those pinching shoes had come unbearable. So there was Frat looking miserable and embarrassed, our other friend, in those silly shoes. But board president, he told us, 'See him in new shoes. You never saw a sadder guy!'

Mrs. Sinatra was responsible for their elegant of their outfits. She was especially loved to switch outfits, having abilities of admission but lacking earache, piled into Schreibers' truck and went neighborhood pool or to Palisades. But to a political rally at Rye Beach, went in style.

"Mrs. Sinatra had a taxi call for says Agnes, "and she sent a man also carry the big picnic basket. I suppose also watched over the kids. I thought of that. We were too busy to big shots. Although we usually didn't the money for films and developing, we were able to take pictures on that outing." She cherished the snapshots all these y
other memorable day in Frank's life. "I had a milk route, the truck broke down and I was having a horrible time trying to carry milk bottles in a rumble seat. It was just daylight when along the street came Frankie. I asked him what was going on and he was doing out so late and he said he had just cut a record with Tommy Dorsey. That must have been his first hit, I'll Never Smile Again.

At the same time, they all could have sung, with feeling, "Wedding Bells Are Breaking Up That Old Gang of Mine," for Frankie had met and fallen in love with Nancy Barbato.

"Everyone," says Agnes, "expected that Dan and I, who had been going steady all through high school, would be the first to marry, but it turned out to be Frankie."

Their days of close association were over. Some went on to school, some found jobs, some married. Different interests gave a different direction to their lives.

But they were to learn that Frankie, though famous, was still their friend. In the midst of the screaming riot of booby-srovers who—during his first big engagement at the New York Paramount—over-flowed into Times Square, Frankie saw to it that old friends from Hoboken had a clear path through the swooners.

All members of the old crowd have their favorite stories of similar visits through the years. Terry Carmody remembers when she and her husband, Daniel, chose not to do an I-knew-him-when act while at a New York night club. Frankie, however, spied them in the audience and came racing over to their table.

Tony tells a particularly charming story. A neighbor's daughter had been ill, and because the younger adored Frank, Tony thought it would give her a lift toward health if she could see him. Warm-hearted Tony went to the trouble of getting a night-club manager's permission to bring the young girl to see the show. He promised her he would get her Frank's autograph. When Frank learned about the little party, he came to the table and sat with her until time for the next performance. "She was so thrilled and excited," says Tony, "she just trembled."

Not too long ago, Dan and Agnes Hangan went over to Manhattan to watch Frankie do a television show. An usher was insisting it was impossible for them to go to the stage, so they went to the box office, and with a few words, got the usher to let them in.

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Audrey's Harvest of the Heart

(Continued from page 42)

It was only for Audrey. "He's too old for her," they said, though the difference in their ages is not really great. "He has too much influence over her," they sounded their ominous warning. "He'll resent it when he sees how outstrips his," the glosomayers and the doom-sayers predicted, carrying this one step farther. And, all the time, they were trying to analyze what could not and could not be analyzed—which is simply that the tumult and the turmoil that surrounds a marriage in love must be experienced. And, for one human being to another, regardless of the seemingly insurmountable barriers which must be overcome before love can find fulfillment.

Audrey once said of herself that her greatest asset is her discontent. It was a personal reference, of course, meaning that she always refused to be wholly satisfied with her work. But, hearing of this, a friend and admirer commented, "Discontent is also her greatest personal liability."

This comment was made several years ago, before Mel was a star and had appeared on the scene, and it was not an expression of her discontent then. Discontent was not the precise word, but it was a distant cousin. It is truer to say that, when Audrey Hepburn left Paramount meaning "Sabrina," she had not yet found herself, found the woman she was to become. Her life was singularly intense and one-dimensional. She gave her work, as she loves it now, and that implies, the fundamentals and all that implies. But she didn't have much else from her work; she was living for Audrey Hepburn's career. Today, she still takes that career with utmost seriousness. But it constitutes only one dimension in her life. The perspective has shifted and widened since she fell in love and married. In the process, Audrey became a woman.

The change may be indescribable, but that hasn't stopped her friends from trying to describe it.

"I'll tell you," said one of them recently. Two years ago, she was a pixie. You didn't know how to react. She'd suddenly limb a tree or hurdle a hedge or just amish in a spiral of smoke. Now you're easonably sure she'll eat a ham sandwich and go to a ball-game—or whatever."

Said another: "We've always loved her ere on this lot. But, before she met Mel, on sensed something—maybe it was unliappunlness or insecurity, I'm not really sure. But there was a sort of fragility of temperment; you handled her with care. low—well, what I'm trying to say is, now know her. She's entirely different

person since her marriage to Mel."

"I hate to labor a word like this," said a third friend. "But this girl is transfigured. Happiness in love has turned her inside out."

Now let's hear what Audrey herself has to say on the subject.

Having completed "War and Peace" in Italy, Audrey was back in Hollywood, but only long enough to make some scenes for "Funny Face," with Fred Astaire. Then she was there on her way to France to finish the film.

Audrey sat in her period dressing room, wearing slacks and eating fruit salad and sliced cold meat. No endive. Never in her life will she again experience. As a child during World War II, she once survived for days on nothing but endive. Just the thought of it now turns her stomach.

When asked about the change in her, Audrey grew thoughtful and said, "I want to be agreeable, but I want to be accurate, too. Perhaps the words used are too neat. I mean, if I was discontented, I wasn't aware of it then. I was very busy. But looking back, perhaps it was so. I never had any conscious feeling of insecurity, but I suppose many insecure people are that way. I don't think now that I was a whole woman then. No woman is, without love. I was dedicated. My work, my dance lessons, terrific application—I thought this was enough. Now I know it wasn't. Mel has meant—well, everything."

She was there, seemed to lay the seeds of conflict. In other words, if Mel so wished it, would Audrey forsake her career?

She considered the question for some time. "If you'll forgive me," she said finally, "it's not a fair question. It sets up an issue I don't think would ever arise."

"If Mel," she said, "put it to me that it was of the most vital concern to him that I remain a woman. But it would make me unhappy. As I say, though, I can't imagine his doing it. Oh, perhaps if—if something drastic happened, something I can't even conceive of, at the moment. But Mel knows what my work means to me. He likes for me to work if it makes me happy. We work together. Some author once said, a writer's only salvation is to write. It's that way with us, too, perhaps. The question upset me a little, because I think I know where it comes from. All this talk, especially in New York, that Mel is a kind of Svengali to my Thibby, dominating my career. It's so ridiculous and so unfair to Mel. He advizes me, yes, and sometimes I advise him. Isn't it that way with all couples? We

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want to help each other, it's one of the wonderful things of marriage. But domi-
nating...oh, no!

Audrey and Mel were married in Switzer-
land, in September, 1954, not long after the
Broadway run of "Ondine," in which he
was her co-star. The news raised the
eye of the doctor's office line, and a few were muttering "Sangali"
before the honeymoon even started. But
they were wrong. "They" are wrong so
often, it might be wondered sometimes
why "they" even bother to call back.
The Ferrers honeymooned in Europe and
were ecstatically happy. They lived on
an Italian farm for a while and, while Audrey
made "Funny Face," they rented a beach
house at Malibu, which they both loved.

Since they have yet to own a home of
their own, they are tireless house renters.

"We'd love to own one," says Audrey.
"But, yes, we go wherever our careers
take us, where the good roles are to be.
It would be silly to buy a home and
then spend a year or more away from it.
But we have a villa in mind like the one
we had in Italy, and one day we're going
to have it—perhaps perched on a Cali-
fornia hillside near the ocean."

But, as she says, not yet. First there are
pictures to be made, in Paris, maybe Rome, maybe London. So for the present,
Hollywood is just another way station, and
the villa by the sea a somewhat remote
dream.

"Anyway," Audrey continued, "some-
times things get printed and there's noth-
ing you can do about it. After all, you
don't complain when the words are praise,
so it should work both ways. But now
and then—oh, I don't know. For instance,
today I'm having lunch in my dressing
room. Well, I usually do—have lunch in
my dressing room, I mean. Being alone,
I re-charge my batteries. Anyway, I thought
I was being a good girl, telling you all to
the picture this way. But then one of the
columnists—and one I thought I got along
with—wrote a line about what goes with
smokey Audrey Hepburn, not eating in
the commissary. I never thought of that
way. So now do I have to begin eating in
the commissary just to pacify this colum-
nist? I'm afraid it would be cowardly of
me. He's committed me to a course of
action."

Returning to the subject of love,
Audrey's eyes grew tender as she said,
"For me, the growth has been in the
giving and the strength in the sense of
protection. I'm not alone any more. Don't
make that sound pathetic. I never minded
being alone. But I'd mind it now. I do
know it then; I do now: no one should
alone. But when I was last here, in He
wood, my every movement was
Audrey Hepburn, and in a way that
you ingrown. Now I know what it is
how else can I say it—live for ano
It has an ariac sound, but that's ho
I've been restless, but that's one
didn't know exactly where or wh
wanted to be. Now I do. Wherever M:
home."

And, in truth, home has been an elu
project for Audrey. Her life reads a
like an improbable operetta—but a
serious one. She was born in Brus
eli, in 1929. Her father, J. A. I
burn-Ruston, was Anglo-Irish. Her mo
is of Dutch nobility.

Audrey was tomboyish as a child,
imals and had no regard for c
(They never seemed to me
939, her parents were divorced, and t
the war came Audrey went to stay a
them in Holland. It was there, on da
1940, that she fell in love with ballet,
seeing a performance of the famed Sad
Wells. She went home that night de
mined to be a ballerina. The next day
Nazis invaded.

Arnhem in those years was a grim
fanciful place for a child to be. Au
learned ballet and sometimes carried
dergarten messages in her shoes.
attitude toward the Nazis was, of co
far from admirable; her English was c
pletely fluent. She was hungry, mu
the time. But she came out of it all
piece.

For three years after the war, she stu
in Amsterdam, then in London under b
director Marie Rambert, who once sa
her: "She was a wonderful learner. It
wanted to persevere in ballet, 
might have become an outstanding ba
Lack of perseverance is not e
arily one of Audrey's weaknesses,
then she had a feeling that time was
ng out. She was in a hurry. The se
had begun in earnest.

She got chorus girl and night-club
 such as in the London company of "
Button Shoes." But all the time
ed, too. Then fate, that literary
vance, took her to Monte Carlo (a
bit part in a picture, and there she
spotted by Colette, the famed and
sp ected French authoress. Anita Loos
wright, had just then compiled a
dramatization of Colette's book. Gigi
leitte took just one look at Audrey I
burn and said: "Voila!" Miss Loos ag

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WORK—"THE NETWORK FOR SPORTS"
When it opened on Broadway, "Gigi" proved to be less than a roaring hit, as Audrey Hepburn in the title role was the event of the season. She also shook Hollywood observers to the marrow. After Audrey's first appearance before a mere, Paramount director William Wyler, said, "She was absolutely delicious." A top Paramount executive agreed with Wyler, adding, "She's a wonder." And so striking was her impact, after Oscar Holiday, that Billy Wilder was said to observe: "This girl, single-handed, may make bosoms a thing of the past."

Audrey Hepburn, however, the twentyseven-year-old cosmopolite, who looks like a tall girl and like no girl ("She doesn't look like Audrey Hepburn," a friend remarked), is not inclined to ponder her own stature. "Now and then," she did concede one day gently, "it staggers you a little. So I say don't have an opinion, but I do it worth." She said "Funny Face" was a busy girl. Dancing with Fred Astaire is not for Idlers. But Audrey loved every minute of it. The ballerina bit, it appears, was not wasted.

Nor has her years of searching been in vain. At one time, according to intimates, Audrey was extremely shy. Now she is game and more confident.

Once, after her name had gone up in New York lights over "Gigi," Audrey gazed at the marquee like a little girl. Then suddenly she said: "Oh, dear, and I still have to learn how to act." If she has such misgivings now, she doesn't mention them.

Audrey is by no means brash, and the little girl aura is still a part of her. But it's quite plain to see that Audrey Hepburn has come to terms with herself.

In what can be loosely called the old days, Audrey Hepburn would go home to her apartment after work, still in a state of nervous concentration. She would be alone, and she would want it to be tomorrow, because her work was her fulfillment. And when she stopped and was away from the sea, there would be a sense of desolation and, occasionally, even a feeling of fright.

But now on this sunny day, she was going to wind up the afternoon and point her car west toward the sea, then north to Malibu. If she got there early enough, she would do the shopping. Then—home. Mel would be waiting there, and the road on which she would have to wish for tomorrow, because the missing parts have fallen into place. The search for Audrey Hepburn is over. For now, at least...

Glamour Gab of Hollywood

(Continued from page 24)

mer, producer-director of "The Pride and Passion," echoed Cary's sentiments, believing Sophia will be great in American pictures, because she has the qualities of a European princess. She has the same baton, friendly playfulness Lana Turner, when she first started in movies, that Lynn Stewart now has. She has the same quick, courteous, meticulous personality that was young Joan Crawford's, unbelvably bled with the sweetness of an Ann Blyth. And she has the most melodious voice he has heard. But, nevertheless, the bull fight in Madrid, sees Grace was awarded all the bulls', which is the highest of honors in this sport.

The presence of two such luminaries at the bull fight was enough to throw all Irid into a tizzy, anyhow. But unspoiled Ma had made the mistake of sitting in front of her publicity man, who Her Highness is not a Latin country—Spain—not only accompanied by her band, but one who is a reigning prince. girl who has achieved such eminence in the bulls' ears.

Spain was as common as anets, and Frank Sinatra snubbed and ed over every one of them. But Cary had a wonderful time with his pedestrian fashions. He was.mostly enthusiastic for Spain, the Spaniards, the food, the wines. And, anyhow, he's a lover of film. So when I drove some thirty miles side Madrid to El Pilar, the vast basilica built by Philip II in 1562, I Cary laughing in the sun. Some of scenes in "The Pride and Passion" have been an architectural wonder. On particular morning, they had been cutting down among the tombs, where all three of the kings of Spain are buried, guide, with a group of tourists, had come along between shots, explaining the sights. He pointed to the left and said, "Here are Carlos V and the three Philip..."

Banked Fires?

Frank Sinatra and Ava Gardner ran into each other at an elegant Madrid restaurant called The Commodore and disappointed everyone by not being the least bit dramatic about it. Each was with a different set of friends and they both greeted each other with just the right note of pleased politeness, neither too cordial nor too cool. If they ever saw each other alone in Spain, there's no proving it. There's no proving anything about Ava in Madrid, anymore. She lives in a house far out in the country, and the beat of flamenco music and dancing is usually heard there all night. During the day, she is completely invisible.

Danny Dood It

It was Danny Kaye, in Spain, with his UNESCO film on children, who really shocked the Madrilenos, as the citizens of Madrid are called. Although Danny has worked eagerly and tirelessly for UNESCO, the Madrilenos couldn't excuse his air of extreme informality. They are such formal people, they even wear gloves when they are going to market, and they were deeply offended by Mr. Kaye's manner of standing up for an audience with General Franco. Danny was wearing sandals, a sport coat and sport shirt with no tie, and was in need of a haircut.

Franco kept him waiting for three hours—which cooling off period the Madrilenos felt Danny richly deserved.

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The Vintage Years

(Continued from page 67)

Twenty years later—give or take a few—Selena Royle, no longer a star, went to Hollywood to play a small part in an M-G-M picture. One day, she mentioned to a co-worker, and friend, that she'd once known Spencer Tracy. "But he wouldn't remember me after all this time," she added.

"Let's go over to his sound stage and see," urged the acquaintance. Reluctantly, Miss Royle consented.

It happened that they entered the sound stage while Spence was rehearsing a difficult scene. They stood quietly among the thirty-four assistant directors, director, prop men, script girls, and sub-sub assistants who clutter up the sidelines of every active set. Spence, absorbed in his work, didn't even glance toward them. After a few moments, he seemed to become aware of something a bit unusual. He looked up, frowning, narrowing his eyes against the light. Suddenly he yelled.

"Hey! Who's this?" The director called a break, then strode over and greet Miss Royle with smiling, poised friendliness; but the dynamic, positive kind which made him forget everything except that a person whom he'd been fond of a long time ago was standing there.

"It's I," he said, "what had ever given you the idea I couldn't do?" The director smiled and looked thoughtful. "Still wonder that, sometimes," said the man who has twice won an Academy Award for the excellence of his acting.

"No, but he being falsely modest. There is not one ounce of phoniness in Spencer Tracy. He simply and sincerely does not have, and never has had, a high opinion of his own abilities. Time and again he has pleaded to act a few moments. And because he was convinced it was beyond him as an actor. "Who'll believe I'm a Portuguese fisherman? I demanded when M-G-M wanted me in "Captains Courageous." "With this Irish mug? And I can't learn that accent—I'd mess up the whole picture!" Later, when he was offered the role of Father Flanagan in "Boys Town," he said, "My side was more with it. "He, a priest? The Irish mug twisted as if in pain. "Why—would it be sacrilegious?"

However, he did play Manuel and Father Flanagan. Those were two roles for which he received this fall, and "The Old Man and the Sea," which is now being filmed in Cuba will be released early next year.

On his last birthday, April 5, he was fifty-six. He doesn't mind playing the roles of younger men, as long as his professionalism, Spence a complete lack of personal vanity. Last he decided to play the role—"So I can try it out, he added, sticking out square jaw and popping eyes, "I can do it!" Make-up artist has ever been quite to pretty him up for a picture. I believe he makes him look younger than he is. Tragic realism, Spence wears no make-up at all, before the camera. His hair, once a br red, is silver now, and the lines strip his face and shoulders of his once handsome youth, as they are done by the use of false hair, only his free and unchanged.

Spence was born and brought up in Milwaukee, where he thought less of being an actor than of youngsters do today. His father was a sales manager for a motor truck company and the Tracys were "not rich, just comfortable. When he was in his teens, that he'd like to be a doctor, but first there was the little one of World War I to be settled. He was forced, Bill O'Brien, managed the ensibly for both the minimum age limit, and served months before the war ended.

That out of the way, Spence went to Ripon College, the one in Wisconsin, where he was the debating team—and that was the ginning of the end as far as his movie plans were concerned. "The dram coach was far more interested in" and the dam hatted him to change his first of Pat by and in the Air, even since he hasn't too badly in the acting line either.

The boys had a lot of fun and a heartbreaks—just as other boys (and I) equally determined to be actors have. One advantage, the Spence says soberly, "that younger day don't. Stock companies, outside of York. Places were you could learn he, act, doing a different play every week—and still earn enough live on. Hardly any stock company anywhere. A kid either got a job on Bros. and, if he's lucky, keeps it and does the same thing six nights a week for a year or so—or he gets discouraged and hungry and goes back! Of course, there's radio and TV—then some.

Spence's first stock engagement was as mentioned, conspicuously successful his second try, he did better. He was by a company in White Plains, New to play juvenile leads. And if it wasn't that he had fortune on his side, in the company there beautiful young actress named Iredwell.

They played love scenes on stage very soon they were playing the stage as well. By the time the
that cinch!" New Id may have avoided the spotlight and shielded their home and life from prying eyes. It is no secret that their happiness was far shored by the hearing deficiency of those who knew them not. Now, thirty-one, but it is something Spence never talks about for publication. Neither is it any secret that he and Louise founded the John Tracy School for the training of children. To gain this is a fact which is never allowed to serve as an excuse for any publicity connected with Spence Tracy, the star.

Toddy had accomplished, despite his handicap. John was graduated from college with honors, is carving his own career as a cartoonist, is happily married and the father of a three-year-old son.

Spence and his wife have the kind of warm, affectionate relationship you find between two people who have shared both happiness and sorrow—who understand each other and that way to a mature, undemanding love. When Louise Treadwell became Louise Tracy, he gave up her own acting ambitions, willingly and entirely. John was born when they were living in New York, their second child, Susy, was born in 1932, after success on the stage had brought pence to Hollywood and greater success. Louise's part in that success was to prove a factor in the divorce of the two. The un-identified woman, she now spends most of her time at the Tracy ranch near Encino, coming into town only rarely.

Spence has a far more difficult, seeking relationship with their famous son. He loves that ranch, which he likes to believe is a real one. It isn't. Real ranches don't lose money, as one does, mainly because its owner's loss of ranching are strictly his own. But what a chore it is to cultivate. Spence refuses to plant money-making crops because he needs them to support the race horses and polo ponies he has acquired and does not sell. He can't bear to sell them because, he says, they might have to go to work. He also raises turkeys and chickens, all of which die of age because Spence can't bear to have them killed.

But, since there has always been a streak of restlessness in Spence, he could ever be happy as a full-time gentleman farmer. He needs the stimulation of people and activity and change. So, while he is working on a picture, he leaves from Monday to Friday in a small, comfortable Hollywood apartment, spending only his weekends at the ranch.

He is a very good, very nifty nightspots, and loves good food and knows which restaurants serve the best. He has a great many friends, most of them connected with the film industry. Among the closest are directors like Delmer Daves, George Cukor, and William Wyler, executive Benny Thau, producer George Schaefer, Willy Burton, Ernest Hemingway—and the best friend of all, Pat O'Brien. It is no secret that all these people are witty, ad entertaining conversationalists. Spence isn't interested in them.

Several years ago, he took up oil painting as a hobby, but he is not one of those amateur painters who shows his efforts at the drop of a hint. Only his family and a few very close friends have ever seen a completed Tracy landscape. He is even reticent about the fact that he paints at all. While on location at Lone Pine, California, he told Daily News. Spence disappeared one morning when some scenes in which he didn't appear were scheduled for shooting. No one knew where he had gone. Finally, he was covered at Whitney Point, a spot on the mountainside commanding a magnificent view which he was trying to paint.

"Why didn't you tell me you were going out to paint?" the studio man assigned to the company. "I'd have sent a photographer up to get some shots of you painting."

"That's why," Spence said, with a grin. "It's either that or my temper.

Some things are his own property, not to be exploited for the sake of publicity.

Spence can be stubborn about such things as making up anything that he has in print or on screen. He has a temper which has earned the swed respect of front-office brass. But it's noticeable that less exalted studio workers—grips, wardrobe men, bit players—speak more of his kindness than of his temper.

Younger actors he has worked with, especially, idolize him. People like Jean Simmons and John Banner seem to tell you by the hour of his patience and helpfulness at times when they were un- sure of themselves.

There is time between pictures, Spence likes to take a no-fuss, "Broken Lance," and while shooting "The Mountain" they became even closer friends. Bob has long idealized Spence, and apparently the "master" has a high regard for his young "pupils." But Spence Counseled Bob to play opposite him and insisted that he go co-star billing. "The Mountain" is an exciting, breathing-taking picture. It tells the story of many centuries, but in the kind of greed and younger and older brother, and most of all, between man and moun- tain.

Most of the picture deals with the ascent and descent of the famous and hazardous Mont Blanc. In order to prepare for the rigors ahead, Spence and Bob arrived in the village of Chamonix, France—which lies within the shadow of the Mont Blanc three weeks before the filming. For four days they worked with Alpine guides, practiced climbing over snow and ice, jumping over crevasses, climbing steep, craggy cliffs.

Charles Balmat, one of the most famous Alpine guides, was in charge of training the men. "You can always tell an American in the Alps," says Balmat. "They always want to get to the top in fifteen minutes. You can't do that in the Alps."

Throughout their arduous training and filming, Spence kept up with the pace set by the guides. He was in constant danger, and at no time during the climb did he—or anyone else—feel safe. The first day of climbing, there were no injuries and beautiful. As they proceeded on their way, everyone felt good and confidently ex- claimed, "This is a cinch!" Then, just a short way up the mountain, they suddenly discovered what Charles Balmat called "the worst storm Chamonix has ever had." As lightning

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Nagging Backache,
Sleepless Nights

Nagging backache, headache, or muscular aches and pains may arise from overwork, from an inactivity, or from day to day stress and strain. And folks who eat and drink and work and sometimes suffer mild bladder irritation—whether they are aware of it or not. If you are miserable and worn out because of these discomforts, Don't wait for the aftereffects of your pains relieving action, by their soothing effect to ease bladder irritation, and by their mild diuretic action through the kidneys—tending to cleanse the output of the 15 miles of kidney tubes.

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and thunder crashed all around them.

Balmat shouted, "Drop everything and run for your lives!" But where can you run when you’re scaling a mountain? And even if they had known where to run, the storm was so bad, they couldn't see two feet ahead. They did manage to crawl back, finally, but in the process one of the porters was struck by lightning.

The people of Chamonix were delighted to have "The Mountain" company visit their town, and in honor of the occasion they invited numerous parties. Although Spence led a comparatively quiet life while on location, he did attend some of the parties and, understandably, captured the hearts of the townspeople. Before long he became known as the Pied Piper of Chamonix, because he frequently strolled down the main street, handing out candy to the children who gathered around him.

One of the unpleasant aspects of making "The Mountain" was having to start work before dawn—unpleasant to everyone, that is, but Spence. He has never needed much sleep—about four hours a night does him nicely—and is always awake by six A.M., at the latest, whether or not he is working on a picture. Similarly, in the evening he is still likely to be bright-eyed and eager when everyone else in the party is beginning to droop. This may be partly due to the fact that he drinks nothing stronger than coffee—gallons of it. There was a time when this was not so—when, in fact, Spencer Tracy seemed bent on earning himself the reputation as a hard man with a bottle. Seven years ago, without fanfare, he went on the wagon and has remained there ever since.

No matter what time he goes to bed, Spence reads for an hour or so before falling asleep. Then, as soon as he wakes up, he brews a big pot of coffee, which he drinks while he reads some more. He reads fiction, history, biography, and every book about the theatre he can lay his hands on.

He doesn’t own a television set. He and Ernest Hemingway made a pact several years ago that as long as there are still words being printed on paper, neither of them will buy a television set.

"I wouldn't want one anyway," Spence says. "I've got no self-control around television. I take a trip to New York, I bring along a stack of books I want to read, I plan on seeing a few plays and a few friends. There's a television set in my hotel room, and I snap it on. So what happens? At two in the morning I wake up and find I'm still sitting there."

Speaking of Hemingway, he and Spence have recently had the opportunity to expand their friendship into a working relationship, during the filming of "The Old Man and the Sea," on location in Cuba. As in "The Mountain" the chief conflict is between man and mountain, so this story is about man's struggle with the sea and its inhabitants. It tells of a poor, elderly Cuban fisherman who catches an unbelievably large marlin but, by the time he brings it into port—after all kinds of struggles—there is little left but the skeleton.

The role of the old fisherman is a tremendously difficult and taxing one, and Spence carries the story almost single-handedly.

Not the least of the problems involved in filming "The Old Man and the Sea," was catching a huge enough fish. Along with several others, Ernest Hemingway tried his experienced hand at it. And, while he was attempting to make the biggest catch of his fishing life, Spence was busy preparing for the role that could snare him the unprecedented honor of an actor's life—the Oscar for the third time.

It is a strong possibility and, if it does become a fact, it will be the richest harvest Spencer Tracy could reap in these his rewarding vintage years. The End
SHE: "Barbara's my idea of a really attractive girl!"
HE: "And you're mine!"

So look your most attractive—be sure your skin is always fresh and glowing—like Barbara Rush's. Along with 9 out of 10 of the other Hollywood stars, Miss Rush uses new Lux every day. And Lux care can do as much for you!

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EVEN THE MOST DARING STORY can be brought to the screen when done with courage, honesty and good taste.

"Years from now," Laura was saying softly, "when you talk about this—and you will—be kind..."

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straight from the famed stage hit! starring the players who created the Broadway roles

Deborah Kerr - John Kerr

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Vamp in a black and gold room

Nice girl Margia Dean wants to make good as a bad girl.

“I want to be a vamp!” Margia Dean says eagerly. “Like Theda Bara in the silents. I smoke cigarettes in a long black holder. My living room is done in black and gold, with a coffee table that I decorated with junk jewelry and desert rocks. I love Oriental food and music. On the sound-track, my voice sounds like Ava Gardner’s. I bought some blouses at a little shop in Paris, and in Rome I bought black, lace-trimmed shoes—and each time they told me Ava had made the same selections. My great-grandfather on my father’s side was a Turkish pasha.”

All right, Margia, it’s a good pitch. You just might get away with it—except that there’s too much honesty in your eyes, too much solid experience in your acting background (countless TV shows and a couple of dozen movies, including last year’s “Shock!” and 20th’s upcoming “Stagecoach to Fury”), and you’re too much your mother’s daughter.

Mrs. Skliris (the real family name) was widowed young, in San Francisco, with three little girls to bring up. “She was always busy making ends meet,” Margia says fondly, “I don’t remember her worrying, but she always managed to have food on the table and to have pretty party dresses for us, even if she had to sit up all night sewing.”

When they were old enough, the girls worked, too. Margia began her stenographer career as a child actress—and the “vamp” ambitions appeared very early. One evening when she was fourteen, stealthily borrowed older sister Sophia’s best dress and a pair of Mother’s high-heeled shoes. She swept her long hair back into a chignon, put on what she considered appropriate make-up, and snuck off with a girlfriend to public dance. But a policewoman doing duty there wasn’t fooled a bit by youngsters’ glamour garb.

“She kicked us out,” Margia calls, frankly laughing at herself. A girl that, she learned to confine her playing to the job. But roles weren’t easy to find. Between theatrical stints, Margia turned cosmetics model and clerk. More rewarding now, her tales are still varied. In “Frontier Gamble” she was both singer and lyric-writing off words for a number titled “Your Heart Belongs to Her,” cleverly fashioning it to fit the plot and character she played.

Maybe, Margia, you’d make the grade in the same league with Theda and Ava. But, with your looks and good sense, with the warm, natural personality that comes bubbling up out of a real as you talk, we have a hunch you’ll make it anyway—just as yourself.
THE MOUNTAIN
... to a man she was all challenge and desire ... there she was like a woman — waiting to be conquered.

THE MOUNTAIN
... to a woman it was the obstacle to all love ... the rival whose attractions and excitements she could never match!

THE MOUNTAIN
All the scope, the splendor, the full majesty of the Alps ... as it could only be captured in VISTAVISION.

PARAMOUNT PRESENTS
SPENCER TRACY
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in
THE MOUNTAIN

Co-starring
CLAIREE TREVOR
I prefer to see Marlon Brando as Marlon Brando instead of a great make-up job, as witness "Teahouse of the August Moon." ... By the way, Paul Newman looks and acts like Marlon when he's shopping for groceries in the Thriftimart—and you know a guy isn't trying then. ... Eddie Fisher bubbles like carbonated water. ... Doris Day told me that she seldom goes to her own movies and hasn't seen herself in "Love Me or Leave Me" yet. I told Doris to hurry and see herself in this movie; she'd like it and herself. ... Elvis Presley looks like the type of fellow you'd find "Standing on the Corner, Watching All the Girls Go By." ... With me it's all right if Martin and Lewis go their separate ways. ... British Diana Dors is more like an American girl who got herself an English accent. Diana is a smart chick who knows the score, and how to keep it. ... Asked about a certain actor who is difficult and likes to have his own way, Jane Wyman replied: "I can describe him best as the kind of a fellow who writes his diary a week in advance."

Zsa Zsa Gabor considers herself naked if she isn't wearing jewelry. ... I think Kim Novak improves as an actress in every picture. She's getting so good she could use her real name, Marilyn. ... Because of the song "On the Street Where You Live," the show "My Fair Lady" has done more for Vic Damone than it has for members of the cast. ... Tony Curtis, married to Janet Leigh, has become a philosopher. Says Tony: "My marriage is fine. I've discovered the only way to get along with a woman is to let her think she has her own way. And the only way to do this is to let her have it."

I've been told Gina Lollobrigida knows what she's got as well as any man does. ... If you'd like to see what Yul Brynner looks like with hair, tune in your TV set when an oldie, "Port of New York," is playing the channels. ... Shelley Winters is a ballet fan and explains it, saying: "I guess I just like to see people on their toes." ... I know Grace Kelly is supposed to be ice. But there's dry ice; you know, which looks cool but burns if you touch it. ... Phil Silvers' real name was Phil Silver-smith. He changed it to Silver, but everyone kept calling him Silvers. (Keep reading. You'll never know what the next line will tell you. Sometimes I'm surprised.) ... I liked it when the trademarks of the major movie companies meant something. Leo the Lion roared and the preview audience would applaud. But this was a few years ago when movie studios had a stable of exclusive stars and there wasn't a horde of independent producers. ... Tony Perkins often walks barefooted from the Chateau Marmont to Schwabs, a good six blocks along Sunset Blvd.

Michael Rennie has more dates than any actor in town, and he isn't a bachelor yet. ... Rita Moreno's career is coming on strong. "When I go out on an interview," says Rita, "I usually wear my pointy sweater." ... I continue to be amazed by the fact that movies continue to break records of movies which broke records, yet in another press release a movie company will announce they aren't making money. ... Mamie Van Doren, dressed as if she were on her way to a premiere, was seen browsing in Marian Hunter's bookshop. ... I forgot who said it, I only know I read it: Hollywood, the most regularly bitten of hands that feed.

I'll say for Anita Ekberg that she doesn't believe in keeping secrets or hiding anything. ... Great example of the Hollywood Cinderella story: John Wayne started his film career as a grip at Fox studios. Recently Wayne signed a contract with that studio to make six pictures for them at $250,000 a picture. ... Well, I found out what was new about "The New Marilyn Monroe." A husband. ... My good friend Toni Jenk, observing a famous dog and a famous mule on a movie set, remarked: "This is a town where only the animals get along like human beings." That's Hollywood for you.
"THE BAD SEED" IS THE BIG SHOCKER!

A hidden shame out in the open -- and the most terrifying rock-bottom a woman ever hit for love!

This very sensational picture asks the very sensational question: "how does a girl get this bad?"

Talk all you want about the man and the woman -- BUT PLEASE DON'T TELL ABOUT THE GIRL!

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Screenplay by JOHN LEE MAHIN • Based upon the play "The Bad Seed" by MAXWELL ANDERSON and the novel by WILLIAM MARCH • Music by ALEX NORTH • A WARNER BROS. Picture
WHAT SHOULD I DO?

Q My trouble is that I'm shy—too shy for my own good. My parents have spent good money on me for dancing and other lessons so that, as my grandmother says, "You will have many strings on your bow." But it doesn't do any good. I am always the wallflower of the group. It is pure torture to go to dancing class, and I loathe the monthly parties because I feel so shy. The kids think I don't want to make friends and that I am a snob because I don't join in their fun. I want to join in, but I simply can't bring myself around to doing so.

I am a freshman in high school and I certainly don't want to go through the rest of school like this. The teens are supposed to be the most important time of a person's life, and I feel that I'm not getting much out of my teens. I hope you can help me shed this shyness.

CONNIE R.

A I have all the sympathy in the world for you, Connie, because I suffered from the same difficulty when I was a youngster. However, I had been taught that there is a cure for everything, so I set about finding one to end my intense shyness. Here is what I soon learned: everyone is far more interested in himself than in anyone else on the earth. Just when the shy person is convinced that everyone in a room is wondering why he or she is so silent, the exact opposite is true. All the others are worrying about themselves, thinking about themselves and the impression they are creating. As Ben Franklin once said, "We put ourselves out to interest in the market of affection, hoping to receive a dividend." In brief, you must invest yourself.

Here is the way to do it. Start by listening to others instead of thinking about yourself. Find out what people talk about; what your friends' interests are. Then study those topics so that you, too, have a wide knowledge of, say, hi-f, sports, TV programs, movies, science-fiction (a particularly good conversational topic). Also, work at doing something really well, whether it is dancing, skating, playing a musical instrument, or whatever. Excel in a hobby. This takes a great deal of self-discipline, but if you are sincere in wanting to rid yourself of shyness, the work will pay off now and in the future. Many of the most popular people in school are liked because of youthful liveliness, but in a few years these people have learned little and have nothing to say. On the contrary, if you work at it, you can become a fascinating personality because of your study and your consequent conversational scope.

Q I am nineteen and considered not too bad-looking. However, when I was twelve, I suffered an accident that rendered my left arm useless and made it necessary to wear a heavy and awkward device on my left leg.

Naturally, I can't dance and walking is difficult and tiring. In themselves, I don't mind my handicaps too much. I have a rather good job which requires intellectual ability rather than physical prowess. I like my job and am treated like an equal at the office. However, I am lonely. I can't do any of the things that girls enjoy. Perhaps that isn't expressed very well because there are many activities in which I can participate (I am an excellent swimmer even though my handicap is obvious when I wear swim trunks). What I mean is that I'm not what girls imagine a dream man should be.

Do you have any suggestions for me to follow that will make girls think of me as a good companion in all respects not requiring great physical skill? I shall appreciate any advice you can give me on getting along well with the opposite sex.

DAVE M.

A First of all, Dave, let's discuss your statement that you are not what girls imagine a "dream man" to be. For some strange reason, most human beings are always trying to imitate each other, yet it is usually the people who are individual and slightly different who are regarded as "outstanding" and in whom we become deeply interested. The ideal of "beauty" varies with individual taste and is very susceptible to changing fashion and racial attitude. Go to the beach one day and watch the passing parade. It is likely that the individual furthest from your own particular concept of "beauty" may be the most worthwhile person to a given person.

Obviously, then, you must change your own standards and attitudes. You must be able to say to yourself, "I accept myself exactly as I am, knowing that my physical condition is not important, but that the living spirit within me is what is seen by those to whom I wish to appeal." Finally, when you say that you wish to get along "well with the opposite sex," you really mean that you hope to find a mate whom you will love and who will return that love completely. In motion pictures, romance is done up in every lovely detail. The hero is what some people regard as "handsome," the heroine is "beautiful." But this particular show of beauty is only the camera's way of explaining an inner fact of delight felt by two people in love. The truth is that most successful marriages are made up of two people who are beautiful only in the eyes of one another.

If you will believe and practice what has been said, you may confidently expect the fulfillment of yourself as a successful human being.

Q I am an airline hostess and have been flying slightly more than four years. My life is a very happy one, inasmuch as my position and my social activities are concerned.

It is my home life that is unhappy and has been as long as I can remember. As a result, I have been living away from home, although I visit my mother regularly. Each time I have to brace myself, because I know what is coming. Her first question is, "Have you found a nice man so you are going to get married?"

Mother feels that I am too particular about men and much too independent. She says that love is not that important, that a girl falls in love after she is married, but the important thing is to find security when one is young. If Mother's marriage had been a success or a happy one on that basis, I could understand her attitude, but she has lived without love, and even without understanding affection or sympathetic interest of any kind from my father.

It's true that she has sacrificed to see that I was well-educated, and I try to provide certain luxuries for her, but she doesn't really appreciate what I do. "The way to please me is to get married," she says.

Continued
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All in 8 beautiful new "Stay-Fresh" skin tones!  
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WHAT SHOULD I DO? continued

I have been wondering if there is something I can say to her that will explain my attitude—which is that I don't want to duplicate her life but find love first, then marry—and which will eliminate the strife between us.

MARI E.

Although this anecdote concerns a situation somewhat different from that troubling you, Mrs. E., I believe there is some advantage to be gained from telling it. Some time ago, I found one of my daughters clinging to a point of view that I felt was not going to contribute to her eventual happiness, and I mentioned it to her. A few weeks later I mentioned it again. A few weeks later, again. I had no idea she was nagging; I felt only that I must show a mother's normal concern.

Then one afternoon she said to me in a sweet tone, "Now, Mother, you have already discussed that subject with me and I have taken your comment seriously. But I have to work this out in my own way, so I don't want to discuss it again. If you do bring it up, I'm going to have to walk out of the room." And she smiled at me affectionately.

I think that the same gentle reminder might work in your mother's case. You are an adult, you are self-supporting. You impress me as being level-headed and competent. I agree with you that your mother's attitude is incorrect.

Her belief that one must find "security when one is young" is highly deplorable. What, exactly, is security? What are the values that contribute to it, and how does one hold on to them for life? Does anyone really have security?

The entire question of security is too involved for discussion, and too tricky for solution, so your best interests will be served by simply refusing—in a sweet, courteous, but firm tone—to permit any discussion of marriage to occur between you and your mother.

Q I am twenty and have a fourteen-month-old son and am expecting another child in about a month. My husband divorced me six months ago. At present I am living with my parents, but after I have the new baby and return to work, I want to live with my girlfriend. We have been the best of companions for five years. She has three children and is divorced also.

Would I be doing the right thing to move in with my girlfriend? Here is the situation at home: My folks are crazy about my son and they have been wonderful during my trouble. However, we're crowded at home, and we have frequent disagreements. When I want to go out, they take the attitude that I shouldn't because of the boy. I have no real privacy. I want to get out and be my own boss, have my own responsibilities.

Plenty of people say that my girlfriend and I will hate each other within six weeks because of our division of housework and care of the children. But she and I are determined to make a go of it.

I certainly would appreciate your opinion on this situation.

QUINN DEL.

A I think it would be a good idea, Mrs. D., to clarify your thinking on this housing problem by writing down your honest convictions of this situation. By filling out two lists—one labeled Advantages of Living with My Family, and the other...
Look! The First Weatherproof Pin-curl Permanent

Forget the troubles you've had with ordinary pin-curl permanents—starting to droop from the first shampoo ... wilting on the first damp day!

Exciting new Pin-Quick really works! Richard Hudnut guarantees it! Curls are locked in to stay—last and last till you cut them off! Weather can't weaken it ... water can't wash it out! Miracle-working Silicone in Pin-Quick helps keep your hair soft, lustrous, far easier to manage. See how beautifully soft your pin-curl wave can be with New Weatherproof Pin-Quick. $1.50 plus tax

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DRIES IN SUN...
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New-formula Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream is the modern cream especially blended to clean, soften, refine, and protect your complexion from the clogging, drying, aging effects of make-up!

Try it tonight—cream or liquid. Then sleep tight with a radiantly clean skin safe from "make-up damage."

WHAT SHOULD I DO?

headed Disadvantages of Living with My Family, you might be surprised at the result.

Under Advantages, I think you might note: Happiness of grandparents with son; happiness of the boy; security for the new baby; essential security for myself; family surroundings to give me an attractive and conventional atmosphere in which to meet a possible second husband.

Under Disadvantages, I imagine you might list: Lack of privacy; lack of uninhibited social life; interference of grandparents in rearing of children.

I might complicate the quandary by adding that neither housing plan which you suggested would appear to be entirely satisfactory. Certainly your parents have reared their family, are entitled to some of the leisure fruits of maturity. Certainly you are entitled to bring up your children according to your highest hopes.

I am inclined to agree with "lots of people" who think you and your friend might soon find yourselves involved in disagreement. Of course, I am eager to concede that individuals alter cases, but the fact remains that five small children in one household will fray even the most resilient nerves, and that those who suffer most from the stresses and strains of their elders are the children.

If you were my daughter, I should feel that, since you had not been able to accept the responsibilities of your first marriage, you should remain at home until you had matured. Please don't interpret this as criticism. It's just that some girls grow up faster than others, and age has nothing whatsoever to do with one's abilities to manage life's difficulties with wisdom.

Q I've always been big for my age, and older in thought and feeling than most boys in high school. I'm eighteen, six feet two, have played football, have gone out for track, and I'm doing okay with the books.

I know what I'm going to do with my life, but I'm not discussing it right now. Better to fool around about some things instead of giving the impression that Squaresville is my next stop.

Now, I'll get to the point: I like a girl who is, I should estimate, about twenty-one or twenty-two, which would make her three or four years older than I am. She's no Ava Gardner, but she is nice-looking, she has a cute way about her, and I admire her for the work she is doing.

I want to date this girl but I don't know how to go about asking her. Do you think she would consider me a fresh kid? That's what I don't want.

I never have any trouble getting dates around school (I'm not bragging), but you know how it is—everybody knows everybody. How could I ask this girl for a date without making her smile and think somebody would call her a baby-sitter?

GARY I

A It is obvious, from your letter, Gary, that you are very mature for your years. For that reason, it is likely that the girls in your class at school fail to provide you with the intellectual challenge that is so much a part of a friendship. It seems to me that becoming pals with a slightly older girl might prove to be highly rewarding. Your method of approach might be this: Since you undoubtedly know something about this girl's interests (you mentioned your admiration of the work she is doing),

Continued on page 16
accept no substitute for "postage stamp"

"postage stamp" is no bigger than a glove, acts like a glove on your body, doing an all-over smoothing job besides treating your waist right all day long... is knitted by a patented technique in nylon and Lastex®, weighs practically nothing... only Jantzen can make it... whitest white and lovely pastels... girdle (B-5) or panty-girdle (B-6) 3.95. Jantzen "forever uplift" bras 2.50 to 7.50. (prices in U.S.A.)
Here is the glow of a naturally flawless young complexion!

One touch of Revlon 'Touch-and-Glow' and heavenly things happen! Dry skin looks dewy; dull skin glows with young color. Look closely ... your complexion never bloomed like this! And how artfully this liquid make-up hides lines and shadows—without maskiness!

Nobody knows you wear it ... but you! Never caky or drying, 'Touch-and-Glow' with Lanolite softens and moisturizes ... to help your skin keep its young, flawless look.

8 true complexion shades: Natural, Light, Creamy Ivory, Misty Rose, Cream Beige, Rachel, Suntan, Dark Dark.
as a kiss...

your complexion comes alive... you're lovely with

Revlon 'Touch-and-Glow'

The Liquid Make-Up...nobody knows you wear...but you!
Hair with the fresh young HALO look is softer, brighter

Whistle Clean

—for clear, liquid Halo

... unlike most shampoos ... contains no greasy oils or soap. Nothing to interfere with cleaning action or dull your hair with heavy, dirt-catching film.

Mild, gentle Halo leaves hair softer, brighter ... whistle clean!

WHAT SHOULD I DO? (Continued from page 12)

you might ask her advice and guidance in planning for your own (equally mysterious) plans for the future.

Afterward, out of gratitude, it would be entirely proper for you to invite her to have luncheon with you. If, after two or three meetings, you still feel that the friendship would be mutually rewarding, I see no reason why you shouldn’t ask her for an evening date.

From the girl’s standpoint, this would be a particularly graceful way in which to start the friendship because, if she were asked about her dates with you, she would be able to say, “I’re both interested in hi-fi and I helped him start his record collection,” or something similar.

I’d like to know how this turns out.

Q I am almost nineteen years old and the eldest of six children. Now that I have graduated from high school I feel that I should get out on my own as soon as possible.

For some time I have been thinking seriously of becoming a WAC. My father is opposed to the idea and says it is no place for a young girl who has been properly brought up. His feeling is undoubtedly influenced by the fact that everyone hears rumors about how much the WAC changes girls.

However, I have been brought up to know right from wrong and I feel certain that at my age I am not going to be turned from my ideals. I think that the WAC would help me in at least two ways: by giving me further training in business, and by giving me the opportunity to meet new people.

Also, I broke my engagement several months ago, and I am very much at loose ends. Would you suggest that I join up, or that I try to find some sort of work in our home town?

Harriet A.

A I know that there are many times, Harriet, when the concern of parents is a burden. However, it is wonderful to have parents who care, deeply and sincerely, what happens to you.

I note that your father is opposed only to your choice of a career, not to the fact that you want to become self-supporting.

That being the case, I should think he might be inclined to accept reliable information about the WAC with an open mind. Surely there must be WAC recruiting officers visiting in your city occasionally. If you could prevail upon your father to meet such representatives of the group he might change his mind.

Also, I should think it would be a good idea for you to write to WAC headquarters in Washington, D. C., asking for copies of all published material about the WAC. In writing for information, it might also be a good idea for you to mention your father's objections to your joining the Corps, and ask frankly, for statistics to refute the mean gossip.

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 3095, 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.
Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

INSIDE STUFF

Lives Are Flying: Elizabeth Taylor, 44-year-old Michael Wilding, are furious when magazine writers toned their "happy" marriage, and frequently tabooed all interviews. Now they must eat their words! Their separation, as no surprise to Hollywood, revived that old and ridiculous rumor about Liz being secretly in love with Michael's good friend, Montgomery Clift. Once upon a time, she had been supposed to have been in love with Rock Hudson, but he fooled the press and married Phyllis Gates. Then, the Wildings and the Hudsons become the best of friends. About Liz being secretly in love with Montgomery Clift, she said: "Reason for our decision is much personal to discuss."

Expectations: Recently, in Hollywood news from the Stork Department has all previous records. Within one week, Lana Turner and Lex Barker announced they were expecting their

Continued

Taylor and Mike Wilding make what is their last public appearance together. Forty-four hours after attending this gay party, they announced their separation.
There's one risk you never should take...

*It's the risk of* "embarrassing odor"—the risk that is controlled by the proper method of douching. Millions of confidential women have discovered this, and douche regularly with "Lysol".

"Lysol" guards you from any possibility of offending—because it's more than a cleanser, more than a deodorant—it's an active germ-killer. Spreading into folds and crevices, it kills on contact, the very bacteria that (if unchecked) would cause "embarrassing odor". Just a teaspoonful of "Lysol" brand disinfectant, added to your douche, gives you assurance of complete cleanliness.

Trust to "Lysol" and relax! Discover the marvelous freedom that comes when you're sure of yourself! Be happier, more confident—ready for the new people and pleasant, gay happenings that you want in your life!

Write for free booklet on medically-approved methods of douching with new, mild-formula "Lysol" brand disinfectant. (Sent in plain envelope.) Send name and address to "Lysol", Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. PP-5610.

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**INSIDE STUFF**

*Continued*

first, as did the Rory Calhouns; the Guy Madisons became proud parents for a second time; in Paris, Olivia de Havilland gave birth to a baby girl; and, in England, Sir Stork left a "message" for the Laurence Olivers. . . . Lana and Lex (everyone said this marriage wouldn't last!) hope it's a boy. So did Guy and Sheila Madison—who got their second girl! They named her Erin Patricia. Olivia, so happy with French journalist Pierre Galante, named her wee one Giselle. After waiting eight hopeful years, Rory and Lita Calhoun started adoption proceedings—then, as it often happens, the stork cooperated! And Vivien Leigh and Sir Laurence, after sixteen years of marriage (some of them quite tempestuous!), are finally free from rumors that ran the gamut of exaggeration.

**Date With Fate:** Ironic, isn't it, that two major studios would like to film "The Life of James Dean"! The fabulous young actor was just beginning to live when he came to a tragic end. Story rights would have to be cleared by his estate. Those concerned have already had an overdose of publicity.

**Love And Marriage:** Years ago, when Cal first knew the then unknown Richard Egan, he said, "If I ever marry the girl I will have to 'love' my brother too!" Knowing the exemplary Pat Willis Egan, it's easy to understand Richard's brotherly reverence, and looks as if Pat Hardy is the girl who fills the bill. During Father Egan's recent visit to Hollywood, the trio were inseparable. Pat, who formerly shared an apartment with Jimmy Dean on TV. But being married to Dick is a good reason for ending her career.

**Wedding Belles:** Leslie Caron's announced intention of marrying British theatrical producer, Peter Hall, has studio wondering and worrying. (Unhappy marriage, plus a lonely girl in Hollywood, may easily influence enchanting mademoiselle to forsake the town. . . . On the other hand, Shipp Jones' long-awaited marriage to J. Cassidy is good news. Both love Hollywood and hope to make movies together.

**For Men Only:** Tony Perkins, the fast-rising young star in Hollywood,
Do you enjoy the fun, excitement and thrills of solving picture puzzles? Sure you do... everybody does, especially when your skill can bring you as much as $93,000 in cold cash. And right now is your chance to share in the action, the challenge, and... yes... cash awards, too... of one of the greatest puzzle contests ever run in the United States! It's the sensational National Contest Book Club Picture Contest, just getting under way... with 200 great cash prizes totaling $40,000!

Just think what you could do with prize money like this... all yours in a lump sum! It could buy you a beautiful new home... free and clear! A stunning new car, a boat, a luxury vacation cruise around the world! It could pay for a college education for your youngsters, or make your own retirement easier. It could add you a start in your own business. It could bring you the wonderful security that comes with a big, solid bank account! Enter now, and you may be a prize winner of any of 200 big cash prizes that must be paid. Enter now and make yourself eligible to win a fabulous $2,500.00 promptness bonus along with first prize of $22,500—a grand total of $25,000.00.

His sample puzzle is all worked out for you

See how much fun it is to solve!

This sample puzzle, as all our puzzles, has 3 clues to help you reach the answer. First, study the cartoon. Here is shown one man saying MARK, and the other mentions the word POLE. The letter "O" is shown twice. What else can the answer be but MARCO POLO? Below the cartoon, 4 names are listed as your second clue. All of them are MARCO POLO, so you know your answer is right. For the third clue, look at the bottom portion of the puzzle. You will see that various objects and letters of the alphabet are portrayed. Identify each of the objects and add or subtract the letters as indicated. First there is a P.O.T. You are told to subtract the letter T, then you add the word CLOCK which is the next pictured object. Then, you subtract the letter C K. By correctly adding and subtracting you are left with the letters POLO. This spells the correct LAST NAME.

Prizes paid promptly

In 2 years $133,000.00 awarded from national puzzle contests

National Puzzle Contests have offered $133,000.00 in prizes within the short space of 2 years! That's a whole lot of money! But now the National Contest Book Club... with prizes of an additional $40,000... will raise that grand total to $173,000.00! If you are 18 years of age or older and live in the U. S., Canada or a U. S. Possession, you are eligible to enter this fabulous contest. It is sponsored by the National Contest Book Club, Inc. All judgments will be conducted in an impartial, impersonal manner to assure absolute equality of opportunity to all. All contestants will receive exact information on the outcome of the contest... including names of all winners, plus correct puzzle solutions. All prizes will be paid promptly, in full. All cash prizes are held in escrow at the BANKERS TRUST COMPANY, N. Y.

To all puzzle entrants

The puzzle encyclopedia

Everyone who enters the National Contest Book Club Puzzle Contest receives this fascinating Puzzle Encyclopedia. Contains hundreds of quizzes, riddles, puzzles. Will give you many, many enjoyable hours.

Write your answer in coupon below. We send complete contest details immediately. Give yourself a chance to win $2,500.00 promptness award.

Mail coupon today

Embark on a thrilling journey of puzzle-solving with National Contest Book Club. Fill out the coupon and submit it today to be eligible for a chance to win a grand total of $25,000.00. Whether you're a seasoned puzzle solver or just starting out, there's something for everyone in this exciting contest. Good luck!
professionally, Tab Hunter hasn't been getting some of the roles he'd like, but socially he's been doing fine, stepping out with Jan Chaney.

In Europe, honeymooning Anita Ekberg and Anthony Steel prompted numerous headlines, but on arrival back in the States, they went unnoticed.

cording to Gary Cooper, gave us a private showing of his original wardrobe. It features corduroy suits in all colors with four high-waisted bottoms, narrow lapels, and uncreased trousers which make his long legs look like stove pipes. Unmarried, twenty-three-year-old Tony "lifted" the idea from the costumes he wears in "The Friendly Persuasion."

Song Of Life: For Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher, the first year of marriage hasn't been the hardest—but it has been filled with adjustments. Following a hospital check-up, doctors told Eddie he must eat carefully, slowly and regularly if he wants to live a long life. Since his mother stopped making her clothes, Debbie's dressing less like a teenager and looks smarter—which Eddie loves. Their one bone of contention, if any, is the lack of time and opportunity to be alone. Popular singers are invariably surrounded by a group of hangers-on. Pier Angeli and Cyd Charisse discovered this about their husbands, but gradually remedied the situation. Debbie's bright and capable, too. She'll work it out and no one will be hurt.

Posting Pigeon: Tab Hunter's personal life is as bright as a brass button thanks to cute Jan Chaney. But professionally speaking, Tab is deeply encouraged. He starred in "The Piersall" story on TV and received sensational notices. He begged his to buy it for him and make a re-make. While Warners deliberated, Paramount quietly nabbed the story for Perkins.

Reformed Redhead: Susan Hays has taken a new lease on life, after it's most becoming. Gone is the chip-on-the-shoulder she wore in "Corsage. "It sounds corny," says Susan, "but I used to be shy and people. The reception I received at Cannes Film Festival changed my perspective." Mostly out-of-town for Susie's recent birthday, Handsome disc jockey, Bill Bark was Susie's date again, but "We're friends," they insisted. Now where did we heard that one before?

Talent vs. Beauty: Anita Ekberg's long blond hair hanging loosely on her back, prettied herself on the plane before landing at the Los Angeles airport. Also on the plane was the comparable Shirley Booth. When the plane landed, swarms of came.
HOLLYWOOD DISCOVERY! A non-drying spray-set with no lacquer at all!

Sets hair to stay—the softest way!

“My hair always looks its best—thanks to Lustre-Net!” says Natalie Wood
costarring in “A CRY IN THE NIGHT”
A Jaguar Production presented by Warner Bros.

New SUPER-SOFT Lustre-Net the spray-set with lanolin esters:

keeps hair in place the Hollywood way—without stiffness or stickiness! New Super-Soft LUSTRE-NET is the softest way imaginable to keep waves and curls in place—for it contains not one single drop of lacquer!

elps prevent dryness! Super-Soft LUSTRE-NET contains lanolin esters to discourage dryness, preserve softness.

quick-sets hair-do’s . . . ends sleeping on pins! Set pin-curls in damp or dry hair. Then spray with Super-Soft LUSTRE-NET. Curls and waves dry in a jiffy, brush out and shining.

SUPER-SOFT—gentle control for loose, casual hair-do’s. Contains no lacquer at all. Spray it on regularly when you comb your hair.

REGULAR—extra control for hard-to-manage hair, or curly hair-do’s. No lacquered look, no lacquer odor. Sets pin-curls in hair when dry.

5½ oz.—a full ounce more . . . Only $1.25 plus tax

By the makers of Lustre-Creme Shampoo

get new Lustre-Net

recommended by Top Hollywood Movie Stars
**INSIDE STUFF**  
Continued

converged—and all but engulfed the great Miss Booth! Anita and her husband, Anthony Steel, were completely ignored by the lens lads and received their biggest greeting from a white miniature poodle waiting with a friend. It can happen here!

**Hollywood Merry-Go-Round:** Nothing could make Doris Day any happier, she says, than having another baby. Unfortunately, however, the rumor isn’t true. Marriage to Marty Melcher has given Dodo confidence and emotional security she never had before. She and Marty both agree that a baby is all they need to complete their bond of happiness. . . A little thing like criticism won’t dampen Ernest Borgnine’s enthusiasm or lessen his gratitude. Some folks say he’s been overdoing the humility bit since winning the Oscar. Anyone knowing Ernie is well aware that there isn’t a phony bone in his body. . . Obviously, Jeanne Crain believes there’s safety in numbers. She never appears in public with less than two or three escorts. Incidentally, Hollywood was relieved when she softened some of her pre-divorce charges against Paul Brinkman. Such things not only affect individuals—in this case her children—but they also reflect inadvertently on the whole motion-picture industry.

**Bosom Friends:** The welcome party RKO and George Gobel threw for British bombshell Diana Dors brought out necklines that plunged all the way to Hollywood and Vine! Now, no one could ever hate Georgie-Porgie, but some well-stacked Hollywood blonds are pouting at him. They can’t understand why he should carry coals to Newcastle. In this case, import England’s Marilyn Monroe to play opposite him in “I Married a Woman.” Maybe George goes for British accents!

**Today’s Target:** All of Hollywood, including Paramount, which holds his contract, was glued to TV sets when Steve Allen promised to de-gyrate Elvis “The Pelvis” Presley. Allen kept his promise, and the torso-tossing singing sensation certainly was subdued! Min us the suggestive exhibitionism, Hollywood feels, Presley has little to offer. Only time—and his forthcoming first movie which is scheduled to start pro-duction late this year—will tell the story.
He'd decide because He held the gun—... who would you pick?

BILL— even the threat of the Jivaro headhunters couldn't touch him... was it too late for him to care?

RENA— a drifter, with many men in her past... but since the plane crashed she wanted something more.

LOUISE— a money-hungry girl who found that everyone was equal in 2 million square miles of jungle.

JOE— on the surface he had high ideals and big ideas... would he crack as the drums grew louder?

MARTHA and HENRY— all the good years they'd had together gave them strength to face the worst.

ELLIS— he had more money than morals but it did him no good when only courage counted.

RKO Radio Pictures presents

ROBERT RYAN • ANITA EKBERG • ROD STEIGER

BACK FROM ETERNITY

Co-starring PHYLLIS KIRK • KEITH ANDES • GENE BARRY with FRED CLARK • BEULAH BONDI • JESSE WHITE

Produced and Directed by JOHN FARROW • Screen Play by JONATHAN LATIMER • Music by FRANZ WAXMAN
LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES
WITH JANET GRAVES

Faced with sullen rebellion, Dick tells Stephanie Griffin and Nick Adams that they must both work if they want to survive.

**Lust for Life**

The turbulent life of the Dutch painter Vincent Van Gogh becomes the theme of a beautiful movie. Kirk Douglas' impassioned performance is equal to all demands, whether his Van Gogh is seen as a mining-town preacher, as a man desperately hungry for affection, or as a painter whose unappreciated talent brings him fulfillment and anguish. Anthony Quinn gives balance to the story with his portrayal of the swashbuckling Gaugin, whose friendship with Van Gogh finishes in tragedy. James Donald is the ever loyal brother, Theo Van Gogh, and Pamela Brown does a realistic job as a street drab. In rich tones, the France of the late 19th Century Impressionists is re-created, from Paris to the countryside burningly alive in Van Gogh's pictures.

**The Last Wagon**

In a cracking good Western, Richard Widmark sets a brisk pace for his youthful, attractive supporting cast. Most newcomers, they meet the challenge admirably. The plot finds a fresh angle the plight of a wagon train's survival after an Apache massacre. Except for Widmark, a captive murderer, they're very young: courageous Felicia Farr, Tommy Rettig, her little brother; lovely and mean-tempered Stephanie Griffin; hated, half-Indian half-sister, Susan Kohler; sulky Nick Adams; stalwart R. Stricklyn. Because Widmark has lived w Comanches, Stephanie and Nick distrusted him. But his experience and leadership are the youngsters' only hope in Apache-haunted wilderness (Arizona's magnificent red-rock country).

Continua
One does more for your hair than brushing 100 strokes a day!

Helene Curtis
Lanolin Discovery
THE NEW. HAIRDRESSING IN SPRAY FORM

Spray on this greaseless hairdressing after shampoos—after permanents—
and whenever your hair is dull or dry

You know what brushing does. Now give your hair the same beautiful results a quicker, easier way. Spray on LANOLIN DISCOVERY—a few quick brush strokes, and this new kind of hairdressing conditions every hair right down to the scalp. Instantly your hair looks youthfully alive with bright sparkling highlights.

Makes your hair naturally soft
—naturally easy-to-manage
—naturally shiny... TODAY

Available wherever cosmetics are sold
large size $1.25
giant economy size $1.89 plus tax
Used and recommended by professional beauticians everywhere
**The Solid Gold Cadillac**

COLUMBIA

★★★★ Big business and Judy Holiday are an absurd combination, and the mixture explodes into a delightful comedy, full of crackling lines and hilarious situations. Holding a very small block of shares in a very large corporation, Judy takes it into her head to attend a stockholders' meeting. After boss Paul Douglas' resignation to accept a government job, the board of directors—a quartet of crooks led by John Williams and Fred Clark—is set to loot the company. But Judy's shrewd questions embarrass the four so that they try to shut her up by hiring her—a decision they come to regret bitterly. Judy's romantic pursuit of Paul is handled lightly, while Neva Patterson and Arthur O'Connell share a secondary love interest, playing a pair of shy fellow employees.

**Lisbon**

REPUBLIC; NATURAMA, TRUCOLOR

★★★ Ray Milland has himself a royal good time as both star and director of this gay melodrama, and moviegoers are likely to share his amusement. The popular tune "Lisbon Antiqua" threads through a story as colorful as the scenes of the Portuguese capital, where the picture was shot. As an American who uses his power yacht for a little mild smuggling, Ray is hired by big-shot smuggler Claude Rains, a wealthy man of mystery, for a strange and dangerous chore. Involved in it is Maureen O'Hara, handsome and spirited as the wife of an elderly multi-millionaire who's held captive by Reds. She seems like a nice girl, and luscious Yvonne Furneaux, one of Rains' houseful of beauties, seems like a wench. But surprises turn up as both gals make a pitch for Ray.

**The Ambassador's Daughter**

U.A.; CINEMA SCOPE, TECHNICOLO

★★★★ Here's the sort of delicious romantic comedy that Hollywood's apparently forgotten how to make in recent years. Bright, easygoing, it puts a group of charming people—including Olivia de Havilland, John Forsythe, Myrna Loy, Adolph Menjou and the late Edward Arnold—through lively paces in the lovely city of Paris. Senator Adolphe, with wife Myrna, has gone there to investigate the conduct of G.'s, criticize in some reports. Though John's normally a well-behaved young soldier, he proceeds to get into a series of scrapes, all because he's fallen in love with Olivia. She's the daughter of U.S. Ambassador Arnold, but John believes she's a French fashion model. Slyly, she goes along with the gag, suspecting him of dishonorable intentions.

**The Burning Hills**

WARNERS, WARNERCOL

★★★ Tab Hunter and Natalie Wood team appealingly in the suspenseful horse opera. Tab's brother is murdered when the two start ranching in an area ruled by the overbearing Kit Teal. Stalking the killers (among them, Skip Homeier, as the big rancher's swaggering son), Tab approaches Teal direct and wounds him, in self-defense, before escaping. Then it's our hero who's the object of a search. Also wounded, he given refuge near the home of Natalie, cast as a half-Mexican girl whose family has been among Teal's victims. Eduard Franz has a cryptic role as a part-Indian guide hired to hu Tab down. This he does with professional zeal, though he has no sympathy with Teal's aims. In riding scenes, Tab shows his skill, with his own horse, Swizzlestick.

---

Forewarned about soldiers' wiles, Olivia eyes John guardedly.

Thanks to Ray, Claude Rains and Maureen will get a jolt.

Hiding out in an abandoned mine, Tab has Natalie as his al
I dreamed I went whistle-stopping
in my maidenform bra

I'm a sure winner because I'm on the right track! My platform: a vote for me is a vote for Maidenform. No wonder I'm the people's choice for the figure of the year! The dream of a bra: new Maidenform Pre-Lude*—the bra with the contour-band that gives you an entirely new kind of under-and-up up-lift to make the most of every curve you own. In white embroidered broadcloth. A, B and C cups, 2.00. Prices slightly higher in Canada. © MAIDENFORM BRASSIERE CO., INC., N.Y. 16
Deep cleansings make a lovely difference...

...when you're close enough to kiss!

New ultraviolet photographs prove Pond's Cold Cream removes dirt that other cleansers only "skim over"

1. A "patch" of make-up and dirt is applied. In ultraviolet light, it looks white.

2. Then the test "patch" is vigorously washed. Skin feels tingly clean...

3. But, even after brisk washing, ultraviolet light shows deep-down dirt still there!

4. Proof—Pond's cleanses deep. Right through stubborn dirt, Pond's cleanses a clear path!

No other cleanser cleanses more deeply, removes make-up more completely—

POND'S Cold Cream
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!

Unruly after shampoo?
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... manageable, 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)
Girls who know the answers use Arrid—to be sure!

You owe it to yourself to get 100% on this test. It's a cinch you will, too, if you're smart enough to use Arrid daily.

For Arrid is the most effective deodorant your money can buy. Doctors prove that Arrid is 1 1/2 times as effective against perspiration and odor as all leading deodorants tested.

Why? Only Arrid is formulated with the magic new ingredient Perstop.™ That's why more people have used and are using Arrid to protect against odor and perspiration than any other deodorant.

What's in it for you? Just this!

1. Rub Arrid in—and you rub perspiration and odor out. When the cream vanishes you know you're safe. And approachable any hour of the day or night. Tropical heat-wave weather included!

2. Arrid protects you against all kinds of unexpected perspiration. It keeps you dry even when anxiety or excitement cause your glands to gush perspiration.

3. Arrid, used daily, keeps your clothes safe from ugly stains. It keeps your underarms so dry, soft and sweet there's never a hint that the situation's getting warm. Not even on hot, sticky days.

4. Arrid's "rubbed-in" protection starts on contact—keeps you shower-bath fragrant up to 24 hours. Rub it in right after your daily bath and you can forget about perspiration and odor. No wonder gals "in the know" are steady Arrid users.

Though both their lives are endangered, Bob and Ursula have time to fall in love

**Bandido**

U.A.; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

WWW A vigorous adventure yarn plunges Robert Mitchum and Ursula Thiess into the midst of Mexico's 1916 revolution. Bob's role is a familiar one—the soldier of fortune more absorbed in excitement and money than in any cause. So he's allied only by chance with Gilbert Roland, dashing and decisive as a revolutionary leader and true patriot. Ursula's the disillusioned wife of Zachary Scott, a gun-runner trying to deliver his wares to the rebels' enemy. Though a strong attraction quickly springs up between Ursula and Bob, the emphasis is less on romance than on roaring action, fights with guns, grenades, explosives.

**The First Traveling Saleslady**

RRR Featuring a group of amiable types, this featherweight farce romps toward the turn of the century with gags of that moment. Blithe and pretty, Ginger Rogers plays a businesswoman on the road to sell barbed wire—an unpopular item on the unfenced ranges. Carol Channing (star of the stage's "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes") uses a likable personality and a neat flair for comedy in the role of Ginger's romance-minded assistant. Trying to take Ginger's mind off her career are three suitors: Eastern tycoon David Brian; Texas cattle baron James Arness; Barry Nelson, who keeps meeting the ladies while trying to drive his horseless carriage across the country. It's a disarmingly good-humored story, but it looks rather like a musical without music (except for the title tune played during the credits, and one ditty from Carol).

MOVIES

continued
Which one of these quotes from "Women in the News" WINS YOUR VOTE?

1. MRS. DALE CARNegie, author of "Don't Grow Old—Grow Up": "Every woman who is figure-conscious will love the way the new Playtex Girdle flattens her figure—as I do. A Playtex Girdle has the same amazing "hold-in" power six months later as on the day you bought it."

2. HANNAH TROY, leading American fashion designer: "Playtex is the only girdle I know that's completely invisible under the most revealing clothes—holds in superbly without that 'corseted' look—another big reason why more women wear Playtex than any other girdle in the world!"

3. CAROLYN HUGHES, beautiful fashion model and cover girl: "To me, the most exciting exclusive of the Playtex Living Bra is the elastic cross-cross front. I love the way it dips down deep, gives such stunning separation and uplift. No other bra gives such lovely natural lines."

4. KATHRYN MURRAY, star of TV's Arthur Murray Party: "Dancers need figure control, too, but must have complete freedom of motion. That's why Playtex Girdles are perfect—wonderful 'hold-in' power without a seam or bone, so flexible even a grandmother like me can bend in comfort."

5. FRAN WArREN, popular RKO-Unique recording star: "The Playtex Living Bra is the only bra with an all-elastic frame that never shifts, rides or slides no matter how active you are. The low-anchored elastic back always stays put—won't annoy you by creeping up ever!"

6. MOLLIE PARNIS, brilliant fashion designer: "The Living Bra is the prettiest you can buy—and gives the prettiest curves. Both the nylon-and-marquisette cups lined in cotton, and the all-cotton cups lift and luree, round and raise into that high but natural look women love!"

7. JUNE EARING, Champion swimmer and Aquashow star: "No other girdle with such wonderful 'hold-in' power is as flexible, supple, and comfortable as Playtex—because only Playtex is made of Fabricon, it's the only girdle you can ski in, swim in—and look glamorous in when dancing."

8. BETTY KEAN, of the (riotous) Keen Sisters comedy team: "Playtex Lightweight has more than 'hold-in' power with less weight than any other girdle I've ever worn—and it costs only $4.95. Actually gives more support and more comfort than girdles that cost me three times as much."

9. JUSTINE PARKER, lovely star of many TV dramas: "The Playtex Living Bra in Long Line is for me—all the wonderful all-elastic exclusive features plus an elastic 'magic-midriff' that smooths inches away sleekly and surely for the long, lean look of today's fashions."

10. GRACE DOWNS, Dean of Grace Downs Air Career School: "No other bra in the world has bias-cut elastic side panels that self-adjust to your every motion, hold you firmly without cutting. You get heavenly comfort day into night with the Playtex Living Bra. Once you wear it—no other bra will do."

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1. Simply fill out an Official Entry Blank, or write on one side of a plain piece of paper. Send as many entries as you wish, to Playtex, P. O. Box 480, New York 46, New York.
2. Entries must be postmarked no later than Oct. 27, 1956, and must be received by Nov. 5, 1956.
3. Any woman in the United States or its territories is eligible to enter, except employees (and members of their families) of the corporation, any of its divisions, or its advertising agencies. This contest is subject to all federal, state, and local laws and regulations.
4. All entries become the property of International Latex Corporation, Playtex Park, Dover, Del., the sponsors of this contest; none will be returned. All entries must be original work of contestants submitted in own names. The contest will be judged by an independent judging organization on the basis of sincerity, originality of thought, and appropriateness to the product. Decisions of the judges will be final. In the event of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
5. Winners notified personally or by mail. List of winners available by requesting same and enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your entry.

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she's wearing a **sarong®**
the criss-cross girdle that walks and won't ride up

Sarong is completely different from any other girdle—and you'll feel the difference immediately! There is nothing like a Sarong to fashion your figure with new shapeliness, to make comfort your personal and permanent possession. Sarong is so wonderfully different! Its patented, hidden construction lifts and flattens your tummy youthfully. Its exclusive patented criss-cross feature lets you walk, stand and sit with day-long comfort. From the moment you slip it on—you'll see and feel your figure improve. Why not plan to have a Sarong fitted to your figure.

Freel Sarong's new booklet "Facts About Figures".
Write Sarong, Inc., Department P.1, 200 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.
New! BOBBI—
with “Casual Curlets”
and breeze-fresh lotion
gives you a longer lasting,
softly feminine wave

A stronger wave than ordinary pin-curl permanents
a softer wave than rod-type permanents

Specially created for casual hair styles

Everything you need for the prettiest, longest-lasting casual hairdo ever! Fabulous new easy-set “Casual Curlets”... of pretty pink plastic... simpler than metal pins! New breeze-fresh, petal-pink lotion, so pleasant to use! No separate neutralizer, no resetting. Only BOBBI makes a pin-curl permanent so easy!

Pin-curls made with BOBBI’s new “Casual Curlets”... smooth, firm, no loose ends, no crimp marks as with metal pins. Specially designed for a stronger, longer-lasting casual wave!

New “Casual Curlets” are 7 ways better!
1. Easier, faster than metal pins.
2. So pretty—shell-pink plastic—you won’t want to hide ’em!
3. Can’t rust or discolor hair.
4. One Curlet holds tight for better, stronger waves—you never need two for a curl!
5. Can’t slip.
6. No unsightly crimp marks.
7. Curlets are curved—shaped to your head for comfort.

See how casual a Bobbi wave can be! You know it'll outlast any other pin-curl permanent because each curl is set stronger from the very beginning with Bobbi's new “Casual Curlets.” Use Curlets between permanents, too—for a longer-lasting set after your shampoo.

All-new BOBBI in a bright blue box
Each package complete with 55 “Casual Curlets” and 6 neckline curlers.
A famous laboratory* proves:

HAIR WASHED WITH NEW
WOODBURY SHAMPOO HOLDS
CURL BETTER, KEEPS SET LONGER

New Woodbury Shampoo’s special “curl-keeping” ingredient makes the difference!

See what happened—when the right side of this girl’s head was washed with New Woodbury Shampoo—the left with her regular brand. The left side is limp, straggly. The Woodbury side is springy, curly, beautifully manageable!

Leading shampoos were tested on hundreds of women, and results checked by *Good Housekeeping Magazine’s laboratory. Tests showed: Hair washed with Woodbury holds curl better, keeps set longer—without hair sprays, lacquers, rinses!

It can’t dry out your hair because New Woodbury Shampoo contains a special “curl-keeping” ingredient that protects natural hair oils.

Costs less, too! 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 other leading shampoos.

Use New Woodbury today! A generous bottle costs only 39¢. You’re guaranteed the prettiest, liveliest curls you’ve ever had—the lastest hair-do. Money back otherwise!

After a set-to, Audie’s assured that he has faithful friends in Charles and Ann:

him; Pat Crowley, the home-town girl who arrives to become his bride; Charles Drake, a bluff ex-soldier who is Audie’s loyal assistant.

Bigger than Life

20th; Cinema Scope, de Luxe Color

Also suggested by a true story, this James Mason starrer strays pretty far from plausibility. As a teacher who has to take a spare-time job to support wife Barbara Rush and son Christopher Olsen Mason suddenly falls ill. Cortisone is re-quired to save his life, but the drug has strange effects on his personality. First he becomes cheerful and unreasonably extravagant; then his mood turns to violent whims and a sense of great mental power; finally, as he manages to get most of the drug than his doctor had prescribed he veers toward homicidal mania. This development naturally creates a situation loaded with suspense, but Mason as a madman doesn’t seem related in any degree to his character as established at the beginning of the film.

Raw Edge

Also, what are Westerns coming to when bad guys spend more time chasing dame than shooting at good guys? That’s the situation Rory Calhoun rides into. Her bert Rudley, who rules the local range, has decreed that any unattached females belong to the first man who claims her. Mara Corday, Indian widow of Rory’s murdered brother, has been so claimed. And Rudley’s own wife, comely Yvonne DeCarlo, would make a fine, accessible widow, according to two of his own henchmen, Neville Brand and Emile Meyer, an gambler Rex Reason. For a while, it looks as if Rex is on the side of virtue secretly allied with Rory in opposition Rudley’s brutal domination. But the gambler has unscrupulous reasons for wishing the tyrant’s death.
No Other Leading Toothpaste

Cleans - Cleans - Cleans YOUR BREATH
While It Guards - Guards - Guards YOUR TEETH

Like Colgate Dental Cream!

Because No Other Leading Toothpaste
Contains GARDOL
To Give You Long-Lasting Protection
Against Both Bad Breath and Tooth Decay
...With Just One Brushing!

Unlike other leading toothpastes, Colgate's forms an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights decay all day... with just one brushing! Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. But remember! One Colgate brushing fights decay-causing bacteria 12 hours — or more!

Colgate's with Gardol helps stop bad breath all day for most people with just one brushing! Instantly sweeps away bacteria that cause bad breath originating in the mouth! No other leading toothpaste* cleans your breath while it guards your teeth like Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol!

SAFE for Children of All Ages! to Use in All Water Areas!
Makes Teeth Whiter — Cannot Stain or Discolor!

*The top three brands after Colgate.

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM with GARDOL

Cleans Your Breath While It Guards Your Teeth
Never Again ... need pimples ruin romance!

Only an active teen-ager knows the heartache and misery pimples can cause ... the agonies of self-consciousness and embarrassment ... the broken dates, the parties missed, which mean so much.

What wonderful news, then, that there is now a really effective, scientific medication, especially for pimples. CLEARASIL has been proved effective beyond question in clinical tests by doctors, in nation-wide usage tests by nurses and in actual daily use by millions. Whether you have just occasional pimples or a serious condition take action against them the modern CLEARASIL way: In skin specialists’ tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL.

‘Starves’ Pimples
CLEARASIL’s famous dry-up action ‘starves’ pimples by helping to remove the oils that pimples “feed” on. CLEARASIL’s antiseptic action stops growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples. And, CLEARASIL’s keratolytic action softens and dissolves infected skin tissue, lets medication penetrate to lower pimple infection. Encourages new, smooth, healthy skin growth.

SKIN-COLORED ... hides pimples while it works

CLEARASIL ends embarrassment immediately. It is greaseless, stainless, pleasant to leave on day and night for uninterupted medication. CLEARASIL is guaranteed to work for you as it did in doctors’ tests or money back.

**Special Offer:** Send name, address and 15¢ in coin or stamps for generous trial size to Box 12 MP, Eastco, Inc., White Plains, N. Y. Offer expires Nov. 30, 1956.
NEW! Only Helene Curtis has the exclusive new "control" ingredient. And it's in all Helene Curtis Spray Net Regular, Super Soft, and new Ultra.

Helene Curtis Spray Net actually trains your hair!

- trains while it sets pincurls...
- trains while it holds your wave...

The most exciting thing that's happened since the permanent wave.

Now, Spray Net actually trains your hair to stay curled—thanks to Helene Curtis' new "control" ingredient. And no ordinary hair spray has it!

Use Helene Curtis Spray Net to set springier, bouncier pincurls—to hold your hair softly in place. Gradually...excitingly...your hair gets the habit of curling—your wave remembers its place! This exciting training won't happen overnight—but it will happen! Soon your hair needs only gentle reminder-sprays between shampoos.

No matter what hair spray you're using now, there's a delightful surprise waiting when you try Spray Net with the new "control" ingredient. It's non-sticky, non-stiffening, enriched with lanolin.

But the big difference—the wonderful plus: Spray Net is the hair spray that actually trains your hair to stay curled!

train your hair with Helene Curtis Spray Net

new! refillable aerosol purse/spray
Only Helene Curtis Spray Net has it!

Fill it yourself. Take it with you. New Purse/Spray, glamorous in black and gold, holds days of sprays at every filling. Available in combination with new Ultra Spray Net, it's a $3.25 value...special introductory price, only $1.85 plus tax.

regular and super soft 69¢, $1.25, $1.89 plus tax
Now Lovable captures the secret of sculptured beauty for you—in bras precisely moulded and styled to the human figure.

What a wonderful idea to design and create on women, for women! That's how Lovable's "body-sculptured" bras give you a living, breathing, natural roundness...a fitting uplift that you can and should have!

Above: "DUALIFT" in fine cotton, $1.50
Left: Famous "RINGLET" in cotton or nylon, $1.50

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A Lucky gives you the one thing you want in a cigarette: better taste! Luckies are made of fine tobacco—mild, good-tasting tobacco that's TOASTED to taste even better. Have you tried a Lucky lately? You'll say it's the best-tasting cigarette you ever smoked!

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SOAP BOX:

Since the days of Mary Pickford, Henry B. Walthall and Charles Ray, I have been one of the motion picture industry's best customers. Last night I went to see "The Last Hunt" and came away furious. I received my August PHOTOPLAY today and have just glanced through it and read the letter of Lina Farley. I heartily agree with what she writes but she doesn't go far enough. If I had a son in high school who couldn't write better dialogue or direct a better show than was done for "The Last Hunt," I'd be mightily discouraged as to his intelligence. If I ever saw a more senseless, boring movie I cannot remember it. I have never walked out on a picture in my life (I always hope the poor ones will get better) but I came close to doing so last night. A few nights ago I went to see "The Yearling," re-released. This is a truly wonderful picture and I enjoyed it even more that the first time I saw it. It is hard to believe that both pictures could come from the same industry.

For a long time I have been wondering why nine out of ten Western movies are apparently written and directed by cowboys. They use rifles, revolvers and dynamite which were not invented until years after the time of the picture. In "Winchester 73," the riflemen could hit a dime pitched in the air, yet at the end of the film fired at least thirty shots at each other with half their bodies exposed and not a shot reached its mark. In another Western, a pioneer cabin was shown in full blaze, yet next morning the framework of the house still stood straight and complete. I wondered what city fire company arrived to put out the fire.

If it does not do better, the industry is going to lose one of its best customers—me.

ALFRED S. BAND
Culpeper, Virginia

That letter from Lina Farley in the August issue of PHOTOPLAY made me holling mad! So Hollywood puts out some bad movies. (I don't particularly agree with the movies she named.) How many bad novels are written each year, how many bad plays are produced? Nothing is perfect in this world—why should Hollywood be singled out and condemned for its failures?

And so what if a few "damsn" creep into the movies from time to time? People use that word all the time in real life, and children certainly hear it.

If Lina Farley expects Hollywood to produce Pollyanna-type movies, she had better find some other form of entertainment until she can face the realities and imperfections of life.

Jo DERRICOTT
Berkeley, California

This is to authorize Miss Judy Ellis, 8966 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 46, California, as the president of my only official fan club.

Robert STACK
Hollywood, California

When is someone going to sit up and notice Jacques Sernas, who did such an excellent job of acting in "Jump into Hell" and "Helen of Troy"? I understand he recently returned to Europe. Wake up, Hollywood! You sure must have been asleep to let so good a catch get past you. Please bring Jacques Sernas back... soon!

A. GAE
Miami, Florida

I can't help laughing at the English when they say that Diana Dors is their reply to your Marilyn Monroe. The more pictures I see of Miss Dors, the more I realize how beautiful Miss Monroe is.

How can any of Marilyn Monroe's imitators compare with her own unique self? Impossible!

I am neither American nor English, so I think my opinion is quite fair.

ETIENNE MONTSOU
London, England

I am an ardent Corey Allen fan. I admit that I've seen him in only one movie and on television just a few times, but what I've seen really looks promising. Corey is quite versatile and seems to possess that natural type of acting ability that just reaches out to you. With this and his good looks, I am "Vera Cruz" and "Serenade," and she was excellent in both pictures. She is also as pretty as she is talented.

Jack Hunter
West Palm Beach, Florida

Sarita was born in Granada, Spain, March 10, 1932. Brown-haired, with green-brown eyes, she is 5'6", weighs 117 lbs. Before making her American film debut in "Vera Cruz," Sarita appeared in a number of Spanish and Mexican movies. Her next picture is RKO's "Run of the Arrow."—Ed.

A number of years back I saw a movie called "Anna of the King of Siam." Now there is a new motion picture, "The King and I." Would you kindly tell me if this is the same picture with new stars, or an entirely different picture? I believe Ingrid Bergman starred in the old picture. I am very anxious to know the answer to this.

Mrs. Judith Ousbo
Dunmore, Virginia

Irene Dunne played Anna in the 1946 movie, "Anna and the King of Siam," based on Margaret Landon's biography of the same name. Ingrid Bergman was not in the picture. Deborah Kerr is the current Anna in "The King and I," which is a musical version of the same story.—Ed.

I am sure that, given one right break, he would go straight to the top.

B. J. ROBERTS
Decatur, Illinois

Corey has a natural talent; Lori's winning lots of fans; Tim is one cute fellow

Would you please print a picture of Tim Considine who played in "The Private War of Major Benson?" He is so-o-o cute!

Carolyn Giesler
Omaha, Nebraska

We have been having some arguments at school as to whether there were two movies made called "Gone with the Wind," or three—and who played in them. I say there were two movies. My girlfriend says there were three, because she remembers Susan Hayward playing the part of Scarlett. I don't think she did. Am I right?

SANDRA RICHARDSON
St. Louis, Missouri

You are right about Susan not playing Scarlett, although she was tested for the part. Vivien Leigh has been the only Scarlett O'Hara. "Gone with the Wind" was made once, by M-G-M in 1941.—Ed.

QUESTION BOX:

I have recently seen Lori Nelson in several movies and thought her acting was superb. Could you tell me something about her?

Carol Williams
Parkersburg, West Virginia
Blond and blue-eyed Lori won PHOTOPLAY's Choose Your Stars' poll in 1952. Born in Santa Fe, New Mexico, August 15, 1933, she is 5'3½", weighs 108 lbs. Lori's latest picture is "Pardners."—Ed.

Can you please give me some information on Sarita Montiel? I saw her recently in
Could you please give me some information on that wonderful Steve Cochran. I think he's the most!

JUDI STINER
Russiaville, Indiana

Steve is 6'1", weights 175 pounds, and hair from Elvera, California, where he was born May 25. He has brown hair, green eyes, and is still a bachelor. Ed.

I have just read Jubilee Trail, by Gwen Bristow, and recognized it as a picture I have seen within the last two years. Can you please tell me the name of the picture and who played in it?

ANITA JASCOR
Hillside, New Jersey

The picture bears the same title as the book. The cast includes: Joan Leslie as Garnet; Vera Ralston, Florinda Grove; John Russell, Oliver Hale; Forrest Tucker, John Ives; Ray Middleton, Charles Hale; Pat O'Brien, Texas.—Ed.

I have just seen James Dean in "Rebel Without a Cause" for the eighth time. The theme music was very pretty, and I'm hoping you can tell me what it was. Has it ever been recorded?

CAROL ANN SUTTON
Morristown, New Jersey

There were several popular and classical selections throughout the picture, but the main theme, which has been recorded by M-G-M, is "Secret Doorway," a vocal.—Ed.

Some say he is fifty-five years old, others say he is sixty. I guess a really good actor never shows his age, because for fifteen years he has been my favorite actor. He is Humphrey Bogart.

ROY C. BALDWIN
New York, New York

He is actually 56. —Ed.

I am wondering if you can give me the title of a movie that was shown over ten years ago. It was the story of the Bronte sisters. I think John Garfield played the part of the brother. I can't remember who played the sisters. Can you brief me on this?

MARY CHAPMAN
Rockville, Indiana

Going back—ten years to be exact. Warner Bros. made it. "Devotion" is the title. The stars: Olivia De Havilland, Edna Murray, Nancy Coleman, Paul Henreid, Arthur Kennedy.—Ed.

Would you please settle an argument. My brother says Elizabeth Taylor was married to Glenn Davis, and I say she wasn't.

JANET WIGGARD
Gridley, Illinois

She wasn't. She married Conrad Nicholas Hilton, Jr. on May 6, 1950. They were divorced in 1952. In February, 1952, she married Michael Wilding.—Ed.

Will you please tell me if the picture, "Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing," was taken from a book? If so, what was the name of it?

DOROTHY HARTMAN
Indianapolis, Indiana

The name of the novel that the picture was based on is A Many-Splendored Thing, by author Lewis B. M. Suyin. It was published in 1952.—Ed

I would like to know Debra Paget's height, weight and age, also where she was born and her address. If you please.

DANA WINTERS
Medina, New York...
ELIZABETH TAYLOR co-starring in M.G.M.'s "RAINTREE COUNTY"

Readers Inc.
(Continued)

Debra Paget was born in Denver, Colorado, on August 19, 1933. She has red-gold hair, blue-green eyes, is 5'2", and weighs 104 pounds. She is single and can be reached through her studio, 20th Century-Fox, in Beverly Hills, California.—Ed.

I just read an article on British actress Ann Todd, and I was wondering if she is any relation to Richard Todd?

KATE GRANT
Erie, Pennsylvania

No.—Ed.

I just saw the picture, "It's a Dog's Life," and I wonder if you can tell me who spoke for the dog, Wildfire?

Meryl Rayner
Far Rockaway, New York

Vic Morrow.—Ed.

I would like to know if the citizens of Hollywood attend or are permitted to attend Hollywood premiers.

Kathy Shepard
Gloversville, New York

Yes, if they have an invitation.—Ed.

I have just seen "Diane" and would like to know some vital statistics on Roger Moore, who played Prince and later King Henri II. Besides being outstandingly handsome, he is a fine actor.

Scott Nelson
Seattle, Washington

Roger Moore was born in London, England, on October 14. He is 6'2", weighs 175 pounds, has light-brown hair and blue eyes. He made his Broadway debut in "A Pin to See the Freepshow" and his movie debut in "The Last Time I Saw Paris." He is married to Dorothy Squires, one of England's favorite singers. His hobbies include singing, writing, painting, horseback riding and swimming.—Ed.

Casting:

I have just finished reading A Thing of Beauty, by A. J. Cronin. It is a wonderful story about an English artist. Here is my idea of a good cast: Gary Cooper as Stephen Denmonds; Joan Collins as Emmy; and Marisa Pavan as Jenny. J. Davis
Palmdale, California

I believe that several movies have been made from Jack London's novel, The Sea Wolf, but never one in color. I would like to see it made in color with John Wayne as Wolf Larson; Jean Peters as Maud Brewster; Lex Barker as Johnson; and Danny Kaye as Humphrey Van Weyden.

Arthur Stockman
Longmont, Colorado

As a point of interest, The Sea Wolf has been made into a picture four times: In 1922, by Paramount, as a silent film; in 1925, by Face-Triangle, as a silent; in 1930, by 20th Century-Fox; and in 1941, by RKO. —Ed.

I have just read a wonderful book by Margaret M. Craig called Marshe. I think it would make a wonderful movie with this cast: Marshe Whitney, Natalie Wood; Diane Whitney, Kim Novak; Steve Holiday, Robert Wagner; Mrs. Whitney, Barbara Stanwyck; Mr. Whitney, Fred Clark; Katherine Holiday, Jo Van Fleet.

RENATE FEIDER
New York, New York

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. 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.

woodbury make-up glow...liquid magic smooths your skin — makes you pretty...covers tiny flaws. In squeeze bottle. 5 perfect shades. 59c. (all prices plus tax)

In pretty blue-and-gold box, 49c.
In smart ivory-and-gold mirrored compact, $1.00.
7 famous mouths stay ravishing-red...with

**STAY-ALL-DAY**

**Sheer Velvet Lipstick**

These top New York models make a lovely habit of this spectacular new lipstick by Dorothy Gray—Sheer Velvet. *One* application gives ripened richness all day, all night. "Lasts longer than any I've used" say 7 out of 10 women who chose Sheer Velvet in a national test. Slips on like velvet, contains softening ingredients to guard against a dry puckery feel. Also by Dorothy Gray—Super Stay and Creamy Regular types. 14 shades $1.25

You can get Dorothy Gray products in Canada.

For beauty the modern way... Dorothy Gray

The famous fashion models:
1. Nancy Berg
2. Georgia Hamilton
3. Alice Bruno
4. Ann Gimming
5. Mary Jane Russell
6. Dolores Parker
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The famous Dorothy Gray shades:
Right Red—Siren—Queen's Taste—
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**TRIUMPH OVER TOOTH DECAY**

*Crest Toothpaste with Fluoristan strengthens teeth themselves.*

You brush Crest on... it actually goes in... and locks decay out

*Fluoristan® is Procter & Gamble’s exclusive stannous fluoride formula – proven the greatest decay-preventive in any toothpaste.*

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**Fluoristan Makes Possible Crest.** Without Fluoristan, you cannot get maximum protection against tooth decay with a toothpaste. Protects teeth of adults and children, six and over.

**Dentists Tested Crest for three years with 5,673 people.** No toothpaste can end all decay, but Crest set records of decay prevention never approached by any other toothpaste.

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**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.

You brush Crest on... it actually goes in... and locks decay out. Each time you brush Crest on your teeth, Fluoristan builds new resistance to decay into tooth enamel. In this way, Crest actually fortifies and strengthens teeth to lock out cavities—the only toothpaste proved to do so. With Crest, your family approaches the long dreamed-of day of healthy, decay-free teeth.

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PP10-56S
CAL YORK PREDICTS—

Dream Girl: Kim Novak who never forgets people who were nice to me” sent little notes in Europe written in her favorite purple ink. Again in New York Kim called to say hello. “Did you bring Mac Krim?” we asked. “A music cigarette lighter that plays ‘Smoke Gets In Your Eyes’” she answered. Mac, who would have preferred one that plays Lohengrin’s “Here Comes The Bride,” quietly flew to New York to meet Kim. He flew to Hollywood again with the $64,000 question answered.

Brief Encounter: Frank Sinatra in Spain made “The Pride and The Passion,” did catch up with Gardner. Result, no fireworks — no nuttin’. Frankie was ecstatic over the Flamenco dances the Zambra Club, went there nightly to see them. You can bet Hollywood will be seeing them too.
Look Homeward, Ingrid

"I shall come if they want me," said Ingrid Bergman.

Behind those words is a world of headlines, tragedy—and courage. Here's the story of why Ingrid may come home.

Rarely has a woman of sensitivity and intelligence paid such a costly price for happiness as Ingrid Bergman, who, in the summer of 1948, left husband, home and Hollywood career to become first, a target for sensational headlines throughout the world, and then the wife of Italian producer-director, Roberto Rossellini. How often she must have pondered the words of the great Italian writer, D'Annunzio: "Love is a terrible weapon, worse than the bomb. It burns, destroys, leaves nothing behind it."

But there are exceptions, even to the words of the poets. Ingrid Bergman's spirit was strengthened—not broken—by the most bitter of life's tests. The fruits of her love often may have tasted bitter-sweet (who but she knows how many moments of regret and remorse she has lived?), but by sheer force of character and a stubborn faith in the rightness of her actions, she has emerged victorious.

Continued
Rumors still haunt Ingrid. Though there was a reason for arriving at Cannes Film Festival alone (here with friends), she knew denials of marital rift would fall on deaf ears!

"If I could no longer act, I think I should stop breathing," says Ingrid. As Anastasia, directed by Anatole Litvak, she faces American cameras for the first time in eight years.

But all that is in the past. It is the present and the future which now occupy Ingrid Bergman's thoughts and plans. After six years of making films exclusively with her husband, Roberto Rossellini—in which she played everything from a fisherman's wife to an unbalanced neurotic—she has returned to the international fold.

As the tortured woman who tries to prove she is Anastasia, the youngest daughter of the last Czar of Russia, Ingrid is starring in her first American film since she left Hollywood in 1948. "Anastasia" has been adapted from the successful Broadway play, and Twentieth Century-Fox's new production head, Buddy Adler, paid $400,000 for it—indicating how much he thinks of it.

Most of "Anastasia" was (Continued on page 87)
In her apartment in Rome, where the symbols of past triumphs mingle with the mementoes of the present. Her happy marriage is another triumph—over adversity and gossip.

Robertino, the twins, Isabella and Ingrid, travel with parents whenever possible. When they can't go along, Rossellini and Ingrid call them evenings. He even insists on daily wires from them, telling what they are doing!

At Cannes party with Susan Hayward. Hollywood visitors, seeing her for the first time in months, comment on her looks, the happiness that rings out in her laughter.
There was a Boy...

BY BILL BAST
It was during his early years in New York that Jimmy Dean found some of the answers to the self-doubts that tortured him. It was there that he started on the road that led to fame—and tragedy.

In New York, Jimmy proved he could make friends with young actors who, like himself, were struggling to get a foothold in theatre, TV. At top, on the Museum of Modern Art penthouse with Bob Heller, Leonard Rosenman, Bill Gunn, Israel Citkowitz. Left, with Marty Landau. Below, rehearsing for "Woman of Trachis"

PART II

What has gone before: In the first installment of this absorbing story, Bill Bast, who was James Dean's close friend and roommate, told how Jimmy came to UCLA and became seriously interested in acting. He showed that Jimmy was a restless, searching youth, eager to improve his mind as well as his acting ability, and revealed how Jimmy's early association with Hollywood made him decide to move to New York to pursue his acting career. But, even though Jimmy made progress, the thread of loneliness was ever-present, connecting the past with the present, sowing the seeds of his personal tragedy.

Late in 1951, equipped with only a few radio, TV, and movie credits, his meager belongings, a pocketful of change, and a short list of future contacts, James Dean slipped quietly out of Hollywood and headed for New York. He had barely started his career, and

Continued
Slowly, things began coming his way. Slowly, Jimmy began to believe happiness had only begun to develop his mind. But his mental appetite had been whetted, and he was off to a strange new place where he felt he would find much nourishment for both his career and his mind.

The first few months in New York were mildly successful ones for Jimmy. He utilized his handful of contacts and, through them, was able to secure several bit parts on radio and TV programs. Jane Deacy, then of the Louis Shurr office, became his new agent, and in a realistic way she made his future look promising. Slowly, Jimmy found new friends among the actors who hung out at Cromwell’s drugstore in the RCA building and at Walgreen’s in the Paramount building. Financially, things seemed to be in order, to the extent that he even bought himself a new suit, the first in years. Like his new suit, New York fit Jimmy (Continued on page 103)
might be one of them

A student of Roy Schatt's, Jimmy proved to be a gifted photographer.
Here's Why I Love Hollywood

Upon my return to Hollywood, after a two-month vacation, the town's glamour was almost overwhelming—and tremendously welcome. By this I mean, for example, seeing June Allyson tearing down Wilshire Boulevard in her pink convertible, she wearing a pink dress which exactly matched the car, her two laughing youngsters beside her, done up in the same shade of pink. Or Jeff Richards' borrowing Humphrey Bogart's yacht to sail to Honolulu to mend his broken heart over his broken marriage. Or going to the party John Huston gave after the premiere of "Moby Dick" at the Mocambo, where every woman was beautiful and every man handsome, and the center of all eyes was Gregory Peck, the star of "Moby Dick," and his chic, chic wife.

Natalie Wood's heart may belong to Scott Marlowe (this month) but she won't let love interfere with career.

Rita Hayworth, making "Fire Down Below" after long absence from screen, had co-workers glowing with praise.
Before Clark's long hospital vigil when Kay was ill is a story of a man's devotion — and a woman's wisdom.

Tears and cheers greeted John Kerr after seeing him in Bob Anderson's "Tea and Sympathy" with Deb Kerr.

Peck at bat with the "Little League" set, is different guy to the one who adorns the Smart Set with Veronique.

The Bob Mitchums look serious here — but when he says, "Who calls acting work?", don't take him seriously.

A welcome-home sight to Ruth were June, Ricky and Pam (with Dick Powell) in pink car, pink clothes!

Veronique. And what should I see, just a few days later, but Greg — not in evening dress, but in the most casual slacks — at the Father and Son game given by the Little League baseball set. Greg was with his two sons — and with them, Greta Peck, his first wife.

Crazy ... and wonderful, for just the week before returning home I'd certainly not been having any drab old time, either. That week I had been on the tropical island of Tobago, in the Caribbean, where the climate is a constant 80 degrees, day and night, summer and winter, where the sea is pure emerald against the (Continued on page 110)
"It is better," says Pier, "if a husband never knows how his wife manages to look pretty.

Reared in an atmosphere of love, son Perry is a happy baby. Below, with Aunt Marisa and Uncle Jean Pierre Aumont.
And behold—this is my beloved

“For he is mine and I am his.” This is the song in Pier Angeli’s heart . . . this is the way to keep a husband—and a lover

• BY LAURA LANE

It was a very big confession and, as she made it, Pier Angeli looked more than ever like an enchanting little girl.

“Just the other day,” she admitted, clapping a hand over her mouth in brand-new consternation at the memory of the marital crime she had committed, “I have done the most awful thing. A letter came for my husband, but it is in handwriting, not typewritten, and I think the name is ‘Mrs. Vic Damone’ until I open it. And then,” her tone lowered dramatically as she looked about her as though to be sure no one could overhear this dread confession, “I realize that I have opened a letter meant for my husband. I go straight to Vic and I say, ‘I am so sorry, Vic—but see what I have done—I have opened your letter.’” Another pause, and then, sorrowfully, “My husband, he does not say anything. He just looks at me. And I feel so bad—I cannot tell you how I feel—because my husband and I, we do not do things like that. Vic is (Continued on page 100)

“Married people should be not only lovers, but good friends as well, with a deep respect for one another’s privacy”
When Bob Wagner took the plunge into a new type of role it was his way of telling Hollywood they'd got the wrong man tagged as glamour boy!

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

Bob is in "Between Heaven and Hell" and "Boy on a Dolphin"

Few approved Bob's decision to play the heel in "A Kiss Before Dying," with Virginia Leith. But Spencer Tracy told him, "Do your job—give it everything you've got," when Bob played role of Spence's tough younger brother in "The Mountain"
Marrying Arthur Miller in his faith revealed how much the woman yearns to triumph over the legend

In the past, the legend has robbed the woman of friends, love, peace of mind. Will the struggle between Marilyn's two selves go on? Will it be a struggle to the death—of one? And which one will win? The woman—or the legend?

BY DOROTHY MANNING

Once upon a time there were two women. Both of them were very beautiful, and both of them wanted, more than anything in the world, to be loved. One of these women took a child-like delight in the fact that she had a beautiful face and body. She was to become famous for such remarks as, "What do I sleep in? Why, Chanel No. 5," and "I never suntan because I love feeling blond all over."

The other woman, equally beautiful, was more or less fascinated by the dizzying climb to success of the first woman who, in two brief years, became the symbol of sex to millions of her admirers, and an almost equal number of her detractors. This young woman was shy, hesitant, reserved—and terribly lonely.

Both of these women were named, first, Norma Jean Baker, which later became Marilyn Monroe. And the latest thing this "two-in-one" woman did to become just a simple, uncomplicated person, seeking above all else, to love and be loved, was to change her name once more, this time to Marilyn Monroe Miller, wife of the famous playwright, Arthur Miller. Before then.

Continued
Marilyn Monroe and Don Murray in "Bus Stop"
she had made other bold steps toward blending these two personalities into one, once by marrying Joe DiMaggio and another time by breaking with her studio and leaving Hollywood.

Thus was born the story of Marilyn Monroe. It has become the story of a woman vs. a legend, with an equal number of admirers in each camp. There are those who know her hardly at all, who think that the legend—with its fame, its wealth, its admirers and its mink coats—would be rather foolish to try to settle for being a woman. And there are others who know the woman well, who hope with all their hearts that this time—when she has just been granted, so to speak, her third reprieve, her third chance at happiness—the woman will realize that her greatest enemy and the greatest threat to her happiness is this Frankenstein-like legend which has overshadowed and almost obscured the woman.

The final step on this road to becoming known as a woman and an actress first and a symbol of sex last and least will be, of course, when the woman also becomes a mother—because Marilyn has often expressed to friends her wish to have children. And anyone wondering or doubting how sincere is this wish, or speculating as to how good a mother Marilyn will make, would have been interested in a little incident that took place in Phoenix. (Continued on page 96)
At Tibbs Farm, Marilyn will have Royal neighbors—Windsor Castle is only four miles away. The country road nearby leads directly to the Ascot Royal Enclosure entrance to England's famous racecourse.

you into the English house that Marilyn Monroe had hoped to make her first home

One of the guestrooms. All have breathtaking view of velvety lawns, gardens aglow with English flowers.

Dining room. A "wonderful cook from the Channel Isles" will help Marilyn plan her dinner menus.

The Aga Khan rented house for Ascot week. Visitor here is owners' guest, Hon. Mrs. John Coventry.
Win A Grand Prize of $2,000
PLUS MANY OTHER EXCITING PRIZES

Second Set of PHOTOPLAY’S

Clues
25 The hair is a matinee idol
26 The eyes’ fish story is the biggest
27 The mouth is a torchy baritone
28 The hair set a new wave length
29 The eyes belong to a sexy sister in a movie
30 The mouth was once wed to a diminutive comedian
THERE'S STILL TIME to enter this exciting contest. But—to be a winner you must have a complete set of puzzle pictures. So if you missed the September issue, order a copy NOW

Contest Rules

1. In four issues—September, October, November and December—Photoplay is publishing cut-out puzzle pictures of well-known movie actors and actresses. Eight cut-out puzzle pictures appear in each issue. Each picture consists of the hair and forehead of one player, the eyes and nose of another, and the mouth of a third. When these are cut apart and properly re-assembled, the contestant should have eight complete portraits.

2. Clues to the identity of the players are given at the bottom of each picture page. These are numbered to correspond with the number on each section of the cut-out puzzle picture. Each page of pictures has its own set of clues. Do not lose these clues—they are important in identifying the players.

3. In addition to accuracy in assembling and identifying the cut-out puzzle pictures, neatness and originality of presentation will be considered by the judges. All thirty-two cut-out puzzle pictures must be cut apart, assembled, pasted together with the correct name of the player hand-written or typed below. Failure to do this will disqualify the entry.

4. Do not send in any puzzles until you have completed the entire set of thirty-two pictures. Partial entries will not be accepted. This contest ends midnight, December 15, 1956. All entries received from the time the fourth set of pictures appears, in December Photoplay, to midnight, December 15, will be considered by the judges. No responsibility for mail delays or losses will be assumed by Photoplay. Send your entry as soon as possible after the last set of cut-out puzzle pictures is published in the December issue, which will appear on the newsstands on or about November 6.

5. Entries should be mailed to: CUT-OUT PICTURE PUZZLE CONTEST, PHOTOCPLAY Magazine, Box 1647, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. You may submit as many entries as you wish, but be sure that your full name and address are attached to each entry. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

6. The decision of the judges will be final. All entries will become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc. No correspondence will be entered into concerning entries.

7. This contest is open to everyone except employees, and their relatives, of Macfadden Publications, Inc., its subsidiaries or its advertising agencies. Winners' names will be published in the April, 1957, issue of Photoplay.

Cut-Out Picture Puzzle Contest

31 The hair is a glamour boy with villainous intentions
32 The eyes are brown, has one sister
33 The mouth won a pair of silver spurs
34 Other stars dyed, but not this hair
35 The eyes are still married to a famous star
36 The mouth is a woman with designs

Turn page for more cut-out puzzles
37 The hair's best girl is a teenager
38 The eyes are movie-struck on older stars
39 The mouth fought the brave bulls
40 The hair likes long hair and crew-cut men
41 The eyes are bigger than her face
42 The mouth was the heroine in a shipwreck

Here are some of the fabulous runner-up

Lady Buxton
Gift set
For the fastidious gal
—a streamlined jewel
case in saddle cowhide
over steel, with matching leather French
purse and Key-Tainer

Meyer Stoll Inc.
"Kennie" original
For the look that
lingers—on you—a black
ribbed zibelene sheath
cost with reversed
top panel. Sizes 8-18

Ultralite Medallion
Samsonite luggage
For smart traveling—
beauty case and wardrobe
in lightweight magnesium.
In 2-tone colors, they’re
a prize you’ll prize!

Plymouth of Boston
man’s raincoat
Be the best-dressed man
in this Made-in-England
coat of fine Egyptian
yarn, with black and
gold stripe lining. 34
to 46; black or oyster

Trim Tred Wardrobe
of smart shoes
A wardrobe of shoes fit for a prin-
cess! In smart patents, calf,
suede and exciting colors (winner
will be given a choice), these
will keep you stepping out in style
The hair took a famous vacation in Rome
The eyes always look for trouble
The mouth is better known by his initials
The hair is a barefoot girl who went to India
The eyes' real name is a gem
The mouth speaks Dutch, French and English

prizes you may win. Now let's get going!

December Photoplay will contain the fourth and final set of cut-out puzzle pictures and a coupon on which to fill in your name and address—plus the prize you would like to receive if you are a runner-up. This gives you two chances to win a prize—the Grand Prize, or a runner-up prize of your choice. For a complete list of prizes, see page 115.

On pages 62 through 65, you will find the second set of cut-out puzzle pictures. If you missed the first set, printed in September Photoplay, you can obtain a copy of that issue by sending your request, with thirty cents, to: Back Issue Dept., Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.

Remember, do not send in your entry until you have the complete set of puzzle pictures assembled from all four issues. Otherwise, you will be disqualified from this contest. Remember, too, that originality of presentation counts, so get your imagination working!

Underwood DeLuxe Quiet-Tab portable typewriter
You'll be dreaming up things to type on this beauty with its lovely Suntan and Copper 2-tone color styling, modern streamlined improvements

RCA Victor "Personal" TV set
The view is wonderful! The smallest TV made, with 36" sq. screen, built-in antenna, removable stand. Cabinet has handle for carrying, comes in red, gray, ivory or ebony

Motico Asphalt Tile
(324 square feet)
When this goes down, you'll be living in a dreamhouse! Enough to cover 3 average-size rooms, this is just a sample of the exciting designs in lush colors

See next month's issue for more puzzles
The taxi meter was ticking merrily, but the cab was standing quite still at the entrance to Universal-International Studios. The bewildered driver had turned off the motor, pushed back his cap and resigned himself to a long wait.

He had to admit that his passenger seemed like a girl who had all of her marbles. Pretty, too. Nevertheless, he couldn’t help wondering what she was trying to prove. When he’d asked if she was in movies, she’d said yes. However, the policeman at the studio gate was of a different opinion.

At the moment, the studio cop was on the telephone inside the gatehouse. “That’s right,” he was saying. “She says she’s Martha Hyer. It’s just that she doesn’t look like the Martha Hyer I’ve seen in pictures. And she has no identification.”

As he (Continued on page 107)

She was beautiful, talented and her plan was working—up to a point.
People knew her name but—they didn’t know which girl was Martha Hyer!

BY BEVERLY OTT
"Someday, someone will recognize me," vowed Martha. Above, Jack Lemmon, with Photoplay Award that did it.
You can take it as male gospel, says George Nader—these five magic words will have you altar-bound!

BY GEORGE NADER

Winner, along with Barbara Rush, June Allyson, of Compo Award, George admits what he really wants to win is a wife!

Tell a Guy He's Wonderful

• When I finally marry and become the father of a daughter, I shall give her a dowry when she first starts dating. The dowry won't cost me a penny and the chances are pretty good that it will enrich her entire life. What is it going to be? One remark. One simple, little remark—namely, “Aren't you wonderful!”

This, believe me, is all any girl needs to catch a man—if she learns how to speak the remark properly. It gives the plainest girl (and these days, no girl is really “plain” unless she neglects to make the most of herself) a big edge, even over the town beauty. Because the trouble with the town beauty—in your (Continued on page 113)

Two of George's favorite dates are college-educated Martha Hyer, above, and glamour girl Dani Crayne, at right. Smart, as well as beautiful, they know nobody is as interesting to a guy as the girl who makes him seem interesting to her.
When Kim went to Europe she said she’d think about marrying Mac Krim, but the dashing Italian . . .

Count Mario Bandini (at top and above) gave her little time to think of anyone but the Count!

But Kim’s indecision does not extend to leading men—and “romance” with Ty Power was pure publicity

She was charmed by Sinatra but she had enough good sense to know that so were a lot of other girls!

Kim Novak is a girl who has found herself on the receiving end of a good many love songs, these days. Some have been sung in a major key and some in a minor key, and no one but Kim knows the majors from the minors. But while Kim kept her counsel, the dashing Count Mario Bandini and serious, quiet Mac Krim seemed to be the only major contenders for Kim’s undecided heart. However, many of Kim’s friends were saying that her romance with the patient Mr. Krim had simmered down to a friendship. The Count announced that he was planning to visit America, and it was assumed that he would also visit good friend Kim. Will Kim—who has often said, “I need to be in love, to know that somebody loves me”—find that she is indeed in love this time? And in love to stay?

Kim Novak, last in “The Eddy Duchin Story”
when does a husband think divorce is justified?

Has a man the right to demand that a woman be more than a good wife and mother? That she put him above home and security? Do you agree with John Derek’s highly controversial reasons for ending his marriage? 

By Hyatt Downing

John Derek is in “The Loves of Omar Khayyam” and “Showdown Creek.”

“if I’d had any maturity,” says John Derek today, “I’d never have been married in the first place.”

Now that it is all over, John speaks with startling frankness about his seven-year marriage to Pati Behrs. “In my lifetime,” he says seriously, “I have seen few successful marriages. Oh, people put up a front of compatibility and understanding for the world at large to view, but inwardly—at least in most of the marriages I’m familiar with—the bitter, venomous little feuds go on behind shuttered windows, secure from prying eyes. I think a great many married couples endure rather than love each other. Take my own parents! My earliest memories of them are scarred with hate-filled quarrels. They were divorced when I was five. Dad never had a good word to say for Mother, and vice versa. So I started out in life with a pretty jaundiced view of the institution of matrimony.”

John’s and Pati’s romance never was a hearts-and-flowers affair. “I was twenty-one and Pati (Continued on page 92)

Sweater with an elegant air, in kitten-soft Orlon. Pier Angeli, center, wears it with the separate tie knotted, but it takes on another look with its convertible collar open. Here, a pretty eggshell, and lots of other colors. Sizes 34-40. By Premier. About $11.

Right, newest in knits, a handsome white Shetland yarn pullover winning the sweater game this year. 36-40. $11.95. It's Joan Vohs' choice teamed with a flared wrap-around skirt in lightweight wool blanket cloth. No sissy plaid this. 10-16. $17.95. By Pendleton.
YOUNG IDEAS

he sidelines...

The stars root for high score fashion hits


Prints come to sweaters, center, this one a pretty red and green Paisley design knit right into a white zephyr wool cardigan. Joan Vohs wears it, too, as a real-gone jacket for dresses and separates. Comes in other print colors. Sizes 34-40. By Catalina. $16.95

Quite a catch! Barbara Ruick, right, in a dolman-sleeved charcoal Orlon pullover, sprinkled with white Angora coin dots at the yoke and sleeves where they're most flattering. Above, a mock turtle-neck. Your choice of colors. Sizes 34-40. By Tish-U-Knit. About $6

To buy fashions, see list of stores on page 79
against fashion's new subtle tones...your one bold stroke

You'll wear subtle, sumptuous colors this fall...dulled-down greens, smoky taupes, deep, off-beat blues. Colors that cry for a brilliant stroke in your lipstick. Max Factor has created the perfect dazzling lipstick color: Red Contrast. Red Contrast was formulated in Max Factor's Hi-Fi, an entirely new kind of lipstick that makes possible intense high fidelity color that won't come until you take it off. Other blessings: blotting, no waiting for it to set, no drying. It's everything you need for new Fall colors...everything you want in a lipstick. $1.25 plus tax

FASHIONS CREATED FOR MAX FACTOR BY PAULINE TR

newest fashion shade in Max Factor's new hi-fi Lipstick
glamour on the sidelines  

Fashion comes to bat with a new sweater look

“Play ball!” says Barbara Ruick, right, in a sweater strictly whistle-bait, and stolen directly from the boys. In lambswool and Angora, it features a polo shirt’s button-down collar and tab front, but it’s full-fashioned to fit a feminine figure. In luscious pastels and a wide choice of deeper colors. Sizes 34-40. By Hadley. About $19.95

Left, adorable Pier Angeli in a divinely new longish pull-over, vividly striped in red and white, and knit in a herringbone rib effect. The turtleneck, sleeves and band are handsomely sawtooth-edged. Teen sizes 10-16. Also navy and white. About $8. Her matching striped baby doll cap sports a flying pompon. About $2. Both, Regal Knitwear

ESPECIALLY FOR YOUR SWEATERS...

A brand-new shapemaker for the new knit fashions here, a lift for your old favorites. In white cotton broadcloth, the cups are covered with a smooth stretch of Helena nylon, nary a seam to mar the line. Lining the cups, a wisp of foam overlaid with pretty rosebud print. Also solid pink, blue, black. Sizes 32-36 A cup, 32-38 B, 34-40 C. By Lovable. $1.50

To buy these fashions, see stores listed on page 99
glamour on the sidelines...

continued

Get on the ball this fall with winning knits


Signing the winning ball, left, Barbara Ruick’s quite a winner herself in strikingly striped separates of cotton knit. The charcoal sweater top has lighter gray ribbed yoke and sleeves. S, M, L. About $5. Matching slim-line striped skirt, sizes 10-16, about $6. By Smartee


Above right, pretty Joan Vobes proving that sweaters can be feminine. This one’s designed particularly flatter with matching scalloped lace collar, pearly buttons. The yarn, a downy blend of Vicara and wool in pastels and black. Sizes 34-40. By Jantzen. $14.95.

To buy these fashions, see stores listed on page
Cue for glamour!

Festival...new $2 bra with the wonderful lift!

It's soft as an off-stage whisper, yet lifts you up and keeps you up in a new light-touch way. The special wafer-thin undercup lining is a perfect prop for your figure...shapes you when you wear it; shapes the bra when you wash it. And Festival is so dainty, with its shower of embroidered flowers, pretty cotton lace edging! Make your debut in Festival soon! A, B, C cups, $2.
Comfort in fashion—American Modern . . . change-about grace that brings out your own natural charm. Inspiration . . . Skippies revolutionary styles for the shape beneath. For Skippies sheaths your figure in gentle, light elastic, coaxing curves into natural line. No wonder the American woman, best-dressed in the world, prefers Skippies to all other shape-makers. See for yourself. Be fitted at your nicest store.

Skippies by Formfit

ADJUSTABLE LEG BAND . . . newest idea in comfort . . . with 3 adjustments to fit your leg perfectly! Skippies Pantie No. 851. Lightweight elastic with panels front and back. 2-inch waistband. S.M.L. $7.95. Ex.L. $8.95. (Also available as Girdle No. 951. $6.95.) "Life Thrill" Convertible Bra shown, No. 377 in White cotton. Wired underbust and tiny strips of wafer-thin foam rubber for the high, natural look. Wear it strap or strapless, 4 ways! $4.00

THE FORMFIT COMPANY • CHICAGO • NEW YORK • CANADIAN PLANT, TORONTO

BECOMING ATTRACTIONS

Shampoo twosome by Tussey: Bright Tour Liquid Cream Shampoo for normal or oily hair and Bright Touch Deluxe Oil shampoo for dry hair. Both are fast-lathering and leave hair silky and shining. 6 oz., $1.00; 12 oz., $2.0

Help for problem skin and scalp: Shulton new Thylox Medicated shampoo for treatment of dandruff and oily scalp and Thylox Medicated soap and cream for oily skin and acne blemishes. Shampoo, $1.50; soap, 50¢; cream $1

In a light-headed mood? You can become blond or just lighten your hair one or two shades with new Roux Creme Hair Lighten for home use. Depends on how long you leave it on your hair. Use it, too, to add streaks. 50¢

Ar-Ex cream deodorant for those whose skin is allergic to other deodorants and antiperspirants is now packaged in a lightweight, unbreakable, pale blue plastic tube. Especially handy for travel. Scented or unscented. 60¢

All Clear medicated lotion by DuBarry designed to cover skin blemishes while it helps to heal them. Antiseptic action also helps prevent spread of infection. In a medium skin tone to blend with most complexions. $1

*plus
With schooldays upon us again, it's time to catch up on what our favorites have been doing during the summer and what they'll be doing this fall.

**Facts and New Faces:**

RCA Victor has recorded the score from "New Faces of 1956." Leonard Sillman, producer of the show, has assembled an international group of performers, headed by T. C. Jones. Jones is a bald-headed female impersonator who does terrific take-offs, especially on Tallulah Bankhead. Musical director for "New Faces" is Jay Blackton, who won an Oscar for his musical direction of "Oklahoma!" The first "New Faces" album was released in 1952, with much success. Now this new album promises to be even greater than its predecessor.

"With a little bit of luck," you may get to see "My Fair Lady" this year. In the meantime, you can listen to the original score on Columbia, starring Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews. This album has been outselling all others on the commercial market, so if you haven't gotten it, we suggest that you do so immediately! Four of the great songs from the show have also become hits as single records. They are: "I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face," "Get Me to the Church on Time," "On the Street Where You Live," and "I Could Have Danced All Night."

**New Albums:**

"Ella Fitzgerald Sings the Cole Porter Song Book" is undoubtedly one of the best albums to be released in this or any other decade. This two-record set on the Verve label combines two of the greatest talents ever heard. Ella sings thirty-two of the old master's songs, including "Night and Day," "You're the Top," "Let's Do It," and the touching "Love for Sale." Ella tackles each song as it comes along, and at all times gives full import to the words. This is a must.

Joni James, on M-G-M, sings "Let There Be Love" with delicate winsome-ness. Joni has that rare quality which convinces people that what she is singing is true. In this album, she sings such songs as "You're My Everything," "Love Is Here to Stay," and "The Nearness of You," all of which will fill your heart with rapture.

**For Your Collection:**

1. "Casual Love" by The Sixteens on the Flip label. You should flip over this one.
2. On M-G-M, Joni James singing "Give Us This Day." This is a must if you go for tender, warm ballads.
3. Perry Como, for RCA Victor, sings the title song of the movie, "Somebody Up There Likes Me." Perry also sings it in the movie.
4. "I'll Remember," on the Ember label, by The Five Satins. Remember to get this one.
5. Disc jockeys have been asked to give this introduction before playing "The Flying Saucer!": "This takes place in a radio station while a disc jockey is putting on a program. Outside the studio an actual spaceship is making a landing on earth." It's a real crazy side. (Universal)
7. "Hound Dog" is his latest—Elvis Presley, of course, singing out for RCA Victor.
8. The Teenagers have a new one, "I Promise to Remember." (Gee)
9. The Crew Cuts do it again with "Rebel in Town," from the picture of the same name. (Mercury)
10. Peggy Lee is featured on Decca, singing the plaintive "Joey, Joey, Joey," from the hit, "The Most Happy Fella."
"I hit bottom because I didn’t know how to get along with people," admits blond-haired, green-eyed Jody Lawrance, who is fast on her way to becoming a star. "I didn’t understand people and they didn’t understand me. And, once you gain a certain reputation, in Hollywood or anywhere else, there’s a chain reaction. Before I knew it, I had earned that ominous label, 'uncooperative!'"

"Of course," Jody continues frankly, "there’s a reason for everything, and I was no exception. But that’s a lame excuse. You get what you give and, although we can’t change the world, we can change ourselves—if we honestly want to change. After six years of struggling to become a better actress, I started over again. The road has been lonely and rough, but it paved the way, I believe, for all the good things that are happening to me today."

One of these “good things” is Jody’s new, long-term contract at Paramount. Others include her new-founding friends and her peace of mind that has led to an optimistic outlook on life. And, most important, there is Bruce Tilton, an airplane company executive who proposed and married Jody within three whirlwind months.

"Being married to Bruce is the best thing that could have happened to me," says Jody, reflecting on her good fortune. "The timing was perfect, too, because I was
YOUNG IDEAS:
SOCIAL PROBLEM

Jody Lawrance learned from loneliness that a chip on your shoulder can be a wall between you and the world you long to share.

BY JERRY ASHER

Jody's first awakening in life occurred in Fort Worth, Texas, where she was born on October 19, 1930, and raised by her devoted grandparents. While still a young child, she was moved to California and later attended Beverly Hills High School, then a professional acting school. The fact that she was a child from a broken home may have contributed to (continued on page 84)
Wake Up and Give!

(Continued from page 83)

the chip-on-the-shoulder attitude which she later developed.

"No matter what you are or what you do," she sums it up now, "it's terribly important to feel needed and wanted, especially during those formative years. Sometimes you grow up and discover what you've developed a chip that anyone can spot. This automatically creates a defensive attitude and, despite all good intentions, you only succeed in fouling your own up. It happened to me while I was under contract to Columbia Studios."

Typical of Hollywood, there are numerous variations of Jody's unparalleled experiences. But when she tells the story, it really happened, expressive face stintsrictsly mirroring the truth. She modulates her voice while her hands remain motionless in her lap. For a fleeting moment a lost look creeps into her eyes; you sense the loneliness that dogged footsteps along the way. But self-pity is no place in Jody's make-up; she makes bid for sympathy, and yet she exudes a wistful, indefinable something that may you hope and pray she'll never be lost lonely again.

I was born independent," says Jody, "and sometimes this can become a handicap. I must say, however, that I had to do it all over again I wouldn't want to change anything—except to use greater tact, wisdom and diplomacy. More than anything else, I wanted to be a good actress, and my heart was filled with hope when I signed a contract with Columbia.

"Two years and six pictures later I was a very confused and disillusioned girl. There was so much to learn about everything! I needed help and felt, instead of I rapidly heading downhill. A studio is like a great machine and the whee must keep moving. They threw me in pictures such as 'Mask of the Avenger', 'The Son of Dr. Jekyll', 'Ten Tall Men' and other roles that weren't within my limitations at the time."

"Publicity-planned romances and dutches of cheesecake photographs and phony goss items all play an important part in building a Hollywood career," says Jody knowingly. "If you're geared for quick adjustment, I guess you can take it. But it was all new and it made me feel embarrassed and ridiculous. I believed I wasn't doing justice to myself or the studio, and so fought back."

"Now, in all fairness to studios," Jo adds, "they are in business to make money and they don't deliberately set out to harm you. But, I argued, no one benefits this way, so why force me to do the things? Why not do as you're told, think, counteract, and allow me to be the judge of what's good for you? By the time exaggerated stories had made the rounds they had me pictured as a monster directing scenes and rewriting scripts!"

"Now a certain amount of kicked around is good for anyone, I believe, especially when you're vulnerable. You lean to sidestep and respect discipline. But once you get bruised you do become overly sensitive. This helps an actress, her work, if it doesn't go too far. With me it went too far."

"When I reached my lowest level of despair," Jody continues, "I asked the studio executive Maxwell Arnone to release me from my contract. What he said to me then was true—that many girls my age would have given a right arm for the opportunity I was throwing away. Being reminded of my uprootedness, heart, really hurt, and we didn't part on friend..."
I knew that I had justified his faith in me. This kind gesture gave me a new and heartwarming slant on the men who run the picture industry. The way Jody says it reflects how very important her new attitude was to be.

"Free from Columbia," she goes on, "I took the one course that seemed like the answer to my need. Time to study, the opportunity to learn how to get along with people better, and a chance to make a living—of sorts. Robb's restaurant at Beverly and Santa Monica Boulevards needed experienced waitresses who looked neat and attractive. When the chips are down you have to bluff your way, but in my desperation I couldn't have picked a better job. I started working on opening night—and, needless to say, they quickly realized that I had lied about my qualifications."

Jody smiles grimly, remembering what happened. "I didn't know the lingo used in giving orders to the cook, so I held up the service. And, never having worked in the business world before, I had little in common with the other waitresses. So again I went in with a chip on my shoulder, and being too sharp, too impatient and too intolerant of the customers' demands, they were quick to sense my antipathy. Naturally, they complained about me, and I was called on the carpet.

"The customer is always right, they warned me. If you expect a good tip you must grin and take your treatment, good or bad. It's amazing what can happen to people with hungry stomachs, they added. They lose all sense of proportion and a waitress has to accept their abuse and try to protect her own feelings. She learns how to put on a good act and by looking hurt, it invariably makes the complaining customer feel he has done her a great injustice.

"Eventually, I came to realize that, in a sense, it's like giving a performance and it was excellent training for me.

"It was a lonely life, however, working on a graveyard shift—five P.M. to one A.M.—but it left my afternoons free for all the dramatic coaching I could afford. My average pay was twenty-seven dollars a week, with five to ten dollars in tips each night. I know what that money means to a waitress," Jody grins, "so let anyone criticize me for over-tipping today! If a girl wants to know how to judge a fellow, I suggest that she watch how he treats waitresses. Believe me, it's a true test of character!"

After a year at Robb's restaurant, Jody became a waitress at Blum's candy and ice cream parlor in Westwood, then switched to their famous branch in Beverly Hills.

"By the time I had worked a year at Blum's," says Jody, "I had resigned myself to my job, my co-workers, and the customers. It's such a revelation when you stop thinking, 'I'm right and everyone else is wrong!' You relax and the pressure lessens. Of course, you can get a martyr complex when you feel like a misfit—but if you develop a sense of humor. When things go so bad you couldn't get worse, learned how to laugh at myself. Once you've had this experience, you're saved!"

"Far from being ashamed of waiting on tables, I was only afraid people would think I had failed. Oddly enough, and despite my frustrations, I never felt I was a failure in the true sense of the word. So I worked as Jody Goddard, and no one knew I was an actress. Of course, I wasn't associating with people in the picture business, so gents forgot about me. I had little money or pretty clothes and less time for dates."

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YOUNG IDEAS:
CROSSWORD

(Continued from page 85)

Wake Up and Give!

But this lack was compensated by a new hope. At last I began to believe I was ready and equipped to handle a growing acting career.

“What did the future have in store for me? How often I asked myself this! Call it fate, faith—or magic. Something or somewhere was watching for Jody Lawrence! It is said she had worked for TV producer Pat Wisbar before her hectic days at Columbia. He was impressed with her talent and promised Jody he would use her again when the right part came along. And remembered!

Unaware that her career had taken nose dive, Wisbar located Jody’s father and left a message with him. Jody got the job, and was signed for a TV show by Director Michael Curtiz, who was searching for a certain girl for a certain picture. Jody was the one. Where else could it happen but in Hollywood! On brightest Monday morning of Lawrence’s life, she was summoned to Paramount studio.

“I read for the role of Kathie in ‘The Scarlet Hour,’” says Jody ecstatically. “Mr. Curtiz was very kind and helpful. The studio wanted me and I was given a whole new screen test. Yet I was scared stiff—in an exciting sort of way! After ‘The Scarlet Hour’ I did ‘Leather Saint,’ with John Derek, and this one I really had an acting role, so gratifying to feel ready now and longer frightened and unwanted. That I still have a long way to go, I am very lucky girl.”

On the fateful Monday when her real life began for Jody, Jody tried on her new robe, then made the rounds meeting everyone at Paramount. At the end of the day she was an exhausted, starry-eyed girl, but typical of her, she was quite fair is the fact that she showed up for work in Blum’s that night. The very next morning she was in front of the studio cameras and a new bright life. She was a success. She had made it!

“I couldn’t leave Blum’s short-hand without some sort of notice—even though it was only a day’s notice,” Jody explained. “But I must say I was walking on cloud nine after that last night. A waiting room to have touched me, not even my first audience! Wouldn’t you know I’d pick the time to christen a gentleman customer with a nice, goopy, chocolate parfait! It was the most exciting time I ever had, and I must say they would blame him. But it still didn’t matter. I turned on great salty tears and gave Academy Award performance. My act was so convincing, his wife became sympathetic and took me in. So she is her husband who she thought of behavior—and how! It was quite a success. It’s easy to see why, today, every woman knows Jody is rooting for her. Paramount, where they’ve given her no special plans for her, they liken her to a “you Bette Davis.” While Jody is grateful every single thought and gesture, a particular incident touched her heart deeply and her eyes sparkled when she is to you about it.

“A few days after I started at Paramount, the kids I worked with in Blum and Westwood stores. Not even a dozen red roses and wished me luck. They don’t have money like that to throw away—who knows better than I! If those kids think this much of me, I hope and pray that I’ll never let them down.”

Answers to Crossword Puzzle on page 105
Look Homeward, Ingrid

(Continued from page 46)

lined in London, with some location shots in Paris and Copenhagen. During part of the time that Ingrid was working in London, Rossellini was in Jamaica, on occasion for "Seawife," his first British film (to be released by 20th), which stars Don Collins and Richard Burton. However, just before the shooting began, Rossellini bowed out of the picture, because of script disagreements, and rejoined Ingrid in London.

Recently, in one of her rare interviews, Ingrid talked frankly and honestly about what has happened to her in the past eight years. As she gazed across the lunch table in a London restaurant, her sparkling, clear eyes radiated health and contentment.

Explaining Rossellini's premature return to London from Jamaica, Ingrid said, "My husband is not used to working in the traditional manner with a finished script, as he must in this picture. He prefers to be free to change his story line and characterization as circumstances and vents dictate. He uses his camera, rather than dialogue, for conversation. "Actors are often impatient with his methods," she added, smiling mischievously as she named one star who flew back to Hollywood in a rage after making a picture with Rossellini. "I, myself, found rather difficult at first, but I so yearned to make Italian pictures when I went to Italy. You see, to him, actors are less important than the setting."

Ingrid reviewed her husband's career with the pardonable pride and subjective vanity of a devoted wife. She has proved at loyalty and time and again. For years she refused to consider any of the enviable contracts for movies, plays, and TV shows offered her, if it meant her film partnership with Rossellini.

Nevertheless, her steadfast loyalty must have been jolted many a time, as their joint efforts met with continual critical and financial setbacks. But never once did Ingrid veer from the path she had chosen—to share her life and her great talents with the man whom she had defied the world...

Ingrid refused the dish of bread and ok a forkful of scrambled eggs. "No, don't diet," she said, "I eat whatever pleases me. I will admit this is a bit of relief from the Italian dishes I've accustomed to. When my husband is with me, he insists upon eating Italian food. It isn't matter in which country we may travel."

This is the first time we have been parted from our children (Robertino, 2, and the twins, Isabella and Ingrid, 16) for any length of time," she went on, "but we could not deprive them of our summer on the sea. It is so lovely at our beach house in Santa Marinella. We can swim every day, and they have their dogs and birds to play with and keep them company. It would have been unfair to bring them to London and Paris and set them down in a hotel in the middle of the summer."

"But," she smiled, "we speak to them on the phone almost every evening, and my husband insists that they send us a telegram every single day, telling us they have done. Of course, it is difficult for young children to think of nothing different to say that often, and sometimes they forget to write us. When that happens, Roberto calls them because he is worried something may have happened to them. Frankly, he calls them...

"it's a woman's privilege... to change her mind..."

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-even when we do receive the telegram!-

Ingrid's smile injected a ray of sunlight into the gloomy interior of the hotel restaurant. More stunningly handsome than ever, her flawless skin untouched by a trace of make-up, except for a dab of lipstick, she was the very image of the Ingrid Bergman of legend, but combined with health and vigor and natural beauty.

She was slimmer than Hollywood remembers her, and tastefully dressed in a Paris-styled gray silk suit and her customary flat-heeled shoes. Her nails, cut short, showed not a hint of tinted polish. On her left hand, she wore a plain gold wedding band; on the small finger of her right hand was a large diamond ring which matched her necklace. Her silken blond hair was twisted into a becoming chignon.

Anastasia" is the second movie Ingrid has made during her husband in the director's chair. The first, which she

finished last spring, was "The Red Carnation" (to be released by Warners), directed by Jean Renoir.

It is doubtful that Ingrid would have agreed to make "The Red Carnation" if Rossellini hadn't urged her to do it. "Jean Renoir and I are old friends," says Rossellini, "and I think he's one of the greatest directors in the world. I told my wife she couldn't turn down a chance to make a picture for him."

There was no battle or great struggle on my part, because Ingrid to make "The Red Carnation,"" Jean Renoir told me, "when I cornered him in his Paris studio, where he was busily editing the film. "It resulted from an easy conversation with her and Roberto one afternoon last summer when I was visiting them."

"She said to me then, 'If you find a story I like, I'll be delighted to make it.' So I wrote 'The Red Carnation,' a story about a beautiful, impulsive wife, the breaker of men's hearts. Ingrid liked it, but I thought it was too dramatic. I thought first international picture, after so many years in Italy, should be a comedy. So I rewrote it, and the like second version, too. It was as simple as that."

As soon as Ingrid and Rossellini started working on separate projects, the rumors were revived that never Inf had worked together again. "Nothing is further from the truth," said Ingrid, as she sipped her glass of milk, making a vey face when she discovered liquid was still and was still lukewarm. "Oh, what I wouldn't give for a glass of sweet, cool milk as American, she sighed.

"Getting back to my husband. Of course, we'll make a film together, probably next year. It might every comedy. Roberto has never directed a comedy before, but he knows the so well made 'The Red Carnation,' he is going to concentrate on a comedy theme."

Hand-in-hand with the stories about the Rossellinis' professional break-up have been the rumors about a marital split-up. They have denied this so often, singly and together, privately and publicly, that they have just about killed the voices crying in the wilderness. Rossellini, usually easygoing and affable, hopes to quash the rumors once and for all by stating, with emphasis, "We are happy together, professionally as well as personally. These pictures are making apart are just a short interval in what we hope will be a long life together, during which we will collaborate on many more films."

"This working apart," says one of the Rossellinis' close friends, "is probably the best thing in the world for their marriage. It will give them a chance to breathe, each in a different artistic atmosphere, and to re-evaluate themselves, artistically as well as personally."

"Ingrid and Roberto," says another intimate friend, "were destined to meet love each other. Of course, the different in character, he is typical Italian, volatile and violent, and she is a perfect English lady. It is not a bad mixture."

If confronted with a b-wall, Roberto would get to the other by going around it. Ingrid would cut right through. But they are both artistic, we complement each other perfectly."

Nevertheless, one of them has only made a public appearance, unaccompanied by the other, and the tongues begin to wag. Inigo, in fact, attended the Cannes Film Festival, Ingrid attended a cocktail party alone. This, to the gossip was, an undisputed proof that she and Rossellini were breaking up. The truth was that Ingrid had arrived by train, Rossellini and Rossellini had followed her down his Ferrari racer. Because of the children, Ingrid will never fly or accom Rossellini alone, and so the rumors are rare for very long.

When costume fittings for "Anastasia" required Ingrid to be in Paris, while Rossellini had to stay in London, she continued to work on the film. So often cities every other day. "I'm so used trains," she laughs, "I sleep better then in my bed." On the first day's shooting of "Anastasia" in Paris, Rossellini left to go to his own film in London to be at her side. Rossellini feared the possible of the scores of onlookers, many of the big names in Hollywood, who crowded banks of the Seine that night.

Director Anatole Litvak paced up and down the sidewalk to Ingrid's hotel. Ingrid was finishing her make in her portable dressing room. The hound gardener, who finally emerged difficult to recognize as Ingrid Bergman. He convulsed laughter, it was like her face. Her eyes were heavy and dark a fatigue, and her skin was drawn matted in a thousand lines. She wore ill-fitting old coat and a shapeless skirt. A knotted shawl clung to her head.

Ingrid chatted daily with her husband and co-star Yul Brynner until there was a moment alone. Then they rushed back to the set and gave full instructions to the crew. He turned Ingrid, smiled, and nodded his head. "On set, Ingrid dear," he said quietly, "hust fell over the crowd."

Ingrid Bergman, once the won highest-paid actress and often named greatest, stepped forward. She was all face to face with an American camera the first time in eight years. And the shot, shot, shot..."

When Ingrid was there for dialogue Words were as superfluous here as symphony. Ingrid's eyes and gestures movements told the story.

"Cut! cried Litvak. The scene was over. Ingrid walked over and seated her chair. Muffled murs passed through the mass of spectators, most them men and women of the acting world."

"Oh, oh, man, what an actress!" said a bystander.

Ingrid's last line to this way: "Ingrid is a born actress. Believe me, there are
"Ingrid is more than an actress," Mel adds, "she is a creator. I have seen her play one scene in two or three different ways, and each one was as valid and logical as the other. She had a fresh approach because she was doing more than interpreting, she was creating.

"And she loves every minute of working," says Mel. "She has an extraordinary sense of participation; she can't stand to leave the set in-between takes, just likes to stand around and chat with the crew and remain a part of the production. She has a great sense of fun, too. Making the film with her was a round of laughter, off-screen as well as on.

"Anastasia" didn't get under way without Ingrid indulging in a little personal joke. When Anatole Litvak arrived for the first night's shooting, he found a tiny ladder, all tied with a pretty ribbon, next to his director's chair. "Now you can direct me without having to look up at me," five-foot-eight Ingrid laughed. Usually she plays with her shoes off. "The Red Carnation," in which she played opposite six-foot-five Ferrer, was one of the few films during which she was able to keep them on.

Skipping dessert, Ingrid took a cigarette out of her bag and lit it. "I'm on vacation when I work," she said. "When I'm not working, I'm obliged to lead a very active social life. Friends are always calling me to go to tea or shopping, to cocktail parties. I have a horror of social functions. But when I'm not making a picture or in a play, I have no excuse. I must attend them. Now I can turn them all down without hurting anyone's feelings. Oh, it's wonderful to be back in harness. I feel as if I had suddenly come alive."

Mel Ferrer, seeing her recently for the first time in months, commented on her appearance. "Tell me, Ingrid, how do you manage to look so young and beautiful?" he asked. "If it's true," Ingrid answered with a laugh, "perhaps it's because I'm back at work."

Her taste for activity was being gratified—for, at the same time she was making "Anastasia," she was preparing for "Tea and Sympathy," which she will play in French this fall on the Paris stage.

However, Ingrid figures as more than just the star of this play. She has helped with the translation from English into French, advising on the decor and costumes, and served as a general technical consultant on American customs. "The translator has been very understanding about my suggestions," she said. "His first adaptation was too French in text and shape. American plays have never been very successful in France, and I feel that our one chance to bring this off is to retain an essentially American atmosphere, rather than simply translating the plot and characters to French soil. Fortunately, I know American slang and dress and reactions to certain situations, so I was able to make some recommendations."

"Of course," Ingrid laughed, "it would help if my French were just a little better." Actually, Ingrid speaks French fluently, with only a hint of the same Swedish accent she has in Italian and English. Since her marriage to Rossellini, she has become an accomplished linguist, and the entire family converse with each other in Italian and French, and on occasion, in English.

"I can't tell you how much this play means to me, and how badly I want it to succeed," Ingrid continued. "The theatre is very important to me. After making films for several years, I find it essential to return to the stage. During
the ten years I lived in America, I made it a rule to do a play every four years. I needed the change and the contact with the audience, the nightly absorption in the role which excludes all outside influences. After a year on the stage, I can return, fresh and stimulated, to the screen.

"The limitation of the theatre is the free time it allows Ingrid to be with her children. "This winter I shall have the whole day to spend with them," said the actress. "I don't want to go to school, and we shall probably look for an apartment, although we have no serious objections to hotel life, except for the inconvenience of not having a kitchen."

"They have been living in hotels; they've been living in them since they were babies. As a matter of fact, they are rather fond of the Raphael in Paris, where we stayed for many months during the shooting of 'The Red Carnation.' In their little minds, that hotel has become a Paris landmark, and they are quite certain that the Eiffel Tower, which they call the Raphael Tower, is somehow connected with the hotel."

Putting action to words, Ingrid demonstrated her ordeals by waving her legs around the table, then curling them up behind the chair, and finally, turning completely around to face her neighbor.

Her chuckle was warm and spontaneous. It invited participation. The other lunchers turned to look at this magnificent woman whose gay laughter rang out like a death knell of the so-called professional smile. And although it is a fine film, I frankly don't think it will make a good movie.

Now that Ingrid has shown her willingness to work with others besides Rossellini, she has been floated with professional and personal proposals. But she hasn't made up her mind about any of them. Jean Renoir admits that I would like to make another picture with him. Ingrid is still very much a child, and although she would like to make another film in France, as she says, "I would like this one to be exclusively French and not a double version as The Graduate."

Then, of course, there is the project nearest her heart, making a picture with her husband, which they are likely to undertake after her return from India. "If we have a child," she said with a beautiful smile, "He has been invited by the Indi- government to do a series of documentaries, and he has his heart set on doing it. But there was always some reason for postponing our plans."

Ingrid has worked out a program of study and play for young Roberto and the twins, which they follow under the supervision of a nurse and governess, whom they have chosen. The Rossellinis' apartment in Rome's smart residential Parloili section, their summer home in Santa Marinella, or on the road with their traveling parents. No matter how hectic her schedule, Ingrid manages to be with her children a great part of the time. They never have the impression that they are second billing to a busy career.

An eye-witness describes a scene which was the latest occurrence in the Rossellini hotel apartment in Paris last winter. Ingrid Bergman, her long legs curled under her, sat in the middle of the floor. Around her were gathered Roberto, a handsome, intelligent nine-year-old, and the twins, who replied to Ingrid, the other just like Rossellini; and Renzo, Rossellini's son by his first marriage. As the children laughed and clapped and shouted, Ingrid deftly made her way into a tepid rose and re- counted in Italian the adventures of the fierce bandit and the brave policeman.

"More, more, Mother!" cried the children in unison.

"No, no, Mother, it is time for your walk to the Bois, and I must take my French lesson."

Adherence to a tightly regulated schedule gives Ingrid leisure hours with her younger persons. She indulges in her pet pastimes: the theatre and old-time movie classics. She is a member of a Paris cineclub, where she has often led bull sessions on the art of movie-making; she is a regular attendant at the UNESCO showings of silent-movie classics; and she has been a regular play on the Paris and London boards.

"Theatre-going in Paris can sometimes be a weary experience," laughed Ingrid, "especially for anyone with legs as long as mine could be expected to straddle and sit between aisles very narrow."

The other evening I saw 'War and Peace' in German at the Drama Festival, and I gave up after three hours."

"Putting action to words, Ingrid demonstrated her ordeals by waving her legs around the table, then curling them up behind the chair, and finally, turning completely around to face her neighbor."

Her chuckle was warm and spontaneous. It invited participation. The other lunchers turned to look at this magnificent woman whose gay laughter rang out like a death knell of the so-called professional smile. And although it is a fine film, I frankly don't think it will make a good movie.

Now that Ingrid has shown her willingness to work with others besides Rossellini, she has been floated with professional and personal proposals. But she hasn't made up her mind about any of them. Jean Renoir admits that I would like to make another picture with him. Ingrid is still very much a child, and although she would like to make another film in France, as she says, "I would like this one to be exclusively French and not a double version as The Graduate."

Then, of course, there is the project nearest her heart, making a picture with her husband, which they are likely to undertake after her return from India. "If we have a child," she said with a beautiful smile, "He has been invited by the Indi- government to do a series of documentaries, and he has his heart set on doing it. But there was always some reason for postponing our plans."

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CASTS
OF CURRENT PICTURES

AMBASSADOR’S DAUGHTER, THE—U.S. Directed by Norman Krasna; Joan, Olivia de Havilland; Danny, John Forry; Mrs. Margot, Myrna Loy; Senator Cartwright, Adolph Menjou; Al, Tommy Noonan; Prince Nicholas O’Mara, Francis Lederer; Ambassador Fiske, Edward Arnold; General Harvey, Minor Watson.

BANDIDO—U.S. Directed by Richard Fleischer; Wilson, Robert Mitchum; Luis, Ursula Thiess; Escobar, Gilbert Roland; Kennedy, Zachary Scott.

BIGGER THAN LIFE—20th. Directed by Nicholas Ray; Ed Acers, James Mason; Lorn, Barbara Rush; Wally, Walter Matthau; Dr. Weston, Robert Simon; Richie Acers, Christopher Olsen; Dr. Gurney, Roland Winters; La Pote, Rusty Lane; Nurse, Rachel Stennens; Pat Wade, Kino Hamilton; Mrs. La Pote, Betty Heddle; Mrs. Jones, Virginia Carroll; Mr. Jones, Renny McConwy; Mr. Ryan, Bill Jones; Joe, Lee Aaker; Freddie, Jerry Mathers; Nancy, Portland Mason.

BURNING HILLS, THE—Warners. Directed by smart Hustler: Trace Jordan, Tab Hunter; Maria Colton, Natalie Wood; Jack Sutton, Skip Homeier; Jacob Lantz, Edward Franz; Mort Bakter, Earl Holliman; Bea Hindeeman, Claude Akins; Joe Sutton, Ray Teal; Joe Persico, Frank Puglia.

FIRST TRAVELING SALESLADY, THE—RKO. Directed by Arthur Lubin; Rose Gilroy, Ginger Rogers; Charles Masters, Barry Nelson; Molly Wade, Carol Channing; James Cortes, David Brian; Joel Kington, James Arness; Jack Rice, Clint Eastwood.

AST WAGON, THE—20th. Directed by Delmer Daves; Ted, Richard Widmark; Jenny, Felicia Farr; Mr. Kane, Susan Kohner; Billy, Tommy Rettig; Patinda, Stephanie Griffin; Chet, Ray Stedknly; Ridge, Nick Udinn; General Howard, Carl Benton Reid; Colonel Douglas Kennedy; Bull Harper, George Hamilton.

ISBON—Republic. Directed by R. Milland; Capt. Robert John Evans, Ray Milland; Sylvia Merrill, Laureen O’Hara; Asteridee, Marva; Claude Rains; Fiona Maddeloua Manon, Yvonne Furneaux; Susan, Frances Lederer; Lloyd Merril, Percy Marmont; Joe Casimiro Fonseca, Jay Novello.

JUST FOR LIFE—M-G-M. Directed by Vincent Minnelli; Vincent Van Gogh, Kirk Douglas; Paul August, Anthony Quinn; Ike Van Gogh, James Donald; Christine, Pamela Brown; Dr. Gachet, Everett Sloane; Rovin, Wail MacGinnis; Anton Maurice, oel Percell; Theodore Van Gogh, Henry Daniell; Rosa Cornelio Van Gogh, Madge Kennedy; Wilhelmina, Jill Bennett; Dr. Peyron, Leon Jeffries.

RIVIERA PROGRESS—Routing Bros. Directed by John Boulting; Ceo, Richard Attenborough; Bert, Tracey Ullman; Dennis Price; Major Hitchcock, Jerry-Manson; Stanley Windward, Jan Carneel; John, Peter Jones; Sgt. Sutton, William Hartnell; Mr. Roots, Thelma Walters; Frederick Green Slate, II Adams; Private Horrockes, Ian Bannen.

AW EDGE—U.S. Directed by John Sherwood; Tex Irby, Rocky Callhan; Hannah Montgomery, Yvonne Carlos; Paa, Mara Corday; John Randolph, Rex Carson; Tapp Penny, Neville Brand; Ray Penny, Mike Meyer; Gerald Montgomery, Herbert Rudley.


MON AND LAURA—Rank. U.S. Directed by R. Harry; Simon, Peter Finch; Laura, Kay Kel- lidle; Prudence, Martha Scott; Delia, Maurice Denham; Burton, Hubert Gregg;状, Thora Hird.

OLD GOLD CADILLAC, THE—Columbia. Directed by Charles Vidor; Marv Parrado, Judy Hay; Edward J. McKeever, Paul Douglas; Elder Eil, John Boles; John Bellingen, John Wil- son; Henry Huggins, Sherm McKauley; Angela, Neva Patterson; Warren Will, Ralph Mox; Sid, Ted North, Ray Collins; Justin, Thur O’Connell.

ORM CENTER—Columbia. Directed by Daniel Radach; Alicia Hill, Belle Davis; Paul Duncan, Ian Keith; Martha Lockridge, Jan Hunter; Judd, Robert Eberwe; Paul Kelly, Freddie Slater, Kevin mullen, Andrew Duggan, David, Ian Carmichael; John, Maurice Denham; Burton, Hubert Gregg;状, Thora Hird.

WILDER YEARS—M-G-M. Directed by R. Rowland; Steve Bradford, James Cagney; Ann Blyth, Barbara Stanwyck; James Duryan, Wall- lace Pidgeon; Sylvia, Betty, Lan Kent; Mark, Don Danes; Mr. Spottisworth, Edward Andrews; Judge, All Rayclet; Rev. O’Driscoll, Granada Rhodes; Old Driver, Will Wright; Dr. Miller, Lewis Martin; at Martha, Dorothy Adams; Hardware Clerk, lan Jones; Traffic Cop, Herb Vigran.

WILD THE PEOPLE LAND—U.S. Directed by Hisbro; John F. Clum, Audrie Murphy; Tana, Mary Jane, Mavy Davis, Pear Grady; Tom Ravy, Charles Drake, Naples, Tommy Ray; Edge, Robert Warwick; Germaine, Jay Silverheels.

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When Does a Husband Think Divorce Is Justified?

(Continued from page 72) was twenty-three—I think," says John, "and soon after we met at 20th, where Pati was under contract, we took off for Las Vegas and were united in a three-minute ceremony by a Justice of the Peace. The guy mumbled, and I didn't hear a word he said. But it wasn't long after that, that I began to be vaguely conscious of a slight chafing in the tie that is supposed to bind.

"Love? How should we know?" John shrugs his shoulders. "Although we went together for nearly a year, Pati and I really didn't know each other. I was a young punk who'd had too much luck in my first picture, 'Knock on Any Door.' Suddenly, having done very little to deserve it, I was a star.

"And Pati? Well, women are different. They're born wise, knowing precisely what they want, which is a home, a husband, and security. They can honestly love a man; but emotion, passion, are nearly always tempered with judgment.

"I don't mean to imply that I was any great bargain. But I was young, healthy, and seemed to have a good enough future. On the other hand, Pati was much more hopeless about the whole thing than I was. I think she loved me. But I—carried away by an emotion I didn't understand, wanting what I thought I wanted that minute, not tomorrow, I hesitated to ask myself, 'Am I truly in love?'"

"Looking back on it now," John reflects, "I see that ours was a marriage doomed to failure from the moment that Justice of the Peace said I pronounce you man and wife." But Pati, born in Turkey and reared in France, had a much more realistic, continental view of marriage. She was prepared to work at it while I, governed almost completely by impulse, didn't actually know what I wanted. Pati was more mature than I—certainly in an intellectual sense—and she was much better educated. She also possessed a quicker mind. She proved this later, when friction started—she won all the arguments.

"It's no secret that, during their seven years of marriage, John and Pati were engaged in battles which, by comparison, would make some championship boxing bouts seem like friendly scuffles. Now the bell of the final round has rung, and the contestants have retired from the marital ring spiritually, if not physically, bruised. Both of them admit defeat. Neither is happy over the outcome, yet they both feel that, for them, divorce was the smart but only solution, and they have reached an understanding that was completely lacking in their marriage.

"Seated in his bachelor apartment which has been home for him since last fall, John leaned forward in his chair, picked up a magazine on horses and absentmindedly thumbed through it. "Beautiful animal," he said, holding up a picture of a stallion, poised as if ready for flight. "Horses are so much more understandable than human beings.

"Tossing the magazine back on a table, John clapped his hands nervously between his knees. "I'd like to clear up one thing right from the start," he went on. "A lot of rot has been printed about the 'other woman' in this case. Ursula Andress, the girl everyone insists on dragging into the picture, had not one thing to do with the smash-up of my marriage. I didn't even know her at the time Pati and I first fell in love. You can see the difference, intellectually, long after things were over between Pati and me. Since then we have become friends, yes. Ursula is a good companion. She enjoys riding, pistol shooting and swimming. In fact, she likes everything I go for. She's a man's girl—competes with me in outdoor things, but never to the point of personal rivalry.

"Do I intend to marry Ursula? Certainly not for a while," John said, "I don't want to marry anyone. Now that I'm free, I intend to remain so."

"John Derek's views on life and marriage are, to say the least, interesting and unusual. He believes that life, for the average man, is a hard, trouble-ridden journey, and his one consolation is to enjoy himself when the opportunity presents itself. John has consistently pursued this philosophy. An alert young man with a good mind, his pleasures have sprung almost entirely from physical action. For him, swimming, water-skiing, pistol-shooting, archery and, best of all, the feel of a good horse between his legs on a tearing gallop, is about the peak of human enjoyment.

"John's notion of the most ideal existence would be to live on a big ranch, well stocked with the finest horses, enough cattle to support the stable, and two or three good hunting dogs to accompany him when the quail and grouse season opens. And no women within shouting distance! Not that John bar the women from his life. He just wants to be with them only when he feels the need for human companionship.

"Today, John maintains, marriage is surrounded by legal restraints andwives are so finicky that the whole business is a bore. "A breadwinner is in constant danger of being served with a subpoena if he so much as glances at some alluring miss wh whimpers for his help along his path. If he happens to be in a higher income bracket, a man can nick him for his bankroll and reduce him to near-poverty through court action which gives her a 50-50 cut on everything he makes." All this says John, tends to create suspicion and dissension in the marriage arrangement. The time will come, he firm, believes, when men and women, through mutual agreement, will grant each other greater freedom, a freedom that thus emerge as more complete individuals and therefore more admirable human beings.

"Another element which John found completely absent in his own marriage, was Pati's love. As an example, he cites the building of a new pony stable for him at his big hill-top house. The pool, he says, was a dilly—over 60 feet long and wide enough for an aquatic meet. When it was completed, John took it out and look it over while he stood by palpitating with eagerness. She glanced at the layout, he said, then murmured, "Yes, it's quite beautiful," and went back to the living room.

"So, Pati's shortcomings, John is not blind to his own. He freely admits that his gravest faults sprang from his inability to consider the effect of his impulsive actions on the family environment. As a result, he said, "I want it at once, not next week or next month. By then, if I get it, the sheen has worn off. I've exhausted my capacity to enjoy the thing, whatever it may be."

"Take that boat, for example. I went to the sportsman's show, saw this little craft and wanted it. I didn't have any money—I always broke, you know—but I found I could buy it on time. The boat was handsome, but I didn't need it. I'd never push her through the water about 32 knots an hour. Well, I bought never thinking of the other bills hang over my head, and after I got it I wanted it worse than I could afford it, but I did get a tremendous wallop out of the little craft, and later I'm going to race her.

"But you see," he went on, "business wise there wasn't a good bet. It was the sort of thing that made living with a pretty difficult for Pati. She would economize, go without pretty clothes and near all the little extravagances that men women interesting and attractive. In order to keep our home shop open, she never asked me to do these things; she simply wanted our house to be well-managed, run smoothly. She was a wise, excellent mother to our two children, a conservitive, while I was an extremist, i

Alone in his bachelor apartment, John has little but memories, and his "freedom."
spender of money I had yet to earn, you who just wanted to be happy in one way. The truth is, I suppose, that just not suited for marriage. And I and I had not one thing in common. Did her best, I'm certain of that, to our marriage work, and maybe I'll try hard enough. But the odd thing that now, when it's all over, we're friends, more understanding, than have been. At first Pati was very bitter red Ursula, but now that she realizes Ursula, D. of becoming entangled in another. And while he states, without reservations, that marriage does not enter into his plans for the future, he seems incapable of pursuing a definite unwavering course. Although he earnestly declares that all he wants from life is happiness, John isn't certain in his own mind exactly what happiness is. Currently he defines it as living to the fullest, doing what comes naturally, envisioning the goal of a free-flown existence on a ranch of his own. "I just want to live my own life without hurting anybody," he says, not realizing, apparently, that in this complex world such an ideal has yet to be achieved, in or out of marriage.

Thus at thirty, with "everything"—wife, home, successful career, lovely children—John Derek felt that, in spite of all the heartache that might ensue for everyone, there was no other recourse for him and Pati but the final surgery of divorce. Obviously it was not a step he took lightly, but on the other hand, one may question John's definition of marriage, and his feelings about a wife's duty to her husband, and ask whether any wife—no matter how loving—can live for her husband alone?

Certainly it's true that no one can live for himself alone and find happiness. But perhaps that's a lesson John Derek is only now learning, and one on which his future happiness—eventually in another marriage—will be based.

The End
in a picture in which he's personally interested, you can't be paid a finer compliment. To me, that's a truer measure of success than anything else. That's why he stuck with the 'Mountain.' "Bob tried to thank Spencer, to tell him how indebted he was to him. There's only one way you can pay me back," Tracy added. "Do your job. Put everything you've got into every scene—no matter how small it is."

Inspired by Spence's faith in him, Bob had no fear in co-starring with "The Pro," and after Tracy had actually made himself a two-man picture. "Spence is so great to work with, so believable, he gives you confidence. He has a great feeling for whether something's right or not, and I think what was doing in a scene wasn't right, Spence would tell me.

Spencer has told associates that he considers Bob Wagner potentially a very big star and "the best of the younger group." Director Eddie Dmytryk, who also directed Bob in "Broken Lance," says that in addition to his physical attributes, his personality, and proving himself at the box office, "It was a real toughie. He had to come up with it. And it's a double feature." And Gerd Oswald, who directed "A Kiss Before Dying," in which Bob gave a fine performance in a very difficult part, heartily agrees. "Spence got out of me what I think is one of the most convincing performances I've ever seen."

Gerd Oswald says now. "Bob's so sensitive and intelligent. You've got to reach him, but once you really get to him—he goes.

Although there were skeptics who were sure Bob would be in over his depth in "A Kiss Before Dying," director Oswald had no doubts whatsoever. Nor did Mona Freeman, who made the original test with Bob. "I knew he could do it, and me to get the part of the pregnant girl in the picture, and he wanted me to make the test with him. It was the scene just before he pushes the girl off the roof, and you'd have to be unaffected in that kind of scene."

The girl had to call him to the off-phone. He had a very long walk in," B laughs now. "The girl's voice was thin and thick with sleep. When you realize he's only through his early teens, it makes you alarmed. "What's the matter, Bob? Who wants you?"

"I heard you were in an accident," Bob began lamely.

"No, Bob. I'm really all right. Weed all right," he said warmly, and went and wended his way back to bed.

This is the Bob Wagner that children in the hospitals he visits know—and that really get through to him. Frequent without fanfare, Bob visits many children's hospitals and the hushed wards in veterans' hospitals that few people ever see. For his part, he doesn't think twice about it. "You see, it's been such a shock, and I've found it so hard for others to get through to them. times, Bob is still the boy who went in motion pictures a few years back, the boy who seemed nowhere that shy and sound behind his camera to shoot for the moon. A great deal of that shyness still exists, as does the star-struck attitude even though he's now a star. He would impress himself, for instance, for the reception he received in Europe.

"Monseür Robert," as the French call him, was pretty overwhelmed with the fact that he was even recognized over there. "You know how far I went..."

(Continued on page 57)
be the girl with the
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Admittedly, he hasn’t played a game of
golf in seven months, explaining, “I've
decided I can't be a good golfer and be
a good actor.” He's thought of getting a
fishing boat, “but with the pictures com-
ing up, there wouldn't be any time to
fish.” And he no longer has any plans for
buying a house. “If you have a house you
can't just shut it up, you have to use it,”
says—and where’s the time? Far more
exciting to Bob are the backgrounds
and the changing worlds of the characters
he portrays on the screen.

Recently, Bob signed another year's
lease on the attractive two-bedroom
apartment near his studio, and he's even
taken in a couple of roomers. “Birds,”
said, of the chirping from the chimney
of the flagstone fireplace. “They build
their nests there at this same time every
year.” He has a cleaning woman come
in twice weekly and he’s completely un-
interested in any domestic details.

Marriage still seems as far away as it
was for the boy whose whole heart was
devoted to this exciting new world. As
he would say then, “I want to be success-
ful first. You know, have a future and
really know where I'm going.” And he
earnestly says now, “I don't want to get
married until I know whether I've really
got a future in this business or not.”

Whether he has a future in this business
or not—only Bob Wagner would still
wonder.

There's Someone Upstairs who guides
you, he concludes. “In my belief, He takes
care of your life and He puts you in your
place.”

During the past year, Bob’s "place" has
become the all-important plateau in his
career. He's had a look into the "Promised
Land," and the Robert Wagner you know
has dedicated himself to belonging—and
staying—there.

The End
Arizona, during the making of “Bus Stop.”

Seldom has a star worked under greater stress and strain. For instance, when “mob scenes” were called for the mob (mostly local people, hired on the spot) mobbed Marilyn, their cameras poised, instead of mobbing the rodeo stadium as they were meant to do. With hoarse voice and short temper, Dina Merrill Logan had to remind these good people that they were to do the job for which they were hired, while the Assistant Director, Milton Greene, who is Marilyn's official vice-president of Marilyn Monroe Productions, went about the job of separating the star from her enthusiastic admirers.

To complicate things further, Marilyn was suffering from the near-tremendous exhaustion which afflicts her whenever she's making a picture. Whenever possible, she would slip away for a rest from the noise, the confusion, the desert heat that baked in the canyon. As a result, she was so intense that make-up began to "blister" minutes after it had been applied and had to be removed by make-up men and applied all over again.

The narrative of these brief reports which reminded the few people who witnessed it that Marilyn Monroe, the woman, is as real as the much-publicized Marilyn Monroe, the legend.

She was seated in a canvas-back chair in the bit of shade she had found outside one of the tents that were used for resting, make-up and hair repair, and so she said, "Hello," Marilyn said easily. "Yes, I'm Miss Monroe. And what's your name?"

The little girl shyly advanced another step. "My father's a photographer," she said. "He hires people like you."

But I thought I'd like to come and talk to you." And then, anxiously, "You don't mind, do you?"

Marilyn reached out her hand and drew the little girl close. "Of course I don't mind. But," she added, "shouldn't a little girl your age be in school—or don't you like school?"

Oh, sure, I like it fine—only today's a—well, today's a sort of holiday."

"I know what you mean," Marilyn chuckled. "When I was your age and I had a chance to go to a movie or watch one being made, it was always a 'holiday' for me. So you mustn't take too many of them, you know."

Then the assistant director blew his whistle and all the many people who are in constant and personal attendance upon the star came dashing over to help her get ready for the next take. And standing there, watching her go, the little girl said breathlessly, "Gosh, she's—what's the part of Marilyn Monroe that's still a shy, lonely little girl herself, and still unable to believe, completely, in the legend into which her beauty has transformed her and from which she has tried, from time to time, to run away. One of these disappearing acts occurred just about two years ago, when she fled to New York. Her plane ticket, made out to Zelda Zonk, signified she hadn't lost her sense of humor. Disguised in black wig, dark glasses and rumpled polo coat, tired and ill, she was unrecognized.

But it wasn't long before Marilyn Monroe was identified. She announced herself a free agent—under contract to no one. She communed with nature in Connecticut part of the time, studied acting, moved about like a nomad from apartments to hotels and haunted the public library in Manhattan. The rest of the time, she caused a sensation at cocktail parties and charity premiers. Meanwhile, her fan mail dropped from a high of 10,000 letters a month to less than a thousand.

Twentieth Century-Fox left Marilyn's deserted dressing room with the framed photo of Joe DiMaggio, the jumble of make-up, false eyelashes, mound-away bottles, boxes of pills, the faint odor of Chanel No. 5, just as it was—a light in the window for the prodigal's return. The fatted calf was a fat role in the movie version of Arthur Miller's "The Crucible" where Marilyn played a witch, and an amazing seven-year contract.

The prodigal returned from her New York sit-down strike, victorious as a conquering hero. True, as of bygone days, she found the studio staff greater in number than she remembered, and she didn't blurt out "The Crucible." But she hadn't forgotten her traffic-stopping horizontal walk down the plane's ramp nor her sure ability to strike a pose while the photographers asked her to hold still for just "one more."

One movie veteran chuckled, "What a gal! Marilyn's new $400,000 contract for four pictures in seven years is one of the greatest single triumphs ever won by an actress against a powerfully entrenched major studio. No one believed she'd win the battle and yet she won everything she demanded. And, remember this, the money is paid to Marilyn Monroe Productions and so she'll get all of it. For she's an actress, and Marilyn Monroe may turn out to be not only the sexiest but the smartest blot of our time."

She also became the most secretively guarded woman—more so than penetrating the Iron Curtain. Interest in the "New" Marilyn was tremendous. While she was in New York, studio executive had remarked, "If she keeps herself low and out of the public eye, she might as well not return, for the public is fickle and she'll be forgotten. As entertainer, as is true of advertised products, must be kept before the public on a daily basis."

Marilyn moved into a large, handsome, decorated Early-American house complete with swimming pool on Beverly Glen Boulevard, not far from the glitter of Hollywood's film world. It was rented by Milton Greene and his wife, Amy, for the duration of "Bus Stop," addition to their two-year-old son, Josh, the Greenses brought their house committee.

"Some people wondered why Marilyn had moved in with the Greenses," a confidant of Marilyn's explained. "But Marilyn loves to be part of a warm family. Josh is a lot like her—she gets along with girls, she does things for herself, and with her, there's no taxi that she has to use to get to the store. Marilyn and the child became great pals. The same thing happened with Grace, who kept a job in the housekeeping department for extra money, to be able to do more for the family, since she'd been neglected by papa."

Marilyn's confidence has never been greater. Her new look, now relying on clothes left to her in her will, by her father, is more in keeping with the parts she's playing. She looks every bit the part of the young girl she is and, like her boyhood hero, Gary Cooper, has a charm that makes one want to fall in love. A few months ago she applied for a marriage license, and she is always dressed in clothes that are the most comfortable for her and not the most fashionable, but that last person who has her ear, has confidence as well. She has responsibility, loves having others take care of the parking fines she's forgotten about, pays bills, packs her bags and is always prepared to travel.

Formerly, for varying periods,
the late actors' agent, may Hyde, then film executive Joseph Leek, dramatic coach Natasha Lyttess and the late Michael Chekhov, Joe DiMag, columnist Sidney Skolsky, music critics Ralph Gleason and Richard Kauff, and critic Charles Feldman, New York lawyer Frank Delaney. Today a new cast takes over—Milton Greene and his "Amy"; dramatic coach Paula Strauss, who once did the voiceover for the New York Studio's actors; Broadway director Josh Logan; agent Lew Man; lawyer Irving Stein, and even his wife's mother, their marriage, playwright Arthur Miller.

in order to show off the "New" Marilyn the press, the studio staged a cocktail party at Marilyn's home, at 333 West 57th St., Miltn Greene his tiny, beautifully dressed wife led around but Marilyn didn't make grand entrance into the living room where the party was held, not even a nodding acquaintance to the crowd, that time-wise, she hadn't changed all. She immediately disarmed the ptetors by greeting them only, remembering their names and the last time they had spoken with her. Her black satin Empire-line sheath was held up with tiny straps, her r was tousled and shorter than last time, and away from Hollywood, her pearl rings almost reached her shoulders.

was obvious that the months in New York had wrought incredible changes. She was a person. The voice was deep, little-girl voice, the slow sloping just the right word, the hesitation in withering a question, the throaty, Rus break, in which she liked to interject a lass. In its place was a woman who could take command of a party. Gay, asked, less self-conscious, she came up a few minutes with sprightlier conver-

But she hadn't forgotten how to in black satin, nor to keep her ist lips half open, her melting, blue, ocean eyes. A one male reporter handing her a glass sherry, protested, "Really, Marilyn, she should strap and falling all the time, very distracting," Marilyn turned the camera on him, "You're all of it, you're all full on him. "I can't help it," she isped, slipping the straps up sin. "I've lost weight. They keep me in my photographs," she the last weight. She was far less p and flatter across the middle than merly, although all the necessary "Marilyn's face was full of life. She explained that she was a bike for a hour. "I mean, the reporting to the studio, hoped to ay this way, eating only meat, eggs and sales. I can have two glasses of wine a day," she said, and I can't drink. Cocktails I mustn't touch any hours of oveurs. She fly shook her curls at the who sent a platter of shimmer, "Here someone, a sturdily, black-haired was his, his father, wanted in, called Marilyn "Auntie," and tied her with evident affection. "I e being with them," she said, and the home. "It was my first life home and in a long time," ater, I sought out Marilyn in her sitting room for more intimate revela- she'd changed in her four months in New York. "Why does everyone ask," she de- a little frown wrinkling her 1k-white brow, "whether or not I've changed? They've been asking me the question over and over again. I'm the only person I've always been, but makes you think I've changed?"

You've won a great victory over the

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The image contains a page of text with a mix of ad-style content and narrative prose. The text is not coherent and seems to be a mix of different sections, possibly from various sources. It includes references to Marilyn Monroe, a writer, and various fragments of text that do not form a complete sentence or paragraph. The text appears to be a mix of personal reflections, advertisements, and possibly excerpts from a novel or a script. The page seems to be a compilation of different pieces of information, which makes it difficult to extract meaningful content. The text contains various sections that do not form a coherent narrative or dialogue.
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at last... here's the lowdown on...

ELVIS PRESLEY
the hottest newcomer to show business is a whirlwind of fabulous entertainment

(Continued from page 55)
not really angry with me, of course, he is just, maybe, a little—surprised. And I feel so guilty, as if I had been prying.

Now a confession like this, coming from a—any wife—seemed a rare and wonderful thing. Coupled with the fact that in the several years of knowing Pier Angeli, I had never known her to look more radiantly happy, youthfully happy, youten—twenty-two but she looked like a young seventeen—or more beautiful, I decided to pursue this subject a little further. Because Pier Angeli, after two years of marriage and the birth of her first baby, is more romantically in love with her husband than ever. And, judging by the size of their telephone bills when they're apart, Vic is even more wildly in love with his wife than he was on the day they exchanged their marriage vows.

And yet, their marriage has had more problems to overcome than most marriages. Sure, you can say but these and separations and even in-law problems are a lot easier to cope with when you have a big income than when you're an average young couple faced with similar problems. Some people may well contend that a young woman with Pier Angeli's financial resources, to say nothing of her exquisite beauty, shouldn't have too hard a time keeping a man in love with her and keeping her marriage on the high, shining plane of romance, rather than letting it settle down onto what all too often is the drab plateau of a marriage in which a couple feels that one another is taken for granted.

But on the contrary, one of the things that makes Pier Angeli's rules for not letting a romance turn into a marriage so applicable to any young couple is that she, like many young women to work as hard as a movie star must work, when she's working. And lately, with "Somebody Up There Likes Me" proving to be a box-office bonanza, and "The Vintage" being made in Paris and California, Pier is one of the hardest-working of the young Hollywood actresses. And, when she and Vic are forced to be separated by the demands of their careers, she's as lonely without her husband as any other young wife. Likewise, when she and Vic are together, Pier is as tempted as anyone to relax completely, mentally and physically. Anyone who must wear glamorous and beautifully dressed every minute of the time she's with people, even with close friends, would welcome a chance to more or less forget how she looked when she was in the privacy of her own home. But, "No," said Pier, putting her size-four foot down on that suggestion firmly.

"A wife should always change for her husband in the evening, and she should have the surprise for him, maybe she will change the way she does her hair, or maybe it will be a new dress or a new, frilly apron, even. What it does not matter. What matters is that he knows you care enough about him to want to look your very best for him. This is good for a man's ego, any man. It makes him feel important to the most important person in his life—his wife." Pier confesses to the fact that she loves clothes and adds, "I am lucky, of course —this I know. God has been very good to me. I have been able to be successful in my work so that I make enough money to buy the nice clothes I have to have. But this—to be able to buy expensive clothes —this is not the important thing. The important thing is—how shall I say it? Not to go around half-dressed—coming to the breakfast table, say, in your pajamas and a bathrobe with, maybe, your hair still curlers or cold cream on your face. It better, I think, if a husband never knows how his wife always manages to keep her hair, face or linen and pretty or her skin smooth, and if she does these things secret, when he is away. We all need romance in our lives, and if we wish keep this romance in our marriage, things a secret. Some part of ourselves we must keep ourselves. It is not right that marriage people feel they must know everything every little thing, about one another."

And, Pier, never—never—open a letter addressed to her husband, means never saying, at the end of a telephone conversation, "Who was that? What did he want?" and so on, as so many is so sorely tempted to do, especially when our end of the conversation sound provocative. It means, above all, recognizing the right of each person, even in the union of a marriage, to a little part of himself that he may keep inviolate.

"Married people," Pier believes, "should be not only lovers, but good friends well, with a deep, mutual respect for other. Perhaps it is a luxury that the husband turns to me always for help in his care, and in his life, just as I turn to him. But it always is that we turn to one another not that the other tries to—well, to go To.

And, indeed, we did know. There as probably few of us who do not now among our families or friends the most intentioned people whose feelings at feel—like to a telephone call, even if I am not immediately made a matter for family discussion. Most of us have had at least one woman friend confide, in hurt tone of voice, that her husband had turned lately. He won't tell me anything. "What these good souls real mean, of course—on marriage courselor would probably be quick to put. She said that not that they husbands wouldn't tell them anything, but because their husbands, or their teen-agers, won't tell them everything.

The marriage of Vic Damone and Pier Angeli started off with several slight against it. Pier's mother, Mrs. Pierangelo wasn't at all sure that Vic was the right one for her, hordes. And the thousands of mothers have had similar doubts about any number of fine, furs om-sin-law. Having the fledging lean the nest is always a painful experience. But, as Pier said, that future, when they married, any bride had to follow the dictates of her heart, that her heart had been given complete, without reservations or doubts of any kind, to Vic. When Mrs. Pierangelo realized that Pier she realized that Pier had chosen right.

Their marriage faced more trials, a near—tragedy, the time Pier was seriously injured when a lurching plane, on whom she had been flying her father, struck a chair during her pregnancy, fracturing her pelvis. For long weeks, lay in bed being the attending doctor. "My baby has no baby!" And again, as Pier has said, God was good her and her baby was saved. Now one year old, Perry Damone is one of the most beautiful babies anyone has ever seen. She has a starring, curling hair and Pier's enormous dark eyes and Vic's engagingly boyish grin. Born and reared in this atmosphere of love, Perry has a sunny disposition. He has already accompanied his mother on one trip overseas and undoubtedly accompany her and his fath
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I call him, and after we have talked for

hour and I want to hang up, he says, What's wrong, Anna Marie? You're angry

with me. You've hardly said a thing. No wonder," she chuckled, "I love my husband."

No wonder, too, that her husband loves her. And to be sure that the tingling, bubbling excitement they still feel in one another's presence never becomes a bore, they know that the bubbles of romance never go out of the champagne of their marriage, Pier of only surprises Vic with some change in her appearance one day. But when they are together, she surprises him with a complete change of mood. She is the serious, soft wife who sits up with him, talking over their careers, their problems, their life, until a rosy dawn has finger-painted his sky beyond their window. A day later, Vic comes home to find a wife who is a gay and enchanting gamin, who greets him at the door at eleven o'clock at night, when he is exhausted after a full appearance, and says, "You look much too vigorous, Vic. And—I—I feel sickly tonight. I don't know why, but we have been too serious too long. Let's be silly tonight."

The great part of Pier Angel's charm is not ability of hers to move swiftly from god to mood, with the many emotions that range like a comet across beams of sunlight across her lovely, pressive face. Pier Angeli cares deeply, she cares rather terribly, she cares with all of her being about all things, large and small. She is not a woman for small talk. If you recover after just a few minutes spent sitting with her, Instantly, the talk will serve to something solid, if not necessarily momentous, but you can have that the of her, too, if you wish. The side at has read good, enriching books and is garnered a more than working knowledge of fine art. The side that has been a fertile soil of an inquiring mind that is traveled halfway around the world, back, observing and questioning and ding in the fruits of many cultures, many artists and many people. Of this it is difficult to believe of anyone as toil and fragile as Pier, but there is thing frail or fragile about her mind her will. Before fame and love and marriage came to her, Pier had her individuality laid bare. When she came, the all we have. One of the keenest losses the was the loss of her father, whom she was devoted with all the passion of wear. But one of the keenest losses is capable. In death, when her beautiful, beloved, sombered very long fingernails had cut for her role of Rocky Graziano's life, "Somebody Up There Likes Me," or was almost in tears. You would have thought," she admits w., "that they were going to cut off, my fingernails, but my head, judging the way I protested. But my father, he says have a girl to have long fingernails provided, of course, they are cut for. When the director tells me I must have nails cut, I say, No, please! I will wear in the close-up scenes, but please don't make me any nails!" But the actor makes me realize, of course, that must go through a whole picture wearing gloves, and so I let him cut my nails."

"Exciting them like a happy child, you see, now that they are grown up!" his eagerness to please, to be what man she loves wants her to be, is their reason why the Vic Dameon-Pier Angeli marriage is, so far, one to envy. In this no doubt at all in anyone's mind, judging Vic's, that if—despite her sen-

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There Was a Boy

(Continued from page 50)

very well. He was glad he had come East. I had been offered a job in New York, but upon my arrival, I found I had been misled. Since Jimmy was the only person really knew in town, I contacted him immediately. Over coffee at Walgreen's, a brief talk about the New York situation. He stopped to think. Some people introduced me and kidded with the janitor and office girls. Then he made a quick phone call and we left to meet someone very important.

Jimmy had met Elizabeth (Dizzy) Sheridan a month or so before, and was completely captivated by her warmth, charm, and alert mind. Dizzy, the daughter of pianist Frank Sheridan, was a quietly shy girl. It was understandable that she and Jimmy got on well.

That afternoon, Dizzy, Jimmy and I took a walk through the zoo in Central Park, which was once Shury's office. Jimmy said he should find an apartment to share. Jimmy had been staying temporarily with friends, having been thinking of moving. Apartment-hunting in New York was not an easy task. It was understandable that she and Jimmy got on well.

Several members of Jimmy's special circle of friends were living next door at New York's famous old theatrical hotel, Algonquin. Most of the people in the group were well known as the theatre's talents, and they agreed to help Jimmy. They were happy to suggest something in the classic vein to read. He seemed especially interested in Greek philosophy and drama, so I suggested he start with Plato. That night he turned up with a volume of Plato's works and began reading a section on Democracy. After an hour or so, he closed the book and offered to treat us to a drink at the nearby hotel. We turned out to be good friends, and Jimmy's mind there began to simmer again, a dream for the near future, which was very much involved in them.

The weekends in the country made the evenings in the city more bearable, but in spite of the relief, Jimmy's de- spondency about the lack of work continued. He tried to spend his free time reading about politics. Even in his darkest hours he remained very active, meeting and getting to know new people, finding new and unusual things about New York, and discovering a little more about himself each day.

New York seemed to stimulate Jimmy's mind to a point where it was more alert than it had ever been. One day, during a period when he had been struggling to write, he thought of modern literature, he asked me to suggest something in the classic vein to read. He seemed especially interested in Greek philosophy and drama, so I suggested he start with Plato. That night he turned up with a volume of Plato's works and began reading a section on Democracy. After an hour or so, he closed the book and offered to treat us to a drink at the nearby hotel. We turned out to be good friends, and Jimmy's mind there began to simmer again, a dream for the near future, which was very much involved in them.

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ALL IN NOVEMBER PHOTPLAY ON SALE OCTOBER 4
thoroughly convinced Jimmy was a scholar of Platonist philosophy. However, I had discovered the secret of Jimmy's little game: let the other fellow do most of the talking and you will learn what he thinks you are trying to ask.

One day in the office of his agent, Jane Deacy, Jimmy met an intense young actress named Chris White. Over coffee he learned that Chris had written a scene which she thought would be good for his character, Jack, in Actors' Studio. They agreed to do the scene together and began rehearsing immediately. Often they would come up to our hotel room and, using my objective criticism and acting ability, they would rehearse the scene with loving care and caution.

By the time audition day rolled around, Jimmy and Chris had the scene beautifully molded. Frightened and nervous, they took their humble offering before what they considered the mighty High Priests of their craft. As I recall, they were two of the fifteen—out of the hundred and fifty who auditioned—who were selected for the role. The role was of an uncle, reputedly the youngest member of the Actors' Studio. He was twenty-one, and he belonged.

Late in August, the Ayerses invited Jimmy on a ten-day boat cruise to Cape Cod. He was selected as a member of the crew. Jimmy had long been interested in boats and eagerly snapped at the opportunity to learn more about them. And indeed he had turned his hand to absorbed most of the basic rudiments of boating and navigation. For weeks thereafter he talked enthusiastically of boats and boating, but he avoided discussion of his uncle, in whose service he had been for the last years.

Out of a growing awareness that he needed people and had to exist in a world full of them, Jimmy had begun to develop a knack for complimenting their egos. This he accomplished by taking a deep breath in the presence of those whom they liked most. By the time he took the boat trip, he had matured enough to realize that—in order to win the favor of the others—being friendly and genial, yet remaining true to his own character, was a simpler and wiser way to enjoy himself and to be enjoyed. When he returned, it was obvious that all had gone well and that he was due to hear more from the Ayerses.

Just before Jimmy left on the boat trip, we decided to give up our hotel room and accept the kind offer of a girl friend and her family to house us at the University of California, 4513 Wilshire. In Jimmy's absence, I moved our possessions into the large apartment the girl had been subletting and was turning over to us for the remainder of the summer. The contract had clearly stated that she had hardly moved in when the people from whom the girl had been subletting returned from Europe and demanded their apartment. They were forced to find a smaller place upown.

The night before we moved out of the large apartment we were particularly broke, due to the advance-rent payment that had to make on the new place. Jimmy, Dizzy, and I found between us less than a dollar on which to eat. So, like scavengers, we took all the leftovers from the refrigerator and made up a grand meal which we dinned half-package of stale spaghetti. As we sat eating the mess, not one of us said a word.

All in all, that summer in New York was a torturous one. I had secured a small job and was still suffering from the pressures of being unemployed. We had taken to pooling the little I had, the very little Dizzy had, and the occasional few dollars Jimmy picked up by taking jobs on TV quiz programs on which they would throw pies in face. Still there was barely enough to manage the bare necessities, such as food, rent, and cigarettes. It was no wonder that one morning Jimmy, Dizzy, and I each ordered a cup of coffee in a hamburger joint. Jimmy, Dizzy, and I came to the conclusion that we'd had it and decided to away from it all. After a moment's furious conversation, we decided to pool the ten dollars we had between us (it was payday) and head for the bus terminal, where we would board a bus for New Jersey. Once there, get a job for the rest of the summer, and head the way to Indiana, where we visited farm on which Jimmy had been raised.

The two wholesome weeks we spent on the farm brought the kind of renewal they had been looking for. Jimmy's aunt and uncle, opened their home and their hearts to us. Mom, Jimmy called his aunt Hortense, saw it that we had plenty of delicious home-cooked food and received permission to stay. We were so grateful for this, and for the run of their serenely beautiful and efficiently clean, modern farm.

After all the years of seeing Jim alone and without the same, it was a wonderful thing to watch him touch and again the gentle roots of his early youth. He discussed the farm and its problems, at great length with Marcus, learning to high ground above the immediate and our present economic structure. He seemed to carry with silent pride as Jimmy listened attentively, seeing in him for first time a matured and developed yo
teenager. I had never seen him before, left his household a mere boy.

Hortense was touched by Jimmy's compassion and concern over her increase in the arthritis that had been a family trouble, and Jimmy expressed a strong desire to the Winslows, someday when he made fortune, the opportunity to move to a drier climate where Mom's arthritis would not be so much.

Jimmy also spent many hours talking to and explaining things to little Mar who is his cousin and the youngest of Winslow children. Whenever he detected any growing pains in Mar, Jimmy would expand with a secret plan and fond remembrance of his own boyhood days in Fairmont. He tried, in brief, time allotted to encourage him, to impressed him with the important way to win an audience.

Jimmy took us to his old high school, where, with a bit of his ego showing the flourish of his own special brand bravado, he took over for a few days, dramatics teacher who was more than pleased to let his students have a chance to the three of us. Jimmy spoke art of acting, Dizzy demonstrated mod dance techniques, and I got in my quencher of TV, radio, and writing. None of us was really on a master of his craft to warrant display of unbalanced authoritative lecting, but it was greatly rewarding to him to inspire a such as much attention and regard us with so much.

After a year of trying in vain to convey the New York professional world of capabilities, it was a wonderful boost have appeared on television as much of what we were trying to accomplish.

After too short a time, a call from New York for Jimmy brought our bliss to end. We had slept well, been fed and entertained, but we would ask no more. Three grateful, refreshed yo people were driven to the highway deposited there to hitch a ride eight highdred miles back to the city, back to task of finding their ways.
Our return brought with it great excitement. Shortly after we got back, Jim-
y was asked to read for a leading role in a play, "Fall production of the aguar." Jimmy had little hope of getting the part, since another actor, who had been reading it during the auditions for the show's backers, was also up for it. But it was the dream he'd had in the back of his mind all these months, and he was determined to do his best to make it come true.

His nerves were tying the night he went to read. He had no clean shirt, so I sat him one of mine. He was unable to manipulate his hands to tie his tie, so I did it over for him. We agreed to meet at the Paris Theatre after the audition. I went to the theatre with Dizzy and tried to concentrate on the movie while Dizzy worked out her lines. By the time she got off, Jimmy had not arrived, so we walked in the direction of the area where he had gone to read. We were already there when we saw him walking along the street. We stopped, decided to know the answer, and tried to learn from his expression what had happened. His face told the story. No one said a word; we just stood there, watching his face, trying to give the actor, so that I could see his look in the mirror. He was assigned several TV roles and got calls from the motion-picture studios. One such call was an offer to fly to Hollywood to make a screen test. Jimmy declined, insisting that a test could be made in New York, if they really wanted to test him. He had no desire to return to Hollywood, even to make a screen test. Ultimately the idea for the test was dropped, and Jimmy continued to work, his reputation as a professional actor rising and not being traded to even more intensely. He moved back to the Iroquois where he spent much of his time to the recording of the flutes, to the point that the folk tunes Arex Wilder had written for him to practice. Dizzy had gone off to dance at several places on Trinidad, and although Jimmy dated frequently, there was for a time no one to take her place. His anxieties were less than they had been during the past two years, but still

RESULTS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE ON PAGE 36

Across

1. First
6. Hunters
11. pa
13. Anthony (Quinn)
14. II
15. Iron
16. R K (Robert Keith)
17. in
18. etc.
19. "ug" (vagancy)
21. Sr.
22. Rainier
24. Knights
25. Reg (Reginald)
26. N. Y.
27. set
28. Arm
29. S H (Susan Hayward)
33. Beast
35. Keith (Anes)
36. B C (Bing Crosby)
37. hem
38. Oona (O'Neill)
41. trend
44. cop
45. T D (Tom Drake)
46. E R (Edward [G.] Robinson)
47. Iron
49. It
51. Away
54. Barry (Nelson)
55. Knock
57. Sullivan (Barry)
60. acres
62. Lund (John)
65. new
65. M L (Myrna Loy)
66. Ones
67. Is
68. rib
70. Evelyn
71. Tonto
72. N W (Natalie Wood)
75. Marion
76. Pat
9. Elvis (Presley)
10. eighties
11. pose
12. ant
26. age
23. Irma (My Friend)
28. Abbott (Bud)
29. recording
32. champ
34. Shane
35. K B (Katharine Hepburn)
40. Tony (Curtis)
42. Drake (Charles)
43. Slav
44. Corner
46. Iran
50. Torme (Mel)
52. A S (Ann Sheridan)
53. Yule (Joe, Jr.)
54. Bidin'
93. Stem (Crosby)
105. Cream (Cream)
110. Cream (Cream)

Down

1. Farr (Felicia)
2. Inka
3. B T (Russ Tamblyn)
4. Shine
5. Tonight
6. Hyer (Martha)
7. Nicky (Hilton)
8. T L (Ted Lewis)
9. Elise (Presley)
10. pose
11. ant
26. age
23. Irma (My Friend)
28. Abbott (Bud)
29. recording
32. champ
34. Shane
35. K B (Katharine Hepburn)
40. Tony (Curtis)
42. Drake (Charles)
43. Slav
44. Corner
46. Iran
50. Torme (Mel)
52. A S (Ann Sheridan)
53. Yule (Joe, Jr.)
54. Bidin'
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he appeared to be waiting for something.

Shortly after I left New York to write for a TV show in Hollywood, Jimmy was cast in "The Immoralist." I later learned from him that all had gone well in the early stages of rehearsal, but that the experience had ended badly. The out-of-town opening had proved Jimmy to be a highlight, but the show to be in need of rewriting and redirecting. A new director was brought in to take over and Jimmy's patience was stretched thin. He had always shown a son-like attachment to any director in whom he had faith and confidence, but, either deliberately or unintentionally, this new director abused his trust. As Jimmy related, the director turned on him one day when he asked for guidance in his role. The experience so shattered Jimmy that he left the rehearsal for several hours.

Later, when the cutting of his part and his disillusionment by the director, Jimmy gave his quitting notice the night the show opened in New York. In spite of the behind-the-scenes difficulties, the reviews of the show praised Jimmy's performance highly. Jimmy settled down to fill out his contract and, once again, waited.

There is a point in the lives of men destined to be famous when fate steps in and offers the perfect circumstance or vehicle to help them on their way to greatness. Once this opportunity has been afforded him, however, a man must assume the responsibility for following through and proving his worth. As James Dean prepared for his moment, another man—an active man with a power and greatness of his own—was preparing another of his many projects, a screenplay which he planned to direct. The lives of the two men had crossed occasionally, but briefly. To Elia Kazan, James Dean was an actor—a member of The Actor Studio, another actor to be watched and catalogued for future reference. To James Dean, Elia Kazan was a master of his craft, a champion of his school, a maker of his destiny.

It would have been normal procedure for any good agent to submit Jimmy's name for a role in Elia Kazan's production of "East of Eden." But James Deasy isn't merely any good agent. She is an intelligent woman with an acute eye for just the right thing, and when she read the screenplay for "Eden," she knew it was just the right thing for her client, James Dean. So, in her own style (which shall remain a professional secret), she gave fate a gentle nudge and nudged the situation, convincing all concerned the "Eden" was the perfect vehicle for Jimmy's talent. Kazan was familiar with Jimmy's work at the Studio and had been impressed by him in "The Immoralist." He liked Jimmy and was soon convinced.

Once, during the making of "East of Eden," an actor, Carl in a forthcoming production at Warner Brothers, Jimmy was signed to do the part, the fate stepped back to let him do the rest.

As a boy, Jimmy had had seven motorcycles. In the years away from home in Indiana, he grew to miss this thrill, the sweet sensation of whizzing along the roads and highways. As he grew to be a man, he fattened, found he had enough to think of as the romance of such a luxury. New York is hardly the perfect place for motocycling, but any place will do in a pinch, and Jimmy was in a pinch. He buzzed around town from appointment to appointment, storing the cycle in the entrance-way of his apartment building when he wasn't using it. When people pointed fingers and called him "Brand imitator," he didn't hear them. He knew what his motorcycle meant to him—the didn't.

But as it is so often with things you love, you get hurt by them. The week I was signed, to do the role in "Eden," Jimmy took a bad spill on the motorcyce scraping himself seriously. Kazan's several strong words to say about it were incident and concluded by instructing Jimmy to "stay off that motorycle." Instead of cycling across the country Hollywood as he had planned, Jimmy reluctantly stored the motorcycle, packed few things, boarded a plane, and left home to New York, the city he had come to love for all it had given him.

As he sat on the plane, watching to land between New York and Indiana beneath him, his dreams of the future were strange and unnerving. But they were not nearly as fantastic as the reality in which he was speeding.

Next month, Bill Bast tells about Jimmy Dean's triumphant return to Hollywood, of his determination to live his own life on his own terms, of the people and events that had a strong influence on him and the real truth behind the rumors that he is still alive; or he committed suicide.

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The Girl Who Refused to Get Lost

(Continued from page 66) talked, the girl in the back seat of the cab restlessly tapped her foot. It was such an old story by now that she could hardly be indignant. Occasionally, the idea that she was a movie star made her laugh. Her name, she'd found, was always familiar—but that was unfounded.

She couldn't blame the skeptics. Her first big break had come with a picture called "So Big." Her hair was a reddish brown at the time. For her next film, she'd had to lighten her locks to contrast with the coloring of the leading lady. In "Lucky Me," which followed, Doris Day had held priority as the fair-haired lead and Martha had become a redhead.

Then came "Sabrina," with brunette Audrey Hepburn. Someone had to say, "You'll be lovely as a blond," they told Martha, according to the memoir of the one who saw the movie, she was, indeed. But her family back in Texas found it necessary to point her out to some of the neighbors when "Sabrina" came their way.

After that, Martha had decided to remain a blond. Consequently, she was now en route to the hairdressing department to join the long black wig they'd given her for her latest picture under her new U-1 contract. That is, provided she could get into the studio.

She glanced out of the window and saw the studio cop returning. "Guess you're Martha Hyer, all right," he grinned. "At least the Casting Department seems fairly sure of it."

"Some day," Martha vowed as she closed toward the soundstage, "some day, someone is going to recognize me!"

And someone did. In the 1955 Choose Our Stars contest, the readers of Photoplay voted her a runner-up. To Martha, it meant that the fans had finally recognized her as a person and as a personality, perhaps not by name but by a face that could never be placed. It meant that moviegoers were interested in her and believed in her future. And it confirmed her own belief in that future. "The results carried great weight of great deal at the studio," Martha says, happily. "Since the contest I've always hoped to play at U-I—a meaty part a 'Kelly and Me,' and another gem opposite Rock Hudson in 'Battle Hymn.' And they're letting me look like me!"

Hollywood can tell you that Martha Hyer's current success is also due to talent, perseverance, work, eternal optimism, and a little bit of courage. "Martha's been a child in the play business and now the business, one of her friends said recently. "But she's always taken them as personal, absorbed them and put them to work for her later. She's never been afraid to take stock of her life and make changes when they were necessary. And then, too, she smiled the friend, 'that's the long-range plan of hers.'"

The setbacks, the taking-stock and the plan had their beginnings in Fort Worth, Texas, not so many years ago. First there was a near-tragedy...

Martha has a vivid recollection of the rainy evening when the school dance ended. Arlington Heights High and the kids crowded into their cars to head home. She and her date, in the back seat, struck up a song. Then suddenly the song was replaced by a screech of brakes, the skid of tires on wet pavement, screams, and a crash.

When Martha regained consciousness, she was in her right leg and she tasted blood on her lips. Her first thought was about her teeth. She'd just had the braces removed. After all that, what if something had happened to her teeth? She put a hand over her mouth and sighed with relief. The blood was from her lip which had been cut.

She tried to look around. The others—there were they. As far as she could tell they were all right, though badly shaken up. People were beginning to crowd around. They said the car had hit a telephone pole, that an ambulance was on the way. "What hospital shall we take you to?" someone asked her.

"Cook County," was the first that came to her mind. It was the most beautiful in the city. Martha had always thought that if she were ever ill she'd like to go there. The pain grew sharp... someone lifted her into the ambulance.

At the hospital, Martha and her family learned that her right leg had been crushed and was gangrenous. They had hospitalized her for several months and then she would go home—for a long time.

In school, Martha had been one of the most active girls in the junior class. She was a Trip Leader. She belonged to several clubs. Now, for the rest of the year, she would have to take her classes at home in bed. It wasn't so bad at the start. Friends stopped by in droves. But as the novelty wore off and the months went by I was terribly lonely," she remembers. "I gave many a time of thinking and to grow up a little. That's when I began to plan my life and what I was going to do with it."

Martha had never had much to say about her ambition to act. She hadn't wanted to be teased. Yet the thought had been there since she was a child painstakingly constructing a stage from the long chest and the rolls of old wallpaper in the attic. And she'd always been the one to stage the productions herself, thereby assuring herself of leading roles.

The idea had grown more definite each Saturday. A Saturday afternoon meant hamburgers, malts and motion pictures to the three Hyers—Martha, Agnes Ann and Jean. Their father, an attorney, had done some legal work for one of the local theatre managers and the manager had given the girls a permanent pass to the shows. It was fortunate because their allowances could go for other luxur- uries such as popcorn and candy. But, as far as Martha was concerned, the play was the thing.

Summer trips to California had left her quite certain of her ambition. The family had visited relatives in Pasadena and Whittier as well as gone through several movie studios, and once they'd gotten seats in the bleachers to watch the glamour of a Hollywood premiere. To Martha, nothing could have been more exciting.

Thus, as she lay in her bed, recovering from her accident, she needed a dream to

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hold onto. She needed a goal, a plan. Martha Hyer was going to be a movie star if . . . And there was a kind-sized if. She'd learned that, until the cast was removed from her leg, the doctor wouldn't even tell whether she would ever walk again.

"The waiting was terrible," says Martha today. "But it did a lot for me in a great many ways. It made me stop and say to myself, 'If I'm going to be cast in one film and be all right, I'll try to remember how fortunate I am to have my health—no matter what happens. I can take anything.'"

When the cast came off, there was a celebration in the Hyer family. The doctor announced that Martha would walk—eventually. The following fall she went back to school on crutches.

The tradition at school took her first step toward Hollywood—although she went in the opposite direction, to Virginia. "My family was able to send all three of us to college," she explains. "And Mother and Dad asked that I go to college. After that, our lives would be our own."

Martha entered Fairfax Hall, a well-known Virginia finishing school for girls, for two years, then planned to take her degree at a large university. At Fairfax, she applied herself, won the school's Honor Medal and was valedictorian of her graduating class.

Healthwise, swimming in the school's heated pool had done wonders for her leg. At the end of her first year in Virginia, she'd still have a slight limp, so she'd gone to Johns Hopkins for a check-up. She was told that an operation could be performed, but the surgery was inadvisable. It would leave a bad scar and there was no assurance that the operation would be a success. Martha continued swimming in the pool and the leg had steadily improved. After two years at Fairfax Hall, the limp had all but disappeared. Today, no trace of it remains.

After graduation from Fairfax, she went on to Northwestern University, which boasts such alumni as Jeff Hunter, Peggy Dow, Charlton Heston and Lydia Clark. She was a member in Oakland's Kappa Phi sorority, and will never forget her first days as a pledge. The chore assigned her was that of scrubbing a campus sidewalk with a toothbrush. "And I worked hard at it," she grins. "I was a conformist."

Martha was also a businesswoman. She found employment in a candy store, she modeled, she was a baby-sitter. She needed money to buy medicine, and she often wondered if they appreciated the extent of her talent. Every so often one of them would begin to nod and go into a deep declaration: "You'll be a great scout for the children I sit with," she says. "They keep me posted on all the small-fry activity in Chicago!"

And once again she buckled down to her studies, her chosen avenue. She now devoured her books on theory and history, and just about anything she could lay hands on. "I never really started learning until my senior year in college," Martha continues. "That was the first time that I realized the value of having an extra year of understanding and thinking about what I was studying."

As soon as final exams were over, Martha was on her way. She bought a one-way ticket to Hollywood. Cash was out—of the ample funds she'd saved. "Once I was out of school," she explains, "I didn't want to ask my family for financial help." She'd even footed the trip, purchased with her own money. She was so anxious to register at the Pasadena Playhouse, that she didn't wait for her diploma. It caught up with her later via the mails, at the Playhouse dormitory.

The way Martha saw it, Hollywood could come to her. However, as she joined the other students for her first class, she began to get the feeling that something was missing. She had prepared a speech for the newcomers. "Many of you," he began, "may be under the illusion that a Cadillac is going to drive up and whisk you away to a studio where you will be cast immediately if not sooner." He paused for a moment, and the class waited breathlessly. "If that's what you think," he concluded, "for you are wrong."

There were classes in the mornings, rehearsals during the afternoons, performances at night. For her initial role, Martha drew a fine acting part—one that allowed her to adopt a mode of character that would serve her as a knockout of a wardrobe. "This is it," she thought. "I'll be discovered in no time at all."

However, no talent scout appeared during the run of the show. "Next time let's make certain," Martha suggested to some of the other girls in the class.

Together, they pored over every fan magazine in existence, and devoured the trade papers for names of agents and any kind of lead. "We mailed letters and tickets to every agent and talent scout in Hollywood," she recalls. "We must have sent hundreds."

As a result, she also remembers, "One showed up. Milt Lewis of Paramount. You see, I got a break although nothing came of it other than a request that she come to the studio for a reading. Martha complied, then was told that the studio would get in touch with her at a later date. So she settled down to wait and hope.

In the meantime, Martha's father, who had gone into the Army during the war, had become Judge Advocate of the 15th American Division. This meant that Eli Logan was doing USO work, stopped by Colonel Hyer's office one afternoon. She saw a picture of Martha on the colonel's desk. "My daughter," he said. "She's in California now and very much interested in the entertainment business."

"Does she have an agent?" Miss Logan asked. "I don't believe so," replied Martha's dad.

"I'd like to help her," said the singer. "I'll wire my agent to call her."

When Miss Logan's agent called, he learned that Martha had trained singing at the Pasadena Playhouse, and then arranged to meet. By this time, the Hyer and spirit had dropped pretty low. She'd still have no word from Paramount, and heroine had had a long talk with him. "If you don't hear from Paramount soon," he told her, "call me. I know some people at Paramount."

So Martha waited some more. But, since even glamour girls must eat, she took a job selling pots and pans in a store base-ment. She also did away with the high cost of Bottini by buying apples and a candy bar, and that would be enough for a noonday meal, she concluded.

Unfortunately, Martha had chosen to invade Hollywood at a time when studio publicity girls were 注意她，她买了自己的钱。她非常急切地想在 Pasadena Playhouse注册，但她没有等她的文凭。"Tell me about yourself," he said. After telling him her life story, Martha
paused. "Well," said the studio head through the silence, "go on."

Martha devoted a frantic moment to frantic thinking. What else was there to say? If the studio had no need for actresses, she meekly volunteered, she could paint scenery. The studio head smiled and asked her to wait in his outer office. The minutes dragged by until her agent reappeared. "Come in and meet your new boss," he said.

When Martha realized she was being signed to an RKO contract, she said to herself, "This is really it. Once you get a contract, everything's assured."

She didn't realize that a contract is only the beginning... that her first pictures would be photographs... that she was on her way to becoming the star of the studio gallery. Nevertheless, Martha promptly became Miss Cooperation. It seemed she was forever posing—for St. Patrick's Day art, Christmas art, Easter art, and Happy New Year art. "Call Martha," became the byword when someone else couldn't arrange to make it for a sitting.

Eventually she made movies. She appeared in ten Westerns. It was hardly what she'd expected, playing second fiddle to a horse and a collection of firearms, but she learned camera angles. She was seen on film—and typically, she made the most of it. Then, when Howard Hughes took over RKO, her option was dropped.

"It was another bad period in the industry," says Martha. "Production was off again and jobs were anything but plentiful. I did several films free-lance—one in Australia, with Jock Mahoney. And after that, I did a couple of other small ones. And then I got married.

Of this period, Martha speaks very sparingly. She married young writer-director Ray Stahl, son of director John M. Stahl. They lived in Japan for almost a year and Martha made two pictures there. Next they moved to London for three months and then to Africa, where they lived for six months and worked on a British picture. Martha was completely captivated by Africa. "Someday I'm going back," she vows. "The Kenya safari was something I'll never forget." All told, she was away from American picture-making for a good two years.

After two years of marriage, Martha and her husband decided to separate. "I made plans to return to the States," she says in explanation, "to file suit for divorce and to resume my Hollywood career."

Her agent had written that there was a perfect part for her in the Warner Brothers production of "So Big." It was a departure from all her previous roles, when she'd played ingenues. "So Big" called for the "other woman" type of role. It was, in some ways, a drastic change. "But it was a chance," says Martha. "I'd made one change when I went abroad, and I've never regretted it."

She wasn't quite prepared, however, for the many other changes in store for her. And she wasn't very happy about having to change her appearance with every role—especially since the first step toward becoming a well-known personality is to become known, period.

"But the roles were there," says Martha, "and they meant more experience."

The decision paid off. A Universal—International executive noted her performance in "Sabrina" and suggested that Martha be placed under contract.

After she'd signed with U-I, Martha re-established herself permanently in Hollywood. She rented an apartment in a Danish-style farmhouse and helped paint and decorate it. She also began to collect paintings. "I have several originals which I prize very highly," she says. And she still dabbles in oils on her days off. She adds, "I also have several Early Hyers."

Next, Martha bought her first car—a black Thunderbird—and promptly enrolled in a driving school. Nowadays, she wheels through Los Angeles traffic with the greatest of ease.

"As for my love life," says Martha, anticipating the question, "at the moment I'm not romantically inclined. There's a doctor in San Francisco whom I see from time to time. And, of course, I hope to marry again someday. But right now I'm more interested in my career than anything else."

With the release of "Kelly and Me" and "Battle Hymn," folks in-the-know are predicting that Martha Hyer will attain full-fledged stardom—as a definite, unmistakable personality and actress. "Of course," Martha grins, recalling the past, "I don't really know I've arrived until the time someone else is asked to dye her hair in order to contrast with mine."

It seems quite likely to us that such a time is not too far off.

The End
Happy newlyweds Dana Wynter and Greg Bautzer enjoy a night out at The Mocambell.

(Continued from page 53)
dee blue sky, where the palms really sway and the beaches have white, white sands, that Rita Hayworth, Bob Mitchum and Jack Lemmon were making "Fire Down Below."

No One Can Take Her Place

You'll never find two men more different than Bob Mitchum and Jack Lemmon. But they have one thing in common— their praise of Rita Hayworth. Today, she is more beautiful than ever, and warmer and sweeter than I've known her—and I've known her ever since she was little Rita Cansino, dancing with her father in a small Mexican cafe in Tia Juana. Even then she had charm, but now that charm is polished, with a jewel-like glow.

Lying on the beach at Tobago, Jack and Bob were watching Rita as she serenely went through close-ups for "Fire Down Below."

Said Mitchum, with his lazy drawl, "Won't it be awful if the public tires of us and we have to go to work?"

Jack, who is taking his career pretty seriously these days, quickly replied, "Don't you call acting work?"

Mitchum turned to look at me. "Does anyone say that?"

She Knows What's Good—For Nat

Now that spiritedly Natalie Wood has achieved that fabulous age, eighteen, I'm putting her on a pedestal because, despite her being in love, she still keeps her head cool.

Nat's in love (this month) with Scott Marlowe. A nice boy, Scott, and a good actor, but he takes things very, very seriously—his art, in particular. Scott belongs to the solemn, dignified young group that has been coming to Hollywood from Broadway.

So, since Natalie is in love (this month) with Scott, he started trying to influence her. He tried to talk her into not giving interviews, not doing picture spreads that showed her at home, or at the beach, or just having the kind of simple fun-time Natalie has all the time, everywhere.

Did Natalie succumb? No. In one single week she did nine picture sitting, gave four happy interviews. Does she try to influence Scott to do likewise? No again. She's too brainy for that. She knows a girl gets nowhere trying to change a man's convictions. However, even while she's bedazzled with romance, Natalie knows from her long experience that performances without publicity are soon forgotten, and she does want a long career, which she stands every chance of attaining.

Still, romance beguiles her, as it does all girls of eighteen. Being an actress Natalie is trapped into a dream without half trying. At present, she sincerely believes she is in love with Scott. A couple of months ago, she just as sincerely believed she was in love with Raymon Burr, who is, incidentally, nearly as enough to be her father. My guess is that, in a couple of more months, she will sincerely believe she is in love with somebody else.

When Nat went to see "Giant" at sneak preview recently, she cried so during Jimmy Dean's scenes, she could barely see them. It's times like this that she is "the most real. The wonder young artist in her recognized the genuine artist that was Jimmy.

If Jimmy had had Natalie's poise, he wouldn't all have suffered such a loss.

A King Watches A Queen

Hollywood, no matter where it is, generates glamour, but at home it glistered the most. Take, for instance, the story behind last month's headlines of Kay and Phyllis Hudson's trip to Europe; Liz Taylor's new evidence of her last friendship for Monty Clift; of John and Natalie, and as the center of every producer's conversation: of the split between Martin and Lewis.

This is the story behind the Gal headline: Kay has been in love with Clark for ever since she was Kay Williams, a particularly beautiful and spirited young actress, who was long before Clark married Lady Sylvia Ashley Fabanks Stanley.

Clark was almost in love with Kay—almost in love as he was with quite a few girls—after Carole Lombard's death, Kay before he married Lady Sylvia, and before he divorced her. In the meantime, Kay had married Adolph Spreckels, the sugar heir, had children, got divorced. That is a man, a great lover, and also a completely lightful, sensitive human being.

Josephine Dillon, his first wife, was a great actor in him, helped him to rear his acting dreams. Rhea Langdon, second wife, saw the gentleman in him and helped to polish him. Vivid, tender Carole Lombard communicated her zest for life to him, and when she

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of the airplane crash, Clark went weeks of wishing he had died. Yet he is too naturally healthy, nally as well as physically, to stay that morbid state for too long.

By Sylvia Gable, misunderstanding Clark misunderstood her. Sylvia led to be queen of society—Holly-

day, New York, the international set— Clark would have made the perfect 

However, he was too much of a rural king to do just that. Gable leads 

women; he's never led.

Kaye Gable, adoring him, de-
d to combine the very best features 

his wives—and she has. She called 

studio "the office" and never went 

—which was what Rhea Langdon had 

She listened to every word he 

to discuss concerning his scripts, 

Jo Dillon. When Clark went to Utah 

"The King and Four Queens" Kay 
along to create laughter and parties 

him, just as Carole Lombard used to. 

She made crazy hats for him and his 

leading ladies and sent them over to 

set for a laugh. The company had to 

up at dawn, but Kay was up earlier, 

Clark's breakfast, then later pack-

a lunch for everybody and sending it 

set, waiting at home for him with 

terrible red-hot supper.

only thing she forgot was the strain it 

been on her, only a few months 

to lose a baby. And when she went 

the little town of St. George, 

and joined the local sewing circle 

helped in a quilting bee, she ignored 

long hours she was putting in. Thus 

overdid and landed in the hospital.

it's that when she learned how very 

of a loving husband Clark is. He 

ed into the hospital to be beside her.

worked on "The King and Four 

" all day, because Kay insisted 

it, knowing Clark's strong sense of 

ation toward productions. But even-

ights, nights, mornings, there he was 

her, letting her know his love of her.

y is back home now, almost entirely 

Clark is home, too, more at home 

he has ever been in his life.

Comedy of Errors?

elle the story of why Martin and 

is split up has long been rumored— 

uch sheer incompleteness—the yarn 

why they may yet get back together 

hasn't been told.

A co-starring team, in many respects, 

is like a married couple, and their break-

up is much like a divorce. Jerry and 

Dean had been growing apart for some 

time, and they weren't helped one bit by 

"pals" on either side, telling each of them 

that he was "right." Jerry's chums all 

applauded him for his ambition, his con-

tinual self-improvement, his zany show-

offness. Dean's buddies told him that he 

was the wise one, relaxing at golf, play-

ing around with friends, while Jerry held 

the business conferences and took over 

the丝毫 role at some dull dinner party.

Which one actually was "right" depends 

upon whether you regard life as a ball, 

as does Dean, or as a battle, as does 

Jerry.

So they have parted and will try going 

alone. They are great personalities, 

each of them, with great talents. But it 

hardly seems likely that they can earn 

apart the money they earned together.

The crazy part is that Dean, the 

romantic, needs the money more than 

Jerry, because of his aloofness situation.

So that may bring him back into the 

co-starring "marriage." And Jerry's ambi-

tion may bring him back, if he finds he's 

less popular without Dean.

It will be interesting for you and me to 

watch for the next chapter.

Two Stars To Wish On

When "Somebody Up There Likes Me" 

was previewed in Hollywood's biggest 

theatre, there wasn't a sound when Paul 

Newman's name was first flashed on 

screen. But at the end, when Paul's name 

appeared again, the entire house rocked 

with applause.

Paul is destined to be a big star. How-

ever, Hollywood isn't sure he will be the 

biggest of the new crop, for the night 

after "Somebody" was previewed, they 

sneaked "Tea and Sympathy." Deborah 

Kerr was magnificent in it, but it was 

John Kerr the audience cried over so in-

tensely that there wasn't a dry handker-

chief left in the house. Keep your eye 

on John, for he's going places, too.

A Marriage Is For Keeps

Before Rock Hudson would agree to do 

"Something of Value," which will be shot 

almost entirely in Africa, he made M-G-M 

promise him a vacation in Europe with his 

wife, Phyllis. Rock particularly wanted 

his girl to see Rome, the city which he 

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steers clear of the luxury hotels, the rich
restaurants, or the kind of bars or parties
that are just like the bars or parties at
home. Rock learns the language of the
people who he's going lives in the little
out-of-the-places so that he can
learn about and understand the country
he is visiting. He's particularly keen
about Italy.

He's even keener about keeping his
marriage a romantic one. All that chatter
that he and Phyllis are having more trou-
ble than the average newlyweds during
two their first year together is just so much
idle chitchat.

Take my word for it. I know Rock
ever very well, having known him before
he became famous. He didn't enter into
marriage lightly. He knew Phyl was the
right girl he wanted, and he intends to stay
married—happily married. Rock is very
strong-minded, and so is Phyl, so inevi-
tably they come head-on once in a while.
She wants a fine marriage, too.

Nobody can break up a marriage that
two people don't want broken up. To
Rock, showing off Europe to his bride is
just another way of strengthening the
loving bonds between them.

For Monty, A Friend In Need

I can now tell you that, despite all the
brave pronouncements immediately fol-
lowing Montgomery Clift's automobile
accident up until mid-July there was
practically no chance that Monty might never act
again and that the picture, "Raintree County," couldn't be resumed.

This was because Monty's badly
smashed jaw didn't set correctly, follow-
ing the corrective surgery. It healed
slowly, functioned even more slowly, and
even after the pain and swelling were
gone, it prevented Monty from speaking
clearly.

For a man who has wanted to be a
fine actor, and nothing save a fine actor, since
the age of thirteen, the mere thought
that a set accident ruined his whole
career was terribly depressing.

The one person who never for one
second let him quite quell to this fear was Liz Taylor. Monty's acci-
dent occurred, as you probably rec-
member, as he was driving away from Liz and
Mike Wilding's house. Clift isn't a good
driver and the road from the Wildings' is
a tricky one. But Monty is a real "city boy" and not good
at anything either mechanical or ath-
sletic. Naturally, Liz and Mike felt some
of responsibility for his accident, but
they didn't in the least their fault.

Besides, there has been a great bond
friendship between Liz and Monty since they made "A Place in the Sun.
Liz is a strong character; the better
friendships are enduring things with
She not only visited Monty every day
in the hospital, but sometimes, when
rocking was the blackest for him, sev-
times a day. And Monty remembers
Liz's calm courage when she faced blis-
ness a couple of years ago, took stress
from her courage and did all the cor-
rect exercises the doctors demanded.

Monty is all right now, and "Rain-
County" will be completed. And
purely platonic appreciation of Liz
Monty for one another is lovely to see.

Saint In Sweaters

Proof that the girls from the old
New York acting group, now moved
Hollywood, can relax a little is prov-
ed by that exquisite actress, Eva
Saint. When she first arrived in H-
wood to make "On the Waterfront,"
was convinced that clothes are of
importance to a good performer. In
the by the general theory of the Actors' 
crowd, as witness Marlon Brando
others. As generally witness Mar
Monroe Miller also, alas, for glamour.
Then Eva Marie encountered a
mount and "That Certain Feeling,"
Wiles of Edith Head, the designer.
Nellie Manley, the hairdresser. Ne
was an expert ever since those long
days when she took a dowdy
haired German girl and transformed
into Marlene Dietrich. Edie had t
stars as diverse as Jane Wyman,
bara Stanwyck, Jennifer Jones and
Kelly and turned them into fashion pi
Thus, when Eva Marie told these
ladies that: (a) she didn't want her
dolled up; and (b) that, since
she was playing a secretary, she preferred
ning nothing but sweaters and skirts, I
and Nellie stylishly agreed. Agreed
obeyed. However, Nellie slipped
golden hair tight back, with such an
that her delicate, sensitive face took
positive beauty. Edie put her into sw
ers and skirts that had such lure
Eva's simplest scenes scintillated
sex. Result: Eva Marie ran off with a
picture, even from Bob Hope. The
Tell a Guy He's Wonderful

(Continued from page 68)

and, in my town, too—is that she resents the attitude and wants the man to respect her, every hour on the hour, like striking a gong.

Girl who is invited to a party where emme fatale of her set is going to bid for the attention of every male makes me wonder how I could do to practice this bit of dialogue, as well or own special method for delivering it might even supplement it with, "Me, who do you think is one of such a brilliant thing?" But how she does it, she should keep the con- dition and the spotlight of her interest focus on the man.

I hear her asking me, then, why that little girl next door hasn't married? for one thing, maybe she doesn't try. In these days of all kinds of careers for women, there are a three that make mark in the business or professional world, are settling down to the job of age. But if a girl wants to get mar- ried and hasn't succeeded, the chances are she's too exclusive. She's not going to pro- a husband for her too openly.

ways feel embarrassed for the girl's situation. We have all been present in occasion when a girl's situation happened. For the man, who is un- nounced of even having flirted with it, it's a rough moment. For the girl, on this may have been several previous marriages, is positively trying. Of course, if that nice little nest door lets a date know, somewhere en the roast beef and the salad, that he's got a strong of music is the wedding a "Lohengrin," there is only one bachelor can do—act as if he hard of hearing and escape as soon possible.

men are predatory; we love to hunt catch—our females. I am not claim- ing it is either right or wrong. We are born predatory, as the predators of the world are. The great artist, G. B. Shaw, may be right when he that actually woman pursues man, we fall in love, marries us. But if true, it works only when a woman is as good is enough to make us think we have it all. The man who feels hunted run. The man who feels he is the one who will be pursuing.

Hollywood girls, there are altogether too many times when I think up an un- sed man and asks him over. When, expecting to find a group of s, he finds they are all alone. There are other men who is cheerful topic of conversation is what a good and superb housekeeper she is. This giver is in the same class with peri- the mouse that the cheese in the trap. Men like this girl, I like to have a girl call me, unless in invitation to some sort of general play. For the intimated, tête-à-tête conversation, that telephon- that hunter instinct, you see. No man be maneuvered never.

here is where the full horror of the city romance" hits a Hollywood girl. For example, Miss Curvaceous Cupcake to the pre- of "Love's Last Lumber." You don't know Curvy, but you certainly know who she is and what she looks like. This is a seldom understood factor of movie life. When, in a fit of limerence, she decides to have a blind date in Hollywood circles. You know what is going to hit your eyes; so does the girl. So, in a sense, you find your- self in an altogether different situation than on an unusual kind of first date.

If you have heard a lot about the girl, you wonder how much of it is true. If you have heard nothing, you wonder why you didn't make a name familiar like.

"You'll have so much in common." In places other than Hollywood, it is usually true that you will have. People gravitate to others with similar tastes, and the fact that you never meet the man to meet the friend means you must have some mutual likes and dislikes.

In Hollywood, however, with a "publicity" is a social situation. In any other town, you'd be bowled over by her, but in Hollywood you wonder if the dress she is wearing is her own (and therefore a proof of her excellent taste), or whether her studio sent it over with directions from its top stylist as to just what shoes and jewelry to wear with it. You know Miss Cupcake must be wondering the same thing about you. She is caught in an atmophere of mutual suspicion and unease, you proceed to the premiere, where you are photographed looking at another like Tristan and Isolde.

In case you think I'm exaggerating, let me tell you about what happened to a close friend of mine, who is also a bache- lor. My friend's studio requested that he attend a certain premiere with a certain important girl. They had never met before, but just when they arrived at the theatre, she kissed him—with fervor—and the camera people started. They walked down the aisle inside the theatre, she kissed him again—with more fervor. Then, just before the lights went down on her picture—and it took her a minute—she swept him once more. The cameras caught it every time.

After the show, this genie with the light-brown hair suggested they do a tour of the Strip night clubs. My friend knew what this meant—as does any Hollywood man escorting an important Hollywood girl. It means more photographers, plus several columnists. But how can a man refuse without being brutal?

In this case, the top of the doll kept on giving generously of her affections, with her best profile always to the cameras. Some hours later, when my friend got back to his apartment, his phone rang. It was a columnist demanding an exclusive on the wedding date.

So that ended that, which was actually unfortunate. The girl is a very nice girl, really, and my friend is the type who could have liked her very much. Possibly, they could have fallen in love so com- pletely they would have married, if it hadn't been for the fact that old masculine recoll didn't start acting, the moment my friend felt he was being hunted.

Almost the same thing happened to a prominent beauty who, needless to say, shall be nameless. She was divorced, and

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she had set her sights on a particular movie male, also unmarried. At first, he was flattered by her continual calling, her constant attentions, her obvious interest in him. But it became a little too obvious when he fired off his proposal, and she found that to every function she attended and it was taken for granted he was to be her escort.

For some time, this man had been dating a comparatively plain girl, who didn't have anything to do with the picture business. When he finally realized what was happening with the beauty, he called the plain girl. Very shortly thereafter, they were married, then there was a feeling of happily ever after. However, I do believe that he and our famous beauty could have worked out a great married life, also—without the high-priced trimmings.

This, of course, is a problem that takes outside of Hollywood don't encounter—the fact that you can't date a girl twice without it being spoiled. You can't see her four times a day, and you can't be worried with questions—particularly if she is a movie star or starlet. Then your phone rings constantly and you find yourself murmuring, inadequately and innately, that you are just good friends. You even come to believe it, yourself. Thus, something that might have turned out to be the finest emotion in life gets lost.

These same pressures can also be applied to any man, anywhere, by everyone and well-intentioned friends and relatives of "the bride that might have been," if they'd let her alone.

Whenever an experience such as the one outlined above happens to you, I'll bet you'll be reassured when getting married. As I'll bet you, you'll be reassured when getting married. And if you're reassured, then you'll be reassured when getting married. Good—on a marriage.

But on the other hand, there is nothing—except that she had the face of love for him.

I knew him well enough to dare to ask him about that, and his answer made me glad I had come to that question, he said, "I guess she isn’t so glamorous, at that. But you know something, George? She’s got so much warmth, so much heart and soul and everything that to tell you the truth, I never stopped to think whether she was a raving beauty or not.

That’s love. That’s the kind of love I’m living. I’m hunting. I’m hunting? Who isn’t—except those lucky enough to have already found it!"

Meanwhile, I’m taking the Hollywood bachelor whirl in stride, and what man could ask for anything more, except more of what I have? By the time the other acquaintances from school point out that, when I am bid to Miss Important Star’s dinner party, I am not being asked because of my non-existent continental charm, or my indifferent abilities as an angel, I will be as wistful as a star. These I-am-nothing-if-not-honest pals let me know that my main appeal lies in the fact that I am an unattached man in a town where there are barely enough of them.

I agree. I know better than to try to compete with a Gable in the charm division or a Holden in the brain department. I am content to take up the slack. I am content, that is, if I can get a date at 6:45 for a black-tie party that begins that evening promptly at seven. When I arrive, chances are 99 out of 100 that I will be seated next to the only unknown in the room. Before the evening is some anxious do-gooder may even try to play Cupid, using me as the target. Yet, if the party finally ends, I will be asked to take an unsuitable girl to the movies, she not be the only one who lives at the Bel-Air Hills Hotel. No, dear friends, this is not a speaking, and the girl he escort him in such situations is, inevitably, one of the only ones outside of Santa Barbara, San Diego, miles away.

But, as I say, I like it. You learn that you don’t find in the history books, that you have no knowledge for, and that you have no desire for. The world is a big place, and—whether you think it or not—you are learning to survive. Because I have learned some things, I know, for example, that when you find yourself in difficulty, you just look at the size of Mrs. Very-Rich-and-Beautiful’s dog. And the girl next to me will turn to Mrs. Very-Rich-and-Beautiful’s umbrella and see how her relatives are beginning to worry about...
PICTURE PUZZLE PRIZES
See pages 62-65 for full contest details

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PREFACE
Off-stage glimpses of the stars—backstage talk of stories

A story is born:
When we met lovely Pier Angeli for luncheon at New York's famous Baroque restaurant we had no intention of asking her to give us a story for Photoplay. She was officially on a well-earned vacation and second honeymoon with Vic Damone, to whom she's been married just two years. But as we listened to the sound and sensible things this wisp of a girl had to say about marriage, we asked her whether she'd mind saying it in an interview, and gracious and lovely as she is, she said she wouldn't mind at all. That's how, "And Behold—This Is My Beloved" happened to be written for us.

Echoes from eternity:
Lunching with author Bill Bast, who wrote the Jimmy Dean life story for us, we asked him whether he could explain Jimmy's strange preoccupation with metaphysics. "Jimmy searched endlessly for the truth," Bill said. "He couldn't stand pretense or phoniness of any sort. In this search for some absolute, he came to believe that death was the only thing that had any dignity, and he respected its finality." Strange thoughts for a brilliantly successful young actor, idol of millions, to be entertaining! In the third and final installment of Jimmy's life story, next month, you will read about the events leading to his tragic death. And, by the way... two- and three-part life stories on your favorite stars. It's the first time this has been done in a fan book. Do let us know what you think of it, won't you?

In this corner:
A new contender for the crown of most promising newcomer is Paul Newman, star of "Somebody Up There Likes Me." When the M-G-M publicity gal set up a luncheon date for us with Paul, we naturally expected that we'd meet at some famous place such as Sardi's—but nothing of the sort. Paul asked to meet us at a restaurant over on Eighteenth Avenue and Forty-fourth Street called Downey's, referred to among its clientele as "the poor man's Sardi's." This is the haunt of the Actors' Studio hopefuls, and boasts the best and cheapest steak in town. While we waited for Paul we talked about him with our charming Irish waitress. "He's a great man," she told us almost fervently, in a rolling Irish brogue. "You'd think success might have changed him, but not a bit of it—he's the same friendly, fine fellow we've always known." And that, of course, gave us an idea for a story on Paul Newman which you'll read in Photoplay soon, because Paul admitted he had changed—and tells why he thinks change is necessary—for everyone.

Hollywood in New York:
Greenwich Village, long fabled as the haunt of actors and writers, is the second home of an amazing number of young Hollywood actors when they're in New York. Any warm, Indian summer evening you may glimpse Kim Hunter and her attractive husband and one or both of their children taking their siestas in the lighted chairs on their charming terrace, or Barry Nelson and his wife Teresa carefully tending their tiny garden. Kim is currently in "The First Traveling Sales lady," for RKO. Kim Hunter, who won the Academy Award for her work in "Streetcar Named Desire," can be currently in Columbia Pictures' "Sin Center," co-starring Bette Davis. More and more pictures, more stories and complete coverage on the new, upcoming stars among the things we're planning for November. See you next month.
Modess... because
That Ivory Look
so clear...so fresh...so easily yours

This bubbling baby has That Ivory Look and the magic of Ivory's mildness can bring it to your complexion, too. Remember, the milder the soap, the prettier your skin. That's why regular care with pure, mild Ivory leaves your complexion so clear, so fresh, so appealing. Such a pretty look—That Ivory Look! Wouldn't you like to have it, too?

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truth behind the rumors that JIMMY DEAN committed suicide
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Go to bed, Stubborn...

He's not going to call!

Last night at the Blakes’, he danced attendance on you. He didn’t have eyes for anyone else... for a while. But when you said good-night, you’d already lost him. You didn’t know, and you couldn’t know the reason why. People with halitosis (bad breath) never do.

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**PHOTOPLAY**

November 1956

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Cover: Color portrait of Kim Novak, star of "The Edy Duchin Story," soon to be seen in "The Jeanne Eagles Story," is by Coburn. Other color picture credits are on page 113.

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Produced by MARTIN MELCHER • An M-G-M Release
ATTACK!—U.A. Directed by Robert Aldrich; Lt. Cost, Jack Palance; Capt. Conroy, Eddie Albert; Lt. Woodruff, William Smithers; Col. Bartlett, Lee Marvin; Pfc. Bragg, Robert Strauss; Pfc. Snodgrass, Richard Jaeckel; Sgt. Folse, Bud Elyson; Short German, Steven Gerey; Tall German, Peter Van Eyck.

BACK FROM ETERNITY—RKO. Directed by John Farrow; Bill, Robert Ryan; Reno, Anita Ekberg; Pasquez, Rod Steiger; Louie, Phyllis Kirk; Joe, Keith Andes; Elly, Gene Barry; Crip, Fred Clark; Martha, Beulah Bondi; Henry, Cameron Pradham; Pete, Jesse White; Maria, Adele Mara; Tommy, Jon Provost.

BEST THINGS IN LIFE ARE FREE, THE—20th. Directed by Michael Curtiz; De Sylva, Gordon MacRae; Henderson, Dan Dailey; Brown, Ernest Borgnine; Kitty, Sheere North; Curt, Tommy Noonan; Manny, Murvyn Vye; Maggie Henderson, Phyllis Avery; Sheeban, Larry Keating; Fingers, Tony Gento; Al Jackson, Norman Brooks; Specialty Dancer, Jacques d'Amboise; Perky Nichols, Roxanne Arlen; Hollywood Star, Byron Palmer.

BETWEEN HEAVEN AND HELL—30th. Directed by Richard Fleischer; Sam Gifford, Robert Wagner; Jenny, Terry Moore; Wace, Broderick Crawford; Walker, Buddy Ebsen; Col. Gruzen, Robert Keith; Joe Johnson, Brad Dexter; Terry, Mark Damon; Morgan, Ken Clark; Bernard Meisner, Harvey Lembeck; Swenson, Skip Homeier; Kenny, L. Q. Jones; Ray Mosby, Tod Andrews; Tom Thumb, Jeff Elliot; Baker, Bari Burns; Col. Miles, Frank Gerstle.

BAYONET BEAST—20th. Directed by Joshua Logan; Charlie, Marilyn Monroe; Be, Don Murray; Frang, Arthur O'Connell; Grace, Betty Field; Pera, Eileen Heckart; Carl, Robert Bray; Elma, Hope Lange; Photographer, Hans Conried; Reporter, Casey Adams.

JOHNNY CONCHO—U.A. Directed by Don McGuire; Johnny Concho, Frank Sinatra; Barney Clark, Keenan Wynn; Tuliboom, William Conrad; Mary, Phyllis Kirk; Albert Dark, Wallace Ford; Sarah Dark, Dorothy Adams; Walker, Christopher Drake; Hebron, Howard Petrie; Sam Green, Harry Bartell; Judge Tyler, Dan Rush; sheriff Henderson, Willis Bouchey; Duke Lang, Robert Osterloh; Frank Lang, Jay Byron.

MOUNTAIN, THE—Paramount. Directed by Edward Dmytryk; Zachary Teller, Spencer Tracy; Chris Teller, Robert Wagner; Marie, Claire Trevor; Father Belachchi, William Demarest; Simone, Barbara Darow; Realt, Richard Arlen; Solange, E. G. Marshall; Hindi Girl, Anna Kashfi; Celio, Richard Carrett; Joe, James Davis, Stanley; Harry, Yves Montand; Andre, Audrey Brainville.

PILLARS OF THE SKY—U.1. Directed by George Marshall; Sergeant Emmett Bell, Jeff Chandler; Cabo General, Dorothy Mackaill; Doctor Joseph Holden, Ward Bond; Captain Tom Gaston, Keith Ayles; Sergeant Leonard Parnass, Lee Marvin; Timothy, Sydney Chaplin; Colonel Edwin Stedlow, Willis Bouchey; Kanimah, Michael Ansara; Mrs. Anne Carey, Olive Carey; Sergeant Dutch Wadlack, Charles Horvath; Malachi, Orlando Rodriguez; Lieutenant Winston, Glen Kramer.

PORT AFRICA—Columbia. Directed by Rudolph Maté; Yancey, Peter Angelis; Rip Reardon, Phil Carey; Robert Blackton, Dennis Price; Col. Massac, Eugene Deckers; Nino, James Flaherty; Georgina, Marilyn Hanson; Diane Blackton, Rachel Gurney.

TEA AND SYMPATHY—M.G.M. Directed by Victor Fleming; Michelle, Lucille Wendel; Margaret, Deborah Kerr; Tom Robinson Lee, John Kerr; Bill Reynolds, Leif Erickson; Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Andrus; Al, Darryl Hickman; Ellie Martin, Norma Crane; Ollie, Dean Jones; Lolly Sear, Jacqueline De Witt.

TEENAGE REBEL—20th Century-Fox. Directed by Edmund Goulding; Nancy Fallon, Ginger Rogers; Jay Fallon, Michael Round; Dorothy Jordon, Betty, Lon Keim; Grace Heseltine, Mildred Natwick; Jan, Diane Jerkins; Dick, Warren Berlinger; Williaway, Lamie Beaver.

WAR AND PEACE—Paramount. Directed by King Vidor; Natasha, Audrey Hepburn; Pierre, Henry Fonda; Andrei, Mel Ferrer; Anastas, Vittorio Gassman; Vasili, Gig Young; Milan, Walter Pigeon; Natasha, Alida Valli; General Kutuzov, Howard Da Silva; Harry, Oskar Homolka; Helene, Alida Valli; Ekelberg, Robert Strauss; Helen Dunstan, Count Rostov; Mary Bolonyasky, Anna Maria Ferrero; Lie, Milly Vitale; Nicholas Rostov, Jerry Buss; Countess Rostov, Lena Souli; Prince Bolkonsky, William Dawson; Peter Rostov, Sean Barrett; kononov, Tullio Cerminati; Sonya, May Britt; Dostoe, Patricia Cram; Perovich, Gertrude Flynn.

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IN
"TOWARD THE UNKNOWN"
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CO STARRING
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VIRGINIA LEITH
CHARLES McGRAW

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PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY MERVYN LEROY • WARNER BROS.
THE PRETTY TEACHER...
AND THE
BOY WHO
GREW UP
TOO FAST!

...now-
after school-
in the
deserted halls, they faced each other!

They as has gets, Cliff learned.

Like most artistic people, Cliff Robertson is singularly unaware of money. He never knows whether or not he has at
with him and often finds he's left his wallet at home. Which is how he happens
to find himself in a taxi outside the C
umbia Pictures building, trying to explain to a skeptical driver that he was good for
the 75c fare if the man would wait.

While the taxi meter clicked away, Cliff hurried into the building and took the elevator
to the office of the vice president. Sticking his head in the door, Cliff confronted
not one but five executives of varying rancor impatiently awaiting him. "Look," he said
embarrassedly, "I'm sorry, but could one of you gentlemen lend me a dollar?"

Five faces expressed five degrees of unwielded incredulity. A star so broke he needed
a dollar? Five hands extracted five wallets. From each came a bill. One said, "Here, Cliff, take twenty. You
might run short—"

Another embarrassed executive insisted that he take ten. None could think of offering him a dollar.

"Never mind," Cliff said, a little desperately. "My agent is meeting me here. Maybe she'll have a dollar."

He turned and raced back. In the lobby, his agent met his request for a dollar with a lecture on extravagance. As
she had only a ten-dollar bill. The Columbia publicity representative arrived. No dollar. But she did have a five.

Cliff said desperately, "Thanks, I'll try if he has change—"

He did. By that time the meter registered two dollars. With tip, it came to two fifty. Cliff tried to return the balance
but no one would accept it.

"I couldn't convince those people that I really had left my wallet home," Cliff said later, and then he added, musingly,
"You know, it's a funny thing—I've been broke lots of times in my life, as we haven't, and I couldn't borrow a dime. But
the minute you don't need it, it just comes shining down. It's a lesson, isn't it?"
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SOAP BOX:

I would like to get up on my soap box and sing the praises of Hollywood in general and Twentieth Century-Fox in particular. I have just spent two and a half hours viewing what the advertising men call “a rich entertainment experience” — “The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit.” I read the novel, and feared that the picture might not come up to the book, but was very pleased to see that the casting, the script and production were beautifully done.

I have been most happy to note that there is a growing trend in the motion-picture industry toward producing more intelligent pictures of good quality. I do not know who deserves the credit for this improvement. Perhaps it is because the quality of the stories is better; perhaps because there is a new group of serious actors and actresses, with the integrity and talent to turn in good performances; or perhaps the producers have finally realized that the public will not accept second-rate pictures, but are discerning men and women, who will pick and choose the pictures they want to see.

I do not really know what has caused this revolution, but I like it—l like it! As an invertebrate movie fan, I am pleased to see that movies in the United States are coming into their own as a form of art. I see the dawn of a new Golden Age in Hollywood. Gone forever are the Garbos and Barries, but here to replace them are Marlon Brando and Marisa Pavan and many more of the new breed.

A couple of years ago, when Hollywood was in a slump, the slogan was “Movies are better than ever!” Well, it wasn’t true then, but it is today.

PAMELA PURDY
Pikesville, Maryland

I wish to thank you very much for your wonderful article on Frank Sinatra, “The Truth about Frank Sinatra’s Gang,” in the September issue of Photoplay. It’s about time someone came out with the truth. Frank is not only respected and supported by some of the most loyal and faithful fans on record, but he is also loved and respected and admired by the industry in which he is a part. This last statement is emphasized by the fact that no one who has worked or been associated with him closely in any way has ever had an unkind remark, but only praise for him as a great man and entertainer. That is why the name of Frank Sinatra will always be a household word with us and why we will remain his fan “From Here to Eternity.”

SUNNY ROSE
Venice, California

I’d like to see how many readers agree with my thoughts on Ingrid Bergman. Whe Ingrid left this country a few years ago, seems everyone was glad to see her go. But don’t they realize that people are human—including Hollywood stars—and Miss Bergman? At least she had the courage to face the people, but it really was heartbreaking to her that her own country, Sweden, criticized her so much. Now that she has made movie, and is thinking of coming back to America, will we welcome her or treat her as we did Swede America, let’s forgive Ingrid; let’s make her feel at home when she gets here; let’s make her feel if she belongs!

RITA HOOD
Spring Green, Wisconsin

I have never written to a movie magazine before, but I would like to give credit where credit is due to a man who certain hasn’t gotten his share. That man is Mar Lanza.

I first saw Mario six years ago, and I liked him ever since. I feel bad about it way certain Hollywood columnists belittled him for his so-called “conceit and temperament.” Mario certainly has a right to be little conceited—his gift is a wonderful thing. His voice has brought joy to millions of people throughout the world, so I believe that many of Photoplay’s readers will agree with me.

NANCY CRONIN
Hartford, Connecticut

Ernest won the Oscar, it’s true, And so have Marlon and William, too. But my enthusiasm is starting to sour. Hasn’t someone overlooked Tyrone Power?

Oh, to be as smug as Clift Would give my ego such a lift. His name in gold some day they’ll carve For turning down roles in order to star. Yul Brynner—wonderful!

VOYNE M. FRIDAY
Kansas City, Missouri

I have this very day seen the most glorious picture ever to come out of Hollywood. I refer to “The King and I.” Although I am just a teenager, I have never enjoyed it self more nor have I ever seen a movie compare with this one—the cast, the costumes, the music and the story.

Deborah Kerr, as always, was wonderful and the supporting roles were beautifully done—but the outstanding character was Yul Brynner. I cannot praise him enough. Hollywood has found a treasure in him and I hope he makes many more movies.

The magic of Siam was captured in it

Yul Brynner and Deb Kerr—wonderful!
this is instant glamour...directoire style

directoire style

this is the season's best miracle...a bra that gives you a high-rounded bustline with fullness above the bra, itself and glamour beyond your wildest dreams thanks to a magic and revolutionary featherlight insert* that lifts you, yourself, to natural loveliness. The name is "curvallure"...only Jantzen makes it...white, pink, blue, black...
bandeau 639 with three-way straps...5.95,
bra-lette 679...15.00, daytime bra 619 with conventional straps (far left), white only...3.95...at most stores. (prices in U.S.A.)

curvallure
by Jantzen

this magic insert does it!
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Name your favorite—and you may win Lustre-Creme $35,000

No skill required! Nothing to buy! No jingles! No sentences to complete.

PIER ANGELI, co-starring in M-G-M’s “Somebody Up There Likes Me”
VIVIAN BLAINE, co-starring in “Public Pigeon Number One” An RKO Radio Picture. Color by Technicolor.
CYD CHARISSE, co-starring in M-G-M’s “Silk Stockings”
JEANNE CRAIN, co-starring in M-G-M’s “The Fastest Gun Alive”
DORIS DAY, co-starring in “Julie”—An Arwin for M-G-M Release.

GINGER ROGERS, starring in “The First Traveling Saleslady”—An RKO Radio Picture. Print by Technicolor
JANE POWELL, starring in “The Girl Most Likely”—An RKO Radio Picture. Print by Technicolor
ANN MILLER, co-starring in M-G-M’s “The Opposite Sex” in CinemaScope and Metrocolor.
MAUREEN O’HARA, starring in “Everything But The Truth” A Universal-International Picture in Eastman Color.
ELEANOR PARKER, co-starring in M-G-M’s “The Painted Veil”

*What are the ANNUAL FAME POLL*
The FAME POLL was originated 25 years ago by the Qt Publishing Company, a leading publisher of newspapers and magazines relating to the motion picture world.

Each year, FAME magazine conducts a poll among theatre owners and managers from coast-to-coast to determine the top Hollywood box office stars.

Last year Grace Kelly was Top Screen Actress of the Year in the FAME Poll. Who will get the honor this year? Will it be the star whose name you send in on the form on the next page? If so, you may win $20,000! Details on opposite page.
RHONDA FLEMING, co starring in "Gunfight at The OK Corral" A Paramount Picture in VistaVision Color by Technicolor.


DEBORAH KERR, co starring in M.G.M.'s "Tea and Sympathy" In CinemaScope and Metrocolor.


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It's all you do to enter: Study the faces of Lustre-Creme Girls pictured here. Decide which one of these stars (or another of your own) you would like to see win the Twenty-Fifth Annual FAME POLL®

in her name on the entry form at lower right.

All you do to enter: Study the faces of Lustre-Creme Girls pictured here. Decide which one of these stars (or another of your own) you would like to see win the Twenty-Fifth Annual FAME POLL®

in her name on the entry form at lower right.

He actress you would like to see win the Twenty-Fifth Annual FAME POLL® Top Screen Actress of the Year, write her name and address on the Entry Blank in the lower right corner. Nothing to buy or pay for...and you have the first prize of $20,000— the many other cash prizes. You can enter as many entries as you want. (Ask for extra entry blank—send in your entry on a postcard, or use a plain piece of paper—mailing each entry form separately.)

Each of the stars shown here uses Lustre-Creme, Hollywood's favorite shampoo. And there's a good reason why 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars prefer it. Because Lustre-Creme never dries— it beautifies. It's blessed with lanolin—always leaves your hair star-bright, satin-soft, a joy to manage. Use it once—and Hollywood's favorite Lustre-Creme Shampoo will be your favorite, too!

FIRST PRIZE ...... $20,000
SECOND PRIZE ...... 5,000
5 THIRD PRIZES OF ...... 1,000 each
500 FOURTH PRIZES OF . . . 10 each

Here's all you do—:

1. PRINT on the entry form (or on plain paper or postcard) your name and address plus name of movie star whom you would like to see named "Top Screen Actress of the Year" in the Twenty-Fifth Annual FAME Poll.
2. MAIL YOUR ENTRY TO Lustre-Creme Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 9, New York 46, New York.
3. SEND AS MANY ENTRIES AS YOU WANT—but mail each one separately.
4. ENTRIES MUST BE POSTMARKED on or before November 10, 1956, and received not later than November 17, 1956.

If your entry carries the name of the star who is designated "Top Screen Actress of the Year" by FAME Magazine, your entry will be eligible for the Sweepstakes Drawing. All prize-winners will be selected by blindfold drawing by executives of Advertising Distributors of America. Only one prize to a winner, Judges' decisions final.

Top winner will be announced on Colgate-Palmolive TV program, "Strike It Rich," December 14. (See local TV listings for time and station.)

This sweepstakes is open to all residents of the continental United States, Hawaii and Alaska, except employees and their immediate families of Colgate-Palmolive Co., its advertising agencies and the Quigley Publishing Co. Void in the State of New Jersey, Subject to all other Federal and State regulations.

(Noter: If FAME's "Top Screen Actress of the Year" is named by fewer persons than there are prizes, all entries will be eligible to participate in the Lustre-Creme Sweepstakes.)

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LUSTRE-CREME $35,000 MOVIE-STAR SWEEPSTAKES

Mail to: LUSTRE-CREME SWEEPSTAKES P. O. Box 9, New York 46, N. Y.
I would like to see Movie Star

(print in star's name clearly)

named as the "Top Screen Actress of the Year" in the Twenty-Fifth Annual FAME Poll.

My Name. 
Address 
City. P.O. Zone. State. 

Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Hair and Scalp

Cream or Lotion

Lustre-Creme Shampoo with Lanolin

Lustre-Creme $35,000 Movie-Star Sweepstakes

Mail to: Lustre-Creme Sweepstakes P.O. Box 9, New York 46, N.Y.

I would like to see Movie Star (print in star's name clearly)

NAME. 
ADDRESS. 
CITY, P.O. Zone, STATE. 

Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Hair and Scalp

Cream or Lotion

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Mail to: Lustre-Creme Sweepstakes P.O. Box 9, New York 46, N.Y.

I would like to see Movie Star (print in star's name clearly)

NAME. 
ADDRESS. 
CITY, P.O. Zone, STATE. 

Hollywood's Favorite Shampoo Never Dries. Beautifies!
LIPS, LIPS HOORAY!

SO CREAMY, SO LASTING—YOUR OWN LIPS WILL CHEER!

Creamiest! Cutex Lipstick is so extra rich in Sheer Lanolin, it feels far smoother on your lips. Protects against chapping. Keeps lips always soft!

Color stays on for hours. Superior new Cutex formula is so non-smearing, color stays on you—off him—even after a kiss!

**In a radiant variety of beautiful colors**, each in a luxurious golden case, 59¢ and 29¢.

**New! 24-hour-type lipstick**—Cutex Satin Cling. For girls who want 24-hour color with no drying after-effect, 79¢.

Why Pay More?

CUTEX

SHEER LANOLIN LIPSTICK

Matching Cutex Nail Polish, proven longest-wearing of all! 29¢ and 15¢.

---

**READERS INC.**

**Continued**

color of De Luxe, the size of CinemaScope 55, and the music of Rodgers and Hammerstein.

In short, I would like to say that “The King and I” has never been equaled on the screen, in my opinion, and as long as Hollywood will produce movies of this caliber, the moviegoing public will see perfection in Hollywood.

MARY BETHE EDGLEY

TROUTDALE, OREGON

I feel I cannot allow Lina Farley (Readers Inc., August issue) to go unchallenged, in my opinion, as well as the opinion of my friends. “Not as a Stranger” was one of the best movies ever made. The acting was superb, I thought.

As for the fitness of certain movies for children, I have noticed that children become bored with a “too sophisticated” picture, but I don’t think it does them any harm.

I am afraid that Miss Farley just “misses the point” of “The Man from Laramie,” which she called “pointless and unenter- taining.” For me, it was a movie I’ll always remember.

Her complaint about “The Lost Hun” I readily the “straw that broke the camel’s back.” The so-called slaughter of countess buffalo was the annual culling of the herd. The movie company was allowed to use them for specimens. Had the movie not been made, these animals would still have been killed (and— I might add—in much the same way as it was done in the movie!)

NORA LALBETE

SANDPOINT, IDAHO

I just can’t get my mind off a motion picture I saw recently—“Gaby” with Leslie Caron and John Kerr. I think Leslie Caro outdid herself in her part of Gaby. Sh carried out her emotional scenes without finer than most actors and actresses were years and years to accomplish. She will be excellent in the cast, too, because she actually went through some of those years, didn’t she? John Kerr also has a bright future ahead of him. He is young and new and seems to “catch your eye” like so many of the newcomers are unable to do. He isn’t just “another” actor—he is that quality of touching the people’s hearts and minds.

ANON.

Raleigh, North Carolin

I have just read the latest issue of Photoplay and it has reaffirmed my belief in its being the best film magazine on the newsstands today. I say this because since I first began reading the stories, column reviews, etc., in this magazine, I have come across anything of a malicious derogatory nature about anyone in Hollywood.

I am a teenager who is not “wild,” I do not smoke, drink, or use narcotics. Neither do my friends. Neither do the vast majority of teens. Yet because a few people in our age group find an outlet for their problems by these methods, the public is led to believe (usually by sensation news stories) that we are all delinquent in one way or several. I feel that the story is true of film personalities.

Of course, we know that no one is perfect, that marriage sometimes fails, that few stars have pasts they would like forget. We also know that anyone with enough talent, ambition and a certain delinquency something beneath, and who makes the top and stays up there, must have a toughness and (Continued on page 1.)
Breck Hair Set Mist

A GENTLE, FRAGRANT SPRAY THAT HOLDS HAIR SOFTLY, BEAUTIFULLY IN PLACE FOR HOURS

Breck Hair Set Mist is a fragrant spray which delicately holds your hair softly in place for hours. After combing, a few brief sprays keep the hair beautifully arranged.

When freshening, a damp comb renews your waves - no respraying is necessary.

Breck Hair Set Mist also provides a quick, easy way to make lasting pin curls.

Fragrant as a bouquet, Breck Hair Set Mist contains lanolin, which leaves the hair soft to touch and brings out the natural lustre and beauty of your hair.

Beautiful Hair

Available at Beauty Shops, Drug Stores, Department Stores and wherever cosmetics are sold. 4½ oz. $1.25; 11 oz. $2.00. Plus tax.
Now...at the price of ordinary lipstick...Revlon
gives you the magnificent luxury of 'Futurama'!

Revlon's new fabulous 'Futurama' case with lipstick refill—only $1.25!

Your jeweler-designed 'Futurama' case goes on forever—all you ever buy again are Revlon refills! You save 35¢ on every lipstick!

Now Revlon makes every other way to buy lipstick old-fashioned! Now you can have the richness of a Van Cleef & Arpels jeweler-designed 'Futurama' case complete with lipstick for the price of a lipstick alone! But that's only the beginning!

Since 'Futurama' is a permanent case, you don't pay the cost of an old-fashioned brass case every time you buy lipstick. Instead, Revlon passes a real saving along to you—35¢ on every lipstick refill. (Click-in refills cost only 90¢.)

'Futurama' holds any of the three types of Revlon Lipstick: Lanolite, the non-drying, non-smear type; Lustrous, the extra-creamy type for sensitive lips; or Revlon Living Lipstick, the twenty-four-hour type.

Today, start buying your lipstick this new 'Futurama' way. Remember! For just 1.25, you get this magnificent jeweler-designed gold-tone 'Futurama' complete with your choice of any Revlon Lipstick—in 28 fashion-genius shades. Other styles in 'Futurama' from 2.50 to 37.50.

All prices subject to tax.
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plenty of wonderful qualities. This is what we like to read about. It makes famous personalities seem like individuals whom we would like to know and have as friends; no longer are they just faces on a movie screen, I know I am telling you something you already know because to me this is the essence of your entire magazine, So I would like to thank you for the wonderful work you are doing.

(Miss) Toni Forsyth
Hollywood, California

QUESTION BOX:

Correction: In the September issue of Readers Inc. we erroneously stated that the music in the picture “East of Eden” was composed by Victor Young. It was composed by Leonard Rosenman.

I saw “Crime in the Streets” a few weeks ago and I can’t understand why Sal Mineo is getting all the credit. He had so little to say, and I think a good deal of credit belongs to John Cassavetes. He was terrific. Please let us have some information on him.

Betty Anderson
Northampton, Massachusetts

John Cassavetes, one of the nation’s most rapidly rising young actors, has been seen on the Broadway stage, in motion pictures and on television. He is twenty-five years old, a native New Yorker and married to a young actress, Gena Rowlands. Cassavetes had the role in “Crime in the Streets” that he first created for television.

I recently had an argument about Glenn Ford with my mother and aunt. They say that he is dead, and I say he isn’t. Who is right?

Richard North
Gallipolis, Ohio

You are, Mr. Ford is very much alive, we’re happy to say.

I want to hear something about Steve Cochran. I saw him in “Come Next Spring,” and he was great!

Elsa Hubbard
Mantua, Ohio

Steve Cochran has been everything from a lumberman to a welder since he first became interested in dramas in junior high school. He was born in Eureka, California, is six feet one inch tall, dark, handsome—and an individualist!

CASTING:

I have just finished a book that kept me on the edge of my seat all the time I was reading it. It is Storm Fury by Richard Holden. I think it would make a great movie with John Agar as David Storm; Joan Collins as Karen; Raymond Massey as Professor Cruikshank; Joel McCrea as Flight Lieutenant; and rich Frank Loesser as Dr. Nicolis. I believe it would be a real thriller!

Lou Trent
Deer Park, New York

One of the best stories about prehistoric monsters is Sir Arthur Conan Doyle’s The Lost World. I think it would make a thrilling movie with Clifton Webb as Professor Challenger, Boris Karloff as Professor SUMMERVILLE, Gail Russell as Lord John Rexton, Robert Wagner as Edward Malone and Mara Corday as Gladys.

Arthur Stockman
Longmont, Colorado

Veteran moviegoers may recall the silent version of this thriller, with the late Wallace Beery as Professor Challenger. But today’s science-fiction cycle suggests a remake is well in order.
LOOK ALIKES:

While going through a 1955 Yearbook, I ran across an article entitled “Poignant and Brutally Honest.” The story was about a young actress, Irene Kane. I’ve never seen this girl in a film, but she looks enough like Grace Kelly, I think, to be her sister. If Hollywood is still looking for another Grace Kelly, I think Irene would fill the bill. What has become of Miss Kane? Does she look too much like Miss Kelly, and is that why she wasn’t brought to light?

SANDI ALLEN
Laguna Beach, California

In looking through a little booklet, I saw a picture of Arleen Whelan. She looks so much like Jane Russell. Do any of your other readers think so?

LEON SHUMAK
Hartsville, South Carolina

I am a faithful reader of Photoplay, and would like to submit a picture of Robert Koopman. Some people think he looks like John Derek and some think he resembles Guy Madison. I would love to get the opinion of your readers—whom do they think he looks like?

JOYCE KOOPMAN
Baltimore, Maryland

I have been reading Photoplay for ears. In your August issue, you published a picture of “Rock Hudson’s double.” I think my son not only looks like Rock, but e is built like him, and has the same disposition (from what I have read about him). My son’s name is Stephen, but we call him Jerry, and I would be so interested in hearing if your readers agree with me.

MRS. STEPHEN ARCHER
Croyden, New Hampshire

MEMORIAM:

On July 31, 1956, the young actor Robert Francis had been dead one year. I’ll never forget the hot summer day when I wasumbing through the Indianapolis Times id ran across an article saying, “Actor Francis Killed in Plane.” At first I couldn’t believe it was the same blond-headed kid had seen in “Mister Roberts.”

ANON.
Indianapolis, Indiana

I think the wonderful young actor, Robert Francis, who died July 31, 1955, deserves mention in your column. All his many fans would appreciate it.

MERLE BOZARD
Orangeburg, South Carolina

Here in Hawaii, there are many people who admired the late Robert Francis very, and his death was a severe shock to all. We even wrote to his sister, Mrs. exander F. Robins, to express our sympathy, and asked her to send us a photo of her brother. We’ll never forget him.

ARLENE TANAKA
Kahului, Maui, Hawaii

“it’s a woman’s privilege

to change her mind...

AND THE COLOR OF HER HAIR

dsays Lilly Daché

It’s smart to be fickle—about the color of your hair! Be a blonde, be a redhead, be brunette to suit your whim or the occasion. Simply rinse in exciting new temporary color, safely, quickly, easily. Shampoo it out when you please. Leaves your hair colorfully lustrous, truly manageable. Let Lilly Daché’s personally trained experts at leading department and drug stores help you choose the color that’s really you...from 12 exciting shades!

1.35
Lumino CREME RINSE
by Lilly Daché

Lilly Daché
SAYS "A new hair color, like a new hat does something for you!"
Author, Author!
We really feel that George Scullin, who's writing Kim Novak's life story exclusively for Photoplay, should take a bow. Mr. Scullin, who also authored the Gary Cooper life story for a national weekly, admitted to us—very privately—that doing the Kim Novak story was—well, shall we say "more fun"? At any rate, Mr. Scullin is one of the few men for whom Kim has cooked luncheon with her very own hands, and hers is the first lavender apartment our author ever visited. For your own glimpse of Kim's lavender apartment, be sure to buy the December issue of Photoplay.

Young Man in a Hurry
That describes him, all right. It was less than a year ago that a young actor named Tony Perkins dropped by our office to be introduced. At that time no one had ever heard of this tall, intense and very likable young man. Eight months later, when he paid us a second visit, Tony's debut picture, "Friendly Persuasion," was to open at Radio City Music Hall and he was being hailed as a full-fledged star. We're delighted to have got in on the ground floor with Tony, who assured us he'd give Photoplay anything we want in the way of stories and interviews, but begged off posing for one in Natalie Wood and Tab Hunter. We talked to Natalie about this when she was in New York. Curled up on a sofa in her suite at the Plaza, Natalie thought it over and then said, "I guess it's all right—if the part happens to call for it. But none or no team, it's got to be a good part." This brown-haired, brown-eyed pixie is really all out for her career. Not even marriage, when it happens, is going to interfere. We found that out, among other things, when we put our spies on her trail to get hold of Natalie's diary of her first unchaperoned trip—which comes to you in December.

Rebels, Arise!
That certainly seems to be the cry to young actors these days, with more and more of the "rebel" type moving to center front, led, of course, by the king of the rebels, Elvis Presley. That's why we did a little research on the subject and came up with some reassuring words for the older generation in "Why the Rebel Craze Is Here to Stay." Now we have some reassuring words for the younger generation. In December, Photoplay brings you the first, exclusive interview with Elvis in Hollywood where he's making his first movie, "Love Me Tender," plus pictures of your favorite rebel in FULL COLOR. Be sure to look for it!

In Hollywood for his first movie, Elvis took the town and autograph fans by storm and liked it "just fine".

Tony Perkins doesn't believe in signs unless they say, "Go, boy!"

Coming Events
Would you like to win a date with Sal Mineo? The December issue of Photoplay will give you your chance. This is a complete-in-one-issue contest, so don't miss getting your copy of this star-filled, story-filled, picture-filled issue, on sale November sixth! And be sure to tell us what stars you'd like to read about. That's a 'til next time.—I.M.
No Other Leading Toothpaste

Cleans - Cleans - Cleans Your Breath
While It Guards - Guards - Guards Your Teeth

Like Colgate Dental Cream!

Because No Other Leading Toothpaste Contains Gardol
To Give You Long-Lasting Protection Against Both Bad Breath and Tooth Decay
...With Just One Brushing!

Unlike other leading toothpastes, Colgate's forms an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights decay all day...with just one brushing! Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. But remember! One Colgate brushing fights decay-causing bacteria 12 hours—or more!

Colgate's with Gardol helps stop bad breath all day for most people with just one brushing! Instantly sweeps away bacteria that cause bad breath originating in the mouth! No other leading toothpaste* cleans your breath while it guards your teeth like Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol!

SAFE for Children of All Ages! to Use in All Water Areas!

MAKES TEETH WHITER—CANNOT STAIN OR DISCOLOR!

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM with GARDOL

The Top Three Brands After Colgate's.
Close whispers for two who are close in heart. Lana Turner Barker is risking all that a woman can to give Lex the child he wants, and Hollywood admires her courage.

Already the Tony Curtis-Janet Leigh baby has stirred a ruckus in the moviemaking world. Kelly actually got herself chased off her dad's set for disturbing production!

It couldn't be, they said. The marriage of Fernando Lamas and Arlene Dahl was doomed, they said. That was umpteen years ago—and see how happy they look now!
James MacArthur, son of Helen Hayes, was broken to Hollywood's heart as few youngsters are. Joan Crawford and her husband, Mike Steele, were among the welcomers.

Big news: Betty Hutton's back before the cameras! The girl who's been down so many times in the recent past is up again, and Alan, everyone in town are cheering her on.

**INSIDE STUFF**

**Bedside Manner:** Marlon Brando proved to be that proverbial friend in need during Anna Kashfi's recent bout with pleurisy. Although medics posted a "No Visitors" sign, it did not keep out the volatile actor, whose flowers, phone calls and daily visits helped to hasten dark-eyed Anna's recovery. That hillside house formerly occupied by Marlon was vacant again. So he checked out of his Chateau Marmont apartment, and the Don Murrays, who expect Sir Stork, checked in. ... Still weeping over her broken marriage, Elizabeth Taylor departed for "Raintree County" location in Danville, Kentucky. Hard to say whether it was the heat or the emotional pressure set off by her separation from Mike, but Liz collapsed and had to be ordered to bed for several days. This seems to happen to Liz every time she makes a picture. Could it be some deep-seated dislike of picture-making? Hard to believe. Co-star Montgomery Clift lavished care and concern on her, and still-devoted Michael Wilding cabled red roses from his own picture-making in Europe.

**Memory Lane:** Driven by desire to see James Dean again, Natalie Wood and Scott Marlowe motored all the way to Bakersfield when "Giant" was previewed. During the 112-mile trip back to Hollywood they sat in silence, too choked to talk. And hearts went out to inconsolable Fred Astaire, who had his toughest line to speak in "Funny Face." He had to say, "I have to meet my wife and kids." Still suffering the loss of his real-life wife, Fred broke up during the first three takes.

**Pretty Babies:** When Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher finished "Bundle of Joy," they rested for a full week before giving their first party. Debbie modeled a maternity bathing suit she designed herself, and everyone urged her to manufacture them. Eddie, who usually smokes a pipe, puffed away on cigars. "Just rehearsing for November first!" he grinned. ... A tip from Jean Simmons to expectant mothers: "To conquer hair-do problems, wear your hair in a bun crowned with little wreaths of artificial flowers. I buy my flowers in the five-and-ten and make the wreaths myself. They're practical, they're fun and you always look neat." Jean's in "Protection for a Tough Racket."

"So This Is Hollywood" mused English import Diana Dors the next morning. Continued
Will it be like this again between Jack Lemmon and is Cynthia? Martha Hyer and other friends are putting on a reconciliation.

Splash! went the water in the Diana Dors and Dennis Hamilton pool, and Splash! went the headlines across nation when Dennis blew up.

INSIDE STUFF

after her husband had "ruffled up" a photographer for having reportedly pushed Miss Dors, her agent, Louis Schurr and dress designer Howard Shoup into a swimming pool. It seems that Miss Dors' husband, Dennis Hamilton, doesn't like to see his wife pushed around, much less dunked fully clothed into water. Mr. Hamilton insists the photographer, Stuart Sawyer, did the pushing in the hope of getting a good picture of Miss Dors emerging, soaking wet. Mr. Hamilton felt that this was extremely poor behavior on the part of Mr. Sawyer, considering that the lad had eaten of the Dors-Hamilton food, drunk of their liquor and generally enjoyed their hospitality. Mr. Sawyer was taken to the hospital with fairly severe bruises and injuries. Miss Dors took to her bed with a sprained back. Mr. Hamilton took to the telephone to defend his action, and their guests, generally, took to the hills, preferring not to be quoted. But, as someone remarked, picking fights—with or without provocation—with newspapermen is something older and wiser stars avoid sometimes even accepting insults rather than permit themselves to be provoked into making headlines.

More Bounce to the Ounce: That's Betty Hutton, these happy days. Makin "Spring Reunion" for United Artists. Betty's walking on air over the fact that she's been given a strong, dramatic role that really calls for acting as we as enthusiasm. After her TV spectacular was slightly less than spectacular, Betty's spirits took a nosedive, but the girl has too much courage and too much talent to be defeated for very long.

There's a Long, Long Trail: Remember all the people who said the Arlene Dah Fernando Lamas marriage couldn't possibly last? You'll need a long men
"What have you done to your hair?
It's Lovely!"

"I discovered
New Palmolive Soft Shampoo"

The difference is almost startling—
because Palmolive Soft Shampoo is 100%
non-alkaline, agrees with the normal
healthy condition of hair and scalp.
Removes alkaline film that makes
hair look dull and lifeless.

Palmolive Soft Shampoo

Regular Price $89
Get Acquainted Special
Price $59
on giant 12-oz. size
Pond's deep cleansings make a lovely difference...

...when you're close enough to kiss!

New ultraviolet photographs prove Pond's Cold Cream removes dirt that other cleansing only "skims over"

1. A test patch of dirt and make-up is applied. In photo taken in ultraviolet light, patch shows up white.

2. Then patch is vigorously washed. She thinks her skin is clean, but...

3. Even after brisk washing, ultraviolet light shows stubborn dirt still there!

4. Proof Pond's cleanses deep. Right through imbedded dirt, Pond's cleanses a clear path!

No other cleanser removes make-up and dirt more completely, leaves your skin so fresh!

POND'S Cold Cream

Sheer, non-greasy powder base—Pond's Vanishing Cream

ory, because Fernando and Arlene have weathered plenty of marital storms and they're still very much together, very much in love, and very, very happy.

Baptism by Fire: Eighteen-year-old son of Helen Hayes, James MacArthur, who made his screen debut in RKO's "The Young Stranger," was invited to his first Hollywood party by first night in town. Elliott Aiken instructed her guests to appear at her hilltop home in dungarees, with bare feet. Bongo drums bonged until dawn. Natalie Wood, Tom Tryon, Sewell Marlowe, Lori Nelson and Sal Mineo were just a few of the famous guest who shook the welkin, if not the neighbors' nerves. New York now seems like a quiet little village to young James, I doubt.

The Saints Be Praised: Eva Marie, certainly, deserved all the praise she got for her fine work in "That Certain Feeling," which co-starred Bob Hope and was her first fling at comedy. She enjoyed every minute of it, and she's at it again, enjoying living in Hollywood with her producer-husband Jeffrey Hayden and her young son Darrell—so named that no one could tack a nickname onto him. Currently making "Rainbow County" with Elizabeth Taylor and Montgomery Clift, Eva Marie Saint, another actress who has proved the marriage of careers and marriage can be happy combined when people are old enough to know what they want.

Flash!: Or is it just a flash-in-the-pa... Anyway, 20th Century-Fox has announced that Elvis Presley will star in "Love Me Tender" along with Richard Egan, Debra Paget and Nevi Brand. For a complete report on how Presley likes Hollywood and vice versa, see the December issue of Photoplay with his first interview as a film star.
Intimate Scoop: We hasten to bring you the first fashion tip from the wardrobe of Hollywood's newest glamour girl, Miss Kelly Lee (not spelled Leigh) Curtis. When Janet Leigh, whose figure is better than ever, if that's possible, brought her to the set of "The Eyes of Father Tomasin," Missy Kelly stopped production, much to Tony's relief, since he was being "choked" by Gilbert Roland. Tony's first-born was the epitome of female daintiness in a pink organdy frock with white piping. Also she is definitely carrying out the Gussie Moran influence. Kelly's panties were lace-trimmed! There was so much oohing and ahhing that finally the assistant director pleaded, "Would you put your baby away, Mr. Curtis, please!"

Sunny Side Up: Donald O'Connor should have a new bride to go with his new house before you read this. To keep Gloria Noble's tootsies warm he had the bricks in the patio heated with infra-red rays. His garden is also wired for sound. Donald deserves lasting happiness. Here's hoping this time is it!

Flag of Truce: Hollywood may have its faults but the town is quick to forgive and forget. No one was less cooperative than Rita Hayworth, and she hurt many people along the way. Now she's making "Fire Down Below" with Robert Mitchum in Trinidad; and they're shouting her praises. Maybe at this late stage she's seen the light. For Rita's sake we hope it's true.

One Man's Family: Robert Taylor is a very fortunate man—and a smart one too! His wife, Ursula Thiess, loves to do her own marketing. She also does all her own cooking and takes care of the children herself. Bob married because he wanted a home and a wife not dedicated to a career, but he never told Ursula not to make pictures. She will make her own decisions. Nice going.

Green Light: Lana Turner is an Rh negative blood type, which makes it difficult and dangerous for her to have children. But doctors assure the Lex Barkers there will be no complications when their baby is born in January. Now if they could just unload that huge house, their happiness would be complete. British Diana Dors, who adores Hollywood, decided it's too expensive.

Where There's Smoke: Everything and everyone (including a pixie blond) was blamed for Jack Lemmon's marital breakup. But according to a pal who dates back to college: "The real villain, I think, is success. Jack settled down too soon, before he got certain things out of his system. I predict that they'll reconcile."

(Continued on page 33)
Enjoy new freedom from nicks and cuts this safe, gentle, quick way

ONLY the Lady Sunbeam has the "compact" shape and the exclusive MICRO-TWIN Head

This side for shaving under arms

This side for shaving legs close, clean and oh, so smooth

Your letters answered by
Spring Byington

WHAT SHOULD I DO?

Q  I am a schoolteacher, not yet thirty. Recently I inherited a thousand dollars from a kind soul with whom I lived when I was going to college.

I have received so much "good advice" since my friends and relatives have heard about the bequest that I am thoroughly confused. There are always the level heads who feel that a windfall should be invested; there are some who think it should be put in insurance, and some think it would pay weekend dividends if it became a down payment for a car.

Personally, I'd like to use it for travel. My special interests are art and the theatre (although I teach Latin and Spanish). I wondered if you could tell me how and where I could get the most for my money if I decided to use it for a trip.

Selina Ann D.

A  I enjoyed your letter very much, Miss D., because—brief as it was—it revealed a sense of the world's riches and an eagerness to enjoy some of them. I've always agreed with Somerset Maugham, who once said (I can't quote him exactly, I'm sorry to say) that money is like a sixth sense without which one cannot make the greatest use of the other five.

I wonder if you couldn't solve your own dilemma by a file card system, Why not write on each of as many cards as necessary, one thing you would like to do or see

Continued
New Sheer Velvet Cleanser

Sheer Velvet’s modern, marvelous multi-purpose formula goes deep down to clean away every speck of city grime, make-up, and hardened skin secretions which, if neglected, cause blackheads. Then works scientifically with miraculous Bithionol to suppress skin bacteria that could invade and aggravate blemishes. Big extra bonus! Sheer Velvet doesn’t dry... it velvetizes your skin as it cleans. Leaves an invisible velvety film as a base for fresh make-up. Try it. See if you’ve ever had such a complete beauty treatment... so fast! You’ll love Sheer Velvet Cleanser! 6 ounces $1.

You can also get Dorothy Gray products in Canada.

For beauty the modern way Dorothy Gray
WHAT SHOULD I DO?

Continued


Some of the cards will belong in one geographical section, some in another. Naturally, at this time, it is likely that you will want to do those things nearest at hand and it shouldn't be necessary for you to use up all your inheritance to accomplish what should prove to be the first step in a series of wonderful experiences.

Sometimes a windfall like that you have described can be used to open many doors not just one.

Q: I don't mind telling you I had to blow my stack before I got up enough steam to sit down like this and write to a lady wailing wall, if you'll excuse the expression.

I blew my stack because my dear little wife came home late tonight with the explanation that she had been backtracking through shops all afternoon, trying to find a blouse that she had bought price $12.95 and had lost somewhere. She told me, "I didn't really need the blouse, but I bought it because Ruth had bought one and wanted to show her I could buy anything so we could buy.

I showed her a past due notice that had arrived in the mail that day and asked her what she had done with the money I had given her to pay the light bill. She opened those beautiful big blue eyes and said, "Gosh, I'll just bet that's the money I use for the bridge prize. I thought I seemed flush in my household account last week."

Then she said, "By the way, I bought meerschaum pipe for my dad for his birthday and had it shipped and charged, so we'll have to put that in the budget. He always wanted a really good pipe, so he'll be tickled."

The three things, all happening the same night, were too much. I yelled and said she was bankrupting me and that she couldn't count her own fingers and get a right answer and I don't know what all. She went into the bedroom, having hysterics and locked the door. But something has got to be done. How do you teach a wife to help a guy stay solvent? She worked for free we were married—she ought to know the score. I just don't know what to do.

Bon T

A: Any mother of several children can diagnose your problem instantly: Unfortunately, Mr. T., your "little wife" is irresponsible and immature, and not to be trusted with your financial welfare.

I don't intend these words to be harsh! The truth is that the world is full of people who never grow up to understand the connection between arithmetic and their own happiness.

I gather that you are the sole source of income at this time, and that you have a family. Why wouldn't it be a good idea for your wife to seek employment again, since you say she worked before you were married? It's amazing how wise some people can be with their own money, and how spendthrift with that of someone else.

In any case, it would seem sensible to you to pay all the household bills, take on financial responsibility, and start doing on a minimum sum for your wife's pin money. I realize that such a suggestion may be labeled "advice" but so is your
Costume by Tina Leser

Light
Up
Red

the fire-light color that leaves all other reds in the dark!

• Smile and all other smiles flicker out of focus. Nothing can hold a candle to lips aglow with Light Up Red! This mysterious new lipstick color by DuBarry does uncanny things to your eyes, your skin, your hair—makes your face light up with a soft, dreamy glow!

Light Up Red gives your lips everything! A rare winter-miracle ingredient that keeps your lips soft, moist and smooth when other mouths are chapped and dry. A staying power that keeps the color put day and night.

Smile with this fire-light color on your lips—and set a man’s heart ablaze! DuBarry Moisturized Lipstick, $1.10, in Lucite Case, $1.50. DuBarry Flatter-Face, powder plus foundation, $1.50. DuBarry Flatter-Glo, fluid make-up, $1.10.
still the only nail polish at any price containing Plasteen ... the miracle chip-proofing ingredient

Beautiful jewel-like shades plus a new-formula Iridescent

STILL ONLY 15¢ IRIDESCENTS ONLY 20¢
AT YOUR FAVORITE VARIETY OR DRUG STORE

Helen Neushaefer
NAIL POLISH and LIPSTICK

WHAT SHOULD I DO?

I don't recall reading a problem exactly like mine in any of your letters, yet I feel that it must be universal. Men today are afraid of marriage. Take my case: I have dated this boy for eight years. We started to go steady during our junior year in high school, and continued through my second year of college, then he went into service.

We agreed at that time that we would be "just friends," but he soon wrote to say that he missed me so much he wanted to have an understanding that I was his girl and that we would get married as soon as he was out of uniform.

He is now twenty-two and I am twenty-four. Both of us are launched on our life careers, but now he says he can't face the responsibility of marriage, he wants to go on as we did in high school.

I enjoyed your answer to a girl who said she was available. I realize that this boy knows I am "most available," and I realize that I represent no challenge. However, prospects of meeting men in my work are nil, and in general I question the wisdom of trying to "keep a man guessing," because you certainly can't do that once you are married—you really have to be "most available.

I have taken my beau to the homes of married friends, but he doesn't seem to see the contentment and apparent love in the home; he sees only the responsibility, the sick children and the TV payments.

I don't feel that I have done justice to this problem because eight years cannot be squeezed into a few lines, but can you think of any way in which all this time can be made to have real meaning to this man?

DRECIE N.

Your eloquent statement that "eight years cannot be squeezed into a few lines" touched my heart. How well I know that even a book might not do justice to your quandary, Miss N.

Well, then, let's say there is nothing we can do about those years. But isn't there quite a bit to be done from this day forward? First of all, why not acquire a fresh viewpoint? Why not study yourself as a person, a free and intelligent woman, who has not met the man she is to marry, but who wants to prepare for her future, you will want to be as attractive, physically, as possible. Let an expert do something new and challenging about your hair. Invest in a dress or a suit in a color and a design which you haven't had in your wardrobe. Whatever you do, don't be guided by your idea of what appeals to the old love. Remember, you are preparing for a new experience, not an old one warmed over.

Take an interest in a new hobby, Go to night school, or spend your weekends in some fresh pursuit. Make yourself more interesting to yourself. Don't look specifically for romance; rather, see value in human relations in general so that you find ways of meeting men in their capacities as working individuals, and women, too.

Remember, too, that love can be a habit. But once you are married to your long-time sweetheart you might discover that the instant he stopped being a challenge to you, he became a bore. There is no law which says that just because you have been in love with a man for eight years, you must marry him. You don't owe him any-
thing, but you do owe yourself a sweet-heart who is man enough to want you.

Q I hope you will be able to help me. My situation is this: I am a divorcée with two small children, daughters aged four and six. The man in the case—there's always a man, isn't there?—was married to one of my very best friends. When I was married, this other couple used to make up a foursome with us, and when I was going through divorce (at my husband's request), they were wonderful to me.

About a year ago this couple separated. I heard the girl's side, and I heard the man's side, and I must say that my sympathies were with the man. Even though there was a baby on the way (which the wife did not want, as she told me candidly), they decided to divorce. I began to spend a great deal of time with the husband, and there came a time when we agreed that we must have been in love for a long, long time without realizing it fully.

When the baby was born it proved to be a handsome boy who is the image of his father. The parents reconciled and are now trying to work out their difficulties. The trouble is that the girl still regards me as one of her best friends and keeps in close touch. Every time there is trouble between them I hear her side of it, and then a few hours later I hear his side of it.

Between keeping up a home, working, being hopelessly in love with this man and trying to arbitrate his matrimonial disputes, I am almost beside myself. Can you see any way in which I can find some sort of peace of mind?

HARINET G.

A Yours is a desperately serious problem, Mrs. G. I can't minimize it in any way. Certainly what happened was the fault of no one individual, but rather the result of tangled emotional needs.

It would be so easy to moralize in this case, to suggest that you refuse to see this man, even as your friend's husband, or that you take up your two small daughters and live elsewhere.

However, life is never so simple. Since you work, it is obvious that you have found both a job and a dependable person to care for your children during the day—a boon not to be found in every city.

To refuse to see the man might give your friendship a status that would cause all three adults even more pain than the present situation does. Finally, let's not overlook the fact that no matter how difficult your situation—you have the daily thrill and excitement of being a heroine in a story such as one might witness on television. I think it might cause as much mis—... to give up your central position in this drama as to give up the man.

However, for your own ultimate peace of mind, it seems to me that you should relinquish your role in the play and take a front seat in the theatre where you can be a spectator. What you want is a companion beside you in the audience, a man of your own, whom you may never find unless you become the heroine of your own drama in place of serving as antagonist in the hectic marriage of two other people.

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, Box 3095, Beverly Hills, California. If your problem is of general interest, Miss Byington will try to answer it in this column. All names will be held strictly confidential.

DEBORAH KERR co-starring in M-G-M's "TEA AND SYMPATHY" in Cinemascope and Metrocolor

the Deborah Kerr look! Yours with...

Woodbury
Dream Stuff
powder-and-foundation in compact form

Puff on this complete make-up in a split minute and get compliments all day. Woodbury Dream Stuff gives your complexion the radiance of living color... the smoothness of flawless skin like Deborah Kerr's! Flatters like a powder... clings because of its fabulous built-in foundation ingredient. And never, never dries skin. Five dreamy new shades that stay color-true. Neat, too — no loose powder to spill!

In elegant ivory-and-gold mirrored case—
to take with you in your purse, $1. (Prices plus tax)
To him
you're just as
lovely
as a movie star

... he's *your* special audience ... he loves to look at you. That's a wonderful thought! And here's another one. Daily Lux care can do as much to keep *your* skin fresh and glowing, as it does for Audrey Hepburn. Like 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars, lovely Audrey always uses Lux.

**Cosmetic lather is the secret**

New Lux lather has a beneficial cosmetic action on skin. It actually helps maintain the proper moisture balance so essential to a radiant complexion.

**New Lux is sealed in Gold Foil**

... to protect its cosmetic lather, dazzling whiteness, wonderful fragrance. 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!

9 out of 10 Hollywood Stars use—

*... dark hair, dark eyes, womanly grace and gamin charm... all part of lovely Audrey's appeal. Then there's her complexion—fresh, glowing—and cared for with new Lux!*
Bathing won't do it!

but regular douching will!

Never risk embarrassing odor! The sure, feminine way to stay certain of your charms is to douche regularly with new, mild formula "Lysol" brand disinfectant. Then you're really internally fresh and clean! "Lysol" kills on contact the very cause of odor — bacteria. "Lysol" gets into folds and crevices... assuring you of complete, thorough internal cleanliness. And you stay dainty and nice — because the "Lysol" action lasts!

FABULOUS OFFER!

Feminine Hygiene "Tinykit" only 50c with front panel of "Lysol" carton. Kit includes latex douche bag; scientifically designed, doctor-approved nozzle; waterproof case. Dainty, discreet, compact. It's no bigger than your hand! Excellent for home or travel. Use coupon below.

AN OPEN LETTER TO OUR READERS—OUR ADVERTISERS

PHOTOPLAY magazine is proud to be a member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations, which, this month, is celebrating its forty-second year of service to our readers and to our advertisers. The Audit Bureau of Circulations, better known as the ABC, contributes to your enjoyment of PHOTOPLAY. By studying ABC figures, we have a guide for the type of material you prefer — thus can bring you what you want to read, when you want to read it.

Too, the Audit Bureau of Circulations makes it possible for us to measure our circulation growth, bringing a sound picture to our advertisers of PHOTOPLAY's tremendous audience. By studying our circulation figures, the advertiser can know that he is delivering a message to you through PHOTOPLAY's pages — a message which, in turn, will have been profitable for him to tell.

PHOTOPLAY joins with the other 3700 Audit Bureau of Circulations members in saluting the forty-two years of self-regulation of our publishing industry.

THE EDITORS
**LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES**

WITH JANET GRAVES

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**Tea and Sympathy**

M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, METROCOLOR

+++ Fine acting and subtle presentation distinguish this study of the generally interesting subject of sex. As a sensitive college student who's accused of being a sissy—just because he's different from his fellows—John Kerr does a triumphant job, making it clear that this boy is in truth strongly, humorously and sweetly normal. Deborah Kerr matches him as his one reliable ally, a mature and lovely woman who is troubled about her marriage. She's the wife of instructor Leif Erickson, a hearty, bone-headed type who slights her to spend time with his young male charges. Edward Andrews makes the role of John's father pathetically convincing. Darryl Hickman's likable as John's roommate, and Norma Crane's the blowzy girl with whom John tries to prove his manhood.

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**War and Peace**

PARAMOUNT; VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

+++ Tolstoy's novel centers on Russian aristocrats' reactions to Napoleon's invasion. But Audrey Hepburn and Henry Fonda, leading a splendid cast, show that war has the same impact on people anywhere, any time. Beginning as a carefree teenager, Audrey falls in love with chilly nobleman Mel Ferrer and is swayed by the woman-chaser, Vittorio Gassman. Fonda's a dreamy intellectual who drifts into a loveless marriage with voluptuous Anita Ekberg. But both he and Audrey grow up under the ravages of war. The vast battle scenes, with Herbert Lom's Napoleon and Oscar Homolka's stubborn old Russian general opposing each other, create some of the most impressive and beautiful pictures ever seen on the screen. It's a rich filmgoing treat.

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**Continued**

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**BEST ACTING: JOHN KERR**

Older than John, Deborah brings to this tender moment the wisdom, warmth and womanly compassion he so desperately needs.

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**BEST ACTING: AUDREY HEPBURN**

Sunny days draw to a close for Hen and Audrey, as war shadows loom above...
WHY THIS AMAZING OFFER?

An important campaign is sponsored by the Greek Community of Seattle, for the purpose of enlisting your financial support for its newly announced Building Program. Organized in 1921 by Greek-American Veterans, this Community Center was established in Seattle to serve social and cultural needs. Since that time, the younger element of the Seattle Greek community has increased 400-fold! The trustees of this Community Center, among the most highly known Greek-American citizens of Seattle, find it necessary to maintain rates and Master's Warder Lipschitz of at least $5,000. A new Community Center to meet the demands of the younger generation in an urgent fashion! An urgent request has been made by J. F. Gemeroy, America's foremost Contest Manager, has been appointed by the Committee of this Fund-Raising Campaign. The Greek Community of Seattle, Inc., invites your support for this ambitious project, as it has for its fundamental purpose the making of American Greeks of into better citizens of tomorrow.

HERE'S HOW TO WORK THE PUZZLE

Letters to spell suitable words in each name section in such a manner to obtain the highest possible Grand Total. All blank squares must be filled with letters to spell interlocking words which must be selected from the Master List of 30 words-no word may be used twice, and only one to each square. Words must interlock one with another. Spellal (upright) from top to bottom, and horizontal from left to right. The key word SOCRATES and the 8 key letters "spotted" on the chart, must remain in the positions shown. To begin, select a 7-letter word that will interlock with the "O" in SOCRATES in which the letter will be "A." Look over the Master List and you will discover ETONIA must be the word. Your next step is to choose a 5-letter word in which the 3rd letter will be "B" and interlock with the "S" in ETONIA. Then in these same manner, select a vertical 6-letter word whose second letter will interlock with the "E" in SOCRATES. Follow this easy procedure to find the remaining 17 interlocking words to blank squares in the puzzle chart.

HOW TO ADD UP YOUR GRAND TOTAL SCORE

The letter used in the puzzle has a point value (see letter value chart). The 18 interlocking circled letters are given twice (1 time) after using corresponding words to fill all the squares, add up and Total for your entire puzzle solution in the key word "SOCRATES" and the 8 key letters spotted on the chart. The object is to use words, the total value of whose squares will be the highest possible grand total when all are added together as they were in a long single column. Observe specimen chart above official Puzzle. Different words are used to illustrate the method to you. When puzzle is filled in your name and address, etc., mailed with $2 donation to G. F. GEMEROY, Contest Manager, Mutual Life Bldg., Seattle, Wash. Residents of United States, Alaska, Hawaii and Puerto Rico are eligible to enter this contest past 17 years old.

TIEBREAKERS MAILED IMMEDIATELY

Any contestant who submits a Grand Total to this puzzle within 25 points of the highest score is eligible to "move along" to the Semi-Final Tier. On the day we receive your solution (if qualified under the 25-point规定) your Tiebreaker and Master Word List will be sent you. TIEBREAKER will be similar to the initial puzzle, but will require more actions and a larger Word List. With this Tiebreaker, you receive +1 Extra Offer whereby you may increase your $2 donation, and up your First Prize from $5,000.00 to as much as $18,000.00! All contestants whose scores are in the initial and Semi-Final TIEBREAKER puzzles are eligible to move up to the "Run-off" finals. Such a letter will not be required to send any additional donation unless they do so. It is possible to win a First Prize of $5,000.00 without adding any of your own $2 donation. The Qualifying Score (to be used in the Gemeroy-supervised contest) will be one in the Semi-Final Tiebreaker. For this plan, if you achieve a score within 60 points of the maximum High Score for the Semi-Final Tiebreaker, you will be invited to the "Run-off" Tiebreaker. In the event of ties, consecutive values (not to exceed 2 more) will be used to determine the 600 Prize. Please mail all letters and donation to G. F. GEMEROY, Contest Manager, Mutual Life Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

SEND $2 DONATION TODAY

Above is my score for this Crossword Puzzle, and enclosed is my $2 donation for the Greek Community Building Fund. I understand that my Semi-Final Tiebreaker is to be mailed to me as soon as possible. My answer is within 25 points of the correct total.

NAME ____________________________
ADDRESS ____________________________
CITY OR P.O. ______ STATE OR Prov. ______

Send cash, M.O. or personal check to:
G. F. GEMEROY
MUTUAL LIFE BLDG., SEATTLE, WASH.

DEADLINE for entries is Jan. 31, 1957. We reserve the option of extending this deadline by not more than 90 days.

TS
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 lilting sunny sparkle it puts in your hair! Try it once, you'll use it always.

Economical 29c, 59c, $1.

Helene Curtis shampoo plus egg
SUPER FAST RINSE!
DISCOVERED

a new, down-deep-in-the-skin clean feeling

This is a new, never-before kind of feeling. It could come only from a new, never-before kind of cleanser. Not from any soap... too drying. Not from any cream... too thick and slow and greasy. Not likely even from other liquid cleansers.

Proof? New Jergens Deep Cleanser was preferred 2 to 1 in a recent hidden-name test among hundreds of women.

The fact is that this new Deep Cleanser, by the makers of Jergens Lotion, has up to 4 times as many cleansing ingredients as traditional cleansing creams... to help it search deeper for clogging dirt and make-up... to help you tissue them away more quickly, more gently, more thoroughly.

And because every single cleansing ingredient in Jergens Deep Cleanser is also a recognized skin softener, it leaves your face softer, smoother, clearer. Agree... or double your money back. Just 39c and 69c plus tax.
Girls: When in doubt use Arrid—to be sure!

You're a smart young miss if you know all the answers. Even smarter if you realize that they add up to the daily use of Arrid—the most effective deodorant you can buy!

Arrid now is fortified with the magic new ingredient, Perstop. That's why Arrid is 1½ times as effective as all leading deodorants tested, and the most popular deodorant, too!

1. Be sweet and approachable any hour, day or night. Just rub Arrid in—you rub perspiration and odor out. When the cream vanishes, you're safe.

2. It's never too hot for comfort with Arrid. It protects you against all kinds of unexpected perspiration. Keeps you dry and comfortable even in a crisis when your glands tend to gush perspiration.

3. Protect your clothes with Arrid. Perspiration rot fabric, bleaches color out. Even expert dry-cleaners can't remove these stains. Arrid controls moisture so effectively that your dresses stay sweet as new.

4. A second bath isn't necessary with Arrid. One a day will do. Just towel yourself dry, rub in Arrid, and you'll stay soap-and-water fragrant up to 24 hours. You can count on it!

Don't be half safe. Be completely safe. Use Arrid . . . to be sure.

434 plus tax.

LET'S GO TO THE

Attack! U.A.

In a slashing, sometimes horrifying drama of World War II, Jack Palance and Eddie Albert dominate a strong all-male cast. Palance is a fighting man who quickly recognizes the yellow streak beneath the braggart manner of his commanding officer. Obviously incompetent, Albert is protected by his superior, Lee Marvin, who hopes to profit by Albert's influence back in their home town. A situation similar to "The Caine Mutiny" arises when the officer's mental breakdown puts all his men in danger, and a young lieutenant (William Smithers, an able newcomer) must take action. The film's acting power is further built up by Robert Strauss, the perennial GI, and Buddy Ebsen, a reliable noncom.

Teenage Rebel 20th, CineMascOPE

Here's a fresh and heart-catching treatment of a parent-teenager relationship, with Ginger Rogers and Betty Lou Keim as long-stranged mother and daughter. Now happily married to Michael Rennie, Ginger is anxious to revive affection during a visit from Betty Lou, child of her first marriage. The young girl puts on worldly airs, and the teenagers next door (Warren Berlinger and Diane Jergens, also new and promising) assume at first that she's just snooty. Actually, she is a searching, unhappy person, neglected by her adored father, who now wants to unload her. The problem is worked out in heartening, if rather talky fashion.

Back from Eternity RKO

A personable cast liven's the standard situation of a motley group isolated in dangerous circumstances. When a plane is forced down in the South American jungle, the heat's on for passengers and crew, including: Bob Ryan, disillusioned pilot; Keith Andes, inexperienced co-pilot; shady lady Anita Ekberg; egotist Gene Barry and his doubting fiancée, Phyllis Kirk; political assassin Rod Steiger and his captor, Fred Clark; gunman Jesse White and his gangster boss's little son, Jon Provost; professor Cameron Prudehomme and his wife, Beulah Bondi. Headhunters' threats add to the suspense.

Between Heaven and Hell 20th, CineMascope, De Luxe Color

Bob Wagner draws a second juicy assignment as an Army misfit in the Pacific war. In a brief flashback, with Terry Moore as his wife, the reason for his trouble is shown: His sheltered life as a plantation owner made him arrogant and careless of others' interests. But Bob is forced to grow up when, for disciplinary reasons, he's sent to a remote, Jap-ravaged, outpost run by eccentric Broderick Crawford. Friendship and understanding are given to him by Buddy Ebsen.
Port Afrique

COLUMBIA, TECHNICOLOR

The vivid locales of French Morocco add color to a picturesque who-dunit co-starring Pier Angeli and Phil Carey. As a world-weary war vet, Phil returns to Port Afrique just before his wife is murdered. He finds, too, that his partner (Dennis Price) has let their importing business fall apart. As a refugee singing in a night club run by black-marketeer James Hayter, Pier is involved in the mystery—and, eventually, in Phil's affections. Usually ethereal, she's enticing in song numbers.

Johnny Concho

U.A.

For his Western debut, Frank Sinatra has chosen an unusual story, with a "hero" of unexpected complexity. In the title role, Frank's a no-good type who uses the awesome reputation of his gunfighter brother to bully the people of a prairie town, where he lives lazily and well on credit. He's despised by one and all, except Phyllis Kirk, who loves him and keeps urging him to play the man. Frank's reign ends when his brother is killed and outlaw William Conrad arrives to take over the town. Tension mounts from that point on, with preacher Keenan Wynn, an ex-gunslinger, taking a hand in Frank's fate. The movie's generally well done, though extra-fancy talk at times slows the pace.

Pillars of the Sky

U. L. TECHNICOLOR

Often seen as a movie Indian, Jeff Chandler's a paleface cavalryman in an outdoor action tale of the old Northwest. He believes in conciliating the local tribes, but his superiors order more aggressive measures, which put the Indians back on the warpath. Romantically, Jeff also has a problem; he's in love with Dorothy Malone, wife of one of his officers, Keith Andes. The story rises to a climax as the troopers and some civilians are surrounded, under siege. Ward Bond plays a missionary, a courageous man of peace; Sydney Chaplin's an Indian.

Beyond a Reasonable Doubt

RKO

Trying hard for a new plot twist, this thriller puts its writer hero, Dana Andrews, on a terrible spot. Publisher Sidney Blackmer, father of Dana's fiancée (Joan Fontaine), is opposed to capital punishment and suggests a daring scheme to dramatize his conviction. To prove that an innocent man can be convicted of murder, Sidney and Dana plant clues that lead to Dana's arrest for the mystery slaying of a burlesque queen. Though the publisher keeps careful records of the frame-up, to be revealed at the strategic moment, a tragedy disrupts the plan and leaves Dana stranded in the death house. It's an ingenious idea, but as the plot clicks along its mechanical course, all semblance of reality is crushed out of the story's people.

HOLLYWOOD DISCOVERY!

A non-drying spray-set with
no Lacquer at all!

Sets hair to stay
—the softest way!

“Lustre-Net always keeps my hair in place!”
says JANE POWELL,
starring in
"THE GIRL
MOST LIKELY"
An RKO-Radio Picture. Print by Technicolor.

New SUPER-SOFT Lustre-Net

the spray-set with lanolin esters!

Keeps hair in place the Hollywood way—
without stiffness or stickiness, contains no lacquer. Leaves hair soft, shining!
Actually helps prevent dryness—helps preserve softness with lanolin esters!
Quick-sets pin-curls in damp or dry hair... ends sleeping on pins!

Any pin-curl style sets faster, manages easier, lasts longer!

Get new Lustre-Net
recommended by Top Hollywood Movie Stars

There are 2 Lustre-Nets

SUPER-SOFT—gentle control for loose, casual hair-do's. Spray on after combing.
REGULAR—extra control for hard-to-manage hair, or curly hair-do's.
5½ oz.—a full ounce more... Only $1.25 plus tax. By the makers of Lustre-Creme Shampoo.
She was fashionable and absolutely natural

THIS BEAUTY posed for the great Batticelli who painted her as Venus for all the centuries to envy. She was a lady of the Renaissance who wore her hair flowing naturally because that was fashion. And Batticelli put her on canvas just that way because he knew that a beautiful woman is always more beautiful in fashion than out of it.

TODAY'S BEAUTY is no beauty if she ignores the fashion for bright hair because the woman who lives fully in the present knows that drab hair is dated. So Noreen makes you the colors that gently catch and hold the light, that gleam without glare, are utterly convincing.

With no trouble at all you can put Noreen on in just three minutes and, if you care to, wash it off in the same time. Only Noreen has the basic quality of naturalness that has always charmed and the brightness that is so excitingly now.

You should try it now.

Send for free literature "What Noreen can do for me." Address postcard to Noreen, 450 Lincoln Street, Denver 3, Colorado. Dept T-2
REVIEWs

GOOD  FAIR  A—ADULTS  P—FAMILY

Drama, killer Richard Widmark shepherds a group of orphaned teenagers (including Felicia Farr, Nick Adams, Stephanie Griffin) through an Apache-haunted wilderness. (F)  October

LISBON—Republic; Natamura, Technicolor: Gay tongue-in-check melodrama, with picturesque Portuguese background. Ray Milland's hired by mystery man Claude Rains to rescue Maureen O'Hara's rich husband. (A)  October


MOBY DICK—Warners, Technicolor: Impressive version of Melville's classic. Gregory Peck is the whaling-ship captain on a crazy search for the whale that crippled him. Richard Basehart, Leo Genn are also fine. (F)  August

PARDNERS—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Martin and Lewis give horse operas a ribbing as they battle outlaws together. Dean is a cowboy; Jerry, a rich boy; Lori Nelson and Jackie Loughery are their gals. (F)  September

PRIVATE'S PROGRESS—DCA: The British poke hilarious fun at their own wartime Army, with Ian Carmichael as a gentle, bumbling soldier trapped in a wacky plot. (F)  October

SECRETS OF THE REEF—Marine, Technicolor: Poetic, exciting close-up of undersea creatures' actual lives. (F)  October

SEVEN MEN FROM NOW—Warners, Warnercolor: Crisp Randolph Scott Western. Trailling outlaws who killed his wife, he meets tough Lee Marvin, pioneer Gail Russell. (F)  September

SOLID GOLD CADILLAC, THE—Columbia: Laughable speed of big business. Small stockholder Judy Holliday zooms into the directors' dealings (they're crooked): pursues Paul Douglas, the firm's ex-boss. (F)  October

SOMEBODY UP THERE LIKES ME—M-G-M: In a roving, sympathetic, humorous movie biography, Paul Newman's first-rate as scapegrace fighter Rocky Graziano, helped to reform by Pier Angeli. Sal Mineo's a shum pal. (F)  August

STORM CENTER—Columbia: Well-acted but too obviously rigged topical drama. Librarian Bette Davis upsets her town by refusing to throw out a pro-Red book. (F)  October

STRADA, LA (“The Road”)—Trans-Lux: Beautiful Italian film (titles in English), with Anthony Quinn as a travelling strong man; Giulietta Masina, his gentle partner; Richard Basehart, a wise clown. (A)  September

THESE WILDER YEARS—M-G-M: An emotional film tells James Cagney as a tycoon seeking the illegitimate son he once disowned. Barbara Stanwyck runs a home where teenager Betty Lou Keim awaits a child. (A)  October

TRAPEZE—U.A.; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Brilliant, absorbing circus drama. As a has-been “flyer,” Burt Lancaster returns to be Tony Curtis’ catcher. Gina Lollobrigida uses her wiles to get into their act. (F)  August

WALK THE PROUD LAND—U-A; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Pleasant, fact-based Western. Indian agent Audie Murphy tries to treat Apaches fairly. Pat Crowley’s is Eastern bride; Anne Bancroft, an Apache. (F)  October

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The Girl with the Lavender Life

Lavender, love and black lace—the Kim Novak story, as unbelievable as fiction

BY GEORGE SCULLIN

The girl between the lavender sheets with her ash-blonde head on a lavender pillow was not sleeping as well as she had been led to expect. There were noises. She sat up in bed, trying to draw what comfort she could from familiar lavender objects in unfamiliar surroundings, but in the darkness all lavender looked gray. There came a startling rustle from the dry palm fronds outside her window. “Man,” she exclaimed, clutching a sheet to her chin,

Continued
Wealth, fame, love, all came easily. Maybe too easily

“if this is fame and its so-called rewards, get me out of here.”

It was Kim Novak’s first night in her new apartment; her first night completely alone in her life.

The next morning the sun came through lavender curtains to glint on lavender walls, and all was right with the world. And the more Miss Novak thought about it, the more spectacularly right it was. This was her day, this morning of July 26th (automatically she noted that 26 was a double 13) and it marked an auspicious turning-point in her life. It was the day in which the girl who had become a movie star in spite of herself was to become a motion picture actress because of herself. There was a difference, and if to others it would not be strikingly noticeable, to Miss Novak it was enormous.

“I felt free, and I felt relaxed,” she recalls, “Why, I even felt grown-up, and about time, too. I’d say. I was twenty-three—there’s that number three again—I’d had a wonderful vacation in Europe, and now I was back in Hollywood in my own apartment. I don’t know how to describe it, but I wasn’t confused any more. I knew now that I wanted to be an actress.”

That Miss Novak should thus belatedly recognize her destiny was not so much a matter of indecisiveness on her part as it was an indication of the speed in which she had rocketed to the top. Not even Hollywood, grown accustomed to strange things, had ever seen anything like it. Contrary to all the rules of success as she or anyone else knew them, she had started at the top and gone up from there. Starring in six big pictures in two years, she had become a reigning Hollywood queen, an internationally famed beauty and the darling of the Cannes Film Festival while still thinking of herself as a misplaced fashion model.

Now she was the girl with the lavender life. Ahead of her were three more big pictures in sight, starting with the one in which she would play the role of Jeanne Eagels, the famed Broadway star of “Rain.” Around her were all her lavender possessions, some of which she could display for the first time. Even if the nights were lonesome and filled with strange noises, there was still one nice thing about having her own apartment. At least she had room to spread out.

In Miss Novak’s life lavender has become an all-important morale-builder, lavender being her word to describe rather inclusively all shades ranging from rich purple to pale lilac. For the most part, her small objects like vases, Italian glassware, ashtrays, candlesticks, and even the candles are a deep purple, as richly hued as Malaga wine. The larger objects like curtains, sheets, table cloths, napkins, slip covers, porcelain fixtures and the walls themselves are of lighter hues, the somberness of the blue in purple yielding to the cheerful uplift of lilac and pink tones.

The same applies to her personal attire. Deep purple for her costume jewelry, of which she uses very little, often doing without even earrings. A purple sweater and gloves, a lighter purple scarf, and possibly a pale lavender parasol. On formal occasions, when she might sheath her regal figure in severe black, she will still give her spirits an added fillip by tinting her blond tresses with lavender or by sprinkling her hair with a few grains of crushed purple rhinestones.

Just when and how Miss Novak first discovered her pronounced preference for purple she does not know. (Continued on page 99)
A barefoot girl in blue jeans named Marilyn Novak fades into the past as a movie star named Kim Novak travels the lavender trail.

you'd take him home to mother

BY BEVERLY OTT

He's a six-foot-two study in contrasts. There's a quality of shyness about him, but it's blended with an air of quiet confidence. His expression is generally grave. Yet it can be replaced at any moment by a friendly, slightly lopsided grin. He's parlayed a childhood ambition to act into a blazing career on stage, television and screen. Obviously, he's a competent, well-organized young man. Yet, when he pushes the commissary menu aside and explains, "On a picture I eat only steak and celery and peanuts," you want to take him home so Mother can hover over him with meat, potatoes and spinach and insist on second helpings of apple pie.

That's Tony Perkins.

One day recently, a Paramount soundstage was dark except for a cluster of lights beating down upon a small set in the center. It represented the interior of a Western shack. Three players sat at the table silently eating breakfast. "They're rehearsing a scene for (Continued on page 114)

Lean, lanky and easy to love. You'd give Tony Perkins your heart—then a good meal!

He makes even young Elaine Aiken go motherly.
DO I HAVE TO MAKE DECISIONS
say yes!

she couldn't say no!

Life came to a standstill every time June Allyson had to make a decision . . . until she made the biggest decision of her life

BY DEE PHILLIPS

- Time was when June Allyson sat beside a ringing telephone, unable to pick it up. How did she know what the people at the other end of the line would ask her? How could she be sure she could answer them, make whatever decision might suddenly be necessary, meet whatever crisis might come winging across the wires?

   Time was, too, when June Allyson was regularly, incurably, hopelessly late for everything. Not because she couldn't get there on time, if that was all she had to do. But simply because at every turn she was met by people who wanted her to do this, decide that, make a choice on something or other before she left. And making choices was something Junie just couldn't do in a hurry.

And then there was the time, just recently, when Director Joe Pasternak was perfectly justified in patting the blonde Allyson pate paternally and telling the assembled cast and crew on the set of M-G-M's "The Opposite Sex," "When she looks up at you with a sweet smile and says, 'I'll try,' beware. That means she doesn't really want (Continued on page 96)
"GIANT"
Based on Edna Ferber's best-seller, "Giant" spans three generations, moving from the fox-hunting country of Virginia where Bick Benedict (Rock Hudson) finds his bride, Leslie (Elizabeth Taylor), to the crude young state of Texas and Bick's five-hundred-thousand-acre cattle ranch.

Bick, his sister, Luz (Mercedes McCambridge), and his sullen ambitious ranch foreman, Jett Rink (James Dean), have little in common with Leslie, who at first hates their world and this alien country. The discovery of oil in Jett's land and the marriage of Bick's oldest son (Dennis Hopper) to the daughter of one of Bick's Mexican ranch hands brings a powerful climax to an age-old struggle—the struggle of yesterday to hold back tomorrow.

"GIANT."
a George Stevens production of Edna Ferber's novel, to be released by Warner Bros.

At a picnic for the newlyweds, the girl who'd hoped to marry Bick Benedict (Rock Hudson) makes friends with Bick's bride from the East, Leslie (Elizabeth Taylor).

Bick's sister, Luz (Mercedes McCambridge), is Leslie's sworn foe when she realises Leslie hates the land, the life Luz loves. An embittered ranch foreman, Jett Rink (James Dean) discovers the emptiness of wealth when oil makes him a millionaire.
There was a Boy... 

by William Bast

"Death," Jimmy Dean said, "is the only thing I respect. It's the only thing that has any dignity." Strange words for a brilliantly successful young boy to utter, but the moods that evoked the words were stranger still. Before you read this third and final installment of Jimmy's life story, we suggest you read the editorial piece on this same page, finish the story, and then reach your own conclusions. Did Jimmy Dean have a premonition of death? Or was he obsessed with thoughts of dying?

When I left New York to return to Hollywood late in 1953, James Dean presented me with a collection of short stories by Andre Maurois. The inscription read, "To Bill: While in the aura of metaphysical whoo-haas, ebb away your displeasures on this. May flights of harpies escort your winged trip of vengeance." Since leaving Hollywood almost two years previously, we had both come to look westward with a vengeful eye. My turn to revisit the city of make-believe came first, and in a manner of speaking Jimmy envied me for it. Several months later, when his turn finally did come, Jimmy collected for himself a whole armada of screaming harpies to (Continued on page 107)
When he stopped for coffee at a place called Blackwell Corners, he met Lance Reventlow, son of Barbara Hutton and, ironically enough, owner of the light plane in which the late Bob Francis was killed, also a year ago. Jimmy boasted of having hit over 100 miles per hour on the trip up. It must be remembered that this was on a public highway. A racing car is not meant to be driven on the highways. There is no windshield to protect the driver, no steel top. The body is made of lightweight aluminum. Driving at such speeds, under such conditions, might well be called suicidal.

But the people who knew him well are still inclined to brush aside as nonsense any suggestion of suicide. In the little booths in Googi’s, on the Strip, where Jimmy was so often a part of the crowd that gathered for hamburgers and coffee, they point out that Jimmy had often said, “If I live to be a hundred I won’t have time for all the things I want to do.”

At Schwab’s Drug Store right next to Googi’s, where Jimmy got his first taste of what it was like to be famous—by finding that he was the guy the gang stuck with the tab for their ham and eggs in the morning—the talk of suicide is also dismissed. The young actors on the way up and old actors on the way down who line the counter each morning at about eleven o’clock all shake their heads and say, “Don’t be silly. What would a guy like that want to kill himself for? Why, he had everything. He was on top. His agent had him signed up for five million dollars’ worth of movies or the next two years!”

(Continued on page 111)
Batting her lovely blue eyes, Terry Moore convinces her old friend Earl that all those things never happened . . . but they’ll probably happen again.
It's good to rebel—if you know what you're rebelling against. And today's teen-age worship of so-called "rebel" stars is good, too.

from Brando to Presley: why the "Rebel" Craze is here
BY LAURA LANE

Back in 1947, a brilliantly talented young actor named Marlon Brando, appearing in the Broadway production of “A Streetcar Named Desire,” snarled and slouched his way to fame, stardom and riches in the role of Stanley Kowalski—and inaugurated a whole new “rebel” school of acting and actors. Today, this now-famous school stretches from Broadway to Hollywood and back again. Hollywood's top-name stars have flocked to New York to study at the school which is credited with producing the most famous of the “rebel” actors, The Actors' Studio, though Brando did not study there. And graduates of The Actors' Studio have, in turn, been carefully observed and screened for anyone even vaguely in the image
Sal Mineo

He lives with his parents when he's in the East, raves about his mother's cooking, says of his father, "He's the kind of father I hope to be some day"

Some of the roles Sal Mineo has portrayed—notably in "Rebel Without a Cause" and "Crime in the Streets" for the screen, as well as similar roles on TV—make the young New Yorker another prominent member of the group that appeals to the rebel instinct in young audiences. And, of course, the latest to wear the crown is that undisputed king of rock 'n' roll, Elvis Presley, who is scheduled to make his first movie for 20th Century-Fox this year. People who have seen his screen test—professionals all—are already climbing aboard his bandwagon and predicting Elvis will be "another Jimmy Dean."

Whether or not Elvis Presley will be another Jimmy Dean is open to question, but there is no doubt at all that he has given a whole new impetus to the rebel "craze" and given the older generation a whole new set of worries. The question that anxious parents are pondering is: "Why do our teenagers worship young stars who, in their movie roles at least, represent youth—and human nature—at its worst?"

One young fan of Elvis Presley came up with part of the answer when she wrote to a newspaper columnist: "First
Paul Newman

He wears T-shirts and shot to fame portraying tough-guy Rocky Graziano, but he's a soft-spoken college grad whose life is work, wife, kids and foremost, Elvis is like one of us. . . . He is a little frustrated, unsure, impulsive. . . . He is no child, yet he is still not an adult. . . . He's sure about some things but confused about others, just as we are. To me, Elvis represents everything that's uninhibited and unconventional. He's an outlet—an escape for our feelings. He demonstrates a wild, free emotion that we teenagers would like to express but can't. . . .

And the thousands of letters addressed to Jimmy Dean that still pour into the mail department of Warner Brothers' studio have much the same thing to say: "You," the fans write, as though he were still alive, "are one of us. When I watched you in 'East of Eden' and 'Rebel Without A Cause' I was seeing myself. . . ."

Marlon Brando got the same kind of response from teenagers when he made "The Wild One." One line of dialogue that was quoted and re-quoted in towns and cities and villages was his reply to the question, "Look, kid, what are you rebelling against?" Snarled Brando, "What have you got?"

The words found an echo in thousands of blindly rebellious teen-age hearts, just as did Jimmy Dean's be-

Elvis Presley

First thing he did with his money was to buy his mother a car, parents a new home. Doesn't drink or smoke, his big vice is dropping coins in jukeboxes.
An Exhausted Young Man Is Grateful But Bewildered

His fans want Presley... and decide he's too far away... They pull off his jacket and pull him to floor.

Admirers tore off his pants... So Elvis cut up the remnants... The crowd begged for a souvenir.

wildered “Pa—why don’t you love me, Pa?” cry as he threw his arms about his father in one of the most poignant moments of “Eden.” Sal Mineo struck a similarly responsive chord in “Crime in the Streets.” Wanting love so desperately, feeling so guilty about hurting his parents, he was still totally unable to communicate his needs or understand theirs. And he turned away from the father who was trying to help him with a confused, angry shout that has probably been heard in every house in which there is a teen-age son or daughter: “Aw, lemme alone, can’t you? Just lemme alone.”

In “Somebody Up There Likes Me” Paul Newman, fighting the world with his fists in the role of Rocky Graziano, again gave teenagers someone with whom to identify. As a mixed-up juvenile delinquent, Rocky felt the world owed him a living and that he had a right to steal what he couldn’t get otherwise. Nobody loved him or understood him, so why should anyone expect him to love the world or anyone in it? From Brando to Presley, over a span of ten years, the demand for this type of actor has (Continued on page 121)
A glimpse of him did this

Which this lucky girl got

Presley loves it all, but admits it's rough on him
As old as love itself is love's eternal triangle. And when it breaks, a human heart breaks, too • BY DICK WILLIAMS

The electric tingle that sets Hollywood Boulevard vibrating on the night of a big premiere had again caught up in its magic glow the immediate vicinity of the RKO Pantages Theatre. A hollow roar, punctuated by the high, excited squeals of hundreds of teenagers, went up from the bleachers crowd banked solidly beneath the hot, brilliant lights of the marquee as a long, black limousine pulled up to the curb. It disgorged Michael Wilding first, then radiant Elizabeth Taylor in a sleek, form-fitting evening gown, and finally a handsome, bareheaded young stranger in tuxedo. They stepped into the roped-off area reserved for celebrities and waited their turn to be interviewed by the TV and radio commentators, putting their heads together for an animated chat while they waited. A buzz went up from the crowd. Who was Liz's new friend, in whom she was so clearly and (Continued on page 87)
Friends are hoping but not expecting that sons Chris and Mike, Jr., may bring Liz and Mike back together.

Later at Mocambo, as Mike table-hopped with friends, Kevin directed his eyes and attention at table-partner Liz.

But romance rumors linking her with Monty Clift blew hotter than ever when she joined him for "Raintree County".
My personal nomination for the star who is developing with the greatest good sense is Rock Hudson. Ever since the day he married the Hollywood whispers have been trying to separate Rock and Phyllis, a situation that would make most men violently angry. But not Rock. He's in love with Phyl. She's in love with him. He wastes no energy in answering people who don't know what they are talking about when they say there is trouble between them. A couple of small examples of his serenity came up recently at U-I. While Rock was in Africa making “Something of Value,” a magazine published a story that was in itself harmless but with a most misleading
The Walter Wangers say farewell to a house... Natalie Wood and Nick Adams begin to look serious

title on it. The studio was up in arms, thinking particularly of what he might say when he saw it. All Rock did was grin and say, “Can’t you guys get me better titles than this?”

Like all stars, Rock has always had the privilege of okaying all photographs taken of him and of destroying the ones he didn’t like. He’d rarely exercised the privilege, until he got married; now he exercises it only when the pictures in question include Phyllis. He goes over any shots of her with great care. “She’s so pretty,” he says. “I want to be sure the camera does her full justice.”

Proof positive of Rock’s devotion to Phyl was his taking her to Paris for a week before they went to Africa for the shooting of “Something.” Rock is mad for Italy, particularly Rome and Venice, but he hates Paris. Yet—“I never knew a woman who wasn’t crazy about the place,” he said, “so I guess I have to take my bride there the first chance I get.”

A Woman Alone

At the party the night “High Society” premiered, it was touching to see Jeanne Crain, virtually unescorted and looking so very lonely. The gentleman who had brought her to the party was a visiting and very distinguished New Yorker, very (Continued on page 103)
Win A Grand Prize of $2,000

PLUS MANY OTHER EXCITING PRIZES

THERE'S STILL TIME to enter this exciting contest. But to be a winner you must have a complete set of puzzle pictures. So if you missed the September or October issue, order copies NOW

Contest Rules

1. In four issues—September, October, November and December—Photoplay is publishing cut-out puzzle pictures of well-known movie actors and actresses. Eight cut-out puzzle pictures appear in each issue. Each picture consists of the hair and forehead of one player, the eyes and nose of another, and the mouth of a third. When these are cut apart and properly re-assembled, the contestant should have eight complete portraits.

2. Clues to the identity of the players are given at the bottom of each picture page. These are numbered to correspond with the number on each section of the cut-out puzzle picture. Each page of pictures has its own set of clues. Do not lose these clues—they are important in identifying the players.

3. In addition to accuracy in assembling and identifying the cut-out puzzle pictures, neatness and originality of presentation will be considered by the judges. All thirty-two cut-out puzzle pictures must be cut apart, assembled, pasted together with the correct name of the player hand-written or typed below. Failure to do this will disqualify the entry.

4. Do not send in any puzzles until you have completed the entire set of thirty-two pictures. Partial entries will not be accepted. This contest ends midnight, December 15, 1956. Entries received from the time the fourth set of pictures appears in December Photoplay, to midnight, December 15, will be considered by the judges. No responsibility for mail delays or lost will be assumed by Photoplay. Send your entry as soon as possible after the last set of cut-out puzzle pictures is published in the December issue, which will appear on the newstands on about November 6.

5. Entries should be mailed to: CUT-OUT PICTURE PUZZLE CONTEST, Photoplay Magazine, Box 1647, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. You may submit as many entries as you wish, but be sure that your full name and address are attached to each entry. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

6. The decision of the judges will be final. All entries will become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc. No correspondence will be entered into concerning entries.

7. This contest is open to everyone except employees, and their relatives, of Macfadden Publications, its subsidiaries or advertising agencies. The winners' names will be published in April, 1957, issue of Photoplay Magazine.
Clues

49. The hair was a film star in Europe before he was seen here
50. The eyes are married to Susan Morrow's sister
51. The mouth was once known as "Singin' Sam"
52. The hair won a football scholarship to USC
53. The eyes' secret ambition is to be a hit song writer
54. The mouth's nose was broken twice—and shows it

55. The hair's real name is Dawn Bethel
56. The eyes' first big movie role was three-dimensional
57. The mouth married her third husband on Thanksgiving Day
58. The hair's first film was outlawed for six years
59. The eyes were secretly married for six months
60. The mouth has a fast-sounding name

Turn page for more cut-out puzzles
Here are more of the fabulous runner-up prizes!
So let’s go!

December Photoplay will contain the fourth and final set of cut-out puzzle pictures and a coupon on which to fill in your name and address—plus the prize you would like to receive if you are a runner-up. This gives you two chances to win a prize—the Grand Prize, or a runner-up prize of your choice. For a complete list of prizes, see page 120.

On pages 66 through 69, you will find the third set of cut-out puzzle pictures. If you missed the first or second set of puzzle pictures, printed in September and October Photoplay, you can obtain copies of those issues by sending your request, with thirty cents for each issue, to: Back Issue Dept., Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

Remember, do not send in your entry until you have the complete set of puzzle pictures assembled from all four issues. Otherwise, you will be disqualified from this contest. Remember, too, that originality of presentation is important, so put your cleverest display ideas to work!

PENDLETON WOOLEN MILLS' SPORTSWEAR
The best in comfort! Classic sweater set—short-sleeved slipover and long-sleeved cardigan, sizes 34-42—and reversible pleated skirt in blue-black-gray-white plaid, sizes 10-16. All 100% virgin wool.

DURKOPP SEEING MACHINE
A wonderful prize for experts or beginners, this world-famous machine sews hundreds of decorative stitches, perfect for many needs, easy to operate.

COTY FRAGRANCES
Nothing could be better than a year's supply—four generous-sized bottles of your favorite perfume, plus a Coty DeLuxe Lock-Atomizer. Winner may choose one of four: L'Original, L'Aimant, Emeraude or Paris.

BRECK GIFT SET
To be awarded to ten lucky winners. Luxuriously laid out in a gold foil box, set includes Breck Shampoo, Cream Treatment, Hairdress, Bouquet Hair Perfume and atomizer, and Hair Lotion 1A.

REWIRE WARE BREAKFAST UNIT
Styled for beauty, built to last a lifetime—and with oh, so many uses! Set includes 6-inch skillet with cover, plus egg-poacher.

CATALINA SWEATERS
A terrific trio—short-sleeved red-, white- and gray-striped slipover, 100% lamb's wool; long-sleeved pinky red cardigan, with petal pan collar, 75% lamb's wool, 15% fur fibre, 10% nylon; and blazer jacket, black, brass, white- and charcoal-striped, with ribbed trim, 100% virgin wool. Sizes 34-40.

LADY MANHATTAN SHIRT AND SKIRT
Trim, has the shirtwaist dress look plus the versatility of separates. The black in the perfectly matched stripes is complemented with velvet black trim. Choice of colors, black and red, rose or blue, and sizes, 10 to 10.

SCHIAPARELLI "SHOCKING" PERFUME
A prize to help you stay as sweet as you are, by one of the world's most famous perfumers. This expensive 50-ounce bottle will last a whole year.
Clues

61. The hair once tried to steal a scene from Spencer Tracy
62. The eyes were born and raised a short way from Hollywood
63. The mouth was an ensign in real life and reel life
64. The hair is Boston born and bred
65. The eyes recently were father of the bride and a new father
66. The mouth's an ex-Navy man, yet to sail the matrimonial sea
67. The hair has been nominated for an Oscar three times
68. The eyes are the founder of WAIF
69. The mouth is famous for her be-bop language
70. The hair's "perfect marriage" ended in divorce
71. The eyes portrayed a singer, but didn't warble a note
72. The mouth had a bone to pick with Christian Dior

See next month's issue for more puzzles
Pack in a rush for a honeymoon on the fly! Bridegroom Don gives bride Hope a lift to topmost closet shelf.
It's a corny old trick, but it works. When Don's hundred and eighty pounds are put to work with Hope's hundred, bang goes the bag!

Catch a breather and wish you never had to move again—but love and success are a heady mixture and Don's stardom won't wait.

ON THE RUN

For Don Murray life isn’t a breeze,
it's a whirlwind—that makes a mad, happy lark of marriage,
fame and plane schedules • BY PATTY DE ROULF

• When Don Murray flew out to Hollywood to become Marilyn Monroe's leading man in "Bus Stop," he was a very happy and excited young fellow. Not because of Marilyn Monroe. Not because of his big movie break. But because of a cute little lady named Hope Lange. "After five years of pleading, reasoning and battling with her," Don states, with a proud gleam in his eye, "Hope finally agreed to marry me."

But that was only the beginning. These lovebirds-suddenly-in-a-hurry have had to make up for the five years of (Continued on page 117)
"Horatio Alger," begins the official biography of the subject of this article, "that great chronicler of the rags-to-riches yarn, would have been delighted with the story of Kirk Douglas, for it is a success story in the best American tradition."

And, undoubtedly, he would have. But there was a flaw in the structure of Mr. Alger's fables. He regarded attainment-reaching the top of the mountain—as the end. Attainment, however, is just as logically a beginning in itself, and this was the point which prompted Kirk Douglas to do some self-analyzing one day recently.

Money, friends, family, money, love, respect, money. Kirk has them all—but the mixture is wrong. They don't go together at all—money and those others. There was a time when Kirk had no money. And there was a time when he had the money, the full larder, the view from the top of the mountain, physically. But, both times, he had a long way to go for the other things. He couldn't buy them. In fact, what can money buy?

It was a fine, spanking Beverly Hills day, and Kirk sat in his fine, spanking Beverly Hills office, undisputed master of Bryna Productions, and searched his soul. He is an articulate and amusing man, who for better or worse looks not unlike Mephistopheles, but now like a well-fed and assured Mephistopheles, whereas not many years or even months ago, he was desperate, hungry and insecure.

The hunger had nothing to do with what was in his larder. As a matter of fact, there was plenty there. It had to do with what was within Kirk and screeching to be let out. It was needing to be part of the world which did, laughed, loved, gave and received. It was a hunger of non-attainment, non-fulfillment. (Continued on page 105)
Kirk Douglas is no exception to the rule. He, too, thought there was nothing money couldn’t buy—until he found himself with enough of it to buy anything—except what he wanted.
Miss Hyer’s hairstylist is one of many Hollywood beauty experts who feature Glotone—the cold wave that contains L-7, a special solubilized lanolin. L-7 solubilized lanolin replaces natural oils stolen by bright studio lights, sun and wind, and the drying action of many hair preparations.

Miss Hyer says: “My hairstylist must be right—because Glotone certainly keeps my hair beautifully waved, soft and easy-to-manage.”

In selecting your salon, choose one that features Glotone.
Election year! On these pages the stars nominate sure-to-win holiday fashions. Pretty Jackie Loughery, left below, casts her ballot for shiny black taffeta and snowy white nylon lace paired off to brilliant effect. Camisole has bateau neck, is ruffled in tiny tiers. $10.95. It's mated to a huge new harem pouf skirt by a bright tucked cummerbund. $17.95. Sizes 5-15. By Ilene Ricky

An unforgettable dress for dancing or floating. Patricia Smith, below right, elects a blue cloud of nylon chiffon, gathered to wind the waist, with folds of confection below. Adding glow to your parties—a halter-neck bodice, bared to reveal a pretty back, and agleam with iridescent sequins. Also white, red. Misses' sizes 10-16, juniors' 9-15. Dance Original by Fred Perlberg. Under $40

To buy party fashions, see stores, information on page 113
Now you can be flawlessly beautiful all day... with Creme Puff* by Max Factor. This exclusive blend of powder plus creamiest base is specially created to give your complexion a lasting freshness... a youthful glow that will never fade, shade or streak! Just a touch-up keeps you looking radiantly beautiful... all day!

Refillable Ivory Compact (shown) 1.25
Refillable Golden-tone Compact ... 2.25
Refill, in metal case with puff ... 85¢

ALL PRICES PLUS TAX

use it instead of powder
It's better — clings for hours! Creme Puff is sheerest powder plus creamiest base — in one velvety disc. Veils your complexion in soft, exquisite color.

use it as a light make-up
It's better — always looks fresh! Creme Puff covers flaws and imperfections instantly! Gives your complexion a deep glow. You look "beautiful from within"!

use it as a quick touch-up
It's better — never turns or runs! Creme Puff never cakes, smudges or looks "patched-up." A touch-up over any makeup brightens you instantly!

No “patched-up” look—no caking—no orangey streaks! Here's only compact make-up that gives you a fresh, young look all day.
YOUNG IDEAS:
PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS

VOTE THE party line  Continued

☑ ROW A
Satiny leather clutch purse to accent your prettiest formal. It's agleam with shiny tabs, opens to hold make-up pocket, snapshot folder, billfold and purse for "mad" money. Lined in striped taffeta. A glamorous party-goer in a rainbow of pantel colors. By Meeker. $5 plus Federal tax

☑ ROW B
Where are you glowing tonight? Your dancing legs will glitter in wispy sheer sandalfoot stockings with delicate threads of gilt entwined in the seam. Enchantment afoot this party year! Made also with silvery seams. These, Gleam Seam by Mojud. $1.65

☑ ROW C
A party slipper for Cinderella—and you. In velvety black suede with pleated front, a soaring heel, open back to enhance a pretty ankle. The added sparkle—jewel-like tips on a tiny knotted side tie. It comes, too, in brown or scarlet suede, black patent, beige kid. By Trim Tred. $9.95

Jackie Loughery keeps her party line busy with a short shining dress in crisp champagne faille, rising to a high scooped line in front, deeply V'd behind. It's gathered in rustling folds for a full, dancing skirt. Ringing the bodice, a coffee satin Empire band sparked by a jeweled spray pin on its streamer bow. Other ice cream colors. Sizes 10-16. By Carol Craig. About $17.95

to buy party fashions,
see information, stores listed on page 113
Clothes insurance that cost

The answer to so many
distress letters to
Photoplay.
Did underarm perspiration stains ever ruin one of your dresses? Well, according to the editors of Photoplay, many letters from readers bring up this one pressing problem.

What kind of insurance can you get? Kleinert’s Dress Shields. Properly selected, they’re GUARANTEED* to protect your clothes against underarm perspiration moisture... and that is something that no deodorant alone can do, especially in times of stress. Some deodorants only deodorize—they do nothing to check moisture. And NO deodorant completely stops perspiration moisture.

Any good deodorant will guard you effectively under normal circumstances. But Kleinert’s Dress Shields are GUARANTEED to protect your clothes against perspiration moisture even under the most unusual circumstances. They won’t let one iota of moisture reach your precious clothes, no matter how long, how hot, or how exciting a day you spend. They wash in a wink, and won’t lose their protective power.

GUARANTEED CLOTHES INSURANCE FOR A WHOLE YEAR costs only a penny a day... with a basic wardrobe of Kleinert’s Shields (5 different types of shield for as little as $3.63). It could save you hundreds of dollars. Literally. And you can buy a single pair of Kleinert’s Shields for 55¢! So why take chances? Check the styles on these pages; buy at least one pair of Kleinert’s Guaranteed Shields today! Shown in mirror, Stay-Rite Shields; they hook on like your bra! $1.75. Available in Canada.

* Kleinert’s GUARANTEE to you: When Kleinert’s shields have been properly attached, Kleinert’s will not only refund the purchase price of shields proved imperfect, but will assume responsibility for any resulting damage to clothes!
Pretty dark horse candidates, very much in the fashion running for your gay parties ahead. They're Patricia Smith's separates in shining, rustling black taffeta splashed with pale blue flock dots. The tiny camisole and swishy bouffant skirt, both circled with narrow blue velvet ribbon ending in baby bows. In sizes 5-15. By Ilene Ricky. About $17.95. Pat's twinkling blue satin T-strap sandals, by Capezio

Beating the drum for a sure winner, Jackie Loughery enchants the party in a swirling dress teaming waltz white with gleaming black. In pretty cotillion length (longer than short), the gored taffeta skirt flares from a princess bodice. Banded empire top is delicately ruched white nylon tulle, twinkling with rhinestones, scalloped to frame the face. Misses' sizes 8-20, juniors' 7-15. By Emma Domb. About $45
VOTE THE party line

A pink as frothy as cotton candy—Pat Smith's choice for party time. In heavenly cotton lace overlaid on taffeta, the princess line flows from the gently scooped bodice to a flaring, belled skirt. The wide inset panels of pink satin end in a giant peon bow at front. In a choice of delectable holiday colors. Junior sizes 5-15. By Jonny Herbert. About $35. Pat's airy, jewel-heeled dancing slippers by Capezio

To buy party fashions, see stores listed on page 113

SHAPING UP PARTY LINES

Top, for lightweight but firm control under pretty party clothes, a smooth-line nylon and Lastex girdle. Banded top shapes a tiny waist, longer back perfects the fit. White, pink, blue, yellow with gay striped ribbon trim. S, M, L. Jantzenaire. $5.95

Above, a pretty strapless bandeau of elastic with embroidered nylon marquisette cups. Designed for dancing freedom, with cushioned-wire uplift, slightly padded undercups for eye-catching contours. 34 A to 40 C. White. Living bra by Playtex. $5

Below, for figure-hugging holiday fashions, a long line bra smoothing the midriff with Leno elastic. The ribbon-wired cups are embroidered cotton broadcloth with built-in foam rubber shape. White. Sizes 32-36 A, 32-38 B, 32-40 C. By Exquisite Form. $5.95

SEE PATRICIA SMITH IN "THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS," A HAYWARD-WILDER PRODUCTION FOR WARNERS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BERT
AND STAN ROCKFIELD
If you consider a short hairdo the unkindest cut of all, you'll want to

Even at age five, Susie followed the family tradition for long hair set by her mother, Mexican film star Lupita Tovar, and her godmother, Dolores del Rio.

YOUR IDEAS:
BEAUTY

YOUR HAIR IS LONG—AND YOU LOVE IT...
For dress-up occasions, Susan learned to set the elegant new bouffant version of the pageboy quickly and easily with large wire mesh rollers: two on each side and three rows in the back. To make it "puff"—and stay that way—underneath hair needs much back-combing and a generous squirt of hair spray.

BY HARRIET SEGMAN

It is not by chance that Susan Kohner is such a well-tressed beauty. One of the year's most promising—and busiest—young actresses, Susie learned from hair stylist Victor Vito how to keep her long hair gloriously soft, smooth and always in place—without constant fussing! A man who believes that the test of a good hairdo is how little attention it needs, Victor taught Susie, first, how to set long hair, in minutes (see above). He then suggested a permanent on the underneath layers, to provide needed body and support for the smooth-flowing top layer. Because long hair tends to become flat and stringy quickly, and because freshly washed hair looks twice as thick and fluffy, Victor advised a shampoo, followed by a creme rinse, every other day. To avoid roughening the silky smoothness of long hair, Susan was cautioned not to break off ends when her hair becomes tangled while combing or brushing. The professional hair-setting techniques Susan learned are also available on film for rental to schools, clubs or other groups. You can write to Victor Vito, Director, Home Hairdo School, 5 East 57th Street, New York, New York.
When the leaves turn to a beautiful golden red and the wind blows outside we know it's fall once more. Time to relax with our friends at parties and informal times as well; time to organize school dances and pick the records to play in the recreation room. That's where we come in.

We suggest you start your collection with Nat "King" Cole, always a favorite. Born in Montgomery, Alabama, Nat attended school in Chicago, where he studied piano and soon got his own band together, playing local dates. Later the band toured in vaudeville with the "Shuffle Along" revue, after which Nat worked as a pianist in night clubs before forming the King Cole Trio. He first gained prominence as a piano player with this group, which consisted of piano, guitar and bass. Furthest from anyone's mind, most of all Nat's, was the idea that he would become one of today's most popular singers. Nat is recognized as being without peer in singing a ballad. Because of this, his pianistic abilities have been pushed somewhat into the background. Actually he is one of the most creative pianists of our time. A Decca album released not long ago entitled "In the Beginning" will give you an idea of Nat's prowess at the keyboard and as a composer. In it are some of the early Cole hits, such as "Sweet Lorraine," "Scotch-in' with the Soda," "Babs" (one of his own compositions), and "This Will Make You Laugh," a great ballad re-introduced in 1955 by Carmen McRae.

"Relaxing with Frances Faye," on the Bethlehem label, is another husky recital by the hip, rockingly unsentimental Miss Faye—a performer unique unto her swinging self. Not a jazz singer but jazz-flavored, she is fun to hear within her life-is-just-a-bowl-of-kicks province. If you are not familiar with the voice or the singer, give an ear; you may find yourself in for a whole world of new styles.

Johnny Green conducts the M-G-M studio orchestra in music recorded from the sound track of the Kelly-Guinness-Jourdan film, "The Swan." A collection of frothy waltzes and languorous love themes, the music is gentle and very good for reading by. Although Grace Kelly is not inside this album, this is apt to be music for daydreaming of her if you are so inclined.

"Portraits of Italy" is a superior program mood-music collection. The song-rich portraits are beautifully performed by Whitehall, conducting the Symphony Orchestra of Rome. The tone poems cover such diversely colored subjects as "The Lakes," "The Mediterranean," "Rome at Dawn," "Sunset on the Adriatic" and "Venetian Lagoon." For light semi-classical music played with good taste, this group has had few equals this year.

Except for "A Fine Romance" and "Gone with the Wind," Billie Holiday's newest album contains previously unreleased numbers from the Hollywood session in the late summer of 1955 that was one of the most productive for Billie in recent years. The excellent, relaxed accompaniment is mainly by the hotly lyrical Harry Edison, Benny Car-
Odds and Ends

Bethlehem’s mammoth set of three twelve-inch L.P. records of “Porgy and Bess” was scheduled for release at the end of August. Watch for this... Each member of Howard Rumsey’s Lighthouse All-Stars records under his own name when not wailing in Hermosa Beach for you California fans... Pat Boone, our own boy wonder, sings a special song behind the main title of the new Gary Cooper film, “The Friendly Persuasion.” It has created a sensation in Hollywood following sneak previews of the picture. Gossip has it that Pat will soon be seen rather than heard in movie theatres all over the country. Several studios want to put him under long-term contract. The television audiences of 1955-56 swept Lawrence Welk to the top of the popularity polls, proving what many had forgotten, that good, tuneful music is still an irresistible attraction. For you New Yorkers, the Modern Jazz Quartet will open at the Music Barn in Lenox on September the 2nd. Atlantic hopes to do a record session covering their stay there. At the Modern Jazz Room in Chicago this month are the Jazz Messengers, booked for September 12th, and Stan Getz for October 15th. Sounds as if a good time will be had by all... Harry Belafonte starts a four-week engagement at the Palmer House on August 16th to run through October 15th. Following him will be Dorothy Dandridge... In late October, Alan Freed plans to hit London with an all-star rock ‘n’ roll show at Albert Hall. While Freed will appear only in England this fall, he plans to take his group on an extensive tour through Europe next summer... The first Apollo awards given to ten singers, instrumentalists and bandleaders will be awarded during the Diamond Jubilee of the record industry, a trade show to be held in New York’s Coliseum for ten days starting September 7th. Winners of the Apollo awards are Kate Smith, Bing Crosby, Benny Goodman, Ella Fitzgerald, Perry Como, Frank Sinatra, Paul Whitean, Rudy Vallee, the late Al Jolson and the late Glenn Miller... Frankie Laine is likely to play Britain for twenty-one dates starting at the end of September... Ella Fitzgerald recorded “April in Paris” with the Count Basie band, plus “Every Day” and “Salty Lips” in duet with Joe Williams, all for a Metronome all-star date... Watch for the much-awaited Chet Baker-Caterina Valente side due for release soon on the Decca label.

Carry a classic Clifton...

it goes everywhere with everything!

The Clifton bag—a masterpiece of polished leather! Elegantly casual accessory for an entire wardrobe... and your smartest fashion buy for seasons to come!

Shoulder or underarm models in five exciting colors. Also reversible styles. Full grain saddle leather. Leather lining and compartments, zipper, leather, brass closures. $2.98 to $21.75.

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WESTERN SUPPLY COMPANY
Ardmore, Oklahoma
Getting bouquets!

Hi-Appeal...the new bra with Lattice Allure!

It has that lovely lingerie look; has a daring, baring, satin ribbon lattice that makes you feel so utterly feminine. And Hi-Appeal's high young figure lines give you new pride and poise. You'll love the firm fit of the undercup band, eased for all-day comfort with elastic inserts. Make your next new bra Hi-Appeal, the bra that gives you a new high in X* appeal!

Luxurious white or black nylon lace bandeau with satin ribbon lattice, $3.50. Dainty white embroidered cotton bandeau with satin ribbon lattice, only $2.00

Exquisite Form

brassieres give you X*APPEAL
(X = glamour plus comfort)

becoming attractions


B. Lady Esther face powder meets its mate in new Blemish Sticks, blended to correspond to each shade. Used together, they correct small flaws, disolorations, under-eye shades, so that no one is the wiser. Both, 65c.

C. Not for beginners: Max Factor's new fragrance, "Primitif," is no dainty, floral scent. Rich, full-bodied and warmly female, it comes in perfume, 1 oz., $18.00*; Parfum Cologne $3.00* and $1.75*; and in Spray Mist, $2.50.*

D. Nice way to come clean: Jean Nate's new "Essentially Yours" kit with refreshing "Fric tion pour le Bain" after-bath rub, tale and French-milled soap in matching fragrance. Zippered chartreuse kit. $4.50 plus 26c tax.

E. Edwardian Rose is Dorothy Gray's romantic fall lipstick color. A lush, blooming shade it comes in all three Dorothy Gray lipstick types: Standard indelible formula, Super-Sex and Sheer Velvet. Two sizes, $1.25*, $1.50.*
Odd Man Out

(Continued from page 62) obviously interested? Few had ever seen him.

The young stranger was Kevin McClory, an amiable Dubliner in his late twenties who worked as John Huston's assistant director on "Moby Dick."

Elizabeth was clearly captivated by the dark-haired Irishman. She talked vivaciously to him while practically ignoring her husband the entire time they were out front.

"What's the matter with Liz and Mike?" a photographer hissed to me. "I can't even get them to pose together. They just sort of stand beside each other, but as if they weren't with each other."

I shook my head. "Another spat," I said.

But no one that evening, watching the three of them there together before the microphones, had any idea that just two weeks later Elizabeth would announce her legal separation from Mike—a separation often predicted, but always denied vigorously.

After the "Moby Dick" premiere showing, the celebrities motored on to an after-theatre supper party at the Mocambo. The Gregory Pecks brought director John Huston and Lauren Bacall. (Bogie wasn't well enough to go out yet.) The gay throng included Diana Dors and her husband, Dennis Hamilton, with Donna Reed and Tony Owen, Lana Turner and Lex Barker, Debbie and Eddie Fisher and many others. Liz and Mike showed up with their young friend, McClory.

The three were shown to a cozy table along the leather-upholstered side wall at the Mocambo. Almost immediately, Mike bounced away to greet friends at the next table. But Liz and Kevin kept their places. They talked a lot to each other that evening as the merry festivities and chatter swirled about them.

But if Mike was table-hopping all over the room, no one gave it any special thought. He's a friendly, gregarious sort of fellow and there were chums present whom he hadn't seen in a long time.

And if Liz was overly attentive to the admiring chap by her side, no one made too much out of that, either. After all, it wasn't the first time she had been to the Mocambo with McClory. A few days earlier they had surprised ringers when they dropped in one evening for the late show. They had brought along a priest, a friend of McClory's, as a chaperon. They explained that Mike was working the next day and had to get up early so he didn't want to come along.

It was almost three before the premiere party broke up and everyone headed for home. Liz and Mike dropped McClory off at his apartment and proceeded to their house on the hill.

No one will ever know what took place between them as they wound their way through the curving, dark streets of Beverly Hills. No one will know whether Mike, bitterly aware of the difference in age and interests of his stunning young wife and himself, blew up a friction into something important because of his own injured feelings.

All the outside world knew was the sadlines in the morning papers a few days later. Elizabeth and Michael, "after careful consideration," had agreed to an amicable separation on the eve of their separate summer-long movie locations away from Hollywood. After four years, Liz's second marriage, so one to the gay, blithe Britisher twenty years her senior, was tottering.

Again, a torrent of speculation blew out Elizabeth Taylor's beautiful dark head. There had been rumors about the...


4648—Line divine for your figure—The Empire Princess! You’ll love the fitted bodice, smooth slimming lines below that lead to a mermaid flare. Simple to make. Misses’ sizes 10-18. Size 16 takes 3½ yards, 39-inch fabric.

Send thirty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to: Photoplay Patterns, Box 133, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N. Y. Add 5¢ per pattern for 1st-class mailing.

match almost since the day she married Mike. Now the floodgates were opened.

The stories had bubbled up more than a year ago when the "Giant" company was on location on the baking plains of Marfa, Texas. Word reached Hollywood that co-stars Elizabeth Taylor and Rock Hudson were playing their love scenes off as well as on screen.

Liz and Rock stoutly denied these stories, but Mike was sufficiently concerned to fly to Marfa to see what was going on. Elizabeth succeeded in convincing him that it was much ado about nothing. A few days later he returned to Hollywood, glad to escape the fierce summer Texas heat.

There had also been stories about Liz’s continuing warm, personal friendship with Montgomery Clift. When Monty first returned to Hollywood to make "Raintree County," he lived with the Wildings at their mutual invitation.

Yet his presence must have posed a problem, even if a subconscious one, for Mike. How would any balding male in his mid-forties with a gorgeous young wife like to have a handsome, personable young man almost half his age, one who worked daily in love scenes with his wife, living under the same roof?

Liz has been fond of Clift ever since she made "A Place in the Sun" with him in 1951. But he never paid much attention to her in those days. She was just a kid and he had his own heart interest of the moment, a woman not in pictures.

The studio asked him to take Liz to the premiere of "A Place in the Sun." Two days before the opening, Liz called the studio worriedly to say that she hadn’t yet been invited by Clift. They had to remind him to invite her!

For the fancy opening the studio rented him a tux, a publicity man loaned him his own personal studs and cufflinks and gave him five dollars, because Monty was broke that night.

"What shall I do with her afterwards?" Clift asked.

"Take her anywhere you like," the studio advised him. "Just sign the checks. We’ll pick up the tabs."

That was the first night that Liz Taylor and Monty Clift ever went out together on a date. Later that year when he met her plane at Idlewild Airport in New York he felt compelled to deny publicly that there was any romance between them.

Whenever the Wildings are in New York they avail themselves of Monty’s apartment at his invitation. They name him as godfather of their second son, Christopher.

Monty had his bad auto accident last summer following a dinner party at Liz and Mike’s. It was a hysterical Lie who tumbled down the hill after hearing of the crash, crept into the sports car wreckage and cradled Monty’s head in her lap for more than half an hour until the delayed ambulance arrived to take him to the hospital.

How did Wilding feel on this night? Did he feel that his wife’s anguish was for a platonic friend? Or was he himself so upset by the accident and the injury to his friend that he didn’t notice?

Other rumors have erupted periodically about Liz and Nicky Hilton, ever since their premature, youthful marriage crashed in a breakage of choice illusion after seven tearful months. Many Hollywoodites believe that Liz has never quite gotten over her infatuation for Nicky.

Liz was still dating Nicky intermittently a year after their divorce. Month after she had begun to go with Mike she attended a house party on the Connecticut estate of her uncle, Howard Young, with Nicky as her companion.
Last summer they ran into each other at Santa Anita race track one afternoon. They kissed fondly, reminisced about old times, and in general had themselves quite a ball.

But what's behind the headlines and rumors? Why did Mike Wilding once say, "I liked her better when she turned to me for every decision, when she looked up to me"? He added, "I hate it now. Now I follow her around."

When did Liz stop looking at Mike as though he was practically a god? And why? What made her decide her marriage was no good? The answer is a complicated one. To unravel it, we must travel back to the days of their first love for one another.

Elizabeth originally met Michael in England when she was only sixteen. She had gone overseas to make "The Conspirators." It turned out that they were working in the same studio. At that time he was still married to actress Kay Young.

Liz and Mike renewed their friendship on a subsequent trip to London which she made following her divorce from Nicky Hilton. They fell in love with one another, the still naive, wide-eyed beauty and the debonair, good-humored Englishman with the air of having been everywhere and done everything.

Liz became as starry-eyed about her romance with Mike as she had once been about Hilton.

"It doesn't matter that Michael is forty and I'm nineteen," she said. "He's a mere child at heart. We both love each other very much and we are both going to work very hard to make it last. This is no sudden crush."

They were married on February 21, 1952, at Caxton Registry Hall in London in the midst of a tumultuous mob scene. Only fourteen people, including his parents, attended the actual ceremony, but once outside they were accosted by hundreds of milling, shouting fans.

In the mad melee which followed, fans scrambled over the hood and top of the wedding limousine. It was all that police could do to get Liz and Mike through the mob and into the car.

After a short honeymoon in the Swiss Alps they returned to Mike's London flat. For a while it looked as though Liz was never going to return to Hollywood. But eventually they were lured back when M-G-M offered Mike a contract, too.

Liz and Mike always used to deny painstakingly the ever-present rumors about their marriage. Once, on one of their periodic returns from Europe, they found that the gossip mill had been working overtime. Liz was furious. "Where do these rumors originate?" she demanded to know.

Mike urged her to calm down. "We'll be married long after those silly stories are forgotten," he told her.

For all his alleged bossiness with Liz before she asserted herself and declared her own private independence day, I for one have felt that Mike was generally kind, gentle and considerate of her.

Liz did not have a normal childhood. She was pampered and waited upon as only a beautiful girl-child can be. She was making movies while still a little girl. She grew up in a studio. Her high schooling was scarcely the average one in its scope and I remember at least one occasion when the serious problem arose of getting her successfully through her examinations.

Mike waited on her, generally at her beck and call. When she was working in "Giant" in Hollywood, she had to be up every morning before five. It was Mike personally who aroused her, because she

Send twenty-five cents (in coins) for each pattern to: PHOTOFAY, Needlecraft Service, P.O. Box 123, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N. Y. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. An additional twenty-five cents will bring you the Needlecraft Catalog.
didn't like alarm clocks and would have gone back to sleep. And on the way he would get out in the kitchen and prepare breakfast, eat with her and see her off to the studio in the cool dawn. He did this for months, although he was not working in a picture himself, and had no personal need to arise so early.

In the first years of their marriage, Mike and Liz never quarreled. They would disagree, but they had no fights. This characteristic of the past two years as Liz began more and more to assert herself. Her Irish temper would soar when she no longer accepted without a word Mike's decisions on everything.

In the days when she was on loanout to Paramount for "A Place in the Sun," Liz made friends with one of the girls in the publicity department. They were so close that they used to go shopping together. More than once they would go into a department store, Liz would buy a sweater or scarf and then find that she had no money with her.

"Oh, don't worry," the girl would say. "I'll pay it back tomorrow."

One day she took her chum into a swanky Beverly Hills auto agency. She was all excited because she planned to surprise her mother with a new Cadillac for her birthday. Of course, she didn't have with her the money to buy the car.

So she turned to her friend. "Write me out a check for $500," she commanded breezily. "I'll pay you back next week!"

Patiently the pal had to explain that she could cover Liz's expenditure on a sweater, but not on a new Cadillac.

That was the end of Liz's talk about money in those days. But since her marriage she has been learning fast what cash means. She learned the hard way.

When Mike and she returned to Holly-wood, Liz was anxious to work and went right to the real-estate offices. Almost before you could say Michael Wilding he had bought them a new mountain-top home for $75,000. The trouble was that it took them some months to make it livable. An additional $40,000 or $50,000 had to be added to the cost.

Elizabeth just didn't have that kind of money. Mike and she went down to the last resort—selling all her life savings in bonds—some $47,000 worth—to help pay for their house debts.

From then on, Elizabeth Taylor started paying attention to the money spent.

One evening before they announced their separation, Liz, Mike and I enjoyed a leisurely dinner at La Rue. We spent most of our time discussing their marriage.

"I think you have to work at a marriage to make a go of it," Mike volunteered.

"I don't like that word 'work,' " Liz objected, in her new-found independence. "Marriage shouldn't be work. It should be fun and laughter.

Liz and Mike had a tremendous amount of fun and laughter in the early years of their marriage. Midnight suppers of onion soup and champagne. Playgoing sprees in London and New York. Holiday flings in Las Vegas, Carmel-by-the-Sea and on the Continent.

In recent months there has been more work and less fun, and in Liz's remark is one of the keys to their rift.

Elizabeth is exuberant and restless. Restless for youth, excitement, fun and partygoings. The sort of things she said she didn't need when she married homey, pipe-smoking, old-fashioned Wilding.

Their gradually widening gap was evinced in Liz's moody, subdued manner. When she did cheer up it was an artificial, forced kind of gaiety. She was not the sparkling, vivacious cut-up of past years.

There was one notable exception to this—at the Texas location of "Giant." Despite the heat and discomforts she had a rollicking time with Rock Hudson, James Dean and the others of the cast. Understandably, Liz did not want to discuss the final break. "I don't want to talk about it," she said with finality. "It's too personal."

But the separation was Elizabeth's own idea. Neither Mike nor she has fallen entirely out of love with one another. There is still an affection between them for all their differences. Both hesitate to talk about the serious steps of their parting.

Elizabeth suggested a separation as a means of seeing how well they got along without each other, to see how much they miss each other and how much they really care. She also suggested it so that it would be possible for her to be seen in public with another man or men without a scandal being made of it. The same would apply to Mike in any dates he might have with other women in Europe, such as old flame Marlene Dietrich, whom he used to date considerably before Liz.

She may miss Mike more than she thinks, unless some other man, or hard work, or a combination of both, take up all her time. That for she was miserably lonely many times in the past when their work kept Michael and her apart for lengthy periods. She is an affectionate, emotion-al girl beneath her placid—appearing exterior; she found it difficult in these days, with Mike away.

Last winter, unable to bear the thought of another long separation, she accompanied him to French Morocco where he was on location with Anita Ekberg and Victor Mature for several months of filming of "Zarak."

The living conditions were dismal, the heat unsufferable and the food abominable. Liz and Mike had been forced to hold off a trip home to be with the children at Christmas time. Then she returned to Africa and Mike's side.

Liz has changed quite noticeably in the past year. She is much more matured in her thinking. She now has a definite mind of her own on family and business matters. Consequently, the arguments have multiplied with Mike, for he was used to being in charge.

"They have had a basic quarrel for about two years," said one close friend.

"When Elizabeth married Wilding four years ago she was just a child. He made all her decisions—even in the smallest matters. He even taught her to eat snails and oysters, something she'd never done before.

I think sharp contrast to their first home was the $150,000 glass stone and wood ranchhouse which architect George McClain, a family friend, built with Elizabeth specifically in mind. There is nothing of Mike in it that I have ever seen. The kitchen is equipped in the latest fashion, but the rest of the house is a sort of Florentine retreat. One room, which turns out to be the exception of a small, book-lined study with a TV set in it.

Even then both Mike and Liz admitted that the match was a false one.

"What don't?" I asked her sharply.

"Every couple has its disagreements and arguments. It's a perfectly normal part of any marriage."

But minor shortcomings which both were once able to shrug off as just one of those things, have bothered them more and more of late. Mike has become more and more irritated at Elizabeth's perpetual anxiety over the financial side of things. The reason for their parting was that, under worst, turns this phlegmatic calm bothers her.

An exposé magazine article on Paul Brinkman helped trigger Jeane Crain's divorce suit against him. But a similar one was being written about Elizabeth scarcely at all. Once Mike and she traveled together, she simply dismissed the entire matter. It had nothing to do with their separation.

The Wildings have been preserved an air of cameraderie which fooled many people. A photographer who spent an afternoon at their home snapping magazine pictures in August before they announced their separation found them frolicking barefooted around the front yard. They were singing songs from the score of "My Fair Lady" and seemed to have not a care in the world.

Their last goodbye was neither a tearful nor a sentimental occasion. Liz drove Mike to the Los Angeles International Airport in their convertible. She walked into the plane with him. Before Mike closed the door they said their casual goodbyes to the clicking of news cameras.

Liz, who was wearing a red sweater and tight-fitting red matador pants, kept her arm around Mike's shoulders as he was being taken, but Mike dropped a tentative arm around her shoulder and smiled rather sadly down at her.

He went back east for three or four months, to make two pictures. First he flew to Paris, then to the South of France for a reunion with old friends. Later he moved on to Sweden to do a picture called "Long Day's Journey Into Night" with Professor Sturges.

Later this fall he will be in Vienna to do a picture with Ann Sheridan. Ironically, its title is "Lost Love," a fitting remarriage for his own marriage to Liz.

A day after Mike winged out, Liz, last as usual, breathlessly showed up at the airport. Her airliner, already taxying on the runway, had just taken off when she could get aboard and join the rest of the "Raintree County" company on its way to Danville, Kentucky.

Often friends or intimates of a divorcing couple will express the belief that the pair may get back together again, but little such optimism marks this broken match. The friends of Liz and Mike sadly shake their heads.

"They have been such likable people, and they still have an affection for each other," they say. "But there is too much to overcome. We're afraid—terribly afraid—that this is the end."

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BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

I believe Liz Taylor and Mike Wilding are getting divorced so they can be good friends... Nobody ever accused Anita Ekberg of looking like a boy... I admire Audrey Hepburn because she wouldn't allow the studio to straighten her few crooked teeth... Originally Tony Perkins was a hitchhiker. I bet him that he'd learn to drive a car before I did, and if so he'd have to chauffeur me for a week... Some blonds are obvious imitations of Marilyn Monroe, while others (Edith Adams, Judy Holliday and Joyce Jameson) announce they're doing an imitation of MM as a feature of their act... Diana Dors doesn't believe she's the "English Marilyn Monroe," but accepts the billing because it's good business... Diana's husband, Dennis (The Menace) Hamilton, discarded his last name, which is Gittens... Zsa Zsa Gabor didn't announce her engagement once during last month... Impossibility: Paddy Chayefsky writing a Noel Coward "Private Lives" and Noel doing a "Marty" Bronx comedy-drama... I'd like to have a dollar for every bald fellow who felt better after seeing Yul Brynner in "The King and I."... By the way, Tom Jenks wants the Duchess of Windsor to title her memoirs, "Almost the King and I."... Ava Gardner can cook, too! What more do you want?

Eddie Fisher has a carbonated grin. This should please his TV sponsor... It is difficult, almost impossible, for a movie to be a sleeper these days. The exploitation men tell you that their offbeat picture is a sleeper from the first day of filming. In a way Barbara Nichols reminds me of Shelley Winters, but more often she is all Barbara Nichols. Barbara is a giggler who is sexy... I've never seen an actress wear a loose pair of toreador pants. Cyd Charisse is all legs in them... Kim Novak tells me that the Tucker Music Shop on Sunset Boulevard has this sign in the window: "Teen-Age Spoken Here."

I wish to report Elvis Presley stood still in Schwab's while buying a comb and nobody recognized him... All Italian actresses walk with their chests thrown out, regardless of their bosom measurements... Mr. Tony Curtis is a "Somebody Up There Likes Me" character who turned out to be a movie star... Judging by actresses in attendance at Santa Anita, Hollywood Park and Del Mar, horse racing is the only sport where the woman spectators equal or outnumber the men. You can see them all at the track, from Betty Grable to Dana Wynter... If I had been Jeffrey Hunter, I never would have allowed Barbara Rush to be the girl who got away... Tip to starlets: If you want to sound like Marilyn merely run up a flight of stairs before delivering your big speech... Jeff Chandler says that Estes Kefauver looks like a Republican, and he's right... Hugo Haas does a quick and funny impersonation of Kim Novak for Greta Thyssen, Cleo Moore and other blonds he likes. Hugo puts his finger to the tip of his nose to tilt it and opens his mouth slightly. Try it... Nobody looks better in Technicolor than Maureen O'Hara... I'm looking forward to seeing "The Spirit of St. Louis" although I realize Jimmy Stewart is no Charles Lindbergh... Harry Kurnitz writes that producers are going as far back as Becknell and McGuffey's Reader for subjects to be remade into musicals... Alfred Hitchcock claims a typical movie star is a fellow who's egotistical about the fact that he's so modest.

June Allyson doesn't have to display cleavage to be sexy to me... I believe U-I has a good movie bet in Carol (Miss Universe) Morris. She has the charm of Grace Kelly, more warmth, and you don't have to be informed she's beautiful... Tab Hunter is to be applauded because he wants to be a fine actor. Despite the fact Tab has made, he is taking private acting lessons... I know that Joan Crawford sends her poodles to school to learn how to act on a movie soundstage before she allows them to accompany her to the studio. That's Hollywood for you.
"Why, I Did Not!"

(Continued from page 54)

hurt headlines—they hunt me." This was accompanied by a large, wide-eyed glance from very blue eyes. "In fact," she continued, "headlines began happening to me at the age of five." And, more reproachfully still, "You don't think I was dreaming up publicity stunts for myself at that age?"

"At five," recounted Terry, pausing in her attack on a hamburger steak, "I followed a lion tamer into a cage of lions in Los Angeles. He went in to feed the lions and I followed him in. The biggest lion made a swipe at me and missed me. I had no idea of the danger. I just wanted to play with the puseycat."

Her husband, Gene, an insurance and investment specialist who has homes in Panama City, Panama, Caracas, Venezuela, and Hendersonville, North Carolina, said to Terry, "Tell him about the press-agent situation."

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Terry. "They've always said I have a lot of press agents working for me. But actually it wasn't until my marriage to Gene that I could afford a press agent."

"I thought she should have one," explained Terry's dark-haired, businesslike spouse, "to straighten out some of these misunderstandings."

Then Terry tossed in a thought that may explain a lot of things. "I love adventure," she said, "and I go places where things are happening. Then things happen to me. "But I don't think I mind. Because I don't want to get into a rut. If you white-wash your life too much, it gets kind of gray and it's not interesting."

Terry had finished her hamburger, which had been preceded by honeydew melon. Quietly, while the waiter was removing the plate, Gene ordered more honeydew melon for her. As the waiter brought it, Terry looked up in surprise at her bridegroom and said, "How did you know I wanted more melon?"

As she dug into it, she said, "But out of everything bad comes some good, and the headlines have helped in one sense. My name's become so well-known that I'm given opportunities to do roles on TV that I wouldn't get otherwise."

Laughingly, she added, "When some quiet little girl is mentioned for a possible role, people might say, 'Who ever heard of her?'

"I guess they couldn't say that about me."

After the lion took a swipe at five-year-old Terry, which got her name in the papers, she began getting publicity as a child radio actress. Her name also got into the high-school papers.

"I was always in it with something that was happening to me—although I never tried to be," Terry told me. "Finally I became the editor so I could keep my name out!"

As a sample of her contention that things are always happening to her, Terry cited her visit to San Diego a few years ago when her hotel room caught fire.

"My room was all filled with water when the photographers arrived," she said. "That wasn't my fault, certainly."

"You didn't set the fire?" I asked jokingly.

Terry laughed. "If I had the brains to dream up all the things that have happened to me accidentally, I could make millions of dollars in publicity work. People are always saying, "My, how clever you were to have thought of that stunt."

"Clever! Things just happened... and I can hardly accept any credit or discredit. Maybe it's because I've always said what..."

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"Is there anything wrong with that?" Most people conceded that there wasn't. Terry's clincher to the argument always is her recollection of what the GIs themselves said: "Look, if we're old enough to fight war, aren't we old enough to see a girl in a bathing suit?"

PHOTOPLAY could not have picked anyone better informed than I am about the famous "lifted-skirt incident," in Istanbul, that has also happened to me twice. I was in Istanbul at the time—and I suffered a little bit from it.

Twy, in June, 1955, that a junket took many of us to Turkey to attend the opening of the Istanbul Hilton Hotel. One morning, I came downstairs to hear everybody in the lobby saying, "Did you see that Terry Moore picture?"

I had no idea what picture that was. I'd never even gone into the Istanbul incident in my cable. But somebody in the office had relished Terry's history and had remembered just enough so that I think she'd been "lifted out of Korea.

It took us quite a while to settle that.

Terrible Terry's never going to play the Garbo bit about publicity and interviews—but she was reticent about publicizing her marriage to Gene McGrath. I can testify to that from personal experience.

About January 15, 1956, I was in Los Angeles, on the way to the opening of the Dallas Hilton Hotel. We'd wanted to get Terry Moore to go to the opening, too, an official of the chain told me, "but we couldn't find her."

"Couldn't find her?" I said. "Is Terry up to something?"

"It's very strange," the official said. "We phoned her father in Hollywood, but he said he didn't know how to get in touch with Terry. He said she was in New York somewhere staying with a girl named Peggy, but he couldn't think of her last name.

"That's odd. What about her mother?"

"He said her mother was with her. We checked with Celebrity Service and all that but couldn't find her.

When I returned to New York from Dallas, I heard a rumor that Terry had been secretly married in Las Vegas on New Year's Day.

One source told me "positively," but all others that knew Terry denied it or knew nothing about it. I phoned her father in Hollywood and he claimed to know where she was, "though I couldn't tell you where—but insisted she wasn't married.

Continuing to check on it, I traced Terry to Panama City. Yes, she had been seen there that very day—with Gene McGrath. But, so far as anybody knew, they weren't married. I couldn't get Terry on the phone. So I sent a letter. I said it was "unde- livered." Terry had checked out of the hotel in Panama City, leaving no forwarding address.

I wrote the story of the probable marriage half a dozen of what I knew. A few days later it was confirmed. Terry and Gene McGrath had actually slipped out, during dinner with Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds in Las Vegas, and were married. They returned to dinner table and didn't mention it. They didn't even tell her father. So, insists Terry, her father was in complete ignorance of her marriage. Their marriage made me very happy.

The point is, Terry and Gene passed up a lot of powerful publicity by keeping their marriage a secret.

A couple of years later, Eddie, when I was in Las Vegas with Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds present, said there would be a tremendous story. But Terry and Gene passed it up.

The "new" Terry and her bridegroom...
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It took me only two weeks," she says. "I'd never had to do all my own screen business, because my traveling schedule with Gene was so jammed.

Now that she's trying to live in three cities at once, commuting among Hollywood, Caracas, and Panama City, things are sure to happen to Terry again.

Terry's out of luck tonight," I told my-
When M-G-M's Helen Rose designed her magnificent wardrobe for "The Opposite Sex," June was aghast. The items I was expected to wear were sheath and straight skirts—and sexy. And June was always her timidly stubborn about the simple-typical clothes she prefers. Customarily, she would find a dress she liked and have made up in five different colors. But this year June insisted that Helen Rose may be right, after all. She just might be ready for a change.

"I remember one day when Esther Williams was right in Wardrobe fittings—" June confessed recently. "Esther was trying on a gorgeous bathing suit that I went mad for and raved that wanted one just like it. I must be sillier than I thought. 'How can you put petal pan collar on it'?, and you know she was right? I would have tried.'"

Clothes, among other things, came for quite a bit of discussion between June and her Girl Friday, Barbara Salisbury. Barbara is secretary, friend, companion, snoopethayer and limerick-writer for the effervescent Mrs. Powell. June and Barbara start to day with many cups of coffee, a discussion of the news and an exchange of hilarious tidbits each of them might have picked up. June is probably more aware of most of the local change in Mrs. Powell. "June is so much more prompt nowadays—say I was costumed by always showing up late. It was a reason. She was always because she couldn't say no to anyone so she had too much to do. One or come in late, and she would always be over with. Even simple little decisions weighed until they took on major proportions Subconsciously she managed to distort herself until she had to drive completely with any one thing. Lack of confidence herself was the reason."

Barbara paused and thought back to the last couple of years. "In the past June was afraid to take her children, Ricky and Pamela anywhere with their nurse, Mrs. Harvey. Lately, however, she and Richard have taken to Pinkus. The Santa Barbara Home Show and the Luau for dinner, and June is finally convinced of her ability to cope with any situation that might arise. Both Ricky and Pamela are learning to respect their mother's firm 'No.' For tasks, his young life Ricky has managed wheelie June in playing with him nap time. Now that's changed. Now very surprised little boy finds himself bed, expected to have his nap promptly.

"Incidentally," Barbara says, with a smile. "Ricky is becoming quite a social butterfly. His routine is the loveliest part of the day to them. Before dinner they sit in front of burning logs in the fireplace and with the children. While Pam, Ricky, Richard hold animated conversations June picks, pushes and sometimes the cheese delicacies on the coffee table. Quite naturally, from time to time and get into high stimulating discussions of one of a million subjects. On the night I'm thinking of, Richard pro and June were on.

"That's absolutely ridiculous," protests the husky voice of Mother June.

"No, it isn't. It's perfectly natural. countered her relaxed husband.

"Oh, Richard!" June exclaimed in astonishment.

"Oh, Daddy," pipped up the tenor of Ricky, "you stay out of this!"
They were both stopped in their tracks. When June saw her husband's expression, she howled and Richard finally joined in. Ricky was quite pleased with himself—and was only mildly chagrined when his amused parents straightened up to explain why small boys do not tell big daddies to stay out of things.

During this family hour, however, both Pam and Ricky have an insidious method of taking over the conversation, and the Powells admit with due modesty that at times the youngsters make more sense than many of the adults who often gather round the coffee table before dinner.

The change in June about decisions is wonderful to behold. Time was when he was in a constant state of vacillation, but no more. Just a few months ago the Powell household needed a cook desperately. June was visiting a friend whose cook just happened to be leaving and could fill in for a few weeks if the Powells wanted her. June talked to the woman for a few minutes, then up and hired her. It was a big step forward—no waiting for advice from Richard, no seasing of should I or shouldn't I? The cook, by the way, is still a member of the Powell family and everyone concerned are happy.

“When I go through the Powells' lower stage in the morning,” Barbara Salisbury says, “it's like driving into another world. Suddenly I'm in the peace and quiet of the country, surrounded by beautiful dogs and the green green that no city can contrive. The house itself has been blended with the beauty of nature which was put there to be used. Inside, I warm, friendly and full of the feeling family. There was a time when Richard and George Hall, the decorator, got together to decide on any possible changes, me accepting the arrangement with pas-

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re interest. Last month, however, it was one who conferred with George on the drapes, curtains, drapes—and she very much wanted a brass headboard in the master bedroom. After long discussions they took four possible choices to chair, then they decided together on colors, textures and whatnot. June taking this initiative is one more significant sign her desire to become an individual.

TO REACH THE STARS

In most cases your letters will reach a star if addressed in care of the studio at which he made his last picture. If you have any luck there, try writing to each star individually, e/o Screen Actors Guild, 7016 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, Calif.

Allied Artists, 4576 Sunset Drive, Hollywood 27

Columbia Pictures, 1438 North Gower Street, Hollywood 28

Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Los Angeles 46

M-G-M Studios, 10020 West Washington Blvd., Culver City

Paramount Pictures, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood 38

RKO Radio Pictures, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood 38

Republic Studios, 4024 Radford Avenue, North Hollywood

20th Century-Fox, 10201 West Pico Boulevard, Los Angeles 35

United Artists, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Los Angeles 46

Universal-International, Universal City

Warner Brothers Pictures, 1009 West Olive Avenue, Burbank

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CANDIDS

1. Lana Turner
2. Betty Grable
3. Ava Gardner
4. Alan Ladd
5. Tyrene Power
6. Gregory Peck
7. Esther Williams
8. Elizabeth Taylor
9. Cornel Wilde
10. Frank Sinatra
11. Rory Calhoun
12. Peter Lawford
13. Bob Mitchum
14. Burtt Lancaster
15. Bing Crosby
16. Dué Evans
17. June Allyson
18. Gene Autry
19. Roy Rogers
20. Sunset Carson
21. Diana Lynn
22. Doris Day
23. Montgomery Clift
24. Richard Widmark
25. Perry Como
26. Bill Holden
27. Gordon MacRae
28. Ann Blyth
29. Jeanne Crain
30. Jane Russell
31. John Wayne
32. Yvonne de Carlo
33. Audie Murphy
34. June Leigh
35. Farley Granger
36. John Derek
37. Guy Madison
38. Mario Lanza
39. Kirk Douglas
40. Scott Brady
41. Vic Damone
42. Shelley Winters
43. Richard Todd
44. Dean Martin
45. Jerry Lewis
46. Susan Hayward
47. Terry Moore
48. Tony Curtis
49. Guil Davis
50. Jeff Richards
51. June Haver
52. Debra Paget
53. Dal Roberson
54. Marilyn Monroe
55. Leslie Caron
56. Mitzi Gaynor
57. Marlon Brando
58. Aldo Ray
59. Russ Tamblyn
60. Jeff Hunter
61. Marjorie and Gower Champion
62. Fernando Lamas
63. Lori Nelson
64. Rita Gam
65. Charlton Heston
66. Steve Cochran
67. Richard Burton
68. Julius La Rosa
69. Lucille Ball
70. Jack Webb
71. Richard Egan
72. Elvira Presley
73. Pat Crowley
74. Robert Taylor
75. Jean Simmons
76. Audrey Hepburn
77. Gale Storm
78. George Nader
79. Ann Sothern
80. Eddie Fisher
81. Liberace
82. Bob Francis
83. Grace Kelly
84. James Dean
85. Sherre North
86. Kim Novak
87. Richard Davalos
88. Julie Adams
89. Eva Marie Saint
90. Natalie Wood
91. Devery Martin
92. Joan Collins
93. Jayne Mansfield
94. Sal Mineo
95. Shirley Jones
96. Elvis Presley
97. Victoria Shaw
98. Tony Perkins
99. Clift Walker
100. Pat Boone
101. Paul Newman
102. Don Murray
103. Don Cherry
104. Pat Wayne
105. Carroll Baker
106. Anita Ekberg
107. Corey Allen
108. Dana Wynter
109. Diana Dors
110. Judy Busch
111. Patti Page
112. Lawrence Welk
113. Alice Lon
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"Don't, for heaven's sake," Barbara adds suddenly, "think that June has become grim and determined in an effort to prove herself. The fun-things and the crazy, impulsive acts are still with us. Her giggle is still the same. She still makes up atrocious limericks about friend and foe, and still makes personal gifts for people. But she likes to play on an eyeglass-case kick for the past two years, and she makes each one with the color or design most important to her friend. For instance, she made one for the Porter, who always sat there on his eyeglass-case, saying it was 'merely a ploy to keep his lid closed.' Nevertheless, she immediately went to the phone and called Richard at the studio, just to say hello."

June's is the nature of quicksilver, and more and more she is becoming aware of traits she never realized she had. Wisely, she has not discarded those facets which made her the personality Richard would describe as 'she's only adding.' She is firming up the ones left weak by a childhood of insecurity that extended into her adult years. One of her impulsive habits is to send books she believes contain something of value to all her friends. She herself keeps up with current literature by reading in bed at night. She has explained to Richard that she is improving her mind through this habit. Occasionally, she has become deeply engrossed in her secret vice—mysteries. "How," he'll ask, "are you improving your mind with a mystery?"

With great dignity June will respond, "I've already improved my mind with that book tonight. This one is for me," and Richard doesn't even bat an eye. This is a kind of feminine logic typical of his wife, who really is working on self-improvement.

"This learning to say no can backfire, too," June says wryly. "It can be overdone. One night at bedtime Pam asked me a question I didn't particularly want to answer. I walked off on a five-minute dissertation which, analyzed, meant 'No, no, no.' If she tried to interrupt, I just talked a little louder. Finally she became so frustrated I ran down the hall. "Then she asked quietly, 'Are you all through, Mommy?' I said that I was, and she said, 'May I explain?'

"So I said yes, she could explain. She did, fully, and I interpreted her quite completely. What could I do? I apologized and admitted that I had been wrong. Pam gave me a long, forgiving look. 'That's all right, Mommy,' she said, 'next time, then.'"

In all of her relationships—with her husband, her children, her friends, her co-workers—June discovers anew that the simple act of making a decision slowly erasing the effects of years of insecurity and lack of confidence. Going from studio to studio, being in demand and kept busy, has helped immeasurably. Painful at first, it has now become mere ammunition, and she's learned to use it.

"It's rough to make changes," June admits. "It was even rougher when Richard and I worked together for the first time at Columbia, Can't Away From It. With Richard the producer and director and me starring with Jack Lemmon, I went to the studio feeling that 1) somebody might not like me, and 2) there wasn't any particular favor in the scenes. I needed him to worry about Richard. To him, the scene is the thing, and he didn't favor anybody if it was important to the story that I had the close-up. Joe got the close-up.

"We never," June continues, "had hurt together. We drove to the studio together and it was invariably limited to the children or domestic affairs. That was the only time I saw Richard as my husband, for the day. Even when we saw the day's rushes, I sat in the front row and he sat in the back. At the end of the day we'd get back in the car. Picking up our conversation where we had left off. Discussion of the picture went strictly on the premises of the hairdo. 'Beaver's leading lady? I couldn't be so proud of the way people felt about Richard. He's wonderful to work with and the men idolized him. I don't think ever I could have been happier. Richard had his habit which relieves tension and puts everyone in stitches. We were doing a scene one day when it started to rain. Everyone was ready for the rain. Suddenly the director said Mike could do the dulcet voice of R. Paves singing 'When Irish Eyes Are Smiling' with the flattest high notes I ever heard. It became a director's joke, so could we. Richard has a wonderful way with people, and the picture made together was more fun than I've done. And I honestly don't think I prejudiced anyone who works with us will tell you the same thing."

Along with the ability to say no, June has a new awareness of people. She's gaining more understanding of the reasons behind their words and actions. Now her impatience is tempered with tolerance. Barbara Salisbury would say that June is more soft, relaxed and outgoing than she ever has been. Having been held many of the complexities within herself, she is more to give to others.

Yet June is the first to realize that isn't the reincarnation of little-goose-twenty, but a new side--driven so personality-wise. "The minute you're wanting to learn, you're through, you dead," she says. "I know that I'm growing wiser. People are used to saying that I could never understand why they had to be or what people had to do. Now I'm beginning to understand the behind the reality. Perhaps I should that before there were blind. Now I go through a mirror darkly. I'm learning to be more patient with people and myself. I have always driven me as well. Foolish serving, I'm not driving all the time. I'm learning a lot more than how to say no. The more I discover of myself, the more I understand about others. And with a different application, a different prayer, my becoming richer and fuller than I ever dreamed it could be."

"Don't miss June Allyson in 'The Opposite' and 'You Can't Run Away From It.'"
The Girl with the Lavender Life

(Continued from page 44)

and it is probably just as well. The Romans of 2,000 years ago could have explained it to her quite simply: “Either you're born to the purple or you are not.” Modern psychologists favor a more complex theory. According to many, a preference for purple indicates a subconscious longing for power, an inherited wish for the prerogatives of royalty possibly passed down by some royal ancestor.

However, there is no known royal ancestor in Miss Novak's Polish-Czech background and West Chicago birthplace. If she nurtures a subconscious yearning for power, it has not become evident to anyone ever associated with her for as long as a minute. A friendlier, more cooperative star has never arrived on any studio lot. On the other hand, there can be no doubt about the secret strength she draws from lavender, both in color and scent.

By way of illustration, there has been a very real time in her life in which lavender was threatened with the loss of some of its magic quality. That happened last spring in France. She had just finished a personal appearance at the Cannes Film Festival where, on the screen in "Cinetic," and on the avenue as "Mademoiselle Keem," she had all but stolen the show. Now she was off on what was supposed to be a relaxing vacation tour. Faced at her disposal by Columbia Pictures was an enormous car driven by a courteous, English-speaking guide-chaiseur, and with her was her mentor-companion, Muriel Roberts. They came at last to Graffe, in the heart of the French perfume country.

"I would," Miss Novak announced, "like to see how they make perfume. Especially lavender perfume."

Though French perfume makers are intensely secretive about their processes and guard their formulas with their lives, for the blond queen of the Cannes festival there was no problem. A factory manager took the young tourists in tow, guiding them past banks of flowers from which women were stripping the petals. While the manager was explaining to them how only one drop of essence could be distilled from pounds of petals, the word was preceding them. "Mademoiselle Keem likes lavender."

But of course. There was a flurry among the factory girls, and a few minutes later the deed was done. By the time Miss Novak and Miss Roberts returned to their car, it was a lavender gas chamber. Every inch of the vehicle had been sprayed, inside and out, not excluding the motor, with essence of lavender, an oil so potent that only a few drops are needed to scent a gallon of lavender water.

While the two girls tried to turn their gasps for air into gasps of delight for the benefit of their expectant audience, the mortified chauffeur drove away as rapidly as good manners would permit, but there was no escape. As the motor warmed up, the fumes from it became intense, and as the sun warmed up the body of the car, Miss Roberts feared to light a cigarette lest it ignite an explosion that would blow the roof off. Nor was that all.

"We took showers in the hotel," Miss Novak says with a wince, "and not only did we still smell of lavender, but now the whole hotel reeked, too. We sent our clothes out to be cleaned, but that only made the whole cleaning plant smell of lavender. And the car! For the rest of the trip it not only perfumed us, but it perfumed all of our guests, some of them permanently, I'm afraid. As for our poor chauffeur, I wonder how he explained it all to his wife."

That such an experience did not ruin forever Miss Novak's appreciation of lavender is proof positive that her addiction is no affectation, but a deep-seated and hardy thing. It is doubtful that Miss Novak's eminence as a Hollywood queen, often compared to that of Lana Turner, Barbara Stanwyck and Jean Harlow, can be attributed to an energetic acquisition of lavender objects, but lavender and eminence have gone hand in hand. When she first arrived in Hollywood as a vacationing model, known variously as Miss Deep Freeze and Miss Ice Cubes of 1953, her authority over the color barely covered a small lavender monogram on a white handkerchief.

Had Miss Novak known what a furor her arrival in Hollywood was to create within a year, she might have felt compelled to keep an hour-by-hour diary. In the more than 2,000 press interviews she has had since, the question most frequently asked her is, "Didn't Hollywood terrify you?" followed by, "How did you go about getting your first movie job?"

These are routine questions asked of all successful movie stars, and Miss Novak answers them with an honesty that is almost blunt. But therein lies a cause for confusion; hers is not a routine story.

For instance: "Miss Novak, didn't Hollywood terrify you?"

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99
“It was delightful. I had just completed a cross-country tour for Thor appliances. I was the model, Peggy Dahl, and I had a whole week off before going back to Chicago. Do you know what we wanted to do in Hollywood? The one thing we wanted to do was swim in the Beverly Hills Hotel pool. We stayed there a whole week with Peggy’s mother, and, like I say, it was wonderful.

On my second question: “Miss Novak, how did you get your first movie job?”

“Oh, I never did. I didn’t know the first thing about acting, or movie studios or anything like that. I was a model. If you want to get a job as a model, you just go to an agency and leave some pictures of yourself, and if they need your type they call you. That’s all I did. I wouldn’t know how to get a movie job. All I do now is worry about losing them.”

She was not terrified by Hollywood, but she is terrified by Hollywood. She is not an actress, but she is an actress—one of the best; not only by current standards, but in keeping with the standards set by a long line of movie queens. She is now known as a great model, but she worries about losing them. She is the boxoffice attraction behind six films now comfortably passing the fifteen-million-dollar mark, and she is the student the critics can’t help but to cover. No routine answers to routine questions will explain Miss Novak.

Last August no less than sixteen influential magazines reached all parts of the English-speaking world recorded the story of Miss Novak’s rise. All the stories bore a startling similarity, and for what can be considered a startling reason.

With relentless frankness Miss Novak outlined her career, adhering strictly to the truth and never deviating even for the sake of a good anecdote. She was told not to let the facts spoil a good story. Instead, she leaned so far backward she let some poor stories spoil the good facts.

In brief, she was born in Chicago, educated in Chicago, and got as far as her second year in Wright Junior College before her interest in boys and the demands for her time as a model overcame her academic ambitions. She demonstrated refrigerators across the country, got a job as a model in Los Angeles, and it was as a model that she appeared in her first movie, “The French Line.” Then things began to happen.

As a proper Chicago girl who had once clerked in a five-and-ten-cent store, Miss Novak had moved into her first home in Hollywood. This was the Hollywood YWCA, otherwise known as the Studio Club, a congenial dormitory-sorority type of residence much favored by girls breaking into the movies. Rates were $19.50 a week, which included room and board.

There she had the companionship she so greatly valued; she had a choice of sports to work off her enormous energy, and she had long hours of talking shop with girls who had studied long and hard to make acting their career. As the girls chattered about what studio was hiring whom—a ballet dancer here, a coloratura soprano there, a girl to play piano in a Western barroom scene at still another—she quickly came to the conclusion that acting was not for her.

“I don’t believe in trying to fool myself,” she says, with her customary frankness. “I knew exactly what my acting limitations were. I could open a refrigerator door gracefully, and that was it. I could see where a lot of time might go by before any movie studio would want a girl to open an icebox."

Serenely untroubled by the dedicated ambition that was driving her roommates, say, agony-breathing for tone control, tortured posturing for ballet and rehearsals for parts that were never materialized, Miss Novak took her qualifications as a model to the Caroline Leonetti agency and immediately was comfortably employed as a clothes horse. By renting a bicycle to save cab fare she combined economy with exercise. By renting a bicycle to save cab fare she combined economy with exercise. By renting a bicycle to save cab fare she combined economy with exercise. By renting a bicycle to save cab fare she combined economy with exercise. By renting a bicycle to save cab fare she combined economy with exercise.

With the process through which she entered the motion-picture business was equally uncomplicated. One day RKO needed some models to back up Jane Russell in a luxury scene for “The French Line,” and the casting department, in an inspired moment, thought maybe real models might look more like models than actresses trained for the screen. Miss Novak was picked from the rest. But in the rushes she was Miss Novak, and Miss Novak only. The camera had chosen. It was a case of instantaneous love.

How agent Louis Schurr came into her life, closely followed—through still another lucky coincidence—by Harry Cohn, president of Columbia Pictures and by Miss Novak, the make-or-break man of the same company, has been told too often to need retelling here. Miss Novak peddled some, found a phone message to call Novak, and politely or otherwise, she was discovered, an appointment for a screen test.

“I thought it was very nice of them,” she recalls now, and she is still painfully embarrassed. ""How important it was to the girls around the Club when they were screen-testing for a special part, but I didn’t think so myself in that position, and anyway, it was like a test model—you know. I dropped out, lose some photographs, and—""We’ll let you know if we can use you some day.” I wasn’t screen-testing for part, but I was just screen-testing for—well, nothing.”

She arrived two hours late. More than forty people, including director Richard Quine, the late Bob Fosse, and many others, were listening to the script girl and assorted representatives of all the other arts and crafts that create a motion picture scene. She was showing a scene, ""I’ll just have to hide somewhere."" Her green eyes are near tears at the recollection. ""Poor Bob, he was so considerate.

She was bad enough, but she could have been worse. She remembers the audition leads her to believe. At least to hear director Quine tell it. ""We needed a girl to play opposite Fred MacMurray in ""Bushover,"" and a warm body to play, ""is the way Dick explains it. ""And Kim—she was Marilythen—had something.” This was no do so, but this particular part called for a dramatic actress, and Miss Novak simply could not act.

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Nevertheless, Dick, confronted with his first big picture and with his whole career at stake, persisted in his belief that Miss Novak was exactly what he wanted. It was a daring decision, and he won out. Miss Novak was notified by phone that she would start her acting career as a star.

"You're kidding," she said flatly. Another ten minutes went into assuring her that she would indeed play opposite Fred MacMurray in "Pushover." She remained unconvinced. "But it's nice of you to say so, and I'll come over tomorrow to see what part you really have for me."

That night as the Studio Club girls gathered in the living room for their customary exchange of trade gossip, Miss Novak came out with her story of the "joke." Columbia was playing on. There was a moment of shocked silence.

"Jokes like that they should play on me yet," said one girl in her best Bronx accent. "Marilyn, you dope, don't you now Columbia doesn't play jokes like that? This is for real."

Miss Novak listened in disbelief as the chatter rose to an uproar. When it finally lapsed on her that the offer she had heard was to be taken seriously, her eyes rimmed with tears. Here were girls who had worked for years for the chance she was being given. They had worked on broadway, on television, in bit parts, and one of them in supporting roles. They admired dramatics, dancing, music, the whole realm of creative arts, and they were still awaiting "the big day." And now he, the blond model whose one contribution to the drama was an ability to open a jut, was being raised far over their heads. Her first reaction was that it wasn't fair. They had worked so hard and she had done nothing. She looked around. There wasn't a jealous eye in the crowd. Instead, everyone was delighted and encouraged. The magic wand had touched one of their number, and in so doing had restored to each one the belief that she was next.

"What a crowd," sighs Miss Novak today, looking around the apartment in which she finds too, much solitude. "No wonder I miss them."

Stardom on her first picture was a torment that eliminated forever the possibility that Miss Novak might let her eminence go to her head. "I had never wanted a movie career," she says firmly, "If I had, I would have studied for it, the same as everyone else. I was never even stage-struck. To be honest about it, when I went to Wright Junior College, I wasn't interested in the dramatic club. I was interested in boys. So even when Columbia gave me a leading part, I didn't know if I wanted to be an actress or not. I just thought of it as a lark, something to try so I could tell the kids about it when I got back to Chicago."

Interrupting her story, she goes out into her lavender kitchen filled with bright new copperware, where she is checking out a new automatic grill. "It may be automatic," she says, returning, "but you still have to cook hamburgers in the same old-fashioned way. Anyway, Fred MacMurray—what a darling—and Mr. Quine began to convince me that maybe I should take up acting as a career. Up to that point I had been thinking. 'Just let me finish this picture, and never again.' Now I began to think, 'Now you really want to be an actress and look what you are doing—messing up the picture so you'll never get another chance.' Every night I went home thinking that I'd be fired the next day. Do you think that was fun?"

She had good reason to feel as she did. She flubbed scene after scene, and she knew it as well as anyone. Yet when she did knock off a take, Dick felt more than rewarded for the extra film he was using up.

Then came the critical point. In trans-oceanic aerial navigation it is known as "the point of no return," meaning that point in the journey in which the aircraft no longer has enough gasoline to return, but must go ahead to the opposite shore. In Dick's case it came when he had so much money invested in the film he could no longer substitute another leading lady, but had to finish with Miss Novak. And he was up against what appeared to be an insurmountable problem. Kim still knew nothing about "the business" of acting, yet now she was going to have to act and no one could help her. She had to belt Fred on the jaw. That was all. Just haul off and belt him a good one.

The trouble was that friendly-as-asa-puppy Miss Novak had never belted a man in her life, nor had she ever seen it done except in some half-forgotten movies. Furthermore, Fred was her good friend, the man who had helped her out of many a bad spot. Smack him a good one? She found it a physical impossibility.

"But she tried. She got up a half swing, and a three-quarter swing, and finally managed to touch his cheek. Dick's voice came booming, somewhat desperately, over the microphone. "The next one's a take. All right, quiet everyone. Action! Roll it!" He watched tensely. The whole set watched tensely. Miss Novak swung from the floor, faltered midway, and finally connected with a weak smack. Fred withdrew his out-thrust, expectant jaw, and relaxed.

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The exciting new LIVING COLOR PINK that's the talk of the town!
"I guess this calls for once more," he said ruefully.

Not once more but a dozen more. And still there was nothing to print. Fred had been everywhere from one-quarter belted to seven-eighths belted, and his jaw was beginning to swell, but still there was nothing to show for it. "I'm going to hit me," he pleaded. "Get it over with. This way you're knocking me out by degrees."

Along about the twentieth take a desperate what is the brand name of Kim Novak for one, found it, and let it go with a smack that should go down in history. It actually rocked Fred back on his heels, and the cameraman nearly fell from his perch.

"Print it," yelled Dick in high glee.

Miss Novak turned and fled from the set. She was inconsolable. No assurances from Dick, or anyone else, would serve anything. Such statements as "You were great," "You were terrific" and "It's what we've been after all day" fell upon ears deafened by hearing nothing. She had stubbornly good friend, and far harder than she had intended.

"But don't you see, Marilyn," said Fred. "That was your whole trouble. You didn't try in hating the first place and that spoiled the picture. In this business, when the script calls for you to get plugged, you get plugged. Why, one time I stood on ten, the scores of names in which he had been cold-cocked by experts. Gradually Miss Novak's sobbing subsided.

"But if this is acting," she said at last, half-convincingly, "I don't like it." It was a week before she could face Fred without apologizing all over again. And then she spent another week, after she realized the complexity and physical torture she had put him through, apologizing for not having belted him a good one in the first place. Acting, she was learning, was a very confusing business.

In the meantime, the studio was beginning to realize that Dick Quine was developing a new and wondrously valuable piece of property in the girl who was still going under the christened name of Marilyn Novak. Possibly a million-dollar piece of property, in which case a proper name for the product was as essential a good trade name for a new soap flake.

There were a lot of Marilyns in the business, dating back to the original Marilyn Miller, after whom another valuable piece of property, over at 20th Century-Fox, had just been renamed—another blond called Marilyn Monroe. The department—in-charge-of-names got busy. They found nothing wrong with Novak. Dick Quine gave her part in The King and I a somewhat Graustarkian ring to it; but the Marilyn had to go. They came up with three appellations, Kit, Lynn and Kim, but they couldn't seem to final decide.

Finally the entire studio was polled, and Kim, with an aptness not usually connected to a personality by an impersonal vote, won out overwhelmingly. Kim was chosen.

What does she think about her new name? "I love it. Everything that has happened to me since I entered the movies is so new and different to me that I feel there's a sort of fitting that I have a new name for it, too. Kim has a sound that sort of describes it. Not too fancy, and not too plain. Just about right, I'd say." Kim seemed used to becoming herself as Kim.

Every once in a while, though, she feels half-lost between the world of Kim and that of Marilyn Novak. "I call an old given name the phone, and do I say, 'This is Kim Novak,' or do I say, 'This is Marilyn Novak'? If I say Kim I'm putting on airs like a movie star, and if I say Marilyn then I'm trying to be overly modest, because they know me now as Kim, and talk about that way. It's a real problem, believe me."

In spite of her own and the studio's satisfaction with the name of Kim Novak, it did enjoy one startling alteration recently. On the boat going to Europe, Miss Novak met Al Capp, the famous creator of Li'l Abner, and such enlightened communities as Dogpatch and Upstate Calabovia. And Capp was fascinated, to say the least, by the blond—slightly tinted with lavender—locks of the ravishing Miss Novak, and felt compelled to introduce her to his comic-strip characters. Capp merely desired to put upon them with all her sex appeal, he had her first appear enclosed to the eyes in a fur garment, and only reluctantly revealed her in all her name he pinned on her. Kim Good-nik.

Says Miss Novak with pleased resignation, "Well, there aren't many who can tell that difference. See you in the funny papers."

That Kim's fame is not confined to her own home town or her own country was amply proved to her and to the world during that two-month tour of Europe, where she danced with Ali Khan, captured the heart of the boy delinquent, and bowed to the approval of millions.

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Kim herself doesn't really know what happened, because she is still in the laborious process of catching up with her bewildered self. It has not been easy, nor does her future indicate that it will be any easier, but changing fifteen million dollars would be hard to absorb in any business. Rough and tough executives in steel or automobiles can only wish they could get their replies to the directors with an asset like Kim. For a twenty-three-year-old, late of the five-and-dime, the accomplished plunders on dream-like fantasy.

What had she done, really, to deserve all this? And did she deserve it? For Miss Novak there was no interlude, no breathing period, no time to collect herself, before what was happening to her. She was moved into the major league without ever having played the minors. As she puts it, "They had me a case of a new enough enough to play an extra." And when it says that, it is not running down extras.

No, when Kim makes a remark like that her green eyes cloud over and the perfectly-profiled face looks thoughtful and more than humorous—a trifle uneasy. It's the same kind of feeling she has when she talks about the reading kick she's suffered. The discovery of Thomas Wolfe. Among other things.

But the studio was trying to say what summing up the many and wondrous things that have happened to her in the past two years, she said:

"You know, I find a lot of that terrible truth, that you can be any name, in any family. I can always go home there, and help with the laundry and the cooking, and help my sister Arlene with diapers and diapers. But home like when I call Chicago my home, she changed.

Good gosh, I can't walk along State Street any more like I used to. People stare at me and produce. When I'm signing autographs. I like it and everything, but gosh, my window-shopping has turned into a personal appearance. Somebody'd say, 'I'd like to talk to you in the sidewalk.'"

In her heart she still feels a little guilty. She doesn't really think it's right that all this should have happened to her and not to others who were as deserving and as good fortune. She feels it as strongly today as she did two years ago, when of all those hardworking girls at the Studio Club it was she, Marilyn, who was tapped on the shoulder for stardom.

But Marilyn Novak had that tremendous, redeeming point that was to come to her salvation. A number of what the friends of Richard Quine said a few others. It was a point she did not even suspect she had until it influenced everything else in her incredible life and career was produced it. Although she produced it in Hollywood, it was back in Chicago's crowded West Side that it, like Kim herself, was born. It was the thing that was probably going to keep her there—indeed it was something she might do about it.

In next month's installment you'll meet the man in Kim's life—from the boy dated in Chicago's Northwest Side to the more famous Court Bandini, and find out what really makes Kim Novak the enigma she is.
Glamour Gab of Hollywood

(Continued from page 65)

was married and just in town for his
birthday, was quite a nice friend. And since he is very
unusual, he was constantly on the floor,
clegal, while Jeanne sat there mag-
cently dressed and registering anima-
tion. But somehow, in the midst of all,
the whole world like a beautiful flower.
he pathos of this is that, except for
swank affair at Romanoff's, I haven't
seen her to a party all month. Where I
wasn't even seen Paul Brinkman, whom Jeanne
just divorced at a very high money
price to her, their community property
of what it is. Paul is definitely a
winner, definitely worth a try, and I don't
know where there aren't enough men
ground, he is a very real catch.
the Romanoff party, there were
Tamblyn in his pioneering dress-up
mud shorts and his Venetia, holding
hands. Jeanne and Dean Martin doing
mbas together, and expertly, Mitzi
Bean and Jack Bean never leaving one
other's side. They may not have come
out in another's arms. Venetia Tamblyn all in misty white, Janie
noy enchanting in a lovely green
and cut, poured into the white. The
never saw, were all dreams dancing.
none of them looked lovelier than
ne Cairo, sitting there, looking so
ly. Real rough place, this Hollywood,
aanti speaking.
Viv Party
Walk on the "Buffalo Grass" set at
he Brothers and you see a pattern
family devotion that is startling. This
the new Audd Ladd picture that will be
the story of time next winter. Every day
it was shooting the whole family, as
as numerous Ladd friends, were
here.
store the camera was Alan himself
small David Ladd, now a fast nine
old. Dave was out of his young
with delight when they told him he
be in his dad's picture, yet he said
he have much more fun if his pal,
re Whatcher, was with him. That meant
n winning, but even though it was vacation time, Los
ne has strict laws to protect children
knowing in pictures. The court would
appointed a social worker to be on
set with David and Jackie, except
Jackie's mother, who is Bonita Gran,
s aid she'd be there every hour they
Bonita's millionaire husband doesn't
be separated from his father by bune
work pressure, so that put him
ns gathering on the Ladd set most of
ime, too.

Of course, Sue Ladd is always there
is, so Sue was in constant attendance,
t by discussing the details of his TV
es, Box 13, with Alan's business
ager. To complicate it still more, Sue
was out of town on a Victor recording
ision, Sue's daughter, to be casting
on the series. Said Carol Lee,
any actor applying to me for a job
be must he be young, handsome and
ned. Not being on a man hunt, she
just funning, of course.

All this together and you see why
day's so-called "Buffalo Grass"
big bally hoo.

Dog Love Department

Talie Wood has by no means made up
mind about the man in her life, and
should she, at her age? But she
frowned on Nick Adams for a word of
peace during a downbeat moment—at
three in the morning—and got it, too.
"Nickie will make some girl a wonderful
husband," says Natalie, telling the story.
It's no secret "Nickie" thinks Nat would
make an admirable wife. . . . Nomination
for the most-in-love girl of the month:
Karen's so much in Vic's star that he
flew all the way across the country
just to have ten minutes with him before
he left for Europe.

Short Takes and Topics

With three sons by his first wife, Greg
Peck is hoping that Veronique is about
to present him with a girl. Perhaps after
her child is born the lovely V. P. will be
in for the movie career she has often
talked about with Greg. . . . Nomination
for the most-in-love wife of the month:
Martha Pavan. She hangs on Jean
Pierre Aumont's every word. She never
takes her eyes from his face. Hollywood
wonders how Barbara Stanwyck feels
when she observes this idolization. Once
upon a time Barbara was quite serious
about Jean Pierre. . . . Marlon Brando
says that Machiko Kyo is one of the greatest
actresses he has ever encountered. Ma-
chiko, the lovely Japanese beauty who plays
opposite him in "Teahouse of the August
Moon" and whom you'll remember if
you saw "Gate of Hell." All the week
Machiko was in Hollywood she learned to
take only one thing. That was "no
damn," and she said it every time she
saw Marlon heading her way. . . .

Glamour on Auction

Saddest sight of the Hollywood month
was the hordes of bargain hunters pour-
ing into the once-palatial home of Walter
Wanger and Joan Bennett, which was up
for auction. It wasn't too many years ago
when Walter Wanger was president of
the Academy and one of Hollywood's
most influential producers. At the same
time Joan Bennett was one of the prettiest
and most pursued young divorcees, hav-
ing broken up with John Fox, Jr., while
still in her teens, then having married
and divorced Gene Marcey. Gene later
marriage to Walter was a pretty story
Wanger had discovered and brought to
America.

When Wanger and Joan married, few
conceived of it as a marriage.
They were both rich and witty, the
life of all the parties they gave and
tended. Yet, somehow, Walter's pictures
began to be not very successful; and
Joan, often casting her lot with and in
them, found her career hampered, too.
So things began going badly with them,
until that black day that Wanger shot
Joan's agent in a parking-lot braw.
They separated after that, then forgot
one another; they are still together.

But their house and their wealth is
gone. Wanger is now not a well man.
At the auction on the mob of
strangers was invited to snatch up and buy
anything and everything, including such touching
items as a gate to their room which had
painting on it the words, "No, no, Steph-
ian injunction addressed to their
lovely little girl as a baby. Other me-
toones available for a price were pho-
ographs of Joan and her sisters, Connie
and Barbara, with their famous parents,
Richard Bennett and Adrienne Morrison,
and pictures of Joan and Walter, laughing
together in the sun on some long-ago,
happy day.

Beautiful Lost Lady

Hollywood has seen its share of tragedies,
but never one more needless and touching
New! Clearasil Medication

'STARVES' PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED... hides pimplles while it works.

At last! Science discovers a new-type medication especially for pimples, that really works. In skin specialists' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were completely cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL.

CLEARASIL WORKS FAST TO MAKE PIMPLES DISAPPEAR

1. PeneIEATION PIMPLES... keratolytic action softens and dissolves scurfy skin tissue... permits medication to penetrate down into any infected area.

2. ISOLATES PIMPLES... antiseptic action of this new type medication stops growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples.

3. 'STARVES' PIMPLES... CLEARASIL's famous dry-up action 'starves' pimples because it helps to remove the oils that pimples 'feed' on.

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than the heartbreak of Gene Tierney. This beautiful, mentally brilliant, wonderfully brought-up girl simply cannot recover from having lost the love of Ali Khan.

Currently, Ali is gone on the subject of the lovely French model Bettina. There are even rumors of his marrying her, just as there were with Gene. If Bettina is as worldly as she looks, she probably has sense enough to wait and see, and not get too involved.

Yet poor Gene should have been that worldly, too, educated as she was in Europe, divorced from a Continental, Oleg Cassini, accustomed to Hollywood and stellar personalities of all kinds, and a mother as well.

She wasn't, though. I discovered this personally when I had the chance to meet her on a plane bound for Mexico City three years ago. I was en route to visit the Burt Lancasterers down there during the shooting of 'Vera Cruz.' The moment I spotted Gene, trying to hide from the photographers, I knew she must be meeting Ali in the Mexican capital. He wasn't entirely free from Rita Hayworth, legally, at that time, and so it was infinitely easier to slip into carefree Mexico than into our country.

We were little more than airborne when Gene began talking about Ali. Like any other woman madly in love, she just couldn't keep off the subject. She had to talk about him. She told how, originally, he had tried and tried to date her and she had resisted, afraid of his charm. Finally she had yielded; after that she never saw any other man. I particularly recall how she called Ali "un homme fatal," which even my high-school French could translate into a "fatal man." She said to her that I didn't know the phrase existed. Like everyone, I knew only the "femme fatale" crack as applied to women.

Said Gene, "I don't think it does exist. I think the phrase was made up just for Ali."

This month it is very sad to know that Gene has been moved from the sanatorium where she has been for many weeks, cured, but to go on to another where they take more serious cases.

Man in Luck

Do you remember Joe Mantell, who was so good as Marty's pal he won an Academy nomination for supporting player? Well, Joe comes up with the best good-luck story of the month. He drove across country late this summer to go into "Beau James" with Bob Hope.

En route, Joe and his wife made a special point of stopping in Ablene, Texas. This was because when they came West for "Marty," Ablene was the point where they had to decide whether they'd eat or buy gas to go on to California. That's how they were before the "Marty" click. It decided to buy gas—and the hit picture, the Academy nomination and all the rest followed.

So this time, flush and prosperous, they pulled up to Ablene's toniest motel. Whereupon the motel manager rushed out to greet them with open arms. Joe was agreeably surprised, not knowing his hair had spread so far. It hadn't. It just happened that the motel had a lucky gum per week, and this time Joe was it. Joe Mantell's were given everything, for free, and when they left Ablene they were well with the whole town.

But the topper came when they hit Hollywood. First Joe was signed for "Cim" on TV as well as the Hope picture. Then to top it all, Mrs. Mantell discovered that after three years of very happy marriage she was going to have their first child.

What's with Katie?

I want to go on record as saying that think nobody surpasses Katharine Hepburn as an artist before the camera. So mind there has never been a scene performance that touched hers in "African Queen."

But just because she is so fine, it's yonder me to understand why she chooses be such a difficult human being. Take didoes recently while making "The Rainmaker" at Paramount. She wouldn't permit a press agent on the set. She didn't give any news cameramen to get within miles of her, and as for reporters—well, I involved in that, quite innocently.

I'd been lunching with Burt Lancaster, her co-star "the Rainmaker," and he asked me to come on the set and see shooting. Hall Walls paled at the idea, and I suggested to Burt it might not be the best way to please Miss H. Burt just didn't believe it. "Why should she mind you?" he asked.

So I went tip toeing in and stood quite at a safe distance. It wasn't enough, however. Katie saw me and immediately off the set. Now why? I had no intention of questioning her, as she must be known.

A week later Hepburn performed a well-reported stunt of refusing to let a one talk to her or make a little public copy out of Shirley Booth's luncheon visit. They were lunching in the studio commissary, and Shirley, always a living would have cooperated with the studio boys. But not Hepburn. Then, as a defiant and childish gesture, she insisted upon taking the flowers off the table, to them from the commissary back to dressing room with her.

The Largest-Selling Pimple Medication in America (including Canada)
What Can Money Buy?

(Continued from page 72) in desperation. It can happen to
tabled films stars. It happened to
irk. He was not at peace. He—
Well, put it this way: This guy had, as
say, run hungry. He’d started out
from a position I was on flat on his back.
eventh child of a not too well-off
ily, and he’d scrambled. He knew
kingly well what an unfilled larder
, and even the full one could not pacify
realization that the one was not too
he had picture, One boxoffice turkey,
, one of anything—movies and jungles
like that—and Kirk Douglas would be
as the little Demyck boy again, the
who peddled papers in the desolate
ates of Amsterdam, New York.
I don’t know just what the beginning
sa, Kirk said now, “I know the middle
the circus this road, I mean. I won’t
row. But the beginning—all I
do is remember.
Start with ‘Champion.’ You remember
ampion’?” It was Kirk’s springboard
ure, the Stanley Kramer independent
the vicious fighter. “All right, after
ampion’ was finished, I was miserable.
olutely miserable. I thought I’d failed.
didn’t think I’d failed. And there
re other things. My friends and
drants hadn’t me to do it. I was
for the Part of The Gimp in ‘Love Me
Leave Me’ at Metro. I guess I could’ve
. But I didn’t think of it.
Besides, there was this promise to
ely. Now we’d made the picture, and
ought I’d blown everything. I was like
 guy in the dark. At least, I thought.
ning, with no knowledge of pace, fight-
everybody, still swing-when there was no one to fight.
I was a crazy thing. You talk about
ers. Mine could be an I was over-
-compensation, maybe, for the hungry
. But there was no peace, no inner
ity. I ate five times a day, like a
ng man, and that psychological
, you know. It sure wasn’t nour-
ient. I kept right on looking like a
who lived in a closet. I didn’t even
now what attainment would look like—
not call it idle, I didn’t. I didn’t know
at the satisfaction, the stability, has
one from inside you. I hadn’t
found that the measure of a larder is not
ly how many days it would last you.
red it out on the track road, you
en known where the finish line
I had nothing, but nothing.
ampion”—well it did all right. That
me going. It didn’t care what’s been written, but it got
. It was a point of departure.”
ter ‘Champion,’ there were many pic-
. Some were good, and most were
parts. “Young Man with a Horn,”
lass Menagerie,” ‘Detective Story,”
Bad and the Beautiful.” For Kirk
has the acting fine. For Kirk Douglas
—nothing. I was like a gasket to
ible away at him. He fretted
never having appeared in a Broadway
(he still does). The larder could
ow onto this, and it wouldn’t be
. He was alone. He needed
his actress-wife, Diana Dill, after
years of marriage, and today his
dise that was symptomatic. So
was wrong with a lot of things.” Kirk
now thinks. “But worst of all, I didn’t believe in myself
nteger, a whole man. I didn’t give;
’t, I couldn’t take. I couldn’t recognize
initiations, so I kept on fighting wildly. I
suppose I wasn’t happy being a
actor, with no control over parts
ction. Even when these were the
best, I had this feeling of being powerless,
isolated, no part of anything. I lived in a
community, in a little house I’d had my
yer buy me, but I wasn’t with the
munity. I had to live with Kirk Douglas
but there was no Kirk Douglas. There
just this figure, who struck me as im-
orable, if he struck me at all. I went
to night clubs. I dated around. Thank God,
it seems long ago now.
“Show me a guy who dates a different
ay every night, sixty-front rows at
esco, and I’ll show you a guy who’s unh-}
and is trying to prove something he
’t prove. But I had to find that out
hard way. Then I made the break. I cut
Douglas, independent. It could make or break me. But I had to
find myself. ‘Success,’ if you have to call
that, it was unimportant now. Or maybe
cause this I’m no fighting wild. I won’t
row. But the beginning—all I
do is remember.
Kirk stood up and stretched, revealing
the flexed muscleature of an intercollegiate
champion wrestler.
“Now,” he continued, “I should be able to say that, in a
ertain point, everything
changed. That’s what they say, isn’t it?
But I can’t pinpoint it that way. There was
Europe bit, of course.” There
been a European phase for Kirk, which
gave him a strong sense of personal
and artistic freedom. “And naturally, Anne,”
Kirk married Parisien publicist Anne
uydens, whom he had met in Rome, in
egas on May 29, 1954. “And a steady,
arming sensation of growth and—and
that I’d never had. But nothing all at once.
Then we came back here, and—”
Momentarily, he groped. Then he sat
down and leaned forward with a kind of
athletic intensity.
“Start over again with the larder bit,”
he said. “This is for real. It’s what I’m
trying to say, I think. This is what’s hap-
pended to me because I’ve found myself.
Today it doesn’t make a bit of difference
if the larder’s empty. It doesn’t matter
what’s in it or isn’t. Because if it is empty,
then I know today that Kirk Douglas can
fill it again. I’m sure. That’s the peace
I’ve found, or the peace that found me, or
however it happened, however you want to
say it. If I don’t do it acting, I can do it
other ways. I can direct or I can teach,
or I can go outside the industry and drive a
truck. I don’t think I’m bound and con-
stricted by doubt and egotism any more,
that hopeless deal where ‘Kirk is Number
One boy and nobody else exists.’
“There’s Anne and the children. Kirk
has two boys by his former marriage, and
son, Peter, by this one. ‘They’re Numbers
One, Two, Three and Four. And
we’ve built our home now in Beverly Hills.
Do you realize, by gad, that I’m a citizen?
I’m part of the community! I’m—solid!
That is everything.
Then he reconsidered sharply, pulling
himself up with a laugh.
“What am I saying?” he said. “No, it’s not
everything. But the drive now is the right
kind of drive. I know when to
and when to pull. Sometimes they
ask you whether there isn’t a point of
surfeit, when you’ve got it made and slap
on the brakes and sit back. I’ve thought
of it. I’ve thought of teaching at some
ivy-festooned campus. I’d probably like
it—for about a month. But why should I
kill myself? When that month was over,
I’d have to be back in the main stream of
competition or I’d blow my gasket. But
I’m not nervous about it anymore. You
know what I’m going to leave when I leave

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you? I'm going across the street here and play tennis. That takes concentration. Used to be, I'd forget to change courts from what I'd just left behind. Always me, me, me. The wonderful thing is the day you find out you really live through others.

For instance:
"Well, for instance, aside from my family, I've got my own company now, and when you're making your own pictures you find you have a couple of slightly divine powers, like dispensing opportunity and happiness. And the people you help, you can see yourself through them, as you were or as you would have wished to be, and that's a real eat yuling. Desserts!"

Then the man who was Kirk's copy had had might today. I was, they wondered. Elsa Martelli. We thought she'd be good in one of the pictures. I called her long distance and identified myself. She thought it was a rib. I had a good time talking through it, and I said she sounded very happy, and I know I was. And she turned out fine."

Kirk made the motion of swinging a tennis racket. You know, in this business, perspective isn't always easy. Since being a celebrity is sometimes a by-product, you can stop seeing your own self. But I know who I am. I'm the guy who, when Kirk was offered to college abroad the load of fertilizer, I've never been anyone else. Nobody knew me then. People do know me now. But only I know that it's the same guy. The big difference is, I've finally found out why I did it. There was a pattern, after all. And the pattern all mixed in with living and giving and knowing you're man enough to fill that larder. Not much else, but very lovely larder. That's external and trivial, except to the extent it's good business. Everything else comes from inside. And I thought it came from the supermarket!"

Kirk Douglas, as the fringes of history fairly well reveal now, did indeed ride a load of fertilizer to college, and did indeed have凝的 pattern. He was the son of Russian parents, Harry and Bryna Demsky, in Amsterdam, a carpet and rug center, the only boy among seven children. That sounds like a likely set-up but not at all Kirk. The man who was Kirk atop coffee any time he had a nickel to pay for it. The Demskys were wealthy only in their new-found freedom in this country; Kirk's working-class synagogue ran approximately fourteen hours.

Amsterdam's Wilbur Lynch High School will not remember him as much of a student, but he did achieve a rather inferior English and drama, and got to be something of an orator and debater. He also became dedicated to the world of the theatre.

A year of unremitting work in an Amsterdam roadhouse got him a post-high-school grumbustage of $163, with which he assaulted St. Lawrence University in Canton, New York. The assault was not only successful, although our hero had to work a hundred hand to get through. He wound up a grapper of high local fame, as well as president of the student body and head of the National Student Federation. But he did this only to get last an actor. "I'll always be one," he said recently. "Oh, I'd like to try directing, sure, but I'll always act. That's what I do."

In New York City, Kirk's early experiences made St. Lawrence seem like a hot bed of pooh luxury. He waited table, starved in a rather unrelated manner, and tried to learn his business. But he did, too. Broadway had seen better eras and better plays, and those in which Kirk got work had a queasy habit of fainting dead away shortly after birth. There was Spring Again," with Grace George and C. Aubrey Smith, in which Hollywood's beloved in "Three Sisters" with Katharine Cornell, Judith Anderson and Ruth Gordon, he was so severely demoted—he was an office boy. The war intervened almost immediately.

Kirk served well and honorably in Navy aboard an anti-sub patrol in Pacific, and came out a lieutenant, then fate perked up some. He got a nice replacement job, stepping into juvenile lead of "Kiss and Tell," for a parting young man named Richard W. W. Davis. This tossed him into a promo radio career in daytime serials. But theatre was his love, which in a way was bad. For he performed commendably in these, but in an incommensurate play and then in a third, titled "The Winds Ninety." Whatever the demerits of last, however, Kirk was so impressive in Hollywood—via a double play for Laren 3-calling to Hal Wallis—brought out for a look.

There is not a great deal more to say that Kirk, as the multi-linguist who plays hanjo for relaxation, lately has been sifting the personal-appearance trail, a worn Hollywood route when a picture to be sold as well as made. The experience has been both exhilarated and bemoasted. Within the insular boundaries of industry itself, stars do not cause much of a ruckus. East 59th and Western Ave. Kirk has been it different.

"It's an education," he recalled. "A pretty wonderful one. I think I'll treatise on it some time. The picture goes, he's nothing you can see. It's an ordinary normal role just the way I might do it or would somehow get on the other side the counter. But some of the others, night a guy who had all the way across to restaurant to tell him he'd never seen in a picture and never intended to."

Kirk's favorite admirer, however, one he encountered during the making of was a member of the crew and an exceptionally savage who definitely was taking no lip from body, producer Kramer included. In during his first tenure, he soul he hadn't insulted—with exception of Kirk, at whom he gazed from a distance, to Kirk's vast. But finally the man approached him, and he said you are going to be great in this picture. It's goin' make you!"

Kirk staggered briefly, then stared this down,Multi-linguist though he was seen. Then it must be so. "Thank you very much," said Kirk, and turned to away while his luck was running. It was too late.

"Not at all," said the man. "And I'll why you. This fighter you play is meanest, most vicious guy who ever. And you are the most thoroughgoing actor I ever had the pleasure to see."

Kirk said, With casting like that, how can you not."

For years, Kirk has preserved this: "And the guy, he likes to say now, have been right, though I wonder of it. But he is the man who once back was running, and I never knew about larder. So now that I know what it is to be a man, I wonder how it is. Maybe they're thriving, too. I cert hope so."

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GO SEE: Kirk Douglas in "Lust for Life".
There Was a Boy

(Continued from page 52)

help protect him from the individually-

debasing influences of the publicity cap-

ital of the world.

Jimmy felt disposed that he, like many

other enterprise young hopefuls, had

suffered too many indignities while run-

ning the gamut of the accepted methods of

breaking into movies. Too many doors had

been slammed in his face by crusty old di-

rectors and agents had treated him with
disinterest and disrespect. Too many

impatient people in positions of influence

and authority had ignored him as well.

He had found it one very important thing about

him which gave him the advantage: He was

competent and talented and agented and had, as

he felt, a great love for his chosen career.

Boy, he was willing to sell it. But talent was all he

intended to sell.

He had established a rigid set of

standards about acting. Dick, being his first

agent would understand the need to

handle his career with care.

The level of Jimmy's standards had been

so high that the constant application

would have been nearly impossible for anyone. He must have known he

had faltered and stumbled, make mistakes,

and he would pick himself up again and

try from those mistakes. His ideals were

not enough, but better worth fighting for, and he

was treated to that proposition. Along the

way, he would not permit Hollywood to

break him in the grave of stagnation

as it had done to so many before.

Hollywood would have to accept him

as he was, or not accept him at all.

This he was adamant.

He was scheduled to arrive the day after his

announced visit and at a time which

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer had prearranged

that Jim was to play could very well

put him in the running for an Oscar in

the next year's Academy Awards race.

In our younger, more critical days we

had often joked about the Academy of

Motion Picture Arts and Sciences and

their yearly Oscar presentations as being

chauvinistic, heavily influenced by studio

prejudices and politics, too often ruled by

success and failure, and generally lacking the

objectivity so necessary in

criticizing art. It was natural, therefore,

for me to ask him what his reaction

would be to winning an Oscar. He ad-
mitted that he was not really concerned

with the matter, but that he felt he would

only win the award as a result of giving

a performance that was too obviously

good to be ignored. In that instance, he

would accept it exactly for what it was—an

honest prize won in a fair game.

But he felt strongly that they would dis-

like him intensely in Hollywood if they

would not vote him the Oscar, un-

less public opinion, for some reason or

other, were to force them. Noting the

Academy's decision to grant him an

award next March due to the strong public re-

action to their neglect of him in last year's

race, I can only marvel, though sadly, at

Jimmy's astute perception.

Immediately upon his return from the desert we wrote to Famous Artists, the

agency that was to handle Jimmy's aff-

airs on the West Coast. Bearded and shab-
billy dressed, we were led into Dick Clay-
ton's office, where Jimmy met for the first

time the young agent who was to become

his friend and adviser. Jimmy had had over

a week to mull and brood about the Holly-

wood press standards since meeting

Dick, being his first contact with the world that was a potential threat to him, got the full brunt of his

defensive attitude. As best he could, Dick,

a charming guy with an easy manner

for handling temperaments, tried to show

Jimmy that he was on his side, but Jimmy

did nothing to ease the strain. After about

an hour of discussing the plans and pro-

cedures for starting the film, we left Dick,

who must have been trying to make a prob-

lem on his hands. Outside Jimmy re-
marked, "Nice guy. Guess I've got him

worried." It was his intention not to give

Clayton trouble, but slow to invest in

him in his trust and confidence. He was

not going to make it easy for anyone. This

time they would all have to earn his con-

fidence.

For a while it was as though Hollywood

was a new place to Jimmy. There were

few, if any, old friends to look up, and

no old ties to re-establish. He floundered a

bit at first, meeting new people and ad-

justing to a new life. With the help of Dick

Clayton he found a bright red MG, a

great improvement over the 1937 car he

had owned several years before, and gradu-

tally began flying around movieland

again. He started dating some of the

young starlets he met. Karen Sharpe,

whom he had known before, and Terry

Moore went out with him frequently.

Jimmy spread out and enjoyed himself for a few weeks, as if he were ridding

himself in as short a time as possible of a

natural desire to sop up some of the old,

but undying American-starlet glitter of

Hollywood. By the time filming started on "Eden," he had had it and seemed

ready to settle down to the serious task of

coasting a character.

It was during the filming of "Eden" that

Jimmy met Pier Angeli. The strong fasci-
nation they had for one another developed

into something fine and beautiful. Jimmy

brought her out and tried to spend much of

his time with her. When I asked him about

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T o all of us—those who admired the talents and dynamic personality of James Dean

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2. 4 Scenes from 'East of Eden.'

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Enclose in my $1.00. Please enroll me as a member in the James Dean Fan Club. Send me by return mail all the free things that I get with my membership.

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Address __________________________

City State ______

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her, he replied that she was a sensitive girl with a wonderful mind, someone who understood him and with whom he could be at ease, but, he insisted, it did not go beyond that. “Methinks thou dost protest too much” kept running through my mind as he denied the press’s implications that there was something more serious than just friendship behind their relationship.

There was something in his manner of underplaying it that indicated a deeper attachment than he would have cared to have had known. About most matters he could be flip, but about matters of consequence he was often shy and guarded. It is a known fact that Pier’s mother openly objected to the relationship and made things very difficult for them. They say that when Pier married Vic Damone, Jimmy stood across from the church and cried. I do not know this to be true, but if he loved her, it is something he might have done. When Jimmy loved, he loved completely, and when he lost the object of his love, he suffered completely.

As soon as “Eden” was completed, word started to seep out that Warner Brothers had a great new star in James Dean. The studio screenings and audience previews were drawing the best reactions, and it was becoming a matter of great excitement around town. Hollywood was abuzz with the name of James Dean. Jimmy’s anxieties mounted as the release date on the picture drew near. Consequently, he snatched at a chance to return to New York to do a live TV broadcast and to study. He seemed to feel an ominous foreboding of the sensational fame that was to come out of his first picture, and was hoping to maintain a degree of objective sensibility and rationality about the situation by getting away from Hollywood, a place where one can too easily begin to believe what one hears about oneself.

In New York Jimmy touched once again the fibres of those things that were really important to him. He studied acting, singing, dancing, drums, doing occasional roles on TV. Due to contract stipulations, he was not free to leave Hollywood for Broadway, as he had wished, but was being held for more picture work. So, while in New York, he absorbed enough of the creative atmosphere from which he, as an artist, had emerged to last him through the trying days ahead in Hollywood. He was determined, at least, to return to New York after each picture to reaffirm himself. It was with reluctance again that he left the big city to return for the preparations of his next film, “Rebel Without a Cause.”

Jimmy had long been a motorcycle enthusiast, having owned several different bikes in Indiana as a boy. He had a new motorcycle in Hollywood and was proud of it, since it was by far the finest he had ever owned. He was a good cyclist and took pride in demonstrating the fact. Often he could be seen roaring down Sunset Strip in the direction of Googi’s, a favorite restaurant with the young film actor.

Kazan and Warner Brothers had warned him to stay off the bike while making pictures. The studio’s investment was to great risk an accident which might delay filming for weeks or months at a tremendous cost. But they had no jurisdiction over him when he was not filming, so he mounted his motorcycle and breeze through town, enjoying the sensation of liberation that every cyclist must know and appreciate.

Ella Logan, a close friend of Kazan’s who often visited him at work, developed a feeling of Jimmy’s craze for motorcycling soon after they met on the set of “Eden.” For her not only was it a fascinating performance, but also a woman intensely interested in creative people. She was immediately drawn Jimmy and admired him all the dynamism and sense of beauty that so many others had misinterpreted as arrogance and an anti-social attitude. It was at one of the impromptu parties at her home, Brentwood, where she often invited people like Jimmy, Sammy Davis, Marlon Brando, that she asked Brando to speak to Jimmy about the motorcycling. He was leaving, Brando advised Jimmy to give up the motorcycle, pointing out that an actor with half a face was no actor at all. Jimmy seemed to shrug the incident off. Ella feared the battle was lost, but short time later Jimmy informed her that he had disposed of the bike because it was too dangerous. For a time, Ella and many of his close friends were relieved.

Then, just prior to the making of “Rebel” he bought his first real sports car, a German-built Porsche. He took it to Palm Springs one weekend and entered the races, winning first place in the amateur class the first day, and third place in the professional class the second day. It was the first time he had ever raced a car and he brought his trophies home to Hollywood and displayed them with enthusiasm.

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from eighteen to fifty, Jimmy affirmed that he was sure he could do it well. He was assigned to do this and began to learn how to be a Texan.

As he was with most people, Jimmy was inconsistent in his attitude toward Elizabeth Taylor when they first met shortly before the start of "Giant"; she turned him on and was charmed, even to the point of taking Liz for a ride in his new Porsche. His whole approach was contrary to everything he had been trained to expect from him. She went away thinking people were crazy for calling him an anti-social odd-ball. The next time she saw him she approached him in her usual friendly and businesslike way, and both were surprised that they had the same warm reaction she got the first day. Instead, she was surprised when Jimmy yelled at her over the upper rim of his glasses, muttered something to himself, and strode off as though she hadn't seen her. As would anyone, she took this as a personal affront. It was not until they were in Texas on location that she succeeded in finding out the truth about the mystery of Jimmy's behavior.

At dinner in a Texas country club one night, Liz found herself seated at the table alone with Jimmy. After a long, deadly silence, he glanced at her and pointedly stated, "You don't like me, do you?" Jimmy began to chuckle. "I like that," he replied. The simple directness of her challenge had the kind of honesty he demanded of himself and, with the evening they talked in a free and easy way, and for the first time since they had met, Jimmy let Liz pass through the tightly guarded circle around him. After that, Liz stopped taking offense at what he said and stopped feeling hurt when he was moody around her. She had discovered that his moods and actions were governed by a complex nature and were not meant to be taken personally by those who were unfortunate enough to be around at the time.

Sandy Roth, the still photography "Giant," is a highly respected artist, having done photographic essays on many of the world's most famous artists and intellectuals. As he slipped around the set getting shots of the cast, he noted that Jimmy kept on him the same suspicious, wary eye he kept on Warner Brothers publicity people. Studying Jimmy at close range, Sandy began to see in him the same qualities he had seen in many of the other artists with whom he had worked.

Finally, Sandy approached Jimmy and informed him that he would like to be his friend. In plain terms Sandy explained that he did not need Jimmy for anything, that he was, in his own right, an artist of some repute, and a man of sufficient means. He made it very clear that he wanted to be a friend solely because he admired Jimmy's talent and respected his way of thinking. Once again the directness of the approach so surprised Jimmy that he responded almost immediately. It was not long before both Sandy and his wife came to occupy a prominent position in Jimmy's life.

When Jimmy discovered in the Roths a source for income which would enable him to continue his work, he began to feel like his life was growing, he developed a great spiritual need for them; when he discovered in them a source of love and comradeship as well, he developed a great passion for them. The Roths were people in their middle years, but their lives are so filled with work and growth that they have and probably will always have a perpetual youth about them. Sandy found the Roths' inexhaustible curiosity and desire for knowledge and they offered him what they had. He began spending much time with them, dropping in at their home, raiding the refrigerator, playing with Liz, their Siamese cat, and discussing things, all sorts of things, with Sandy and Beulah, who had an abundance of enthusiasm for everything worthwhile. The pattern of "pet mothers" was repeating itself, and little by little he came to regard them as a family.

The work on "Giant" was coming to close. The studio was anxious to get back to New York before starting on "Sons and Lovers" at MGM. There were thoughts on his mind of a long-delayed voyage to Europe, of another Broadway play, of all the studying he wanted to do before he could become diminded. Jimmy had approached the production company of his own. So many things, and so little time. It seemed to be the story of his life.

When Jimmy decided to return to "Giant" and took the part of the finish of "Giant" Liz Taylor went out and bought Jimmy a tiny Siamese kitten. She had noticed him exceptionally well he got on with the Roths' unusual Siamese cat, Luis, and he was glad to have the kitten. Jimmy had decided to do something nice for Jimmy. She presented it to him in her dressing room on the set and watched as Jimmy spoke to it with gratitude, fondled the little creature.

In the days that followed Jimmy grew to love little Marcus, as he dubbed him. He dedicated the first time in many years he had been able to put his money to what he considered a relatively safe investment, there was no point in losing that love. He was attentive to the point of driving home the studio at lunch to feed Marcus and with him for a walk. He even began getting in at more restaurants to be able to spend more time with the pet loved so much.

He rigged a long cord with a knot at the end which hung from a two-story window. It was called "home," and sat by the hour chuckling at his little friend as the kitten would smash the keys with his terrible little paw, stalk it like a stalking game, cling to it and swish like a missing tail. Torn it and thrown in a tumble to the floor, where would shake his dazed little head and prance for another attack. For all the amusement and affection Marcus gave him, Jimmy, in turn, gave Marcus his love and attention.

It was a shock to the Roths when Jimmy announced, a few days after the finish of "Giant," that he had given Marcus away. When they asked him why, he replied that he was too concerned for his friend a realized that he led such a strange a unusual a life that he could never just come home again. "Then," asked, "what would happen to Marcus?" Less than a week after he gave away Jimmy died near Paso Robles, Calf., never to return home again.

Jimmy is gone now, and I miss him. Of his friends miss him. Millions of his admirers and admirers want to know how he came through motion pictures, miss him. There is no need for me to eulogize him to sing out praises to him. There is no need to extol his virtues, and no need to beat his colors. We were there with him for a while now he is gone. Let us be content and know him, if ever for so short time. Let his art be his memorial. Let his home be his monument. Let the silent love of those who knew him be a lasting symbol of the beauty of his soul.

In his "Divine Comedy" the great clown remarked, "Sorrow remains un. God." I am thinking to myself that Jimmy was at peace in the consummation of a marriage that it seems to me, took place when he was born. The
Dean Suicide Rumors

(Continued from page 53)

That remark would have brought a wry, twisted smile to Jimmy's thin, sensitive artist's face. Because from the first morning when he found himself stuck with the tab right up to the last night of his life, Jimmy Dean viewed his mounting fame with suspicion, distrust and, finally, active dislike.

"My fun days are over," he said more than once, and by that he didn't just mean his days of irresponsibility, when he was accountable for his actions to no one but himself. What he really meant was that the days of struggle were over. He had achieved so many goals, and again the achievement had brought not fulfillment but frustration. In his heart, he didn't believe that he deserved all the adulation he won. Therefore, he thought the people who rushed to tell him how great he was were phonies, seeking to curry favor with a star. His mood deepened as his fame mounted. His reputation for eccentricity and even shocking behavior grew in direct proportion to his constantly increasing reputation. HeBadge walked out on dates. He went round, as several people have remarked, looking like a tramp. He would go for days without shaving.

Even Jimmy's sense of humor had a art in shocking his friends. A group of them were not surprised, entering his apartment one night, to find a noose hanging from the ceiling and candlelight casting eerie shadows on the wall. In a similar mood is the set-up he devised for a camera study, in which a kitchen knife in a mirror became a threatening dagger.

Then, there's the often-told fact that failure Nurmi, otherwise known as Vamp, sent him a picture of herself beside a open grave with the message, "Darling, come and join me." Was that invitation his mind when, in the picture on the opening spread of this story, he stood ansifixed, staring into a yawning ditch?

The more he withdrew from this world, the more he seemed drawn to the other world. Jimmy Dean was always intensely interested in the metaphysical. Even as young boy in Fairmount High School he wrote a composition that said, "Why are we compelled to live in one world, to ponder about the other world?"

His deep attachment to the mother who had so young was undoubtedly at the root of this preoccupation with death and fate, if anything, there was after death. Heartbroken young boy's fierce refusal to believe that a beloved parent is gone on him forever is easy enough to understand. When this is heightened by a vivid imagination and fed by a selfposed loneliness it could, as in many ways it did with Jimmy Dean, become obsession. An obsession that became part of Jimmy's endless search for some truth which could recognize as absolute and which, relore, he could believe in.

By the time Jimmy had reached Holly-
day, he was already steeped in books of philosophies having to do with the soul. He had also begun to build his powers of concentration to a degree that was almost superhuman. Anyone observing Jimmy when he learned to spin a rope faster than a rodeo rider, or to master one other needed skill, never failed to comment on his ability to cut himself off completely from everything and everyone and him for those periods of concentration. He would sometimes force himself to stay awake all night, deliberately spending some trivial task to perform, so his concentration powers not fascination with the work at hand, would be

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111
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J

Jimmy one day called over good friend and insurance agent Lew Bracker and told him he wanted to break out some insurance. Lew wrote up a one-hundred-thousand-dollar policy and Jimmy gave him a check for the premium. The day before Jimmy left for the trip to Salinas that was to be his last, Lew met him on the Warner Brothers lot and asked him to name a beneficiary. Jimmy scratched his chin, rubbed a finger along his upper lip as he did when he was trying to make up his mind about something, finally said, “Make yourself the beneficiary.” Lew explained that he couldn’t do that. Jimmy thought again but could come up with no other name, no one that close to him. Besides, he was late. He had to meet his mechanic and see that everything on the Porsche was in shape for tomorrow’s race.

“I’ll think about it,” he promised, and drove off.

Lew never saw him alive again.

Jimmy’s father, to whom the boy never felt close, was sure to be disappointed, since he is the next direct relative.

About a week previous to that time, a photographer named Frank Worth who was also a fairly good friend of Jimmy’s dropped a book on photography which he had loaned Jimmy. He was invited to sit down and have a drink and hear some of Jimmy’s recordings.

“They gave me the creeps,” Frank remembered. “They were all about death and dying—poems and things he just made up—about what it might be like to die and how it would feel to be in a grave and all. I didn’t want to do my boy’s funeral on tape.”

Even after Jimmy’s death, however, Frank found it difficult to believe that, within ten days of that tragic accident, Jimmy was making the recording of it, the talking of it, the making of it, the recording of it. His own grave when he put those things on a tape recorder. The people who went to his home after his death say that the tape recordings were wiped clean. The recordings are all in the possession of Jimmy’s father, and it seems true that they were wiped clean, because a record company has since offered large sums of money for any recording of his voice. Up until now, no such recordings have turned up.

Less than a week before his death, Jimmy parted with something very dear to him—a gold Saint Christopher’s medal given him by his mother in their first days of friendship. He handed it to Nicole one day with the comment, “Here, I want you to have this. I won’t be needing it any more.”

Saint Christopher is the patron saint of travelers, and is supposed to keep them from harm on their journeys.

Like everything else about this strange sequence of events, this thing about it is hazy, obscure, and confused. It was only when they were all put together that they seemed to add up to a picture of a man who might have decided that death would be simpler to face that life.

At the end of Mr. Bask’s story in this issue, you will find yet another incident which, looking back on it now, seems still further to strengthen the rumors that began shortly after Jimmy’s death, are growing still. And there is just one more conversation between Jimmy and another close friend which, more, casts light on this puzzling question. This was a young man whom Jimmy had helped indoctrinate into his own desperate search for truth and a way of life that held dignity and meaning. One afternoon, Jimmy came back from a long absence to report that he had been spending the time with author Christopher Isherwood, who, like Jimmy, also believes in the Buddhist philosophy of immortality and the search for an absolute.

“I want you to meet Chris,” Jimmy said, “because I’ve given you the idea now, you know what it is we’re trying to do, and I think Chris can help you carry it out.”

This was three weeks before Jimmy’s death. This was the time he asked Lew Bracker to write out an insurance policy, and around the time he seemed to give all interest in his friends, in his appearance, in everything but his restlessness to get back to his racing car.

The DeWerd brothers and the Armbrust family during World War II, a cultured man, and a man who exerted a strong influence on Jimmy’s life, has said, “All of us are lonely and searching, but because he was so sensitive, he somehow searched harder. He wanted to find answers, and I think that I taught him believe in personal immortality.”

And, in a sense, Jimmy had won the personal immortality, he thought, if not in the way he might have thought to win it. He had been dead for over a year, and yet he was more loved and revered than ever. Someone said of him, “They just think of Jimmy.”

What other kind of immortality Jam Byron Dean might have found is something we shall never know. Nor shall we know whether that bright, sunny day on a trip by which he might have thought to win it, if it would have no return, there was, in my heart, any thought or hope that he might not come back. Even if he had the chances of finding the things he looked for, that chance was pretty good that the actual accident was an accident. The question that will never be answered is, “Was it an accident would have been enough?”

And if the end hadn’t come then, on that dusky-shrouded road, would he have willied or wished it to come another way, in another time?

Questions that refuse to be settled at all worlds, and wonders...
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Ann Lord separates (p. 81)
CHICAGO, ILL.—Kaufman’s (skirt only)

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(Continued from page 47)

"The Lonely Man," a guide explained to a group of visitors.

Two of the actors were veteran scene-stealers Jack Pickford and Robert Middle- ton. Still, it was the latest look being paid the attention of those who watched. He had no dialogue, but it made no difference. Reminiscent of a stern, young Anthony Quinn, Brando's passive face was tense with inner conflict. No words were needed to tell you that he was close to heartbreak—and somehow you had the feeling that when it came, your own heart would ache a little at the fact that kind of actor. "Who is he?" A teen-aged voice asked the question for the rest of the onlookers.


A pretty blond moved into the scene with a fresh supply of hotcakes. The young man waved them away, carefully avoiding so much as an eyeful of his father's "Tony's in love with her, but she's his father's girl," said the guide.

"She's out of her mind," murmured the teenager. "Script or no script?"

No then, that the action to give instructions to the actress, the young man's audience was still a captive one. They watched as if compelled to wait for a clue that would tell them the real Tony Perkins from the make-believe.

He slouched in his chair, stretching his long legs under the table. But his expres- sion remained unchanged, his mood unbroken. Obviously he was a brooding fel- low by nature.

He faced the director attentively, until he suddenly became aware of the specta- tors. But a brief, sweeping glance was all enough for him. Sometime he surveyed each of them, and his look was the penetr- ating kind. For all his brooding, he seemed to miss nothing.

Then, as he caught sight of the company hairdresser, the intense young man winked an solemn eye. If he stepped into a corner to stand on his head, he couldn't have shattered the spell more completely.

For everyone on that drafty sound stage, there was no questioning the future of Tony Perkins. Within the space of a few wordless minutes, the hanging tensions of the emotions of an informal audience, win the loyalty of a teen-aged stranger, arouse the curiosity of a set full of visitors—and, having lulled the entire group into a seri- ous mood, jolt them out of it with a wink. It is safe to say that, given a few hours on the screen, Tony will become one of Holly- wood's biggest stars.

You have to watch him off the set, as well as on. Not only is there a tendency to place every newcomer in a category— such as brooder, individualist, rebel, shy- type, cut-up, great lover—Tony defies classification.

But, after you're certain you have him pegged, you find yourself reconsidering.

During a dramatic scene, he can tear your heart out. Then he's apt to amble away from you with a sidelong grin and remark, "I'd like to do a comedy. Maybe a musical. You know, I never played any of these complicated, tragic young men's heroines."

At this stage of the game, he might well be expected to be totally preoccupied with Tony Perkins and his motion-picture car- eer. But his inquisitive nature makes it impossibly. As one of the Paramount pub- licists can testify. . . .

What the publicist had in mind one day was obtaining vital statistics for a studio biography. With pen and notebook in hand, she cornered Tony in the commissary. "My mother's Janet Perkins, non-professional," Tony began obligingly. "My father was Osgood Perkins, actor. I don't remember much about him. He died when I was five. I can say that York, April 4, 1922."

As she wrote, Tony leaned closer. She looked up to find his nose a scant few inches from the top of her pen. "Short- hair, blue eyes. He was the most people use when discovering uranium."

Many questions later, having exhausted the publicist's knowledge of the history uses and theory of shorthand, Tony lowered his voice. He then gave the considerable acting talent of Walte Abel, how to pitch baseball, the weather in Florida, the merits of Chinese restaurants and what was new with a fellow names Judy Smith, at the time director of the two man college reunion which occurred o the steps of the soundstage when an old school chum happened along.

"If you're interested, "It's bet- ter to approach Tony Perkins with a reste mind, if you plan to follow his."

It is also helpful to expect the unex- pected. While many newcomers take great pains to think up unusual items that will make the columns, the Perkins contribu- tions come as refreshing afterthought. Unusually, he is a non-professional," he said, "I've gotten breaks in my career," he once told a col- umnist, "But otherwise nothing very un- usual happens."

There was no doubting that Tony be- lieved it. "I meet a lot of interesting peo- ple on my way to work," he went on, try- ing hard to please. Then, to a raised eyebrow, he casually explained, "I hitchhike."

"You what?" Until that moment the co- umnist had been under the impression that he'd heard everything.

The morning Tony trudged down the hill from his apartment-hot crosses Sunset Boulevard and stands of convenient corner. Within minutes, he himself a ride—and invariably his des- tination of or comes into play. Primar- ily because drivers always follow the same pattern of questioning. It began his first morning in Hollywood when low-slung convertible stopped for him.

Surveying the deceptively youthful fa and the lanky blue-jeaned figure, the driver inquired, "On your way to school, no?" replied Tony. "I work."

"In movies."" And just what do you do in movies? Tony mulled the matter and was struck by the idea. "Dude," he said, "For Tony Perkins."

"Hmmm..." said the driver. "Do believe I've ever heard of him."


When they've seen "Friendly Persuasion" and "The Lonely Man," Tony's ben- factors will know that the game goes straight from the actor's mouth. "But guess I'm going to have to stop saying things like that," says Tony.

Although he's going places—and in
hurry—he's never in too much of a rush / to lend a helping hand. On the Paramount lot, he's apt to be seen Lugging anything from a potted plant to an armful of books—depending upon whom he's run into and under what circumstances at the time. In fact, the word's been spread among the studio secretaries that it isn't even necessary to stagger.

On his way to lunch one day, Tony fell into step with an industrious girl trying to turn the pages of a book and juggle a large handbag. "Let me take that," he volunteered and reached for the handbag before she could reply.

He swung it easily as they walked along. "I don't read as much as I ought to," he said, rather apologetically. "Just don't seem to have the time any more."

Then he thoughtfully lapsed into silence so that she could concentrate on the book. "Well, anyway, I tried to concentrate on the book," the girl remarked as she related the story later.

As far as the ladies are concerned, Tony is like the boy next door who grew up to be a prize. And when he dates a girl, she may be sure that she's the one and only. "I've gone steady with almost every girl I've dated," he says. "I've never played the field."

Then comes the grin. "One contributing..."

"It's just that we've run into a complicated waiter," Tony consoled her.

If Tony has learned to accept life's little setbacks in stride, it's because he's had practice. Fired with the ambition to become an actor at a very early age, he considered schooling one such setback. Friends claim that he was probably persuaded to attend when someone pointed out that it was the quicken way to learn the trade. Tony admits, "There were the school plays. I guess I wouldn't have gone to school if I couldn't have been in school plays."

In compliance with his mother's wish and his own good judgment, he wound up with quite an education. It began in a small private school in New York and ended at Columbia University. In between, he attended junior high school in Brem- line, Massachusetts, the Browne and Nichols prep school in Cambridge, and Rollins College in Winter Park, Florida.

Career setbacks—and they seemed great ones at the time—he learned to accept philosophically. His first part was a rather minor one, that of an Easter egg in the second row. But I found out that there were all sorts of things you could do with an Easter egg role," Tony grins.

He was fourteen when he signed for his first season in summer stock. "It was 1947," he recalls. "At that time, summer theaters were having to start all over again after the war, and they were finding it hard to locate apprentices. They began sending representatives to schools to recruit people.

A stock company in Vermont offered him twenty-five dollars a week and Tony accepted, with boyish visions of being discovered. The visions dimmed a bit when the stage manager announced, "Perkins, you can pull the curtain."

He also helped gather props, paint scenery, strike old sets, and put up new ones. A first glimpse of the scenery shop might have discouraged a less dedicated young man. The shop was underground. "Seemed about sixty feet under," he remembers.

"Like a coal mine. We'd get up for air once a day, have lunch and then go back to the dungeon. But I was fascinated by the whole business."

One day they handed Tony a role in "Junior Miss." He was to play a character named Haskel Cummings, the leading lady's first date. But small as it was, the part meant that Tony would at last be treading the boards in a professional capacity.

At least that was what both he and the director had in mind. First, however, he had a taste of near-catastrophe.

Beneath the stage there happened to be a passageway which led to the rear of the theater. On a venturing opening night, Tony ventured out back to watch the performance while awaiting his cue. He leaned against the back wall and became engrossed in the scenery shop above. His first thought was, "Now who could that be?"

Then it came to him that it was supposed to be Tony Perkins, alias Haskel Cummings. It was one of those experiences that stop you cold," he says. "Time really stood still when I heard that doorbell."

Breathless as he was when he reached the stage, the part was good for performance. As the season progressed, Tony was assigned other roles. "I was usually somebody's little brother," he recalls. "But I was always on time for my entrances."

"I met some of the other stars," Tony said. "It was a different world there. Since we were young, it was so different."

Then Mohr was still in the Robin Hood Theatre, a stock company in Delaware. In all, he was there for five summers. "I had the same job I had in Washington," he says. "Except that this time the scenery shop was the store where they'd formerly kept wine and apples. It was pretty wet—water kept dripping down..."

"Typical of Tony is this unconvention..."
The walls. And for company we had spiders and snakes. But I was still fascinated.

From Delaware, Tony's observation is likely to jump to Florida. "I was given a chance to play leading men when I went down to Rollins," he says. "Laura, 'Goodbye My Fancy,' The Importance of Being Earnest, I did three shows. And I did winter stock in Winter Park.

"That's where I goofed again. But, you know, I like it when people don't come in on cue. Gives you a chance to take command, build some lines. Save the day. Maybe everybody doesn't feel that way," he adds modestly.

"Anyway, Kay Francis had come down to do a play. The last scene at the end of the first act, and I was supposed to interrupt it. But I got my entrance cues confused and was a little late—more than a little late. Eventually I heard Miss Francis ad lib. 'Is that boy? What's he doing out there?"

"It could have been the longest love scene in the history of the theatre," Mr. Perkins says thoughtfully.

At the end of his freshman year at Rollins, Tony decided that it was time to tackle Hollywood. He was promoted by the news that M-G-M had purchased the play "Years Ago," and in a phone book, he could practically hear Culver City calling for him. "So I went out with the general idea of getting myself the part."

He chose to go by way of New Orleans and Arizona and made it in six days. Ridding his thumb, "It was a non-stop trip," he recalls. "I slept in the back seats of the cars. Nothing much happened—unless you count the 'truck incident.'"

The beer truck, with Tony as a passenger, was going up a hill when there came a rather deafening noise. The truck came to a quick stop and Tony and the driver jumped out to check what was going on. The noise was considerable. The back of the truck had flown open and the cargo was gone. "There was a whole river of beer down the hill," he recalls. "About all we could do was try to get the bottles off the road. And, man, was it a hot day!"

When Tony reached Hollywood, he was given an introduction to George Cukor, who was to direct "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." It was then that he discovered that no work was being done on the picture. "But I thought I'd hang around."

He was almost ready to leave when M-G-M executives decided to test a prospective leading lady and remembered the young man who'd been haunting them so effectively. I was supposed to be on the side, but, one day, Cukor sort of made it my test as well as the girl's. It was a lot of fun to do, though I was sure I'd done very badly."

With this thought in mind, he returned to Rollins. Later, a telegram arrived from Culver City. He read it. And reread it. The picture was ready to roll and M-G-M was requesting that he report immediately for final fittings. A leave of absence was arranged and Tony caught a California-bound plane. His welcome was a little strained. "My fault," grins Tony. "I hadn't heard a word about the picture and my first question was, 'Who's in the cast?'

"They looked at me as if I'd just gotten in from the moon. 'Don’t you know? These days they talk,' New York actors."

"As a reaction to me, New York," he adds. "Who's this actor they've imported from Florida?"

As Tony pondered the picture—re-titled "The Actress"—didn't exactly tear down the walls. However, it did give him a start as a professional. He flew back to Florida to finish out his school year. Then, on the theory that television work would come his way when the film was released, he transferred to Columbia University in New York.

His reasoning was entirely correct. As a result of "The Actress" he found an agent, MCA. He also won good roles in television. And from television came the opportunity to play John Kerr in Broadway's spectacularly dramatic hit "Tea and Sympathy."

As it turned out, Tony's debut day was a test of both actor and scholar. Asked if he would play a matinee with Deborah Kerr, before Joan Fontaine arrived to take over the part, Tony agreed. However, he hadn’t reckoned with examination time at Columbia.

Hopes high, he broached the all-important question. Might he postpone the exam which was scheduled for the same day? "Sorry," said the professor. No, but the professor knew his Perkins.

"I'm sure you’ll manage both," he added, not unkindly.

Tony did, running from classroom to dressing room. The results of the exam were quietly filed. But word of his outstanding stage performance was spread the length and width of Broadway.

In November, Tony made a trip to New York to complete the casting job on "Friendly Persuasion." He was searching for a youthful actor who could portray a ten-aged Quaker boy. The Civil Service Commission was about to give up on the audition, took a quick look at the script read for Wyler and his assistant. He walked out with the part.

It was only a matter of time before Perkins’ progress began to set Hollywood on its ear. Actually, he first crept up on the town quietly, as a notice in a trade paper. The item said that he'd been signed for a movie.

Next, he was hearsay. Reporters who could take stars or leave them, mostly without comment, visited the "Persuasion" set to shoot pictures of Clark Gable. They returned raving—about Tony Perkins.

Then director Wyler, rarely quote a new comer, was quoted and quoted, with all actors were like Tony.

On the strength of the rushes, he was signed to a long-term contract by Para mount. And the studio, which generally buys properties only for published productions, announced the film version of "The Jim Pier sall Story" and "Joey"—for Tony Perkins. While the scripts were being prepared Tony created the role of "Joey" on television, and made a record of the part for the studio. Then he was given a co-starring role in "The Lonely Man."

On the latter set, it was obvious that the New York had come a long way—and that he had acquired a host of rooting. And they were just as enthusiastic as the Theatre Art professor who had begun to boost Tom back in 1951. "You should interview a leading man," Clark Gable told him as far as the visitor. "This boy has what it takes. He going to be a star."

The writer politely explained that it was customary for buyers to magazines to run stories on motion-picture personalities.

"He's been to Hollywood," persisted the professor. "He's in 'The Actress.'

Taking old school thought into account, if writer helped politely.

"All right," said the professor. "A right. But someday you'll write a story on Perkins." His tone implied that she also eat her words.

Well, professor, I know what you what and this is the story. I'd just like to that words never tasted so good! The Es
(Continued from page 21)

dawdling. While Don was working in “Bus Stop” in April he was granted a day or so off to get married. A few hours later he was on his way to Arizona for location. Then back to Hollywood. When the picture was done he and Hope flew to New York, had the religious ceremony to seal their matrimony, had to cut the honeymoon short when Don flew back to the Coast for his next film, “Bachelor Party.” Tied up in a melee of unfinished packing and dental appointments, Hope couldn’t join him until a week later. And to top it off, the happy pair have discovered that they are headed for parenthood—in February!

Winning and wedding the woman you love, according to Don, can be mighty strenuous when it’s combined with landing your first starring roles in the movies. In fact, the career part was, comparatively, a cinch. The way Don had it figured, he was sure to arrive in pictures sooner or later.

You see, this handsome specimen of young manhood really couldn’t miss. He grew up in the theatre. His father, Dennis Murray, was and is a well-known director, and Ethel could be pointed to that large group of the most glamorous females in show business, the Ziegfeld Follies girls. Don was born right in Hollywood, because his father happened to be working as a dance director at Fox at the time. The time was 1929. He was given the full moniker of Donald Patrick Murray. Twenty-six years later, like his father before him, Don signed his first movie contract with 20th Century-Fox. But his life has been full of such coincidences...

When Don was nine months old, the Murray family had trekked back East on account of the depression, and Don got his early schooling wherever his dad found employment—Manhattan, Fort Worth, Cleveland. Finally, the family—there was an older brother, Bill, and a young sister, Ethlyn—settled in East Rockaway, Long Island, and Don became an average high-school student. Well, maybe not so average.

“I loved to clown,” Don confesses. “I used to tell you how many times I was sent to the principal’s office for cutting up.”

When graduation drew near, the fellows at the football team buckled the comic, “Listen, bub,” they threatened. “No loafering when we walk up to get that diploma. We’re all graduating by a slim margin. If you lose us up, we’ll murder you.”

On the big day, Don appeared as serious as dignified as a professor. His buddies were startled at his unexpected, sober performance, broke into snickers and snots and almost wrecked the graduation themselves.

In high school Don had two chief interests—sports and drama. In the first category, he excelled as a long-distance track runner, won his letter in football and played a speedy basketball game. In the second department, he began to earn as early as his freshman year to write and direct skits.

“It was easy,” Don relates. “I dug through a lot of scripts my dad had stored in a trunk. I stole a joke from one, another joke from the next, wrote new lyrics to old songs and figured out a simple plot.”

The only trouble was that the youthful writer-director didn’t feel his fellow students were doing justice to his plays. “So I decided to act in them myself,” he concludes.

Of course, this wasn’t the first time Don had performed. Many years before, when his three-year-old sister was attending a dancing school, the teacher sent out an SOS for a small boy to appear in the annual school presentation. Don, aged six, was corralled. His job was to hide behind a large umbrella while the little tykes danced merrily away. At the end of the number, the umbrella collapsed, Don stepped forth, grabbed the prima ballerina and ardently kissed her.

Perhaps Don’s parents had been aware of their son’s acting talents from that early age, for they loaned attended all of his high-school performances and constantly encouraged him to work toward the theatre.

“When I graduated,” says Don, “it was a toss-up whether I’d go to college in order to get into semi-professional basketball or enroll in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York and study acting. But I guess greasepaint was in my blood. The Academy won out.”

Two things surprised young Don Murray when he started at the Academy. He was astonished to see the adolescent would-be actors and actresses spending countless hours discussing the theatre, psychoanalyzing themselves and everyone in the profession, and dressing to the hilt, as though they already were great stars. But the biggest surprise was to discover that he, Don Murray, was not a comedian, as he had always believed, but a serious actor.

It happened when he was cast as a tragic Scotsman in “The Haunted Heart.” All of a sudden, the directors at the Academy were taking notice of the youth. The well-known drama coach, Paton Price, saw

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Murray in ‘The Hasty Heart’ and immediately got him a job in summer stock. But don’t think Don was one of these characters who was completely devoted to his art. No, indeed! While he was studying dramatics, he also worked as an usher at CBS and played semi-pro basketball. In the midst of this busy schedule, he didn’t give up, shape you into something colossal.

Even in those days, Don Murray knew what he wanted. “I don’t want to be tied to a cold business deal like that,” he bragged to the writers. “I want to consider acting, not a profession.”

“See here,” snapped the executives, “you’re not Marlon Brando.”

“Well,” shrugged Don, “I’ll go back to New York until I am!”

And thus the proud young man hot-footed it back East, studied some more at the American Theatre Wing. He put out several pairs of shoes making the rounds of offices and producers. He landed a few magazine modeling jobs and performed in spot commercials for television. Then one day he heard a rumor that Tennessee Williams, who was casting “The Rose Tattoo,” Williams listened to Don about ten minutes, tossed aside his script and declared, “I’ll sign you for the role of the saloon girl.”

It was while Don was playing on Broadway in “The Rose Tattoo” that he and another chap went out on a double date. His friend’s date was a pert, petite blond, Hope Lange. A couple of weeks later, Don brought Hope home to meet a party. Hope happened to be present.

“Would you like to see ‘The Rose Tattoo’ some night?” Don invited.

“Sure,” replied Hope.

Don got Hope a ticket the very next evening. After the show, he took her out on supper. “We sat up until three o’clock in the morning,” talking, Don recalls. Talking, he means.

Don thought it wouldn’t last. But he confesses, “I knew from that moment on that Hope was going to be my wife. Maybe she didn’t realize it. After all, she was still in junior college. I knew I’d have to work up to it.”

And wait he did. But when Don decides a thing, brother, that’s it! When he went on tour with the Williams play, he bargained Hope with lawyers. When he didn’t answer many of them, but that didn’t make any difference to Don. He had made up his mind.

Like most real men, Don received a greeting from his draft board along about then. Because of his religion, he was listed as a conscientious objector and was assigned two grueling years of service as a social worker in European refugee camps.

“That was a great experience,” recalls Don. “I can speak German and Italian fairly well and I got to really know the people in the German and Italian camps. My duty was that of a camp psychiatrist. I had just organized a special holiday show for a camp in Naples. The refugees were eagerly anticipating the production, and I didn’t have the heart to let them down. I ended up staying another six months.”

When Don Murray finally stepped down the gangplank in New York in May 1955, who was there to meet him? Hope, of course!

“His looks terrific and he looked terrible!” remembers Hope. “I was thrilled to see him, but at the same time, he had been ill in Europe and he was as thin as a rail.”

Immediately, Don took up his campaign for marriage. Hope still hedged. “I just wasn’t sure of myself,” Hope explained. “Don was a wonderful boy, but I couldn’t see myself settling down.”

But Don Murray wouldn’t say the magic word, innumerable spots ensued. On each occasion, Don would stalk off, vowing “This is the end! Goodbye, Hope. You never see me again!”

After one of the lovers’ quarrels, Don suddenly remembered the large French windows in Hope’s first-floor apartment. “Why, anybody could just walk in o the place!” he thought. But more he thought about the windows, the more he worried. With visions of Hope being strangled in the black of the night, he sought his dad’s aid and, together, the couple decided Don would install the lock?” Don pondered. “Her brother-in-law! My dad? Or me?…Me won out. Don phoned Hope, expecting her to put a lock on the unsafe window. But until he came over. The lock was duly installed.

That’s the way it went. Two kids in love—via the film arriving at peak terms a week later. Then a play called “The Hot Corner.” Don signed to a part and he beggared, plotted and pulled strings until he got Hope on the play. “I don’t want to let the rest of the company know we were acquaintance for years,” says Don. “I sure didn’t want to lose her. When they saw us going out on dates, the thought the play had brought us romantic successes.”

Without realizing what was happenin there, Don and Hope got so busy with their role in the Hot Corner that they forgot all about marriage. Then, they folded in Boston. When the cold, wintry February afternoon, the two returned to New York.

“Say,” mentioned Don casually, “do you think it’s about time we got married?”

“Maybe,” replied Hope.

Don went into one of his flip-flops as by four AM. Hope had weakened and said “Yes.”

Coincidences already had been poppin up in the young couple’s lives. They did covered accidentally that their fathers had known each other in show business years ago. On New York’s stage, when their far lies included “The Hot Corner,” Hope’s leading lady unexpectedly fell ill and Hope got her first chance to act opposite D in public. Their love scenes were made to look like real, but they never knew who was present at this momentous event.

Don and Hope also appeared together in a TV play in New York quite chance. Movie studios were beginning to use TV, and Don had worked in the television version “The Skin of Our Teeth” and had done a Kraft show when Joshua Lo used him out for the film premiere of “Bus Stop.” Simultaneously, several studios had been negotiatin with Hope. Although it sou stranger than fiction, a 20th Century-Film talent scout was sent to see her for the part Elma in “Bus Stop.”

This activity was all happening in late winter of 1955. Do and Hope were already engaged. The wedding was on the menu. The couple, who had been back to the coast to act opposite Bard. Then, Hope flew, or TV show. Joshua L once again, and Don signed a contract with 20th Century—For the kind of contract he’d always wanted. Two pictures a year and twelve mon...
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I every second year to do stage work. Then his studio offered Hope the same
kind of contract, she happily signed on the dotted line. A few weeks later, both signed
nother contract—marriage. They had a
quit, civil ceremony, on April 15, 1956. Three months later, on June
th, there was a double-ring church
eding in New York.

"Hollywood was both fascinating and frustrating," admits Don. "I had been ac-
nowled to the theater and live television here you either do or die. But on a
ovi set, everything is upside down. You
art with a script in the middle of the
ip, switch to the last scene in the film, and up with the opening shot.

"Once," he continues, "I thought I'd played a scene as well as I ever will.
out after the director said, 'Cut,' there
as a protest from the technicians. 'We
don't get a good snow effect!' So we
led until the artificial snow was going
blast and then shot the whole scene
rer again."

Playing opposite Marilyn Monroe, ac-
ording to Don, was a wonderful experi-
nce. "She never went temperamental. She
ways agreed with the director. And she
as the most patient person I've ever met,"
calls Murray. "When I happened to muf-
scene, she'd just smile and say, 'Let's
y it over, shall we?'

Actually, it's a miracle that Don ever
through "Bus Stop." He had endured
bad siege of pneumonia while in Italy
nd, although he didn't know it then, his
uid was still in his lungs when he went to Holly-
ood. Two days before shooting began, a
old illness acted up—high tempera-
dezy spells, weakness. But, mainly, he
 determined to go on. His drama
ach, Paton Price, flew to the Coast to
lp out, got him dressed and drove him
to studio every morning. Joshua Logan
ot scenes and didn't let him when he was at
orst. Hope arrived at his apartment
larly around six to cook him hot meals
se he got to bed early.

"Don Murray, a tramp if I ever saw
 commented Logan, when the picture
 as in the cans. In June, Mr. and Mrs. Don Murray
ried East for their second wedding cere-
mony and baby. After all, in Hollywood as
 as again, "Bus Stop" was completed
at last, the couple had to relax.
Hope now decided to go on a campaign
her own, determined to fatten up her
hubby and garb him in clothes be-
ting a leading man.

"Don used to be picky about his food,"
explains. "He's six foot, one and a
inches tall and weighs a scanty 170, I
stuff him with scrambled eggs, fried to-
atoes, bacon and English muffins with
plenty of butter at breakfast. I insist he
eat a good lunch and at dinner I give
him a big, nourishing stew or steak and
tatoes. He eats at least four hunks of pie."

"She's a good cook," says Don admir-
ingly. "She can take a plain piece of
ilet of fish and make it taste like a fancy dish
at Ciro's."

In the clothes department, Hope reveals,
Don has always been the world's most
 miserable dresser. Purple socks, worn-out
ies, suits that hung on him like sacks.
Now I pick out his wardrobe, and I'm
slowly getting him into shape."

But slowly. Last July, Hope met her guy
at a smart New York restaurant for lunch-
. He looked neat and handsome in his
and summer suit, and she was very happy
over the progress she had made until
they left the restaurant and walked out
on the street. Then, to her horror, she saw
Don was wearing a shabby old pair of
basketball shoes!

The Murrays have one goal, above all
others. To have fun! "We swim together,
dance, indulge in hectic baton number
es, love to listen to good music," Don de-
clares. "We plan to work together in
ictures, if possible. And, surely, we'll do a
play together. Maybe even a musical.
Hope's a marvelous dancer. My mother
was a singer and I've inherited a little
of her talent."

They also plan a home and children in the
future. Right now, they live in Hope's
one-and-a-half-room apartment (the one
with the windows) when they're in New
York and rent a larger apartment in
Hollywood.

One thing about this gay young pair—
they know where they're going and how
they're going to get there. As Hope's sis-
ter, Minelda, says, "They both have high
moral standards. They'll never stoop to
anything that isn't right. Don doesn't drink
or smoke. In fact, he has a clause in his
contract stating he will never endorse a
tobacco or alcohol advertisement. Hope
smokes a little and takes a cocktail. But
I think Don's example will change that."

And, best of all, there isn't the slightest
aggisement of professional jealousy be-
tween the two. "If Hope wants to act, that's
all right with me," Don has said. "I've
care about that's she's wife."

As for Hope... "I'm glad Don's be-
coming famous, she declares. 'It's cer-
ity, 'I'm in love with him and I'm very
proud of him.'"
PICTURE PUZZLE PRIZES

See pages 66-69 for full contest details

Gorham Chest of Sterling Silver service for eight
Lucien Piccard wristwatch
Towle enamel and silver bowl
Pond's travel case and Sue Brett travel dress
Mohawk carpet and Foamset carpet cushion
Lane Cedar Chest
Regina Electrikbroom
Morse Super-Photomatic sewing machine
Lady Manhattan shirt and skirt
Durkopp sewing machine
Plymouth of Boston imported man's raincoat
Eagle sports coat (men's)
Moto-Ashphalt Tile to cover floors of three average-size rooms
Samosotie luggage (two pieces)
RCA Victor "Personal" TV Universal Cofeematic, 10-cup, chrome, from Landers, Frary & Clark
Trim Tred Shoe wardrobe
Lady Esther cosmetics
Toni Viv Tote-Bag

Wear-Every Hallite Home Set
Cannon Towel Gift Set
Year's supply of Coty's Fragrances
Underwood De Luxe Portable Typewriter
75¢ or bottle of Schiaparelli "Shocking" perfume, enough to last a year
Sportswear from Pendleton Woolens Mills
Lady Buxton Gift Set
Cutex Set case plus year's supply of Cutex products
Helene Curtis Gift Assortment
Helene Curtis S-25 Permanent Wave Certificate
Two pairs of Huskies shoes
Ten Brick Gift Sets
Year's supply of Woodbury Shampoo
Hollins & Edwards Deep Silver 34-piece set service for eight
Three Catalina sweaters
Reverse Ware combination egg-poucher-skillet
G-E Portable Electric Radio
Meyer Stoll Inc. "Kennie" original coat (women's)

Fabulously beautiful, superbly styled Lucien Piccard wristwatch, set in white precious-metal palladium, with a bracelet of lustrous cultured pearls to adorn your wrist.

You'll travel in style with Samsonite's Ultraglides, Medalion beauty case and wardrobe, in smart two-tone colors, and of light-in-weight magnesium.

You're for boiler, longer-lasting curls—a whole year's supply of the New Woodbury Shampoo, which always leaves your hair so beautiful and manageable.
stood steadily, until today Presley represents the new screen lover. As Cary Grant once remarked thoughtfully in an interview that looked back over his own suave screen life, "Apparently, the way the world goes, I'm glad with you these days is to be insufferably rude, neglect to shave for days at a time, show up in a day wearing blue jeans and a leather jacket and take the young ladies for a ride on the back of your motorcycle."

This trend has not only created a new kind of hero, it has made a legend of James Dean, Presley's counterpart, with enough money to buy a car for every day in the week, and it has apparently made a memory of the wholesome, clean-cut, well-schooled all-American boy who respected his parents, went to church on Sunday and stood up when an older person entered the room.

What brought about the change? And does this new trend bring about—this worship of all that is rebellious, unconventional, rude, even brutal—mean that this generation of teenagers is any worse than the teenagers of ten or twenty years ago? The answer by psychologist Robert Lindner, as author of "Rebel Without a Cause," is a flat and reassuring "Absolutely not."

According to Dr. Lindner, the need of the young to rebel is so fundamental as to be called an instinct. He goes on to say, in his book "Must You Conform?" that any scientist would be amazed to find it necessary to defend this instinct, more than we should need to defend their instincts—such as the instincts to eat when we are hungry or to warn when we are tired.

There are two ways in which this instinct, this need to rebel, is carried out by teenagers today. One is to act out their hostilities by acts of violence and delinquency. The other is to merge, hide, with a group and be directed by group mind. This would certainly explain the hysterical frenzy of the crowds at Presley's first performance—a mass hysteria that mixed its eye by ripping off his clothes and, when he was in Miami Beach, Florida, or instance, virtually reaching up and calling him boy, because they weren't his young fan wrote in her letter. Presley is tling out the hostilities and the confusions which these teenagers all feel, and so he determines, so that their rebellious, rebellious, acts them out on a stage as he would like to do. Thus, he becomes their hero.

That Presley feels and is aware of the power this gives him is shown in an interview he made to an interviewer, Jacko, whether he minded the unfavorable publicity and critical remarks he had received in the past from Elvis id gently, "Oh, I don't mind. After all, I'vecritized Jesus Christ, too, didn't I?"

Another secret of Presley's fantastic success is the fact that he idolizes those who are so violently opposed to him. The more they criticize him, the more his contemporaries are for him, especially since the Idecim can't hurt him. In other words, he can defy the authority of the people who are against him, and so they cheer him on, and so they cheer him on, and so they cheer him on, and so they cheer him on, and so they cheer him on, and so they cheer him on, and so they cheer him on, and so they cheer him on, and so they cheer him on.

But the admirers of this whole school of young "rebel" overlook one fact: while Presley, Brando, Mineo, Dean and the others are idolized for appearing to fight against society and against authority, in fact every one of these young men is a complete conformist. They are hardworking, church-going and home-loving, ambitious for fame and success. In other words, in their personal lives, the rebellions which they share with all young people have taken the perfectly acceptable and even admirable form of working hard in order to become the masters rather than the victims of their environment. It is unlikely that any of them would ever be found in a screaming mob of young people, working themselves into a frenzy while reaching for a torn scrap of an idol. Each of these young men, in fact, has an amazingly deep sense of responsibility toward his family and friends, and their rude or shocking behavior is taken strictly for the occasions when they are in front of a camera or a microphone.

In fact, the wife of the owner of the General Electric Company, where Elvis was employed after graduating from high school, relates to him, "When I first saw him, with that wild hair and those sideburns, I wouldn't have given him an interview, much less a job, if a friend hadn't warned me not to let his appearance fool me. Within a week, his good manners, his willingness—like his singing in the stock room—had won our hearts. Like everyone else, we loved that boy."

And now David Weisbart, famous as the producer of "Rebel Without a Cause," is producing Presley's first film, "Love Me Tender." Century-Fox.

With the first important money that Elvis earned after fame struck, Elvis bought his mother a car and bought a new home for the family. He vowed they'd never want for anything again. He made his first radio appearance after a full day's work. His other evening hours were spent practicing, trying out new songs, contacting people who might be able to help him. He is a devoted son, and of his younger days his mother says, "He'd be content just to sit in front of the radio or play the phonograph, thinking of the guitar and the stage. As his young fan wrote in her letter, Presley is ting out the hostilities and the confusions which these teenagers all feel, and so he determines, so that their rebellious, rebellious, acts them out on a stage as he would like to do. Thus, he becomes their hero.

Young Sal Mineo comes from the same kind of closely knit, devoted family, and Sal's mother, too, was strict in her insistence on knowing where her children were at all times and what they were doing. Like Presley's mother, she encouraged Sal in his ambition to be an actor. Though far from wealthy, there was money available for Sal's dancing, voice and dramatic lessons. His family was never too busy to be interested in what he was doing and thinking, and that might offer some explanation as to why, in these young people, the instinct to rebel drove them on to fame and fortune.

Mr. Mineo, who is a carpenter and coffin-maker by trade, is very much the head of the house and of the family, and he refuses to accept any money from his famous son, even though Sal's earnings are larger than his.

"That's the kind of father I want to be some day," Sal says, and "I hope my kids will learn to do it the way I want them to do it."

As for visas, Sal's only noticeable one is a healthy liking for second helpings of "Why the "Rebel" Craze Is Here to Stay"
something else that he gives the impression of moving even when he’s standing still. He’s tolerant of almost any
shortcoming except laziness. If you want
to do something, according to Paul New-
man, why, you just go ahead and do it,
and there are few things you can’t achieve
by plain hard work.
Paul’s first movie role in “The Silver
Chalice” is something he prefers to for-
get. As for whether his remarkable resem-
blance to Marlon Brando would mean the
end of his movie career. His role in
“The King and I,” playing one of the
king’s children, and he’s been working
and rehearsing every spare minute since.
When he’s in the East for TV appearances
or resting between movies, he lives at
home with his parents, his brothers and
sister. He never misses a Sunday mass
at the neighborhood’s Catholic church.
Although he has proved his ability to
hold his own in the street fights all boys
get into when they’re growing up, he is
a soft-spoken, beautifully mannered
young boy who stands when an older
person enters the room and always gets
to the car door ahead of his date to hold
it open for her.
Paul Newman, who did such an out-
standing job portraying Rocky Graziano
in “Somebody Up There Likes Me,” is
a college graduate who tried going into
his father’s sporting-goods business be-
fore deciding on an acting career instead.
He attended the Yale School of Drama,
went into summer stock, played the lead
in “The Desperate Hours” on Broadway
and was then discovered and signed by
Hollywood and Warner Brothers. The
only signs of a “rebel” about Paul, a
married man with two young children,
are his liking for T-shirts and his refusal
to give interviews on his personal life or
to permit anyone to photograph him with
his family at home. He lives on Long
Island with his wife and children when
he’s not making pictures. They never ac-
company him to Hollywood because “It’s
important for kids to belong,” he says,
“to be a part of a community.”
Off screen Paul still looks like a young
college boy, appearing to be much
younger than his thirty-one years. He
doesn’t drink or smoke. He’s restless,
tense and so eager to be pushing on to

“Rebels” or no, Sal and “The Living End” pal Johnny Saxon like to coveat on a
date with a pretty girl occasionally, and why not? She’s April Kent, also in “End”

Marlon Brando, who disliked his role in
“The Wild One” and protested against
playing that vicious a character, is one of
the most talented and kindest people in
the world. It actually pains him to see anyone
suffer, and he will go miles out of his way
to help others. He tried several times to
get a local TV station to do an interview
with him to try to help Dean understand
himself a little better. Brando also held out
a friendly hand to Mario Lanza when Lanza
was fighting to make a comeback.

Like the other “rebels,” Brando was
close to his family, adored his mother
and has a warm and close relationship
with his father, who is also his com-
pare and business partner. He’s close-
brotherly to his lovely sister, Jocelyl. While he
got into trouble at school plenty of times
and has shocked a good many people since then,
Brando’s still a boy at heart, “I like to
laugh,” he says. And when it is shocking—is
generally di-
rected at people who are either rude or
stupid or both. He avoids—with
interviews on his personal life big
celeb-
ity
for
Any
and
All
Professional
appearances
will
will
will
help
some
down
out
actor
friend. His “vices” are a love
of
classical
music,
good
books
and
cats.
He
doesn’t drink, and the only time he stays
up all night he has found some
thing
exciting to talk to.

Jimmy Dean, too, rebelled against many
forms of conforming, but this was mostly
in competition with other young
stars. He hated that part of himself, and
success. He wanted to be an actor, yes,
he wanted to be a great actor. But he
didn’t want to be stared at like a lion in
the zoo or second-best in his taste in
ties or women. His rebellion, too, took
the form of competing, of determining
to be better than anyone else at everything
he did. It is not so much a spirit of rebel,
and it is normal for the ones who lack the
courage to rebel themselves to cheer or
cheer the ones who do break the mold, those
who appear to defy convention and peer
pressure because they’re conscious about
their rebel heroes it might be well for
today’s teenagers to give a little thought
to the private lives of these young men
They’re not rebels against failure, against laziness,
again staying in the rut or the place or the jo you
have been born into. But in
tead of rebelling on stree-streets,
where it doesn’t do any good, they rebelled by
working nights as well as days, by re
fusing
to accept the idea that they could
be better than they were. The
secret of the form of conforming was summed up
by something Jimmy Dean was fond of
saying:
“When you fail, you try again, that’s all. You never let them get the better of you—never.
Maybe, when the hysteria of the rebel
caze dies down, there will be time to have
and heed—words like those. The Eu
Get your flavor and filter, too!

No cigarette in history ever made so many friends so fast. Full, rich flavor is the reason. Yes, and Winston's exclusive filter, too! This finer filter works so effectively the flavor really comes through — so you can enjoy it. Smoke Winston, the filter cigarette America enjoys most of all!

Switch to WINSTON America's best-selling, best-tasting filter cigarette!
First Report:

ELVIS PRESLEY in Hollywood
PLUS Pinups in Full Color

Win a DATE With SAL MINEO
See details in this issue
Shasta does not strip away nature's ingredients that give hair "body"! Shasta is different; a luscious cream that does not scour your hair. Because it cleans so gently... it actually guards your hair against fly-away dryness; leaves it soft, soft, soft. It's sparked with lanolin; lathers in any kind of water; gives your hair that romantic Shasta sheen!

Now you can shampoo, then comb or set and you're all set. No more first-day "wild" hair, drooping curls or flying wisps. With Shasta, your hair behaves the right way right away!

SHASTA CREAM SHAMPOO
The doctor's deodorant discovery
that now safely stops odor 24 hours a day

You're serene. You're sure of yourself. You're bandbox 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 your skin—keeps on stopping perspiration odor 24 hours a day. So safe you can use it daily—won't irritate normal skin or damage fabrics.

Underarm comparison tests made by doctors proved a deodorant without M-3 stopped odor only a few hours—while New Mum with M-3 stopped odor a full 24 hours!
Even Mild Suds "Attack" your hands
...chapping soon begins
Yes, even mild soaps and detergents leave an alkaline film on skin... a film that remains after hands come from dishwasher. This alkali is a major cause of chapping.

New Hand Lotion Stops chapping
...before it starts!
New-formula Angel Skin neutralizes irritating alkali... before it harms your hands! Angel Skin sinks in at once... never leaves hands sticky. Softens deep down.

Every time you finish the dishes... reach for
Angel Skin HAND LOTION by POND'S

PHOTOPLAY
FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

DECEMBER, 1956

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Cover: Color portraits of Natalie Wood by Bert Six, cotton knit pants, striped shirt by Smartee, playsuit by Cobbler's, pogo stick from Rudnick Sporting Goods. Natalie's starred in "The Girl He Left Behind.

Your January issue will be on sale at your newsstand on December 4
All the fun of the hilarious stage hit!

MARLON BRANDO
as that rascal Sakini ...

GLENN FORD
as eager beaver Capt. Fisby ...

MACHIKO KYO
as geisha girl Lotus Blossom-m-m

M-G-M presents in CINEMASCOPE and METROCOLOR

The Teahouse
of the August Moon

co-starring

EDDIE ALBERT

with

PAUL FORD • JUN NEGAMI • NIJIKO KIYOKAWA • MITSUKO SAWAMURA

Screen play by JOHN PATRICK
Based on a Book by VERN J. SNEIDER
and the play by John Patrick

Directed by DANIEL MANN
Produced by JACK CUMMINGS
So Long Safari: Jane Powell is sick about the $2,000 sunk in safari clothes and equipment that is now gathering mildew in Nairobi. Janie had shipped her clothes ahead, thinking she'd follow soon, then got the lead in “The Girl Most Likely.” By the time the picture was finished, the African rainy season was in full downpour. But diminutive Janie is determined to hunt those wild animals, says she'll make it next year. Rock Hudson, on the other hand, has “had” Africa. He was glad to get an all-expenses-paid trip there for “Something of Value,” but he doesn't care for anything wilder than the Hollywood hills after this.

An Even Hundred: The day we saw Ann Blyth on the set of “Slander” she was talking so excitedly about a hundred pounds, we thought she'd won the Irish sweepstakes. But it turned out she meant American pounds. She'd just weighed herself and found she'd gained two of them, bringing her poundage to 100 for the first time in years. Her Irish eyes twinkled when she told us her formula—“spaghetti and pizza.”

Band-Aid Anyone?: Doris Day's son Terry is more impressed with his famous mom these days than ever before—and all because of a blister on her big toe. Doris is kind of proud of it, too, and justifiably so, since she got it playing tennis with famous pro star Pancho Gonzales. At the Beverly Hills Hotel, where she takes lessons, they're calling Doris the six-months wonder; few people play the game she does in that length of time. But the wonder to us is how Pancho can keep his mind on the game across the net from the beauteous Dodo.

Fal Joey: When George Nader returned from his “Joe Butterfly” Japan junket, I found a squirming bundle on his doorstep. Friends who had noticed how George’s dog Matt, was moping about because the car refused to play with him had presented George with a boxer puppy. It was love at first sight for Matt and the boxer. George named him Joey, since he's Matt's pal.

Secrets That Will Out: Friends of Marilyn Monroe returning from London glimpses of her insist that she's expecting. This could explain the stories published in English which mentioned that Our Girl was getting a little hefty about the middle. It could also explain the absences from the set of “The Sleeping Prince,” although Sir Laurence Olivier insists that Marilyn was absent only once or twice and those times because of virus infection. Sir Laurence also insists that he thoroughly enjoys working with Marilyn and even hopes to work with her again sometime. Well, that, like Marilyn's suspected pregnancy, is a question time will sooner or later resolve.

Barefoot Boy With Cheek: That about sum up our hottest young leading man, Tony Perkins, who, like the late Jimmy Dean, is getting himself quite a reputation for eccentricity. When asked whether or not it was true that he walked barefoot from his apartment to the nearby supermarket to do his weekly shopping, Tony said, “It's true all right,” and added, “but what I don't understand is why people think it's strange. After all, I just happen to like going barefoot.” And nobody really minds what Tony does because he's an altogether charming...
DEAN's out to make merry!...
Anita's out to make JERRY!

SONGS:
Hollywood Or Bust
Let's Be Friendly
Day In The Country
It Looks Like Love
The Wild And Woolly West

THEY'RE OFF!
On a laugh-a-second,
mile-a-minute cross-
country joy ride! And
when the boys hit
Hollywood—the laughs
are colossal and the
songs are stupendous!

HOLLYWOOD or BUST
A PICTURE OF PROUD PEOPLE, A LOVE STORY, A CAVALCADE--
A CONFLICT OF CREEDS--A PERSONAL DRAMA OF STRONG LONGINGS
--A BIG STORY OF BIG THINGS AND BIG FEELINGS--THIS IS “GIANT”!

FROM THE
NOVEL BY
EDNA
FERBER

PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS. IN WARNERCOLOR STARRING
ELIZABETH TAYLOR • ROCK HUDSON

WITH DENNIS HOPPER • JUDITH EVELYN • PAUL FIX • SCREEN PLAY BY FRED GUIOL AND IVAN MOFFAT • MUSIC COMPOSED AND CONDUCTED BY DIMITRI TISCHNER
ANNOUNCING THE WINNERS OF AUGUST PHOToplay's

MR. MAGOO CONTEST

FIRST PRIZE
Bell & Howell 8 mm. movie camera
George Miladin, Santa Monica, Calif.

SECOND PRIZE
Westinghouse portable radio
Patricia C. Naglie, Malden, Mass.

THIRD PRIZE
Columbia record album, “Blue Rose”
Mary Davis, Dothan, Ala.
Mrs. Carmen Hnarakis, San Diego, Calif.
Patsy Maly, Sardinia, Ohio
Sister Thomas, St. Mary's, Detroit, Mich.

RUNNER-UP PRIZE
Original Mr. Magoo cartoon drawing
Cail Baker, Dallas, Tex.
Virginia Lee Barry, Hagerstown, Md.
Joyce Berardi, Waterbury, Conn.
Mrs. Claire Bernier, Plainville, Conn.
Mary Borgen, Westby, Wis.
Mrs. Hugh A. Breeden, Jacksonville, Fla.
Barbara Brosemer, Lombard, Ill.
Mrs. R.M. Burgess, Dallas, Tex.
Dolores Carey, Portland, Ore.
Mrs. Keith Champine, Crandon, Wis.
 Judy Chelle, Gary, Ind.
Rita Crosetti, Atlantic City, N. J.
Robin Ann Cypent, Bartlesville, Okla.
Jackie Doyle, Wethersfield, Conn.
Carol Dramer, Bremerton, Wash.
Nancy Elliott, New Orleans, La.
Rosemary Ellis, Newark, Ohio
Jerri Anne Foster, Saratoga, Ont., Can.
Margaret Fuller, Oklahoma City, Okla.
Janice Gauger, Clear Lake, S. D.
Rita F. Gregory, Muleshoe, Tex.
Virginia Hair, Lecompte, La.
Helene Harris, Willow Creek, Calif.
Aimee Hart, Youngstown, Ohio
John Hukill, Deer Lodge, Mont.
Mary Lou Hyman, Tacoma, Wash.
Mrs. M. Helen Ingalls, Atlanta, Ga.
Helen Jamison, San Francisco, Calif.
Marie Johnson, Woburn, Mass.
Bertil Jonsson, Akarp, Sweden
Candy Juno, Auburn, N. Y.
Victoria Just, Wood Lake, Minn.
Gary Kallaus, Richmond, Iowa
Margie Kent, Chicago, Ill.
Marjorie Rae Kewan, Eau Claire, Wis.
Mrs. Annette Kingsbury, Santa Ana, Calif.
Joan Kosut, Geneseo, Mich.
Mrs. L. S. Llewellyn, Thornton, Colo.
Anne Mallory, Chicago, Ill.
Jo Ellen McCormick, Columbia, Mo.
SP3 Donald R. McGowan, Fort Knox, Ky.
Diane Mercier, Redding, Calif.
Mrs. C. D. Miller, Key West, Fla.
Ellen Morrison, Snohomish, Wash.
Jane Y. Nakamura, Punnene, Maui, T. H.
Frances Nichols, Harrodsburg, Ky.
Stanley Novak, Bound Brook, N. J.
Kathryn T. Noyer, Eric, Pa.
Patti O'Donnell, Providence, R. I.
Mrs. Albert Olmstead, Grampian, Pa.
Pvt. Victor M. Padilla, New York, N. Y.
Lydia Pasquarielli, Bronx, N. Y.
Sgt. Worden M. Peters, New York, N. Y.
Patricia M. Petersen, Santa Monica, Calif.
Mark Peterson, Prescott, Ariz.
Theresa Pfannenstiel, Hays, Kans.
Denis Ryan, Portland, Ore.
R. G. Sandretto, Napa, Calif.
Mrs. George Schreck, Hollywood, Fla.
Elizabeth Sensoli, Melvindale, Mich.
June Stevenson, Vancouver, B. C., Can.
Mrs. Jay Sturtevant, Jefferson, S. D.
Agnes Suron, Duluth, Minn.
Joanne Taylor, Oxnard, Calif.
Gregory Tomlison, Slaton, Tex.
Donna Mae Urin, Worland, Wyo.
Peggy Waletzky, Westwood, N. J.
Judy Whaite, Hop Bottom, Pa.
Darlene Whitfield, Monroe, Wash.
Merrilynn Woods, Granger, Utah
Frances Young, Lebanon, Ohio

BICK BENEDICT was big enough to stand up and take what he wanted; and biggest, one day, when he crawled...

LESLIE LYNNOTT --whether you loved her in the open, or hid it inside you--you hungered...

JETT RINK was made of laughs and lies and loving looks; he was made to get to the top--so he could have the fun of falling all the way down...

JAMES DEAN
PRESENTING CARROLL BAKER
ALSO STARRING JANE WITHERS

CHILL WILLS - MERCEDES McCAMBRIDGE - SAL MINEO

PRODUCED BY GEORGE STEVENS AND HENRY GINSBERG • DIRECTED BY GEORGE STEVENS • PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS.
young man more loaded with talent than anyone since Dean, although not at all like Jimmy in either manner or appearance. Even Tony's eccentricities, such as they are, are accompanied by a soft-spoken politeness and a shy, boyish smile that would melt the heart of even the meanest interviewer. Tony's up for five important pictures, biggest of which will be "Desire Under the Elms." And then, someday soon, we'll undoubtedly see this lean, lanky young man walking down the aisle to receive an Academy Award.

On Again, Off Again: So it goes with Kim Novak and Frank Sinatra. When George Scullin was interviewing Kim for her life story in Photoplay Kim insisted that she never, never saw Frankie except when they were working together, then she promptly appeared at a premiere with Sinatra by her side. No one can deny Frank's charm, but there are also a good many lassies about town with scarred hearts who can attest to the fact that this fire burns.

The Hollywood Story: Perhaps it's not fair to give the end of a story before you've had a chance to read it. But unfortunately this sad ending to Stephanie Griffin's own story of an unforgettable day in her life, beginning on page 52, occurred after the story was in print. It happens so often out here that it's almost a classic—the girl who becomes a star and then walks out on the man who helped to make her one. Sometimes the man is a husband, sometimes an agent, sometimes a good friend. In Stephanie Griffin's case, the man was both husband and agent. His name is David March and the one thing David wanted more than anything in the world was to find a girl he could build into a star. He met Stephanie Griffin in New York five years ago and he knew he'd found her. But her stardom came slowly. So slowly that again and again she gave up hoping. Meanwhile, she and David fell in love with one another. They had just been married two years when Stephanie's big break came. All the months of making the rounds of the studio casting offices, with David hammering away at directors, trying to convince them that Stephanie was more than a beautiful girl, paid off. She got an important part in "The Last Wagon." And for David, it was to be a symbolic title. He went to New York on a business trip and when he came back, Stephanie told him they were through. "Nothing really means anything to me but my career," Stephanie said tearfully. "It isn't that I don't love you, David, it's that I can't love you. I have no love to give to anyone or anything but my work as an actress." Well, this is what David had always wanted—or thought he wanted. A girl who would work hard as for stardom as he would work for her. A girl who would fight for it, suffer for it, make any sacrifice.

The Girl With the Hand-Span Waist: That's what Jayne Mansfield insists she is—a girl with an eighteen-inch waist and a forty-inch bust. "And," she confides, "I'm firm all over since I've taken to weight-lifting." This girl's career is pretty firm, too, thanks to one of those ironies of what is usually referred to as Fate. When Jayne was under contract to Warner Brothers two years ago, she spent her time posing for cheesecake and fashion art. Then she took a part in a Broadway play that lampooned Hollywood. "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" At first, Hollywood was indignant. But when the play was a success, Hollywood decided to make a movie of it. They didn't, of course, put Jayne Mansfield in the role she had made famous on Broadway. Instead, 20th Century-Fox cast her opposite Tom Ewell in "The Girl Can't Help It." And she's getting the star treatment, proving again that Hollywood always wants what somebody else wants first.

Over the Hurdles: While Director Ed Dmytryk issued orders for Monty Clift and Lee Marvin to study hurdle racing, in preparation for a "Raintree County" scene, Ed breezily announced he was already a him- champ. They gave him the horse laugh as he produced papers to show he still holds the Florida collegiate high hurdle record. Nonetheless, in the film, Monty wins the race. Monty needs more than that to make him completely happy, though; talk is that he feels strongly the desire for a rest from Hollywood, and will take off from our town for a long break soon.
Revolon's 'clean and clear' uncovers a purer, finer brighter skin!

Almost any cleanser will take off surface dirt. But creams, even soaps, reach only the top cell-layer of your skin. They can't get down deep enough to clean out embedded dirt—the kind that enlarges nose and chin pores.

Here, at last, is a new kind of facial cleanser. Using CAT-I-ON-IC attraction, it lifts out dirt and makeup from 5-cell-layers of your skin... gets out dirt that soaps and creams leave behind. Result: a finer, purer skin! 'Clean and Clear' puts all other cleansing methods out of date! It's Milder than cream, leaves skin toned but not dry; dewy but not greasy. Start now! Build life-long skin beauty with 'Clean and Clear.' 1.25 plus tax.
Girls: When in doubt use Arrid—to be sure!

You're a smart young miss if you know all the answers. Even smarter if you realize that they add up to the daily use of Arrid—the most effective deodorant you can buy!

Arrid now is fortified with the magic new ingredient, Perstop. That's why Arrid is 11/2 times as effective as all leading deodorants tested, and the most popular deodorant, too!

1. Be sweet and approachable any hour, day or night. Just rub Arrid in—you rub perspiration and odor out. When the cream vanishes, you're safe.

2. It's never too hot for comfort with Arrid. It protects you against all kinds of unexpected perspiration. Keeps you dry and comfortable even in a crisis when your glands tend to gush perspiration.

3. Protect your clothes with Arrid. Perspiration rots fabric, bleaches color out. Even expert dry-cleaners can't remove these stains. Arrid controls moisture so effectively that your dresses stay sweet as new.

4. A second bath isn't necessary with Arrid. One a day will do. Just towel yourself dry, rub in Arrid, and you'll stay soap-and-water fragrant up to 24 hours. You can count on it!

Don't be half safe. Be completely safe. Use Arrid . . . to be sure.

ARRID
Purstop

* Carter Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants.

Your letters answered by Spring Byington

WHAT SHOULD I DO?

Q I'm a registered nurse. Three years ago I went to work at one of our local hospitals. I took the night shift, as new employees must do, with the result that I sacrificed sleep, a situation that often causes me to become highstrung and nervous. Result: I talk too much. I gabble, I'm afraid.

I don't believe I have ever lied about another person, but I know that I gossip and chatter. I simply don't seem to be able to stop myself.

One night recently, when I was leaving the hospital, after spending fourteen hours with a dying patient, I happened to overhear the head nurse talking to another nurse. "She is conscientious and kind-hearted," the head nurse said, "but her tongue is hung in the middle."

I am very fond of the head nurse and always considered her a friend, so hearing myself criticized in that way was really a blow.

Since then I've striven to speak only when spoken to, while maintaining a pleasant manner, but now and then I have to bite my tongue and leave the room to keep from speaking.

Tell me, Miss Byington, are there other "constant conversationists" in the world? If there are, what causes the trouble? I'd really like to know.

ROBERTA S.
Continued
"SAY 'MERRY CHRISTMAS' AS THE FRENCH DO"

suggests Claude Dauphin, distinguished French actor.

Give the fragrance more French women wear than any other...
Pond's deep cleansings make a lovely difference...

...when you're close enough to kiss!

New ultraviolet photographs prove Pond's Cold Cream removes dirt that other cleansing only "skims over"

1. A test patch of dirt and make-up is applied. In photo taken in ultraviolet light, patch shows up white.

2. Then patch is vigorously washed. She thinks her skin is clean, but...

3. Even after brisk washing, ultraviolet light shows stubborn dirt still there!

4. Proof Pond's cleanses deep. Right through imbedded dirt, Pond's cleanses a clear path!

No other cleanser removes make-up and dirt more completely, leaves your skin so fresh!

POND'S Cold Cream

WHAT SHOULD I DO? Continued

Q

Although I am only forty-two, I have been a grandmother for nearly four years. I have three children, a daughter twenty-three (the mother of my grandson), a son seventeen who is going into the Air Force next month, and a daughter fourteen. I was left a widow when my younger daughter was not yet two. I went to work and loved it. Other women seem to resent being breadwinners, but I enjoyed every second of it. I was able to employ a capable woman to take care of the household and help with the children, and I must confess that I had a good life.

Against my wishes, my older daughter married when she was eighteen, and her son was born a year later. Shortly after the birth of the baby, my daughter's husband "took off," and we've never seen him since. My daughter was trained, fortunately, to earn her own way, but she has insisted that I give up my work and take care of the baby. Please understand that she does it in a sweet and affectionate way—"Mother, you've worked long enough; you stay at home and take care of Jimmy and I'll earn our keep," — but the result is that I am tied down twenty-four hours a day and seven days a week. My daughter is popular, so her evenings and weekends are always taken up.

The worst of it is that, while I was working, I felt alive and stimulated, but now I feel—well, old. Am I being selfish, resentful old lady, or do I still have the right to a life of my own? Or is there a way out that hasn't occurred to me?

ANNA-LOUISE T.

A

Apparently you are such a sweet-natured woman, Mrs. T., it hasn't occurred to you that, by giving in to your daughter's "affectionate" insistence that you assume her responsibility, you are abetting her selfishness.

The adult obligation to teach younger people the ways of life does not end always when a member of the younger generation marries. As you have said, your daughter may bear a child against your wishes. Obviously, she made a mistake. Now she should be made to face the exact consequences of her youthful stubbornness. I don't mean to be cruel...
It's early bird Christmas shopping time with Samsonite Streamlite Luggage

Give the case that holds 52 travel needs!

**Samsonite Train Case $17.50**

Samsonite lets you get a head-start on Christmas with the most useful case a woman can own! Give her the famous Samsonite Train Case that actually holds 52 travel needs, has a waterproof lining and plastic tray for cosmetics and jewelry! Or the Hat Box and Personal O'Nite. All have special tongue-in-groove closures that seal out dust and moisture... bright non-tarnishing drawbolts that won't jam closed or fly open accidentally... "better-than-leather" finishes that wipe clean with a damp cloth! In Admiral Blue, Saddle Tan, Bermuda Green, Rawhide finish (featured), London Grey and Colorado Brown.
Why break dates when your face breaks out?

Hide broken-out skin instantly with Tussy Medicare...it helps heal as it conceals! No single cream, salve, or lotion can even begin to cover up (and help clear up) problem skin like Tussy Medicare.

Hide and heal this easy way! First, super-cleanse with Tussy Creamy Masque. It delves deeper than soap; floats out irritating grime. Next, use skin-colored Tussy Medicated Lotion as your make-up base. While it conceals—it helps heal blemishes, because it contains germ-fighting hexachlorophene! Complete Medicare Set, $2.00 and $1.10. No tax.

For handy touch-ups—Tussy Medicare Stick! To look "spotless" all day long, always carry a skin-colored Tussy Medicare Stick. And use it faithfully every two hours to guard your skin from infection. $1. No tax.

WHAT SHOULD I DO

Continued

about this; I only want to point out to you that you should not be the victim of a youngster's waywardness.

Wouldn't it be possible for you to secure employment and then set aside a gen-

eral sum to be paid as a salary to your daughter for keeping house and taking care of a youngster? And wouldn't it be fair to have two evenings per week during which you could take care of the youngster, that your daughter might enjoy some recreation? Also, it seems to me that you should have one weekend free, and your daughter might have the alternate weekend. Certainly a fifty-fifty split of weeks is not fair, as your present "carceration" is not.

Essentially, you are responsible for your own welfare, and I would say that your welfare demands freedom from a hard task which is in no way a result of your action.

Q A

I am twenty-four, a high school graduate, and single. I live with my parents, whom I adore. There are six children in addition to myself, in our family, all are married except my brother who's service and myself.

My problem is that I am_mixed up emotionally. As a child I was exceptionally sensitive although I've outgrown that. When I was twelve, my teacher had a conference with my parents. She told them I was too ad for my years and that I should make friends with people my own age. But I really wasn't interested. I liked to spend my time reading or listening to the radio. I suppose I've had four or five dates in my life, but men don't interest me and I have no desire to get married.

And there is the trouble. My mother is sixty-three and my father is seventy, and they have pointed out I can't count on them forever for a home and companionship. Another problem is that I start on a job with enormous zest, and then gradually lose interest as I master the work. I am undecided—one day I am interested in one thing, the next in something else.

I am not unhappy, although I feel that is something I am searching for. What, don't know. I don't daydream about love or fame or success, and I do get annoyed with myself when I lose interest in a job.

I don't want pity, just an honest opinion. Am I a hopeless misfit, or just what am I?

CAPRICE

A In my opinion, Caprice, your life is fascinating because it reveals, its tone of candid but unconscious modes that you have never been faced by a school problem or a job requirement that challenged your abilities.

You have so much more to offer than has been asked of you that much of your time appears to have been spent in a good humored withdrawal from boredom.

I think I have thought of the perfect profession for you—one that needs you desperately and that would demand from you your greatest capabilities. Furthermore, your calm emotional nature represents an added advantage in the field I have in mind.

You should become a surgical nurse.

In an operating room (once you had completed a rigorous and difficult course study) you would be exciting yourself a challenging and demanding profession. Your emotional coolness and your intellectual zest would be engaged to the fullest.

Certainly I do not think you are a misfit. I believe, with you, that you have been searching for a battle worthy of your muscles. In surgical nursing you would find...
Look lovely all day long with 'Love-Pat'...
never cakes, never turns orange-y!

*With 'Love-Pat' you're radiant*ly beautiful...*always*. It's pressed powder, plus foundation, with Revlon's own skin-softening Lanolite. Other compact makeup products and loose powders change color. Only 'Love-Pat' does not. It contains up to 3 times as much beautifying oil! Never messy, like spilly loose powder—and its lovely natural-looking bloom *lasts*...for hours! You'll love 'Love-Pat'! Get some!

*mRevlon* 'LOVE-PAT'
Compact Makeup with Lanolite
Whistle Clean

— for clear, liquid Halo

... unlike most shampoos... contains no greasy oils or soap. Nothing to interfere with cleaning action or dull your hair with heavy, dirt-catching film.

Mild, gentle Halo leaves hair softer, brighter... whistle clean!
LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES
WITH JANET GRAVES

EXCELLENT
GOOD
FAIR

BEST ACTING: DOROTHY MCGUIRE, GARY COOPER

Friendly Persuasion

With warmth and gentle humor, Dorothy McGuire and Gary Cooper paint a portrait of a happy marriage. Anthony Perkins, a highly attractive young man and a forceful actor, gets his career into high gear as their son. This Quaker family on an Indiana farm in Civil War times also includes newcomer Phyllis Love and Richard Eyer, first-rate child player. All have their problems, amusing or touching. Gary and his preacher wife are at odds over his fondness for music and for racing his buggy. Phyllis waits for a soldier lover’s return. Tony wrestles with his pacifist beliefs as others go to war. Richard has a feud with his mother’s pet goose, a terribly bad-tempered bird. Though the family speaks in the quaint “plain language,” they’re real and lovable people.

You Can’t Run Away from It

Off we go again on that famous bus ride, with June Allyson and Jack Lemmon doing the Colbert and Gable roles in a spanking new version of “It Happened One Night.” Sparkling with music, this lighthearted comedy casts June as an heiress trying to join her fortune-hunter bridegroom. She travels incognito, but Jack, an unemployed reporter, recognizes her and latches onto the juicy exclusive story. As June’s loving, overbearing father, Charles Bickford’s on her trail. There’s nice supporting work by Stubby Kaye, as a cheerful fellow passenger, Allyn Joslyn, as Jack’s ex-boss, and Jim Backus, as a driver who picks up the hitchhiking pair. Producer-director Dick Powell dexterously juggles the laughs, the sentimental moments and the lively songs.

Continued
**MOVIES Continued**

**Wee Geordie**

A delightful British comedy, filmed mostly in the magnificent Scottish Highlands, gives an endearing role to Bill Travers (seen as Ava Gardner's Anglo-Indian suit in "Blowani Junction"). *Wee Geordie* is introduced to us as a small boy, sensitive because he's so under-sized for his age. Hopefully, he takes a correspondence course in muscle-building, and because of this (he thinks) he proceeds to grow up into the strapping, husky Travers. Bill's a modest, gentle soul, with no competitive spirit at all: but he's so pal the muscle-builder, persuades him to take up the hammer throw. With the encouragement of his eccentric boss (Alastair Sim), Bill finally goes off to the 1956 Olympics in Australia. His romance with the comely girl-he-left-behind (Norah Gersen) is complicated when he meets up with an aggressive lady on Denmark's team.

**The Silent World**

In an exciting documentary, filled with a fine sense of adventure, Jacques-Yves Cousteau takes us deep into the mysterious world of the ocean. Co-inventor of the Aqua-lung and a pioneer in its use, Cousteau leads a group of modern mermen, swimming freely among marine animals and plants of incredibly brilliant color. They explore a sunken, coral-covered ship; they find they've acquired a pet, an ugly but amiable fish. Taking their ship, the *Calypso*, on a scientific expedition, these young men look instead as if they're simply having a rousing good time.

**The Sharkfighters**

Here's a brisk, commendably direct action film, shot in eye-soothing Caribbean locales. World War II is on and Navy officer Victor Mature has been assigned to head a group conducting dangerous experiments on an island off Cuba. They're trying to concoct a shark-repellent, which downed flyers may release in the water around their rafts. But the formulas they devise must actually be tried out in the shark-infested bay. Vic goes about his work with bitter determination, for in the Pacific he has seen some of his men killed by sharks. Karen Steele is his pretty wife; tall young James Olson, a likable newcomer, is a chemist eager for combat duty; Rafael Campos is a jaunty Cuban lad who loses his life during a test.

**Julie**

A taut, hard-driving suspense movie sets Doris Day to exploring the emotion of fear in all its degrees. Married to Louis Jourdan, a gifted concert pianist, she discovers that he is jealous literally to the point of insanity. He even admits that he murdered her first husband, supposedly a suicide, and he promises to kill her if she should leave him. The law can't help her, because she has no proof of his guilt or the sincerity of his threats. With the help of Barry Sullivan, a loyal friend, she escapes Jourdan and goes back to her job as an airlines stewardess. But her husband does not give up so easily. Frank Lovejoy plays a sympathetic police detective, and Jack Kelly's co-pilot of the plane on which the breath-stopping climax takes place. Some plot twists seem pretty wack—but similar events can be found in newspapers.

**The Power and the Prize**

Though star Robert Taylor performs capably, this drama of big business notable chiefly as Swiss actress Elisabeth Mueller's first American film. Combi blonde Nordic-style beauty with Latin f of temperament, she gives a sense of urgency to all her scenes. She and Bob meet in London, where he has come on business trip. Boss Burt Ives, a power and unprincipled executive, has sent him to put through a devious deal that will take control of a British firm away from Cedric Hardwicke, its founder. But when Bob falls in love with Elisabeth, a DP adds a concentration-camp graduate, her stumble in her business and truths lead him to examine his own standards critical. Mary Astor, as Ives' wife, and Richa Erm, as Taylor's associate on the try contribute understanding portrayals. Nicole Michaels, lovely in the Grace Ke manner, seems ill at ease as Taylor socialite fiancée.

**The Opposite Sex**

Glittering and witty, though lacking the elegant catchiness of the original, "T Women" in musical dress provides a glittering helping of entertainment. The most (Continued on page 2)
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 satinsoft, 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
(pilot tax)

*Trademark
over the Editor's shoulder...

Meet the secret source of our scoops—the "Question Man"

"I Read About It in Photoplay"
- It gladdened our hearts recently to read of a poll conducted by a gentleman named Sindlinger who is expert at such things. Among other things, Mr. Sindlinger asked his poll-takers to find out where moviegoers had heard about the movies they wanted to see. Quick-like-a-mouse came the answer: "I read about it in Photoplay." How many of your favorite movies did you hear about through an article or review in Photoplay? We'd love to know, so don't hesitate to write us. Your letters are always read and always welcome.... For instance, it is thanks to the many letters you have sent enthusiastically endorsing our new policy of condensed book-length features on the stars that we have decided to continue it—with more bonus stories, more reading time for your money. Rock Hudson, Doris Day, Natalie Wood, Elvis Presley—they're just a few of the complete stories by top writers scheduled for coming issues. Watch for them!

The Exciting Questions

When you were very young, and asked questions which the grownups couldn't answer, were you ever told to ask "the answer man"? Well, we've got a question man here at Photoplay, and his job is to anticipate the questions our readers are going to ask about the stars, so that we can find the answers. This month, our question man really had us stopped with questions like: "Who will be Elizabeth Taylor's next husband?" "Is religion in Hollywood real or phony?" "How could Judy Garland have gone broke on a hundred thousand a year?" Somewhat doubtfully, we set writers and researchers on the trail. And sure enough they came up with the answers, which you will read exclusively in January Photoplay.

Another Elvis Presley Exclusive

We gave you the first report on Presley in Hollywood and the first Presley pinup in color. Now, we've cornered the mark on an Elvis Presley charm bracelet that perfect for teen-age gift-giving: An autographed picture of Elvis, a miniature of his famous guitar, a little hound dog and a heart-shaped dangle, all on a gold-plated link chain. To find out how to get one...

FREE 40 MORSE Super FOTOMATIC

Win one of TEN Morse Super Fotomatic Sewing Machines to be GIVEN AWAY FREE EACH MONTH in this Morse Contest! HOW TO WIN: Get entry blank from your nearest Morse Dealer, or fill in coupon below in a few words. Paste an postcard and mail to...

MORSE Sewing Machine & Supply Corp.
122 West 36th St., New York 1, N.Y.
OR 2615 W. Pico Blvd., Los Angeles 48, Calif.
"I'd love to own a completely automatic Morse Super Fotomatic Zig Zag Sewing Machine because:

Name
Address
City State
Phone No.

4 Monthly Contests, starting October 1, 1956. This Month's Contest Closing December 31, 1956.
I dreamed
I played chess in my *maidenform* bra

I'm the darling of the chess-set. Pawns, knights, even kings watch my every move. For whether I'm the White Queen or the Black, I rule the board in my Maidenform bra. The dream of a bra: new Concerto* Wunderwire, the bra with the deep, deep dress-up plunge. Wired beneath the cups in a wonderful "W"-shape that never pinches or presses, just caresses. Purest white or blackest black in delicate nylon lace. A, B, C and D sizes...5.95. *REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. ©MAIDENFORM BRASSIERE CO., INC., N.Y., N.Y.
I like Natalie Wood but I believe she'd do anything for publicity. Leslie Caron has become difficult about making movies in Hollywood, and they don’t have to coax her for me. Joan Crawford continues to amaze me. New faces vanish after a few movies, but Miss C. goes on and on. I wouldn’t be too surprised if Elvis Presley’s big career turned out to be acting, which is one way to get him to stop singing. Mona Freeman’s comment on Presley: “The first time I ever saw him on TV, I thought something was wrong with my set.” Barbara Rush should be doing more. It seems that to be a movie star (actress) you’ve got to have a large bosom or talent. “Why must I be the biggest this or the biggest that?” Dana Wynter asked me. “Talent can’t be measured by a tape measure.” I’m confessing that “War and Peace” is not on my list of favorite movies. As Jerry Lewis said: “Too long. It runs for three hours and nine days.”

Kim Novak is shedding her inhibitions. Bob Wagner sleeps in the raw in a king-size bed. “I need plenty of space to roll around in,” says Bob, “and I don’t mean rock ‘n roll.” Ava Gardner when asked “What is glamour?” offered Lilly Dache’s definition: “All women know what it is, but many do not know that they know.”

I read that Tony Perkins is considered a new Jimmy Stewart. And only a few years ago Stewart was called a new Gary Cooper. Coop had to do it alone; he wasn’t called a new anybody. Janet Leigh is sexier than she is given credit for, or than the roles she plays on the screen. I’d say that Sheree North actually started her picture career in “The Best Things in Life Are Free.” Don’t goof, fellows, keep it going. I’ll give big odds that Cleo Moore is never elected Governor of Louisiana. Get Frank Sinatra in the right mood and he’ll go all out for you. Keep watching Lita Milan. She’s so sexy, stacked and shapely that she could be a blonde. At a cocktail party, Doris Day looks as if she wants to leave. Don Murray told me that, although he had been going steady with Hope Lange, he only decided to marry her while playing a love scene with Marilyn Monroe. Our Marilyn had quite a Q. and A. session with the English newspapermen. Q.: “Are you being completely yourself in this press conference or acting a part?” Our Marilyn: “I find I can be surprisingly myself. Sometimes I wonder if it is me.”

Shelley Winters hasn’t allowed success to change her. She was just as noisy, boisterous and honest when she was trying to make it. “If a movie is not about boy meets girl, there are a group of critics who tag it Art,” William Holden told me. When you mention the name of Garbo, Susan Strasberg acts like a movie fan eager for an autograph. I have looked at all size screens and read many articles telling what’s wrong with the movies. Believe me, there’s nothing wrong with the movies that couldn’t be fixed by doing away with television. Sal Mineo claims that most starlets are proof that you can fill out a form and still look blank.

I don’t give the Liz Taylor-Mike Todd romance eighty days, providing they’re each other’s company continuously that length of time. They dubbed in voice for Anita Ekberg in “War and Peace,” but that’s all they put in. Everything else is her own. Mercedes McCambridge said it: “I think every wood should take one day off a week and pretend she’s not married at all.” Dangero thought. Diana Dors changes her sleeping position in bed weekly because she doesn’t want to get into a rut even there. I didn’t believe Jayne Mansfield was for real even while we were chattering. “My apologies to Dior,” said Jayne. “But my philosophy, which I read in a book, that when it comes to wine, women, song, not one of them is good flat.”

THAT’S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

Don Murray told Sidney the remarkable circumstances under which he proposed to Ho...
The kind of **GAY ADVENTURE**
every girl lives in her dreams!

Four shapely beauties in Glamorous Hollywood with a career in their grasp...men on their minds...and the excitement every woman wants!

**KATHY**
*The Girl from Mainstreet U.S.A.*
Had a mother to guide her...and a conscience to hold her back!

**VICKI**
*The Girl from Gay Paree*
Walked out on the one man she couldn't live without!

**MARIA**
*The Girl from Romantic Rome*
Men had made her notorious...money made them interesting!

**INA**
*The Girl from Old Vienna*
Locked a secret in her heart...only one man had the key!

**Four Girls in Town**

**CINEMA-SCOPE • TECHNICOLOR**

**STARRING**
GEORGE NADER • JULIE ADAMS • MARIANNE COOK • ELSA MARTINELLI
GIA SCALA • SYDNEY CHAPLIN • GRANT WILLIAMS • JOHN GAVIN

Written and Directed by JACK SHER • Produced by AARON ROSENBERG • A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE
feminine cast is rich in personality and eye-appeal. June Allyson is the loving wife who loses husband Leslie Nielsen to conniving Joan Collins. Good-looking as ever, Ann Sheridan is June's wise friend. Dolores Gray is the gossipy, selfish idler who deserves to lose husband Bill Goodwin to the more amiable Ann Miller. Contested wife Joan Blondell keeps busy producing babies; titled Agnes Moorehead does the same acquiring husbands. Brief as Jeff Richards' role is, he registers strongly as a lady-killing cowboy, scoring with his "Rock 'n' Roll Tumbleweed."

**The Unguarded Moment**
**U-I, TECHNICOLOR**

No swimming, no singing this time for Esther Williams. She does a creditable job as a schoolteacher whose reputation and life are at stake. John Saxon, an extremely handsome newcomer, ably plays a high-school student warped by the woman-hating attitude of his father (Edward Andrews). After writing Esther a series of anonymous, obscene letters, John tries to attack her. Frightened as she is, she wants to help the boy, though police detective George Nader favors a get-tough approach. When Esther makes her accusations, John blandly denies them and the thrills in the air, culminating in the launching of a rocket-powered plane from a bomber.

**Death of a Scoundrel**
**PARADIGM**

Paralleling a real-life murder mystery (still unsolved), this melodrama neat casts George Sanders as a suave rogue, European who builds a fast fortune America by tricky means. He also attracts an assortment of women: Zsa Zsa Gabor wealthy but money-minded widow; Yvonne DeCarlo, shady lady who becomes George business associate; Coleen Gray, milly air's wife; Nancy Gates, a secretary. Sanders' downfall nears, the move switches from the light to the dramatic approach, and her hero-villain is never fully explained.

**The Vagabond King**
**VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR**

Here are the beloved songs, some lively additions, as the story of François Villon is retold. The lusty-voiced Oreste plays the poet-vagabond who leads the rabble of Paris, Kathryn Grayson the princess promised to him—temporarily by the king (the late Walter Hampde who furnishes the picture's most enjoyable moments). Rita Moreno is Oreste's gutter sweetheart, and menace is ab supplied by Leslie Nielsen and Gregory Morton.

**The Bad Seed**
**WARNER**

Some thrills are generated by a deliberate shuck, with Patty McCormack as a small girl who has inherited homicid tendencies from her grandmother, an Nancy Kelly as the child's distraught mother. Both are talented players; so in Henry Jones, as a dim-witted hired man who roues Patty's wrath, and Elle Heckart, as a woman whose little boy was murdered. But the story remains unconvincing, directed and acted in a theatrical style unsuited to movies.

**The Search for Bridey Murphy**
**PARADIGM**

The movie version of the controversial best-seller comes along belatedly, though it's persuasively acted and presented with simplicity. Playing the amateur hypnotist Louis Hayward also serves as narrator Teresa Wright is the housewife who, under hypnosis, apparently goes back to an earlier life as an Irish girl of the early 19th Century. Kenneth Tobey is Teresa's worried husband; Nancy Gates, Hayward's wife; Richard Anderson, the doctor who checks on the experiments.

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**Rivals in romance, Lloyd and Bill become firm allies whenever take-off time nears**

---

**Tension at Table Rock**
**RKO, TECHNICOLOR**

The ballad which is now a fixture in Westerns here takes a terribly uncomplimentary turn, unjustly accusing hero Richard Egan of cold-blooded murder. Pursued by the taunting song, fleeing the wreck of his reputation, Dick finally assumes an alias. With orphaned little Billy Chapin in tow, he comes to a frontier town to turn the boy over to Billy's aunt and uncle, Dorothy Malone and sheriff Cameron Mitchell. Cameron's situation is bitter: He has lost his courage, and a gang of trail-weary cowhands is about to hit the town and go on a smashing spree. Slowly, Egan becomes involved, to play a decisive role in the tense finale.

**Toward the Unknown**
**WARNER, WARNERCOLOR**

The imposing sweep of jets across the sky and the solid acting talents of William Holden and Lloyd Nolan give this Air Force epic both visual and emotional interest. Since Holden broke under brainwashing in North Korea, commanding officer Nolan is reluctant to reinstate him as a test pilot at his California base. At times, even Holden himself fears that he may again crack under tension. Gradually, he wins back his self-respect and the respect of others as he meets increasing risks. Nolan has an acknowledged problem of his own: He refuses to admit that he's grown too old to continue making test flights. There's a quiet rivalry between Holden and Nolan for the affections of Virginia Leith, the older man's secretary. But romance is subordinate to the story.

**Secrets of Life**
**BUENA VISTA, TECHNICOLOR**

The latest of Disney's nature documentaries includes many fascinating shots, though the picture as a whole seems slung together in grab-bag style. It's the story of birth and the fight for survival among plants, insects and water creatures. There's a crawly over-emphasis on the insect world, but early sequences concerning plants are amazing. Through stop-motion photography done with incredible patience, you see not only buds opening into flowers before your eyes, but vines twisting and thrusting and groping for support like the living things they really are.

**Cha-Cha-Cha-Boom!**
**COLUMBIA**

Whipped up in the same carefree manner as the popular "Rock Around the Clock," this unpretentious musical concentrates on Latin rhythms. For the purposes of the plot, it's imagined that Peru Prado and his men are discovered on Cuban plantation by Steve Dunne, di impresario. Sylvia Lewis, who joins Dan De Paolo in some sensuous dance shrewdly helps to promote the deal. To hit scored in the U. S. by the new musicians confounds (and secretly pleases) Alik Talton, Steve's sweetheart and business competitor. For variety in voc styles, there are the Mary Kaye Trio at Helen Greyco.
NOW! Real medicated help for troubled skin

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SOAP BOX:

It is said that little things mean a lot. I'd like to illustrate this fact by mentioning a rising star in Hollywood and the courtesy he has shown me. His name is Jeff Morrow.

Morrow, who is an extremely busy young actor, sent me a photograph, but when one takes valuable minutes to write a letter to an interested fan, that really is worth raving about. Of course, it must be remembered that responsibility for the success or failure of a star, but how many actors and actresses really give that personal touch to their devoted admirers!

In my opinion, Jeff has characteristics which will keep his name uppermost in the minds of motion picture fans. He has a deep sense of humility, a gentle warmth, and real acting ability.

To me, it is not a letter from a movie star, but to me such a letter is a symbol of character. I believe that Jeff Morrow is destined for big things, if given half a chance. Remember, movie fans—watch for the name Jeff Morrow.

With your support, he will make good!

CAROL ANN BOSTROM
Auburn, Massachusetts

I want to thank you for your articles, "There Was a Boy" (James Dean), in the September, October and November issues. Thanks also for the beautiful pictures of the greatest actor Hollywood has ever had. Bill Bast must have loved Jimmy just as we do to give such a beautiful story.

I would like to tell you about the magic of Jimmy Dean. My husband, daughter and I took a trip out West in July, and before leaving I bought a notebook and put Jimmy's picture in it. Then, at each place we stopped, I asked all the people I talked to to sign my book if they would like a Special Award from the Academy to be given to Jimmy. We were weeks, and I came home with 331 signatures.

I sent the signatures to the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. They read them and sent them back. In some small way, we hope that this will help convince the Academy to nominate Jimmy for an Oscar for his role in "Giant," and that he will win. I would also like to thank all the people who signed my Jimmy Dean book in the hope that they will receive a Special Award from the Academy.

MRS. BEATRICE JOHNSON
West Toledo, Ohio

I am a seventeen-year-old girl and I feel I am fairly intelligent. I would like to say that I am fed up with all the unfair and derogatory remarks about Elvis Presley, such as, that he is "corrupting the morals of teenagers," that he is "distasteful, obscene, a menace to society." I'm under the impression that the people who say these things would also like to say (but don't quite dare) that he is a strong contributing factor to today's juvenile delinquency, if not a delinquent himself!

Well, this prime example of a "corruptor of teen-age morals" is one who neither smokes nor drinks, who loves and is devoted to his parents, who unselfishly bought them a new home, who is deeply religious, who is polite, genuinely sincere and loved by all who know him personally, and who, by a great gift of nature, possesses a very rare and wonderful sense of music and rhythm which enables him to disregard convention and express himself so freely, uniquely and without inhibitions.

I am afraid Mr. Presley's way of expressing his natural emotions hits a little too close to home. And there are those narrow, brittle, frustrated minds who recognize this and feel it, but are too ashamed to admit that they, too, have this (so-called) disgraceful, wild, restless desire within them.

If what I have said about Elvis Presley indicates that he is an example to teenagers of delinquency, then I'm afraid I'm all for being a delinquent!

PAT CAMPBELL
Van Nuys, California

I don't usually write letters to movie magazines, but in this case I feel I had the most beautiful story in your September issue, and I couldn't pass up the chance to tell you how much I enjoyed it. It was "All the Things Marriage Is Made Of," about the wonderful family of the Alan Ladd, I sincerely say, "God Bless them and their happiness. May it last forever."

PAT ADAMS
Antioch, California

This is not just a letter! It is an appeal directed to everyone with an ounce of compassion in his body. It is written with love and understanding in behalf of a great artist and a great lady for whom my heart grieves. Time cannot dim the memory of her superlative talents any more than scandal could mar her wonderful image which for years was my inspiration. When I close my eyes and concentrate, I can see that sweet, eager young face whose refreshing classic beauty I shall remember always. I long again to feel the warmth of her personality that captured a thousand hearts. For a long time they were devoted hearts, but where are those hearts now?

Ingrid Bergman is no longer the gay, carefree, young Swedish girl who thrilled me in "Intermezzo." Time and anguish have taken their tolls. Because she dared to be human, she is rejected. But I cannot reject her, and I am not alone. In my eyes, she is the "inimitable Ingrid," an actress comparable to Sarah Bernhardt, who deserves the support of her own country, as well as that of her adopted country, America.

I wish Ingrid could know how many of us in America still remember her artistry, her sensitivity, her incomparable portrayals in "Casablanca," "Bells of St. Mary," "Gaslight," and many others.

Can't we forgive and forget? The Bible speaks of brotherly love, but where is it? As a woman, as a human being, I ask you to open the doors you have closed. Let Ingrid Bergman come back!

S. ONLON
San Francisco, California

What a foolish man John Derek is! His wife was a good mother, a thrifty person, and worked hard in photography just what every man wants. So she didn't spend much on clothes and the things that make a woman attractive to a man. Well, around here, a man's wife is attractive to him in feed-sack dresses because he loves her. John doesn't know what love is, and that's putting it mildly, I think Pati is really very lucky to be rid of him. Now she can get a real man instead of a shallow boy.

MRS. JACK OHL
Westgate, Iowa

QUESTION BOX:

My sister and I were wondering if Tony Curtis and Burt Lancaster did all their own stunts, including the "triple," in "Trapeze." Could you tell us, please?

BETTY FIELDS
Napa, California

Professional, well-known aerialists did the stunts in "Trapeze." Although Tony and Burt did do it on the trapeze in some scenes.—En.

Could you please settle an argument? My sister says that Cliff Robertson played in "Picnic." I say he didn't. Who is right?

LORRAINE KUSNER
Los Angeles, California

Your sister is right. Cliff Robertson played the part of Alan in "Picnic."—En.
This Christmas buy cartons of Luckies

So nice to give...

to get ... to serve ... to enjoy!

Luckies Taste Better
CLEANER, FRESHER, SMOOTHER!
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Continued

Did Deborah Kerr do her own singing in “The King and I”?  
CAROL ARGELLA  
Brooklyn, N. Y.  
No, Marni Nixon did the singing.—Ed.

I recently saw “Away All Boats.” Will you please give me some information on William Reynolds who played Ensign Kruger? Also, what is his next picture?  
JEANETTE MACLOUD  
Los Angeles, California  
William Reynolds was born in Los Angeles December 9, 1931. He was bitten by the acting bug when he was four years old, and drew applause with a recital of “The Gingham Dog and the Calico Cat.” In 1949 he made his first attempt at crashing the movies, and took any work he could get while hiding his time. An agent finally noticed him, and got him some movie roles which resulted in Universal-International signing him to a term contract.

Bill married Molly Sinclair in Las Vegas, in June, 1950. He is an avid reader, and likes classical and modern music. Swimming is his favorite form of recreation. He will appear next in “Mister Cory.”—Ed.

Would you please settle an argument? My friend says Pier Angeli is younger than her twin sister, Marisa Pavan, and I say just the opposite. Who is right?  
LYNN J. FITZGERALD  
St. Louis, Missouri  
You are. Pier was born about ten months before Marisa on June 19, 1932.—Ed.

I saw “The King and I” with my girlfriend, and she says the Crown Prince was played by Sal Mineo. I say the part was played by someone else. Am I right, or is she?  
PAULA MELCHER  
Dorchester, Massachusetts  
You are. The part of Prince Chulalongkorn was played by Patrick Adair.—Ed.

CASTING:

Although I have read The Red Pony by John Steinbeck, many times, I just realized what a terrific movie it would make, with the right people in the wonderful parts. For the part of Ida, the horse-loving boy, I elect Tim Considine, plus Gregory Peck as the stern father, John Wayne as Billy Buck, and Betty Garrett as the hard-working mother.  
C. H. L. ONG  
Wilmette, Illinois

After reading Darling Rebel by Florence Sweet, I couldn’t get it out of my mind how much I would like to see it as a movie, with the following cast: Kim Novak as Marilyn Boss; Rock Hudson as Carl Floyd; John Ericson as Don Allen; Natalie Wood as Polly Dawson; and Jo Van Fleet as Mrs. Dawson.  
ANONYMOUS  
Plainfield, New Jersey

With bigger and better Westerns being filmed today, I can’t imagine why there aren’t more of Zane Grey’s novels being made into movies. His novels are a potential gold mine, and I’m sure someday they’ll be recognized as such. I think his Fort Laramie and Nevada would be very good with the following cast in both movies: Nevada, Clint Walker; Ben I, Tab Hunter; Hettie Ide, Pat Crowley; Ina Blaine, Natalie Wood.  
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- PEACH-OF-A-PINK—rosy coral
- CORAL—bright coral

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for the month indicated. Full reviews this month are on page 30.

AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER—U.A.; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Delicious romantic comedy, shot in Paris. GI John Forsythe in love with Olivia de Havilland. She's dangel of the U.S. ambassador; he thinks she's a French model. (F) Oct

ATTACK!—U.A.; Slashing, often hoarse drama of war in Europe. Strong all-male cast led by Jack Palance, as a fighting man; Eddie Albert, as an officer whose cowardice deters the G.I.'s. (A) Nov

AWAY ALL BOATS—U.I.; VistaVision Technicolor: Impressive action movie of World War II; Jeff Chandler's the lonely skipper of a Pacific attack transport, with George Nader and Keenan Wynn as officers. (F) Sept

BACK FROM ETERNITY—RKO: A suspense film finds pilot Robert Ryan's plane forced down in the South American jungle, with a passenger list including shady lady Anita Page and assassin Rod Steiger. (F) Nov


BEST THINGS IN LIFE ARE FREE—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color; Mel Ferrer's success saga of the 1920's, Gordon MacRae, Ernest Borgnine, Dan Dailey are a composite team; Sherree North is Gordon's girl. (F) Nov

BETWEEN HEAVEN AND HELL—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Bob Wagner drags a juicy role as a spoiled Southerner who's Army misfit in the Pacific. Terry Moore is briefly his wife; Buddy Ebsen is an Army jeer who changes Bob's outlook. (F) Nov

BEYOND A REASONABLE DOUBT—RKO: Ingenious but too mechanical thriller. Writer Dana Andrews frames himself for murder, keeping fiancée Joan Fontaine in the dark. 1 plan goes awry. (F) Nov

BURNING HILLS, THE—Warners, Technicolor: Tab Hunter and Natalie Wood team pleasingly in a suspenseful Western, as victims of land-hungry cattle harum. (F) Oct

BUS STOP—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: In a touching comedy of love. Marilyn Monroe does her finest work as a hooky-tonk gal boisterously pursued by innocent cowboy Don Murray, a welcome new face. (A) Nov

FIRST TRAVELING SALESLADY, THE—RKO, Technicolor: Featherweight farce, set at the turn of the century. With Carol Channing, Ginger Rogers tries to sell harried wife in Texas, Ginger is courted by auto pioneer Barry Nelson and ranch owner James Arness. (F) Oct

HIGH SOCIETY—M-G-M: VistaVision Technicolor: Sparkling musical remake of "The Philadelphia Story," with Grace Kelly as the feisty, demanding society belle, Bing Crosby as her ex; Frank Sinatra as a reporter. (F) Sept

JOHNNY CONCHO—U.A.; Unusual Western, with Frank Sinatra as a no-good type getting by on his outlaw brother's reputation. Piffi Kirk urges him toward reform. (F) Nov
REVIEWS

LAST WAGON, THE—20th, CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: In a cracking good frontier drama, killer Richard Widmark shepherds a group of orphaned teenagers (including Felicia Farr, Nick Adams, Stephanie Griffin) through an Apache-haunted wilderness. (F) October

LISBON—Republic: Natoma, Technicolor: Gay tongue-in-cheek melodrama, with picturesque Portuguese backgrounds. Ray Milland's hired by mystery man Claude Rains to rescue Maureen O'Hara's rich husband. (A) October

LUST FOR LIFE—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor: Beautiful film about the painter Van Gogh's turbulent life. Kirk Douglas gives an impassioned performance in the lead; Tony Quinns excellent as Gauguin. (A) October

MOUNTAIN, THE—Paramount, VistaVision, Technicolor: Splendidly forthright duel of character between brothers Spencer Tracy and Bob Wagner, as they climb to reach a wrecked plane in the French Alps. (F) October

PARDNERS—Paramount: VistaVision, Technicolor: Martin and Lewis give horse operas a ribbing as they battle outlaws together. Dean is a cowboy; Jerry, a rich boy; Lori Nelson and Jackie Loughbury are their girls. (F) September

PILLARS OF THE SKY—U-I, Technicolor: Brisk Indian-fighting yarn. Cavalryman Jeff Chandler favors peace, but winds up under siege. With Dorothy Malone. (F) November

PORT AFRIQUE—Columbia, Technicolor: Colorful whodunit, shot in French Morocco. Aided by refugee Pier Angeli, Phil Carey investigates his wife's murder. (A) November

SOLID GOLD CADILLAC, THE—Columbia: Laugh-loaded spoof of big business. Small stockholder Judy Holliday snags into the directors' dealings (they're crooked), pursues Paul Douglas, the firm's ex-losses. (F) October

STORM CENTER—Columbia: Well-acted but too obviously rigged topical drama. Librarian Bette Davis upset her town by refusing to throw out a pro-Red book. (F) October

STRADA, LA (“The Road”)—TransLux: Beautiful Italian film (titles in English), with Anthony Quinn as a traveling strong man; Giulietta Masina, his gentle partner; Richard Basehart, a wise clown. (A) September

TEA AND SYMPATHY—M-G-M: CinemaScope, Metrocolor: Sensitive and subtly done, this drama casts John Kerr as a college boy accused of being a spy. For understanding, he turns to the older Deborah Kerr, wife of instructor Leif Erickson. (A) November

TEENAGE REBEL—20th, CinemaScope: Fresh, heart-catching study of a parent-teenager relationship. Wed to Michael Rennie, Ginger Rogers tries to win over Betty Lou Keim, resentful child of her first marriage. (F) November

WALK THE PROUD LAND—U-I; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Pleasant, fact-based Western. Indian agent Audie Murphy tries to treat Apaches fairly. Pat Crowley's his Eastern bride; Anne Bancroft, an Apache. (F) October

WAR AND PEACE—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Impressively version of Tolstoy's novel, Audrey Hepburn, Henry Fonda and Mel Ferrer are Russian aristocrats vitally affected by Napoleon's invasion. (F) November

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Wowing the home town when you're his date for the premiere of his latest movie

Now find out how you can "win" Sal Mineo for a day. The rules are simple—the contest is terrific

details on page 73
THE MAN WHO ALMOST GOT AWAY

Rock has news for any girl in love with a "born bachelor" • BY BEVERLY OTT

When Phyllis Gates captured Rock Hudson she was capturing the man who was admittedly Hollywood's Number One bachelor. She was, furthermore, capturing a man who had managed to elude some of the loveliest young women in that or any other city. And not only lovely—clever, too. Clever in the art of handling men, clever in the art of conversation, clever in the matter of knowing exactly how to dress for any given occasion, drawing neatly and correctly that invisible line between underdressing and overdressing.

How did it come about that they lost him while Phyllis caught him? The obvious thing, and the easy thing, is to say that those other charmers didn't (Continued on page 102)
In which a girl who liked boys better than studies learns to like fame best of all

The Girl with the Lavender Life

BY GEORGE SCULLIN

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE: In Part I of this stranger-than-fiction story, George Scullin described Kim Novak’s early days in Hollywood and how she was catapulted to stardom. He also told how, throughout the fantastic dream she has been living, Kim has perpetually had to fight uncertainty and bewilderment—which, in itself, is a prelude to learning what makes this amazing girl tick.

One of the nicer rewards of fame for Kim Novak: being able to make life easy for her parents. One problem of fame: making her own life happy

PART II

• Last summer, the dazzling Kim Novak returned from her triumphant tour of Europe to find herself confronted with two of the choicest roles in Hollywood. One would co-star her with no less than Rita Hayworth and Frank Sinatra in a lavish musical production, “Pal Joey.” The other would give her the title role in the highly dramatic film version of “The Jeanne Eagels Story.” The latter assignment left Kim excited, but more than a little bewildered.

“Just who,” she asked, “was Jeanne Eagels?”

That is the kind of question that might stamp any other actress as a “dumb blonde,” but not Kim Novak. This exceptionally forthright young woman, disdainning to pretend a knowledge she does not possess, is a firm believer in asking honest questions and getting honest answers. It is one of her most valuable assets, and her questions about a picture usually end with her being the best informed member of the cast.

So swiftly has Miss Novak skyrocketed to fame, and so alluring and regal is she in all her glamorous photographs, that a myth has been created to the effect that she is too beautiful to have to work. Quite the opposite is true. Within two months after getting the Jeanne Eagels assignment, Kim not only knew all about the tempestuous actress as she would appear in the picture, but she was an authority on every phase of Miss Eagels’ life. How does she do it?

“I’ve read everything I (Continued on page 82)
HERE ARE YOUR

Elvis Presley
PINUPS

For first report on
Presley in Hollywood
turn the page
They're calling him the greatest threat to established stars since Tyrone Power. They were all set to hate him, but they loved him.

Here's the inside story

- "I'd sure like to take a crack at it," Elvis Presley was saying. "I know I could do it easy."

The thing Elvis thought he could do "easy" was portray the life of the late James Dean on the screen. Elvis sat back on his haunches as he was kneeling in front of us on 20th Century-Fox's huge recording stage, confiding his latest ambition to me and Dave Weisbart, producer of Presley's first picture, "Love Me Tender." Weisbart was also the producer of "Rebel Without a Cause," which starred Jimmy Dean, and he had come to know Elvis better than anyone in Hollywood. He agreed with Presley's optimistic (Continued on page 93)
This is my Story...

BY

BETTY HUTTON

This is not a pretty story. But then, there are times when life isn’t pretty. This is a story of the darkest years in one woman’s life, when the only light was her faith in a tomorrow that she made come true...

In my newest picture, “Spring Reunion,” I portray a dutiful daughter named Maggie. She is a young woman who never gave herself the chance to really live. Maggie was the flower of her home town, the girl voted the most likely to succeed by her high school class, but she didn’t have the guts to try. She just couldn’t cut the silver cord—nor would her father’s possessive love let her.

My friends will surely think this role is the most off-beat casting of all time—as would anyone who knows the life I’ve led. My father deserted me when I was two years old. I went to work when I was three, singing and dancing in a saloon while my mother tended the bar. And the class mates in my neighborhood never voted me to succeed at anything but scoring a bull’s-eye with a ripe tomato thrown (Continued on page 95)
As deeply stirring as the excitement of a man who feels himself touched by faith is this story of Charlton Heston's strange experience as Moses

BY HYATT DOWNING

Jesus said of Moses: "For if ye believed Moses, ye would have believed me; for he wrote of me."

Can any man play the role of such a figure and not be changed by it? That was the question Charlton Heston asked of himself when he was first approached, by Cecil B. De Mille, to portray the Biblical character in "The Ten Commandments." Heston now has an answer. It is a definite "No."

"Moses was the greatest man who ever lived," says Heston. "Jesus cannot be placed in the same category because He was divine. Moses was the only man who ever talked, face to face, with God. No one can study the tremendous drama of the Exodus which Moses led and not be profoundly moved. No one can live it—as I did in the making of 'The Ten Commandments'—and not come out a different person. The effect was—unexplainable. The greatness of the man emerges gradually, like dawn, until in the end he towers above any other who ever lived."

Charlton Heston never pretended to be a profound thinker or to have powerful convictions about his relations with his Maker. "Chuck was never an extremely religious person, in the generally accepted sense," his wife Lydia said after seeing him through the experience of making the picture. "He was reared in a conventional Episcopalian background, but this had no outward manifestations. Now, however, I think he feels that Moses and 'The Ten Commandments' have given him a profound insight. Entirely apart from any convictions that he himself may have, I believe his study of the Ten Commandments has given him a greater feeling about many things, including deep respect for the beliefs of others."

And there was more to the experience that only Charlton himself could tell. No individual can live through a great emotional adventure and emerge in all respects the same man he was before entering upon it.

It began with another man who is remarkable in many ways—Cecil B. De Mille. This shrewd and thoughtful artist had one of the greatest casting problems in Hollywood history. He needed a young yet experienced actor—which Heston, with his list of excellent but far from earth-shaking pictures behind him, (Continued on page 78)
A LADY ON THE LOOSE
star in "Burning Hills," but Tab's been to New York a lot more than I have and I don't think he's nearly as excited as I am. Besides, I'm looking forward to seeing a lot of New York shows while Tab is really sorry to be saying goodbye to his horse, Swizzlestick, for so long. I certainly hope people don't try to blow this up into a romance. Golly, I don't know any girl who hasn't been practically married to Tab, and yet, as far as I know, he's never been really serious about any girl. But enough of that. Tomorrow I start to pack, and Tab and I and my tigers will get on a plane and set out for what I think is probably the most excitingly, breathtaking city in the world.

- New York, Monday morning: I promised Photoplay I'd give them my diary of everything that happens to me on this trip, so here goes. The truth and nothing but the truth and no cheating! No saying I got flowers when I didn't, for instance, and right now the room is as bare as a desert in wintertime. (I hope Nick Adams and Scott Marlowe read this and feel guilty.) But New York is so exciting that not having flowers waiting for me doesn't really matter. The two most beautiful sights in the world, I (Continued on page 97)

as told to LAURA LANE

Kicking up her heels, having herself a fling, Nat whirled across the country and kept her diary for us—and you
“Poor” Marilyn

I feel sorry for Marilyn Monroe every time I think of her acting opposite so accomplished a pro as Sir Laurence Olivier. In spite of all her fantastic success, Marilyn has never before been in a picture with a top male star. Dick Widmark was the nearest she came in this category. But for all his fierce-ness on-camera, Dick is a gentle soul. When Marilyn gets a boy like Don Murray in his first screen role, as happened with “Bus Stop,” it is, of course, a walk-through for her.

Laurence Olivier is a smoothie who knows every acting trick in the book, and he is married to an actress who knows any other tricks he might possibly have forgotten—the subtle-minded Vivien Leigh. On-screen, Larry usually plays heavy roles, but off-screen he is a witty, wily man. And, for all his apparent dignity—which is really an act—he is not the least bit averse to publicity. He knew exactly what he was doing when he agreed to make “The Sleeping Prince” with Marilyn. With his almost-wicked sense of humor, backed up by Vivien’s equally laughter-given reactions, I am sure it tickled him to stand in the background during the shooting of the picture.

Bogey’s been a different man since his recent illness, which seems to please Lauren and daughter Leslie.
for Ava Gardner and happiness for Victoria Shaw ... Sweet talk from a new Tony Perkins

Newlyweds Victoria Shaw and Roger Smith have a unique rule for their new home: No cooking allowed

the taking of all the news pictures, while Marilyn and Arthur Miller took the important positions. Larry's last picture was a heavy piece of Shakespearean drama, "Richard III." A comedy is exactly what his career needs—and he knows it.

Poor Marilyn. During the shooting of her pictures, she always suffers spasms of nerves—she "ails" in the old-fashioned meaning of that word. So, on the days when she couldn't appear on the set of "The Sleeping Prince," Sir Laurence worked "around" Marilyn, rather than hold up production. It's enough to get a girl well in a hurry. Enough, too, to make one speculate whether or not Marilyn has at last met her master.

A Word to the Wise

Tony Perkins, one of the fastest-rising young stars, recently was quite ill. A high-keyed, too-thin fellow, Tony has had only a half-day off since he landed in Hollywood more than a year ago. And with so many more pictures lined up, he probably won't have a full week off for another year or so. Which, to me, makes the following story about Tony all the more appealing.

Not so long ago, Tony heard that someone had said that his head had swelled over all his triumph. So he went to a particular pal at Paramount and asked if this was the general impression. The pal said yes, it was.

Instead of being hurt or taking offense, Tony sought out the person who was supposed to have been most offended by his uppityness, and apologized. After that he sat down and wrote to all his friends of the press who had written nice words about him. Then he called a dozen old friends and

An experienced father, George Gobel offers Debbie and Eddie some advice on parenthood

got them all together for a party. I predict that Tony's head won't swell again. Getting over the first rush of adulation is like being vaccinated—you're protected against future threats of the disease.

Learning the Hard Way

In the bliss of their honeymoon rapture, Victoria Shaw and Roger Smith decided they would never eat dinner out, even though neither of them knew anything about cooking. Excitedly and hungrily they dreamed of eating rare roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, made according to the old English recipes, and all sorts of other delectable dishes.

This, however, was (Continued on page 99)
BY STEPHANIE GRIFFIN

- I couldn't sleep, and suddenly I gave up trying. I leaned over to the night table, switched on the light and lit a cigarette. People are always saying things like, "The hours crawled," or, "I thought the time would never pass." For the first time in my life, I knew what they meant. As a model, as a hardworking young actress, and as a temporary mother with two young sisters to raise I'd never found any day that held enough hours. But then, I'd never known fear before, either. Now I was afraid. Now I was asking questions that no one could answer. Questions like, "What would happen to me if I didn't get the part of Valinda in The Last Wagon? Would they give me another chance? Or would the word go around that Stephanie Griffin had muffed her test—muffed the biggest chance of her career—that she simply didn't have it?"

I remembered the old Hollywood saying that, if you don't get it right away in this town, the chances are you won't get it at all. And I'd been in Hollywood for five years. For five years I'd waited and hoped and (Continued on page 88)

Here is how stardom came to

BY NICK ADAMS

- The day a star was born I had more troubles than a Ubangi with chapped lips. The wolf wasn't at the door only because a few days prior Dennis Hopper and I had let him in and he starved to death. Dennis was sharing my mountainside home with me when I first heard about "The Last Wagon." We had to siphon the gas out of our neighbor's truck in order to have enough for me to get to the interview at the 20th Century-Fox studio. It's about twenty-five miles from my mountain house in La Crescenta.

Things had been very bad at the studios and, with the exception of a half-day making a razor commercial, I hadn't worked for four months. This was hard to take. I had just made seven pictures in a row since being discharged from the service in January, 1955. Three of them had been Academy Award nominees ("Mr. Roberts," "Rebel Without a Cause" and "Picnic") and the other four were all done at major studios. I had received good reviews on all of them and had built up a fair reputation as an actor. Yet over a period of four (Continued on page 90)
two young players. Not as you might think, because life, sad to say, is not like the movies.
The boy asked the questions, the man-to-be tried to answer them. "Why am I lonely? Why can't I be as happy as other kids? Why? Why?" For John Kerr, the answers came slowly, and the years of searching inevitably left their mark.

He saw her and thought, terrified, "I'm going to marry her!"
Afraid?

"Scared stiff is a better description," John Kerr corrected. "When I stop to think how far I've gone and how fast, I'm petrified!"

We were talking at the bar of the Hotel Aioli in the little French town, St. Tropez, where John, Pier Angeli and Mel Ferrer had arrived last summer to film "Harvest Thunder." John ordered another Compari-and-soda and sipped it slowly. "Yes, it's frightening," he repeated. And when he looks at you with those large, sorrowful eyes, you know he is frightened.

"I try not to think about it," he explained. "When you think, you worry. You wonder where it's all leading, how soon the bubble will burst. Thinking too much is my worst fault."

Going to a table to order dinner, John walked cautiously, as though he were uncertain of the very boards he tread. He phrased his sentences carefully, as he continued the conversation, weighing each word. He's constantly searching for a cigarette, constantly glancing about, constantly moving. It's all part of a deep-rooted sense of his inability to understand what is happening today in terms of his past.

"Five years ago, I was still a student at Harvard," he said. "I thought I wanted to be a doctor, then I switched to studying literature and finally wound up majoring in the Russian language." Those were the days when John Kerr had no idea which profession he would follow or where he would find peace and happiness. Painfully shy, sensitive, he was groping for something. He didn't know what.

Suddenly the fates tossed him into an acting career. He had three Broadway plays, "Bernardine," "Tea and Sympathy," and "All Summer Long," in quick succession. Then three movies, "The Cobweb," "Gaby," and "Tea and Sympathy." And now, "Harvest Thunder." But acting was the last thing he'd thought about back in college.

Born in New York City twenty-five years ago, John is the only son of actress June Walker and actor-playwright Geoffrey Kerr. "Our apartment was constantly filled with professionals, who talked of nothing but the theatre, movies and radio," John recalled. "I didn't understand them, so I ignored them. I retreated to my room to read a book."

Early in life, John says, he became withdrawn and pensive. And alone. He was a little boy living in an adult world. For companionship, he sought out the heroes in the pages of famous novels. When he was ten, the situation grew blacker. His parents were divorced. His father returned to his native England and June Walker (Continued on page 106)
Win A Grand Prize of $2,000

PLUS MANY OTHER EXCITING PRIZES

Fourth and Final Set of PHOTOPLAY'S Cut-Out Picture Puzzle 'Contest

This is your last chance to enter this exciting contest. NOW is the time to send in your entry! But first, read all the rules and instructions carefully!

REMEMBER:

- You must send in all four sets of puzzle pictures—32 in all—from the September, October, November and December issues of PHOTOPLAY.
- All pictures must be properly assembled with the name of each player clearly indicated.
- Originality of presentation in submitting your entry is important. The more clever your presentation, the greater your chances will be for winning.
- Final deadline for entries is midnight, December 15, 1956.

Clues

73 The hair is a nephew of the late Jean Hersholt
74 The eyes belong to the Screen Father of the Year
75 The mouth is a newcomer and yet to be married
76 The hair became a star while still in her teens
77 The eyes loved and lost a well-known dancer
78 The mouth is noted for its sunny smile
Contest Rules

1. In four issues—September, October, November and December—PHOTOPLAY has published cut-out puzzle pictures of well-known movie actors and actresses. Eight cut-out puzzle pictures have appeared in each issue. Each picture consists of the hair and forehead of one player, the eyes and nose of another, and the mouth of a third. When these are cut apart and properly re-assembled, the contestant should have eight complete portraits from each issue, making a total of thirty-two portraits.

2. Clues to the identity of the players have been given at the bottom of each picture page. These have been numbered to correspond with the number on each section of the cut-out puzzle picture. Each picture page has its own set of clues, which are important in identifying the players.

3. In addition to accuracy in assembling and identifying the cut-out puzzle pictures, neatness and originality of presentation will be considered by the judges. All thirty-two cut-out puzzle pictures must be cut apart, assembled, and pasted together with the correct name of the player hand-written or typed below. Failure to do this will disqualify the entry.

4. YOU MUST SEND IN THE ENTIRE SET OF THIRTY-TWO PICTURES FROM ALL FOUR ISSUES OF PHOTOPLAY. Partial entries will not be accepted. This contest ends midnight, December 15, 1956. All complete entries received on or before that date will be considered by the judges. No responsibility for mail delays or losses will be assumed by PHOTOPLAY.

5. Entries should be mailed to: CUT-OUT PICTURE PUZZLE CONTEST, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, Box 1647, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. You may submit as many entries as you wish, but be sure that your full name and address are attached to each entry. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

6. The decision of the judges will be final. All entries will become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc. No correspondence will be entered into concerning entries.

7. This contest is open to everyone except employees, and their relatives, of Macfadden Publications, Inc., its subsidiaries or its advertising agencies. Winners’ names will be published in the April, 1957, issue of PHOTOPLAY.

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G-E Portable Electric Radio
A prize to pride—this handsome, 3-way radio is precision-built in the latest style. Light in weight, with excellent tone and powerful reception, it’s guaranteed to provide years of listening enjoyment, indoors and out.

Helene Curtis Gift Assortment
A special prize that includes a complete assortment of Helene Curtis’ famous hair care products, Kings Men Toiletries, and Stopette. Practical and pleasant—there’s something for everybody!

RCA Victor “Personal” TV
With built-in antenna, removable stand; you can carry it anywhere

---

79 The hair’s big break came as a champion
80 The eyes’ career has been furthered by Joan Crawford
81 The mouth, though married, is all set for a bachelor party
82 The hair was married on her birthday
83 The eyes recently became an American citizen
84 The mouth’s leading men have all been dark-haired

Turn to page 80 for more prizes and cut-out puzzles
A marriage that has lasted sixteen years, three children, success beyond his wildest dreams—and the people he envies are the homeless wanderers, the “knights of the road”

Looking out from a world of wealth which he earned himself, Bob Mitchum says gloomily, “I’m a bum.” This is a story of what happens, sometimes, when dreams come too true

BY ED MEYERSON
“I’ve been married sixteen years,” Robert Mitchum announced on his last wedding anniversary. Then he smiled, wearily as always, for he was smiling at himself. “That’s quite a record for a bum.”

A glance at the complete record, however, is even more amazing—for a self-styled bum. Here is a man who has not only been married sixteen years, but to the same woman. Bob has three children, four cars, and one home complete with swimming pool. What’s more, he’s a steady man, having been gainfully employed in the same business for thirteen consecutive years. And although he claims he has no drive, Bob started at the bottom of that business and worked his way up until he is now his own boss.

He also claims he’s lazy, and he says it as lackadaisically as any dyed-in-the-wool bum. The record, however, shows that in one typical year Bob made three pictures, then spent seventy-six straight days shooting “Not as a Stranger.” Since then, although he announced that he was about to take a year off, he has starred in one film after another: “Man with the Gun.” (Continued on page 86)
Once Upon a Time...

there were two people who loved each other very much...

or so they thought...

until someone named Kelly came along...to teach them what love was all about

BY ALJEAN MELTSIR

- At two o'clock on a quiet Sunday afternoon late last June, Janet Leigh—wrapped in a white hospital jacket, her wedding ring stripped from her finger—lay beneath the harsh surgical light of a hospital delivery room.

A rubber heel squeaked across the floor. The room seemed full of pent-up breath. The nurses, whispering together, threw strange shadows across the ceiling.

Janet closed her eyes. It's like waiting for Christmas, she thought. Like waiting nine months for Christmas. Drifting through time, she remembered how, when she was a little girl, the presents were set under the tree one week before Christmas, and how unbearable it was to look at them and have to wait and wait and... Then, with a dull pain rolling up like thunder from the distance and crashing against her, she forgot everything but the present.

At 2:14 P.M., Kelly Lee Curtis was born.

"Janet," the doctor said, bending over her. "Janet, you have a girl."

Her first feeling was relief. Her next was a joy which far surpassed any Christmas she had ever known. Then they placed the baby beside her and she felt its warmth and its weight. (Continued on page 74)
Be a Meeker Peeker like

DENNIS O'KEEFE

Just what you're looking for! Perfect gifts of luxurious leather! The fine workmanship in a Meeker is by craftsmen who work only with genuine leathers. Meeker Handbags and Billfolds are gifts of lasting beauty.

To make a BIG impression: A big, roomy Handbag. Two pockets under flap hold make-up and matching Billfold. Kip Calf in Black, Brown, Navy and Red. #5085 $24.00*

Dennis O'Keefe and Mona Freeman, starred in "Dragoon Wells Massacre," an Allied Artists release.

See the Fine Gifts of Leather by

that MONA FREEMAN is wrapping

Handsome gift fashioned of one piece of leather for longer wear. Removable pass case. Shrunken Steerhide in Brown and Tan. #66-71 $7.50*

In Handboarded Calf with tooled design. Patented expansion folds flat even when full. In Brown #340-25 $10.00*

A deluxe Billfold with exclusive expansion construction. Two pass cases. Cowhide: Mahogany, Grey, Tan, Ginger. #89-47 $5.00*

The COMBO. It's a Billfold, a Make-up Kit and a Clutch Purse...all-in-one! In 16 delicious colors. #510 $5.00*

THE MEEKER CO., JOPLIN, MO., NEW YORK OFFICE:
*Plus 10% Fed. Tax
347 FIFTH AVENUE
On these pages, holiday glamour fashions and gifts for you, and every lucky lady on your list. Right, darling Pat Crowley wears party plaid insuring a brilliant entrance. In crisp, rustling taffeta with shiny black satin bodice accents. Sizes 5-1.5. Red, turquoise, blue plaid. By Natlynn Juniors. About $23. Satin-toed pumps, by Capezio A.

Elegant handful of shiny black calf skin, a clutch bag with adjustable strap handle, graceful contour flap. Nylon-lined and stitched, with inner zipper pocket. By Meeker. About $24 plus tax B. Wanted—the pretty plastic rainboot. This one’s a brand-new design, sleek to the foot, with side fasteners, non-slip soles. In clear or smoke, three heel heights. By Rain Dears Imperial. About $2 C.

Delectable bit of fluff in a blue nylon tricot petticoat, inset with embroidered petitpoint lace, then flounced deeply with nylon chiffon. Also pink, white. S, M, L. By Munsingwear. $5.95 D.

For a well-turned wrist, a circlet of pink-toned pseudo pearls on golden links. Its darling dangle, a gleaming chariot filled with smaller matching pink “pearls.” By Coro. $1 plus tax E.

Snow white and dreamy, party gloves in newly washable glace kid, stopping short at the petaled wrist, and accented with a large jeweled button. By Alexette Bacmo. $6.95
A. Smart and roomy hat box for a gal on the go. In flyweight magnesium covered in heavenly sea shades of scuff-proof vinyl. By Samsonite. $19.50 plus tax
B. Elegant new salad servers in black plastic, the lined Sterling handles tipped with bright enamel. Jade pattern by Towle's Contempra House. $13 with tax
C. A fun umbrella in black with its own slip cover of make-believe leopard, whangee handle topped by a bone bracelet loop. By Giant Umbrella. About $7
D. Doodler's delight, a cowhide belt with ball point pen on key chain for writing latest crush or school on its white leather appliques. Black, navy, red, tan, brown, green. 22-30. $3.95 pp. Teen Trix, Box 65-P, Rockaway Park 94, N. Y.
E. Darling duds for the small fry. Pastel corduroy teamed with plaid cotton trim and panties, waterproof-lined. M, L, extra-L. Party Sets by Playtex. $3.98
F. Evening clutch purse in soft crushed cowhide studded with brilliants. Big zipper pocket, change purse, picture case. Boodle bag by Rolfs. $7.50 plus tax
G. Gift whimsey—the houndst woman in white nylon tricot, sparked with rhinestones, Christmas wreaths, a fluff of lace to frame the face. By Kleinert's. $2
H. New kind of stocking elegance for a special lady—wissy sheer nylons, bone heeled, a pretty diamond of jacquard lace at the instep. By Abercrombie. $1.95
I. Luxury gift—the glamour stuff in dark red velvets, magnificently bejeweled with gem-like stones set on a hand-embroidered design. By Capotiza. $18.95

For how to buy fashions and gifts, see page 77
You’re a holiday pin-up girl . . . with a pretty plus . . .
a prettier lift . . . in these curve-conscious Her Secret bras that
measure your feminine assets . . . adding to your
confidence and to you! Left: ask for 1613 with stitched-in
foam pads. Fine cotton broadcloth: white, black, pink,
blue, beige. 3.95. Right: ask for 1637 with the light shell,
elevating push-up pads. Lace, to wear with
straps or not. Black, white . . . 5.95, both, A, B, 32-36.
A. Three-strand necklace of lustrous almost-real "pearls" combining round and new oval shapes, tiny ringlets of brilliant rhinestones. By Marvella. $15 plus tax

B. Scarf treat—a length of pale gray rayon satin woven with black field flowers, sprinkled with tiny "pearls" and rhinestones. By Baar & Beards. $7.50

C. Exciting new fool-the-eye pajamas that lounge, too! Cotton knit tapered pants, a striped shirt with choirboy collar, black bow. S, M, L. By Tempo. $8.95

D. Slippers for a light-footed miss in red velveteen dotted with confetti beads, handsomely shaped by a high, slashed throat, flat wedge. By Cobbler's. About $8


F. Gift for a gracious home: modern celery or bread tray, a long gleaming shaft of silverplate with squared ends, long, low legs. By Gorham. $8.95 with tax
OUT OF COLOR TV NEW MAKE-UP DISCOVERY MAKES YOU LOOK NATURALLY LOVELY DAY AND NIGHT IN ANY LIGHT

MAX FACTOR'S NEW hi-fi FLUID MAKE-UP

Hi-Fi ends the "made up" look once and for all! Because Max Factor, the make-up master, has achieved in Hi-Fi a whole new range of high fidelity shades never possible before.

Hi-Fi does for color what high fidelity does for music! Reproduces perfect natural in tones that blend perfectly, naturally, with your own skin and stay soft and velvety, in bright sunlight or glaring artificial light.

Hi-Fi goes 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.

You'll love the Hi-Fi look . . . and the way it makes him look at you! It all began with color TV. Glaring lights of color television made existing make-ups appear hard, flatterering. So the great TV studios called on Max Factor, who developed for their house use a new color principle in a make-up that stays smooth and radiant under e 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) (frothy) (golden)

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11/28
YOUNG IDEAS:
PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS

JOANNE WOODWARD WILL APPEAR NEXT IN 20TH’S “THE WAYWARD BUS”

Prettiest way to feel festive—love—by Joanne Woodward, above, in sheer silk organdy block plaid, the skirt whirling below a sleeveless, bowed bodice. Added: a black taffeta bolero, silvery belt. $5.50. By Doris Dodson. About $25

Above right: Pat in a pale, delicious dress, its brocade shirt top cut to bare a pretty shoulder, adding glow with “diamond” buttons, gilt threads. The gentle chiffon skirt’s buoyed by a taffeta petticoat. Gray, gold, pink. 5-15. Natlynn Jr. About $25

A. New party sweater—all feminine charm with appliqués of pink roses, velvet ribbon on heavenly two-ply Orion. 34-40. By Rosanna. About $15

B. Casual keynoter, a creamy cowhide pouch bag, the hand-tooled design set on suede. Movable strap, roomy leather interior. Clifton. $24.75 plus tax

C. Timely gift, a just-for-lun clock face paved with glittery “jewels” and topping a tiny pillbox or powder case. By Fashion Craft. $4 plus tax

D. Earrings of sham baroque pearls and rhinestones showering from any filigree set with tiny glitter bits. By Grand Duchess. $6 plus tax

E. Rainboots for the weather-conscious, with neat double fastening that slims the ankle, a deep tread to keep her high and dry. All heels. Gray or translucent plastic. Drizzle Boots. About $2

F. Handsome slippers that walk on a cloud, with sky-high contour wedge, pretty quilted vamp. Cream puff leather pastels, or bright holiday colors. By Huskies. $3.90

To buy fashions and gifts, see information on page 77
Like Colgate Dental Cream!

Because No Other Leading Toothpaste Contains GARDOL TO GIVE YOU LONG-LASTING PROTECTION AGAINST BOTH BAD BREATH AND TOOTH DECAY

...With Just One Brushing!

Unlike other leading toothpastes, Colgate’s forms an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights decay all day...with just one brushing! Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. But remember! One Colgate brushing fights decay-causing bacteria 12 hours—or more!

Colgate’s with Gardol helps stop bad breath all day for most people with just one brushing! Instantly sweeps away bacteria that cause bad breath originating in the mouth! No other leading toothpaste cleans your breath while it guards your teeth like Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol!

Economy Size 65¢ SAFE
Also 49¢
29¢, 15¢
Sizes
*THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE's:

Available in over 2400 BEN FRANKLIN STORES

Cleans Your Breath While It Guards Your Teeth
What’s spinning?

By Chris Daggett

Young Ideas:
Records

Whistling winter winds tell us Christmas is just around the corner. Now is the time to get out all the old favorites and, perhaps, to suggest to Mom or Dad that you wish you had the new Four Lads album by Columbia. "On the Sunny Side" is a collection of gems such as "Lazy River," "Taking a Chance on Love," "On the Sunny Side of the Street," and "Side by Side," brilliantly played by the Claude Thornhill orchestra and warmly sung by the Four Lads. . . . Tell the folks how your heart does flip-flops over Frank Busseri. Frankie, the smallest of the Four Lads, is a baritone, with twinkling brown eyes and a perpetual prank up his sleeve, and is in charge of the Lads’ wardrobe. Frankie loves horses, and his secret ambition is to own a racing stable someday. He also likes Italian opera, homemade ravioli, and "the kind of girl that, when you walk down the street with her, people know she’s the one." . . . Or you can tell the folks about Bernard Torrish, fair-haired, handsome and serious. Bernie is the group’s gifted arranger and lead tenor. He plays guitar and doesn’t like women who talk too much. He prefers Wagner in opera, hockey in sports, and is a "pop" song composer in his spare time. . . . Or tell how you would like to run your fingers through James Arnold’s hair. Slim, dark and introspective, Jimmy loves to get wrapped up in a good book by Hemingway or Melville. He keeps the group’s accounts, and his greatest problem is dodging enthusiastic female fans. . . . Or tell how Corrado Coderini thrills you with his dashing good looks. Connie is the dynamo of the group and is serious only when he sings. He loves to blow off excess steam playing tennis or ice-skating. . . . Sold to the folks: one album by the Four Lads.

John Mathias is one of the best all-around athletes to come out of San Francisco. So what has this to do with records? Well, Johnny is presently a Columbia recording artist. This nineteen-year-old singer has been working professionally for only a year, but his album "Johnny Mathias," is extraordinary. Johnny can jump from the tenderness of "Autumn in Rome" to the violence of "Babalu," the swing of "Easy to Love," the exotic "Caravan," or the rhythm and blues of "Angel Eyes." His improvised flights in all tempos and moods are a reflection of his awareness of modern jazz. Johnny hasn’t decided yet which one of his four voices he will use permanently, but he does know that he wants to continue studying music, dance and dramatics.

The Capitol album, "Velvet Carpet," finds George Shearing’s quintet surrounded by strings and giving out with some fine mood music. This album is a thoroughly enjoyable and pleasant quiet-hour fare. Especially appealing is "Round Midnight." Other choice items include "September Song," "A Foggy Day," "Dancing on the Ceiling."

The Chicago singer, Johnny Holiday, comes through in grand style on a new 12-incher for Kapp. Singing, for the most part, tunes rarely done by today’s singers—such as "Why Can’t You Behave," "Frenesi," and "Adios"—Johnny
Rising star Betty Lou Keim shows you how to be a holiday eye-stopper. Her party combination is inky black velvet tuck into a swirling circle skirt in plaid taffeta quilted with glittery Lurex, Criss-cross top, about $9. Red and black skirt, about $15. Sizes 7-15. By Modern Juniors

She shall have music wherever she goes, with Betty Lou's glamour phonograph under her Christmas tree. It's a lightweight portable, completely automatic. Plays three speeds, boasts a special amplifier for high-volume clarity. In a dreamy sky blue and white carrying case. By Philco. About $60

For how to buy fashions see page 77. Phonograph at leading department stores and dealers displays a sensitivity of phrasing and a warmth worthy of many hearings.

For your collection:
1. Art Mooney pays tribute to James Dean via the themes of "East of Eden" and "Rebel Without a Cause." (M-G-M)
2. Jaye P. Morgan belts it out for RCA Victor with "Just Love Me."
3. Don't miss The Diamonds and their version of "Ka-Ding-Dong." (Mercury)
4. "Mama, Teach Me to Dance" is Edie Gorme's hottest number. (Coral)
5. For Epic, The Four Coins "Manhattan Serenade" should outshine all.
6. Sanford Clark, a new singing discovery by Dot, debuts with "The Fool."
7. Jill Corey's "Let Him Know" is unlike anything she's done before. (Columbia)
8. Pat Boone sings the title song from "Friendly Persuasion" for Dot. This should be a hot contender for the Oscar.
9. If you missed it, get it now: Eddy Arnold's "Canadian Sunset." (RCA Victor)
10. Keep up with the times with Dean Martin's "The Test of Time." (Capitol)

American Modern . . . comfort in fashion. Captivating, romantic styles reveal a beautiful new you. So necessary for this lovely look . . . the right figure line beneath. Thanks to Skippies revolutionary way with light elastics, your figure is comfortably coaxed into beautiful, natural line . . . without bones or heavy fabric. For that naturally beautiful look . . . be fitted today in America's most popular shape-maker, Skippies.

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...revolutionary way to a beautiful figure

Skippies

by

Formfit

CREATIONS

The beginning of beauty for every occasion . . . Skippies Girdle No. 943. Nylon elastic net with firming front and back panels. 2½" waistband for midriffatology. Snowy White, S. M. L. $7.50. Ex L. $7.95 (Also available as Pontie No. 843.) Shown with "Life Romance" Strapless Bra No. 382 in embroidered Nylon chiffon. Wired underbust and new-shaping "cuddle-stay." $5.95

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So Popular!

Hi-Low Witchery with gentle-touch Ribbon Wire†!

You'll make Hi-Low Witchery the love of your life, when you see how it molds you, holds you in alluring glamour curves; gives you X*appeal from dawning to yawning!

The fabulous, exclusive Ribbon Wire is flat as a ribbon... can't poke or mark your fair, fair skin like old-fashioned round wire. And there's no connecting wire at the Divide to dig or press you... each cup is individually Ribbon Wired. Wear Hi-Low Witchery... you'll look so radiant and feel so divinely comfortable.

A, B, C and D cups in bandeau and longline styles.
White or black nylon lace bandeau, $5.
White or black embroidered cotton bandeau, $3.50

D CUPS SLIGHTLY HIGHER

Exquisite Form

brassieres give you X*APPEAL
(X = glamour plus comfort)

A. Don't just give dandruff the brush off! Helene Curtis Enden dandruff treatment shampoo quickly relieves itching scalp, dissolves and washes away unsightly scales, and with continuing use reduces the formation of scales. $1.50

B. Right on hand for cold weather protection: Soothing, lanolin-rich Cheramy skin balm is specially priced from now to March first. 12 oz. bottle with free dispenser top, usually $2.00*, will be 99¢; 6 oz., $1.00* - size will be 49¢.

C. Because dry skin thirsts for moisture as well as oil, Charles Antell Lanolin Beauty is formulated to supply both. Quickly absorbed, it may be used under make-up as well as for cleansing and night-time care. $1.00*: 70¢

D. Harriet Hubbard Ayer's new Color Rinse Plus Creme Conditioner smooths dry or damaged hair while adding temporary color highlights. Six shades; 8 oz., $2.00.* For limited time, price includes brush-top applicator bottle

E. Barbara Gould's brand-new Beauty Tote holds special sizes of four favorite skin and make-up preparations, plus regular-size face powder and lipstick. Waterproof, "shell finish" case is lined in pale blue washable linen. $5.00*: plus tax

becoming attractions

AT YOUR FAVORITE STORE, OR WRITE DEPT. P-12, EXQUISITE FORM BRASSIERE, INC., 128 MADISON AVE., N.Y., FOR NEAREST STORE.
Win a Date with Sal Mineo
(Continued from page 35)

This isn't like any date contest you've ever read about or entered before. In the first place, it is confined entirely to this issue of PHOTOPLAY, which means the winner will be announced within six weeks after this issue goes on the newsstands on November 6th. The contest closes on December 9th. There will be a wait of just two weeks after that before the lucky girl receives her telephone call from Sal Mineo setting up their date!

Another thing that makes this contest different—and that made Sal not only willing but anxious to cooperate—is the fact that it will serve some local, civic purpose as well as giving some young girl the time of her life.

What You Will Win

Here it is: Sal will spend one whole day in your town, if you are the girl who wins a date with him. The daytime hours will be devoted to sports, meeting your friends, driving around the countryside, and generally doing the things you think are fun. In the evening, Sal will meet the sponsors of whatever charity or civic undertaking Sal's visit will honor—and help. This might be the local chapter of a national charity or a purely local cause. How he can help—whether by being present at a church supper, school dance or tea party—will be decided when the contest closes.

After the activities for charity, Sal will be your escort to the opening of his Universal-International Picture, "The Living End!" Universal-International is cooperating fully with PHOTOPLAY, and the opening of Sal's picture will be in your town, so that you, if you are the winner, can attend as his companion.

How You Can Win

We've made the rules simple, and here they are:

1. Write a letter to Sal. Fill out the coupon below and mail it in with your letter. Get it in the mail by December 9th.

2. Tell Sal, in your own words and as briefly as possible, where you live, and what you would like to do if you could spend a day with him. Would you like to go bowling? Play tennis? If you live where it's warm, would you like a beach party? Or a wiener roast? And so on.

3. Then, tell him what worthwhile charity, youth organization, hospital or community project you think could be helped by his presence. It might be a good idea to discuss this with the principal of your high school or with your local clergyman so that you can be sure of group cooperation if you and your town should win.

4. Tell Sal why you have chosen this charity and give us the name of the person who heads the organization in your town.

That's all. Nothing to save, nothing to buy, just the coupon to clip. It's as easy as rolling off a log. So get out paper and pen, think about your ideal date, talk to some adult about an organization to be helped—and make your bid for a date with Sal Mineo!

Anyone can win—it can be you. Every letter will be read by the Contest Editor of PHOTOPLAY and the most interesting ones will be given to Sal to decide on. Remember, this contest will not be repeated. It will be run only in this issue of PHOTOPLAY. Entries must be postmarked before midnight, December 9, 1956.

Why We Asked Sal

Seventeen-year-old Sal, who shot to stardom almost overnight after his appearance in "Rebel Without a Cause," was the first star we thought of when we began to plan this contest, because he is so sharply aware of other people's needs and sufferings. Perhaps the fact that he comes from a very closely knit family—a fact for this, Sal was not raised to think of himself, but to think, always, of others. For instance, he is always embarrassed at people who say to his brother or sister, "I want to meet that movie-star brother of yours."

"I didn't want them hurt," Sal said, "or to get the idea that I thought I was any better than the rest of my family."

So when we approached Sal and asked him whether we could "give him away" for a day, he hesitated—until he heard the details of our plan. Then he assured us of his wholehearted cooperation.

Sal Mineo Contest Editor
PHOTOPLAY Magazine
Box 1646, Grand Central Station
New York 17, N. Y.

Here is my letter to Sal Mineo. I am ___ years old. My name and address is:

Name________________________

Address_____________________

City_________________________ State__________
CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Across
1. “Persuasion”
2. Star of “The Mountain”
3. Colman or Reagan
4. “M” (song)
5. Famous California product
6. Music for silents
7. Tab’s expert on this
8. “ — and Peace”
9. Lush redhead in “Wicked
as They Come” (init.)
10. Senator’s wife in “The
Ambassador’s Daughter”
11. “Somebody Up — Likes Me”
12. “Marty” — first in the
Oscar race
13. “The Outlaws Are — Town”
14. Heroine of popular radio
daytime drama (init.)
15. “The Mountain” and “Au-
stasia” were shot in dif-
frent
16. “ — Day at Black Rock”
17. “Take — Easy” (song)
18. MacRae’s costar (init.)
19. Now playing the Pharaoh’s
time (init.)
20. “ — I Loved You” (song)
21. Good sections in theatres
22. She plays 52 Down
23. Maureen O’Hara’s birth-
place
24. Gary Cooper likes to —
take
25. Nickname for star of “The
Unguarded Moment”
26. Siegel or Cameron
27. Marilyn’s ex swung this
28. “The Last Wagon” star
29. Fans — it up when Presley
introduced his style

Down
1. “Back — Eternity”
2. In “Flight to Hong Kong”
3. “Anastasia” star
4. She’s Pharaoh’s sister
5. She’s “Julie” (init.)
6. Heroine of “Toward the
Unknown”
7. Grace’s honeymoon locale
8. “The — and the Prize”
is set in the Old Testa-
ment —
10. Richard Basehart in “Moby
Dick” and others
11. Former film star, now TV
actor (init.)
12. Star of “Tension at Table
Rock”
13. In 9 Down, the heroine’s
accused of being a —
14. She sang for 47 Down
15. “The Opposite Sex” has two
16. “Niagara” lover (init.)
17. Career girl in “The
Opposite Sex” (init.)
18. Bereaved mother in “The
Bad Seed”
19. Stars must know the —
and out of show business
20. New blonde in “Giant”
21. Fonda and Huston both
played “Honest —”
22. “Death — a Scoundrel”
23. “Love Me Tender” intro-
duces a — to the screen
24. “ — Dreamer, Aren’t
We All?” (song)
25. Current Bob Wagner role
26. Anne Bancroft in “Walk
the Proud Land”
27. Type of dog featured in
“Lady and the Tramp”
28. Current Macdonald Carey-
Rhonda Fleming vehicle
29. Nickname of ex-Mrs. Grant
30. “ — Rebel”
31. Fight promoter in “The
Leather Saint” (init.)
32. Don Murray lassooed
33. Marilyn with a —
34. Tony did his last “Traperie”
act without a —
35. Roy Rogers’ old rival (init.)
36. Star of “Beyond a Rea-
sensible Doubt” (init.)
37. “I Like To —”
38. Use to date Bing
39. “The Man with the Golden
Arm”
40. “The Last Hunt”
41. “Flight to Hong Kong”
42. She used to date Bing
43. First scene locale in “The
Man with the Golden Arm”
44. “The Fastest Gun Alive”
( init.)
45. “I Married — Angel”
46. The Ladd’s son-in-law
( init.)

Once Upon A Time

(continued from page 61)
But before she could reach up a wave
of unconsciousness washed over her
again. Outside, in the telephone
box in the waiting room, Tony Curtis
waited anxiously for news. They had promised to
telephone him from the delivery room
the moment his child was born. He waited
and waited, but the telephone didn’t ring.
Finally, from a corner of his eye, he saw
a woman being wheeled down the hall.
Impatiently, nervously, he stared up at the
telephone. A moment later he realized
that the woman must have been Janet.
He ran the length of the corridor and,
stopping only for a few quick words with
the doctor and a quick glance at the
baby, he caught up with Janet.
“Janet!” he whispered hoarsely, ex-
citedly.
“Yes, darling?” She smiled and
nodded at him, but afterwards she could not
remember what she had said.
“Honey, you’ve got a little girl.”
“Yes, I know, Tony.”
“Do you know what she weighs?”
“No.
“Six pounds, six ounces.”
“That’s a nice price,” she said happily
and went to sleep. . . .

It was a little over a year ago when
Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh decided
they were ready to have a baby.
They did not say anything to each
other for a while. Tony remembered—
with every detail still hard and clear in
his mind—the night in 1953 when Janet
had lost her first baby, and he had been
two thousand miles away, helpless, not
even able to share the waiting with her.
Janet remembered, too. And she said,
“It was nature’s way of saying that some-
thing was wrong. And — perhaps we
weren’t quite ready to have a baby then.”
“And now?” Tony asked. She nodded.
“We decided we were ready to have a baby.
Janet says today. We decided we
were mature enough to be responsible for
another human being and to share
ourselfs and our marriage with another
person. We knew that a baby would
change our marriage, but we weren’t
quite sure if a baby would make our
marriage stronger. That was something
we had to wait nine months to find out.

“We found out,” Tony says.
“Yes,” Janet echoes. “We found out.
‘In the years we’ve been married,” says
Tony, “we’ve had our share of problems.
We’ve shouted at each other and slammed
doors and occasionally done worse. But
I don’t think you can show me a man
who’s been married even two years
who hasn’t been angry at his wife at least
time. I don’t think you can show me a
woman who’s been married two years
who hasn’t cried because of her hus-
band at least once.

“But we’ve really only had one basic
problem. For better or for worse, we’re
two strong people. We each wanted our
own way and we found it difficult to
compromise. If we had an argument,
the important thing was who was going to
win and who was going to lose. Usually
both of us were too stubborn to give in.

“A baby is too precious,” Tony adds.
“Now, since the baby, we have an easiness,
closeness that we never had before.”

“It’s strange,” Tony says, “but we’re
more considerate of each other without
really trying to be.”

Suddenly, Janet adds, “it’s not just
my pride and my wishes fighting Tony’s
pride and Tony’s wishes. It’s both of us
thinking about someone else.”

“And it’s not a question of whether
Janet is going to win or I’m going to

Answers to Crossword Puzzle on page 91
Every day that Tony and Janet are sharing now is filled with new sensations. Even their comfortable, yellowstone house seems strange to both of them. Like people lighted with too little sleep, they are almost painfully sensitive to sights—a half-empty bottle tilted awkwardly against a railing; and smells—the sweet-sour smell of a baby's room, the oily fragrance of baby lotion. They are conscious of sounds—the nurse's footsteps on the stairs, water boiling on the stove, or the wind whining faintly through the chimney like a baby moaning in a troubled dream.

It is Tony's foot that is first to the stairs then. It is Tony's heart that beats louder until he realizes that it is only the wind. Then he turns, half-sheepishly, and goes back to his chair. He is only now beginning to accept his daughter as a person. For Janet, this realization came earlier and easier.

"It was the morning after Kelly was born," Janet says. "I looked at this lovely thing that I held, with its arms moving and its feet kicking, and suddenly I understood that this was a human being. And I was amazed to think that I had carried her inside my body for so long. When you are pregnant, you think 'baby,' and you talk 'baby,' but you don't really know what the word means."

For Tony, it was different. "After I left Janet in her room, I went to the nursery and looked at the baby. I looked for a long time, but she seemed no different from any of the other babies in the hospital nursery. There was no mystic way in which I could identify her. The only thing I could do was read the name on the crib and hope that they hadn't put the wrong baby there. I could feel no emotion toward this one particular baby, I think that you get attached to a baby slowly. When it lives with you and begins to recognize you and smiles for the first time. Before that there is just the new sensation of being a father."

To Tony, that sensation was a mixture of many intangible things. He was overcome—quite literally overcome as though he had been knocked down by a strong wind—by a mixed feeling of joy and triumph and the dismayingly realization that he was about to cry and, above all, "the feeling that we had discovered something for the first time, that we had done something that nobody else could do."

Kelly Curtis is five months old now, and the exquisite wonder of that sensation has faded. Kelly is still too young to crawl or talk, but she has already caused changes in her parents that are out of proportion to her weight and size. "I feel more mature," Janet says. "I have to be. When there was only myself to worry about, I could go on making the same mistakes forever. When I look at Kelly now, I know that each thing I do is irrevocably important."

And Tony says appraisingly of his wife, "Janet has more assurance now. She still can get upset and nervous over trifles, but she's more tolerant and more patient. There's something in her eyes, too, and a new way she carries herself that I can't describe. But, somehow, she's more beautiful now than she has ever been."

Janet, who has always hated the disorder of having even one ashtray out of place, has been in the throes of having the house remodeled. The bathrooms are unusable and full of coiled lengths of wire. Pipes and conduits are sprawled across the stairs, and electricians are stamping over the roof and crawling through the second-story windows. Janet cannot shut her eyes to all of this, but she finds the disturbance less important than
7089—Perfect gift for the new baby: booties, cap and jacket made in a pretty pineapple pattern. Easy to crochet. Directions included for crochet in three-ply baby yarn.

676—Happiness birds—the luck-bringing bluebirds to embroider on kitchen towels. Six gay designs, 6 x 8 inches, and they're charming.

751—Embroider this graceful old-fashioned-girl motif on linens, in easiest stitches. Add a frilly ruffling of eyelet or lace. Transfer of one motif 5 x 19½ inches; two 3½ x 14 inches. Color chart and complete directions.

599—Crochet this graceful doily in leaf design. It's easy and will look lovely in your home. Use it as a centerpiece or scarf. Directions for doily 15 x 32 inches in No. 30 cotton, smaller in No. 50 cotton; larger in string.

7263—Wrap-around apron is such a pretty protection for kitchen chores, hostess duties. Flower-pocket matches potholder. Tissue pattern, directions for apron in medium size only. Transfer of pocket and potholder.

Send twenty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to: PHOTOCRAFT, 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 additional 25¢ for Needlecraft Catalog.

It used to be. Even at the worst times... "Mrs. Curtis," one of the electricians said tentatively the other day, "have the plumbers gone?" "Yes," she said thankfully.

"I think you'd better call them back, ma'am. There seems to be water leaking in the bathrooms."

A year ago, Janet would have been nearly hysterical. This time she was only annoyed. And she was able to go into Kelly's room a few minutes later and leave the strain and tension that she felt behind her, dropping it at the door.

"If I have changed," says Janet, "Tony has changed, too. He's more willing to accept responsibility now. He used to want to hide from responsibility if he could. But when I knew I was pregnant we had to sit down and plan. We had to talk things out and think them out. Whether we should buy a house; how much money we had; how we should budget for the time when I wasn't going to work. And Tony wanted to accept the responsibilities."

Tony doesn't think that he has changed. Or, rather, "I've changed," he says, "but not because of the baby. Having a baby changes every woman. Her emotions change, and so does her body. But to a man, having a baby is really external. He can't nurture it. He can only stand on the sidelines and watch and be a little awed. If I were still a child, as I was two years ago, being a father wouldn't have made me grow up."

But they both agree that their life has changed. "It isn't any fuller," Tony says. "It was always full. But now it's richer."

"Richer," says Janet, "but not in any way that you can describe easily. I'm not sure I understand it quite myself, but it's like this. The baby makes me laugh, but it's a different type of laughter than I've ever known before. It's just such a true joy that the laugh seems to bubble over, to come out in spite of myself."

"Richer..." Tony echoes. "When Kelly was a month old, I went to pick out a new car. And somehow this new car is more pleasurable to me than any car I've ever owned. And I know that it's because the baby is going to ride in it. I bought a new suit, and the same thing happened. The new suit was better than any other suit because, when I wear it, I will be holding the baby. I guess it is that having a baby has made other things taste and seem good."

Tony is quick to add that he and Janet are guilty of reading things into the baby that aren't there yet. "She's still half-vegetable. She recognizes us, smiles at us and coos a bit, but that's about all. Most of the time she eats and sleeps and eats and sleeps some more and gets her diapers changed."

"And," he adds, "she cheated me out of something.

"Ever since I learned that Janet was pregnant, I waited for the day that I could speed toward the hospital, flag down a policeman on the way, shout, 'Follow me. My wife's having a baby,' and weave through streams of traffic with the sirens screaming behind me. But Kelly decided to give Janet labor pains at 7 A.M. on a Sunday morning. Everybody else in Los Angeles was sleeping. There was no traffic to weave through. There was no policeman. And I didn't even get a chance to run through the red lights. Every time I came to a signal, it turned green!"

But then he smiles at Janet and he doesn't sound as though he minds being cheated. He doesn't sound as though he minds anything. Because all is so right and so wonderful now, for two of the most adoring parents—and the happiest lovers to be found anywhere."

MAKE A NOTE: Tony Curtis is in "Mister Cory." Janet Leigh was last in "Safari."
WHERE TO BUY PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS

To buy fashions on pages 63-68 phone stores listed below, mentioning PHOTOPLAY. Or write, enclosing a clipping of item you wish to order.

Now a free dispenser for the gentle touch of Hinds

Fingertip dispenser free with purchase of two 49¢ bottles of Hinds Cream...all for 98¢

What a delightful way to pour on hand magic! Just press the new dispenser cap and Hinds special kindness will flow onto your hands. No spilling, no dripping, just the right amount. You'll love Hinds Honey & Almond Fragrance Cream. Like flowers, it contains a special ingredient, Florates; puts a veil between you, wind, weather and work. Buy this offer now and get the fingertip dispenser free.

A product of Lehn & Fink • Also available in Canada.
"For If Ye Believe . . ."

The spiritual preparation was even harder—and more lasting.

During the filming of the picture, both in Egypt and in Hollywood, Heston was at first subjected to some good-natured rib- ings which he undertook the role, but on account of his striking, almost godlike make-up. This never bothered him, and he gave no evidence of self-consciousness. Gradually the absorption which governed his mind off the set as well as during the actual shooting impressed other members of the cast and crew. During the entire period he seemed more and more thought- ful, more pensive, than his friends had ever known him to be. He became more and more detached, and spent much of his leisure time in his dressing room, listen- ing to classical music. Rallied on this point, he replied that music helped him get into the proper mood.

Lydia Heston recalls that: "He seemed, somehow, withdrawn into himself. One day, after they had returned from Egypt and were shooting on the Paramount lot, I went to the studio and had lunch with Chuck in his dressing room. He seemed unusually thoughtful, and when I left I was somewhat alarmed. He had evidently taken a curious stiffening. Hurt and angry, I blurted out: 'I'm your wife. Remember? It took a minute before he came back to me and the real world around him. Then he laughed, and said, 'I'm sorry, honey. This role really must be growing on me. I'm beginning to think I am Moses.'"

By that time in the making of the picture, he felt the spiritual impact of his role had taking had affected everyone involved in it. A visitor to the lot, arriving in time for the lunch break, saw the principals and extras in their Biblical robes, bearded and solemn of face, pouring into the com- missary and across the street to the lunch counters and cafeterias. Even in blase Hollywood the contrast between the char- acters and the world around them was at first ridiculous. Seated at a table in the commissary with Yul Brynner, John Derek and others of the cast, the visitor looked with raised eyebrows across the room to where Charlton Heston sat alone, the Biblical Moses to whom ordinary mortals hesitated to approach. Amid the clutter of dishes and high-pitched chatter of com- missary conversation it was, to say the least, odd.

"Yes," the cast members answered the raised eyebrows. "Maybe it strikes an outsider as pretty silly. But do you know something? Making this picture has done something to every one of us."

Later, Mr. De Mille, talking about his picture and what it had meant to its cast, particularly Charlton Heston, was seated in an armchair with a pipe and a glass of oil paintings of Biblical characters: Queen Nefritiri, played by Anne Baxter; Sephora, played by Yvonne De Carlo; and many pictures of Moses representing the three stages of his career.

Members of the cast, including Heston, Mr. De Mille said, had been taken over the precise route which Moses and the Israelites had made from Egypt to the Red Sea and out of Egypt. "I did this for a definite reason," he said. "I wanted Heston to know, at hand first, the sufferings of the people whom Moses led out of Egypt on the first day they arrived on the Red Sea, Sinai."

"The desert," Mr. De Mille continued, "was the same ancient wilderness, under the same blazing sun, that Moses stumbled through as the outlaw shepherd who he laughed, a rufous, almost embarrassed laugh, and said, 'I'm sorry, honey. This role really must be growing on me. I'm beginning to think I am Moses.'"

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Anne Baxter, who played the beautiful and tragic Queen Nefritiri (whom, his- torically, Moses loved and left), told me: "I think there's no doubt at all that that Charlton was deeply affected by the role he played. Moses, you see, had to be so subtly differ- entiated in portraying the three great roles of the Prince of Egypt, the outlaw shepherd, and the man who led the Israelites to the Promised Land—that it required interpretation of the most delicate shadings. I, as the queen who loved him, could feel how beautifully he accomplished this."

Speaking of the effect upon him as an actor and as an individual of the great scenes he played in depicting the life of Mose
Moses, Heston said: "Any actor worth his salt tries to believe in the events which he is trying to portray. For instance, when I stood before the vast throng of 12,000 people and 5,000 animals, all waiting to begin their momentous journey into the Promised Land, and when I raised my arm and cried: 'Hear, oh, Israel, and remember this day....' I was as tight, emotionally, as it is possible for a man to be. Then, in the scene where I stood face to face with God on Mount Sinai, I was so immersed in the enormous implications of what was transpiring that I didn't have to act at all. You can't speak those magnificent lines without having your heart leap in your throat. It's like holding lightning in your hand.

"I always suspected an actor who said playing this or that part brought him closer to God," Heston went on. "To make such a claim was, I thought, presumptuous. But I've had to revise that opinion somewhat. No actor on earth could go through that stupendous role and not feel closer to the Creator."

The Ten Commandments" is finished and Charlton Heston, whatever effect it had upon him, must go on in the career of a successful Hollywood actor. It might well be asked: Will the great role of Moses make every other picture which awaits him in the future something of an anti-climax? Does the brooding mood which dominated his thoughts during the two years of preparing for and shooting that magnificent epic still press upon him?

While it is not true that the role he enacted in "The Ten Commandments" is still noticeable in his bearing, the impact of the great personality he portrayed remains with Heston to some extent. His buoyancy, which at first glance appears as youthful as it ever was, is diminished. He is carefully melicious in his consideration for others. He has a new seriousness.

Recently, we watched Charlton closely as he strode through his newest picture, "Three Violent People," playing opposite the same actress who, with her beauty and consummate art, helped make vivid his characterization of Moses in "The Ten Commandments"—Anne Baxter. It was a post-Civil War story, and it called for violent, uncontrolled emotions. The scene was being enacted in a tawdry bedroom of a sleazy Western hotel, and Heston was playing it as if it were his first big chance before a camera.

When the scene was finished, we asked him, "Did 'The Ten Commandments' give you anything that would carry you over into a part like this one?"

Thinking first of his development as an actor, he replied instantly, "No one could work under Mr. De Mille and not come out of it a far better performer." Then he paused. He was about to speak, and then paused again. Our question, he realized, was far more profound than one relating to mere acting skill. What did he get from having been the great Moses, from having portrayed this tremendous figure in the gigantic undertaking which was "The Ten Commandments"? He seemed to be searching for words and not finding them.

He smiled, and said softly, "I hope it has taught me to play lesser roles better."

But he knew, as we did, that he had not answered the question. Perhaps he could not. Perhaps no man could. Having been Moses, having talked to God, having led a people through a wilderness to light, having founded a new religion—even if only in make-believe—how could any man express the effect of that experience in simple words?

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86 The eyes have made love to Marilyn Monroe
87 The mouth was born in Canada, starred in TV before films
88 The hair's favorite color is lavender
89 The eyes have made and broken many records
90 The mouth became the bride of one of seven brothers

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The hair was born on April Fool’s Day

The eyes won friends and attracted a count in Europe

The mouth doesn’t cook; lets her husband be chef

---

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The Girl with the Lavender Life

(Continued from page 38) can find on Miss Eagels,” she explains intently. “I found several of the books myself. I’ve put my friends to work digging up more, and several authorities on the theater are helping me out. As I read, I mark down passages that will help me understand the script, and then I have these passages typed out. Next I put them in order, like this.”

She held out some hundred pages of typewritten notes. “I’ve almost got a book—my own book—so I don’t have to hunt through all the other books and magazines to find the passage I want. The way I have it arranged, these pages follow the script, so every time I get ready for a scene, I’ll have all my background material right at hand.”

This may sound more like the academic drudgery of a bookworm than the glamorous life of a movie queen, but for Kim it was only the beginning. She dug out films made by Miss Eagels that even her own studio thought ought to be out of existence. She has studied by the hour every move of Miss Eagels’ hands, her facial expressions, her seductive walk, her unique, exotic technique of screen lovemaking, and her regal bearing as a mother. In the same manner Kim has listened to sound tracks of Miss Eagels’ voice. There are but two in existence, because Miss Eagels died in 1929, and these are one of the most brilliant and stormy careers in show business history.

This ability to concentrate and lose herself in her work dates back to Kim’s childhood in Chicago. She was shy, self-conscious and ill at ease to the point of awkwardness with strangers. But, contrary to most stories that picture her as a skinny, bony-kneed, flap-wristed object of ridicule, Kim was as beautiful as a child as she is today. And, far from making fun of her, boys used to stand in line just to show off in front of her. Unfortunately, this homely only served to make Kim more self-conscious, and she would spend long hours of solitude reading in her room rather than face the strain of being the center of attention.

Out of her frequent solitude grew a vivid imagination, and out of her imagination grew a dream girl who was neither shy nor self-conscious. This dream girl could sing, dance, flirt with boys, model beautiful silks and satins, and win the Miss America contest every year forever. She was quite a girl, and Kim—she was Marilyn Novak when—loved her. By the time she was eleven, Kim could become this dream girl at will.

And it was when she was eleven that she met Norma Kasell, the voice more than anyone else, started Miss Novak on the road to fame. At that time Miss Kasell was employed in the advertising and promotion department of The Fair, a large Chicago department store. One of her chief projects was the development of The Fair Teen Club. The club attracted teenagers from all over the city, featured amateur acts and small shows, brought in guest artists appearing in Chicago theatres and hotels, and once a week put on a radio show over Station WGN. For a long time, young Marilyn Novak had listened to the programs, fantasized, and finally she persuaded her mother to take her to an actual broadcast.

“That was twelve years ago, but I can still see her when she came in, recalls Miss Kasell. Norma, herself, is beautiful enough to be a movie actress, but she prefers to be a wife and mother, and in her spare time serve as Miss Novak’s appointment socializer-secretary and secretary. “She has been so successful in pulling her mother into a back-row seat. It was a relief, really. So many of the teenagers—a lot of them pushed on by their mothers—well, let’s say they were eager to get on the air. And they couldn’t crowd me a little. It was refreshing to see one hanging back, so I made it a point to talk to her, and get her to the mike.”

Miss Kasell still marvels at what happened next. “I could hardly believe it. This shy little creature, so big-eyed and beautiful, was all at once the most poised little young adult I have ever seen. I mean of it—and I’ve seen lots of them. Everything was ad-lib, but she answered my questions so pertly, and spoke so clearly, and even asked me questions. She was everything an emcee could ask for.”

And what had brought about the transformation? “How had this shy young girl suddenly emerged as a veteran radio performer?”

“I asked her that myself,” replies Miss Kasell. “And do you know what she said? She said, ‘Oh, I can’t act. I don’t know how. I was just pretending I could.’”

Kim Novak was born in Chicago on February 13, 1933. For the benefit of astrologers and numerologists, the exact time was 3:33 A.M. and the exact place was Room 313 in the St. Anthony Hospital. Kim won a generous repetition of threes and thirties at the beginning of her life has led Miss Novak to regard them as highly auspicious numbers.

From her mother Kim got the blonde hair and fair complexion which is the delight of the photographers who work with her. Another gift was an older sister. Kim, of course, was looking to fame for movie talent in the Novak family during Kim’s undistinguished childhood, he would have unhesitatingly picked Arlene. Beautiful and talented, Arlene was the star singer and dancer of the family, and dramatics; and she, too, was thegregarious one who filled the house with friends.

The first noticeable change came when Kim, at age 2, was chosen to play the role of Mrs. Novak enrolled two daughters in Saturday morning classes at the Chicago Art Institute. “We wanted our children to have what we had missed,” explained Miss Novak. “So every Saturday I took them down to classes.”

To everyone’s astonishment, it was not gay, outgoing Arlene but shy little Kim who became the star pupil. Kim’s other sister, Linda, was a bookworm and solitary, and with her shyness, frankness, she has freely admitted that as a high school and college student she was definitely no whiz. But her interest in art, plus the fact that she is a compencated-as she has an antique dealer and sculptor in her own right, is something she has shyly protected from public scrutiny.

In other ways, too, Kim was blossoming out. Arlene had met a fellow student named William Malmberg, and from that moment on there had been a rapid thinning in the ranks of admirers who followed her home. In a matter of weeks, Kim, of course, had gained icebox-raiding privileges in the Novak home, but he was not to enjoy the monopoly long. Shy Kim, encouraged by her trainings on the social front and by her courage further bolstered by her frequent appearances on the air, was soon bringing home icebox-raisers by the dozen.

Spreading her charms safely among the many instead of concentrating on one, she was a trait that was to continue into Kim’s adult life. While Arlene was withdrawing from circulation with the man of her choice, Kim began playing a field that was wide open to her.

Asking if she ever had any special boy-friend, she now gives a stock answer. “I wasn’t interested in any one boy. I just was interested in boys.” This is also borne out by her social career at Wright Junior High, a member of the Alpha Beta Mu sorority. This group had some rather antiquated rules governing freshman girls—no smoking, no cocktail parties which should be married and have casually broke as a matter of course. She smoked, got sick, and has never smoked since. She mixed her own cocktail, belted it down, and, except for a polite smile on her face, Hollywood social function, has never been able to stand the taste of the stuff. But, with her training as a model, she was able to teach her sorority sisters many of the finer points of make-up, their social graces, and her breaking of their rules was graciously forgiven. Finally, when the sorority discovered that she could bring in not only a boy for herself, but any number of others to keep filled the dance cards of all the daterless girls in the house, the no-date restriction on her was lifted for the benefit of all.

Kim Novak wonders about it now. “You know, I envied the happiness of Bill and Arlene in going around steady. Now they have a home of their own and two beautiful children, and maybe I’m the one who should be married and have a house full of kids. But I never was interested in a steady for myself. I don’t know why.”

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But, though she had no "steady," Kim's life has certainly not been devoid of men. In fact, you might say it's a story of men, and you wouldn't be far wrong. However, unlike the stories of many successful female stars who use men as stepping stones on their way to the top and then forget them, the men in Kim Novak's life are still staunchly with her, and she with them, except that now their ranks have increased in number.

Contrary to what is expected of a glamorous star playing opposite glamorous leading men, Kim rarely mixes socially with the heroes of her films. She has her own reasons for her reluctance to become emotionally and socially involved off the set. But when she is asked to state them, her expressive eyes grow large and even incredulous. "Take Frank Sinatra, for instance," she says. "The only way I could work with him was to know him only as the character he was playing in the picture. That way I could feel sorry for him, and give him the sympathy the part required. But if I joined him at lunch with the rest of the cast, sat around with him like the others do between takes on the set, and really got to know him well, how could I then break my heart over a dope addict fighting to break the habit?"

The same can be said of William Holden, Tyrone Power, Fred MacMurray, and her other leading men. While on location in Hutchinson, Kansas, during the filming of "Picnic," the cast would meet almost every evening for a cocktail or two, followed by a congenial dinner in the hotel restaurant. Present would be Bill Holden, Rosalind Russell, director Joshua Logan, producer Fred Kohlmar, and possibly six or eight others. But Kim was up in her room on the top floor of the hotel, eating her dinner alone while she studied her script for the next day.

The rest of the cast worried about her solitude, but they needn't have. "I couldn't join them," explains Kim. "I just couldn't. I knew they were all acting in the picture, I didn't dare get to know them socially."

Mac Krim is not only as close to a "steady" as Kim has permitted any man to become, but she is also her Rock of Gibraltar in times of stress. From the time she arrived in Hollywood he has stood by her through all her emotional storms. When things go wrong at the studio, she may burst into tears for momentary relief, but most of her emotion remains pent up until she can release it on his shoulder in the evening.

There has been a tendency to make out of Mac Krim an exciting figure that is not in keeping with the facts. Where he is conforming to what Hollywood has come to accept as the traditional image of its stars. He is not a playboy. He does not belong to any Hollywood set. He dislikes personal publicity. And while he is handsome enough to be a leading man, he wants no part of the acting business.

Mac explains it all very simply. "I came to Hollywood because I was managing five movie theatres in Detroit. Four of them are neighborhood houses, and one is a first-run. It's the last one and I came out to see about getting better pictures. I stayed because I like California. Not Hollywood, necessarily, but California, where I can drive a couple of hours in one direction for mountain skiing, or a couple of hours in another for surfboarding."

As for Kim, he says, "I met her, liked and admired her before she was a Hollywood star. Now that she is a star, I still like and admire her. Stardom can't change something like that."
Nevertheless, Kim is still reluctant to turn away from the lure of the open field and the safety to be found in numbers. On her tour of Europe she met Count Mario Bandini, and had a thoroughly enjoyable time furnishing a list of friends for the gossip columns. While the Count has made something of a specialty of being seen with beautiful women, and Hollywood stars in particular, he is a long way from being a particularly wealthy man. He is a working member of the nobility, and his investments are reasonably interesting him in several lines of business, from canned tomatoes to motion pictures. It is not too surprising, then, that when Kim was in Cannes, in Rome, in Paris, at Lake Como and numerous other places, the Count always found himself plagued with urgent business affairs that required his immediate presence in those very spots.

Unlike most of the dukes and counts who followed Kim around, basking in the reflected publicity, Count Mario Bandini is the only one that was humanly possible to avoid the press. Not that he could do very much, Kim's footsteps being dogged by as many as twenty photographers and newshounds during most of her excursions. But she was able to eat a quiet meal with him now and then, for which she was duly grateful. On the ship coming back, her ship-to-shore telephone calls to the Count nearly equaled the best of her passage, and there were many promises of meetings in the United States in the immediate future. Since then the future has become less immediate.

"This calls so hard to arrange," says Kim with a resignation that is not excessively mournful. "You have to go through so many exchanges from Hollywood that by the time you get Rome on the phone, all your legs are crackles. Then there is the difference of nine hours in time. If I call the Count when I get home from work at 8 p.m. on Monday, when his phone rings it's 5 a.m. back there, and that's no hour to call a man. And if he calls me Tuesday evening, I'm just going to work Tuesday morning, and that's no time to call me. Things just don't seem to be working out."

A clue to the situation can be found in a gift for Mac Krim that Kim brought back from Lake Como. It was a handsome Italian dressing gown that fitted Mac perfectly.

"How would happen to remember your size?" he asked in surprise.

"Oh, I didn't," replied Kim innocently. "But Mario was there, and you and he are the same size, so I tried it on him first."

As the saying goes, when one boyfriend becomes the model on whom gifts for another boyfriend are tried, romance is still a long way from the boiling point.

If Mac Krim has no serious rivals in the annexe department, he has several on the professional side, and everything would seem to indicate that for the next three or four years Kim will be more interested in her professional career than in domestic private life. He is already quite contented and has no desire for other company. For director George Sydney, Kim has already demonstrated her willingness to work until she drops. Currently, she is working so hard on her dancing lessons that, as she says, "My feet have got blisters on their blisters," but she refuses to stop. Each day she goes to the studio hospital, has fresh bandages applied to her feet and goes right back to work.

"As soon as the music starts, I forget that my feet hurt," she says sincerely. And with convincing logic she asks, "How can you get your feet toughened up for dancing if they don't dance?"

Then there is Freddie Karger, musical supervisor of Columbia Pictures and ex-husband of Jane Wyman. He is convinced that Kim's naturally husky voice with its rich, seductive quality can be brought up to professional standards if her singing continues to improve as it has up to now. "She's ready right now," he asserts, "but she needs more lessons to give her confidence. With just a little more work, and Kim is the one who knows how to work—her voice will never have to be dubbed in again.

And finally there is Benno Schneider, C.B.E., who claims to have possibly the best of his craft in the world. There was the time, for instance, when Kim, surrounded by talented actors and actresses, lost all belief in herself. "Who am I, the same set with those people?" she moaned.

"I met a girl like you in Moscow one time," Mr. Schneider told her, in an easy, roundabout way. The great Stanislavsky was there and all of us had spent years studying under him. He was the man who originated "The Method" which is taught in the Actors' Studio in New York. We had worked hard, and we knew the Method, but this girl had never acted before in her life. And he gave her the lead. Well, we resented that, so we went up to him and asked why he gave her the lead instead of one of the girls who had worked hard for it for years. He just said, 'Wait and see.'

"The girl was a great hit. She got I don't know how many curtain calls. So again I asked Stanislavsky, 'How is it she is such a great success? We study your method for years, but she is better without your lessons than we are.' And he said, 'You are students, and need all my lessons you can get. But she, well, it could be that she doesn't need lessons. She is already a prima donna.'"

"Miss Novak," Schneider finished, "it could be you are exactly like that girl."

Thus reassured, Kim went back to the set and put on a performance that brought everyone to their feet. She is already a rival to the stars that are accorded in Hollywood, a spontaneous outburst of applause from everyone, including the stagehands. Then another difficulty developed. Kim looked her best, she walked at her best, she was getting along very well, but nothing was happening. No one seemed able to give a thing.

Benno called her aside after the discouraged director had announced a coffee break, "You are modeling, not acting," he said.

"But what is the difference?" asked Kim.

"Not very much," replied Benno. "But a model must be seen, and an actress must be noticed. Benno, you are beautiful, and you can get the parts. You must go out and model, it is the only way to get seen."

It is a lesson Kim has never forgotten. Marlon Brando took advantage of her Royal entrance in public, be seen by everyone, and sweep regally on without a glance to one side or another. But not Kim. When she makes an entrance, she is seen by everyone, proposed to in a hotel lobby, or in a restaurant, but with her there is a friendly difference. She is seen, but she is also seeing.

Not that Kim is so lacking in showmanship. She is quite capable of summoning an entrance when the occasion requires it. Few actresses since the days of Nazimova, Pola Negri and Gloria Swanson have been able to get away with the purple carpet, the purple tights, the purple mask, and the purple accoutrements Kim uses. That she does get away with them is a tribute to her showmanship, yes, but also a tribute to her naturalness. No one could have done it better. She was informed that Kim had taken to bending her long eyelashes with purple mascara, the response was an amused chuckle. "That Mickey. What will she think of next?" was her unsurprised exclamation.

On the other hand, Kim's very success is raising difficulties of its own. When she first went to New York for location filming of "The Edwy Duchin Story," George Sydney's first instructions were that she do nothing but wander around window-shopping for a week. "Look at the people. Get the feel of people," he said. "You'll know how Eddy Duchin's life felt about her city," he urged.

For the entire week she roamed New York at will, freely absorbing the atmosphere of the Manhattanite New Yorker, without being stopped for a single autograph. The experience was invaluable, but it is doubtful that its like can ever happen again. With the release of "The Man Who Knows Too Much," "Picnic" and "The Edwy Duchin Story" within a few months of each other, plus the publicity that accompanied her enormous personal triumph at the Cannes Film Festival, Kim became an instant celebrity almost overnight. When she returned to New York, requests for interviews, posings for photographers and television and radio appearances came in at the rate of 200 a day, and she was all but mobbed on the streets.
Recalls Mack Krum ruefully, "I met her in New York, and scarcely got to see her. Finally I got her and Mrs. Novak up to Yankee Stadium for a ball game; I thought people there would be more interested in the game than in Kim. Not on your life. By the sixth inning even the umpire would look around to see if Kim approved the way I was hitting. The crowd wanted to see her. The crowd around her asking for autographs was blocked clear up the aisle. Then a police sergeant got to us, with an escort, and told us if we didn't leave right away he'd call the police. He was the responsible fellow for safety after the game was over. We never did find out how the game ended."

Jeanne Eagles, whom Kim will portray, was one of the greatest actresses, broken on the road to stardom by trying to talk to drugs to ease the emotional pain of a world she could conquer artistically but not personally. There is very little possibility of anything like that happening to Kim Novak. Beneath the purple eyelashes and the purple rhinestones sprinkled through her lavender-tinted hair is still the strength and good sense of her peasant heritage. There is, too, a strong sense of self-preservation. This is the thing that has made the men in her life incidental to the work in her life. This is the thing that keeps her clinging to Mac Krim with one hand while she reaches out the other hand to have it kissed by royalty. This keeps her dates with Frank Sinatra infrequent and unimportant. For Frank Sinatra has never had any romantic thoughts about Sinatra—and she has never permitted herself to be quoted on this—Kim knows that Frank Sinatra is one man to be taken lightly and in very small doses indeed.

A galaxy of men have danced through Kim's lavender life and danced out again. She has been engaged, she has been engaged. According to published reports, bitten his ear lightly while dancing with him. She was reported "engaged" to Count Bandini and denied it by saying, "How can I be engaged when I'm not married?" She has appeared at premiers with Frank Sinatra, and young Nick Adams is her willing slave. But something strong—tenacious—keeps Kim toiling steadily onward and upward toward her goal which, in the beginning, she didn't want at all.

After "The Jeanne Eagles Story," Kim will make her screen debut. Once more she will be teamed with Frank Sinatra. One more, undoubtedly, romance rumors will link their names. Count Bandini may still hover in the background. Mac Krim will still hover at her side. Directors and others with whom she will be in the foreground and the background—coaching, advising, scolding, pushing—making of what the executives of Columbia Stated that she was the equal of any kind, will be "the greatest star in America today."

And when it's over, when the shouting has died away, when the crowds melt and the lights in the theater go off; when from Novak stands before her mirror in her lavender apartment and slowly wipes away the purple mascara and takes off the purple eyeshadow, when she realizes whether the decision she has made was the right one. The decision was not whether or not to be a star. The decision was an incredibly difficult one—to be what people thought she could live up to and to what people expected of her.

That, she has done, and as we say goodbye to the girl with the lavender galaxy in her eyes and one protection—she's here to stay. The End

Look for: Kim Novak in "The Jeanne Eagles Story."

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The Richest Bum In Town

(Continued from page 59)

"Foreign Intrigue," "Bandito," and "Fire Down Below." He has scarcely taken a month off, let alone a year, and he is now busy making his hundred-and-tenth motion picture.

Does Bob work so hard? "I believe in subscription," he says. "You've got to put back what you take out."

But it's more than work alone that distinguishes a man from a bum, it's principles. Bob Mitchum is one of the broadest men in Hollywood. He has never been in debt, "But," he adds hastily, "there was one time I went in hock to Howard Hughes. But that was paid back a long time ago."

And yet Bob, in spite of a record that any other man would be proud of, keeps calling himself a bum. He doesn't tell you why he does this. In fact, he rarely stops to explain his remarks or even to answer direct questions. He simply thinks out loud, letting flow what he calls his "stream of consciousness."

He often talks like a truckdriver and swears like aษา cooper. He acts the cynic, the tough businessman, the jaded playboy. However, in spite of all his experience as an actor, it's an unconvincing performance that fools no one. For Bob Mitchum is a person who has not only lived harder than most men, but fought harder for understanding, searched harder for the truth. And if he calls himself a bum, it's to side-track himself, from calling himself a saint. For the truth is, Bob is a poet, and nowadays "them's fightin' words, son."

The notion that anyone as big as Bob—or as rugged—might also be a poet sounds ridiculous. But Bob was hailed as the "finest young poet" of Bridgeport, Connecticut, and the hometown paper used to publish a poem of his, first called, "A Chrestomus Pome," then called "The Story of GI Joe." Bob was just about perfect as the battle-fatigued officer who knew the futility of war but was too busy taking care of his men to make speeches about it. The world-weary young actor could understand Lieutenant Walker's sensitivity, his cynical disillusionment. The way he felt about war was the way Bob felt about life. And for the first time, the screen had captured something of Bob Mitchum himself.

But for Bob Mitchum himself, "It was a day of great embarrassment. Suddenly," he remarks, "I was under the spell. I was a trueblue Harold the Hero. His reward was stardom, and a succession of what he calls "Elmer the Excellent" roles. But Elmer the Excellent was making five thousand dollars a week. The Mitchums moved into a home in Mandeville Canyon—not a movie star's palace, but the kind of comfortable home in which real families are raised. Bob was able to give his three children all the things that he himself had missed as a boy. But most of all, he was free to indulge his passion for giving gifts. One time, when Pottie Mitchum flew to Dallas, Bob had a surprise birthday for her. He bought a brand-new car all wrapped up in cellophane. And recently, on a trip to New York, he spent hours going from shop to shop, trying to find just the right amusement bracelet to go with the ring he had bought for his wife's 25th wedding anniversary. Of course, there was "a thousand dollars' worth of fishing equipment." As for baby Petrine—she can have the whole world!

But Bob can't seem to buy enough presents for her. "It always seems there's something he's forgotten if he is trying to make up for the fact that there's nothing he really wants himself. He's used to traveling light. If a tailor's gabardine suit is Bob's trademark in pictures, it's because it was still hanging out, that's all he owned. Even today, he has only three suits. "It's just as well," he explains. "There wouldn't be room for more."

There was no money that's mine in the house is a saxophone sitting on the wall. I only take it down on Christmas, New Year's, and birthdays, when I play such appropriate numbers as "Silent Night," "Auld Lang Syne," and "Happy Birthday to You." Then I've got—well, not a desk, but one drawer of it."

It was the feeling crowded in his house, he was fed so many crowded Hollywood. "If only I hadn't dropped my pencil at CBS or my wrench at Lockheed!" he'd sigh, wondering how he ever got mixed up in such a crazy business as movies. Twenty years ago it seemed to Bob that he had built himself a reputation as a "Hollywood rebel," but he was not exactly a rebel without a cause. "I'm against everything phony," he has railed, but he never included in that those who were doing the "shyster" behind him. He was referring to "executives justifying their salaries." One of his chief complaints, for instance, was, "There's no money that's mine in the house is a saxophone sitting on the wall. I only take it down on Christmas, New Year's, and birthdays, when I play such appropriate numbers as "Silent Night," "Auld Lang Syne," and "Happy Birthday to You." Then I've got—well, not a desk, but one drawer of it."

In spite of Bob's outspokenness, however, executives invariably forgave him because his pictures invariably made money. And, in the end, he put to good use the money he made. He was fun. There was never a dull moment around Bob, and he'd literally give you the shirt off his back. And yet, he insists, "I have no friends." He considers this for a moment, then adds, "I have no enemies either, and that's bad."

"Actually," Bob says, "I'm at most home with the grips—you know, the old-timers who have been working behind the scenes in this town since the twenties. They're like me. They like me." And he interrupts to show you a thousand-dollar watch. "Look," he says, still touched, still incredulous. Even in Europe, the grips pitched in to buy me this after we finished "Foreign Intrigue." But most important, to Bob, the film crews not only like him, they understand him. "They know I talk a stream of consciousness and have a couple of intellectualpacifiers behind them."

But the public was to know it, too. For we live in a world where our bad—not our good—behavior makes the headlines. Several years ago, the papers had a field day with Bob, not because he hurt him, his family, or his career, Bob made no excuses, but quietly went about living it down. He understood that a star has to accept headlines as "just one more of these things of success." But oh, what a terrible "duch!"

"If I were only rich," the finest young poet of Bridgeport had once cried out. Now he was. Only, something was wrong. And five thousand dollars was no answer to life. The trouble was that success had come too easily, and so it had no meaning. Bob blames it on the accident of his physique. But he also had a penchant for things that were desirable, so Hollywood used him as "a commodity."

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**TAB Hunter: a problem?**

*How can this be? Find out in the January issue of PHOTOPLAY*

*on sale December 4*
Bob admits that he had "arrived at the point of just strolling through pictures." The public liked him that way so the studio kept him that way—and the studio had him under a ten-year contract. But inside that " psychosis " there was a restless spirit, and behind those droopy eyes there was an active imagination.

Like many another American with a problem to solve, there was a time when Bob would jump in his car and just drive somewhere, anywhere. Only in his case, somewhere was liable to be any one of the forty-eight states, and anywhere was preferably a little village with a population of seventy-five or less.

"I'd come riding into town," Bob recalls, "like the Lone Ranger, and sure enough, someone would come up to me and ask: 'Ain't you that fellow who plays in them Westerns?' Yep, I'd say, and like as not he'd ask me to join his family for supper, and I'd spend the whole night just talking to them."

In a sense, it was like harking back to the days of his youth when he went bumming around the country. Only then he was searching for adventure. Now he was one slightly world-weary motion-picture star trying to find some meaning in life. He had lived too hard ever to recapture innocence. Had he also made things so complicated that he could never return to simplicity?

He envied the bums, those "knights of the road," their simple, carefree life. They were free of care, yes, but only because they had never assumed the responsibility for anyone else but themselves. And if they hadn't done that, what could they possibly know of love? And what kind of life was it—always to live apart, looking at happiness through the lighted windows of someone else's house? And was Bob doing himself, riding into strange towns, when he had a house of his own to go to? He should be making his own happiness in it. For his life might not have any meaning to it, but at least it had love.

Although Bob still speaks of himself as a bum, it's more a habit than an accusation. For there has been a change. He takes more notice now, he's no longer under contract to one studio but can pick and choose his own roles. What's more, he's turned producer, which allows him to use up some of his creative energies.

He's still restless, and ready to take a trip at the drop of a hat, if he had a hat. But now, he seldom makes a trip alone. There's little Pete, who likes to be driven along the beach road so she can look at the ocean. Then there are the hunting and fishing trips he likes to take with the two boys. But best of all, there are the trips all over the world—to London, Paris, Trinidad—usually on location for a picture, and always with Dottie at his side. They are very close, and she loves him exactly as he is.

"And for me," Bob says again, with a wicked sidelong grin, "that's quite a record, too."
The Hunger of a Man away from Home...

You never can tell what a man or a woman is likely to do when deep human emotions are involved. But you find out by listening to the radio program "My True Story." For this program is based upon stories taken right from the files of True Story Magazine. These stories are not fiction. They deal with the lives of real people—deal with them in a style revealing—sometimes almost shocking—way that they make stirring listening.

TUNE IN EVERY MORNING TO MY TRUE STORY

American Broadcasting Stations

"We were hounded by my husband's crime." Read "No Place To Hide" in December TRUE STORY magazine—at newspapers now.
The phone rang. I started at it, hating it. Why answer it? It wouldn't tell me anything I wanted to know. But maybe—just maybe. . . . Gingerly, I picked it up. I breathed out a small, tentative, "Hello?"

Nick Adams, the young man with whom I'd tested, said, "Heard anything?"

He tried to keep his voice light, almost gay. But the desperation showed through, just as it did in mine when I said, "No yet. But, after all, it's early."

Nick said, "Yeah. But, kid, I've got news for you. For us, it's late. Well," he said, "good luck, kid."

I said, "You, too."

Slowly, reluctantly I hung up. Nick had been someone to talk to, someone who understood what we both going through. Then I was alone again.

I found myself remembering more of David's philosophy. "In this business, Stevie, you've got to be a machine. If a good part comes along and you get it, you become well oiled in feeling and temperament. If a part doesn't come along, or if you don't do well in a role, you become stagnant, rusty, disheartened."

I'd seen people like that in this town, plenty of them. People with looks, with talent, with something. But we'd never gotten the breaks. I'd seen them sitting beside the dime-sized swimming pools of cheap apartment houses, waiting for a phone that never rang, hoping, pretending, believing.

Was I going to join them? Was I going to be one of the girls who said, "Oh, I decided the part wasn't big enough for me"? Then I thought, realizing it all at once, "I can say I didn't want a career, after all, that marriage was all the career I wanted." Just then the door opened. David was home.

I went flying into his arms. "It's been the longest day. And they didn't call! They didn't call!"

David said calmly, "Have you eaten?"

"Of course not. How could I?"

Wordlessly, he marched me over to the kitchen table and sat me down. It was two o'clock in the afternoon. For all his outward calm and nonchalance, I knew he was getting as nervous, as uneasy, as I was. He was worried for me. He was afraid for me. I could see it the way he fixed the bacon and eggs. David is a wonderful cook, but today he was breaking the eggs, burning his fingers on the handle of the coffee pot, forgetting the toast until it burnt. But I didn't say anything.

"It's all right," I said, "I'm not very hungry. Let's stop talking about me and talk about you. What did you do today?"

I guess husbands and wives all over the country sit in kitchens like ours and ask one another that question. The only thing that's different about it when you ask it in Hollywood is that out here you're not just applying for a job as secretary or sales clerk or something like that. It's not a matter of, if you lose your job you can pick up another. Out here, there's something that tells you this is your big chance. If you muff it, you're through.

Well, I tried to tell myself as I choked down the bacon and eggs I didn't want, so what? You did your best. You're still a person, a human being. You're still Stephanie Griffin. You're the girl David wants to find on the other side of the door when he opens it. You're the older sister Mikey wants to come home to, and pour out her thoughts and her struggles and her dreams. If you can't live for yourself any more, you have those people to live for. You're lucky, Stephanie Griffin, I found myself thinking all at once. You might fail as a star, but it's up to you to succeed as a person. As David's wife, as Mikey's sister.
It's funny what thinking that did for me. I'll never forget it. It was the second really big moment in my life. First, that time when I won the Shakespeare prize and knew I wanted, more than anything else, to be an actress. Then this moment of sitting here, listening to David and not really hearing him, knowing that I wanted, more than anything, to be a person. I'm not sure, but I think I said a little prayer, then I closed my eyes and left the kitchen, and I left the blue canopy of sky outside our window and I was alone for that minute that it took me to say to myself, "Never mind all the rest, just think of what this means for you." The only thing I want now is to have You help me to be the sort of person who will never again think that what happens to me is the most important thing in the world."

"Stevey!" It was David's worried voice, his worried face bending over me. "Stevey, you look ill. Are you all right?"

"What?" I said. And then I said, "Yes, oh yes, I was just thinking about something. David." I said quickly, "I've been wanting to tell you how sorry I was about waking you up this morning. This was selfish of me. Forgive me?"

"Yes, I know. And I am thinking thoughtfully, "sometimes I think you're even more of a screwball than you are. This morning you're in the dumps and now, with nothing happening, you're suddenly walking on air. Forgive me."

"What do you have to forgive me for? Don't I love you?"

But as he was ready to leave the house to go back to his office he paused at the door. I was thinking, as he did, "don't worry about it. Remember, if it's supposed to happen, it will happen."

"For the first time in all the years," I said, "I heard David say those words. I knew he was right. I wanted the part just as much, but I knew that at all once I was free of the worst thing in the world—fear. I cleared the table and looked at the clock. I was to go to rehearsal in twenty minutes, and thinking now, I was thinking that it was almost time for Mikey to come home and I didn't want her to find me looking so haggard and worried. I went upstairs and washed my face, and I felt better."

At first, I thought I was hearing things. I listened again. It was the telephone. My voice was so calm that David said, "Oh, you must be in a dream."

"Don't be silly—of course I haven't heard. What is it? David? It's all right if it's bad news."

"I don't know what kind of news it is. But Billy Gordon of 20th called and wants to see me right away. One way or the other, baby, this is it. I'll call you as soon as I know."

I waited by the phone as the hands of the clock moved from two to thirty, to forty. I wasn't afraid any longer, but I wasn't calm, either. I knew that one way or another, I was approaching the thing that I was living for every moment of my life.

When the phone started to ring again I sat there, watching it, listening to it, thinking of the thousands of other girls who had, at one time or another, sat in the same chair in the same house that when they reached for it their life would be changed forever. Then I lifted the receiver to hear David say, "Why don't you ask Perez what time it is? Kid, you've got it! You've got it! They said your test was magnificent, that this is the part that will make you a star. A star."

The rest didn't matter. The rest was—names—a Mr. Schriber and a Mr. Adler. I would have to pass their approval. I said "yes" and "no" and whatever I thought I should say. None of it was making sense. For all the too much, all too wonderful. I didn't know Mikey had come home until her voice, small and frightened, reached me. "Steveie," she said, "it's all right. What if you didn't get the part? Heck, you'll get the next one."

Then I turned around and she saw that the tears that were streaming down my cheeks were tears of happiness. "Mikey," I said, "Mikey, darling, I got it!" She said, remembering the pauses I'd made, "Darling, from here on in, for us, for—you—it's going to be Christmas every day of the year."

And then I said, "You know, Mikey, God is good. God is very good, in fact."

When David met me at the gates of the studio that afternoon, he just held open his arms to me and kissed me very lightly and very tenderly. Then he said, "I've just left the office for Home. Honey, didn't I tell you just to leave it to the Man Upstairs?"

He took my hand in his and together we walked toward the long, low white buildings of 20th Century-Fox. I saw Nick Adams there, sitting on the grass, waiting for me. He waved and came running to meet me. So did the world. With all it had to offer, and all that I would pay for these golden hours of fame and, perhaps, wealth, and stardom.

And for me, Stephanie Griffin, age twenty-two, that was the day a star was born.

**The End**

SEE: Stephanie Griffin in "The Last Wagon."

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**The Day a Star Was Born—Nick Adams**

(Continued from page 52)

months I had gone on only two interviews concerning a possible role in a picture.

Dennis was on a twelve-week layoff from Warner Brothers where he is under contract, and so there we sat, burning all the wooden clothes hangers to keep warm. Just the other day, when I cleaned out the studio and found a hundred metal hooks which had not burned with the rest of the hangers.

I don't want you to think we had been extravagant to be so broke. Sure, we had both been working hard, and we had been broke when the lull at the studios started because we both send money home to our folks. In my case, I have a brother who is studying to be a doctor in Europe, and I've been sending him quite a bit of loot. Dennis had some tremendous doctor and dentist bills, beside the very high payments on his new Austin Healy sports car. For me, the house had run into more expense than was anticipated, and instead of about a hundred dollars a month for upkeep I was shelling out about two hundred and fifty a month. When I bought a new telephone, I spent a lot of money on the phone company, who also said that unless they paid us $78.22 within five days we might have use for those tom-toms.

Dennis insisted on opening the large branches. When I had received from the Warner Brothers office in New York, I let him because I already knew what was in it. Warner Brothers, in New York, always sends me the movie magazines that have a story on me, or pictures. All of a sudden Dennis burst out in a laugh that made even the marinated herring jump. He kept laughing and I kept asking, "What is it? What is it?" Then, as he hung up the phone through the phone, he threw me the magazine. After reading the page that had my picture and a picture of my house I also fell on the floor laughing.

You must admit it is a little funny, when you're in a predicament like the one we were in, to open a magazine and see your picture and your house and the caption saying: "A shot of handsome Nick Adams, his beautiful mountaineous home and staff of assistants." We were eating fast food. The rising of all the new stars, is no longer the poor boy from Jersey City whose father was a coal miner. Nick now has everything every young man dreams about. He has a staff of assistants, the most beautiful girls, eats at the finest restaurants, and wears the best clothes.

And his career is zooming.

My career was zooming all right—right into the ashcan. That is, if I could have afforded an ashcan. They were right about two things: I did have a car and a home. But as for money, and dating the most beautiful girls, I didn't have enough money to go and see the most beautiful girls, and I couldn't afford the car. Nick Adams is one of the most beautiful girls, eats at the finest restaurants, and wears the best clothes. And his career is zooming.

My career was zooming all right—right into the ashcan. That is, if I could have afforded an ashcan. They were right about two things: I did have a car and a home. But as for money, and dating the most beautiful girls, I didn't have enough money to go and see the most beautiful girls, and I couldn't afford the car. Nick Adams is one of the most beautiful girls, eats at the finest restaurants, and wears the best clothes. And his career is zooming.
when I was in the Navy, that I saw a MIG flying low over the water, heading right for us with his wing machineguns open full blast. Both times I wanted to run, just run. But both times I did not—those things could not be stopped. Either you lucked out or you didn’t. In my case I’ve been lucky. And my luck didn’t let me down that morning six months ago either.

I let the phone ring only once. The agent on the other end was happy to hear I had given my other agent the gate the day before. This new agent on the phone, by the name of Henry Willson, told me that 20th Century-Fox was going to make a picture in just a few weeks called "The Last Wagon" and that I would be perfect for the second male lead after Richard Widmark. Actually it was part of the heavy, he said, and they wanted a name for it but then decided to give it to a newcomer if they could get a good enough actor.

He said that if I signed a contract with him he would go out and work real hard to get me a screen test for the role. While fighting Dennis away from the phone I told Willson that Dennis was going out of his mind because he wanted to know what was going on. He hadn’t seen a smile like that on my face for four months—except for a few minutes before when we nearly killed ourselves laughing at our own predicament.

Willson went on to say that the producer and director of the picture already had a consideration of the amount of interest in me; they had seen "Picnic" and liked me very much. The star of "Wagon," Richard Widmark, had also seen "Picnic" and thought the funniest scene in the picture was when Bill Holden bounced the basketball off my head. So he also liked me. Later I found out that there is a scene in "The Last Wagon" where Coonanee Todd (Widmark) hits Ridge (that’s me) right over the head with a chain. I guess he figured I'd be good for the part because Bill Holden had already toughened my head.

But seriously, I was never so excited in my life. Not only did I need the money to get out of hock, but also this role of Ridge was a starring part. Above all, I was excited about the fact that it was a very dramatic and heavy role. I had been playing these comical young kid parts and none of the studios would consider me for anything dramatic. It seemed like I was destined to play comedy forever.

I told Mr. Willson, "Listen, Daddy-o, you give me a screen test for this part and I guarantee you I’ll get the part. I don’t care if I have to test against Marlon Brando, Laurence Olivier and Gregory Peck combined. I need the money, the part, and I’m going to get it. I’m not going to take no for an answer."

The agent said, "Okay, keep your shirt on. Stick around the house. I’ll be calling you this afternoon and let you know what happens when I talk to them."

After hanging up, I turned to Dennis: "Man, if you ever prayed, you better start now. Everything, man, just everything is solved if I get this part. Not only will it be worth about ten grand, but I’ll break out of the kid roles!"

Well, for three hours Dennis and I didn’t do anything but stare at the clock, then at each other, back to the clock, back at each other. To be very frank with you, I was getting pretty tired of looking at both Dennis and at that clock.

I couldn’t watch that second hand go around as it went from 3:30 p.m. and Willson hadn’t called yet.

It was just a short ring at first, and we looked at each other and wondered if it would ring again or if it was just our imagination. It seemed like we waited a million years. Then it rang again and I nearly tore the phone out of the wall grabbing it so quickly. It was Willson.

"Get over to 20th right away and see William Hawks, the producer, and Delmer Daves, the director. They’re expecting you."

I didn’t even answer him. I just dropped the phone and leaped out the door and into my car. I knew as soon as I touched the starter there wasn’t any gas in it. Dennis was just coming out the front door as I jumped out of the car and yelled to him, ‘Find an empty can somewhere, quick.’ I knew where the small rubber hose was because just a few days before I had found it in the back yard. By the time I got the hose from the garage Dennis was running toward with an empty can. My wonderful neighbor (God love him) who lives about a

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**ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE ON PAGE 74**

**Across**

1. Friendly
2. Spencer (Trey)
3. Red (Renald)
4. Ideal
5. orange
6. Amman
7. ice
8. War
9. A D (Arlo Guthrie)
10. Myra (Loy)
11. There
12. ran
13. in
14. H T (Helen Trent)
15. areas
16. Bad
17. It
18. S N (Sheree North)
19. B (Anne Baxter)
20. II
21. logs
22. Keim (Betsy Lou)
23. Erin
24. nap
25. Es (Esther Williams)
26. bat
27. Dick (Widmark)
28. ace

**Down**

1. from
2. Rory (Calhoun)
3. Ingrid (Bergman)
4. Nina
5. D D (Doris Day)
6. Leah (Virginia)
7. yacht
8. Power
9. era
10. Bart
11. C N (Conrad Nagel)
12. Egan (Richard)
13. Lee (Peggy)
14. Garland (Reynolds)
15. inn
16. Near
17. Madison (Guy)
18. A G (Ava Gardner)
19. Bet
20. "UFO" ("Unidentified Flying Objects")
21. Is
22. N A (Nick Adams)
23. toga
24. Senator
25. Frenchman
26. name
27. Teenage
28. C R (Cesar Romero)
29. riata
30. net
31. G (Gene Autry)
32. A (Dana Andrews)
33. edit
34. Bison
35. Rush (Barbara Hutton)
36. Teenage
37. Capitol
38. C (Esther Williams)
39. bat
40. ace
41. ace
42. ace
43. ace
44. Indian
45. Pekinese
46. "Ole" (Ole)
47. H (Barbara Hutton)
48. ace
49. ace
50. ace
51. ace
52. ace
53. ace
54. ace
55. ace
56. ace
57. ace
58. ace
59. ace
60. ace
61. ace
62. ace
63. ace
64. ace
65. ace
66. ace
67. ace
68. ace
69. ace
70. ace
71. ace
72. ace
73. ace
74. ace

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New! Clearasil Medication

‘STARVES’ PIMPLES’

SKIN-COLORED . . . hides pimples while it works.

At last! Science discovers a new-type medication especially for pimples, that really works. In skin specialists' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were completely cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL.

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Oil in pores helps pimples grow and thrive. So oily skin creams can actually ‘feed’ pimples. Only an oil-absorbing medication . . . CLEARASIL, helps dry up this oil, ‘starves’ pimples.

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hundred yards from my house my dog didn’t even hear us as we siphoned about two gallons of gas out of his truck and then made the hundred-yard dash uphill to my place in six seconds.

As I was pouring, Dennis asked how I was going to tell all the way to 20th and back on two gallons of gas. I didn’t have much time for talking but he understood when he saw me load into my car’s trunk—soda pop, root beer, ginger ale, and root beer bottles that had been sitting in the back yard for about six months. I just waved as I took off down the mountain, and in one motion was gone. I filled the hill, took a mouthful, and grabbed the champagne from him, took a mouthful, I grabbed it back from him. I must have been a little too much for the two of us, I was going to get the test. (My poor neighbor, God love him.) I got out of the car, ran to Dennis, grabbed the champagne from him, took a mouthful, I grabbed it back from him and all the time we were laughing.

Both Dennis and I knew that if I was given a chance to make a screen test for the part I wouldn’t go. We both knew that I had the part and all my problems were solved moment the director handed me the test scene back at 20th Century Fox. It was a test for anyone who’s desperate. You get power that you never dreamed you had. I was nearly washed over the side during a rough sea in the North Pacific once. And as I slid into the water, I knew I had a six-foot wave coming, being carried by a giant wave closer and closer to the railing, where I could easily slide through into a very big, lonely ocean, my hands and fingers were trying to dig a hole into the steel deck. Later, when they wrapped my hands in bandages, they looked like raw meat. I didn’t think it was possible for me to do this; it seemed like the most impossible circumstances would have been impossible: I kept from being washed over by clinging to flat, hard, slippery, wet steel. That’s what you can do when you’re desperate.

That said me I lost all over the place drinking and spilling champagne, “Conquest” blasting on the hi-fi set. Then I call up Natalie Wood and tell her the great news, and tell her to cancel everything to come up to my house because we’re celebrating.

Well, after much celebrating it was again quiet on my mountain. Natalie had brought back her co-star and the four of us had built a fire in the fireplace (with wood from my neighbor’s back yard, naturally). Natalie had lent us some money and Dennis and Nat’s girlfriend had gotten down to the bottom of the hill and come back with hamburgers, potato chips, Coke and all that sort of jazz. We laughed and sang and made big speeches and Dennis kept eating all the food. I had forgotten about the money and the champagne, but I said, it was again quiet on my mountain, because Nat and her girlfriend had left Dennis and I fell asleep.

I woke up about five in the morning and my first thought was—What am I doing in the fireplace? I woke him up and asked him if I had been dreaming or if I really had got the test. He grunted “Yes,” and I made my way back to my bedroom and fell asleep, knowing that I was seeing the light of God. That was the day a star was born.

The next six days came up with a lot of excitement and experiences, too. Things I’ll never forget, like the night before the test, Dennis and Nat were the only ones going to test me. He yelled, “Snap out of it, you jerk, they’re going to test you!” Then he ran inside the house and the next thing I knew I heard “Conquest" way it should be done. How I was confident the next day during the test and what a really good actress tested with me (an unknown girl by the name of Stephanie Griffin), and how I wanted her to have that test. She was going to get the part. Then another disappearance, they told me that we would have to wait until Monday, to give them time to make up their minds.

What a miserable, dragged-out weekend that was. Monday never seemed to come. Then Monday finally did come. I leaped at the phone when it rang. And they wouldn’t know until Tuesday! That was bad enough, but they kept me interested because they’d already set and signed for their roles. It took me a while to get the message my agent was trying to send me—that the thing that was holding us up was money. I had to accept their offer. I wouldn’t get the part.

I guess I really blew my top then. I grabbed the phone and more or less asked the idea of what I thought about them and their offer. Then I said there beside that phone that had more or less run my life for the last few days, I looked out the window and could see the seven-yard fence that I had just made just one more call and he said sure. In fact, he looked relieved and a little happy thinking that maybe he could help me. I dialed the number, wondering if it would make any difference.

“You’ve made the right decision, Nick,” my agent told me seriously. “Right now, money isn’t important. Someday, maybe, but for the present the most important thing is that this is a part you can make come to life on the screen. This is a part you can make people believe in. You’re a real lucky guy. Every actor in town was after this part. Good luck, kid.”

I put the phone down slowly. The man from the telephone company had said anything as he went about taking out the pipe and filling up the car. I knew the gas had been good or bad. But I knew I had just made the right decision.

Then the phone rang again. It was for Natalie Wood, her co-star and myself. John Derek in “Showdown Creek” for United Artists, and I have six starring roles all lined up in a row. And my neighbor (God love him) doesn’t have this gas, bottles and fire-wood any more.

Maybe, someday, if I become really famous, I’ll want to forget that day when a star (I hope!) was really born. But analyzing it, I realized that it was all of it, starting with Dennis searching the fireplace for a cigarette and me in the kitchen looking for used coffee grounds. I like remembering how happy that guy from the phone company was when he could let me make one more call before he took out the telephone. And I like to think that maybe my neighbor knew all along about the gas and the bottles, and I feel so good is the knowledge that people are pretty swell.
Presley Takes Hollywood

(Continued from page 42) wish. "I'm sure," said Dave, "that Elvis could do a good job of portraying Jimmy." Elvis had been sitting in front of the camera position for several minutes, with no apparent discomfort or pain. His legs were bent up under him, yet his spine was straight. His head was slightly tilted, and his right arm rested on his chest, his hand holding his left elbow, his left hand thoughtfully stroking his smooth chin. He chewed nervously, unconsciously, on some chewing tobacco.

"I think I could do it easily," Elvis repeated. He was still on the subject of filming Dean's biography. "I want to play that more than anything else." Then he shook his head, added: "I remember that moment back to the present and to the fact that he was capturing Hollywood just as he'd captured every audience he's ever faced.

It was the first day of work on "Love Me Tender." Elvis had started out by explaining to producer Weisbart, almost shyly, "I don't know much about this business, so I learned the whole script—everybody's lines. I think I look as good as he, smile, too, was shy, almost ashamed.

Elvis' fingernails were torn 'way down. He ground them nervously as he stood in the recording room. He didn't want to hold onto. He noticed the pianist had left, and he walked over to the piano, sat down, and started pounding out a boogie beat. At first it was rusty, then it picked up and became the rhythm. Elvis had been taking it easy, the recording session was still ahead of him, and he hadn't eaten any lunch. Oh, yes, he'd had a cup of coffee, if you could call it that—

"I'm only eating when he knows he should eat," his manager, "Colonel!" Tom Parker, informed us.

During Elvis' first week on the 20th lot, we heard nothing but raves about him from the studio policemen, secretaries, fellow actors and actresses, right on up to the top producers. There hadn't been this much excitement on the lot since Tyrone Power had been shot.

By contrast, when Jimmy Dean was new at Warner Bros., the report that went out about him was, "What a character we've got here. He's a little like a sloppy pig and dresses to match."

Elvis is the opposite. When we saw him, he was wearing black and white shoes, brown slacks, and a pink satin shirt, cut like a doctor's or barber's jacket. A fan he confessed, had made it for him.

"How about this?" he laughed. "Isn't it something? I look like a doctor in a Technicolor hospital!"

Elvis, who had a cloud of smoke, reached for another stick of chewing gum and stared rather moodily off in another direction. Then his attention came back to the present again.

When we asked him whether he could explain Jimmy Dean's great following, and what phenomenon caused that following to increase after Dean's death, Elvis had a ready reply.

"I think they believe that he represented them," he explained. "He acted like them, and he acted for them. He was today's youth, he shared their problems, their likes and dislikes. At least he did more in 'Rebel' than in 'Eden.' 'Eden' had more specialized problems. When they died—well, they mourned him for themselves even more.

And what about Elvis' success? Is it due to the same phenomenon which caused Jimmy's success?

"Gee, I don't know. All those movements I make seem to mean so much to them. I don't really know what it is that causes it to happen. Sometimes, when I'm up there on stage, I might just close my eyes a minute, real tight, or bite my lip, and that does it to them. I might put my hand up hard against my forehead, or maybe reach down and straighten my pants or rub my ankle, and they scream. I just don't know what it is. But it seems natural."

The musicians—two guitarists, a drummer and a pianist—returned from their lunch break to find Elvis looking at his notes. Ken Darby's trio took its place at one mike and Elvis went over to another. They were ready for a take. The red light went on at the stage door, music conductor Newman counted "one-and-two-and-three," and the music started to beat. Elvis got the downbeat from Darby and started singing "There's a Leak in This Old Building." He kept the beat with his body, slowly moving back and forth. There was no hand-clapping, foot-stomping, or finger-snapping. Elvis moved slowly, his arms leading his long, wiry frame, back and forth in tempo. It gave everyone the urge to rock with the beat, to clap hands with the tempo.

The walls were aching when the number was completed, all the crew clapped hands. Every face wore a smile.

Then Ken Darby asked the boys in the booth to play back the recording. Elvis stood nervously in a corner of the stage, waiting. He noticed a couple of boys in another corner who had been quietly watching and listening. Their faces were tense, too. They were Nick Adams, who had been a good pal of Jimmy Dean's, and Dennis Hopper, also one of Jimmy's buddies, who does a great job in "Giant."

"It just as the playback cue thundered through the huge stage, which was sprinkled with only a handful of humans. Everyone was motionless with anticipation. Elvis strained to hear the first note from the mammoth loudspeakers.

Nick and Dennis listened—and they looked. They looked at Elvis as if he were someone they knew, someone they had known before, perhaps.

The number ended and everyone agreed it would be a natural top-seller. Elvis went over to Ken Darby to discuss changes for another take.

Nick Adams, wearing his usual saucy hat, was acting as serious as we've ever seen him—off-camera, that is. "I'd like to know what kind of guy Elvis really is?" he asked. "I'll tell you." Nick proceeded to give us the story of how, a few days earlier, Cameron Mitchell had pulled out of Elvis' film. Cam had been in the running to play the role of one of the "heavies" in "Love Me Tender."

"I didn't know why Cam pulled out, but he did know one thing—it would be a great role for himself. We could have told Nick that Cam was bad at the studio for giving him a secondary role, especially after KO had offered him a starring role which his 20th bosses had turned down.

"It's no secret around town that Nick's a break, and he went after one part by beating the buses in the front offices at 20th. While roaming through these "badlands," Nick bumped into Elvis. And before Nick knew what had hit him, Elvis was saying: "Gee, I think you're a swell actor."

"It didn't take Nick long to tell Elvis how much he'd like to be in his film. He told Elvis how he'd played a "heavy" in "The Last Wagon."

"Gee," said Elvis, "I'll tell Mr. Weisbart to look at 'The Last Wagon.'"

Weisbart, at Elvis' request, went to see Summer's more fun in the Winter!

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There had been a lot of discussion about “coaching” Elvis in acting. Perhaps someone should be hired to teach him the fundamentals. Perhaps someone like Natasha Lytess, who is known as a phenom, Marilyn Monroe, and made her into an actress.

Director Robert Webb and producer David Weisbart had considered Elvis for a number of films, but they also had hoped Elvis would display enough natural acting ability to get by without coaching, which, in turn, might bury his unique appeal. So they held out against hiring a coach until they could see how he looked in the “rushes.”

As soon as the first film came back from the laboratory, Webb and Weisbart dashed into the projectionist’s booth. The movie was a complete bustle once, and decided: no coaching. At least, not as long as he continued to handle the scenes and lines that well!

Ben Wright, the film’s dialogue director, was assigned to go over lines with Elvis before “takes,” but this was not out of the ordinary. Every film’s star does the same thing, but how many know his lines—and sometimes the right day’s work!

“One of the best ways to describe Elvis,” Dick Egan, who had watched him walk into the commissary, is just to say he’s a real nice fella.”

Elvis had been equally, if not more, impressed by Egan, and appreciated Dick’s assistance. As a matter of fact, Elvis was impressed by everyone at the studio who had literally given him the A-1 welcome treatment. Having been an only child, he expected and received the camaraderie, the friendly feeling in making films.

We asked Elvis if he had any favorites in movies. “I love ‘em all,” he smiled. “But I don’t go out of my way to see ‘em. And she’s the only gal for me. But she keeps me 64,000 miles away.”

Who, we asked, could this gal be? “Debbie,” he smiled. “Debra Paget.”

Elvis was anxious to see his cousin Gene Smith, with Colonel Parker. They were both on location, and Debra, her mother and sister were at another. When Elvis was called away for a few minutes, we sat down to discuss the picture. “What’s this about cold-shouldering Elvis?” we asked.

“Debbie” exclaimed, Weisbart.

“Oh, that,” she laughed. “Well, there are all sorts of ways to travel, and 64,000 miles is pretty far! Actually, I’ve known Elvis better than anyone here, because of the way we travel together. And I’ve done the spadework here, preparing everyone for him—and I mean to let them know what a nice guy he really is.”

“HMMMM,” Debbie added, “I’ll admit that my impression of Elvis, before I met him, was the same as many others don’t know him. I figured he had been made up, made into music, and believe me, this boy isn’t The best way to describe his work, I think, is to say it’s inspired.”

Colonel Parker is quick to kid about things, and he has been known to go off on tangents. Malevolent critics have written that he is the reason for Elvis’s successes, that he’s here to stay, and he has signed up for three pictures in all. He gets $100,000 for his first, $150,000 for his second, and $200,000 for his third. After that, Elvis says, he’s taking Hollywood the way Grant took Richmond—leaving the “enemy” outnumbered, out-flanked and unable to say anything except, “Nothing like it has happened before.”

Chances are, nothing like it will happen again, either!

You won’t want to miss: Elvis Presley in “Love Me Tender.”

Richard Egan, by the way, plays Elvis’s older brother in “Love Me Tender.” The story takes place during the Civil War, and tells about two brothers. Elvis plays the role of the younger brother, who does not go to war. Richard, the older brother, does go to war and is killed. During the war, Elvis falls in love with Debra Paget and marries her. His family doesn’t tell him that Dick Egan is going to marry Debra before he was killed.”

We don’t want to give away the whole story, but be forewarned that Elvis, in his first major role, is very good. However, he dies a valiant death near the end of the film. Elvis was prepared for this, and says he was “pained.”

“I was plenty scared that first day,” Elvis admits, his honesty was well-founded, for he had never done a lick of acting before. “It scared me a lot.”

Dick Egan, remembering how tough it was to get started, sort of took Elvis under his wing. “This is a fine, honest boy,” Dick told us.

When Elvis confessed, “I don’t know how to read lines at all,” Dick laughed and said, “Don’t think about reading lines. Don’t worry about being an actor. Just enjoy yourself. Be natural—be Elvis Presley.”
"This Is My Story"

(Continued from page 44)

at the poor old persecuted cop on our beat. But I still had to learn to live, in the full and rewarding sense of that word. And today I know that recently I had never really lived at all.

Sadly enough, there are far too many folks who never live. Certainly there are too many Maggies who, because of weakness, loneliness, fear or sympathy, half-way in between me and the sewer and gather moss. Some use their parents as a comfortable crutch because they are afraid of making a life of their own.

Then, on the other hand, there are some parents who live in the vain hope of preventing their children from leaving home; they just make them so comfortable that, without meaning to, they discourage the whole idea. This has led me for my friends of a charming, stimulating, brilliant woman, who made her daughter so happy at home that for years the girl wouldn’t get serious about any boy. She didn’t want to leave the lovely apartment or her mother’s exciting, glamorous friends. She loved going to Europe in the summer and to Florida in the winter, and it was too good a thing to give up for any struggling young man. As she framed her daughter. One day, “Why should I get married? What could they give me that you don’t?”

Which echoes the sentiments of a father I know who keeps his tribe under an iron thumb and keeps them under the same roof with him. Sons, daughters, in-laws, grandchildren—the whole caboodle of them living there together, too close for ordinary comfort. And the father is so strong, he’s making a job of it, just as the rest of them, or rather they’ve allowed him to.

One son could have been a brilliant scientist, but his father insisted he follow in the family business. Some years later, when he was about to leave her, but she still couldn’t break away and go with him. The son-in-law was a nice guy and he loved his wife, but he just couldn’t break the pattern. One day I sat down and talked her into moving out and getting a house of her own. The father bought it for her—he refused to let go completely—but she’s so happy now, living her own life. If you can just break the pattern, you’re home-free. Yet, I’m sure this father, just as many other fathers and mothers, doesn’t even realize how much he’s warped all the others’ lives.

Certainly my mother would never consciously do this. Nor would I have done it to her. But sometimes circumstances just bring this about anyway. Living in the same house, just as hard to break. I was tied to my mother from childhood primarily because of my own determination to help provide for her, and because she needed me.

If my mother is anything, I would have never gone to Hollywood. She was the whole inspiration for me getting us out of that bloody Casbah where we lived in the tenement section of Detroit. Mom had worked hard all day, including nine years old. When I was a kid she worked as a "tackspitter" in an automobile factory for a long time, taking upholstery out of the car seats. She was a good one at that. We all admired her, and believed she’d never been seen. Seeing her hands like that infuriated me, and I vowed that someday I’d make it all up to her. I was determined she wouldn’t go through life and not live at all. Never have anything. I decided I would be a movie star, and I dedicated myself to the day when Mom would have all the necessities and comforts life holds.

Our relationship was in reverse. Mom was in essence my "child." I took care of her and I worried about her, and during my teens I was her best friend and her provider. I tried to do everything to her, to make up for the struggle, the fact that I was growing up happily, while she was always helping me with my problem. She was just always there.

Thus we were unusually close. Too close. Finally I realized this, but breaking the pattern of such close relationships necessarily takes time. I seem not to be the unbelievably nice, but when my children, Lindsay and Candy, were born, it was hard for my mother even to acknowledge them at first. I was her baby and she felt she was losing me.

I knew it was essential for Mom's future happiness for her to have a life of her own and to feel free of me. I bought her a house in the San Fernando Valley, in a sense that became her center. I hoped this would give her some roots and security of her own, and eventually it did. When she married my stepfather, she began building her own life, and gradually dissolved herself from me.

She gave me her "final notice" the last time I went out on the road to play nightclub dates. One night, in my dressing room, I said, "Betty, this is the last time I'm going anywhere with you."

Throughout that trip she kept worrying about her house and her garden. She was more concerned about the devil-gate to her room than about her daughter's nightclub act. And since I married Alan Livingston, she's let go completely, and she knows how happy I am.

If you can just break the pattern, if you have the honesty and the courage to try—that's the important thing. My difficulty was there were just too many patterns of thinking, feeling and living that needed breaking now, I had to take myself into perspective and I could know what it meant to live fully—as I am now.

Growing up, I had personality problems no one's even named yet. And I've always been probably the greatest living authority on the subject. During most of my early years, I was a miserable misfit. My sister, Marion, was the pretty one, the popular one, the one I adored. I've never seen a more complete and even loving. Loud, I found, was the only way I could attract any attention.

"Poor" is a relative word. And if you've never experienced it, I'm hard to explain the kind of loneliness and self-esteem that I felt. When my husband, Alan, gets to reminiscing about how tough times were during his school days, he'll say, "I'll never forget when I was going to college. I had it so tough that on the last day of school I couldn't eat."

That really breaks me up. College, yet? "Yep—that's real tough, Alan," I'll joke. "Rough deal. If our whole family had a dollar a week, we were well off."

I tried to make it all up to her. I was determined she wouldn't go through life and not live at all. Never have anything. I decided I would be a movie star, and I dedicated myself to the day when Mom would have all the necessities and comforts life holds.

Our relationship was in reverse. Mom

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I never wanted to see him anyway. All my life I felt nothing but hatred for him. Today I can be more adult and more tolerant, weighing the differences in my parents' natures and realizing how humanly difficult the circumstances might have been. But watching my mother working so hard and seeing her suffer and knowing my father had deserted us, I really hate him.

During all the years of struggling, I never heard from him. Then six years ago, when a national magazine was doing an extensive research on men, the research staff traced my father to Sawtelle Veterans' Hospital in Santa Monica, California—right next door to me. He had shot himself only four months before. He must have been thoroughly broke, for I never tried to contact him or to cash in, and that sort of cleaned him up with me. I've always wondered how he felt seeing me in movies, knowing I was so near—and remembering how he'd run out on me.

With my father for a first example, I grew up having small use for men. I was a bitter kid anyway, and the type of men I'd married in my early thirties—mine and orange blossoms and old lace. Living in tenements and singing in bars, I saw the worst side of men. Nor were they attracted to me. I never had a real boyfriend. And when, even there, I wasn't the type guys would ask for a date. I was too self-sufficient. Men didn't feel needed with me. You have to play all the woman in a relationship, and I'd never played any of them. Furthermore, I had neither the time nor the experience. I'd been working all my life and had no time to learn how to play games, I'd been in a situation where time was of the essence, I'd been raising my own family. I was always battling with men, always competing with them, and I just didn't know how to go about being womanly. And the love-hate and the family institution as I saw them offered small attraction anywhere.

There were sixteen families packed into our tenement house, and every family had a few extras living with them. There were always arguing, the kids crying, and the men were always beating up their families.

These were our neighbors, and I couldn't stand any of them. Neither could I stand the dinner table. We all got dressed up, I only had one dress, but I had to wear that dress every night. It's hard to explain, but this was very important to me. This was the only thing that made me different.

And there was another thing—the tremendous desire to better our situation, to be a success so I could take my mother out of that rat trap. This was like a fever with me. I was going to have a new girl, new clothes—after a fashion, since I was three years old, when my sister and I sang and danced for the customers in the "blind pig" my mother ran there.

While I was still under age, I started singing in clubs and bars around town. You were supposed to be sixteen years old and accompanied by a parent to even visit those places. I never went, except to sing. I would make up and try to look older and go over to some club. Sometimes they had "Amateur Night." Other times I would just go over and sit by the piano player and they would let me sing. The customers would throw money on the floor, and some nights I would make ten or twenty dollars, which was a big help to my mother. And on some nights the officers would find me and escort me home.

I'd been on speaking terms with some of the truant officers before. By the time I was twelve, I was twenty years old in looks. They'd been full of hate, and full of hate, and I'd decided the whole world was wrong. I had no respect for anybody. I'd throw tomatoes at the cops on the beat. I had gangs, and we'd go around and dig in the dustbin. But for the miracle of God, I could have gone wrong about then. Real wrong. But that was about the time Mom and Marion and I all started going to church.

We went to the Tabernacle in the neighborhood, and I thought the evangelist, Brother Kline, was the most godlike man I'd ever seen. I can still see his face—it just shone. And I loved going there every day and staying all day. The congregation would get pretty emotional, they'd sing hymns with a lot of spirit, and they would talk in tongues. I was just now learning about a woman who was blind "talk to the Lord" and see. This was miracle enough for me. This was just about the greatest thing that had ever happened to me.

I was then in the Catholic religion, guided by Brother Kline. After that year I could never go back to being the little monster I was before, because I'd gotten religion and I'd learned the rule. Brother Kline taught us, "Believe if you believe, and if I prayed, whatever I wanted would happen. You had to get the bitterness and hatred out of your heart, and you had to replace them with love and understanding. If you had faith and prayed, it would happen.

This gave me the confidence I needed, and it changed my whole life. Now I believed I would make it. Instead of just having everything accepted to me, now there was faith and prayer to carry me through. And down through the years, just before any important performance, Marlon and I kneel in the wings and prayed. What I'd learned in the church, was success in show business. To become famous enough and to make enough money to break the pattern of living for us. I never gave marriage, or a happy home, or having someone to be a movie star. I wanted to be accepted and loved—and one person, one man, wasn't enough. Everybody had to love me and believe in me.

Through the magic of motion pictures, I soon had millions of new friends. And eventually, through the magic of birth, I began to mature more, personally. When Lindsay and Cooper started asking me, I learned the womanly things. How to feel more feminine. How to give something of myself. And how not to feel too self-sufficient any more. Having a child does this. With a child you can look at the world completely, if you're a good mother. And the minute a baby's born and they put it in your arms and you feel this tiny warm sweet something who needs you, all your philosophies and ideas and bastard ways fall on their heads and you start loving me for myself. They weren't thinking, "What can I get out of my mother?" All they asked was love and security.

Marriage, however, was a less happy experience. I married Ted, and I were married, I thought this was it. I'd never had a home or a lot of relatives, and Teddy's strong family ties seemed to insure a lasting relationship. But our marriage proved to be a mistake. And about this time I lost all heart for show business.

Why? I was worn out physically, mentally and emotionally. A succession of things happened, but none of them were big enough to matter if I hadn't already been too exhausted to go on. I was really fed up, and I was ill. I needed to rest and get my strength and on that I met Betty Hutton, too. I told myself show business had brought me fame and money, but no personal happiness. But then, from the very beginning, that was all I'd asked for anyway.

Then I met the first man who had ever loved me myself. A man who thought Betty Thornburg, of the Battle Creek and Detroit tenement Thornburgs, was worthy of his love. This was an almost unbelievable and a wonderful thing. When I met Alan, I was so destroyed inside he was able to meet the rest. He was8ipped—everything—all the ego, the defenses. Alan had never known Betty Hutton, the performer. He fell in love with me.

After we first met, we'd sit for hours discussing the fact that I would be amazed to hear myself telling him these things I'd never told anybody before. Actually, this wasn't necessary, for Alan knew me very well and he's even told me a thing or two every once in a while that he knows I'm just defending myself, and he will say, "You know what's wrong with you now, Betty? You're embarrassed and you're just taking it out on me."

I had a strong sister, and for years I've battled and competed with men, but here's a man much stronger than I. He lets me rave and rant and he doesn't say a word. Then when I get a chance to talk to him, he'll say, this is what we're going to do." And brother, it is! Alan's a brilliant businessman and he comes from a fine background. He can understand the way I feel and he's doing his best to straighten me out.

"Don't be ashamed of your background, Betty," he keeps telling me. "You shouldn't be. Think how far you've come and what you've done for yourself. It's as if you had your background and to have achieved what you have. Don't fight—it be proud of it. You've been tested and you know what you're made of and what you can do. So few of us ever find..."

I had never thought of my life quite this way, but then Alan has helped to give me a healthier realization of everything.

It's amazing to me that my career doesn't consume me any more. I'm taking time to live. Oh, I work hard and I still get good and upset when things go wrong, but it just isn't my whole life any more. All I experience, to help them handle. And this is reason enough—and reward enough—for all the pain of the darkest years that have been.

Look for: Betty Hutton in "Spring Reunion."
A Lady on the Loose

(Continued from page 49)

ing, are the views you get when a plane circles over the International Airport in Los Angeles and you see all the lights of La Guardia Airport in New York in the morning. The nighttime sight in L.A. is breathtaking. A whole valley of lights stretched out below you, marching right to the foot of the distant mountains. You see there's that magnificent skyline of buildings that seem to be thrusting their spires right into the low-hanging, early-morning clouds. I find myself looking at the houses who work in those offices, about the hurrying, scurrying executives. It must be exciting, I find myself thinking, to be a captain of industry. But I'm glad I'm what I am. Being a reporter is wonderful, I think. It's fun, too. The traveling, meeting new people. And the expense account. That's the most! Of course, the studio only lets me charge everything because I'm actually working out of a stand over La Guardia—Dr. Darn, I mean. It's awfully expensive, but I've found out how to make it last just as long, all right. And I had to, but I'm glad I did. There's the phone and Nick's call. Just in time, too. I'm getting sleepy. Good night, diary.

Wednesday afternoon:

I'm a little ashamed of myself today. I really blew my top this morning and threw the temper tantrum bit when the clothes came from Danny Linden in Hollywood. I took one look and I said, "Hil-

deous. Absolutely hideous. How could that man be so stupid?" Miss Atlas insisted I try them on, but I wouldn't. I threw the lot up and then sending them back, and I sounded pretty sullen as I said, "Well, all right." And was my face red when each and every one of them fited me, and of course I'm altogether different on than they'd looked off. Another lesson in making snap judgments. A writer from one of the big weekly magazines just called and wanted to interview me. I had to give him names and addresses of everyone I know in New York and Hollywood so he could ask them questions about me. I've often wondered what happened to them, you know. If they've done anything they're ashamed of. I mean, once people start writing about you they find out everything. Good thing there are no skeletons in my closet! And speaking of closets, I go on a mad shopping spree tomorrow. New York clothes are so much smarter than the clothes you get in Hollywood. I want a pink raincoat with a belt, for instance. What do they look like? Stuck-up old neggleys and nightgowns. Sometimes I wish I didn't look so normal and healthy. I'd love to be a femme fatale, all hollow-eyed and hollow-cheeked. I only weigh nine stones, but I look disgustingly healthy. I'm wearing my hair a new way—straight bangs across my forehead and very short at the sides—and that makes my face look fuller. Now it's five o'clock and time to go to the TV studio. Tab's been looking awfully depressed today. Wonder what's wrong with him? Must remember to ask him. See you later.

Wednesday night:

Nick and Scott both sent flowers and the living room smells like a flower shop! It's great. It rained and they bought both, except that you can't love two people at one time, can you? Or can't you? Sometimes I think being young is pretty grim. I mean, there are so many decisions you have to make in life. Which do you decide? Everybody helps you with that. Reminds me of Tab. I talked to him at dinner—about the only meal we have that isn't spent with interviewers, though sometimes even then we're better fed than those gaunt-looking stars in TV studios. But Tab feels his career's in a real rut. He was feeling great after "Battle Cry," but now he doesn't think he's going any further. Tab ought to get out of those "boy next door" roles—"Even the boy next door has to grow up sometime," he told me moodyly, "so why can't I?" He thinks his studio ought to find a real gutsy sort of role for him. I'm afraid Tab might fall in love with someone. It's easier to work out your life if there's someone really close to you to whom you can pour out all that you're thinking. Somebody besides yourself, I mean. They're great, too. That's one of the wonderful things about having a close friend. One to whom you can tell anything and who will understand, I want the friend to feel the same way about me. Sometimes Nick or Scott calls me up at some crazy hour of the night...

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morning, like one or two o'clock, if we're feeling low, and maybe talk for an hour. Well, there's the phone. Wonder which it is? Nick or Scott? And then to bed.

**Thursday:**
It's hard to believe the week is almost gone. Exciting! Well, next we go to Chicago, then St. Louis, then home. But I feel perhaps it's all just a dream. It feels like I've grown older since I left New York, to tell you the truth. I have my three tigers on the living room floor and everybody flips over them when they come in. One squeaks in a different key when you step on it—the mama tiger, the littler tiger and the baby tiger. Nick Ray started his collection. He gave me the first one when I finished "Rebel Without a Cause." I'm setting for big things with special people or for a special occasion ever since. Have to go to a place called Hackensack, New Jersey, for a public appearance. See you later.

**Thursday again:**
We were mobbed! Tab's coat was torn. Miss Atlas' coat was practically torn off her back and I had my feet trampled so many times they'll never be the same! I'm soaking them right now while I finish this because tonight Tab and I are going to the "War and Peace" premiere. I don’t really mind the mob scene because I know it's just because the kids like us, but sometimes it's almost a little frightening. Boxes of clothes arrived today and I've got to see what I bought. A pale blue filmy negligee and half a dozen pairs of panties. Had the devil's own time finding them because I wear a size five. Same with dresses. Even in the junior department I couldn't find a size five. Maybe I'll be able to grow a little. If I don't stop nibbling on the wonderful candy people are sending me, I'll be growing in the wrong direction! Gollin has a suite reserved for me at the hotel. I'm arriving at the hotel today, and it's been filled with interviewers from nine in the morning until five at night. The phone never stops ringing and telegrams keep arriving. It's a three-ring circus and I love it. Deepers, it's almost like six. I'd better dress for dinner. I'm wearing a black lace dress over a pale, pale pink faille lining. It's skin-tight and I have to wear my panty hose with it. What a pain! Well, I don't look too sexy, because I don't think that's in good taste. I bought a jeweled black velvet purse and I'll carry that with me and maybe I’ll go real elegant and do the long white kid gloves bit. That’s another funny thing about New York. Everybody dresses up here, especially at cocktail and dinner time. There just isn’t any “cocktail” time in Hollywood because nobody gets home from the studio until seven o'clock or later and by then it's time to start thinking of dinner. Not that I drink, because I don't, and I was furious about those silly stories that said I was seen with Scott drinking cocktails. That's the most ridiculous thing I ever heard of. Actresses just can’t afford to drink. Everybody knows that liquor puts on weight quicker than anything else. There are a lot of us who are too fat! Darn! The phone again. Time to dress for dinner at Sardi's. Kid, I tell myself, you're really living. I am, too.

**Friday:**
Having breakfast in bed as I write this, which is beautifully luxurious except that I'm one of those people who can't sit still for very long. Wonder where the place, eating as I go. I have breakfast in bed every morning at home, too. My mother's done that for me for as long as I can remember. No wonder I don’t really want to leave home, though, of course, someday I'll have to. It's not right to stay in the nest too long. Maybe I'll leave because I'm getting married or maybe just to clear out of my own apartment. Pause for a New York Times interview. Wonder if I can receive a reporter in a negligee? Better not. I'll wear the pale yellow. Very little-girl-looking.

**Friday, later:**
The Times man wanted to know how I refer to myself—as a child wonder, a child star or a starlet? I got a little annoyed at that; I hate "fresh" interviewers. Told him I refer to myself simply as an actress. He put it down, but he didn't look very convinced. Someone from the New York Stock Exchange just called to sell me some stocks. I guess all movie stars are supposed to be rich. Wish I were! The Times man was impressed by the fact that I didn't have a stop put on my calls. I said, "Why should I? Anyone who knows where I am is probably someone I want to see." Miss Atlas and Tab just came in. Tab wants me to go to a movie with him. Will do. Everybody envies me all these dates with someone as handsome as Tab. All we talk about, though, is our careers. That's all for now.

**Saturday:**
Tomorrow night we leave for Chicago. I wish the time hadn't gone so fast. I'm sitting curled up in a big chair in the living room, my lunch on a tray, trying to remember all the things I've forgotten to remember. I'm wearing some of the new dreamy underwear I bought here—a white bra that's just a wisp, really, and tiny, lace-trimmed panties. I feel nice and wicked, sitting like this, with pedicured toes and manicured fingers all done up in platinum nail polish. There I go on that femme fatale bit again, but I guess it's all just part of wanting to be grown-up and be a kind of what maybe I’m always telling me—that every teenager in the world has the same problem, wanting to be free and independent and yet afraid to be, still needing people who care about you to help you. Well, today is a last spurt of shopping and then tomorrow is church and rest before we take the plane to Chicago. Wonder if Chicago will be as much fun as New York? I doubt it, but here goes!

**Chicago, Monday morning:**
You say, "ten days" and it doesn’t seem that long. In ten days I've met dozens of people I never knew before, signed autographs for and exchanged greetings with thousands of others. In Chicago, we were mobbed as we were in New York, but, of course, Chicago holds none of the magic of New York or Hollywood. You land at a dingy airport that has a little luncheon attached to it, and no sense of excitement. Chicago is sort of a small city, a popula-
tion of a big city, but that’s all. I mean, it’s sprawled out, with small town-big city feeling all mixed up together. The most beautiful part of it is Lake Shore Drive, with the big apartment houses that look as though their faces had just been washed yesterday, and the houses set well back on perfectly kept lawns. Managers’ publicity woman, Maggie Waite, took over the job of companion here. Tab and I did a radio and TV show and then went out on Howard Miller's yacht. It's named The Disc Jockey. The skipper, Howard Miller, is one of Chicago's leading disc jockeys. Had dinner at Chez Paree. Met Spike Jones and Helen Grayco. Loved the show, the other TV show and us to bed. It’s midnight and Nick called to say he’s glad I’m working my way home. I told him "working" was the word for it! Tomorrow we start home.

**Tuesday:**
Tab and I devoted the whole day to sightseeing, with the photographers following us everywhere. Tab and I even went to the Tower of the Rock in the Prudential Building. Saw the whole city laid out at our feet. Had lunch up there. It was a wonderful sight. Later, had our picture taken standing beside the lines in from "The Lady in Error." We saw "The Gay Divorcee." Then we went to a famous ice cream parlor and a famous book store. Everywhere we went, the fans were there ahead of us. Did her the Ambassador East's Pump Room. Tab and I danced. When we left the hotel, I was touched by a group of Puerto Rican children who had come there to serenade us as our luggage was being packed for the trip home. Tab went to Howard Miller's TV show. I was grateful to Howard for not asking me to tell how I got started in movies one more time. Instead, he gave me some tips on techniques of acting and what is the best way to get ahead. As usual, we argued. We had free hours until the plane was scheduled to leave at 2 A.M. Tab decided to go hear "Sardi's". He was going to play the part of "Sardi's" and I was going to play "Lonesome Gal," Maggie and I wanted to just walk up and down the streets, soaking up the last bit of Chicago atmosphere. The next air fare, our one to discover the plane was an hour late. I was so tired I was slapped out so I decided to put on a show to keep everybody, including myself, awake. I pulled down my eyelids and brushed my hair down over my forehead, picked up a "Little Lulu" book and started to read it. That sure startled everyone. I am a bookworm. Everybody laughed. But Maggie was miffed with me when they weighed our luggage and mine was sixty-six pounds over. She said I should have at least left my three tigers at home!

**Wednesday:**
Back in California at International Airport. A studio man took me home, as my best friend, Barbara Gould. The two of us have rented a cottage at Malibu for two days.

**Sunday:**
I did nothing but sleep and talk to Barbara about the trip. We finished our weekend by cooking dinner for Nick at his house. I caught him over the long-distance phone and we spent the rest of the evening discussing life, actors, politics, psychology, and what have you. And so ends the diary of Natalie Wood's latest, least, and most exciting tour ever.
about her career, and radiates a kind of lady-like sex appeal that even such a worldly character as Dean Martin found very potent. Last winter, when Dean was separated from his Jeanne, Lori was the girl he pursued. They could be seen dancing and dining in the glitter spots, and you could see Lori was very amused by Dean's wonderful antics.

With the Persson, however, Lori is radiant. I won't be a bit surprised if they have already announced their engagement by now.

Lady Luck's Stepchild

Cleo Moore is a girl who's had more hard luck than most in her movie career. First, under contract to Columbia Pictures, she found herself cast in one prison role after another. And so, to fend off the image of a convict, Cleo dropped her M-G-M label and, when she presented him with a role in "Forbidden Planet," he rejected it, saying the role was too small for him. So M-G-M dropped him off the contract list, put Leslie in the space epic — and both were hits.

Poor Steve, who has talent as well as looks, still hasn't become a big success. However, plotters aren't always wrong in turning down roles. Poor Kathryn Grayson tried to buy herself out of "The Vagabond King" after the first week's shooting, but they wouldn't let her. It certainly would have been much better for her if they had.

Love Comes to Lori

Happy encouragement to all those who fear that "nice" girls can never really get anywhere romantically. Is this month's news about Lori Nelson. Sweet and refined little Lori is finally in love, and is loved, and the object of her affections couldn't be more handsome. How much more desirable can a man be than to be barely thirty, very handsome, unsual, energetic, and a self-made millionaire? That's Lori's beau. His name is Bob Powell. He is a publisher with a whole flock of auto-racing magazines. Only a few years ago, Bob came to Los Angeles as a smart kid with a smart publishing idea to put out a magazine just for hot-rod enthusiasts. Through a curious coincidence, Lori's greatest personal success has been in a quickie film, recently released, called "Hot Rod Girl." The title is the coinidence, and beauty, and success, and old friend of hers. If that old lady had stood by me quite wonderfully during this period.

Incidental Information

It's all, all over with Piper Laurie and Gene Nelson. Funny, how Gene can get the girls but not hold them. Like his ex-wife, who recently married him, now Piper. . . . Every cloud should have a gold lining for the newest member of the Eddie Fisher family. Debbie's friends baby-showered her with golden gifts, including gold medallions for the coming garringers, and gold spoons. Hollywood, it would seem, has tired of the silver-spoon treatment. . . . His serious illness has changed Humphrey Bogart and made him almost a shadow of his former self. Last fall, he was hated by every expression of sentiment, probably because his mother was an artist who drew cute baby pictures and painted Christmas cards. Says Boogie of Lauren Bacall, who is less than half his age, "I must say the old lady has stood by me quite wonderfully during this period."

Romantic Merry-Go-Round

While Frank Sinatra was in Spain making "The Pride and the Passion," he seemed most interested in Peggy Connelly, the fetching lass, whom many people (probably including Peggy) thought Frank was very much in love with. Also, no matter what Frank and Ava say, they did see one another in Spain, at private houses and at dinner parties. Frank also flocked around actress at vivacious, very young, very beautiful Carmen Sevilla, Spain's greatest star. Back in America, just in time for the Democratic convention, Frank did a lot of winning and dining with lovely Eva Peron, a close friend of his. If that old feeling wasn't still in their hearts, there in Chicago, they surely gave a good imitation of it. In the background of Frank's life there is always Nancy Sinatra, a real love of a girl, who would take him back tomorrow if he'd so much as invite her out for a soda. There's young Nancy, too, nearly grown-up and Frank, Jr., of whom Frank is becoming increasingly proud. The End
brought up her son the best way she could. “John interrupted this description of his childhood, turned to a waiter and ordered our dinners in perfect French. He’d studied at Harvard, he explained briefly. Then he went on so freely, “It wasn’t easy for Mother or me,” he said. “Mother had to work to support me. She was always either busy in a Broadway play or on the road with a show, so I spent a lot of time in boarding school.”

An intelligent, impressionable boy like John needed security in those years—needed it desperately. But it wasn’t to be found. When Easter and Christmas holidays came, the列为meres gleefully packed up and journeyed home. Not John. He remained at boarding school. His mother was on tour, his father in England. This was when he began to think and think too deeply. Why was he always by himself? What was going to happen to him in this strange, lonely world? Where were the happier other kids knew? Where was he going?

Perhaps it was because he had been hurt a good deal in his young life that John decided to help others. When he enrolled at Harvard, he registered for a pre-med course. ‘I stuck it out a few months,” John reminisced, with his first faint smile. He seldom smiled, almost never laughed. “Then,” he continued, “I realized I didn’t know enough physics and chemistry, so I transferred to literature. That was much easier. The next year, I decided I ought to shape up and choose a line of profession. A diplomatic career sounded intriguing, so I began studying French and Russian.”

John went on to talk about his life. According to him, the first bright note was sounded as a result of his interest in Slavic languages. In the fall of 1951, he had enrolled in a course in Serbo-Croatian, sitting in the class on a stool, and winning the heart of a young woman with his manners, pretty brunette from Radcliffe. When John looked at her, he felt a flurry of butterflies in his stomach. He remembered saying to himself, ‘I’m going to marry that girl. And I don’t even know her name!”

In his bashful way, it took John two weeks to work up enough courage even to say hello. He learned from roll call that the course name was Priscilla Smith. After a month of shy “hello’s,” he finally invited Priscilla to the movies. “I thought he’d never ask me!” Priscilla has since confided. “I’d been harboring an awful crush and was dying for a date. I guess it was that rare thing—love at first sight.”

From the first date on, John and Priscilla had no doubt that someday, some how, they’d be married. John, however, had made up my mind about a career,” said John. “You can’t get married without a job.”

Inevitably, the theatre beckoned. In 1946, June Walker had been engaged to appear in one of the plays at the famous Cape Playhouse in Dennis, Massachusetts. ‘Johnny,” she said, “we’re together so little. Why don’t you come up with me? I’ll get you a job as an apprentice.”

John followed directions carefully, striving to do the best he knew how. From time to time, he noticed whispered conferences and glances in his direction. The writer, the stars apparently were talking about him. What was it all about? What was wrong? At last, he found out. There was a feud going on. One faction wanted Kerr in the play, another thought he was too inexperienced. John’s heart sank. Just as he’d feared, it had all been too good to come true! Then suddenly, the pro-Kerr side won out. And nobody told him. By the time the first scene was acted out, McClintic was ready to stage the action. John followed directions carefully, striving to do the best he knew how. From time to time, he noticed whispered conferences and glances in his direction. The writer, the stars apparently were talking about him. What was it all about? What was wrong? At last, he found out. There was a feud going on. One faction wanted Kerr in the play, another thought he was too inexperienced. John’s heart sank. Just as he’d feared, it had all been too good to come true! Then suddenly, the pro-Kerr side won out. And nobody told him.

John tagged along to the Cape the next two summers. In 1948 something happened—something alone in his heart, his own destiny. If I encourage you and you fail, you may feel I’d given you false hope. If I don’t encourage you and you succeed, you might lose faith in me. But just know, if you work hard, you’ll make it. If you never happen, my love will go with you.”

For the next few days, John continued to fret and ponder the prospects of Broadway. Not openly, but deep inside himself. For this is his best form of conflict. He never betrays the emotions which are surging underneath. Finally, the morning before the first cast reading, he turned to another.

“Here’s what you do. I think you should ask if they hire me?”

Wise, his mother replied, “How much do you think you’re worth?”

The first reading took place around a large table set on the bare stage of an empty room. John decided that he appeared calm enough; inwardly John was a bundle of nerves. Later in the afternoon, when the reading was over, the company manager struck up a conversation with John. “How about two hundred and fifty a week?” asked the manager. Kerr gulped. “Ye-ah, well. That’ll be all right.”

The first thing John did, after saying a hurried goodbye to the manager, was rush to the nearest phone booth and call Priscilla at her home in Massachusetts. “We can be married . . . I’ll get a job and support you. Two hundred and fifty a week!” he told her in one breath. But John’s rose-colored dream almost exploded in thin air a few weeks later. For the period by which McClintic was ready to stage the action. John followed directions carefully, striving to do the best he knew how. From time to time, he noticed whispered conferences and glances in his direction. The writer, the stars apparently were talking about him. What was it all about? What was wrong? At last, he found out. There was a feud going on. One faction wanted Kerr in the play, another thought he was too inexperienced. John’s heart sank. Just as he’d feared, it had all been too good to come true! Then suddenly, the pro-Kerr side won out. And nobody told him.

John walked out of the offices as though they were teeming on thin ice. Could this be it? Was he really going to be hired for Broadway—just a few weeks out of college? He kept shaking his head. No, this couldn’t be John Kerr. Something this good couldn’t be happening to him! Tormented with worry and fears, John returned to his mother’s apartment, where he was living. June Walker, well schooled in the heartaches and pitfalls of the theatre, didn’t have much to say.

John smiled again, just slightly. “On December 28th, 1952, in Milton, Massachusetts,” he said softly, "Priscilla and I were married. We took up housekeeping in a small, antiseptic flat-up in New York’s Greenwich Village."
discovered John had a fine singing voice, and she soon found friends in musical evenings. John loved these evenings. After a while, at Priscilla's coaxing, he became brave enough to sing authentic old Russian folk songs for the crowd. Everyone was fascinated. They didn't know he could sing, let alone in Russian!

"Yes," John admitted, "I can read, write and speak Russian fluently. So," he added, with the pride of a puppy, "if the bottom ever falls out of acting, I can always become a teacher."

That's John Kerr for you! Never sure — even now, with movie offers coming right and left, he shows no signs of worrying. "I fret about a year and finally worked it out mathematically. You have eight hours of day and three hours of night, not counting time out for meals. California won!"

This July, the Kerrs purchased a delightful, colonial-type home in Westwood Village. And the very first thing John bought for the house was a huge dark-red leather chair. "It's cozy and mine exclu-

sively," he declared, with another slight flicker of a smile. "I've yearned for all my life. If I'm home, that's where you'll find me, reading the paper or watching television."

At this point, John interrupted to tell the waiter in careful French that he'd told his 'lai'

some "It's quite a discussion fol-

leading the French have milk in their coffee only in the areas in which this was not. Eventually, the waiter returned and, looking very offended, served the "café au lact."

"It's the closest I can get to American coffee," John explained, dropping in a sugar cube. "Where were we? Oh, the house! I hated to leave it, but I had severely a month before I had to pack up and fly over here. Worst of all was leaving Priscilla and the twins behind. But I did have two big expectations to brighten my journey."

"I was flying across the ocean on a British Overseas Airways plane," he con-

tinued, "and I expected, at last, that the English personnel would pronounce my name, which is English, correctly. What happened? Take away the 'lai' and call me 'Cur.' Nobody wants to call me 'Car,'" he finished.

The other expectation was a long-post-

poned reunion with his father. "We'd been corresponding, but it was better to see him in London and talk with him," said John. "My father's very interested in my work, but he didn't like 'Gaby.'"

After a day's stop in England, John flew on to St. Tropez, the remote fishing vil-

lage near Cannes. "French! Nothing-

to do here," John sadly commented.

"The two big activities are walking to the center of town to buy a Coke or strolling in the main direction. For how else do you sit everybody sunbathes in the nude. Once you're made these two excursions, you sit around."

Once more in his life, John was alone. Of course, he had passed time acting with Mel Ferrer, Pier Angeli and others in the cast. But John didn't. He's not the sort to mingle with the gang. He's contented. I'd like you longer than I've talked to anyone," he confessed.

After a rough day of shooting on loca-

tion, John said, he usually spent the evening in his hotel room, writing home-

sick letters to Priscilla.

"She's my inspiration," he declared solemnly. "She boosts me when I'm in the dumps. She cheers me when I'm sailing high. I used to think I had to give her security, but now I'm giving it to her."

Where is John Kerr going?

"I don't know," he replied. "It's frighten-

ing. I have plans. I have dreams. Maybe I'll do something. I'd like to do something. But I don't want to think too much of the future. That's when I get scared. Don't think. Just live. Don't dare look ahead. It's all too grand right now."

The End

EXCLUSIVE! in the current issue of THE STORY magazine ELVIS PRESLEY! STOP HOUNDING TEENAGERS America's hottest entertainer in a intimate, exclusive interview DON'T MISS IT
The Man Who Almost Got Away

(Continued from page 37)
really want him, that, like Rock, they considered their dates with him to be strictly for fun and laughter.
Oddly enough, however, Rock never did feel that way. He is the farthest thing from a "ladies' man." Rock likes to feel comfortable with people, he likes to settle into深交, as easily as settling into an old pair of shoes. He doesn't like to have to make an effort, to invent conversation when there is none. Another thing he doesn't like is to have things planned for him.

"I am," he will tell you lazily, "strictly a 'spur of the moment' guy."

And yet there was certainly nothing "spur of the moment" about his decision to marry. He was a bachelor for twenty-nine years, eleven months and twenty-three days before he and Phyllis gravely and solemnly said their "I do's." In those twenty-nine years, Rock had eluded older women and younger women, ambitious women and lonely women; women who were impressed by being seen with Rock Hudson, the movie star, and women who, like Lori Nelson, Terry Moore, Betty Abbott, Barbara Ruick and a half a dozen others, were, quite simply, delighted to be with Rock Hudson, the man. Even now, when Rock is happily married to Phyllis, girls like Nader, Rock miniatures, say happily, as they rush to his praises, and Terry will tell you frankly:

"I only had two dates with Rock, but my husband will understand what I mean when I say that I'll never forget those two dates. Maybe it's because I had expected to find Rock sophisticated or bored or both. Instead, I found him to be completely unspoiled and natural. He not only appreciates anything you might do for him, he tries constantly to think of some little thing to do for you. And believe me, that's rare in any man, much less in someone who's accustomed to having people fall all over him every time he appears somewhere!"

One of the things Terry remembers most vividly about her dates with Rock is the time when she admired a toy dog in a drugstore window, but said nothing about it until they were two blocks away from the store. When she mentioned that somebody—she'd have to come back and buy the dog to add to her collection of toy animals, Rock ran back and bought it for her.

"I never met anyone more genuinely sensitive to other human beings," Terry says, and adds, "except my husband. Come to think of it, maybe that's why I fell in love with him," she says reflectively, "because he reminded me a little of Rock."

Lori Nelson, no slouch when it comes to the date department, is glowing in her memories and reminiscences of Rock as a bachelor.

"Actually, I don't think I had more than three or four dates with Rock," Lori recalls now, "but what I liked most about him, I think, was the fact that he had such a wonderful sense of humor and he was so easy to get along with. He's always happy. I never saw him in a bad mood. He can get along with anyone, and he's ready to fall in with any play he goes."

Despite Rock's insistence that he's "strictly a 'spur of the moment' guy," Lori remembers how impressed she was by the fact that Rock always made dates ahead of time, and was always on time.

In fact," Lori sums up her opinion of Rock as husband material, "he has the qualities of the kind of man I'd like to marry again."

Betty Abbott, whose romance with Rock seemed definitely headed for the altar, refuses to be quoted on why she lost him, explaining, "After all, it's not as though I'm someone who needs—or needs—to see her name in print. Whatever it was, it's over, so why talk about it?"

But these were just a few of the many top Hollywood glamour girls with whom, for a time, Rock's name was linked romantically. And when his surprise marriage to Phyllis Gates was announced, there were others who had been hoping more or less seriously, and who took the little effort to hide their chagrin. "What?" they said, "has she got that I haven't got?"

Phyllis, herself, would be the last to answer—or even attempt to answer—that question. She just doesn't know. Perhaps Rock doesn't know. Except that when he begins to tell you about Phyllis, or about his life with her, you can read between the lines and know what Rock's good friend, George Nader, means when he says:

"One of the things I like best about Rock and Phyllis is that they realize their happy marriage was the result of the right person at the right time. When that comes, you'll know it. Before then, you don't."

A great many words have been written about the fact that Rock had said he wouldn't marry before he was thirty, and implying that somehow, when that magical number was reached, he would automatically fall in love with Phyllis. Rock was a bachelor in the exact meaning of the word. He was a man who had lived alone, accounted to no one but himself for his losses and his goings. Then two words, "I do," changed his status in a matter of minutes. Suddenly he was sharing his home, his hours, his habits, his life. He became responsible for the status of the woman with whom he had fallen in love. And because he knew that, in marriage, love and sharing are mutual matters, he could only hope that in his wife he would understand if a good intention went astray."

"Fortunately, Phyllis has a way of understanding," he grins in the manner of a comparatively new husband. "And it's a way of making you say things about your married life that other born bachelors. I suppose there are any number of them around. But believe me, no man is a born husband!"

Actually, Rock has had to work hard at the job he has been doing. He and Phyllis, and those girls who thought he was "perfect husband material" might find comfort in knowing some of the problems encountered in being newly married. For instance, Rock was in the habit of arriving home from a hard day at the studio and promptly shedding his coat and shirt. More often than not he sheared them on the nearest chair, as his tie had always had first claim to the nearest doorknob and anyone knew better than to toss a pair of shoes on the furniture. The place for shoes was out in the middle of the floor.

After the wedding, it was Rock himself who concluded that the habit had to go. "When someone else is living in the same house, you automatically try to be nester," he says, "definitely. At least you try to try," he adds.

But the man who must be housebroken at the age of thirty is not housebroken easily. The next time Rock ran afoul of his nonexistent closet space. Rock hadn't given the matter much thought until his bride began to unpack her suitcases. It was Phyllis who discovered the closet full of shirts.

Undaunted, she found another closet—the one that happened to be jammed with suits. By dint rearranging she managed to cram in her own belongings. Yet, following this, she ran into what seemed an insurmountable problem—that of drawer space. There was none, due to the fact that Rock was still in the process of furnishing the house. There were simply too many "lost along the way." They were going to have to buy a bureau," she told him.

He placed the order immediately. "The bigger, the better," were his instructions.

On the date set for delivery, Rock came home and found Phyllis admiring the new acquisition. He located Phyllis in the kitchen. The bureau, however, was missing. "Honey, I'm sorry," he said to his wife. "They promised they'd bring the bureau to-day."

"Oh, they did," his wife replied casually. "I had them put it in the attic."

"Phyllis, that's a crazy place for a bureau," he said, a little upset.

"Sure," she agreed, "but it happened to be too big for the bedroom door."
Although the tragedy was momentarily a major one, Rock recalls the incident fondly, and gives it with a big hint as to why Phyllis won out where others had failed. "I guess it was the way she took it," he says. "She behaved like a lady and that got me started. Pretty soon what might have turned into our first quarrel became a big joke." He looked thoughtful.

"I've learned so many wonderful things about Phyllis—you can always count on her sense of humor. And, I might add, her complete control over any given situation."

The situation Rock best remembers occurred on a morning before. The Hudsons had had guests who stayed until the smaller hours. When the doorbell rang at ten A.M., Rock and Phyllis were still asleep. It rang again and Phyllis raised a drowsy head. "I don't know what time it is in the morning,�" she said, "are we expecting anyone?"

"Oh ... ube ... ugh," said Rock.

"Rock. I think we have company." He opened an eye, couldn't bear it. "They said they'd call if they were coming."

"Who?"

"Hmmm ... That other eye struggled open. "Oh ... uh ... well, the studio wanted to take some pictures. Wasn't definite. Told me if it was definite they'd call." Both eyes closed. "Didn't call," he finished weakly and pushed his face back in his pillow.

The Hudson doorbell is not one to be ignored. "Better answer," suggested Phyllis. Rock got to his feet and struggled into a coat.

He opened the door and turned to rouse Phyllis. "I guess a lot of wives might have been just as glad," he said. "You know, the only thing that bothered my wife was the fact that we had to keep them waiting while we got dressed."

He goes on. "Phyllis worked in an agency before we were married, so she knows this business. Still, it's one that can get terribly confusing at times. All the same, I'm sure she's become an expert."

"You've told me she's become something of a public person, many cameramen and two electricians. They were surrounded by photographic equipment. "Good grief," moaned the publicist as he caught sight of Rock. "Did I forget to let you know we were coming?"

Their host led them into the living room and returned to the bedroom to rouse Phyllis. "I guess a lot of wives might have been just as glad," he said to rock. "You know, the only thing that bothered my wife was the fact that we had to keep them waiting while we got dressed."

But don't get the idea that Mrs. Hudson is just her husband's yes-woman. She has a very definite mind of her own.

"The matter of dinner," says Rock. When they day they don't do the cooking. Mealwise, Rock still maintains many of his bachelor tastes. "But at home I eat fairly sensibly," he admits.

"You've told me you would take to appreciate this statement—as Martha Hyer could tell you, Martha, his co-star in "Battle, Hymn," joined Rock at a U-1 commissary table one noon and could hardly down his plate watching Rock go through his order. She looked on, fascinated, as he consumed a dish of chili and then a dish of cottage cheese. When he'd finished he asked Mabel, the studio waitress, for the boullion flavor. "That's more like it," sighed Martha.

And she meant it, until the sundae arrived and Rock began to sprinkle it with salt. "Miles NERVINE is used by well people who get too tense at times. Follow the label, a void excessive use. Buy Miles NERVINE—effervescent tablets or liquid—at your druggist."

"Let's get back to the set," she suggested weakly.

Phyllis and Rock both have definite tastes and definite ideas, and they don't always agree. "That's one thing about Phyllis—she can always count on her sense of humor."

But compromises are spontaneous in the Hudson household. When Phyllis moved into her own bedroom a few weeks ago, the couple didn't riot. He'd provided a double bed for her. They both bought nightgowns and two electric blankets. When they discovered they had identical plans, he was delighted. "No decorator's for me," he announced positively. "I don't want my house looking like a department store window."

At the present time, a decorator is working with Phyllis.

On the other hand, however, upon entering the Hudson house one can't help noticing a large red-plaid chair which was Rock's bachelor abode. There was no sense of things. Phyllis knew it. She also knew that Rock would love that chair.

Sometimes they compromise mean that each goes his (or her) own way. On Phyllis' birthday Rock gave her large and rich, and ordered her to close her eyes. He heard him disappear for a few moments, then return. She felt him placing something in her lap; something soft and fluffly, and when she opened eyes, Phyllis had become the owner of a puppy.

"Name's Joe," Rock informed her.


"Here, Spike," Rock says amiably.

Rock has always been a generous man, and this is one of their habits of which you cannot be jealous, because you know, the only thing that bothered my wife was the fact that we had to keep them waiting while we got dressed."

As for going anywhere else, the Hudsons rarely ever do. "There's just no point in going out as much as we used to," Rock says. "You can see more of the people who give you the shirt off his chair if you admired it. As a husband, he outdoes himself. Possibly because there's something, the way Phyllis' face glows when she's happy."

Soon after their wedding, Rock took his wife by the hand and led her out to the garage. There she found a brand-new black Ford, with red-leather upholstery. It was wrapped with silk, ribbon—"Happy wedding gift," were his words.

Phyllis was glowing. She was also crying, "I've never seen so many tears," says Rock.

The next surprise was a mink stole. Someone printed the news of the purchase in a column before Rock got it home. That nearly killed him. Nowadays he goes shopping with the caution of an undertaker."

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1. Adams, Julie
2. Alyson, June
3. Angel, Pier
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6. Bogart, Humphrey
7. Borchers, Cornell
8. Borgnine, Ernest
9. Brando, Marlon
10. Brynner, Yul
11. Burton, Richard
12. Cagney, James
13. Calhoun, Robert
14. Campbell, William
15. Caron, Leslie
16. Cassavetes, John
17. Chandler, Jeff
18. Charisse, Cyd
19. Collins, Joan
20. Cooper, Ben
21. Cooper, Gary
22. Crane, Jeanne
23. Crawford, Joan
24. Crosby, Bing
25. Curtis, Tony
26. Dailey, Dan
27. Danton, John
28. Davis, Bette
29. Day, Doris
30. de Havilland, Olivia
31. Derek, John
32. Dern, John
33. Egan, Richard
34. Ekberg, Anita
35. Ewell, Tom
36. Farr, Felicia
37. Ferrer, Mel
38. Fisher, Eddie
39. Fleming, Rhonda
40. Fonda, Henry
41. Ford, Glenn
42. Forsythe, John
43. Gaynor, Mitzi
44. Gable, George
45. Granger, Stewart
46. Hayward, Susan
47. Hepburn, Audrey
48. Heston, Charlton

50. Holden, William
51. Holliday, Judy
52. Hume, Bob
53. Hudson, Rock
54. Hunter, Jeffrey
55. Hunter, Tab
56. Johnson, Van
57. Jones, Shirley
58. Jourdan, Louis
59. Kaye, Danny
60. Kelly, Grace
61. Kerr, Deborah
62. Kerr, John
63. Ladd, Alan
64. Lancaster, Burt
65. Leigh, Janet
66. Leith, Virginia
67. Lemmon, Jack
68. Lewis, Jerry
69. Lollobrigida, Gina
70. MacLane, Shirley
71. MacMurray, Fred
72. Marce, Gordon
73. Madison, Guy
74. Magnani, Anna
75. Malone, Dorothy
76. Martin, Dean
77. Martin, Dewey
78. Martin, Tony
79. Mason, James
80. Mature, Victor
81. Mayo, Virginia
82. Miles, Vera
83. Milland, Ray
84. Mimsie, Sal
85. Mitchell, Cameron
86. Mitchum, Robert
87. Monroe, Marilyn
88. Moreno, Rita
89. Murphy, Audie
90. Murray, Don
91. Nader, George
92. Nelson, Lori
93. Newman, Paul
94. Nielsen, Leslie
95. North, Sheree
96. Novak, Kim
97. O’Connor, Donald
98. O’Hara, Maureen
99. Olivier, Laurence
100. Paget, Debra
101. Palance, Jack
102. Parker, Eleanor
103. Parker, Fess
104. Pavarotti, Luciano
105. Peck, Gregory
106. Perkins, Anthony
107. Podesta, Rossana
108. Power, Tyrone
109.Presley, Elvis
110. Reed, Donna
111. Reynolds, Debbie
112. Richards, Jeff
113. Rogers, Ginger
114. Roman, Ruth
115. Rush, Barbara
116. Russell, Jane
117. Russell, Rosalind
118. Ryan, Robert
119. Saint, Eva Marie
120. Scott, Martha
121. Sernas, Jack
122. Shaw, Virginia
123. Sheridan, Ann
124. Simmons, Jean
125. Sinatra, Frank
126. Stack, Robert
127. Stanswyk, Barbara
128. Stewart, James
129. Strasberg, Susan
130. Sullivan, Barry
131. Tamblyn, Russ
132. Taylor, Elizabeth
133. Taylor, Robert
134. Todd, Richard
135. Tracy, Spencer
136. Turner, Lana
137. Vera-Ellen
138. Wagner, Robert
139. Wayne, John
140. Wayne, Pat
141. Welmark, Richard
142. Williams, Esther
143. Wood, Natalie
144. Wyman, Jane
145. Wynter, Dana

MOVIES

1. Alexander the Great
2. All That Heaven Allows
3. Ambassador’s Daughter, The
4. Anastasia
5. Anything Goes
6. Around the World in 80 Days
7. Art of Love, The
8. Attack
9. Autumn Leaves
10. Away All Boats
11. Bad Seed, The
12. Bandito
13. Barretts of Wimpole Street, The
14. Benny Goodman Story, The
15. Best Man Who Life Is Free, The
16. Between Heaven and Hell
17. Beyond a Reasonable Doubt
18. Bhawan Junction
19. Bigger than Life
20. Birds and the Bees, The
21. Bold and the Brave, The
22. Bundle of Joy
23. Burning Hills, The
24. Bus Stop, A
25. Carousel
26. Catered Affair, The
27. Cha-Cha-Cha Boom!
28. Come Next Spring
29. Conqueror, The
30. Court Jester, The
31. Court-Martial of Billy Mitchell, The
32. Crime in the Streets
33. D.O.A., The Sixth of June
34. Diane
35. Eddy Duchin Story, The
36. Edge of the City
37. Everything but the Truth
38. Fastest Gun Alive, The
39. First Traveling Saleslady, The
40. Forbidden Planet
41. Foreign Intrigue
42. Forever, Darling
43. Friendly Persuasion
44. Fury at Gunsight Pass
45. Gaby
46. Giant
47. Glory
48. Goodbye My Lady
49. Great Day in the Morning
50. Great Locomotive Chase, The
51. Guilty
52. Harder They Fall, The
53. Helen of Troy
54. Hell on Frisco Bay
55. High Society, The
56. Hollywood or Bust
57. Hot Summer Night
58. Huk!
59. Indian Fighter, The
60. Iron Petticoat, The
61. Jubal
62. Julie
63. Killing, The
64. King and I, The
65. Kiss Before Dying, A
66. Last Frontier, The
67. Last Hunt, The
68. Last Wagon, The
69. Leather Saint, The
70. Lieutenant Wore Skirts, The
71. Lisbon
72. Living Idol, The
73. Love Me Tender
74. Lust for Life
75. Man in the Gray Flannel Suit, The
76. Man Who Never Was, The
77. Man Who Knew Too Much, The
78. Man with the Golden Arm, The
79. Meet Me in Las Vegas
80. Mysterious Mr. Victory, The
81. Moby Dick
82. Mountain, The
83. Never Say Goodbye
84. On the Threshold of Space
85. Opposite Sex, The
86. Our Miss Brooks
87. Pardners
88. Patterns
89. Picnic
90. Valley of the Bees, The
91. Power and the Prize, The
92. Proud and Profane, The
93. Proud Ones, The
94. Public Pigeon No. 1
95. Quiet Man, The
96. Rawhide Years, The
97. Rebel in Town
98. Reprisal!
99. Revolt of Mamie Stover, The
100. Richard III
101. Rock Around the Clock
102. Rose Tattoo, The
103. Sabotage
104. Santiago
105. Searchers, The
106. Serenade
107. Sharkfighters, The
108. Solid Gold Cadillac, The
109. Somebody Up There Likes Me
110. Spoilers, The
111. Star in the Dust
112. Stranger at My Door
113. Tea and Sympathy
114. Teahouse of the August Moon, The
115. Teenage Rebel
116. Ten Commandments, The
117. Ten Commandments, The
118. That Certain Feeling
119. Tension at Table Rock
120. Tendecey
121. Tribute to a Bad Man
122. True Story of Jesse James, The
123. Tragedy of Liz, A
124. U.S.O. in Korea, The
125. Unearthly Odd, The
126. War and Peace
127. Westward Ho, the Wagons!
128. While the City Sleeps
129. You Can’t Run Away from It
130. Young Stranger, The

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