That Ivory Look

Young America has it...
You can have it in 7 days!

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

You're more excited when you have That Ivory Look!
A radiant complexion rates attention—and it's so easy to have! Simply change to regular care—using pure, mild Ivory Soap. In 7 days, your skin will look fresher—actually younger! You'll have That Ivory Look.

99.0% pure... it floats

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap
BIGGEST OF ALL M-G-M MUSICALS: A gigantic and joyous extravaganza in COLOR and CINEMASCOPE...spectacular in its sights, scenes and splendors...such as the famed rainbow-hued elephants...the underwater revels...the pagan dances...the love-story of the beauty and the barbarian!!

M-G-M presents

JUPITER'S DARLING

in COLOR and CINEMASCOPE

starring ESTHER WILLIAMS
HOWARD KEEL
MARGE and GOWER CHAMPION

GEORGE SANDERS

WITH RICHARD HAYDN, WILLIAM DEMAREST
Screen Play by DOROTHY KINGSLEY
Based on the Play "Road to Rome" by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD
Songs: BURTON LANE and HAROLD ADAMSON
Choreography by HERMES PAN
Photographed in EASTMAN COLOR
Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY
Produced by GEORGE WELLS
An M-G-M Picture
PHOTOPLAY

JANUARY, 1955 • FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGONS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

HIGHLIGHTS

Announcing the Win a Present from a Star Winners
All for Love
New Year Eyes (Inside Stuff)
The Devil Is a Gentleman (Marlon Brando)
A Wonderful Thing Happened Today (Debbie Reynolds)
Count Your Blessings
Purdum—Man on a Tightrope (Edmund Purdom)
When the Roots Run Deep (Alan Ladd)
Sweet Stuff (Jean Simmons)
Mad Fads
Mother's Little Dividends
Rock Hudson's Love Affair with the USA
Don't Blame Yourself, Marilyn (Marilyn Monroe)
The Girl You Know as Marilyn (Marilyn Monroe)
Where There's a Will, There's a Resolution
Don't Be a Teenage Miss (Kim Novak)
Tough Softie (Victor Mature)
Hey There, You with the Stars in Your Eyes (Janet Leigh)

PHOTOPLAY Star Fashions

Needlecraft Designs
Yours for the Sewing

STARS IN FULL COLOR

Elizabeth Taylor 22 Terry Moore 28 Cyd Charisse 36
Linda Christian 22 Virginia Mayo 29 Rosemary Clooney 36
Piper Laurie 23 Michael O'Shea 29 Barbara Darrow 37
Elaine Stewart 23 Susan Hayward 29 Diana Lynn 37
Ava Gardner 31 Edmund Purdom 30 Shelley Winters 37
Marlon Brando 25 Jean Simmons 34 Rock Hudson 40
Doris Day 28 Mitzi Gaynor 36
Tab Hunter 28 Pier Angeli 36


SPECIAL EVENTS

Readers Inc. 4 That's Hollywood • Sidney Skolsky 16
Let's Go to the Movies • Janet Graces 8 Casts of Current Pictures 17
Laughing Stock • Erksine Johnson 10 The Hollywood Story Shirley Thomas 18
Hollywood Parties • Edith Guynn 14 Hollywood Whispers • Florabel Muir 74
Brief Reviews 92

EDITORIAL STAFF

Ann Higginbotham—Editor
Ann Mosher—Supervising Editor
Evelyn Savidge Pain—Managing Editor

ART STAFF

Ron Taylor—Art Director
Norman Schoenfeld—Assistant Art Director

HOLLYWOOD

Sylvia Wallace—Editor

Contributing Editors: Maxine Arnold, Jerry Asher, Beverly Otu, Ruth Waterbury

Photographer: Phil Stern

NEW MUM®

cream deodorant
with long-lasting M-3

(Hexachlorophene)

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

NEW! DOCTOR'S DEODORANT DISCOVERY
SAFELY STOPS ODOR
24 HOURS A DAY!

Proved in underarm comparison tests made by a doctor. Deodorant without M-3, tested under one arm, stopped perspiration odor only a few hours. New Mum with M-3, tested under other arm, stopped odor a full 24 hours.

New Mum with M-3 won't irritate normal skin or damage fabrics

1. *Exclusive deodorant based originally on doctor's discovery, now contains long-lasting M-3 (Hexachlorophene).
2. Stops odor all day long because invisible M-3 clings to your skin—keeps on destroying odor bacteria a full 24 hours.
3. Non-irritating to normal skin. Use it daily. Only leading deodorant containing no strong chemical astringents—will not block pores.
4. Won't rot or discolor fabrics—certified by American Institute of Laundering.
5. Delicate new fragrance. Creamier texture—new Mum won't dry out in the jar.
laughs

It's the most colossal, tremendous, stupendous show since Barnum met Bailey... and Dean met Jerry.

HURRY.
HURRY.
HURRY....

SONGS
"It's a Big, Wide, Wonderful World"
"Hey, Punchinello"

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis

in
Hal Wallis' Production

3 Ring Circus

Co-Starring
Joanne Dru
Zsa Zsa Gabor

Color by TECHNICOLOR

Directed by
Joseph Pevney

Story and Screenplay by
Don McGuire

A Paramount Picture
SOAP BOX:
Recently I heard about a star who walked off the set after an argument with her director. She wanted to play the scene one way. He preferred another. So she decided she wouldn't play the scene at all unless she won her point.

Let the experts call the signals

I've made a number of pictures and I've reached a pretty definite conclusion on this particular score. Actors and actresses should act and leave the rest to the experts whom the studio has gone to great expense to employ.

When it comes to actual filmmaking, it's my theory that the director knows best. One person has to lead the production. He should call the signals. I'm not implying that his co-workers should sit silently if they have a suggestion to make. However, the director should have the final say. After all, he's the fellow keeping the entire picture in mind: the story line, the camera angles, cutting, editing and many other factors.

The director alone knows what effects he wishes to achieve. It's the same with any business head. He thinks of the situation as a whole. The girl who can't understand this should huddle down and learn how to take orders.

MONA FREEMAN

I'm sure that many of your readers will agree with me that some people in Hollywood are really off-beat. Proof of that fact is what is happening to Montgomery Clift. A knowledge of acting isn't necessary to see that Clift is a real artist. Such artists are scarce in the world and scarcer in Hollywood. It seems to me that art is having to take a back seat to Hollywood's outmoded idea of how actors should behave themselves. It is a sad thing for Hollywood that some of the people who could better the industry and gain a lasting place in history are being trampled underfoot.

C. KENNADY
Sokano, New Mexico

Just came from seeing "Ring of Fear." It was good.... Full of suspense. And hand a bouquet to Sean McClory, who should have had top billing.... Hand Mickey Spillane a bouquet, too. Although his part was small.... he was very natural. I always wondered why Hollywood didn't star him in his Mike Hammer series.... Hollywood needs new faces. And speaking of...

NEW FACES," that show was a wonderful idea and a wonderful introduction to a lot of good talent. I hope it won't be the last we see of them. I particularly new face, Robert Clary. I hope Hollywood keeps around. He fascinates me. So he's short. So I like short men. So shoot me already! There's no dimension on appeal. He's cute and he can sing. Hollywood tries to keep men too much of one type. Tall, dark, handsome.... Women like a variety of types. Here are three different types of men I truly believe Hollywood needs: Sean McClory, Mickey Spillane and Robert Clary. Let's see more of them.

EVELYN MAHONEY ELMIS
Kansas City, Missouri

I am fourteen years old and have just seen "Gone with the Wind." I think it is the best picture I've ever seen. I can't stop raving about it. How about releasing some more older films, Hollywood? Shirley Temple's pictures, the Andy Hardy series and others. I know today's teenagers would like to see them.

ANITA WILLIAMS
Atlantic City, New Jersey

CASTING:
My idea of a box-office movie treat would be "Ethan Frome," with Joan Crawford as Zenobia, Marlon Brandan as Ethan and Grace Kelly as Matty, and to top it all, how about Elia Kazan as director? What a terrific movie that would make?

THOMAS DE SANTY
North Adams, Massachusetts

I'd like to see Zane Grey's "The Border Legion" made into a movie.... with Barbara Rush as Joan Randle; Bob Wagner as Jim Clere; Richard Widmark as Jack Kells; Jack Palance as Guilder.

ELLEN BRAZELL
SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

I think "The Frightened Stiff" by Kelley Roos would make a very good movie with Scott Brady as Jeff Troy and Cyd Charisse as his wife Haila. This story, although a good mystery, is very comical.

NANCY WEISS
St. Petersburg, Florida

Having just read "Each Bright River," I would like to see it made into a movie. It is based on the settling of Oregon. Rock Hudson and Piper Laurie would be wonderful in it.

THEORA ANGUS
FT. DUCHARNE, UTAH

QUESTION BOX:
Would you please give me some information about the male players in "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers?" I enjoyed the movie so much that I would be very interested to know who played the main characters. I would also like to know where I would write to obtain a picture of them.

ROSE ELLEN SWEENEY
SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

Could you please tell me who played the parts of the six brothers' brides?

GRECHEN CAVESNO
Jefferson City, Missouri

The Pontipee brothers and their brides are: Adam—Howard Keel, Milly—Jane Powell; Benjamin—Jeff Richards, Dorcas—Julie Newmar; Gibbon—Ruth Lombly, Alice—Nancy Kigas; Frank—Tommy Rett, Sarah—Betty Carr; Daniel—Marc Pratt, Liza—Virginia Gibson; Caleb—Matt Matox, Ruth—Ruta Kelmen; Ephraim—Jacques d'Amboise, Martha—Norma Doggett. Write M-G-M Studios, 1002 West Washington Blvd., Culver City, California.—ED.

Can you tell me if the six other girls, not including Jane Powell, sang their own parts? Yes, brides and grooms all did their own singing.—ED.

Could you please tell me where I can get the music from "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers?"

CAROLYN VAWTE
Bethany, Oklahoma

Look for the M-G-M album.—ED.

Could you please give me some information on Jeff Richards? His height, is he married? current pictures, etc.

DOROTHY MORRISS
Brooklyn, New York

Ex-baseball player Jeff, 6'3", is wed to Shirley Sible, now in "Crest of the Wave," coming in "Many Rivers To Cross."
WARNER BROS. ANNOUNCE
THE SPECIAL SHOWINGS
BEGINNING CHRISTMAS OF

THE SILVER CHALICE

FROM THE NOVEL BY
THOMAS B. COSTAIN

A VICTOR SAVILLE
PRODUCTION

A PRECEDENT-SETTING MOTION PICTURE,
FROM THE RECORD-SETTING BEST-SELLER
...THREE MILLION COPIES TO DATE! THE
MIGHTIEST STORY OF TRUTH AND TEMPTATION
EVER TOLD—EVER WRITTEN—EVER PRODUCED!

CINEMASCOPE WARNERCOLOR STEREOPHONIC SOUND

STARRING
VIRGINIA MAYO • PIER ANGELI • JACK PALANCE • PAUL NEWMAN

WRITTEN FOR THE SCREEN BY
WALTER HAMPDEN • LESSER SAMUELS, ASSOCIATE PRODUCER • VICTOR SAVILLE • WARNER BROS.

DIRECTED BY
ORIGINAL MUSIC BY FRANZ WAXMAN

PRESENTED BY
The “Inside” Story of Fabulous Playtex Girdles!

News from Playtex...world's largest-selling girdles

The one and only Girdle with figure-molding latex outside...kitten-soft fabric inside...and not a single stitch, seam or bone anywhere!

No other girdles whittle away so many inches, yet feel so comfortable! Only Playtex® has the slimming power of latex outside plus the comfort of kitten-soft fabric inside. Washes in seconds and you can practically watch it dry. Freedom-giving Playtex Girdles control those “Calorie-Curves”...give you that slimmer-trimmer look, no matter what your size!

PLAYTEX fabric-lined Girdles&Briefs...from $4.95 Known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube—at department stores and better specialty shops.

P.S. You’ll love the new PLAYTEX Living Bra! It’s “custom-contoured” of elastic and nylon to flatter, feel and fit as if fashioned for you alone! Only $3.95

*U.S.A. and Foreign Patents Pending

©1954 International Latex Corporation...PLAYTEX PARK...Dover Del In Canada: Playtex Ltd. ...PLAYTEX PARK...Annapolis, Ont.
A Star Is Born

Here’s a movie straight from the heart of show business—and, most especially, of Hollywood. Judy Garland proves herself not only a supreme entertainer but an actress, as a minor band vocalist whose unique talents were discovered by a fading film idol. In this role, James Mason gives a performance perfectly complementing Judy’s. While she becomes a great new star—and his wife—his career declines. Playing an egotistical drunkard, Mason displays sympathy, without glamorizing the character; so Judy’s vocation never seems foolish. The film alternates between brilliant song numbers (the tops)—“Born in a Trunk” and bitter or satirical glimpses of Hollywood life, with J. Carson scoring as a poisonous publicity man, Charles Burrell as an understanding producer.

Amusing byplay interrupts James’ roof-top talk with Judy.

Carmen Jones

The vibrant melodies and famous people of Bizet’s opera “Carmen” reach the screen in a startling new guise. They’re transferred to America’s South (later, to Chicago) with an all-Negro cast presenting a story of dramatic force and musical fascination. Slender, beautiful Dorothy Dandridge makes Carmen a flashy and tragic figure, a girl who wants to be free of any ties or obligations. A wartime factory worker, she induces Harry Belafonte, an earnest young soldier, to neglect his duty and finally to desert. Unlike most two stars (accomplished singers, but not of operatic calibre), Olga James does her own singing, as Harry’s gentle courtesan. So does Pearl Bailey, in rousing rhythm numbers. And “The Toreador Song” becomes “Stand Up Fight,” a ring champ’s chant of triumph.

Dorothy Dandridge knows the way to Harry Belafonte’s heart.

Phfft!

Slight, light and smoothly done, this comedy of divo features several ingratiating performers. Judy Holliday is deft as ever, playing a radio-serial writer who’s inclined to dramatize her personal life. Teaming with her for the second time, Jack Lemmon stands out as a fresh, appealing tyke, both laughable and likable. He’s Judy’s lawyer husband who agrees heartily when she insists on heading for Reno.LEGALLY parted, both make a grim attempt to lead a single life. Jack’s would-be partner is pert Kim Novak, ever more effective here than in her movie debut. Judy’s first target is Jack Carson, who clowns expertly as her husband’s best friend, an allegedly suave playboy. You can guess the outcome, but the route to it is hilarious. Location shots play up the New York atmosphere.

Divorced, Judy and Jack Lemmon quarrel over her income.
SO SOFT, YET MANAGEABLE . . . SO SWEETLY CLEAN!

Come-hither loveliness—that's what your hair has after a luxurious Prell Shampoo.

It's caressably soft, yet so obedient! Yes, angel-soft, smooth as satin, glowing with that 'Radiantly Alive' look he'll love! And Prell leaves your hair really clean . . . fresh and sweet . . . and free of embarrassing dandruff! Prell is easy to use, too—so convenient. No spill, drip or break. Try Prell tonight—it's wonderful!
For a colorful, comfortable Christmas...

PLAYTEX®

HAPPY PANTS

Non-allergenic creamy, smooth Latex

No seams or stitches—cannot bind or chafe

Gives with every motion—never cuts circulation

Ventilated for coolness—and completely waterproof

Give baby the only colored and textured pants in miracle latex

Five pretty colors for a smart wardrobe—Maize, Mint, Blue, Pink and White. In U.S.A. . . . 98¢ wherever baby needs are sold ... other Playtex Baby Pants from 79¢.

Will not bind or mark. Prove it with your own hands!

Keep your Baby "SOCIALLY ACCEPTABLE"* in Playtex Baby Pants

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON*

LAUGHING STOCK

During her night-club stand at the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas, Tallullah Bankhead flipped: "My book has passed the million mark in sales. Now you know why the Kinsey report didn't sell too well."

Overheard at the Mocambo: "He's really a very important person—when he's sober.

Pat Crowley saw this sign in a San Antonio, Texas, bar window: "Yankee Spoken Here."

Old Hollywood Proverb: When a movie queen tells you she's found an ideal place for her marriage, she usually means the front page.

A conceited foreign profile king has a new sandwich named for him at the Famous Restaurant—the "French Drip."

Hastily scribbled sign in a Fairfax, Ave. delicatessen window: "Jack Benny Is Eating Lunch in Here."

Overheard at Lucey's: "She's not exactly the white-collar-girl type. More the white-mink-collar-girl type."

Joan Fontaine said it about a foreign beauty with whom she recently worked: "She can make herself understood in any language without opening her mouth."

A spoiled movie brat was about to celebrate his birthday and his tutor went to a toy store to buy him a present. "What kind of a toy would you like?" asked the salesman.

"Oh, just some little something that he can hurt himself on easily," was the reply.

"A Hollywood star," says Sammy Kaye, "is a guy with his footprints in cement and his wife in court."

Airline stewardess with a high sense of humor as her plane flew over Las Vegas: "Ladies and gentlemen, please fasten your money belts."

Jack Carson never gets the girls on the screen, but he can still joke about it. On his night-club tours, he introduces himself with:

"You probably know me as the guy who can't get the girl. Well, you'll be surprised to hear that a girl was pounding on my door at 4 A.M. this morning. And you know something—I wouldn't let her out."

Overheard at the Mocambo:

"He's such a suspicious type he makes his own shadow walk in front of him."

An indignant starlet rushed into fur designer Al Teitelbaum's Beverly Hills salon: "I'm checking on my boy friend," she said.

"Tell me, is there any such thing as a bald mink?"

"Never heard of it," shrugged Al.

"I'll fix him," roared the starlet. "I'll throw that suede coat he gave me right back in his face."

*See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local TV station.
rest of the Wave

By turns amusing, affecting and almost unbearably
pe, this is a first-rate picture of peacetime heroism in two
se, of cooperation and friction between Englishmen and
mericans. The U.S. Navy sends officer-scientist Gene Kelly,
seaman Jeff Richards and Fredd Wayne, to a desolate
sh desert where the British Navy is conducting danger-
experiments with a new underwater explosive. At once,
nomastics build up. Officer John Justin resents Kelly,
's replacing Justin's revered superior, killed while testing
new type of torpedo. And in the seamen's quarters there's
uckle-arousing brawl between cockney Sidney James and
m who married James' girl friend. The talk is all wonder-
real, making you feel that you actually know each of
men.

FAMILY

Id Wayne tries to pacify Sidney James and Jeff Richards

Jack Widow

A whodunit, set against the glittering backgrounds of
leged New York City, show-cases several arresting
onalities. The murder victim is Peggy Ann Garner, an
ently naive small-town girl who brings her writing am-
ones to the big town. Chief suspect is Van Heflin, a stage-
der who meets Peggy while his beloved wife (Gene-
y) is out of town. An ardent meddler in the affair is
rger Rogers, spectacularly costumed and sharp of tongue
an arrogant stage star with a meek husband (Reginald
iner). And the professional meddler is George Raft, a
er-of-fact city detective. Dark-haired, deep-voiced Vir-
a Leith makes a quick impression as the dead girl's
ment-mate. The story's material is often sordid, but
ed tactfully, with crackling dialogue.

ADULT

deadly females meet: Ginger Rogers, Peggy Ann Garner

Country Girl

Intelligent acting and a strong theme give interest to
omewhat heavy-footed version of a Broadway hit. Bing
aby has a role completely offbeat for him—a has-been
ical comedy star, ruined by his addiction to the bottle.
den by self-pity, he has dragged his doggedly loyal wife
poverty with him. Grace Kelly also tries something ut-
different with this part, discarding glamour and giv-
a performance that is well thought out but not always
aneous. It's William Holden who comes off best, as a
ge director who offers Bing a comeback chance. Misled by
alcoholic's cunning lies, Holden gets emotionally in-
ed with the couple. Bing does an honest job on a tough
gment; but, with no clear picture of the man's former
, the character remains unlovable.

ADULT

cse realizes that Bing is afraid to return to the stage
MOVIES

Continued from page 11

Beau Brummell

Two of Hollywood’s handsomest stars, Stewart Granger and Elizabeth Taylor, are set like jewels in some of the most luxurious costumes and exquisite backdrops ever seen in a movie. Granger, in dashing style, plays the famous English dandy of the early 19th Century. A nobody to start with, living precariously by his wits, he becomes the closest friend of the Prince of Wales and the age’s chief arbiter of male fashion. On the romantic side, he’s less successful; he can’t induce the high-born Liz to give up security for love. Peter Ustinov (Nero in “Quo Vadis”) is excellent as the monarch-to-be, fat, pompous, pathetic, but eventually a figure of dignity. Robert Morley also arouses sympathy in a brief scene as that old villain of American history, George III. The picture was filmed entirely in England.

Family

Dana Beat

WARNERS; CINEMASCOPE, WARNERCOLOR

Alan Ladd cuts his usual virile figure as an Indian-fighter of the old Oregon frontier, suddenly retired from business by presidential order. The ex-General Grant makes Alan a peace commissioner to subdue—without guns—the rebels among the Modoc tribe. As the fearsome Captain Jack, Charles B. Fitzsimons is a colorful adversary. Naturally, Grant’s orders prove difficult to carry out, and soon there’s plenty of gunplay. Audrey Dalton as the winsome heroine has little to do with the action, but Marisa Pavan, a peace-loving Modoc maiden, does play a vital role in the final showdown. The vigorous battles and chases take place against wild, splendid scenery.

Family

Unchained

BARLETT

Imaginative casting, an earnest approach and authentic settings create a refreshing sort of prison movie. It was shot at Chino, California, where a honor prison for men makes an effort to rehabilitate convicts, instead of merely punishing them. In an overdue film comeback, Chester Morris is the humane but firm warden. Football star Elroy (Crazylegs) Hirsch does an admirable straight-acting job as a convict who instinctively resists authority, though he isn’t a professional crook. Singers Tod Duncan and Johnny Johnston are equally effective as fellow convicts. A murderer, Duncan has learned at Chino a new approach to life. Johnston is an embittered ex-pianist, who turned to crime because of a crippled hand. This is primarily a man’s picture, but Barbara Hale has some touching scenes as Elroy’s wife. An escape plot builds up excitement toward the finish, though Chino has no high wall, no patrols of armed guards.

Family

The Bob Mathias Story

Allied Artists

Told in semi-documentary but warmly emotional style, this entertaining though unpretentious movie shows how a California boy twice won the Decathlon at the Olympics. Bob and Melba Mathias play themselves, and a thoroughly appealing young couple they are, surprisingly at ease before the cameras. The course of their love runs rough and smooth as Bob trains for the varied, rigorous track event of the Decathlon. Ward Bond is gruff and likable as Bob’s high-school coach. In the climaxes, newsreel shots are cleverly intercut with re-enacted scenes, to dramatic effect.

Family

The Beachcomber

WARNER; COLOR

A British-made comedy-melodrama set in gorgeous tropic locales, recalls the general outline of “The African Queen.” Robert Newton does a robust, broad-stroked portrayal of the title character Son of an aristocratic English family, he; the local drunk and trouble-maker on British-owned island in the Indian Ocean. Glynis Johns, amusingly prim (though to alluring for the role), is a fearless lady missionary. To her, Newton is at first be yond the pale. But a quirk of circum stances suddenly convives her to the can be reformcd, and her campaign to this end is both funny and touching. A cholera outbreak and native treachery provide an exciting finish.

Family

Track of the Cat

WARNERS; CINEMASCOPE, WARNERCOLOR

Robert Mitchum’s arresting performance is the chief attraction of a cloud film with occasional flashes of quality. On a remote mountain ranch, Mitchum is the bully of the family, ridiculing his scholar ly brother (William Hopper), old-maid sister (Teresa Wright) and timid kid brother (Tab Hunter). Father Philip Tonge is a rather hammy drunk, and mother Beulah Bondi is an old shrew. A change in family relationships comes about during the hunt for a mysteriously palpable threat that is preying on the cattle. Diane Lynn is a piquant heroine, waiting for Tab to wrangle. Though there’s significant camerawork, most of the scene have a deadening, stage-like quality. The players seem to be posing on a set—not living on a mountain ranch.

Family

Three Ring Circus

WARNER; PARAMOUNT, VITASCOPE, TECHNICOLORE

The big top proves an appropriate setting for the antics of Martin and Lewis but the boys don’trouse quite their usual quota of laughs. Though nobody expects their pictures to be strong on plot, this one follows a puzzling course, wandering into various blind alleys, then bliyly starting all over again. Dean and Jerry ex-GI’s, join a circus because Jerry wants to be a lion-tamer. One try, and he promptly decides he’d rather be a clown. Dean gets the short end of the plot, with a role that switches backward and forward between loyal pal and selfish heel. Feeding off and on with Joanne Dru, owner of the circus, Dean romances dazzling, Zsa Zsa Gabor, conceited aerialist. Jerry’s youthful fans should be delighted by the scene at the finish, with Jerry—now a triumphant clown—and a sad little girl (Sandy Descher) at a children’s home.

Family

Continued on page 15
Palmolive Soap Is Mildest! Better for Complexion Care!

Better than any leading toilet soap... floating soap... even cold cream!

Skin Specialists Agree: Milder Cleansing is Better for Your Complexion!

A mild soap means: less irritation...more gentle cleansing... softer, smoother skin. Palmolive brings you all these benefits —yes, Palmolive is better for skin care... because it's the mildest of them all. That's why no other leading soap or cold cream gets skin thoroughly clean as gently as Palmolive!

So change today to Palmolive’s Beauty Plan... gently massage Palmolive’s lather onto your skin for 60 seconds, 3 times a day. Rinse; pat dry. In 14 days or less, see if you don’t have softer, smoother, brighter skin—that Schoolgirl Complexion Look! Palmolive is the mildest—far better for complexion care!

Look at the facts—proved by 9500 skin tests!

Palmolive is proved milder than any other leading beauty soap or castile soap!

Palmolive is proved milder than leading white floating soaps or deodorant soaps!

Palmolive is proved even milder than America's leading cold creams!

Palmolive soap helps you guard that schoolgirl complexion look!
PERIODIC PAIN
Menstrual pain had Anne down but Midol brought quick comfort. Midol acts three ways to bring faster relief from menstrual distress. It relieves cramps, eases headache and chases "blues".

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW"
A 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours. FREE Write Dept 615, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Seal in plain wrapper.)

Anne's RADIANT WITH MIDOL

Anne's WRETCHED

HOLLYWOOD PARTY LINE

Shelley's skirt stole the show at "Star" premiere

THE PREEM of "A Star is Born" was an all-time glamour-great night. What a roar Judy Garland got from the crowd when she entered the Pantages Theatre on the arm of Sid Luft. Clark Gable got almost as loud a cheer as he arrived with Kay Spreckels. Amongst the mad doings in the lobby, I spotted Debbie Reynolds with Eddie's pal Joey Foreman; Marlene Dietrich in a stunning Dior; Kim Novak and Mamie Van Doren in linky formals; Rosie Clooney and Jose Ferrer; Karen Sharpe with Joan Smith; Terry Moore and handsome French actor Jacques Sernas; the Gary Cooper, Alan Ladd, Jerry Lewises, Dean and Jean Martin; Doris Day and Marty Melcher; the Champions and so many more. Lowest cut dress was on Liz Taylor—a halter-necked fluffy pink gown trimmed with beading. The widest-skirted gown was Shelley Winters', Shelley's gorgeous white gown was so full the skirt covered almost three feet when she took her place in the theatre (Yep, the skirt made room for two other customers!). Later, Jack Warner took over Cocoanut Grove, filled it with seven hundred famous guests in honor of Judy. Choking with sentiment, Judy said, "This is my happiest night."

The Hartford Theatre opening was a dilly—with hundreds of stars present to see Helen Hayes in the first play presented, "What Every Woman Knows." It's the only theatre in the U.S. that features a bar and restaurant. And a few days later Joan Crawford tossed a bang-up party for star Helen.

The only star of the delightful "Sabrina" who could be at the opening was Humphrey Bogart who arrived with Lauren Bacall and posed and posed for flash-bulbbers. With Bill Holden away and Audrey Hepburn honeymooning in Europe, Paramount gave lovely Martha Hyer, Audrey's rival in the film, the full-glamour treatment. Martha had a cape stole fashioned of 1500 baby orchids flown especially from Honolulu—she was really a knockout.

Nicest party of the month was the gay Debbie Reynolds-Eddie Fisher engagement party given by Eddie Cantor for his protege Eddie. Over four hundred delighted well-wishers turned out to congratulate the happy pair and admire Debbie's 7 carat ring from Eddie. Included in the throng were much-in-love Pier Angeli and her Vic Damone.
It's Elastic and Nylon!

Introducing Playtex Living Bra

Exclusive criss-cross sides self-adjust for Fabulous Fit!

Criss-cross elastic front dips low, divides divisively!

Elastic back sets lower and stays lower!

“Custom contoured” to flatter, feel and fit as if fashioned for you alone!

See it—you’ll want it! Wear it—you’ll love it! The Playtex Living Bra uses elastic and nylon in a new way, to g-i-v-e with your every motion . . . to l-i-v-e as you live. Exclusive criss-cross design lifts your loveliness, contours your curves, rounds and raises as no bra ever before. For the first time in bra history, you can enjoy upmost uplift in utmost comfort. You’ll see the beautiful difference . . . feel the comfortable difference!

Look for Playtex Living Bra

in the heavenly blue package at department stores and specialty shops everywhere. In gleaming WHITE, wonderfully washable—without ironing! Sizes 32A—40C—$3.95

*U.S.A. and Foreign Patents Pending

©1954 International Latex Corporation ... PLAYTEX PARK ... Dover Del
In Canada: Playtex Ltd. ... PLAYTEX PARK ... Arnprior, Ont.
I don't think Marilyn Monroe's box-office will be hurt by anything but bad pictures. You'll notice I made it plural. . . . In a popularity poll, Marlon Brando and Jeff Hunter pulled up even. . . . Terry Moore is more dangerous when she's quiet. It's like waiting for a time bomb to explode. . . . No matter what happens anywhere else, a new crop of starlets appear who look better than last season's. . . . Elizabeth Taylor doesn't believe she is as beautiful as you think she is. Honest! . . . I'm in a hurry to see "Guys and Dolls" on the screen. More anxious about seeing this one than even "Oklahoma!" and "The King and I" . . . The movies are getting away from the idea that a pretty girl can be made unattractive by a pair of eyeglasses. . . . I don't care what anyone says. I prefer Shelley Winters talking to silent. Then Shelley is natural, and she'll say: "The trouble with most of the eligible men is that they're married." . . . In Hollywood, claims Tom Jenk, even a man's best friend is his enemy.

Grace Kelly's beautiful, but I feel she's holding back and is seldom natural. . . . Mamie Van Doren is sexiest when she peers at you over the rim of a wine glass. . . . Each time I see "On the Waterfront" (three times to date), the more entranced I become with Eva Marie Saint.

I still prefer Katharine when it comes to a Hepburn, but I'll admit Audrey is growing on me. . . . Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas are so romantic you wouldn't believe they're married. . . . I'd think I was seeing things if I saw Jack Webb excited on the screen . . . Charlotte Austin tells me she takes a deep breath before going into a scene. "It helps," says Charlotte . . . I'm pleased with the recent success of Anne Francis. Been waiting for it for some years. . . . John Wayne never has a leading lady on-screen who even slightly resembles his off-screen leading lady. . . . Can you remember all the way back (just a few years ago) when people were saying William Holden didn't have sex appeal? . . . No one was surprised by the Tyrone Power-Linda Christian separation announcement. . . . Everyone was with the sudden Guy Madison-Sheila Connolly merger. . . . I adore Judy Holliday, even when I don't like the movie she's in. This statement can be made about few performers. . . . Groucho Marx says, "Half of Hollywood is trying to find out how the other half gets away with it."

There's not a light comic around who has the timing of Cary Grant. Jack Lemmon is the best and most promising of the new crop. . . . If you believe the movies, all actresses look beautiful when they get out of bed in the morning. Being honest, I must tell you all actresses spend an hour in the make-up department before getting into bed to get up. . . . Rock Hudson's comment about making a movie in Ireland: "It's like a Hollywood set where all the characters are played by Barry Fitzgerald."

Gina Lollobrigida doesn't look like an Italian actress when she's in the United States. . . . My idea of a real heel is a guy who'd try to do Ann Blyth dirt—even in a movie. . . . I don't believe Betty Hutton has retired from show business, although she read the line with sincerity. . . . Charles Laughton told me that an actor who can put over a subtle emotion with his derriere facing the camera knows his craft and is a credit to his profession. . . . My favorite character Mike Curtiz told an interviewer: "Don't say anything against me, unless it's complimentary." And That's Hollywood for You.
What good is a pretty hat...

if you don't have pretty hair?

Everyone knows lanolin brings to dull, drab hair the glow of youth . . . and Helene Curtis brings you up to 10 times more absorbable lanolin!

Now it’s as easy to have gorgeous hair as it is to buy a hat.

For Helene Curtis has discovered what others have tried and failed . . . a way to give you 100% absorbable lanolin.

It’s LANOLIN, a hair conditioner and beautifier that’s more effective (up to 10 times more effective!) because it contains up to 10 times more absorbable lanolin.

And there are no “filler” oils to grease your hair or make you lose your wave. Just spray. Brush. Then watch.

A before-and-after picture happens in your mirror!

And we’ll bet you get more compliments on your hair than you do on your hats.

Regular size $1.25 New large economy size $1.89 both prices plus tax

Helene Curtis lanolin discovery

the breath of life for lifeless looking hair!

*TRADEMARK
“THE SHOW must go on.” This is a fine sentiment, a noble tradition. Newcomers to the entertainment world learn the words quickly, repeat them glibly. But there comes a time when the show must really go on, and then they discover that the magic phrase isn’t enough. The words are meaningless unless you have the courage or faith to bring them to life.

The beautiful young girl sitting in her dressing room realized this as she repeated the five famous words over and over, hoping they would work a miracle. Without one, she was finished. She couldn’t do it. She knew if she asked for a postponement, a cancellation, the people on the set would hire someone else for the role. She couldn’t blame them. They couldn’t hold up a big production even if her grandfather had died.

Fresh tears came to her eyes as she thought of him. Her grandfather had been a friend, relative and counselor to their tight-knit family group. His favorite grandchild, she had been at his bedside during those last few hours, and when he had passed away at midnight, she had broken down.

Overtired, emotionally drained, she could not sleep, and cried for hours. When the alarm clock rang at 6:30, she had managed to get less than an hour’s sleep. What was to have been the bright new morning of her big day now promised to be one of failure.

Until now the girl had had a measure of success in juvenile roles and, at last, she had won a test opposite Picture Mature for the lead in his next picture. This was opportunity in capital letters. When she had arrived on the set, everyone had been most helpful. She had managed to get through the first rehearsal, but then the director started changing lines and bits of business. Her mind was too fuzzy to adjust rapidly and she made numerous awkward, embarrassing blunders. She saw the director and actors exchange looks that indicated their disappointment. Finally after more rehearsing, the director said he guessed they were as ready as they would ever be. While the crew lit the set, she had returned to her dressing room with the strong feeling she was going to fail. Her brain was confused by old lines, new lines—most of all by the sickening thought that she was going to slip on the first step of the ladder of fame.

The girl could not help asking herself if her steady climb to this morning’s opportunity was to prove futile in a single screen test? Although her first film effort had been left on the cutting room floor, she had been only eleven then. The years that followed had seen measured improvement in her acting ability, rapid progress upward. She had successfully played radio and stage roles, but she felt motion pictures to be her special favorite. Usually the young actress was alert and easily able to memorize a script in only a few hours of study. Today, however, the real events of her own life seemed too powerful to free her for the dramatic role before the camera.

Then it happened. A young actress and star who was playing in one of the big important movies on the lot visited the set. The star was a long-time friend of the girl who was to be tested; she knew what nervous tension exists at a moment like this, but she had faith in her friend. She was so confident that her friend was going to make good, she had brought the head of the studio on the set with her to watch the test.

The frightened girl, suddenly buoyed up by the unquestioning, unwavering faith of her friend, snapped out of her doldrums. Responding to the confidence of her friend, she stepped before the camera with the poise and assurance of a true professional. She went through the test, through the new lines without a flaw. She got the job, which was the steppingstone to a series of top star parts. This is why Terry Moore will never forget the day Janet Leigh came a-calling.

Shirley listens. An unexpected visit—and the show went on

THE HOLLYWOOD STORY

BY SHIRLEY THOMAS

NBC’s, Hollywood Correspondent

Listen to Shirley Thomas from Hollywood on NBC Radio in the Pacific coast area at 5:30 P.M., PST Sundays. Also to Shirley Thomas Reports on Weekend, 3-5 P.M., EST Sundays, over NBC Radio. Consult your local newspaper for time and station.
These are Beth Anderson's hands. She soaked them in detergents. Only the right hand was given Jergens Lotion care — and look at the difference. This photograph is unretouched.

Proved: There's a sure way to stop "Detergent Hands"

"Jergens Lotion proves more effective than any other lotion tested for stopping 'detergent damage'," states a national research laboratory.*

Recently, 447 women volunteered for a grueling experiment. They wanted to find a way to combat "detergent hands."

Under supervision, they soaked both hands three times a day, in detergents. After every soaking, Jergens Lotion was smoothed on their right hands. Their left hands were untreated. The results astounded everybody. In 3 or 4 days, left hands were roughened and reddened. The hands given Jergens Lotion care were soft and white.

Many other lotions were tested the same way. Not one proved as effective as Jergens Lotion for stopping detergent damage. The famous Jergens Lotion formula has been steadily perfected for 50 years. It positively stops detergent damage, and ends roughness and chapping from other causes. It keeps your hands soft and lovely and is never sticky or greasy.

Today you'll find Jergens a heavier, creamier lotion, with a delightful new fragrance. Still only 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.

Jergens Lotion positively stops "Detergent Hands"

*Notice to doctors and dermatologists. For a summary of this report, write to The Andrew Jergens Co., Cinn., O.
"Such wonderfully luxurious complexion care!"

Lovely Camay Bride, Mrs. Charles T. Jackson, Jr., says, "I changed to Camay with cold cream the minute I heard about it. Now, after using it for months and months, I can say it's the most wonderful beauty soap I've ever used!"

WOMEN EVERYWHERE love Camay with cold cream—extra luxury at no extra cost! And Camay is the only leading beauty soap that contains this precious ingredient.

TRY IT YOURSELF! Whether your skin is dry or oily, Camay with cold cream will leave it feeling exquisitely cleansed and refreshed. In your daily Beauty Bath, too, you'll enjoy Camay's famous skin-pampering mildness, satin-soft lather, and delicate fragrance. There's no finer beauty soap made!
A NEW
ROMEO AND JULIET

As the world's most famous lovers, Susan Shentall and Laurence Harvey are radiant with youth.

• Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" is a story of young love, yet the roles have usually been played by long-established stars. Now two youthful newcomers bring the classic romance to heart-catching life. Laurence Harvey (twenty-six, seen in "King Richard and the Crusaders") is the gay blade sobered by his first serious love affair. And Susan Shentall (nineteen, a secretary when she was cast in the film) is a captivating Juliet, turning the well-known balcony scene into something utterly fresh and delightful. Shot in Italy for U.A. release, the drama of lovers betrayed by their families' bitter feud is a Technicolor treat to the eyes as well as the emotions, with rich costumes and mellow, authentic settings.
New Year Eves: "Camping out" in their beautiful new house didn't prevent the Michael Wildings from planning a gay and gala party to greet the new year. They finally sold their old homestead, completely furnished. "Because," says Liz, "everything was made to order and wouldn't fit in any other house." Until their new stuff is installed, they're getting by beautifully with a bed, icebox and stove! . . . And Elaine Stewart is house-happy too!

Tired of apartment life, the brooding brunette spends spare time searching for a "perfect" house to buy. Necessary requisite: spare room to be converted to library for medicine-minded beauty's research work. . . . Career trouble, it seems, has separated the Tyrone Powers. But Hollywood can't help remembering that Ty had always encouraged Linda Christian in her desire to continue as an actress—had even planned to produce a picture in which he and Linda would be the co-stars. . . .

Back in Hollywood, following unfortunate eviction from Brazilian hotel, Ava Gardner's Nevada divorce papers are still ready and waiting, but the luscious looker shrugs an indifferent answer to the sixty-four-dollar question. . . . Piper Laurie's New Year's present makes a mighty pretty package. Her singing tests for "Third Girl from the Right" are so sex-sational, U-I gave her permission to make commercial recordings!
Piper is next in "Smoke Signal"

It's a happy New Year for Piper Laurie. As a result of those surprise tests for her forthcoming film, Piper will be making records in '55—as a singer.
Whatever other things Brando may be, he's always interesting. Even when he's driving his friends crazy with his tricks.

• Marlon Brando spoke into the telephone with intensity, but hardly above a whisper.
  "But I know something is wrong with the line," he said earnestly. The grin spreading over his face he did not let reflect in his voice.
  "Operator, please check again."
  On the other end of the line Charlotte Austin, pretty little 20th Century-Fox actress, picked up the telephone and heard the operator saying, "It seems all right to me."
  "What," demanded Charlotte, "is going on here?"
  "Just checking the line," the operator said, and there was a click as she went off the line.
  Then Charlotte heard Marlon's voice, deep and resonant, saying, "Charlotte? Just called to see if you are (Continued on page 67)"
Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher.

She's in "Athena"

A WONDERFUL THING HAPPENED TODAY

"We just kept grinning at each other like two idiots." What a way to start a romance. And what a romance it turned out to be!
Deb's friends scented a romance when she shed date line, began appearing with friend of Eddie's in his absence

"We were seeing a lot of each other," admits Deb. "You sort of get the habit, and suddenly, you like it real well"

Those who saw her meeting with Eddie in N. Y. knew that what they felt for each other was serious, important

With her mother, Deb knows what she wants out of life—and one thing is a marriage as solid as her parents'

Their romance was slow getting started. It took them three years to get together after their first meeting

Deb and Eddie, here at TV rehearsal with Danny Kaye, will settle any career problems before wedding date

BY PHILLIP CHAPMAN

Debbie Reynolds heard the shrill ring of the old alarm clock on the small night table next to her bed. She opened one eye slightly, reached over and pushed down the alarm stop, then turned over in her bed, promising herself, "Only one more minute, old girl, then you gotta get up."

Which is just about the way every morning began for Debbie, until Mom came up and vocally shoved her out of bed. And as far as she knew, today was going to be like any other day. After breakfast, she'd drive her salmon and cream Pontiac to the studio, take a dancing lesson until noon, eat a light lunch and work all afternoon on a routine for "Athena." Supper would be shared as usual with Mom and Pop, and since she had the evening free, maybe Mom would hem her red ballerina skirt. All in all, a nice pleasant day, but nothing out of the ordinary... What Debbie didn't know, or she might have flown out of bed that lovely May morning, was that today was to be a very special day—perhaps the most important day in her whole life. For today she was destined to make a date with love. That sunny morning as she drove to the studio, she had not even an inkling of his name. Six weeks later, a love-starved world was to thrill over her new-found happiness and her love story was to be called "the sweetest young romance of the year."

It might be said that Debbie's and Eddie's romance began three years ago at the Walter Reed Army Hospital in Washington, D. C., where they both did a show and where they first met. It might also be said that their romance was (Continued on page 71)
A blind boy’s courage, a welcome from a stranger, a mother’s faith and determination; these are the stars’ reasons for being grateful for what they have. What are yours?

In a hospital ward in Korea, a blind GI opened Terry Moore’s eyes to the things she’d overlooked.

Tab’s next is “Battle Cry”
Life might have been very different for Tab Hunter if his mother had accepted the doctor’s verdict.

Doris is in “Young at Heart”
A rundown trailer camp is still a vivid reminder of the days when life was at its darkest for Doris Day.
YOUR BLESSINGS

• It was only a routine trip with Doris Day, who's on a gardening kick, having her picture taken at Paul J. Howard's Flowerland. As the studio's long, black limousine headed south on Sepulveda Boulevard toward the nursery, Doris chatted away in her usual, gay fashion. Her cornflower-blue eyes registered excitement as the street scenes outside flew by and vanished. Suddenly Doris leaned forward and pressed her face against the glass. In a split second, her mood changed and she was a serious, somber, reflective person. Doris' hairdresser sitting at her side maintained a discreet silence until Doris spoke.

"Did you see that rundown trailer camp back there?" inquired Doris. "The one with those two weatherbeaten totem poles guarding the entrance?"

Rather than disturb Doris' trend of thought the hairdresser nodded. The trailer camp had escaped Doris' companion completely.

"I lived there once," Doris said seriously. "It was a long time ago when I was first married and life wasn't exactly—shall (Continued on page 70)"
Today, Edmund Purdom is learning that there is another side to fame and fortune—one that threatens the balance of the man who leaped to success overnight.

But he is a very determined man. And the odds are even.

Edmund Purdom is in "Athena"

BY
HYATT DOWNING

The closeness he and Tita shared in poverty is, he feels, being threatened by the demands of success.

Excitement and tension were high—not only with the fans who watched from outside Grauman's Chinese Theatre in Hollywood, but to the hundreds of famous "fans" who waited expectantly in the lobby and inside the theatre. The premiere of "The Egyptian" was a big one—even by Hollywood standards. It was a big picture and an important one. And if those pre-premiere rumors were correct, it was going to produce a big new star. For Edmund Purdom, tonight should see the fulfillment of all his dreams.

A long black limousine drove up slowly and carefully stopped at the curb in front of the theatre. As the door opened, an excited throng of fans pushed nervously forward, inching their way just a little closer, eagerly hoping to get a glimpse of the picture's star. A low moan was heard as they disappointedly discovered it was not Edmund Purdom.

Five minutes before the CinemaScope spectacle was scheduled to flash upon the large screen, every seat in the tremendous theatre was filled, except for two center seats reserved for the star and (Continued on page 65)
The Alan Ladds' marriage is like their home—constructed with love.
WHEN THE ROOTS RUN DEEP

The blond young man wandered restlessly away from the real-estate agent. He sauntered toward a knoll on the other side of the street. With feet planted firmly on the top of the hill, he gazed out at the hills around. He was standing on a spot that by its natural contours could never be crowded by other houses.

"Nobody," he said thoughtfully, "will ever hurt us here."

"Nobody," agreed his wife, who had followed him. "It's lovely."

"This is the place to build. I want this lot." The young man turned to the agent. The bid he offered was a low one and yet the owner accepted it. The young man never knew why. It seemed like fate.

When the bulldozer started leveling part of the knoll for a homesite, it was the tangible realization of a dream many years old. A dream talked over at many a late-at-night session. The planners were Alan and Sue Ladd. But they could have been any young couple. For love of home we all understand. The castle in the air where the closets will be exactly right, where windows will be large, numerous and conveniently located. Where every need of that particular family will be met.

When such a goal is ahead, saving more and doing without unnecessary things becomes a stimulant instead of a stumbling block. The dream castle slowly progresses from scribbled notes to architect's plans. Finally, the ground is broken. A family is putting down roots.

For Alan and Sue, the day building started on their home was a confirmation of their own love for each other. Different as they are in temperament, these two have learned to merge their weaknesses and strengths and have made together a strong single entity which neither could have created alone.

"The most important thing in marriage to us is the (Continued on page 78)"
Dig this crazy Jean Simmons!
Tell her she's sweet and she calls herself
a cat, a giggler, a moody mouse.
But confidentially—
she's the most!

The California Beet Growers’ Association not long ago awarded Jean Simmons a plaque naming her the sweetest actress of the year. The presentation, made on the set of “Desiree” without fanfare or advance notice, took Miss Simmons by surprise. She didn’t know what it was all about until she unrolled the accompanying scroll and started reading the citation:

... to Jean Simmons, the sweetest actress of the year...

“Oh, fudge!” she burst out. “That’s me?”

The remark shows that the slight and elfin-looking Miss Simmons is down to earth, has a sense of humor and doesn’t take herself too seriously. She’ll concede that she was pleased with the award, but she won’t lightly admit her qualifications for it.

“Let’s not overdo that sweetness and light business,” she said. “I get to feeling kind of sticky just thinking about it. I’m really a—” and here she stopped, grooping for the proper word—“I’m really a cat. Really, I am. (Continued on page 79)
Mitzi Gaynor is a lady who loves shoes. "You'll wreck our budget," says her man, Jack Bean. Then Mitzi found these shoes at Catalano, with different leather linings to match different dresses. "Utterly mad," said Mr. Bean, "but practical—too!"

Cyd Charisse is right out of this mad world in her fox-trimmed caracul cape, dyed a brilliant red. Just goes to show how fur fashions will go! But we must admit Mr. Teitelbaum's spectacular fur piece makes a very dramatic foil for Cyd's dark charm!

Pier Angeli not only likes rings on her fingers, but one on her toe, too. Here's a tip for the girls who don't know what to do with odd earrings. Pier has them made into toe rings! You'll need a wisp of a shoe for this foot fad—Pier's are by Catalano.

Rosemary Clooney is a sparkle-plenty girl, with or without those eye-catching accessories. Playing up accessories to dramatize a costume is a familiar theme—but Rosie goes one better. She wears jewelry and gloves trimmed to match the gown she wears.

Mitzi is in "There's No Business Like Show Business"

Pier is next in "The Silver Chalice"

Rosemary is in White Christmas

Cyd is currently in "Brigadoon"
Barbara Darrow looks at the world through fur-trimmed glasses! A dazzling idea for girls who yearn for ermine or mink. A little glue, a couple of ermine or mink tails—and you're in the luxury class. Barbara got her lens-look from "The 400" shop.

Diana Lynn received this one in the mail from a friend. "You figure it out," read the card. It took quite a while, but Di finally did. Now she's creating a sensation when she steps out in what designer William J. calls the "Enchanting Bird Cage".

Shelley Winters wanted a purse with lots of room inside. Now she totes one of Hollywood's maddest fads—a Honeymoon Cottage bag from "The 400" shop. Oh well, if she ever needs a bag with still more room, she can build an extension on this one!

Barbara appeared in "Susan Slept Here".

In father's day, stars lined their pools with mink and rode in jewelled cars. Today, it's items like these that add spice to the movie scene.

Diana's last is "Track of the Cat".

Shelley is next in "The Night of the Hunter".

... from Hollywood where fads become fashion.
Mother's Little Dividends

They stump her with questions, bewilder her with baby talk, disarm her with angelic guile. But would she go back to life BC (before children)? Not June!

When I consider what we actually have done for our two children—gentle, determined, thoughtful Pamela, now six, and laughing, life-of-the-party Ricky, nearly four—I'm filled with wonder at how little it really is. Just a warm, clean room, a place to sleep, food and music, cuddling and love, acceptance. We give them clothes and toys for play. We try to answer their never-ceasing questions about the strange world surrounding them. We teach them about God and His infinite goodness. A nurse looks after them while I'm away at work. A doctor visits them when they need medical care. But what does this really add up to?—so very little in contrast to what they give back to Dick and me.

Even as tiny, helpless babies who just looked at me and smiled, they have enriched me with faith and tolerance and patience and a growing maturity. They gave me the most precious gift of motherhood—and with it fulfillment and completion as a woman. They have strengthened an already good marriage. They have given me inner contentment and happiness and the boon of relaxation. They've opened my eyes to a new realization of the meaning of Christmas and birthdays. They gladden my heart daily. No queen ever had a more loving entourage.

I confess freely that I'm an incurable sentimentalist where children are concerned: the kind of mother who even (Continued on page 89)

June Allyson is in "Strategic Air Command"
He admired the beauties of Ireland, Italy and France but none of them could compete with the girl he'd left behind him.

The big ship was slowly steaming up toward Staten Island. In the distance beyond, New York was rising out of the sea, the towers and spires of Manhattan rearing into the blue sky like a fairy city, its million windows sparkling in the sun. At the left, another island came into sight, then slowly drifted by—Bedloe's Island, the Statue of Liberty greeting another Queen—the "Queen Elizabeth."

"What's the matter, Rock?" one of the passengers who were clustered at the rail asked the young giant standing there with a dreamy, faraway look in his eyes. "Aren't you glad to be home? Why so quiet?"

Rock smiled. Sure, it was good to be home, awfully good. But why was he so quiet? What could he answer? With the thoughts and memories whirling in his head, emotions tugging at his heartstrings, he had a tough time keeping the tears out of his eyes. He couldn't speak.

Rock had forgotten. He'd been away four months and he'd forgotten. Forgotten how much all this meant to him, forgotten how lucky he was that he was an American who could come back to this country and call it his own; a country where a lad from the wrong side of the tracks could afford to dream, dream anything he cared—to become a movie star in his case—and have a chance to make the dream come true.

It was silly, wasn't it, how he could have lost consciousness of it for even a minute? But he had. Only the sight of the Lady with the torch, the girl he'd left behind him, had brought it flooding back to him.

For Rock had enjoyed himself; let there be no mistake about it. "I've had a terrific time. Europe was wonderful. I can't believe it's over so soon," (Continued on page 73)
Don’t Blame Yourself, MARILYN

Editor’s Note:
Nanette Kutner is a writer who has known the circumstances surrounding Joe DiMaggio’s first marriage. PHOTOPLAY publishes her open letter to Marilyn Monroe as one person’s interesting viewpoint on what happened to the other woman who also thought she was the right person to be his wife.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MARILYN MONROE:

You are coming out of the anesthesia of shock, Marilyn. Like every newly separated or divorced wife you have been on an emotional binge. The Christmas holidays are around the corner; they may well make matters worse. Remembering other holidays when you had a man for whom you could buy presents, you look around at a home echoing emptiness.

You have already discovered that if you don’t make a date ahead of time you will be stuck, just when you feel like going places. Sure, there are nights when you are exhausted and want to stay put, but those other nights when you’re pepped up and alone—they’re not so good. Due to the exigencies of studio work you never can tell how you may feel; it is frustrating to sit at home when you need the shot-in-the-arm of going out, or to go out when you are aching to sit (Continued on page 62)
The girl you know as Marilyn . . .

This is the story of the now famous trip for Marilyn and Joe which ended tragically in a divorce suit

BY LILLA ANDERSON

Delighted youths, many of them high-school students, surged against barriers held by hard-shouldered cops and chanted in happy, demanding cadence, "We want Marilyn!"

Focus of the conmotion was a trim, freshly painted town house on Manhattan's East 61st Street. Traffic had been blocked off. In theory, the cleared space was reserved for 20th Century-Fox director Billy Wilder's crew to film a sequence in "The Seven Year Itch." However, half a hundred news photographers invaded the motion-picture camera area.

All lenses, as well as the eyes of the crowd, were aimed at a second-floor window where Marilyn Monroe, clad only in a revealing lace-yoked satin slip, fluffed her platinum tresses and called down to her entranced leading man, Tom Ewell, "I just washed my hair."

Certainly it was far from the year's most brilliant line of dialogue, but Marilyn held her audience. When the director called for silence the crowd hushed. Then, as Marilyn finished the sentence and vanished from their sight, there was a sigh and the boys again raised their chant, "We want Marilyn!"

Little did the fans making up that crowd realize that Marilyn was acting out the third act of a drama in which they were unconsciously playing a part. These were the moments that Marilyn had once visualized in a dream—the dream was a reality but the enchantment had somehow escaped. For Marilyn knew that tears would soon replace the impish grin which even then held a trace of tiredness, a trace of strain.

When you look back at Marilyn's life across the years, a personal drama as well-defined and tense as any master-playwright's best effort was being played that day.

Act I of that drama was the longest, nearly twenty years in shaping. In its troubled prologue, Marilyn's mother and father found (Continued on page 62)

As she appears in "Seven Year Itch"
From balcony of house on Sixty-first Street, New York, Marilyn talks to a high-school friend, now with NBC.

New Yorkers turned up in crowds, and early for shooting, blocked all traffic, chanted, "We want Marilyn!"

Her reception was a heart-warming experience for the girl who even then was keeping heartbreak to herself.

Marilyn Monroe is next in "There's No Business Like Show Business".
Where there's a Will—there's a Resolution

Star resolutions are just like yours and mine. Some of them are kept and some of them just get lost!

BY
SHEILAH GRAHAM

- When the clock strikes twelve on January 1, 1955, amid the merry-making, Hollywood stars will be hauling out special lists, some long, some short, headed by: New Year's Resolutions. Some will be made in fun, others will be serious self-promises. But like you and me, the stars, too, feel January 1st is a good time to wipe the slate clean and start afresh.

Arlene Dahl is serious about her career, her marriage and her resolutions. One way to keep a resolution, she insists, is to make out a list, scratch off those you keep and transfer the unresolved resolutions to your new list. "This year," Arlene says, "Fernando and I are resolving to have a baby." With Arlene's and Fernando's looks (Continued on page 64)
If Marge and Gower Champion break that New Year resolution, it won't be the only thing broken by this dancing pair.

When it's puppy love, you can't blame a girl like Piper Laurie if she doesn't live up to one of her 1955 resolutions.

Dean isn't fooling about this one—and the Martin and Lewis pledge for 1955 should have their fans jumping with joy.


This little piggy's going to market some day—for a very special reason, if Jack Bean's Mitzi Gaynor gets New Year wish.
Whatever your problem, you will be heartened by Kim Novak’s sto

Don’t Be a Teenage Misfit

BY LOLA PARMETER

― It took Kim Novak thirty minutes to walk from her dressing room to the set of “Pushover” the first morning the film was scheduled for shooting—a distance of no more than 200 yards. To Kim, the distance was not the problem. What bothered her was an entirely different matter.

"There I was," says Kim now. "I couldn’t move. I just sat in my dressing room glued by fear. Every time I whipped up enough courage to step outside the door, I almost died when I saw all those people on the set."

This hardly sounds like the glamorous blond with the sexy voice who caused a minor sensation in “Pushover.” “The statuesque blond with the graceful carriage,” as one column referred to her. Or as a talent expert concluded: “The girl who has everything.” The girl movieland prophets are vowing will be one of the screen’s most popular personalities.

“As I sat there,” Kim says, “I wasn’t Kim Novak, movie star. I was plain Marilyn Novak and all my old fears and inferiority complex bounded me. It’s a shame inferiority complexes can’t be outlawed.”

Kim Novak was born in Chicago—without any complexes as far as she knows. However, it’s lucky that Kim wasn’t born superstitious! She arrived on February 13, 1933 at 3:13 in the morning and her mother had room 313.

The Novaks were unable to agree upon a name for their new daughter, and so they decided that each member of the family could write his or her suggestion on a piece of paper and they’d draw for a name. The slips went into a hat and Kim’s mother had the honor of drawing. The paper she choose was marked Marilyn. And the baby was called Marilyn until Columbia changed her name twenty years later to Kim.

When Kim began to grow, her family was convinced she would never stop. She was thin and always tall for her age. “And gawky,” she now adds. She had braids that reached to her waist and wore clothes that her grand-
of her “lost” teens

With school plays, modeling, Kim, 19, began to gain confidence in herself.

Kim Novak, today. She's in "Phffit!"

mother made for her. “Plain little outfits, and I so wanted curls and frilly dresses like other little girls.”

“There’s nothing wrong with your appearance,” her mother would tell her. But all Kim had to do was look into the mirror.

“I remember how the boys would make up games and let the girls play, too,” says Kim. “But even when I gathered up enough courage to try entering into things, they’d always tell me to go away. They didn’t seem to want to play with little girls who didn’t have pretty curls.”

Kim’s low throaty voice provided her with another problem. On Tallulah (Continued on page 76)
"I can lick anything," says Victor Mature. And though he seems to have been defeated in his search for happiness, he's not the man to cry quits.

- Recently Dorothy Mature filed suit for divorce. After a lengthy absence from the headlines, Victor Mature was again making the front page. This time he wasn't trying. He had hoped that the matter could be settled quietly behind the closed doors of their lawyers' offices. He refused to make a statement to the press. Dorothy was equally firm in refusing to discuss what finally broke their six-year marriage.

  Talk said, "It's all his fault."

  "Her fault," corrected the other side.

  The party who came closest to the truth said, "There are two sides to every story. I guess there have always been two sides to Victor's story."

Victor's reticence to speak of the divorce—or very much these days—is quite unlike the Mature of the old days. Only a few years ago his voluntary withdrawal from the limelight would have been considered impossible. He was the man with the knack for making the front pages. In doing so, he became one of the most controversial figures in Hollywood. He still is.

Vic is a man who is many things to many people. He's been called a publicity hound. He's been called a recluse. He's been dubbed one of the most complex individuals in film-land. Yet his philosophy of life is a simple one.

Financially speaking, it's been said that he can make a Scotsman resemble a spendthrift. "Sure he's tight with a dollar," says a friend. "But he's loose with a hundred dollars."

He can make a mistake like any other member of the (Continued on page 86)
Victor Mature will next be seen in "Chief Crazy Horse"
Hey there, you with the stars in your eyes

Where did you get that glass slipper? How did you get on that magic road that’s brought you so close to heaven?

• You are Destiny’s darling.

You’re the inspiration for every small-town girl who dreams of making good in Hollywood . . . and of being in your own magic shoes. You’re the Cinderella Girl of all time. And yours is the Cinderella story nobody would ever believe on film. Today all across America other young feminine hopefuls wish upon your star and dream of being exactly where you are. For you’re the girl who shines bright in starlet town and captured a Prince Charming as well.

A picture, they say, is worth ten thousand words. And yours has been worth infinitely more. But this, JANET LEIGH, is your life—and your destiny . . .

Like any true Cinderella story, yours begins once upon a time. That time is 3:30 P.M. on July 6, 1927, in the small town of Merced in northern California. And according to your proud father, Fred Morrison, it’s Christmas in July . . .

Continued

Janet Leigh’s birth announcement. Says her Dad, “She looked like a doll”

Glamour girl of Merced, Cal., 9 months, poses for first official photograph

1930: A budding Pavlova. Money was scarce, but Janet charmed the grocer!

1935: Twirling baton for fraternal lodge won her loving cup—and blisters!

On first real date with Dick Doane her parents went along for the ride!
Janet Leigh is in "My Sister Eileen"

1946: At Ski Lodge with parents, friend. It was here that Norma Shearer saw Janet's photograph. With her grandparents. Her grandmother, blind for years, never saw her adored granddaughter.

Because of her parents' training, Janet's sense of values did not desert her when she became a star.

June 4, 1951: Janet marries her Prince Charming, Tony Curtis (above, with the Jerry Lewises).
“Jeanette was the most perfectly formed little baby I’ve ever seen—and I’m not just saying that because I’m her father either. To tell the truth, I was a little afraid to look at her when she was first born. I’d heard a lot about little babies being so red and funny-looking, and I was relieved to find she wasn’t like that. She looked like a little doll from the hour she was born. She weighed in at six and one-half pounds, with big blue eyes and a lot of light auburn hair.”

Yes—you’re the glamour girl of the Merced Hospital. No doubt about that. And according to your mother, Helen Morrison, your proud pop “stole” a ride and broke all records getting there for the preview. . . .

“Fred had taken me to the hospital the night before. When the doctor told him the baby wouldn’t be born until late the next day, he went on to work. They promised to call him in time. But at 3:15 when he called the hospital and asked, ‘How’s my wife?’ they told him I was in the delivery room. We didn’t have a car, but when Fred dashed wildly out the door of the ice company where he worked, he saw a truck standing there with the motor running, and he jumped in and took off. He had a time explaining later. The fellow thought sure somebody had stolen his car. We both wanted a girl. And I was glad she had her father’s snub nose—I’ve always hated mine. We didn’t have a name for her, and somehow every name we thought of wasn’t good enough for her. Finally we decided on Jeanette. . . .”

When you’re nine months old, you pose for your first official portrait, wearing baby-blue organdy, a fluted blue organdy bonnet and your first pair of black patent-leather slippers. But not even your own proud parents could know how much of your life is to be spent looking into the lens of a camera. You walk on your first birthday. And you’re not too good in that “how-now-brown-cow” department for quite some time. Ice cream is “buda buda.” And the best you can do with your Aunt Pearl’s name is “Popo.” Years later when she is your secretary in Hollywood, Auntie Popo will still be her name. . . .

When you’re two years old your parents move to Stockton, California, and your father looks for work there. These are tough times, as your mother now recalls:

“We stayed with my folks at first. Seven of us in a small two-bedroom place in a court. Fred got a temporary job helping out on an ice wagon, and for a while there we lived on a quarter a day! In those days you could buy a nickel’s worth of hamburger and get a soup bone on the side. And for another five cents I’d get a couple of turnips, a carrot and perhaps a piece of cabbage for soup. Jeanette was a big girl before she knew anybody ever bought more than three eggs at one time. We moved—well—just about every time the rent came around.”

In 1929 you’re two years old (Continued on page 82)
NEW LINES IN THE FASHION SPOTLIGHT

The shape's the thing in exciting new clothes you'll wear now through spring.

There's a new you waiting in the world of fashion. Its new concept of line and design has been adapted in young, delightful clothes ready for you to buy. Gone are exaggerated bosoms, tiny waists, voluminous standout skirts. The hourglass figure has run out. In its place comes a new shape, a flattering (but never flat) look that sleekly and straightens the figure for a smooth, molded silhouette. Graceful, soft and feminine, it gives you all at once a taller, slimmer look. You'll wear and love the new glamour lines shown on these pages.

Photoplay's Star Fashion Award this month goes to Jackie Nimble's two exciting new-look dresses. Lovely Anne Francis, M-G-M star, wears the flattering, quieter curves of the long torso line in a smooth organzine taffeta marked by a cuffed, dropped waistline and bejeweled sash bow, with skirt fullness below. Red, green, toast, black. Sizes 7-15. Under $30. The white glamour sheath bursting in a tulip flare, modeled by sparkling star, Sarita Montiel, is bewitching cotton lace over taffeta. Also red, beige, black. 5-15. About $25.

Complementing new lines in fashion are the sleek, breathtaking lines of new sports car designs we've featured on these pages.

For Where to Buy turn to page 69
Right, Anne Francis, starring in M-G-M’s “Bad Day at Black Rock,” loves her go-everywhere coat, worn smoothly wrapped in sports-car jaunts. Smart new sailor collar is exciting feature. It’s cashmere-like 100% Orlon, Millium-lined, and completely sudsable. Red, navy, camel, 7-15. By Lassie Jr. About $65

Below, the blouse look interpreted in a wonderfully wearable rayon linen suit. Longer waisted contoured band is placed low in back, buckling at the front. Arrow darts trim shoulder and pocket of slim skirt. Navy, teal, moss green, other colors. 8-18. By Lampl. $14.95. Worn by Sarita Montiel of U.A.’s “Vera Cruz”

For right, the important, less defined and lowered waist in a coat dress worn by Peggy Ann Garner. Rayon linen smoothed to a snug hip where the long torso releases a flourish of unpressed pleats. Pumpkin, pecan, shocking pink, seafoam, 7-15. By Junior Accent. Under $40. Peggy’s now in 20th’s “Black Widow”

Below right, the glorified shirt that will give you one straight, elongated line, shoulder to hem. Elaine Stewart, star of 20th’s popular “Hajji Baba,” shows you the casual elegance of a relaxed silhouette. Fashion excitement in its back belt. Aqua or pink tweed. 8-16. By Jeanne Campbell for Sportwhirl. $25

THE SHAPE’S THE THING...
A triumph in design, the smart Sunbeam-Talbot Sky-Top

Small, smart and powerful, the beloved MG convertible

Hillman Minx convertible, bedecked for fun with a fringe on top

America's sports car jewel, Chevrolet's deluxe Corvette

For Where to Buy turn to page 69
THE SHAPE'S THE THING . . .

Hillman Minx convertible—Britain's smooth new line in sports cars

The current made raises and rounds the bosom and so does this dress. It's shaped with assurance down to the hips where the lovely gored skirt starts a graceful flare. But the real news—a rhinestone-buttoned stand-away collar in white linen, with Paris-inspired real man's tie in a bright flash of red. This was one famous designer's trademark. New line in fabrics—heavy wrinkle-resistant all year cotton poplin. Black, blue, navy. Sizes 7-15. By Bobbie Brooks. $17.95. It's divine on Anne Francis. Look for her soon in M-G-M's exciting new film, 'The Blackboard Jungle'
Can you find a smarter look? Soft wool jersey in an unbelted, unbroken soft curved line, top to bottom, with sleekly tapered sleeves for added emphasis. The slimness of the long-line sheath is enhanced by the bright sparkle of white-as-snow silk faille filling in the scooped neck. Exclamation point—the rhinestone buckle trim, straight from Paris and blazing a new fashion trail. You'll find it on everything—tweed to satins. This sheath in black or navy jersey. Sizes 7-15. By J. L. F. Originals. About $45. It's worn by M-G-M star Elaine Stewart.

WHAT TO WEAR TO SHAPE THE NEW FIGURE LINE

Fit your figure to the fashion with a new strapless shape-maker in nylon lace, for the higher, newly rounded look. It's flattering, never flattening. White only. Sizes 32-38, A, B, C cups. Prelude bra by Maidenform. $3.50

White nylon power net pantie girdle that sustains a natural waistline, its non-cross-stretch sides paring the hips to a straighter line. Flowered satin panels front and back. Sizes S, M, L. By Formfit. $7.50. (Open girdle style, $6.50)

New focus on the rounded bosom with a strapless bra that smooths to the waist. Lace-edged nylon with booster uplift. Sizes 32-38, A, B, C cups. Hollywood-Maxwell. $7.50. Shaping the new silhouette, stiffened net pettiskirt bells from a nylon tricot long torso sheath. S, M, L. Luxite. $7.95
THE SHAPE'S THE THING...

This is the look, the suit that slopes in an easy, supple longer body line, punctuated only by the snug-fitting belted hipline. It's a suit with a thousand lives, no longer sharply defined, but always casual, new, important. Elaine Stewart's versatile ensemble in soft-as-down Orion and sheer wool checked plaid, features a molded sheath dress piped in the same pink Irish linen of the jacket collar. Box jacket's sleek to the newly popular hip-low belt. Navy and pink plaid only. In sizes 10-16. By Nathan & Strong. Under $50

For Where to Buy turn to page 69
In these 3-hour danger periods

Your skin "DIES" a little

There are 1- to 3-hour periods each day, doctors say, when your skin is open to serious trouble: stretched pores...coarsened texture...cracking and "shriveling." These dangerous periods of skin "un-balance" are right after you wash your face. In washing away the dirt, you also remove natural skin protectors. Nature takes from 1 to 3 hours to restore these vital protectors. In the meantime, your skin "dies" a little...

Read how great beauties of the social world prevent the damaging effects of skin "un-balance"

After each washing—
"re-balance" your skin

You can notice these little warnings of skin "un-balance" right after washing—
- flakiness...a blotchy look
- a "burning," stretched tight feel
Should you stop washing your face? "Not at all," skin specialists say—"but after each washing, 're-balance' your skin instantly..."

60 times faster than Nature

Light, swift-acting—Pond's Cold Cream "re-balances" your skin in one minute—at least 60 times faster than Nature does. It combats dryness, shrinking. Keeps pore-openings clear. Keeps skin texture fine and smooth.

A deep clearing at bedtime

Besides "re-balancing" after washing, your skin needs a thorough clearing at night. A deep Pond's Cold Cleaning dislodges water-resistant dirt from the pores. Keeps your skin looking fresh, vibrant.

Start this complete beauty care with Pond's Cold Cream today. You'll be astonished at how quickly you have a noticeably lovelier complexion!

The world's most famous beauty formula—never duplicated, never equaled. Get a large jar today. More women use and love Pond's Cold Cream than any face cream ever made.

Romaine, Marchioness of Wilford Haven

The lovely Marchioness, photographed in her charming Park Avenue apartment, is noted for her exquisite complexion. About her skin care, she says, "It's now second nature to me to reach for Pond's Cold Cream after each washing. And I never miss a good, deep Pond's cleansing at bedtime."
The Girl You Know as Marilyn...

(Continued from page 44)

themselves unable to cope with the despair of the depression. In consequence—and in a manner reminiscent of classic fairy tales—their young daughter, the future golden princess was reared by strangers.

No ship could come to her rescue. Instead, with a determined vision of the future, she worked to earn her own kingdom. Her ambition put her first on magazine covers and later on her first glimpse of the movies. There were many discouragements. Two studios signed her, then dropped her, and the experiences hurt.

But through it all she had faith in her own destiny, and the camera lens was always her ally. The first goal was won when it brought her photos to those who were even lonelier than she—the GI's drawn into service by the Korean war. As a curvaceous blonde starlet in a bathing suit, she brightened barracks walls in Seoul, Istanbul and Berlin.

Thus the emerging star acquired that first destiny, and the motionpicture cameras took notice of her.

Act II brought fame, love and a second curtain crisis better cast and more dramatic than the first.

It opened with Marilyn Monroe strolling through brief bits to decorate the dreary scenes of a succession of even drearier pictures. One of them served her well, for it allowed her to snatch her first glimpse of the wondrous towers of Manhattan. Brought into New York at the rate of a hundred dollars a week to exploit a picture called "Love Happy," she was, for an afternoon while she met exhibitors, installed in a magnificent hotel suite. But in the evening, after they had departed, she was moved to a tiny room. She made up for it by ordering caviar for breakfast and charging it to the film company.

The photographers were the men back of the Speed Graphics and the Rolleys—gave her more consistent billing, for she had both the mien and manner to delight them. But it was even crueler to leave her marked, "Marilyn opens her eyes a second before you, then blossoms like a rose." Photo editors, too, became her fans. A national picture magazine termed her "a serious blonde who can act...the effortless mistress of the slow, calculated walk...the brightest star since Lana Turner." Then Marilyn was accused of appearing coyly in the altogether on a highly popular calendar. Marilyn proved she could pitch a curve as well as pose in one. Freely she admitted she was It. She also admitted another thing considered by some a sin: to become an editor, responsible for what she had posed because she was broke and needed the money. Asked what she had done during the shooting, she replied, "The radio—but it was all right. The photographers liked the play."

It won her newspaper space but not the approval of her feminine colleagues.

 Asked why she hadn't skinned alive a certain female columnist, she answered, "Because it was even crueler to leave her skin as it was." Rubbing salt in the wound, she candidly stated she preferred men to women interviewers. "Men and I have a mutual appreciation of being male and female." She remarked, too, "I don't mind being in a man's world so long as I'm a woman in it."

In like mood was her condemnation of too much sun tanning, the famous, "I like to feel like a woman again."

At the same time she was kidding her critics, Marilyn Monroe was earnestly pursuing a sounder campaign for answering them. To broaden her knowledge and to equip herself for the stardom she was determined to achieve, she enrolled in university classes to study philosophy and literature ("I want to know not only what people write but what makes them write it.") She also studied drama and, eventually found a coach who suited her, Natasha Lytess.

When she was ready to call attention to this phase of her life, she did so with a characteristic Monroe gesture. The collection of playscripts in which hand-written notes had been inscribed by the famed director, Max Reinhardt, was to be offered at auction. She reluctantly took on the role of representative of two universities conferred, it is said, and quietly decided what each would bid on and at what price. They reckoned without Miss Monroe. She went into the bidding, bought the whole collection. Later, when much turmoil arose because they had fallen into the hands of a private individual, she permitted Reinhardt's son, Gottfried, to buy...
Whether You Brush Your Teeth
Just Once, Twice, or 3 Times a Day...

Colgate Dental Cream
 Gives The Surest Protection
 ALL DAY LONG!

Because Only New Colgate Dental Cream
—Of All Leading Toothpastes—Contains GARDOL* To Stop Bad Breath Instantly . . . Guard Against Tooth Decay Longer!

Your dentist will tell you how often you should brush your teeth. But whether that's once, twice, or three times a day, be sure you use New Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol! Colgate's stops bad breath instantly in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth! Fights tooth decay 12 hours or more! In fact, clinical tests showed the greatest reduction in tooth decay in toothpaste history!

Gardol, Colgate's wonderful new decay-fighter, forms an invisible shield around your teeth. You can't feel it, taste it, or see it—but Gardol's protection won't rinse off or wear off all day. That's why Colgate has the only leading toothpaste to contain Gardol—gives the surest protection ever offered by any toothpaste!

Every Time You Use It...New Colgate Dental Cream CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT GUARDS YOUR TEETH!
NEEDLECRAFT DESIGN

7199—Let this doll keep your electric mixer spotless. Just sit her on top of it—her long skirt is its protective cover! Pattern pieces, transfers and directions.

832—Pleasure to crochet—treasure to own! Set a beautiful table with this 60-inch square crocheted in pineapple design and plain mesh. Tablecloth, 60 inches in string; centerpiece, 40 inches in No. 30 cotton.

7209—See how fast baby goes to sleep when he has all his animal friends to keep him warm! Animal quilt; embroidery motifs, applique patches, diagrams, 32x44 ins.

7199

There's a Resolution

(Continued from page 46)

and brains this baby should be a beautiful genius.

Jerry Lewis is very serious about his resolution and all of his fans are sure hoping he keeps it. Jerry has promised, honestly: "To take care of my health. I was nearly gone," Jerry admits after his collapse with virus pneumonia followed by jaundice. "And it scared me into deciding to relax. You don't know how precious it is to be well until you're not feeling good!"

And from partner Dean Martin, who gave up his beloved golf to haunt Jerry's bedside: "In 1955 I avoid doing anything that will give anybody reason to think that Jerry and I are busting up as a team."

Everyone's counting on Piper Laurie to break her resolution. They don't think she can keep it this year or any other year. Piper can't pass up a lost dog. Her home is more like a kennel, so she's promised in 1955, "Not to bring any more lost dogs home. Her second resolution may be easier to keep: "I resolve never to change the color of my hair." With Piper's lovely red hair, this should be a cinch to carry out. I'd also like to see Piper put marriage on her list. It can be as satisfying as a career—even more! So take a tip, Piper.

One guy who won't be too unhappy to see 1954 pass is Dale Robertson. It's been an unhappy year for Dale. He lost his wife, he fought his studio and he completely neglected his deep ambition: to write. "I'd rather be an author than an actor," Dale confided to me in one of his rare all-barriers-down moods. "And I resolve that in 1955 I'll glue myself to that typewriter and write!"

Marge and Gower Champion, in my opinion, are one of the best dance teams of our generation. But they have their problems. They go into a dance routine at the drop of a breath. At home, this can be disastrous to surrounding furniture. In the middle of a meal, while sitting in the living room, if a mood hits, they start dancing. "So," Marge says, "from now on we're resolving to confine our dancing to rehearsal halls." And the stage, of course.

For Tab Hunter, 1955 will be a terrific year for him if he'll be able to overcome his big fault: He can never be on time. If he's supposed to be at the studio at eight, something happens and he just can't seem to make it before nine. If he has a date for lunch at one, chances are he'll arrive, with a forgive-me box of chocolates at one forty-five. Tab promises, and he has his fingers crossed, to keep tabs on appointments and buy a wristwatch with an alarm on it. Then he'll have to make a new resolution to wind it!

I stopped by to see Mitzi Gaynor, and her resolution includes a piggy bank called "It." "It is my resolution for 1955," she explained. "I just have to stop spending money on clothes in order to save for a family."

Cleo Moore's a good actress, kissing or not kissing, but she resolved to clinch a good solid acting role in 1955 and to reach stardom within five years, or else she'll cancel her resolution entirely and fall back on resolutions number two: "To enter politics in my native Louisiana." Cleo's a blonde with plenty of brains—and she uses them, too.

Chances are, some of these good resolutions will be broken and will reappear on next year's list, but, after all, that's the sport in making them.
Man on a Tightrope

(Continued from page 30)

his wife. Heads jerked back and forth, watching the entrance, anticipating their arrival. Five minutes later, the picture went on; the seats remained vacant. The Purdons never arrived.

Why did Edmund Purdom fail to attend his own premiere?

Rumor the next day blamed his absence on a tiff with his wife, which left the young Englishman sulking alone in his room. Others said Edmund was irritated when others blamed it on “first-night” jitters. Before accepting unsubstantiated explanations, it is wise to remember that even before “The Egyptian” was finished, Edmund Purdom had already become a part of the Hollywood legend. His own personal story is fantastic enough to make any rumor sound plausible. However, those close to Edmund and his lovely wife Tina do admit that success has changed him.

Little more than a year ago, reject studio files classified him as a tall, serious young man, with dark wavy hair, brown intense eyes, an olive skin and a frightfully British accent. If files were less personal they might have added, current status: unemployed; poverty-stricken.

Today, Edmund Purdom is Hollywood’s fastest-rising young star. Two studios have already invested $15,000,000 in him, and after pinch-hitting for two important actors, Mario Lanza in “Student Prince” and Marlon Brando in “The Egyptian,” Edmund found himself famous before the public even saw him on the screen.

But even a guy with the drive, stamina and talent of Edmund has always had a sudden change of pace. It is said that he is nervous, temperamental, frequently upset, frequently ill. No doubt, these temperamentally differences were responsible for Tina’s divorce suit. Suddenly, with success, with the attainment of everything he and Tina had hoped for when they barely struggled to keep going, Edmund Purdom has discovered his whole life has changed. Everyone’s personal conviction has been challenged; every moment of his time monopolized; his privacy completely shattered and his independence restricted.

He loves to be with his family—Lilian Ellery, two, and Marina Ann, six months—he loves to just sit and listen to music, he loves to tinker with anything mechanical. Today with his new demands he has no time. He’s a voracious eater, but when he’s working, he can’t eat because he’s too nervous—and these days he’s working constantly. He detests unnecessary noise, can’t stand being tied down by a clock, yet his entire existence is regulated by the clock and constantly surrounded by the unnerving noises of the movie set. A natural athlete who played rugby, cricket, hockey, who swam and played tennis for relaxation, he now finds he is too tired after a long day at the studio to enjoy physical activity. While before his wife and his home were the only, and the most important, things in the world to him, today he is surrounded by so many demands, so many people, his leftover hours were not enough to hold his family together.

Edmund's new emergence as a star also places upon him the added burden of proving himself good enough to stay at the top. He’s now appeared in five pictures, having the lead in three. His next is “The Proud Valley.” But to date, Edmund hasn’t seen any of them. “I did get a sneak look at some of the rushes of ‘The Egyptian,’” he said. “The experience frightened me. If I’d been executive I’d never have hired me . . . .”

Aware of the gigantic bet which the motion-picture industry is making on him.

I was afraid of my shadow

...now I am the most popular woman in town

Are you shy . . . timid . . . afraid to meet and talk with people? If so, here’s good news for you! For Elsa Maxwell, the famous hostess to world celebrities, has written a book packed solid with ways to develop poise and self-confidence.

This wonderful book entitled, Elsa Maxwell’s Etiquette Book contains the answers to all your everyday social problems. By following the suggestions given in this book you know exactly how to conduct yourself on every occasion. Once you are completely familiar with the rules of good manners you become lose your shyness—and you become your true, radiant self.

Win New Respect

Win new esteem and respect from your friends—men and women alike. Take less than five minutes a day. Read one chapter in this helpful etiquette book in your spare time. In a very short period you will find yourself with more self-confidence than you ever dreamed you would have. You will experience the wonderful feeling of being looked up to and admired. Gone will be your doubts and fears. You will be living in a new, wonderful world. You will never forget your own shadow again!

Go Places—with Good Manners

Good manners are one of the greatest personal assets you can possess. Good jobs, new friends, romance, and the chance to influence people can be won with good manners. Ladies and gentlemen are always welcome anywhere. And the most encouraging thing about good manners is that anyone can posses them.

A Gay, Entertaining Book

Elsa Maxwell’s new book is different from the usual dry-as-dust etiquette volume. It’s gay! It’s up-to-date! It’s just chock-full of the type of information you can put to immediate use. It brings you a thorough social education, that will enable you to live a richer, happier life.

Here in clear, straightforward language are the answers to all your everyday etiquette problems. Here you find important suggestions on good manners in restaurants—in church—in the theater—on the street—and when you travel.

In this book Elsa Maxwell covers every phase of engagements and weddings. Here is everything you need to know about invitations, gifts, the wedding dress, the attendants, the reception, etc. The bride who follows the suggestions contained in this up-to-date book need have no wedding fears. She will be radiant in the knowledge that her wedding is correct in every detail.

Only $1.00

The prize of this book that puts you at ease no matter where you are — and opens the door to achievement and success — costs only $1.00. And we pay the postage! Take advantage of this truly remarkable bargain. Mail coupon below for your book—TODAY.

[Address and coupon for Elsa Maxwell's Etiquette Book]
Edmund was quickly on the move. The decision to leave the theater had been made, and he was determined to make the most of his time left. Within the next few days, he would be leaving for New York, and he knew he had to make the most of his remaining time in Hollywood. Edmund was philosophical about the end of his career in Hollywood. He knew that he had given it his best shot, and he was ready to move on to new adventures. He was excited about the prospect of working with new directors and actors, and he was looking forward to the challenge of taking on new roles and projects. Edmund was ready to embrace the next chapter of his life, and he was eager to see where it would take him. The Men Talk (In February Photo Play) Tony Curtis says, “Getting, Kids” “Vaguely Wonderful”—the intimate story of Mike Wilding and Liz Taylor

Don’t miss this issue—on sale January 6th
Charlotte waited impatiently, holding the telephone in her hand. Suddenly, she felt as if something else were in the room, a sort of eerie, skin-creeping sensation came over her, and she could feel her mouth go a little dry. She hesitated to turn around, but with the phone in her hand, she gathered her courage. She swung around rapidly and screamed... a rousing scream which people only let out when they are scared out of their wits. There stood a man. But as suddenly as Charlotte started screaming, she stopped and went into gales of laughter. The man was Marlon Brando. A sheepish, grinning Marlon Brando.

Marlon had entered Charlotte’s house through the open kitchen door, and spotting the extension telephone in the kitchen, had picked up the phone and asked the operator to ring it to their living room, Charlotte heard it ring and answered it as Marlon had anticipated. This just illustrates one of a hundred playful, humanly interesting, sometimes whimsical things that can happen when Marlon Brando is your friend.

This same predilection for doing the unexpected showed up dramatically when Brando announced his engagement to Josiane Berenger. He had met the pretty, young French model six months before in New York and had proposed to her to marry him within hours after their meeting. She subsequently visited California during the shooting of “Desiree” but was carefully shielded from reporters and photographers by Brando. She therefore remained a mystery figure in the actor’s life—noted by the alert columnists but without detail of their relationship.

It was not until late October that the news of Brando’s official engagement burst like a bombshell on the small Riviera town of Bandol, France, where the engaged pair filed official notice of their intention to wed. At the appearance of a battery of newspaper and photographers, Brando showed every sign of panic—rushed his girl off on a sailboat ride to escape the mob. Later he yielded to demands for interviews, and said, “In the only girl I ever wanted to marry,” With their hopes for peace and quiet shattered by the press furor, Brando left the Berenger home and headed for Rome. His fiancée fled in the opposite direction, heading for Paris, then New York by air, with the understanding that the two would meet in New York. ARRanging her U. S. visa in Paris, Josiane exclaimed, “I don’t want to be a Hollywood housewife. I want to study dramatics in New York.”

As in the romance of Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher, no wedding date has been announced as we go to press. In both cases, the motive is privacy. But for such charming and colorful young people as these, such a course is difficult in the extreme—as those who know Brando well can easily testify.

His friends, some new, some dating back to his early days in dramatic school, weave word pictures, ever-varying, ever-colorful of the man who has become one of the motion pictures’ finest actors. For instance, there is the Saturday that Johnnie Ray was feeling low and lonely. It was one of those times when the California sunshine was an irritant, draining a man of energy instead of invigorating him. Johnnie headed for Ocean Park, the Los Angeles beach...
Angeles equivalent of Coney Island, where he could buy a ticket on the roller coaster and at aMet once in a while, he went Blind to everything but his own woes, Johnnie climbed into his sent. Then, behind him he heard a shout, “Hi, man, what's going on?”

Johnnie looked around into the impish dark eyes of Brando Johnnie had to answer the gun on Brando's face. One ride on the roller coaster, then Johnnie jumped on the merry-go-round and took the gang for a go at everything from pitching baseballs at cardboard milk bottles to feeding lighted cigarettes to the fire-eating newcomer. Johnnie was a remarkably muscular man, with a suntanned face and a slight bow on his neck. He was a colorful relief. Harry was a collection of all that had been before him, and none of the stuff associated with the years of growth, as he had come to be known as the “twelfth night,” and Sir Thespian busied himself thinking up unexciting and rather unnecessary chases and assigning them to the pair. Then instead of a stage workshop group was staging “Twelfth Night,” and Sir Thespian was required to wear a padded stomach for the role. In the belief that all work and no play makes Harry a dull boy, he indulged in a digestive process very much like a man who might indulge in a ginger ale—but then not more than one glass.

Much has been made of Brando's sensitive nature, and it is a sensitive one. Most of us have known the newspaper man, and that he be pictured only as the sensitive artist he is on stage or screen. The fact remains that in Hollywood or outside it, Brando has been a very different person. Brando once did), answering a newspaper person's questions in French (and Brando once did) is real gone behavior. Belafonte, is another man. He's a very sensitive guy and that his unconventional behavior is no deliberate disorder designed to make him a colorful motion picture star. Take Russell, the raconteur, Belafonte's long-time friend, for instance. Russell was a very different person than this, at one time Marlon was extremely interested in zoology and used to spend days at the Central Park and Bronx zoo. During this period, Marlon bought Russell a very nice camera for a pet. However there was so much comment that Marlon finally gave him up.

Brando has always believed in doing things the way he wants to do them—the way he wants them to be done. In the instance, at one time he was very friendly with an artist whose works were being displayed in one of the New York galleries. Despite this sign of success the artist was so in debt he asked Brando to help out with a collection they were taking up for him. Brando was a success in "A Streetcar Named Desire," and his friends were shocked when he refused. No one could understand why. They argued that he liked the painter, that the artist would repay the loan as soon as he could. Brando wouldn't budge and his friends were disappointed.

One day soon after, the incident glossed over, Brando's usual gang was up at his apartment and there, on the walls of the apartment, were his artist friend's paintings—$10,000 worth.

Brando felt that the worst thing he could have done would have been to lend money to his friend, when what he really needed for a boost in his morale was a few sales.

"That's what kind of a guy he is," Belafonte says, "that's the way he thinks."

Both Marlon and Harry belong to the same “school” of artistic thought. Both believe in calling upon life itself for authenticity. Brando has learned much from it and has put it into his acting. The things he's always done—he won't let Hollywood or anything else keep him from continuing to enjoy these things—even at the risk of being considered a rebel.

There's an old saying, "If you want to know me, come live with me." Brando signed for the role in "Viva Zapata," went to Mexico to live for a month. Signed for "On the Waterfront," and left with his friends. He wants to project the identity of the person he is portraying ... hand his public a real slice of life. He forces his audiences to think and to listen... and to forget the big bag of popcorn.

The End
WHERE TO BUY PHOTOGRAPH STAR FASHIONS

Jackie Nimble Dresses:
Chattanooga, Tenn.—Miller Bros.
Dallas, Tex.—A. Harris
Portland, Ore.—Hermanek's

Bobbie Brooks Dress:
Baton Rouge, La.—Abbott-Wimberly
Dallas, Tex.—Philipson's
Evansville, Ind.—Satzer's

J. L. F. Originals Jersey Dress:
Chicago, III.—Bramer's
Houston, Tex.—Sokowitz's
Washington, D. C.—Julius Garfinckel

Sportswirl Shirtdress:
Chicago, III.—Carson Pirie Scott
Jr. Accent Coat-Dress:
Chicago, III.—Carson Pirie Scott
Houston, Tex.—Sokowitz's

Lamp Suit-Dress:
New York, N. Y.—Bloominda's

Nathan & Strong Suit:
Dallas, Tex.—Titche-Goettinger

Lassie Jr. Coat:
Providence, R. I.—The Outlet Ga.
Salt Lake City, Utah—Auerbach's

TIME FOR A NEW WATCH

Smart new watch called The Trudy for round-the-clock wear, with the straight, sleek lines of this season's fashions. Quadrant crystal and black dial have four-section divisions reflecting light and giving a rich, crystalline look. 17 jewels. By Hamilton. $79.50 tax included.

WHERE TO BUY PHOTOGRAPH STAR FASHIONS

Jackie Nimble Dresses:
Chattanooga, Tenn.—Miller Bros.
Dallas, Tex.—A. Harris
Portland, Ore.—Hermanek’s

Bobbie Brooks Dress:
Baton Rouge, La.—Abbott-Wimberly
Dallas, Tex.—Philipson’s
Evansville, Ind.—Satzer’s

J. L. F. Originals Jersey Dress:
Chicago, III.—Bramer’s
Houston, Tex.—Sokowitz’s
Washington, D. C.—Julius Garfinckel

Sportswirl Shirtdress:
Chicago, III.—Carson Pirie Scott
Jr. Accent Coat-Dress:
Chicago, III.—Carson Pirie Scott
Houston, Tex.—Sokowitz’s

Lamp Suit-Dress:
New York, N. Y.—Bloominda’s

Nathan & Strong Suit:
Dallas, Tex.—Titche-Goettinger

Lassie Jr. Coat:
Providence, R. I.—The Outlet Ga.
Salt Lake City, Utah—Auerbach’s

TIME FOR A NEW WATCH

Smart new watch called The Trudy for round-the-clock wear, with the straight, sleek lines of this season’s fashions. Quadrant crystal and black dial have four-section divisions reflecting light and giving a rich, crystalline look. 17 jewels. By Hamilton. $79.50 tax included.

WHERE TO BUY PHOTOGRAPH STAR FASHIONS

Jackie Nimble Dresses:
Chattanooga, Tenn.—Miller Bros.
Dallas, Tex.—A. Harris
Portland, Ore.—Hermanek’s

Bobbie Brooks Dress:
Baton Rouge, La.—Abbott-Wimberly
Dallas, Tex.—Philipson’s
Evansville, Ind.—Satzer’s

J. L. F. Originals Jersey Dress:
Chicago, III.—Bramer’s
Houston, Tex.—Sokowitz’s
Washington, D. C.—Julius Garfinckel

Sportswirl Shirtdress:
Chicago, III.—Carson Pirie Scott
Jr. Accent Coat-Dress:
Chicago, III.—Carson Pirie Scott
Houston, Tex.—Sokowitz’s

Lamp Suit-Dress:
New York, N. Y.—Bloominda’s

Nathan & Strong Suit:
Dallas, Tex.—Titche-Goettinger

Lassie Jr. Coat:
Providence, R. I.—The Outlet Ga.
Salt Lake City, Utah—Auerbach’s

TIME FOR A NEW WATCH

Smart new watch called The Trudy for round-the-clock wear, with the straight, sleek lines of this season’s fashions. Quadrant crystal and black dial have four-section divisions reflecting light and giving a rich, crystalline look. 17 jewels. By Hamilton. $79.50 tax included.

WHERE TO BUY PHOTOGRAPH STAR FASHIONS

Jackie Nimble Dresses:
Chattanooga, Tenn.—Miller Bros.
Dallas, Tex.—A. Harris
Portland, Ore.—Hermanek’s

Bobbie Brooks Dress:
Baton Rouge, La.—Abbott-Wimberly
Dallas, Tex.—Philipson’s
Evansville, Ind.—Satzer’s

J. L. F. Originals Jersey Dress:
Chicago, III.—Bramer’s
Houston, Tex.—Sokowitz’s
Washington, D. C.—Julius Garfinckel

Sportswirl Shirtdress:
Chicago, III.—Carson Pirie Scott
Jr. Accent Coat-Dress:
Chicago, III.—Carson Pirie Scott
Houston, Tex.—Sokowitz’s

Lamp Suit-Dress:
New York, N. Y.—Bloominda’s

Nathan & Strong Suit:
Dallas, Tex.—Titche-Goettinger

Lassie Jr. Coat:
Providence, R. I.—The Outlet Ga.
Salt Lake City, Utah—Auerbach’s

TIME FOR A NEW WATCH

Smart new watch called The Trudy for round-the-clock wear, with the straight, sleek lines of this season’s fashions. Quadrant crystal and black dial have four-section divisions reflecting light and giving a rich, crystalline look. 17 jewels. By Hamilton. $79.50 tax included.

WHERE TO BUY PHOTOGRAPH STAR FASHIONS

Jackie Nimble Dresses:
Chattanooga, Tenn.—Miller Bros.
Dallas, Tex.—A. Harris
Portland, Ore.—Hermanek’s

Bobbie Brooks Dress:
Baton Rouge, La.—Abbott-Wimberly
Dallas, Tex.—Philipson’s
Evansville, Ind.—Satzer’s

J. L. F. Originals Jersey Dress:
Chicago, III.—Bramer’s
Houston, Tex.—Sokowitz’s
Washington, D. C.—Julius Garfinckel

Sportswirl Shirtdress:
Chicago, III.—Carson Pirie Scott
Jr. Accent Coat-Dress:
Chicago, III.—Carson Pirie Scott
Houston, Tex.—Sokowitz’s

Lamp Suit-Dress:
New York, N. Y.—Bloominda’s

Nathan & Strong Suit:
Dallas, Tex.—Titche-Goettinger

Lassie Jr. Coat:
Providence, R. I.—The Outlet Ga.
Salt Lake City, Utah—Auerbach’s

TIME FOR A NEW WATCH

Smart new watch called The Trudy for round-the-clock wear, with the straight, sleek lines of this season’s fashions. Quadrant crystal and black dial have four-section divisions reflecting light and giving a rich, crystalline look. 17 jewels. By Hamilton. $79.50 tax included.
"At the time, she was a physical therapist for the Matson Line and often was away for weeks. But no matter how tired she was, when she came home she devoted hours to massaging and manipulation of my legs. All her efforts seemed to pour out through her strong hands.

"As we grew up, Mom automatically thumped our backs when she passed near us. Mine, as a reminder to stand straight like Walter's, just for good measure! At thirteen I stood six feet and a half-inch tall. When I tested for my first movie role opposite Linda Darnell in Island of Desire, Steiner and my mother read the original story, said: 'This is the boy I want. He stands so straight and tall he's right for the part.' Did Mom get hysterical? I broke the good news? 'I could have told you it was going to work out this way,' she calmly said. And somehow or another, like so many mothers, she was right.'

"Brooklyn born and bred, Susan Hayward's heritage was a stout heart and relentless pride. She grew up, understanding, exuding an air of independence that masked her innermost misgivings. But Susan is that sort of woman. Right or wrong, she was deeply concerned over one of many problems resulting from her recent divorce.

"When Susan Hayward's twin sons joined the Cub Scouts and she became a Den Mother, it was a very important time in Susan's life. Her Friday nights were reserved for those parent-scout meetings at the Damascus Center and San Fernando Valley. She would let nothing interfere, but as meeting time approached each week, something happened in Susan's heart which was reflected in her face. Her young sons detected it and bluntly asked her to explain her sad expression.

"It's this way, boys," Susan said, trying to express her innermost thought. "Sometimes people think actresses are different! They aren't relaxed with us and they don't treat us as any other family. And else I want to be like all the other mothers at your meetings. I am no different and I just wish there was some way I could let everyone feel that.

"The Barker twins looked thoughtful and after a whispered conversation they confronted their mother.

"Why don't you take a cake and a big pile of presents to that kid's family?" they suggested. "Then you'll be like all the other mothers and you won't have anything to worry about."

"Susan's no longer worried."

"Despite her obvious charms, Virginia Mayo felt lost and insecure when she arrived in Hollywood, and a big studio executive behind a highly polished desk pulled her in with right talking of this obstacle of fright, the successful beauty, believes, is her number one blessing.

"'I was under contract to Sam Goldwyn,' says Virginia, 'and it was a crushing blow when being taken off the schedule.' I'd forfeit my raise. Somehow I had the courage to leave, but by the time I signed a contract at Warner Brothers, any studio executive looked like an ogre to me. I knew it only on the lot and lived in fear of being accused of some imaginary wrongdoing.

"Whenever I went to the studio, I ran into people who had always smiled and spoke. It got so I considered him my one friend—a friend who probably held some small job, I thought.

"Then I received that fatal call to report to the studio that morning, when I was always smiling and spoke. I'd get brushed off. Isn't it awful what negative thinking does to one's morale? I think you know the rest of the story. Beneath his highly polished desk sat my friend—this ogre who had always smiled and spoke. It got so I considered him my one friend—a friend who probably held some small job, I thought.

"I was there," says Tony, "because I always try to count my blessings and Ernie certainly blessed me with kindness when I first arrived in Hollywood. Like all kids who realize that they are not on the right track, I cringed at a cop's uniform. When I checked in at U-I, a pass was supposed to be at the gate. It wasn't there. Being such a greenhorn, my knees knocked when Ernie walked toward me. I was to be arrested. I expected everything a kid's imagination could picture from a policeman. He listened to my story, believed it and let me come on.

"'From that day until he died, Ernie greeted me each morning with words of encouragement. When the studio kept me too late to catch the last bus, he unlocked some facilities to address and let me sleep in it all night. Ernie was a big man, an understanding man, with a wonderful smile that always set me up for the day. I went to his funeral because it was the last time I could expect to be arrested. I'm making a good today out of the struggles of yesterday."

Count Your Blessings! Sure. Tony, Virginia, Tab, Terry are only a few people who were truly needed more than they knew.
slow in getting started, except for a letter from Eddie when he was in Korea, it took them three years to get together again— as Debbie explains, 'He just didn't ask me.'

When they met for the second time last spring while Eddie was touring the M-G-M studio with Joe Pasternak, it was obvious that they were "in key" this time, and Eddie seriously impressed, for he asked her for her phone number. Debbie must have been equally impressed, for despite an already full little black book, she says, 'I gave the telephone number to him.' She didn't have to wait long for a call. Eddie telephoned her the next day and continued to call regularly. Long talks and gentle kidding on the phone, though, were all that happened between the two for some time. They didn't date, for as Debbie now inceously admits, 'I didn't know anything about him.'

And then one evening in June, while Debbie was finishing dinner, she received a long-distance call from New York. It was Eddie. Could she save him an evening—the seventeenth of June? She could, she replied. And this is where their story begins...

For unknown at the time to the pixyish ball of fire, this was not only the opening night of Eddie's Coconut Grove show but she was his date. And this was also to be the opening night of their romance. "When I marked the date on my calendar, I hadn't realized what the seventeenth was. Then one morning I was reading in Variety about Eddie Fisher's big opening at the Coconut Grove on June seventeenth. I nearly died. I said to Mother, 'I've nothing to wear. I've got to have a special gown.' On opening night I dressed in a lovely red formal that her mother had made, Debbie sat at Eddie's table along with her parents, his dad and his best friends. Who knows exactly when during that evening, as she sat listening to Eddie sing to the biggest opening-night audience the Grove has ever had, love sparked?

Perhaps it was when Eddie sang his favorite song to his dad, 'Oh! Mein Pa-Pa,' and Debbie sensed the deep loyalty and sincerity Eddie has for those he loves.

Perhaps it was when Debbie, starry-eyed and aglow, pushed forward to congratulate him, full of enthusiasm and pride, so valuing and eager to make his night a complete success, to share with him the excitement of the evening. Whenever love entered, neither Debbie nor Eddie knew. But they will admit that it sneaked in that evening. "We just kept grinning at each other like two idiots. And the first thing you know," says Debbie, "we were seeing a lot of each other. And you know how that is. You sort of get the habit of being together and then all of a sudden you know that you like the habit real well."

The 'habit' included seeing Eddie every single day, forty-two times, for the entire six weeks he stayed in Hollywood. It included a chaperoned weekend at Las Vegas, luxury Brown Derby, intimate little dinner parties and big parties like Debbie's "Susan Slept Here" preem. For Debbie it meant stopping at Eddie's Benedict Canyon house on the way home from work with a little chat, dancing with Eddie singing "I Need You Now" softly into her ear, holding hands in the movies and sharing a Coke after his Hollywood Bowl concert. It meant exchanging presents. For his birthday, Debbie gave Eddie gold cuff links inscribed: 'A wonderful thing happened today—You.' It wasn't
Debbie's birthday, but Eddie sent her a Coke machine equipped with his favorite soft drink.

By the time Eddie left Hollywood for his European engagement, the little girl who had been so in love with him had never tired catching the bride's bouquet because "I thought it might be bad luck") was already caught in love's clutches.

From shipboard, Eddie called every day: from the moment when he could get through to her, and back in Hollywood, Debbie's friends realized how serious it was when she discontinued her long list of engagements, attended only necessary Hollywood functions, and Eddie's friend Joey Forman.

It was during this trip, too, that Milton Blackstone, Eddie's manager and closest friend, and even thought Eddie finally realized his feelings during this trip. He discovered in Rome that he missed Debbie very much and telephoned her as constantly as he could get a call through. Not that there seemed any doubt about his feelings before. I'm sure, it just crystallized when he realized how far away he was from someone he was so fond of.

By the time you'd think it was single Reynolds, in England, who wasn't waiting with bated breath to hear what was going to happen next. An extension phone was installed in the Reynolds' Burbank home to handle the financial side of their operation, and Mrs. Reynolds had to lay down the law, "Mary Frances, there will be no telephone calls, made or answered, during dinner hours.

Eddie returned home from his two-week engagement in London (with a quart of Arpege perfume and a "good conduct medal" for Debbie), he deftly evaded a direct answer to questions; "How soon do you think you'll get engaged?" so only known for six weeks, he said, "and that's not enough to talk about marriage—a sensible lasting marriage."

"But his enthusiasm couldn't be concealed. His smile at a wife and children that smiled knowingly as he blurted out, "Debbie has everything, and she hasn't changed. She's kept her two feet right on the ground and her head out of the air. She's intelligent. She's honest. She's sincere. She's fun. She's just a wonderful—wonderful girl. As for marriage, I don't know if Debbie loves me that much."

Mrs. Reynolds would only add: "It may happen some time in the future—but it isn't true, yet."

Milton Blackstone was more direct: "I'm certain they have talked about marriage. The romance is very, very serious.

And a new romance was born and ticked.

Anybody who saw the radiant pictures of the five-foot-one-and-a-half-inch Texan—bombehl when she stepped off the plane with her mother and greeted Eddie at Idlewild knows that what these two young girls felt for each other was important and serious.

In every way, since they began dating, Eddie and Debbie have handled their relationship with dignity. A good taste in contemporary dressing, and an appreciation of millions of eyes eagerly watching them.

But to anyone who knows Debbie and Eddie this is no surprise. Behind those long-lashed saucy eyes there's a very mature Miss Reynolds, w ho's seriously concerned with her career and her future. Since she was found in a tattered old bathing suit beneath her dressing gown, she has been a star for the past ten years. Last year, Debbie has worked extremely hard at her career and at "being decent, honest and above board." In Hollywood, as in other communities, this isn't always easy. But at twenty-two, little Miss Reynolds finally has those dancing feet planted firmly on the ground. She knows where she's going and what she wants out of life. Part of those dreams include a marriage that's as solid as her mother's and dad's. Being wise, both Eddie and Debbie realize that success in Hollywood is only a foundation. They hope that they are building that foundation together now. This is the reason why Debbie was insistent that her mother come east with her to meet Mr. Reynolds, and Mrs. Reynolds announced the engagement on October 19. This seems to be one storybook romance with no serious complications.

For one thing, both Eddie and Debbie come from the same background and are about the same age. Mary Frances Reynolds (which is what Eddie calls her in private) on April Fool's Day, 1932, in Texas, Debbie moved to California at fourteen. A year later, Southern Pacific Railroad was transferred. It was during the depression and money was scarce. She never seriously thought of the movies then, except as a nice place to go for the weekend. She never wanted to be one of those of a movie beauty. In "Susan Slept Here," Debbie "clicked" and there should be no stopping her climb now. She has refreshing cuteness, spontaneity, a talent for making What a lucky girl has been called "a born comedienne." Debbie hasn't changed much, not even "gone Hollywood" a little. She continues to live with her mother and UNUSED, and Debbie's friends have been just the opposite. They feel pretty much the way Eddie's mom did when he brought Debbie home to dinner.

They're right for each other.

Rumors from the town children: they're in love. "There must be many About money: no problem. Eddie tool home $750,000 last year; Debbie's monthly pay check adds up to a nice four figures A large wardrobe ("Father had to enlarge the closet space in my room twice") and a swimming pool in the backyard are the only luxuries Mrs. Reynolds still makes Debbie's clothes.

Eddie had to have his own way, too. He was born Edwin Jack Fisher (Debbie likes to call him Edwin Jack) in Phila- delphia, the eighth of seven children. From one of seven children of and and Fishers. He can remember vividly how his dad struggled to keep them all fed and, out of desperation, got a horse and cart and sold the hay for one dollar a load down the Philadelphia streets. Even when Eddie went along to help, the music inside him could not be silenced. And many Philadelphians can still remember today the sentimental, teary-eyed, emotional voice who used to go up and down the streets singing out the daily vegetable specials. Since there was never much money in the family, Eddie is largely taught his love of music and his dream "to make music his life," and by the time he was 18, he was singing at the Grossinger Hotel. Two important days in his life, in his opinion, were the day he filled his first disk, "My Bolero," and the May evening in 1950 when Fran Warren had to cancel a date at Bill Miller's Riviera Club in New Jersey, and Eddie filled in.

The day after his Riviera appearance, the critics said a new star was born, and the five years since he made his first record, he's chalked up 19 consecutive hits and sold over 15 million records.

Every young record producer has a problem, and, in the public eye, Debbie an Eddie have a few more than average. However, these are minor and Debbie an Eddie are certain that they won't let them war erupt later into a schism.

Number one is their separate career. While a great deal of their understanding and interests stem from their similar careers, the fact that their careers are responsible for keeping them a nation apart.

While Debbie's seven-year contract with M-G-M, based in Hollywood, she hopes there may be an opportunity in New York on the stage and the film when she isn't busy in a picture. "I would love to do Broadway show, if anybody wants me to. I've always had a love for the live people. And the theatre would put me in New York." When asked about Invisible, Eddie Time show being done from Hollywood, Eddie has said, "We're going to try it. It's a good story, and if these don't work out, Debbie is ready to compromise. "If both careers go on a full schedule, it won't work. One of the two girls will have to give up a few things they've been doing for a while. I think it should be the girl. After all, love is state of being together and sharing things as well as an emotional relationship.

Debbie admits once saying, "Love and show business don't mix well. They don't mix, but today he just smile and says, "She's the greatest With that attitude, they'll find a way to arrange it. As it is, Eddie's manager and worried that the break-in will cause them to lose the faithful fan following Eddie now has, and they frankly are not too pleased about the prospects of his marrying. Could be, but Eddie and Debbie's fans are not exactly the same. Their fans have been just the opposite. They feel pretty much the way Eddie's mom did when he brought Debbie home to dinner.

They're right for each other.

In fact, about the only serious problem in their presently blissful lives is that the two young people fell in love. "I've had even less privacy that before," says Debbie. "So many people arc cynical and don't believe in young love. They seem to think all this is a publicity thing. While they try to keep the avalanche of press at the airport or wherever we go. I feel that two young people in love need a little privacy. I don't know how these things get out, but every time I feel I'm losing it, I don't know how they do. I want some must not to make a cheap impression about the feelings we have for each other."

Well, Debbie, we want to reassure you that you've got it all! And just this hasn't happened to that day to all of us, the day you fell in love.
Rock Hudson

(Continued from page 41)

was to tell reporters shortly after his
arrival in New York. This had been his
first real vacation after several years of al-
most uninterrupted work. He'd gone to
Ireland to make "Captain Lightfoot," but
had found time both before and after the
shooting for sightseeing and fun on the
continent. No, he hadn't been homesick
while he was away; he'd been too busy
for that. Only now, as he was gliding to-
ward his native soil, did he feel the pang
of homecoming. He'd kissed the Blarney
stone while he was in Ireland, and later
was to talk volubly about his trip to
Ireland as being wonderful.

But Rock also remembered the blind
aged beggar groping his way through
one of the busy streets. He'd been in a gay,
unfree mood and the sudden sight had
shamed him out of it. He couldn't say why.
Here had been the painfully thin little
dower girl, going from table to table sell-
ing her wares; and—in Rome—the bent old
woman drawing a bucket of water from
each of the fountains, right in back of
some of the most luxurious hotel. The sights
registered, but only now, as he was
bearing his Lady of Liberty, did he grasp
their significance.

"We're taking too much for granted. We
don't know how lucky we are in this
 country," he was quoted later. Rock, re-
turning from abroad, realized it was for-
unate indeed to be born an American.

Rock, too, had known hard times as a
youngster. He'd worked in a grocery store
after school, carrying packages out for the
customers, and he'd had a paper route. The
little he earned in these jobs wasn't spend-
ing money. He gave it to his mother to help

listen then look!

Listen to "True Detective Mysteries" every
Sunday afternoon and help police look for the
victims of any of these criminals. For
details tune in your Mutual station, Sunday
afternoon and hear

"True Detective Mysteries"

Every Sunday afternoon on Mutual stations

Read "The Black Widow"—the
headline story of George Sack who
murdered three wives—in January
TRUE DETECTIVE MAGAZINE
at newsstands now.
HOLLYWOOD WHISPERS

Everybody’s still whispering about the real cause of the Marilyn Monroe-Joe DiMaggio divorce and wondering if 20th Century-Fox can sit on the story forever.

About the deaf ear turned by Gloria De Haven to the reconciliation plans of Marty Kimmel ...

The announced parting of Linda Christian and Tyrone Power and Ty’s haste to settle the whole matter as quickly as possible ...

About the new-found happiness of so many of Hollywood’s younger set with Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher, Mitzi Gaynor and Jack Bean, Carol Ladd and Dick Anderson, Janie Powell and Pat Nerny, Pier Angeli and Vic Damone, Vera-Ellen and Victor Rothschild, Guy Madison and Sheila Connelly pledged.

And the swearing marriage of the Edward Purdums ever since he got his big chance in “The Egyptian” ...

The unpredictable romance of Liberace and pretty brUNETTE Joanne RIO ...

About Susan Hayward and Richard Egan who make like they really mean it—and may mean it.
he hadn't fully appreciated before he'd been abroad. Where but in this country could a man be a truck driver without losing caste, without having it make any difference to his status or future career? People abroad were constantly amazed that such a thing could happen. And he made his living driving trucks and background frequently. He was proud of having once earned his living with his back and his hands. He'd wanted to go to college after he came out of the Navy, but, when he considered the truck business was the best thing. It didn't stop him from continuing to dream of a movie career, a dream he'd been spinning since he was a boy of ten when he saw Jon Hall drive off into a ship-lagloon before the admiring eyes of Dorothy Lamour.

Nor did it stop him from doing something about it. With a good memory he had some good photographs made of himself, screwed up his courage to present them at a studio, got a hearing and was hired. "In America," he often thought of telling his new friends, "you can be anything he wants to be and is equipped to be."

Once an Italian gentleman cornered Rock after a lecture and gave him a long lecture on all the things that were wrong with America. While going on with this harangue, he kept ordering a waiter around, talking to him gruffly and altogether in a manner that one could imagine anybody can be anything he wants to be and is equipped to be.

As a star who is as well known in Europe as he is in this country, Rock had to be very careful how he handled his fame in the limelight as a representative of America and must, therefore, be on his best behavior. The admonition was hardly necessary, for Rock has a natural courtesy that always makes him go right.

People may have their peculiarities—here as well as abroad—but Rock doesn't mind that. He got along with everybody—paratroopers, pilots, home inspectors, hotel clerks or elderly landladies. That smile of his will melt any female, of course, but he had just as little trouble with the men, language barrier or not. He once found himself seated at a table with a man who spoke at least a little English, and everybody appreciated his own efforts to speak their language. Besides, he's a nice, unassuming fellow to be around.

"Did you find much hostility towards Americans? Did people try to take advan- tage of you?" These were questions he was asked time and again during the country's last tour. San Bernardino now he'd found himself often quoted. That man who spoke at least a little English, and everybody appreciated his own efforts to speak their language. Besides, he's a nice, unassuming fellow to be around.

"Did you find much hostility towards Americans? Did people try to take advantage of you?" These were questions he was asked time and again during the country's last tour. San Bernardino now he'd found himself often quoted. That man who spoke at least a little English, and everybody appreciated his own efforts to speak their language. Besides, he's a nice, unassuming fellow to be around.

Once in Paris their bill at a restaurant had been $80. Rock had been warned that would happen, so on principle he and the girls checked each item against the menu. After poring over it for some time they came to the shamedfacd conclusion that there was indeed an error in the bill—an error in their favor.

"See, Father?" Betty had said. "It doesn't pay to be suspicious." Betty usually calls Rock nicknames like "Father" or "Igor." Another question Rock was asked frequently was how he'd liked the foreign cuisine. Rock has long been famous for his appetite. He's a big man—an English girl once looked up at him and exclaimed, "Blimey, you're no Rock. You're a bloom- in'cliff!"—and his hunger is proportionate to his size. Director Raoul Walsh, who has worked with him in several pictures and knows him well, has described him as capable of eating a ton of ice cream and twenty pies, and he's warned prospective hosts that he's liable to eat his dinner, theirs and a third. But Rock has always been a steak and potatoes man and he was a little leery at first of the fancy dishes served overseas. Being blessed with a cast-iron stomach and his genuine preference for food—any kind of food—he managed the switch easily enough.

He's always loved spaghetti and has since added a string of other Italian specialties to his list of favorite dishes—ravioli—lasagna—scallopinin—minestrone—prosciutto—scampi—she'll rattle them off without pause, getting a dreamy look.

This unusual event occurred at the famous Old Elephant's Inn, just south of the Brenner Pass in Northern Italy, where Rock rashly ordered the specialty of the house, the Elefanten Platte.

It's a platter the size of a bridge table top, laden with steaks, chops, roasts and other assorted meats, garnished with potatoes and vegetables. Not within living memory have any three strong men been able to finish it in one sitting. Rock tried, but like all the others had to give up. The Elefanten Platte proved too much.

Within thirty-six hours after his arrival in New York, Rock was on a plane winging his way back to California. His vacation over, he was anxious to get home. He had to dub in the picture he'd made in Ireland and he had to find and move to a new home as his lease was up for his old house. Soon there would be another picture, and then another. It was work, but it was fun, more fun even than traveling.

He looked forward to it.

In back of him the sun was rising into the sky, slowly, ever so slowly, with the plane speeding away from it. Below, the country was spread out like a checkerboard. He couldn't take his eyes off it. Now they were crossing the Rockies. He was thinking of Switzerland. A man didn't have to travel six thousand miles just to find scenic beauty, he thought. These, their own mountain ranges, were just as impressive.

But then, that wasn't the point of traveling. He'd gone abroad to see the world, and now he'd lived his little life, gained a little more understanding. He hoped he had succeeded. He thought he had. Foreign tongues, foreign faces, foreign customs—nothing seems to affect things foreign, all the while learning to appreciate his own country more. For a country kid he hadn't done so badly. He felt he'd grown during those four months he'd been away.

Above San Bernardino now he could see a blue strip of the Pacific on the horizon. A few more minutes, and the plane would land. He'd be home again, back in the warmth and sunshine of California, back where his heart was.

The plane landed. Rock rushed down the runway. The traveler was home. The End
Bankhead, it's fine. On Kim, today, it's called sexy. However, for a youngster, it was a heartache. "Once at a football game, I got excited and started to cheer. "Yeh, yeh!"" and suddenly someone get up at me and started laughing. After that, I sat quietly at the games. I began to hate to have to speak at all."

Kim's unhappiness showed in her school work. She was forced to concentrate on her lessons. She was among the last in her class and usually exiled to the back row. "I began to daydream a lot," says Kim. "I didn't like to go to school. It was such a grindful and that everyone liked me, that I was brilliant and was allowed to sit in the front row in the class. But then I had to have to go back to school and there I was again in back. It always hurt twice as much."

It soon became much simpler to create a make-believe world and walk into it, assured of a welcome. There was a cherry tree near the house. It was designated as her wishing tree. Whenever anything would go wrong she'd slip out to the tree and sit beside it. Talking things over, making up stories about its size and the cute telling even her family her thoughts.

In the hope that she would meet new children her own age, Kim's parents sent her to camp one summer. But she couldn't lose herself in the wilderness and when school came around, she dreaded it even more. She couldn't eat. She began to stammer, and every afternoon she'd come running home from school, crying. At parties, when she was forced to stay behind, Kim stood against the nearest wall, hugging it. Once in a while she'd get up enough courage to ask a boy to dance, which was the custom, and she'd come when asked. But for the most part, Kim was unapproachable.

She shudders when she remembers her first date. A boy from church asked her to go to the movies with him. She wore a new dress she had forced herself to attend with a velveteen collar. I almost decided there might be some hope for me after all."

But her complex got in the way again. "Isn't it a nice night?" Inquired Kim's date after a ten-minute pause in the conversation. "Oh, I don't think so," Kim blurted out. "I had meant to say something witty but the wrong words came out," she remembered.

"These were about the only words spoken all evening until we said goodnight."

During these horrible years, Kim never thought of being an actress. "Other girls did, but I didn't, although I liked to pretend. I loved to act things out. I was never afraid of being someone else, only when I had to be myself. Our class was required to read books and make oral reports on them. This was the only thing I ever enjoyed. But after the report, when I had to do the assignment again, I'd climb back into my little shell."

One day Kim made a report to the class and she acted it out. When she got down on her knees in tears, she could hardly make it. The teacher thought she got to the scary part, there were excited screams from her audience. The following day, Kim found herself in the principal's office. Her classmates had told the teacher about Kim's performance and they had complained.

"I'm afraid you'll have to write your book reports after this, Marilyn," the principal insisted. "I didn't appreciate the fact then, that I seemed to have a quality that could compel an audience to laugh or cry or be frightened," says Kim. "Instead, I was embarrassed. And so terribly ashamed of what I'd unintentionally done. At that point, even my shell had shells."

Mrs. Novak turned to the "Fair Teen" Club, which, at that time, was called "Calling All Girls." She talked with the director of the club, and decided that membership in the organization might be good for Kim. "All of the kids gathered there," says Kim. "And there were a lot of activities, among them fashion shows and projects."

"I was given a modeling course and began to take part in the shows. I believe that was when I first began to gain confidence in myself. It was so much fun to come in a row of nervous people. But on-stage, I was perfectly relaxed. Funny, it was the exact opposite with the rest of the girls."

Then, in trying to explain to the others how different it was, she ended up with her ears feeling pity and fear. "I began to feel more at ease with them. It was an invaluable lesson for me, and I believe it would be for any girl who felt as I did. In helping others, you forget yourself. You begin to be happy or frightened or to wonder what everyone's thinking about you. You also learn that no one's perfect, that others, too, have the same problems of uncertainty, exactly like your own. They may affect others differently—people react in many different ways. But the important thing is that you're not alone. You have a world full of people that feel just as you do, and have while you're trying to slay your own dragon complex!"

"There's no fast cure for an inferiority complex. And even when you're on the right path, it's usually a struggle. In fact, suddenly, I became popular. Before I knew it, I seemed to have everyone for a friend. 'But they're not really my friends. They just like me because I'm of doubt. 'They don't really like me for me.' An outsider for so long, I became suspicious of my sudden acceptance. So, you see, there was still another dragon to slay. It's the one that says 'You're not good enough. Only when you feel yourself acceptable to others do you become acceptable to yourself. And you don't want to fool anyone, you want them to know you and like you for you."

"Individuality," says Kim, "is important, too. It may not seem so earlier years because you want to be one of the crowd. But it begins to assert itself when you're a teenager. You start to get some self-confidence, and you want to be noticed. You're not like the other girls. You're different. There's something special about you,' well, I was extremely flattered!"

"I began to feel that an inferiority complex is due to a person's failure to make a successful emotional adjustment," says Kim today. "The results are varied. Some try to cover their real feelings with bravado. I went the other way. I tried to express myself. I couldn't bear the thought of facing my problems—or taking on any new ones—facing anything or anyone for that matter. I was too shy, too timid, too wonderful. But other people can help only so much. I had to learn to help myself."

"Now I can understand what happened to me. But how could I, as a child, sit down and explain it to someone else? I confide them to someone else when I, myself, wasn't sure what they were all about? How can any girl? If she falls behind in school or playground competitions, she doesn't want to be teased. She's afraid of and someone thoughtlessly teases or rebukes her, she wants to run away and hide."

"She feels she's incapable of coping with life and she doesn't know why she should be the one stuck with the feeling, unless it's because, for some reason, she deserves it. Yet, she is stuck with the complex. In many cases, a girl grows up with it. And then what? Well, I'll tell you, from my own experience! You either keep running, or you stop and face it."

"Just think of it as I've learned to do. What do you mean? It isn't easy. You have to make up for in others. You'd like to be small and cute? But you happen to be tall and slender? Then stand up straight and proud. Let everyone know that you're a girl!"

"You're not a raving beauty? So what! Every girl can be attractive, and she can do much more than that. She can be charming. Just be smart."

"I'd been afraid to improve myself afraid that nothing would help, afraid of further rejection and disappointments. I felt that I was the only one, that I only'd taken time to look into the mirror to say, 'All right, my girl, now let's see what's right about you!'

"Children, and so many adults, tend to concentrate on surpassing others, but they can overdo this. They should try to surpass themselves. One of my teachers once said, after giving me a low grade. 'I'm teaching you to think of yourself!'"

"And the same thing with Martin. I'm judging you by the work you know you can do and the work that you are actually doing. It's simply not your best!"

"If only I'd listened!"

After her days in the "Calling All Girls" club, Kim went into professional modeling. Then she was sent on a tour with three other models. The tour ended in San Francisco and, charmed by the mother of one of the other girls, the group stopped in Los Angeles for several weeks.

One afternoon, Kim rented a bicycle and went to Hollywood. At a no-man's-land, Louis Shurr saw the long-stemmed beauty and asked if she'd ever been an actress. "I was rather cute, I'm afraid," grins Kim. "My mother had warned me about wolves and about talking to strangers in Hollywood."

Shurr gave her his card, however, and asked her to drop by his office. She did. Her name? A sensation between Columbia Pictures' executive, Max Arnow, happened to stop in while she was there and Shurr introduced them.

Arnow offered Kim a screen test and, so, after many cases, she was signed a contract with Columbia. "It will be at least a year before you'll be ready even for small parts," Arnow warned her.

But two months later, Kim received a call from Arnow's office. He had the script of "Pushover." Would she read it and let him know what she thought of it? "It's exciting," was Kim's verdict. She tested for the role and was given the lead opposite Fred MacMurray. "And there I was," she says. "There were so many people on the set that I was afraid again. And for a while I was so scared. I thought everyone was staring at me, as if I were so kind, people hardly knew. And I remembered I was there to do my best, to justify the studio's faith in me. Our job was to make up for the role and be prettier soon. I didn't forget my fears."

Kim is doing all right for herself these days. She has, in Hollywood's book, "arrived." "Yet," says one of her co-workers, "there's the wonderful quality of humility about her."

"Could be," smiled Kim when she heard this. "I know how it feels to be left out of things and I do so sincerely, to my personal advantage. But your success, too, is the best way to kill an inferiority complex."

The End
to see when he makes those Sunday trips to—"somewhere in Connecticut." ... Why a certain "exclusive" Hollywood set persists in saying Edmund Purdom is a flash in the pan and lacks the necessary requi-sites for stardom, when Clark Gable and vivacious Kay Williams Spreckles will realize they belong together. During his recent physical checkup, Kay kept the situation light and was reunited with her grey hospital visits. ... Where Barbara Stan-wyck finds all that energy. Even when she's working, she calls friends after midnight and has nice friendly visits with them on the telephone.

Unhappy Ending: Cal hoped, too, that Bar-bara Rush and Jeff Hunter wouldn't separate. The latest announcement came from the lady, who repeatedly denied there was serious trouble. Result: Annoyed re-porters placed most of the blame on her for the separation. It's true Jeff occu-pied the number-one spotlight when they married. Then Barbara zoomed to stardom while some of her husband's roles at 20th weren't worthy of his talent. In time, however, their marriage began to crumble under the strain of work and periodic personality clashes caused the breach. One thing's for sure: Two-year-old Christopher will al-ways be a strong bond between them—even if they don't get back together.

Things To Come: The deal's all set but very hush-hush. Howard Hughes bor-rowed Marla Elfman's contract from twenty weeks. She gets his big break at RKO in "Pilate's Wife." ... And re-member you read it here first. When director William Wellman brings his own fabulous life story to the screen, Tab Hunter is his number-one choice for the starring role. ... And when, and if, June Haver returns to the screen, she'll co-star with Fred MacMurray, her real-life Romeo. They're so happy together, they don't want to be separated by work. Fans of Grace Kelly and Bing Crosby are in for a sur prise when they see "Country Girl." Both take a switch on their usual style for this one.

Hollywood Highlights: Debra Paget's dad, in a yachting cap, drives on the lot (he used to be a painter there) in her lavender Cadillac to pick up her pay check. And Debbie, now twenty-one, picked up $16,500 worth of bonds imposed by a court while she was a working minor. ... But Jimmy Stewart can't even give away a Cadillac, to his wife, that is! She was de-lighted with her birthday present, but Gloria still hasn't let Jimmy to exchange it for a smaller model.

Cheesecake Blues: When she posed for a nation's magazine cover, Audrey Hepburn thought the photographer was hauling from her waistline up. When she saw the full-length shot they used, Audrey was so dis-mayed she ordered all leg-art out from now on.

Here, There, Everywhere: When thrilled Judy Garland announced the star was due again in April, Warner's sent the expected babybump-inspiration of "A Star Is Born." ... And while we're in the nursery, just as Eve Arden predicted, "Our Miss Brooks" had a nine-pound son to please her three adopted children. ... Jean Peters ended retirement rumors by returning to Hollywood for "A Man Called Peter." And did you know that a man called Stuart Cramer, the 3rd, has a Blue Book family backstopping more pages than his wife's scrapbook!

The End
When the Roots Run Deep

(Continued from page 33)
I have my moods and I have a fitful temper. I'm quite a terror when I'm on the warpath.

Studio people at the table smiled indulgently at Miss S.'s assertion of heroines, while her husband, belated in mock panic. "That's my trouble, the terrible-tempered Jean complained, "Nobody takes me seriously. I always get the giggles and start to laugh just as I get going, and I suppose it's ridiculous. Still, believe me, I do have quite a temper."

Despite Jean's denials, she always gives impression of great tranquillity. She's lively and cute in her own way. At the same time there is something very calm and unhurried about her in everything she does, whether it's the way she walks, talks, eats, smokes or sips her coffee. In a field where it usually takes tremendous drive to get to the top, Jean Simmons seems oddly content to be passive and let things come to her instead of going after them.

Was that really true? I asked her. Did she lack ambition?

"No," she said, after thinking it over. "It's not true. I am ambitious about my work. Acting means a great deal to me. I want to be as good an actor as Miss Merllyn, the woman who asked her to strip in her first break. I was very lucky—I never had to go through any of that. Everything always seemed to sort of fall into my lap."

"Otherwise, I'd be trying to slip into somewhere in London today. That's what I really started out to be."

Jean and her sister Edna had both enrolled in Miss Aida Foster's School of Acting during the war, dreaming of getting their teacher's licenses and opening up a studio themselves. Jean was only fourteen at the time but seemed to know what she wanted. "I'd like to be a screen actress," she said, though, when she was noticed by a movie talent scout, asked to audition for producer Val Guest and picked from over two hundred applicants for a juvenile role with Margaret Lockwood.

"I was delighted, of course," Jean says, recalling this early triumph. "I'd never dreamed of getting into the movies. I had a grandad, you know, who'd been a music-hall performer, but he insisted that for his own family. He didn't want any of his kids to be on the stage. My folks were very understanding, though. And frankly, we were happy to be independent."

Looking at Jean it seems obvious that she must have had a wonderfully happy childhood. Her moods improve money. Born Jean Merrilyn Simmons, the eldest of ten children, she grew up in Golders Green, a not-so-fashionable London suburb, where her father—a former swimming champion from Donegal—had built a house warm and affectionate family life, she relates. "To this day we're all very fond of each other. I don't remember ever hearing an unkink word in our home. Being the oldest, I've always had to look out for the younger children, and I guess I've got a way of calming them down. Anyway, I sort of got my share of love and affection. I simply adored my daddy. It's my one great sorrow that he didn't live to see me become a success. He would have been so proud."

During the war Jean was separated from her family, though, when she was evacuated to the country along with other London children and spent a couple of years in Somerset. She won her first movie part shortly after her return to London, tagged along for a while in a succession of minor roles—actually earning her dancing teacher's license in between. Her ambition was to get a lead—a good deal of trouble trying to make me see the light. It takes a little effort, but I now find Shakespeare fascinating once I grasp the full meaning of his words. I'd like to do Juliet someday. And perhaps Rosalind, in "As You Like It."

She finds herself a little bemused, though, with her friends the Oliviers' new project for the London stage, Shakespeare's "Titus Adronicus." Special effects—gave us a graphic run-down of the play the other night. It has the most grotesque, gory plot I've ever seen." She shuddered a little, imaginings the violence which the story revolves. "I suppose if Larry and Vivien are going to do it, the play must have its merits," she then added philosophically.

"After 'Hamlet,' it was inevitable that Jean would eventually go on to stardom in Hollywood. Her beauty was obvious, her talent confirmed by a series of successes. But before she transferred her activities to the United States, Jean made several more years of film making and fun in London. Still in her teens, an established star adored by the British public, Jean had herself one whale of a time. "There was always so much to do, so much excitement. She recalls a little nostalgically. "I never had a chance to get bored. I love California—I wouldn't live anywhere else in the world—but I'd love to return."

During her "British" period, Jean also made one picture, "The Blue Lagoon," in the Fiji Islands. This gave her a chance for a trip around the world and her first acquaintance with the United States. However, Hollywood had its first glimpse of Jean when, on her return trip, she served as proxy for several British artists at the motion picture Academy Award presentations. Not knowing she would be the girl to prepare her fellow Brits, she prepared one short speech of acceptance. She had to ad lib when she was called back six times instead of once. Her charm and poise were so great that everyone congratulated her on her personal success with her impromptu performances.

Nineteen-fifty—the year she turned twenty—one of the best in Jean Simmons life, she relates. "This was the year when I married Stewart Granger, with whom I'd been in love since she was a child (even before she ever met him in person). And in that same year, Jean found herself a movie star in Hollywood when Howard Hughes bought up her contract with J. Arthur Rank. Her subsequent feud has been widely publicized.

Stewart Granger—"Jimmy" to his wife and his friends—had been Jean's movie idol long before she dreamed of meeting the man who was to become her husband.
him in person. When she did—on the set of "Mr. Emmanuel" where he visited Elspeth March, to whom he was then married and whose daughter the fifteen-year-old Jean was playing—she fell head over heels in love with him. It wasn't until several years later, though, after they were separated from his wife and Jean and Jimmy co-starred in a film "Adam and Eva" and that he turned any attention to her. They were married in Tucson, Arizona, a couple of years ago.

There have been rumors at times that all wasn’t well between the Grangers. It’s been said that Granger is pushing Jean into the husband and dominant role and that this is critical and belittling. On account of professional commitments they’ve had long periods of separation, a hazard to which the average marriage isn’t exposed, and once there was a difference that happened to be the most congenial couple. Much has also been made of the fact that Granger is quite a bit older than her wife.

Jean, on the other hand, is known to enjoy the limelight and she’s been seen out with male friends when her husband was away, but that has always been entirely in the open and with Granger’s knowledge and consent. She doesn’t look like the kind of girl whose ego takes a constant beating at home; she also struck me as sufficiently mature to be attracted to a man somewhat older than herself. Jean certainly doesn’t need the kind of attention that brings in a wife of her kind of conflict. Jean frequently mentions her husband affectionately and she doesn’t exactly seem to be looking forward to their future together. Maybe she would like to go to India while Jimmy works in "Bhownani Junction," she says wistfully. She’s been asked to play on Broadway, but she says she couldn’t see it. "Jeanie and I consider ourselves under contract to each other. I couldn’t leave him for a year at a time and I wouldn’t want to commit myself alone for any length of time."

Jean thinks a good deal of her husband’s acting and is quoted as saying that he is well known to resent and average the least slight, but who can help feeling that Jean’s husband is perhaps right in maintaining the acting—not food—is her forte. For lunch she says that she sometimes has a meal better be referred to on the menu as the "Truckdrivers’ Special," a corned beef hash with browned potatoes kind of affair that looks at its best like army chow at its very best. Jean is very much of a woman lover and is willing to try even the most taseless food suggestions of her friends—for pouring syrup over her hash.

Perhaps it’s that kind of suggestability that makes her so well-liked and good-natured in the presence of her husband. However, if she’s actually sat upon, she has at least preserved her sense of humor. One marital dispute of long standing has been about the choice of a dog. Jean Granger likes prize fights, Jean doesn’t. Spencer Tracy, who is one of their close friends, once advised her to assert herself. "If you pick your program for a change—tomorrow night!" "We even have an agreement by getting a second television set. Now Jimmy looks at one and Rushton, our butler, at the other.

There is a decidedly mischievous streak in old-time Jean, but her wit or her pranks are never undid. When she made "She Couldn’t Say No" with Robert Mitchum back in ’51, one of the scenes called for her to stand in fishing boots in a rushing stream. Mitchum had carried away by Mitchum. Roughed Bob nearly broke his back trying to lift her up and sling her over his shoulder. Jean had gained some weight when she filled her boots with lead.

Another time she quietly watched the director instruct an electrician by the name of Pettibone how to adjust the lighting for a scene. Pettibone was of particularly short stature.

"Higher," the director shouted.
Pettibone dutifully lifted the light higher. "Higher still," the director ordered.

That continued several times until Jean burst out: "If we aren’t careful we’ll run out of Pettibone."

Once when Sherman Billingsley of the New York Stork Club inadvertently introduced her to the audience as "Miss Sigh-mons," she turned to him smiling radiant.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Billingsley," she said.

The people who work with her every day are full of praise for Jean’s simplicity and lack of star-consciousness. There is a feeling of complete equality between Jean and her co-workers. The only way it may be that she is in the studio lunchroom with other lunches. Vivian, her hairdresser, is a long-time friend; and in London she used to share a flat with the girl who used to look after her wardrobe. She’s known to treat studio grips and caterers much in the same way that she will the head of the studio, the director or a fellow star. She’s extremely affectionate and has none of the traditional British reserve, of which her husband’s stand-in ambles over to the set of "The Egyptian." She’d always liked him, hadn’t seen him for some time and gave him a big kiss, kissing him on the cheek. "You’re just like that for me," one of her co-stars said.

"I will," Jean replied. "When I know you as well as I know Bob."

She’s invariably kind, generous and ready to help those who need it. She does things like slip a unsigned autograph to a fan or to fill them as she doesn’t want to embarrass anybody. From others, however, I’ve heard of doctors’ bills that were paid and of children who were sent to camp.

Jean, who has been frequently photographed, was with a group of friends. With so much of their private lives exposed to the glare of publicity, this is one part they try to guard jealously. They don’t go in much for nightlife or parties. When they do go to a party they’re usually at a party that spend most of their leisure hours at home or at friends’. The Wildings, Mike and Liz, are their most intimate friends, and the two couples spend much time alone with each other. But on Sunday Jean and Jimmy usually entertain a fair-sized crowd of friends.

By her own admission, Jean is lazy when she’s not working on a picture. Drone both morning and afternoon, she loafs around the house reading and listening to music. She loves to sleep. When I asked her what she was going to do when she finished her picture, Jean, smiling, clasped the palms of her hands together, leaned her cheek against them and blissfully closed her eyes. "Sleep," she said. "Sometimes I go to bed at nine and sleep through till ten the next day." She likes to dance. Dancing expert says she could have come a prima ballerina if she hadn’t been side-tracked into the movies. Her ballet skirt is in a box in the way she moves and walks. Her balance, posture and gracefulness are not a negligible part of her charm.

Jean has a sexy figure and looks stunning in bathing suits, but her alleged indifference to clothes aside from the generality of those who have been to a certain dress shop. It was the afternoon before the Photoplay Awards, ceremony, and Jean merely went to pick up a dress that the identical dress as the one Jean had ordered for the occasion had been sold to Lana Turner as well. Instead of getting excited, Jean merely told the store to pick out another one. Nobody commented on her exquisite taste and how beautiful she’d looked in that particular dress.

Jean has it that after four years in the United States Jean has become sufficiently Americanized to be a baseball fan. She seems to enjoy it all right, but there’s evidence that she has yet to grasp some of the game. Last spring, she attended a ball game with her husband and an excited young boy was wildly excited cheering on the Boston Sox.

Told that the team was called the "Red Sox," Jean, pretty much flustered, said, "Mary, it’s a good thing nobody heard me. They would have thrown me out right on my pretty, little—ear."

Jean blushed a little, admitting that she used words of a kind that was entirely acceptable at St. James’s Court. "I suppose I shouldn’t," she says. "I don’t like it in other women. I must have caught it from my mother.

There is a school-girlish quality about Jean at times that is particularly endearing considering she’s been a star since her teens. After years of success and acclaim she is still green and her position is for granted. When someone pointed out Lilian Gish coming into the commissary, Jean craned her neck trying to get a glimpse of her. She’d never met her and was excited about meeting all those famous people. I’d heard about and admired for so long.

There is, however, nothing girlish or naive about Jean Simmons when she’s talking about her husband—well informed about every phase of motion picture making and will talk with authority about any angle one may wish to approach—photography, direction, scripts or acting. Jean, however, has yet to decide what to whatever is said, whether the talk is about the great French director Duvivier, Marlon Brando or something as specialized as candy or beef. Jean Simmons, after all, hasn’t one forget over the charm of her personality—is a professional first and last to an artist to her fingertips.

There is an old wheeler in show business that has been described as "the soul of the acting craft part of the making of a good actor or actress. Jean Simmons, a great actress, is proof that this isn’t necessarily true. She’s been fortune’s darling—blessed with luck, beauty, talent and charm. Unwarped by driving ambition or struggles, she’s been able to preserve the one quality which in addition to all others makes her unique—genuine kindliness. The best grower, it would seem, would know wide of the mark: she’s the sweetest.

THE END
Discourage those Blackheads!

Just don't let small blackheads de-glamorize your skin! Now—use this special greaseless treatment for clearing away these blackheads. It's recommended by leading skin specialists. It's quick. It's effective.

Every night and morning, after you wash your face—gently rub snowy-cool Pond's Vanishing Cream over your face. Then—leave on a deep coat of the cream for one minute. The "keratolytic" action of this greaseless cream dissolves off oily dead skin flakes that clog pores and encourage blackheads. Wipe cream off, and rinse face with cold water. Hundreds of girls have tried this wonder-working treatment with Pond's Vanishing Cream. They say "your skin looks fresher, brighter, clearer—right away!"

Yours for the Sewing

Lovely film star, Sally Forrest, now starring in Broadway's "Seven Year Itch," lights up a new fashion—the opulent, dressed-up shirt look. We've teamed two Advance patterns made in an elegant fabric. The button-down collar, gently-tailored shirt, formerly reserved for your blue jeans, becomes a new party fashion, glamorous down to the rhinestone buttons. Full and flattering skirt, with deep front and back box pleat, is its perfect mate. We used the rich gleam of a textured rayon jacquard in white with irregular pink dot. It has the weight and body to make your dance skirt stand out there. By Dutchess Fabrics. About $4.50 a yd., in any color of your choice. Self belt is added to cinch

the waist. Shirt is Advance Pattern No. 6710, 12-20, 35c. Skirt, No. 6827, waist 23-30, 35c. About 4½ yds. needed for both.

ADVANCE PATTERN CO., INC.
P.O. Box No. 21, MURRAY HILL STATION
NEW YORK 16, NEW YORK

Please send me patterns #6710 and #6827, as seen in Photoplay, in sizes ...... and ...... Enclosed is 35c in cash for each pattern.

Name..........................................
Address..........................................
City........................................... Zone..State.
We found the secret of happiness!

say so many people who listen to radio’s “My True Story.” For this moving dramatic program deals with the emotions that we face in our everyday lives. Each heartfelt story is taken right from the files of “True Story Magazine,” and the people involved are as real as your neighbors, your friends, your own family. And the vital problems that are solved mirror real situations that are keeping you from finding peace and contentment.

TUNE IN

“MY TRUE STORY”

American Broadcasting Stations

For thrilling reading don’t miss “MY CHILDREN WISHED ME DEAD.” They blamed their mother for all their sins—In January TRUE STORY MAGAZINE at newsstands now.

Hey There, You With the Stars in Your Eyes

(Continued from page 54) and yours is a smile that will melt the flintiest heart. Your father gets a job with the Grover Gridler Electric Company in Stockton, and on the strength of the promised position—and your charm—you move into an apartment without paying anything down on the rent. According to your father, you’re the family’s best security.

He didn’t have a dime to pay down on the rent or for food or to turn the lights and gas on. And I was too proud to ask the boss for an advance. The landlady’s name was Mrs. Schnake, and I put our problem to her plainly. And she was frankly hesitant. “I’ve just been beaten out of two weeks’ rent,” she said. Then she looked at Jeanette again. “But you have this baby—I think I’ll trust you.” Then we went to the corner grocery and gave her the story and asked if we could charge a few things. He looked at the baby—and we went away with groceries, a can of cooked heat to cook with and candles for light.

Yes, money is scarce during your early years, but yours is a family rich in love and laughter and understanding. You grow up with your values intact and you don’t desert you in the glamorous years ahead. Tough times only strengthen your family ties.

On Halloween, 1931, you make your first appearance in costume, and you are a “howling” success — according to your Mom:

“We had a little party for Jeanette at home—just the three of us. She had a mask on and a white sheet draped around her, and she had one of those serpentine things you blow on which delighted her no end. Our apartment was on the street, and we had all the lights out but a candle in a pumpkin. Jeanette would blow this thing out the window at everybody passing along the sidewalk. She had an hilarious time.

In 1933 you enter Weber Grammar School in Stockton. Your father’s still working at the electric company, your mother’s working at Wright’s Coffee Shop to help out with family finances, and your Aunt Pearl, eight years your senior, has brought you and “babys sits” while your parents work. Your “Auntie Popo” has a few of her own vivid memories of you:

“I used to love to dress Jeanette up and take her places, and she was like a little sister—always tagging after me. We’d go to school together, eat lunch together, and on Saturdays we would go to the movies all day long. We’d go to the Mickey Mouse movie in the morning, stay for the matinee, and if we could talk Fred and Helen into it we’d go back for another show that night.

I married when I was sixteen. We lived in Oakland, and Jeanette would come visit us. My husband and I were just kids, too, but Jeanette would call us ‘Mommey’ and ‘Daddiy’ just for fun. She was eight years old when she could pick out whatever she ‘really wanted’ in the local jewelry store. Jeanette said she really wanted a ‘red-plaid raincoat and a hat to match.’ Her mother couldn’t stand it—our daughter being turned loose in a jewelry store. Wherein she could pick out a watch or bracelet and coming up with something like that. Jeanette must want something else, she said. The girl wouldn’t be, though— and a plaid raincoat she got!

But the real adventure you look forward to so eagerly in childhood, Jeanette, is the two-weeks vacation you spend every summer at your beloved grandmother’s in Merced. You pack and repack your little suitcase for weeks ahead of time. Your grandmother, blinded for years, has never seen you. She strokes your golden-brown hair and feels the snug nose and contours of your face—and others give her every detail about you. As for you, you are her eyes when you are with her. You read to her. You go to movies together, and you describe all the stars to her.

When you are ten years old, tragedy comes very close to you, and you are almost blinded, too. You’re playing ‘cops and robbers’ with a little playmate in the park, using wooden guns with taut rubber bands on the end of them for ammunition.’ “Janie, look,” he says. You turn to look at him, and he lets loose with a rubber band, accidentally striking you in the eye. You start to cry, and he doesn’t care. You wear a black patch over it, then dark glasses for weeks. The rubber band missed the pupil by a whisker, or you would have been blind for life. It would seem Fate already is on your side.

During the Christmas vacation in 1939 you make your first “professional” appearance. Are you scared, Jeanette?

“Well, yes—I was. Absolutely turned to stone. We were doing a little skit built around ‘Faith, Hope and Charity—the greatest of these is Love’. I sang the ‘Wishing Well Song’—I’m wishing for the one I love to find me someday. I’m hoping—I’m da da da da . . . ‘I was Love, and I wore a devastating cheesecloth thing—an eighth-grader’s Christian Dior . . .

This year, the too, you’re voted ‘Flintiest Eyes’ in Weber Grammar School and graduate mid-term from the eighth grade. The schools are crowded in Stockton and your I.Q is so high that the teachers keep having to say, ‘You’re doing the best of your class, Miss Love,’ is an important day in more ways than one. For the first time your mother allows you to wear rouge and a little lipstick, thereby saving your pride with the older and more worldly girls who are much older than you.

You’re in high school now, and this is your life. You make the Honor Society that year and a rowing team in the Presbyterian church with Fred Thornton (‘Teach’) Smith’s high school ‘Troubadours.’ The ‘Bob-In’ is the ‘sharp’ place to go for hamburgers and chocolate malts, and you like to ride with a boy in a car, the big adventure is to drive out to the edge of town to ‘Stan’s Drive-In.’ As for your first date . . . remember that, Jeanette?

That first date was with Dick Doane. My first real date was with Dick Doane. We went to a football game at Lodi and my parents drove us. This was, of course, after a courtship of months, attending Christmas parties together. This big evening was a Christmas dance. I had a new $12.95 aqua-colored formal that was a vision. It just kind of floated along. I had a ‘Bob-In’ dress, and a matching white orchid, my first. For Christmas Mother and Daddy gave me a little short white rabbit fur jacket. My first fur coat! They let me open my present in advance, so I could wear it to the dance. When I opened the door that night for Dick, he sort of gasped ‘Oohhh.’ I’ve never enjoyed an evening more. I was really living that night.

You’re doubly proud of that white rabbit fur jacket, Jeanette. For you know your parents will probably be paying for it all the following year. Unwrapping it, you look quickly at your mother’s hand—to see if her watch and engagement ring—with its two small sapphires and wint of a diamond—are still there. The family jewels move in and out of the local pawn shop regularly during these earlier years.

For you 1940 is in many ways a grim year. And one better to forget. You move to Merced for that year. Your beloved grandfather is incurably ill, and your blind grandmother needs help and reassurance. Your dad is working as an automobile salesman, but there’s a national emergency and there are no new cars to sell. For Christmas, Mom, you make many friends, and when your father plans to go back to Stockton and take a job, you don’t want to move back
No need now for UGLY LIPS if you use the sensationally new LIP-TRIX and LIP PENCIL

You Get 10 Different Plastic Outlines For Applying Lipstick, plus 3-in-1 Automatic Pencil Lipstick on one end, Eyebrow and Eyeshadow Liner on other end

And it's always in a mad rush and get your lips on uneven and unshaped! No matter how small, large, wide, thin, full or uneven your lips are, just press a LIP-TRIX OUTLINE over your mouth, follow the outline with the automatic LIP PENCIL and—presto—you have gorgeous, luxurious, professionally perfect lips like the Hollywood stars! The result is electrifying! And the way it enhances your whole expression, charm and personality! You get 10 different sizes and shapes of plastic LIP-TRIX OUTLINES. Carry in your purse with the beautiful baked-and-gold 3-in-1 Automatic PENCIL. Both for only $2.95, post free. (Pencil refills 25¢ each). An adorable gift.

LIP-TRIX, 40 W. 57th St., Dept. 4 N., Y., N. Y.

Please rush stock as follows:

LIP-TRIX and PENCIL $2.95 for 10 sets of LIP-TRIX and 3 colors of 1 Automatic PENCIL, a complete set. You save 30c. 3 colors you get free with 3-in-1 PENCIL: I Red, I Pink, I Orchid. Orange—any other 3 colors you like. Lipstick, Lip-TRIX, 425 N. Market St., N. J. and other leading drug and cosmetic stores.

LIP-TRIX and PENCIL both for only $2.95. Send me 3-in-1 PENCIL, No. 1, for 3 colors you get free with 3-in-1 PENCIL: I Red, I Pink, I Orchid. Orange—any other 3 colors you like. Lipstick, Lip-TRIX, 425 N. Market St., N. J. and other leading drug and cosmetic stores. I

Name.

Address.

City.

State.

ANY PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 8 x 10 inches on DOUBLE WEIGHT Paper

Send No Money 3 for $1.50

Just mail us your photos, mounted on mat (any size) and receive your enlargement, sent in rigid mailbox. Photos are returned unaltered. New process gives you rich portrait quality paper. By postman free. To be our representative for your area, mail name, address and one photo today.

Professional Art Studios, 544 S. Main, Dept. 35-A, Princeton, Illinois

Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery

Science Finds Healing Substance That Reverses Hemorrhoids Promptly

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and stop bleeding. It is without surgery.

In case after case, pain was relieved promptly. And, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place. Most amazing of all—results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Files have ceased to be a problem!"

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

Now this new healing substance is offered in an ointment form under the name "Preparation H." Ask for it at all drug stores — money back guarantee.

*Trade Mark
as the screen actress Janet Leigh:

"Marty and I were at the Sugar Bowl, sipping, and on one day I was looking through the album in the lobby at pictures of various people at the resort. Among them were two lovely photographs of a girl I didn't know. She wore no make-up. She had a head of dark, long hair and a pair of very expressive eyes. Her eyebrows were exceptionally well filled in. And under the feathery eyebrows, and there was a soft warm breeze in her face. 'Who is this lovely girl?' I asked. 'That's my daughter,' Mr. Lewis said. 'See if you might have a copy of the picture. You may have these,' she said, and took them out of the album for me.

'I saw in her face an ethereal quality, and an aesthetic quality, an emotional quality which I thought was actress material. It seemed to me everybody they were putting in pictures then was trying to be a hundred. I thought there was a place on the screen for a face with a quality like this.'

"I took the pictures with me when I left the Lodge. If ever the right opportunity presented itself, I knew I’d like to do something about Jeanette Morrison. Not to help Jeanette Morrison, but to help my studio, Metro. However, in the process of doing that, I fell in love again when we got back to town I was busy, and nothing happened for some time.

"Then David Lewis was going to produce 'Arch of Triumph,' and he was looking for something to do with it. And I showed one of the photographs. And that was the beginning of this whole thing. We agreed to meet, and I would bring the photographs.

"Marty and I met David at Romanoff's—amphetamine, and we talked a little. But he dropped the subject when he rushed off to a preview later on, he left the pictures behind. We were meeting Benny Thau and Eddie Mannix from Metro, and Lew Wasserman of MCA, there for dinner and when they came in, I asked, 'Anybody want to see a lovely face?' I passed the pictures around the table. My friends from Metro thought she was a lovely girl—and that was sort of that. But Mr. Wasserman was the smart one. 'May I have these?' he asked. 'Certainly,' I said. 'Her name is on the back. I'm not sure where you will find her, but her parents are at the Sugar Bowl Lodge.'

He said, 'Don't worry. I'll find her,' and took the photographs. A week later he called me. 'I've got a girl placed,' he said. 'Where?' I asked. 'At Metro.' Which I thought was ironic, remembering how Mr. Lewis had gone off and left her pictures lying there.

"A week later she appeared at the offices of the M-G-M publicity department called me. 'Your girl has the lead with Van Johnson in "The Romance of Rosy Ridge."' I said I'd have your picture taken with her and with Van.' I told him I’d love to come meet her. 'Meet her! I thought she was your protege,' he said. 'I'm sure he thought she was a distant relative of yours he met at the beach.'

"I met her and we had a picture taken. Gone were the feathery eyebrows, and her wavy hair was trained to do what it wanted to do. I don’t mean that there, there was an expression of gratitude on her face, I shall never forget."

Nice words, these. But in June 1946—

\* \* \*
— and she was sure she was our girl. There was still one more thing. I didn't know how Van Johnson would feel about an unknown girl playing opposite him. Van was big and was still fairly new, too. The girl's part was just about as important as his, and he might insist on a name star. I told him I'd like him to see a test a girl named Jeanette Morrison had done. "She's never done anything, but I want you to see her," I said. And Van, well Van thought she was great. He said — and I'll never forget this — "Somebody has to leave his work, and I'd be glad to be able to pass it on."

Through all of this you are walking on wings. You cannot know all the action going on behind the scene that's deciding your destiny. Remember, Janet Leigh? "I didn't know anything about anything. I didn't know what to do when I got before the camera. All I knew was that I loved the business. And for some strange reason I wasn't too scared. It was all a lot of fun and a wonderfully exciting experience. One week after the picture, I startled my friends by saying this was what I wanted. Suddenly I knew I loved this world. I couldn't understand why I'd never wanted to be in it before. It was something lying there dormant—something that suddenly awoke. It was all I was. I was nervous in the love scenes with Van. But Van was so wonderful to me. From the first day he was always there. I'd never forget my first premiere. We got through the last day, and I had on a beautiful dress I'd borrowed from the studio. Nobody knew me from beans and I was just thrilled being there. All the girls were getting their pictures taken to the Van. Suddenly he came over to me and kissed me, and they started popping away. I knew he did it just to get attention for me, which was pretty wonderful."

At the premiere of "Rose Ridge" they think you're pretty wonderful, too. Your name is on all lips, and all eyes are centered on your excited face. All these fans know your first picture. They love a new and exciting star. You're born. If there's any doubt about it, your second, "If Winter Comes," with Walter Pidgeon and Deborah Kerr, clinches it.

It is Hollywood, and you affectionately own your own Cinderella-Girl—and your own grateful star twinkles brighter every year...

In 1948 you are marching triumphantly across the screen, reaching the peak of high. You portray Mrs. Richard Rodgers in "Words and Music." You play your first dramatic role in "Act of Violence," with Van Heflin. You're Meg in "Little Women."

This is the year, too, your college marriage dissolves, and amicably.

In 1950 you return to Stockton, California—a star. Your heart is full when you arrive in this "Janet Leigh Day," and your throat is as full as it used to be in speech class when you could find nothing to say.

One wonderful evening in 1950, like any deserving "Cinderella," you meet your prince. At a party in Lucey's Restaurant in Hollywood you meet Universal-International's Anthony Curtis, who's stolen the hearts of girls from Los Angeles to New York. You become the star of "The Prince Who Was a Thief." You are to be no exception. And he falls for you, too, with his whole uninhibited heart. In Tony's words, "I'll never forget the movie star, the girl next door, the girl I loved, and the girl I wanted to spend my life with. She was the whole and entire cast. When we were separated I loved Pittsburgh and was on tour in Chicago—I really realized how much I missed her. How much a part of my life she had already become. I shopped for her ring in Chicago, and fortunately I had my measuring stick along, having carried it in my wallet for quite some time. Once, in Hollywood, I'd broken a match and tried to light it around her finger, and I'd marked where it fit on mine. The jeweler thought I was a little crazy. 'What's the ring size?' he said. 'Second wrinkle past my knuckle,' I said. We kept measuring the match stick around. He thought it was a wrinkle less, but I was right—and the ring fits Janet's finger perfectly."

"Yes, the ring fits."

On June 4, 1951—in the face of all the depressing prophets who warned both of you that marriage could destroy your careers and at times you with the condition of teenaged subjects—you are married in the Pickwick Arms Hotel, Greenwich, Connecticut, and Jerry and Patti Lewis are standing by.

Together, you and Tony proved the prophets are wrong, and you're double stars zoom.

In 1953, Janet Leigh, your happiness is brimming over. You walk out of the office of your long-time physician, Dr. Sarah Pearl, with shining eyes and wings on your heels, your final wish is fulfilled...

But on July 9, 1953, tragedy strikes, and the Open End of your marriage is postponed. Dr. Sarah Pearl is in St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica, a patient there, when the phone rings beside her bed.

"I'd been in the hospital for a month, but I kept it in touch with Janet. I was in traction for a spine disc with twenty pounds tying me up, when Janet called this time. She was a sick girl. I knew I couldn't help her. I called Janet in tears and told her. I opened my brace and got out of bed. When I started getting into my white trousers for surgery, the nurses really thought I was out of my mind, but I'd been looking after Janet when she was first signed by M-G-M and nothing would stop me from helping her when she needed me. When Janet came out of surgery she said, 'Doc—don't you dare help me. And I told her, 'You can't have this baby, but you can have another baby.' She was very brave—she took it right on the chin."

Life has schooled you for this, too, Janet Leigh. All of it is on the chin. But in 1954 this is your life...

Your star is twinkling brighter than ever in the Hollywood heavens. You starred in twenty-eight pictures, in the eight years since you and Tony married. Pink dress went through those magic gates of M-G-M. Today you have a fabulous new contract, shared by Columbia and Universal-International, and you're presently starring in Columbia's sparkling musical, "My Sister Eileen."

You're happily married to the public's own prince of hearts—and you share him with a few millions of them. Yours, too, is a vast kingdom of loyal subjects throughout the land. Your love story has captured the hearts of fans everywhere. And although Hell's Kitchen is a long way from Chicago, Tony Curtis professed if Hollywood hadn't arranged it, fate would have led him to you.

"I would have found some reason to go to Stockton, California—even if to sell necktie pins. I would have found her somewhere—some way—some day."

But fate willed you to shine in the sun, Jeanette Morrison, and today you're the shining inspiration for every small-town girl, with hopes and dreams, life's big parade, with all its romance and adventure, won't pass her by.

And you, Janet, will play an even greater part in the adventure ahead. For you are destined daughter—and you're in devoted hands.

The End
human race, but he's no slouch when it comes to facing up to them. Although it's been necessary to know a whole league who know him well and disagree. One thing is certain. There is no happy medium of opinion on Victor Mature. If you ask him, he has no bad medium when it comes to loving him and being loved by him. “It's a little frightening and exciting all at once to find yourself in love with a man like Victor,” said Dorothy Shirley, one of his many friends. “I don’t know what a little like having a benign whirlwind hit you and settle down to stay. He isn't just the kind of person you can meet—say on a vacation—have a summer romance with, and then have the next slide of his experience ledger. Despite his star status, he isn’t above taking a third lead. "I don't care, if I think the role is a good one,” he says. "It's the part that counts.”

Upon occasions, he has gone into pictures that he knew would make the critics shudder. Each picture has made money. Each picture has made mature according to his experience ledger. Despite his star status, he isn’t above taking a third lead. "I don't care, if I think the role is a good one,” he says. "It's the part that counts.”

The MCA office never sees him. He calls in to report his whereabouts. “Is this the office of George Chazen, the greatest agent in the world, who's with the greatest agency in the world, and who has the greatest secretary in the world?” he'll ask by way of greeting.

Needless to say, the agent, the agency, the secretary believe that Mature can do no wrong. He is, in their estimation, the greatest. Even when, every-so-often, they have to manage to locate him by guesswork. Recently, via phone, he was asked the address of his newly acquired home. "Easy," said Mature, "I don't know the house number, but the place overlooks the ninth hole of the golf course down here—if that's any help!" He hates to be alone. He loves people and lives nothing better than to be surrounded by his friends. With a new house at his disposal, Vic packed up and walked out-moving in for a time with Mr. and Mrs. Barger who live nearby in Rancho Santa Fe. After that, he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Beldon Ratleman at El Rancho Vegas.

You have to work to make friends," says Victor. And he does. And greater maturity, he says, that he has been found anywhere. If a friend of his friend happens to make a belittling remark behind their buddy’s back, Victor speaks up. "Tell you what let's do," he'll say. "Let's go over and see him together, and you can say that again, to his face.”

He makes a great point of studying people. He can spot a phony soon after he meets one. He's rarely rude. Once he met two phonies. He and a friend sat and talked with them for a while. After a while, Victor suggested that they leave. “Let’s go down to La Jolla for a while,” he said.

The friend agreed. The rest of the party thought it would be a fine idea and invited Victor along. "We'll meet you there," offered Victor.

They climbed into separate cars and drove away. When they reached the crossroads, Victor stopped. "Which way is La Jolla," asked Victor.

"South," said his friend.

"We'll go north," said Victor.

He also attempts to avoid rules which he feels are phony. He'll abide by them if he thinks they serve a purpose. But if someone asks him to break them, he'll do it in the right way. If not, he'll find a way to break them—perhaps only a fraction, but enough for a good laugh. At one of the clubs there is a rule which states that all members are required to wear a shirt while playing, even when the temperature reaches the hundreds. One warm day Victor removed his shirt. The guard at the club gate that put it back on. "Sure,” said Victor.

After complying with the request, he took out his pocketknife and cut the legs of his slacks. "I've got my shirt on Okay?" asked Victor.

“Okay," grinned the pro.

Most of his life, he's made his own rules, within reason. And life has never been dull for Victor Mature or for those around him. For instance, at the age of four, he decided to take up smoking, reached for his father's pipe and proceeded to light it. The flame was a mighty one and set fire to the room. However, the fire, for a while, no one seemed to notice the threat to his growth, tobacco-wise. The curtains were also burning.

He was a high-spirited boy. By the time he'd been thrown out of a number of schools that weren't up to coping with him. At one school, his mother was called in so many times, other students began to believe that she was working there.

He's still an extrovert. But there are those who say that he's an extremely sensitive one. He's also a businessman, and a shrewd judge. "He takes to talk to a child,” childhood. At the age of nine, he was selling magazines. Later, he went into the candy business, his job being to persuade the stores to sell the sweets. "Just let me leave them with you,” he'd say persuasively. "If you can’t sell them, I’ll take them back.” They always managed to sell the supply.

He set up candy counters in the fraternity houses at the University of Kentucky and in the sorority houses at the University of Louisville. Beside the candy, he placed a box. Payment was on the honor system.

For a time, he ran a hotel elevator. However, he was asked to leave one day when he hustled the manager out of the contraption and slammed the door behind him. The next day the hotel in the other city was still his friends, and he sees them whenever he goes home to Louisville.

After completing school, he took over a restaurant that he'd worked for his father in the cutlery business and had saved enough for a down payment. He lost money the first month, knowing little about the new venture. However, he knew enough to hire an expert to run it for him after his initial failure. When Victor sold the restaurant, he came out of the deal with more than a reasonable profit.

Many have tried to explain the Mature...
a certain way with him. A definite appeal that left you with a very positive impression of his personality, a quality that a screen personality must possess.

Victor was tested and given a role in "The Housekeeper's Daughter." However, he remained in his tent. "I couldn't afford an apartment," he says now. "Well, perhaps I could have, but I'd have had to sign a year's lease and I wasn't sure what was going to happen.

He did move his tent into a Hollywood backyard in order to be nearer the studio. And he made improvements. The tent acquired a floor and a stove. It also had books and pictures and several pieces of furniture. "It seemed strange to have a self-made man's tent. I thought, Victor. "I'd been without it for such a long time. And I swore I'd save it, so I'd never be without it again."

And finally the Housekeeper's Daughter' began "One Million B.C." and a few others. And with the series of parts came more income and a more carefree life.

Victor's like being sería some small blondes. A scatter at one club vocal that in three months he had seen Victor on the dance floor eighty times. And had counted eighty small blonds. And, of course, photographer or four were always close at hand.

There was Betty Grable. He flew to New York to be near while she was appearing in "Dubarry Was a Lady." While she was in New York, Moss Hart offered him the role of "Lady in the Dark." Mature accepted and became one of the more successful of Broadway.

And he fell in love. The girl was Martha Kemp, widow of the bandleader Hal Kemp. After a hectic courtship, they scheduled the wedding.

The marriage didn't last. It's said that Martha didn't like Hollywood, that she was indifferent to the industry which was Victor's life.

When World War II began, Victor enlisted.

Like millions of other servicemen, Victor left a girl at home, Rita Hayworth. They'd met while working together in "My Gal Sal." At the time she was divorcing Ed Judson, and she was a very unhappy girl. At first, with Victor, it was a matter of cheering up his co-star. He'd play jokes, keep her laughing. She needed laughter in those days. And from the laughter came love.

Then he went away to war. He spent three years in the North Atlantic and the South Pacific as Bo'sn's Mate. The "gorgeous hunk of man" was affectionately dubbed "Gus" by the crew, a nickname he didn't object at all.

In 1938, he married Frances Evans. She was an actress at the Playhouse. Frances wanted a career. Victor wanted a career. They were in love at first sight. They were divorced in 1939.

During the two years' vacation allowed by the Playhouse, Victor worked for extra cash. He washed dishes, cleaned wallpaper, swept. After his first summer at the Playhouse, the theatre sessions began again, he went back to his other chores. In all, he appeared in well over sixty plays at the Pasadena Playhouse.

Then, Hal Roach began his search for a cove man for "One Million B. C." He saw Victor's picture on a folder.

A few days later, Roach himself sent for Victor. He met the charming girl who worked as a casting director. "He wore a pair of slacks and a sweat shirt. They were about all he had," she remembered later. "He'd come in and just grin. He had the way thousands of physicians and dentists recommend.

HERE'S WHY... Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a combination of medically proved active ingredients. No other product gives faster, longer-lasting relief from pain of headache, neuralgia, neuritis than Anacin tablets. Buy Anacin® today!
Victor first heard of their marriage when his ship docked in Boston. The news was shouted to him as he came down the gangplank. He stopped for a moment. Then he grinned a wry grin. "Well," he said, "I guess the way to a woman's heart is to see her in half."

Victor first met Dorothy Stanford one day at Laguna. Dorothy and Mike, her young son by another marriage, Mike and Vic became buddies immediately. And the mutual friend who had introduced the trio sat around beaming. All three continued to become fast friends.

A little over a year later, Dorothy and Victor were married in Yuma, Arizona. Yet it was a case of opposites attracting. They liked different types of people, different kinds of amusements. In the end, it became a case of incompatibility that couldn't be worked out. But not because they didn't try.

They settled down for a while in Victor's pre-war bungalow. He was proud of the small house. It was the first piece of property he'd ever owned and to him it represented a milestone in his life. When the city proposed building a freeway through his house, he didn't budge to take the case to the Supreme Court if necessary. Fortunately it wasn't necessary. The city changed its mind. He still owns the house, and his pride in it is as great as it ever was.

When the Matures found they needed more space, they moved into a home in Mandeville Canyon. When he bought the house, a writer friend kidded him about it. "You're the last person in the world I thought would ever go Hollywood," she teased. "I hear you have a swimming pool, too!"

An embarrassed Victor rose to his defense. "We have to have more room," he explained. "Besides, it's just a house. It's not so elaborate. And as for the swimming pool, well, Mike needs a place for him and his friends to hang out.

Victor thinks the world of Mike and the feeling is mutual. When he was making "Samson and Delilah," Mike spread the word around the neighborhood about how Vic was going to tear down the house with his bare hands. The other boys thought it rather a tall story. One evening Mike greeted Victor with a small request. He wanted a neighborhood demonstration. He figured if Victor would push the garage down it would do the trick. No one could fail to be convinced then what a great guy he was.

He has more respect and feeling for home life than anyone in the business," says one of his friends. "There's nothing he likes better than coming home, barbecuing a meal and sitting around watching television."

He's rarely seen at a nightclub or premiere. Outside of pictures, he has other interests. For one, a TV appliance store manager and an ex-Commander in the Navy. "Victor's been making back ever since. He shoots in the low 80s," says MacGregor Hunter, one of his golf pro friends. "Sometimes in the 70s. He plays with anyone who happens to be standing around with a club. And the man has stamina. He plays 36 holes a day easily, while everyone else feels like dropping dead.

"He starts early," says Hank Barger of Rancho Santa Fe. "The caddies bring him tacos and enchiladas for breakfast between shots."

Vic's early to win. Once he had a bet on the outcome of a game. However, after the first six holes, the sun began to go down. Vic promptly hired a truck to keep its lights on the ball, so that the group could finish in an oil well. The manager was taken aback. "He doesn't always win," says Barger. "But he's in there pitching anyway—always trying his best.

Victor explains it to him with his usual humor. "I hit the ball three hundred yards," he'll tell you. Then he'll add, "A hundred and fifty yards out and a hundred and fifty yards to the right, out of bounds."

His absence from headlines has perhaps increased the verbal remarks on his close-ness with a dollar. Occasionally, he'll help them along. For one thing, he doesn't see much sense in the purchase of an expensive wardrobe. He's no clothes hound. Often the studio wardrobe department will supply him with wearing apparell. One day, with a friend, he went to the patio of the Del Mar Hotel. He excused himself for a moment and left the table. A young girl, sitting nearby, came over and asked, "Isn't that Robert Mitchum?"

Vic's friends grinned and mumbled an answer that amounted to neither yes nor no. When Victor returned, one of his buddies greeted him loudly, "Hi, Bob, glad to see you back."

Then he explained away Victor's look of puzzlement. Victor grinned. "She wasn't just kidding," he said. "She must have recognized the coat, from Mitchum's last picture at 20th."

He reached inside the coat pocket and pulled out a tag. "Robert Mitchum," it read:

The matter of money is no joke with Mitchum. He's been around money and then, when their day of stardom are over, wonder what happened to it. "He respects money as an average American respects money," says one of his friends. "And he's careful with it."

Yet he can spend it lavishly, if the cause is a good one. There's the story of the time he started for Palm Springs with a thousand dollars, but he picked up some hitchhiking servicemen. Most of them were broke, so he remedied the situation. By the time he got to Palm Springs he'd saved up some money from a friend for dinner.

He's refused to squander his income since his first months of success, however. He bought annuities. "People like to talk about money," he says. "But I don't care. I can't help it. I can start a little public interest, I was seven year in penniless obscurity."

He's grateful for his success financial, and other things. A week before Thanksgiving Day, he called his agent at home. "George," he began, "I just wanted to call and tell you that I've been thinking about what I have to be thankful for. I have you to thank for being my agent and helping me in the picture business. I have my business manager, Robert Graham, to thank. To You've both helped provide for my financial security, and I'm grateful for that.

And there was even more unhappiness when the breakup came. Victor's mother became ill and he flew to Kentucky to be with her. Then Dorothy's father died and Victor caught the next plane back to Pasadena to help Dorothy and her mother through their difficult time. Two days late his aunt, who had been living with his mother, died of cancer and again Vic was called upon for help.

With the marriage over, Victor is alone again. Perhaps he'll go on being alone. Or perhaps it's as a surprised Rita Hayworth said during their courtship days: "Why, Vic, you're the loneliest man in this world. You pretend to be gay. You run away from serious things and love. Be you can't go on doing it forever. Because until you find the real and lasting thing you'll have no happiness."

He's thought he'd finally found it. But he's lost it again. And what comes next Hollywood remembers another story. Or the time he bought Sames. In the picture, he linked the entire Philistine arm with the jawbone of an ass. "After that," he grinned, "I should be able to lick an animal."

Maybe he wasn't kidding.
Mother's Little Dividend

(Continued from page 39) ape—records her children's Christmas prayers! And though our marriage cere-
mony was held only a week before I came to the children's christenings, you'd have thought I had delusions of grandeur.

Not long ago a woman who expected her first child called me and told me, "I'm bored with this whole project by now. I'll be glad to get it over." And I felt my-
self with momentary anger.

As for myself, I wanted a child with all my heart, but I told my doctor or told me that I probably couldn't have a baby, I was so full of tears you could have flooded a battlefield with them.

I decided to try, and I thought about this problem in a different light. I think this was a good idea and you are doing the right thing.

Why am I denied a child?

Finally, I asked Richard how he felt about adopting a baby. I've just got to have a baby," I said. "I can't wait." At first he demurred a little, saying I was so young and had so many career problems.

Then, a little later, he agreed. And our name went on the waiting list. Imme-
that was a miracle.

I studied the wonderful pictures that appeared in the magazines, attended baby showers and became oriented. For I, too, was going to have a baby.

And when little Pamela cooed in my arms, it was love at first sight. I couldn't even wait until she was a year old, so I bought a six-months' birthday party for her. She was introduced to the world at only ten months and walked a month after, I considered her a genius and became very tiresome with our friends. In fact, with both children, I can't buy the little Richard, "Call Hedda hopper, quick" at each new manifestation of their remarkable skills.

I wanted to start very early to fam-
iliarize Pamela with me. I would show her how she could understand her meaning.

Love is the greatest bond between parent and child. And the adopted baby fills an emotional vacuum and thus is the reciproc-

tal of much love. Knowing that she was confident of our love, I ex-
plained to her, from time to time, that God had made her for us and we had brought her to this world. I told her that we had wanted a baby girl just like her, for a long time and that we were so happy to have her.

And then, five years after our marriage, I realized I was to have a baby. And I didn't want to have a baby. And I called again that "All things work together for good, to them that love God." The miracle filled us with joy.

But then it was disappointing. How would I explain to Pamela so that no question of rivalry between the children would arise? As it turned out, I had no cause for worry. I explained to her that I was carrying the baby because I didn't want to leave her to go find a baby brother or sister for her. She was deeply content. As it happened, Ricky was an incubator baby, and when I left him a week before she was ready to come home.

So Richard and Pam went to the hos-

tal to bring him home. "See, Mommy," explained Pam, "we had to go to get our new baby; just as carrying the baby because I didn't want to leave her to go find a baby brother or sister for her. She was adopted just like me." And when Ricky is older I'll explain to them both that although they grew nine months in different mothers, they were born the same way and now have the same mother and father who love them alike as members of our family.

After Ricky joined the family, Richard and I decided that when friends came to see the new baby, we'd take her new baby brother to the nursery. The first time Pam proudly led the way to the nursery. But the second visitor hardly entered before Pam was asking if she wouldn't like to see the baby. This foresight took care of any evidences of jealousy.

Always I had to work things out concern-
ing the children in my own way. Some mothers have solutions in child psy-
chology books. As for me, I know that deep down within my heart I'll find the answers. If I followed a book it would show me that I was wrong. I think of my instincts. I think we can find truth just in ordinary living. And that's why thoughtful mothers have hunches: "It seems to me that Johnny does better with a father and Omen. I think that Mary when she's with strange children..."

And we don't need child study to live by such rules as "Love thy neighbor as thy-
self" or to discover that "You can catch flies with honey than with vinegar." Such rules were made long before the books.

Not long ago, Pam, a determined little miss, was deliberately naughty while a baby. "I told you," I shouted, "I love you, Pammy, no matter what you do. But she doesn't think your actions are very lovable at this moment." And I ex-
plained why those actions are bad in their effect. I knew I had to stop her but my main concern was with making up after the incident was over. Later, my friend, who had studied psychology, explained what Pammy had handled that very well, June. You made Pam see that it was what she did and not she herself that you didn't approve of.

But that seems the only natural way to me.

"Some mothers would say, 'You were a bad little girl and Mother doesn't love you. Mother couldn't love such a mean, naughty child. If you do it again, I'll give you away!'"

Of course, there must be discipline and punishments. Though I'm deeply sen-

timental about children and would spare them any pain, I have to tell them that I must draw the line when we sense that children want us to. I know that Pam and Ricky want limits. They're struggling to take on the ways our world considers right. And I want to bolster their efforts with warnings of what conduct is off limits.

I believe Pam and Ricky understand that discipline is a sign of that care. Youngsters have to feel that from us, or they have no reason for wanting to be good. Take away love and you take away the surest guarantee that a child will help to show him through his problems, whatever they may be.

As far as I'm concerned children can be children. If that means noise, occasional freshen or giggling or shouting or bounc-
ing, that is all right with me. But I don't want to let this continue, and if it goes on, I'll have to give back the baby and the home as is.

When Pammy and Ricky endanger themselves, if they must mistreat playmates, I shall work hard to make them see the mistakes they've made. Unnecessarily destroying property. And sometimes, when I simply cannot stand what they are doing! I try not to be capricious, approving some-
things today and getting all upset about it later. I am trying to teach them how to live with humans. After all, children have to live with humans.

And I believe that punishment should be effective. When I told Ricky to sit in a chair, punishment, he was having a good time, rocking back and forth and not in the least realizing why he was there. If I sent Pam to her room, she...
Thousands
of Pregnant
Women... 

Thousands find relief and 
comfort with MOTHER'S 
FRIEND... The famous, 
mild, skin lubricant that 
soothes tight, dry skin and 
eases n umbilical, tingling 
muscles in back and legs. 
Enjoy this refreshing skin 
conditioner.

$1.25 at all 
Drug Stores

FREE! TIPS TO EXPECTANT MOTHERS
Valuable Booklet with Every Bottle of 
MOTHER'S FRIEND

MAKE BIG MONEY!

Write today for FREE plan which shows you how to make big money in your spare time. All you do is help us keep our magazine subscriptions. No experience needed. Send name and address today. There is no obligation.

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS
205 East 42 St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

CataloGG with 
416 PICTURES FREE!

NEW! DIFFERENT! BEAUTIFUL!
For the first time—sensational pictures of your favorite movie stars in professional high gloss finish. Special super-duper offer—20 for $25.00. 50 for $40. 120 for $1.00
FREE CATALOG with 416 PICTURES OF STARS with your order

DeLUXE PHOTO SERVICE, Dept. 825, Box 147, Church St., Ann Arbor, Mich., 48109, N. Y., N. Y.

FREE! 
If you need more money... 
Up to 85 hour demonstrating famous Hollywood Cosmetics, your neighborhood. 
Very easy to learn. Money guaranteed. 
Supplied. Write:

HARRY TAYLOR, Pres.
DeLUXE PHOTO SERVICE, Hollywood Cosmetics, Glendora, Calif., Dept. 19-16

BE A Nurse

MAKE $50-$60 A WEEK 
You can learn at home in spare time. 
Choice of careers: practical nurse, matron, ward superintendent, hospital superintendent, midwife, etc. Course endorsed by physicians. 300-year reputation included. Men, women 18 to 60. High school not required. 

Guaranteed. Easy following. Trial lesson today. 
CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING 

515 W. Adams St., Chicago 6, Ill. 
Please send free booklet and sample lesson pages.

City State Age

Learn Facts About 
Colitis and Piles
FREE BOOK Explains Causes, 
Effects and Treatment

RECTAL AND COLONIC 
AND ALIMENTS

Avoid Dangers of 
and Delays

Learn about Colon troubles, Stomach conditions, Piles and other rectal conditions. Causes, effects and treatment. 

FREE 140-page book 
McLeary Clinic and Hospital, 123 E. Ems Blvd., Excelsior Springs, Mo.

began to color in her painting books, to sing to herself, to have a fine time. So I just reversed the discipline—Ricky was sent to his room, Pam told to sit on a chair. And they both acted as if certain actions bring certain effects.

Sometimes it happens that our children become teachers—and we learn from them. Pammy is attending a Catholic girls' school, Westminster (And not at 18-16 control). Her mother that filling out a school application for her brought tears to my eyes at how fast time was flying!). For years she'd been saying her prayer and I had been taught to say them. So one night shortly after she started school when I was hearing her prayers, she completed the Lord's Prayer with, "And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil." And then stopped. "Go on, dear," I said, "you haven't finished." And I began to prompt her. "For thine is the kingdom..."

"I've finished," said Pam. "That's the way we say it in school." I had a slight sense of shock. After all, I thought, does one teach that to the hallowed forms of a prayer? But I considered and told her, "All right, darling," and then returned to the string of "God blesses" which Pam—and Ricky, too, tuck on so that it will keep them up longer. Our requirement of presence..."...and God bless the trees and the tractor and my skates and my bicycle and the well and the new pump and Daddy's new look right in..."

The next night Pam asked me to say the prayer. I did, using her school form. "Go on, Mommy," she said. "Say the ending like you always do. I'll say it my way and you say it your way..."

A fine lesson in tolerance. Like all parents, I've wondered how best to introduce my children to God. How much do we need to discuss, to argue, to understand from them, to answer questions? Will it help them if I explain those times in my own life when hope and love and faith convinced me that He was near? Not long ago Ricky asked, "She prayed? Don't you feel answered, "God." "Yes," he said. "Just like Daddy makes things in my workshop." So I know that the children will make their own interpretations of what they see and hear, interpretations that make sense in their little worlds.

Although Pam is attending a Catholic school, she will soon start Sunday school at the Episcopal church. The lift track I mentioned might confuse her; I feel that it is immaterial where she learns to "Lift up thine eyes to the hills from whence cometh all strength."

Pam loves to play records and to listen to songs on the radio. One night, she said, "Oh, Mommy, I heard the most wonderful song and I'd love to have the record."

"Fine, dear, pick out what you need, if it is."

"The name? I don't know."

"Well," I asked, "who sang it?"

"It's somebody you know, but I can't remember his name."

"But what was the song about?"

"It's—it's something like a prayer."

Armed with this confusing information I relayed it to the clerk at a record shop.

"Oh, Mom, I heard a new song and I'd love to have it."

"Fine, dear, pick out what you need, if it is."

And so, Pammy became a little more interested. They may say, as Pammy does, "simple city" in her prayers instead of simplicity or, as one child I heard of who was, "the only right. Ever. Ever. Ever. I've heard a funny name," commented her mother.

"Oh, no," the tot said, "all bears must be named Gladly. In Sunday school we said, "Gladly, my cross-eyed bear!" As you guessed, this is "Gladly, my cross bear."

It brings a lump to your throat to think how much there is for children to learn. They are new to this world; we are old—senior citizens. Actually, we are the world. Can you blame me then, if when I consider giving up my work and staying at home with my children? Everyone was aghast at the idea. It's true that I wasn't as a mother, however, that I'm not a literature with biting ambition when I started pictures. If a part I wanted desperate was given to another, I was sunk in years for weeks, thinking there was not life for me."

But the years passed and my sense values changed. Today, no career plan can effect me so deeply. Today, or rather, by 18, the independence are the source of my real happiness. And, after considering the number of actress-mothere who are doing a fine job at home and to and studio, I decided to continue making pictures. Now and then, something happens at home which shows that children don't need as much guidance as we suppose.

For instance, Ricky is a ball of fire, a ways on the go, bounding over and gone to究竟是 off while Pammy is quiet tucking in my mind...on the sidewalk. When guests come, Ricky gets right in his father's shoes, i.e., the conversation, showing his tricks. Pam sits by, quietly watching. And in about ten minutes at least usually decides that her brother has the stage...the stage...the stage...the stage...the stage. To the guest, sits down and begins to talk in a most interesting way of her school, her playmates, her activities and soon to graduate. Pammy, being my twin, and Pammy gets in her innings. So could vie with him in a continuous b for attention—but that bright little myr knows a better way (You will bear me out). It seems to me that many working moth- ers worry themselves needlessly about the time they're apart from their children. A few years ago, I was teaching Pam to square dance or skak, daily story-telling or watching Ricky bull something: a Sunday-afternoon ride with Pammy and me on bicycles and Ricky piloting us...or a long hike to see our chickens, with fre- quent stops to observe the wonders of na- ture, such as an intricately woven spider web...or a little show of their parents to whom they turn. We show them we're with them every step of the way. Enjoy them—relax and have good times.

Maybe I feel so strongly about this need for a secure childhood because my father and mother separated when I was 16 months old. My father took my brother and sisters, and my grandfather took my parents and with my mother when she could afford a place of our own. Later she remarried and I had a stepbrother. And it has always seemed to me to earn my living...to have children? I hope not. Most parents are separated at the ear- rising of their youngsters, but Richard and I lived with our parents, and I was set up early when we were working. So we both breakfasted together at 6:30. It's a long day until 7 or so for a brief daytime before we go to bed...to eat...to be working easy. Though Van Johnson once described me as "the froggy voice as "your million-dollar co"
tell what picture I'm in by watching me. If it's a comedy I go around making what I fondly hope are gags; if a musical I'll dance instead of walk; if I'm portraying a doctor I'm a crisp Dr. Allyson, day and night.

And that reminded me how worried I used to be about my health—hypochondric June, they called me. My medicine chest was a forest of bottles and pills. I'd rush to the doctor with every little ailment and imagined symptom. But my children helped me overcome such anxiety. Because children rely on you so completely and because you're so busy taking care of them and a household, you simply haven't time to be concerned about yourself. That's the best remedy for too much self-concern—motherhood. Of course, everyone knows that getting interested in someone—or something—is the best remedy for grief, for shyness and loneliness.

But when I suddenly needed to get rid of my appendix, I had to go to the hospital. It didn't frighten the children because Richard was with them. And when he became so dreadfully ill (our darkest hour), I was with them. I found the strength through prayer to bear up during those nervous days when his life hung in the balance; he underwent two emergency operations and even when he felt he wouldn't make it. I just had to bear up—for the children's sake. It was difficult but I kept my fear from showing. And I think I succeeded because when Richard was brought home, pale and weak, Pammy stood by his bed, took his hand in hers and said softly, 'You been sick, Daddy?' Richard grinned. 'I know you wouldn't want me to stay in that old hospital because it's much better here at home. This is the best place in the whole world.'

So is it any wonder that I can't keep the glow out of my face when I see our children—or any children? I'm consumed with excitement and curiosity as I observe each new step in their growth. Right now Pam is listening to news commentators and asking intelligent questions. A year ago Ricky spoke only two words, 'India' and 'Balboa.' Where he got them I never knew. Today he goes on like a magpie. I know they are eager to do more, anxious to be big, excited to find out, thrilled when they've mastered right or left or stopping short on a tricycle. And I hope I'll never lose my interest and eagerness to help them grow along the way. Even when some decades later, suitably attired in a matron's chiffon dress and fluffy hat, I'll happily attend two lovely June garden weddings!
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>EXCELLENT</th>
<th>VERY GOOD</th>
<th>GOOD</th>
<th>FAIR</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A-ADULTS</td>
<td>F-FAMILY</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**AFRICA ADVENTURE—RKO, Technicolor:** Amiable, rambling record of a safari made by columnists Robert C. Ruark. (F) November

**AIDA—FL.E.B., Ferranieri:** Satisfying version of Verdi’s opera about the love of a captive Ethiopian princess and an Egyptian general. Handsome players do the acting; voices of opera stars are neatly dubbed in. (F) November

**BAREFOOT CONTESSA, THE—U.A., Technicolor:** Strange, absorbing, frequently witty story of a Spanish dancer who becomes a Hollywood star. Ava Gardner is the girl, hopelessly seeking the right man; Humphrey Bogart is her loyal friend, a director. (A) December

**BENGAL BRIGADE—U-I, Technicolor:** As a dashing British officer, Rock Hudson opposes a rebellion in India of the last century, is loved by aristocrat Arlene Dahl and by a native (Ursula Thiess). Oriental-style Western. (F) December

**BETRAYED—M-G-M, Eastman Color:** Exhilaratingly alive, the most convincing thriller of World War II. Lana Turner, Clark Gable, Vic Mature are Dutch underground agents. (F) October

**BLACK DAKOTAS, THE—Columbia, Technicolor:** The Civil War goes west in a lively horse opera. Confederate spy Gary Merrill tries to put the Sioux on the warpath. Southerner Wanda Hendrix loves a Union man. (F) December

**BLACK SHIELD OF FALWORTH, THE—U-I, CinemaScope, Technicolor:** Tony Curtis attains knighthood to avenge his family, save England, win Janet Leigh. (F) October

**BREAD, LOVE AND DREAMS—Titanus:** leisurely, charming Italian film about village romances (titles in English). Luxuriant, boyish look of Gina Lollobrigida attracts lonely Vittorio De Sica, a police marshal. (A) December

**BRIGADOON—M-G-M, CinemaScope, Anselmo Color:** Near-copy of the Broadway hit, a musical fantasy. Americans Gene Kelly and Van Johnson narrate a mysterious Scottish village where Cyd Charisse and others guard a secret. (F) November

**BULLET IS WAITING, A—Columbia, Technicolor:** Too-talky suspense film. Rory Calhoun, alleged killer, and sheriff Steve McNally invade Jean Simmons’ isolated ranch. (F) October

**DAWN AT SOCORRO—U-I, Technicolor:** Slightly pretentious Western. Rory Calhoun tries to retire from gunfighting and rescue Piper Laurie from a life of sin. (F) October

**DETECTIVE, THE—Columbia:** As a priest turned sleuth, Alec Guinness trails thief Peter Finch in a quaint English movie. (F) November

**DRAGNET—Warners, WarnerColor:** Jack Webb and Ben Alexander solve a gangland killing in their daggled, tv-famed style. Skilled acting throughout; realistic details. (F) November

**EGYPTIAN, THE—U-I, CinemaScope, De Luxe Color:** Plenty of spectacle; lots of plot. Edmund Purdom is the Pharaoh’s physician; Jean Simmons, his humble sweetheart; Victor Mature, an ambitious military man. (F) November

**FIRE OVER AFRICA—Columbia, Technicolor:** Colorful backgrounds, filmed on location, highlight a wildly melodramatic yarn of smugglers in North Africa. Agent Maureen O’Hara tangles with a shady American adventurer (Mardonald Carey). (F) December

**FOUR GUNS TO THE BORDER—U-I, Technicolor:** Rory Calhoun plots a bank robbery, woos Colleen Miller and fights Indians in a vigorous Western. With George Nader. (F) December

**HANSEL AND GRETEL—RKO, Technicolor:** Puppets of a new and captivating design out the opera about two children lost in a forest, menaced by a fearsome witch. Very young movie fans should be spellbound. (F) December

**HIGH AND DRY—Rank, U-I:** Pleasing British whimsy. As a high-pressure American tycoon, Paul Douglas gets the worst of a business deal with a pixie Scottish skipper. (F) November

**HUMAN DESIRE—Columbia:** Mournful tale of passion and murder. Glenn Ford’s enmired by Gloria Grahame, a married woman. (A) November

**HUMAN JUNGLE, THE—Allied Artists:** Plenty of cops-and-robbers excitement. Gary Merrill cleans up the toughest precinct in town, opposed chiefly by hoodlum Chuck Connors and B-girl Jan Sterling. (F) December

**LITTLE KIDNAPPERS, THE—Rank, U.A.:** Delightful story of Nova Scotian settlers. Two orphan boys are adopted by their stern grandpa, Adrienne Corri’s a winsome heroine, in a forbidden romance. (F) October

**LITTLEST OUTLAW, THE—Disney, Technicolor:** Pleasant child-and-animal yarn, filmed in Mexico. Young Andres Velasquez steals a beloved horse that’s been mistreated. (F) October

**NAKED ALIBI—U-I:** Modest action film. Aided by Gloria Grahame, ex-cop Sterling Hayden seeks the crook who got him fired. (F) November

**OPERATION MANHUNT—U.A.:** Unusual suspense movie. Igor Gouzenko (Harry Townes) one-time Soviet Embassy clerk now living incognito in Canada, is approached by another Russian, who pretends a yearning for freedom. It’s a Red plot against Gouzenko’s life. (F) December

**REAR WINDOW—Paramount, Technicolor:** Ingenious thriller. Wheelchair-bound, James Stewart spies on city neighbors, suspects one murder. Grace Kelly’s his sweetheart; Wendell Corey, a detective. (F) October

**ROGUE COP—M-G-M:** Detective Bob Taggart regrets his sell-out to the rackets when the life of kid brother Steve Forrest is threatened. Jane Leigh’s a night-club singer romanced by both brothers. Fast-paced, slick. (F) November

**SABRINA—Paramount:** Audrey Hepburn’s a charmer as a chauffeur’s daughter in a sly comedy-romance. Bill Holden’s a playboy; Bogart a suave Wall Streeter. (F) October

**SHELTER FOR MURDER—U.A.:** As a ruthless police detective, Edmund O’Brien tries to get away with murder and murder, deceiving fence Marla English and pal John Agar. (F) November

**STEEL CAGE, THE—U.A.:** Off-beat prison picture. As Warden Duffy of San Quentin, Paul Kelly presents three stories about convicts—comedy, suspense and then irony. (F) November

**SUDDENLY—U.A.:** Frank Sinatra’s a psychopathic gunman hired to kill the President of the U. S.; Sterling Hayden, a doughty local cop. Moderate degree of tension. (F) October

**THREE HOURS TO KILL—Columbia, Technicolor:** Taut, straightforward Western with unexpected angles. Bent on vengeance, Dana Andrews returns to the town where he was nearly lynched, Donna Reed his ex-sweetheart; Dianne Foster, a breezy friend. (A) December

**WHITE CHRISTMAS—Paramount, Vista Vision, Technicolor:** Likable tune-film with a dazzle-star-studded quartet. Ex-GI’s Bing Crosby and Danny Kaye use their show-business success to aid their former general. Rosemary Clooney and Vera-Ellen provide romance. (F) December

**WOMAN’S WORLD—20th:** CinemaScope, Technicolor:** Romantic comedy about big business. Considering Cornel Wilde, Fred MacMurray and Van Heflin for a top job, Clifton Webb bases his choice on the behavior of his wives: June Allyson, Lauren Bacall, and Arlene Dahl. Laughs and luscious New York settings. (F) December
Kotex now comes in this soft grey package

Selected by thousands of women as first choice of many designs — this new Kotex® package reflects the quality you've learned to trust. For Kotex gives you the complete absorbency you need . . . the softness you're sure of.

Kotex holds its shape, keeps its comfortable fit. Moreover, this is the only leading napkin with flat pressed ends to prevent revealing outlines. So look for the new Kotex package — soft grey, with a graceful K, symbol of highest quality.

Your choice of three sizes. Regular—blue panel; Junior—green panel; Super—rose panel. And with Kotex you'll want a new Kotex belt. They go together for perfect comfort.
There are three Breck Shampoos for three different hair conditions. You will enjoy using a Breck Shampoo because it is gentle in action and not drying to the hair. There are three Breck Shampoos. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. The next time you buy a shampoo, select the Breck Shampoo for your individual hair condition. A Breck Shampoo will leave your hair soft, fragrant and beautiful.

The Three Breck Shampoos are available at Beauty Shops, Drug Stores, Department Stores and wherever cosmetics are sold.
NEW — FANCY PANTS

ANT A DIVORCE...”

Dale Robertson's Tragic Story Revealed

ANN BLYTH is just what the Doctor ordered!

Doris Day
That Ivory Look

Young America has it...
You can have it in 7 days!

Babies have That Ivory Look... shouldn't you?
The milder the beauty soap, the prettier your skin.
And Ivory is mild enough for a baby's skin... so right for your complexion, too.

That Ivory Look for you in 7 days.
Simply change to regular care and pure, mild Ivory Soap. In one week your complexion will look fresher, clearer—actually younger.

You get 4 cakes of Personal Size Ivory for about the same cost as 3 cakes of other leading toilet soaps.

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap
HGH1S
HGAV
the
BESTIASTING
wav
Destroys
hidden
decay
and
bad-breath
bacteria
Wonder-ingredient WD-9
in new-formula Ipana
Tooth Paste is so effective
that it destroys most mouth
bacteria with every single
brushing. Your family's
teeth get the decay-fighting
protection they need.

Beats all other leading brands
in taste tests
New-formula Ipana is the best-tasting
way to fight tooth decay . . . stop bad
breath all day. That was proved after
3888 “hidden-name” taste tests. So taste
Ipana yourself today . . . enjoy it . . .
trust your family's precious teeth to it. At
all drug counters now in the familiar yel-
low and red-striped carton.

FIGHTS DECAY the BEST-TASTING way

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

Ipna...a...a...ah!

Ipna A/C Tooth Paste (Ammoniated Chlorophyll) also contains bacteria-destroyer WD-9 (Sodium Lauryl Sulfate).
NEW!

DOCTOR'S  

DEODORANT  

DISCOVERY*  

SAFELY STOPS ODOR  

24 HOURS A DAY!  

Proved in underarm comparison tests made by a doctor. Deodorant without M-3, tested under one arm, stopped perspiration odor only a few hours. New Mum with M-3, tested under other arm, stopped odor a full 24 hours.

New Mum with M-3 won't irritate normal skin or damage fabrics

1. *Exclusive deodorant based originally on doctor's discovery, now contains long-lasting M-3 (Hexachlorophene).

2. Stops odor all day long because invisible M-3 dries to your skin—keeps on destroying odor bacteria a full 24 hours.

3. Non-irritating to normal skin. Use it daily. Only leading deodorant containing no strong chemical astringents—will not block pores.

4. Won't rot or discolor fabrics—certified by American Institute of Laundering.

5. Delicate new fragrance. Creamier texture—new Mum won't dry out in the jar.

NEW MUM® cream deodorant with long-lasting M-3  
(Hexachlorophene)  
A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

HIGHLIGHTS  

"Carmen Jones"  31  
Fancy Pants (Inside Stuff)  33  
There's a Girl Called Virginia (Virginia Mayo)  34  
My Daughter Was Ready for Marriage (Pier Angeli)  37  
“I Want a Divorce..." (Dale Robertson)  38  
Just What the Doctor Ordered (Ann Blyth)  40  
That Crackerjack-of-all-Trades, Calhoun (Rory Calhoun)  42  
Lady Is a Go-Getter (Grace Kelly)  45  
“Glass Slipper” (Leslie Caron)  46  
If You Like What You Love You're in Luck (Doris Day)  49  
Get With It, Kids!  51  
Kirk's Island of Safety (Kirk Douglas)  52  
Vaguely Wonderful (Elizabeth Taylor)  55  
Cupid on the Rampage (Sheilah Graham)  56  
The Case of the Vanquished Bachelor (James Stewart)  61  
Hollywood Has Designs on You  62  
Photoplay Star Fashions  65  
Make It at a Penny Bank Price  92

STARS IN FULL COLOR  

Janet Leigh 32  Barbara Rush 33  Grace Kelly 44  
Cyd Charisse 32  Virginia Mayo 35  Leslie Caron 46  
Lori Nelson 32  Michael Wilding 46  
Liz Taylor 33  Dale Robertson 39  Tony Curtis 59  
Arlene Dahl 33  Ann Blyth 41  Kirk Douglas 53

SPECIAL EVENTS  

The Hollywood Story, Shirley Thomas 4  Hollywood Parties  Edith Gwynn 16  
Impertinent Interview  Readers Inc.  18  Rock Hudson  Mike Connolly 8  Let's Go to the Movies  Janet Graves 21  
Laughing Stock  Erskine Johnson 29

PHOTOPLAY  

February, 1955 • FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

Cover: Color Portrait of Doris Day, currently in Warners' "Young at Heart," by Stor. Other color picture credits on page 86

EDITORIAL STAFF  
Ann Higginbotham—Editor  
Ann Mosher—Supervising Editor  
Evelyn Savidge Pain—Managing Editor  

ART STAFF  
Ron Taylor—Art Director  
Norman Schoenfeld—Assistant Art Director

FASHION STAFF  
Lillian Lang—Fashion Director  
Hermine Cantor—Fashion Editor

HOLLYWOOD  
Sylvia Wallace—Editor  
Contributing Editors: Maxine Arnold, Jerry Asher, Beverly Otta, Ruth Waterbury  
Photographer: Phil Stern

February, 1955  
Vol. 47, No. 2


Published every month at the rate of $2.00 per year, U. S. and Possessions. Canada $2.50 per year, $4.00 per year all other countries. 

Change of Address: 6 weeks' notice essential. When possible, please furnish stencil-impression address from a recent issue. Address change can be made only if you have your old as well as your new address. 

Issued under the provisions of the copyright laws of the United States of America. Stolen copies are the responsibility of the purchaser. The publisher cannot be responsible for loss or damage. It is advisable to keep a duplicate copy for your records. Only material accompanied to stamp and self-addressed envelope will be returned.

Copyright 1955 by Macfadden Publications, Inc. All rights reserved. Printed in U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company.
THE MOST TALKED-ABOUT STAR...
THE BEAUTIFUL ACTRESS OF MANY HITS,
NOW IN HER MOST EXCITING PERFORMANCE
IN A NEW ROMANTIC ADVENTURE!

STEWART
GRANGER

GRACE
KELLY

PAUL
DOUGLAS

IN M-G-M’s ACTION-HIT FILMED IN SOUTH AMERICAN WILDS IN COLOR AND
CINEMASCOPE

GREEN FIRE

AN M-G-M PICTURE CO-STARRING JOHN ERICSON WITH MURVYN VYE - IVAN GOFF AND BEN ROBERTS
WRITTEN FOR THE SCREEN BY EASTMAN COLOR - ANDREW MARTON - ARMAND DEUTSCH
PHOTOGRAPHED IN DIRECTED BY PRODUCED BY
NOW! to hold your hair softly in place...all day!

a hair spray with NO LACQUER

new, never stiffens your hair

for all you women who've turned up your pretty noses at a hair spray

If you like what a hair fixative does, but not the way it does it, here, at last, is a hair spray "made to order" for you.

There's not a drop of lacquer in Helene Curtis Super Soft spray net. It's a miracle of almost-nothingness that holds your hair in place so softly you won't know you've used a fixative. Yet your hair was never so perfectly behaved!

And during the day, you can freshen your hairdo with just a damp comb. No need to re-spray. ...Super Soft spray net renews itself! It brushes out instantly, rinses out in plain water.

Try this soft answer to the problem of wandering waves, wispy curls. It never stiffens your hair, never dries it. And it really works!

SUPER SOFT OR REGULAR
Gland Economy Size $1.89. Both prices plus tax.

Regular SPRAY NET is wonderful, too... but for different reasons

If your hair is thick and hard to manage, or if you wear elaborate hairdos, you'll bless the more persuasive control of Regular SPRAY NET. The finest of its kind...favorite of millions!

THE HOLLYWOOD STORY

by Shirley Thomas
NBC's Hollywood Correspondent

For the past few days the young man had been brooding.

Maybe he should have stayed in the Army. There your decisions were made for you. But even he had to laugh at that one. He went back over some of the decisions he had made in the Army—split-second conclusions, decisions that affected his life and those of his comrades. No decisions in the Army? That was a joke.

But those decisions seemed easy now. They didn't involve going back on a promise you had made to yourself and had sworn to keep; they didn't mean swallowing your pride; they didn't mean exposing yourself to a strange new world where you felt ill at ease and out of place. He wouldn't do it—and that was final.

And yet there was his brother, who asked him to do it; there were his friends. He'd do most anything in the world for them, if only it didn't require that he return to Hollywood. He'd had it. He remembered it all too well. The weeks he had sat around, collecting a salary, doing nothing. Speech lessons, voice lessons, acting and singing and walking and fencing—and all the time he felt like a fool. He appreciated everything they were doing for him and he knew he could act certain parts—roles that were close to his own experience.

He'd never make the grade as a Shakespearean performer and he would never feel at home in some of those costume pictures. But put him in a

continued on page 6
Tomorrow, the deadlest mission ... tonight, the greatest love!

Two of today's most exciting stars teamed in a love story you'll remember forever!

THE BRIDGES AT TOKO-RI

A Perberg-Seaton production
in color by
TECHNICOLOR

The mighty love and adventure drama from the novel
that millions thrilled to in LIFE magazine by
James A. Michener, Pulitzer Prize winning
author of "South Pacific!"

starring

WILLIAM HOLDEN
GRACE KELLY
FREDRIC MARCH
MICKEY ROONEY

With ROBERT STRAUSS • CHARLES McGRAW • KEIKO AWAJI
Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG and GEORGE SEATON • Directed by MARK ROBSON
Screenplay by VALENTINE DAVIES • From the Novel by James A. Michener • A Paramount Picture

WORLD PREMIERE AT NEW YORK'S RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
AND SOON IN LEADING THEATRES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY!
Western setting that he knew well or an action picture and he might get by. Finally, bored to death with all the lessons, tired of the inaction, of testing for parts he never got, he threw up his hands and headed for home.

Back home he toyed with the idea of going into some business for himself. And then his friends had told him of a movie. The profits would go to the Variety Clubs, would help them build more boys' clubs, more orphanages—like the one where his brother had stayed and had been given such excellent care.

Since coming back from the war, he had read enough and seen enough to know what juvenile delinquency meant. Hundreds, maybe thousands, of boys might be guided in the proper path with the money from the movie.

Okay, so he'd eat a little crow. It wasn't a dish he liked, but he could get it down. After all, it was just for one picture. So the young man said yes to the deal and returned to Hollywood. "Bad Boy" was a hit and he signed with Universal-International, which gave him the kind of parts, like Destry, he could play—and that made him a star. In helping others, he helped himself. That's why the decision to do "one for his brother" will always be remembered by Audie Murphy.

The End

Listen to Shirley Thomas from Hollywood on NBC Radio in the Pacific coast area at 5:30 p.m., PST Sundays. Also to Shirley Thomas Reports on Weekend, 5-7 a.m., EST Sundays, over NBC Radio. Consult your local newspaper for time and station.
FRANK SINATRA

Another sensation-role for Sinatra, dream-teamed with Doris and presented by WARNER BROS!

"Young at Heart"

in

"You Gotta Sing 'em as CAN! 'TIL MY LOVE COMES TO ME' 'YOU MY LOVE' 'JUST ONE OF THOSE THINGS' 'ONE FOR MY BABY' 'SOMEONE TO WATCH OVER ME' 'YOUNG AT HEART' 'HOLD ME IN YOUR ARMS' 'THERE'S A RISING MOON' 'READY WILLING AND ABLE'

Doris and Frank Sing 'em as ONLY THEY CAN!

Nobody knew what Barney would do next—and she didn’t care, just so he did it with her!

Another sensation-role for Sinatra, dream-teamed with Doris and presented by WARNER BROS!

GIG YOUNG ETHEL BARRYMORE DOROTHY MALONE

with ROBERT KEITH

screen play by JULIUS J. EPSTEIN and LENORE COFFEE • print by TECHNICOLOR • produced by HENRY BLANKE • directed by GORDON DOUGLAS • presented by WARNER BROS.

and watch for WARNER BROS: spectacular filming of Thomas B. Costain's famed best-seller "THE SILVER CHALICE"—in CINEMASCOPE and WARNERCOLOR A VICTOR SAVILLE PRODUCTION
“How do you like being coupled romantically with girls that are simply friends?” I asked Rock Hudson. The question was prompted by the many magazine and gossip column items linking Rock romantically with the Countess Maria Cicogne, Betty Abbott, Phyllis Gates, Joan Crawford and many more.

Rock was quite vehement. “I hate rumors of any kind—about myself or about anyone else,” he told me. “It’s kid stuff. The stories are so ridiculous and so unnecessary. All a reporter has to do with me if he wants the truth is to pick up the phone and call me. The studio will always put him through to me, if he is an accredited Hollywood correspondent. And I will always level with him—or her.”

As an example of how even the most innocent-appearing rumors can become ridiculous, and sometimes even ugly, Rock cited the instance of the studio publicity man who wanted to find an easy way of turning down a television producer’s request. He asked the studio to let Rock do a personal appearance on TV to plug Rock’s new movie and, incidentally, the producer’s product. The publicity man took a deep breath, reached ‘way out, and then said to the producer, “Rock has put on an awful lot of weight in the past few months and is too fat to appear on TV.” The producer passed the publicity man’s tall one along to a newspaperman. The newspaperman could have easily ascertained that Rock, all six-foot-four of him, weighed a lean-and-lanky 187 pounds at the time; instead he went ahead and printed Rock was fat, comparing the star to Mario Lanza. The TV show was called off because of the rumor and a producer at M-G-M giving credence to the falsehood, was talked out of trying to borrow Rock from his home studio, U-I, for a big movie.

“That was bad enough,” Rock said, “but not long after that incident a columnist printed a story that Betty Abbott caught me dining in a restaurant in Ireland with the Countess Maria Cicogne and become so infuriated at finding us together that she flew back to America! May I tell you the real truth about this incident—and also the true sequence of events? It goes like this: “A few days after we finished shooting ‘Captain Lightfoot’ in Ireland I threw a dinner party for Betty, who’d been script girl on the picture, and Barbara Rush, the film’s co-star, at Les Ambassadeurs, a London club. Betty flew back to Hollywood. Her job was finished. The studio wanted her back in Hollywood to work on another picture there.

“Not long after that I visited Venice and met the Countess Maria. It was in Venice that I dined with the Countess. So how could Betty have caught us dining out together when Betty had long since gone home? As for a romance with the Countess, there was none.”

Rock is always amazed at each new rumor. That’s because he is so honest with himself. There is one rumor, however, that he kind of enjoys. That’s the one, and this I must confess I passed along to him at the end of our very pleasant interview, that he’s rumored to be one of the brightest and longest reigning stars in the Hollywood heavens.
An Opportunity You Mustn't Miss!

CHOOSE any 3 books on this page for only $1.00. This big introductory bargain is offered as a demonstration of the great book values which you enjoy as a member of the famous Dollar Book Club.

Save up to 75% on New Best-Sellers [compared with prices of publishers' editions] imagine—the same new books costing up to $5.95 in publishers' editions come to Club members for only $1 each! The biggest hits by top authors like Daphne du Maurier, Thomas B. Costain, Frank Yerby, Frances Parkinson Keyes, and many more, have come to members at this low $1 price. Occasionally, extra-value selections at $1.49 are offered. All are full-size, hard-bound books.

In addition, the Club frequently offers other desirable books . . . useful homemaking volumes . . . beautifully illustrated books . . . valuable reference volumes . . . at special Club prices which save you up to 75%. But you take only the books you want—and you do not have to take one every month. You may take as few as six $1 books a year!

Send No Money—Just Mail Coupon Receive any 3 books you choose from this page (for only $1, plus a small shipping charge. Two books are your gift for joining, and one is your first selection. Thereafter, you will receive regularly the Club's Bulletin, which describes the forthcoming selections.

If not delighted with your introductory Three-Book bargain package—return all books and your membership will be cancelled without further obligation. Mail the coupon now.

Doubleday Dollar Book Club
Garden City, New York.

MAIL THIS COUPON
Doubleday Dollar Book Club, Dept. 2TSG, Garden City, New York

Please enroll me as a Dollar Book Club member. Send me at once my first selection the 3 books checked below—and bill me only $1 FOR ALL 3, plus a small shipping charge.

☐ American Captain
☐ The Devil's Laughter
☐ Modern Family Cook Book
☐ Blue Hurricane
☐ Gone With The Wind
☐ Not As A Stranger
☐ Desirée
☐ Lord Vanity
☐ The Royal Box

Also send my first issue of The Bulletin, telling me about the forthcoming one-dollar book selections and other bargains for members. I may notify you in advance if I do not wish the following month's selections. I do not have to accept a book every month—only six a year. I pay nothing except $1 for each selection I accept, plus a small shipping charge (unless I choose an extra-value selection). A MESSAGE TO OUR CONTESTANTS: If not delighted return all books in 7 days and membership will be cancelled.

Mr. Mrs. Miss
Print
Address
City & Zone State

In Canada, selection price $1.10 plus shipping address Doubleday Book Club, 102 Bond St., Toronto 2. Offer good in U. S. & Canada only.
I wish Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher don’t make a picture together for quite a while. Don’t think it will be good for Debbie and Eddie personally, even if the movie is a giant hit. ... Ava Gardner likes to walk barefooted around the house. Did it long before she was the Contessa. ... Even in the movies you never see an actress putting on lipstick without looking into the mirror. They do many impossible things in pictures, but they wouldn’t attempt to make an audience believe this! ... Piper Laurie still seems a bit bewildered by the fact she is a movie star. ... When Terry Moore was asked why she keeps working, studying, rushing from place to place, dating, etc., she replied: “A long time ago I was given the advice that it’s better to wear out than rust out.” ... People I never thought were interested in Academy Awards tell me that Marlon Brando should win the Oscar for “On the Waterfront.” I’ll be pulling for him all the way. ... Even on CineScope they can’t make a football game look real in the movies. It just can’t be staged. ... There’s Rock and Tab and Race, but I appreciate Wayne because he manages to remain popular, with such an ordinary first name as John. ... I’ve watched Joan Crawford knit while watching a movie. Joan is a frantic knitter and does it while doing everything. ... Monty Clift doesn’t object to appearing in a movie that is about something. “I believe,” says Monty, “there is an audience that wants to escape from the escapes.”

Marilyn Monroe’s favorite singer, bar none, is Ella Fitzgerald. The Monroe has Fitzgerald records on tap at home and in her dressing room. ... I like Tony Curtis’ eagerness because it has sincerity. ... At M-G-M I heard Elizabeth Taylor say to her poodle: “Listen, you’re going to walk there—even if I have to carry you.”

I don’t think Grace Kelly is as difficult to understand as most people would have you believe. She’s a smart chick—pardon me, lady! ... Wonder whose records Vic Damone played when he was romancing his bride, Pier Angeli? ... I don’t know of an actress who looks sexier dancing on celluloid than Cyd Charisse. She comes on strong! M-G-M should come on stronger with her! ... I like the way June Allyson and Dick Powell smile at each other at parties. ... Lauren Bacall told me: “When I first started going with Bogey, I couldn’t last as long at parties as he did. Now he often goes home before I do. Progress, Buster, progress.” ... Jean Simmons shouldn’t be so bright, she’s too beautiful. ... It’s difficult for me to realize that Doris Day is being Ruth Etting and Susan Hayward is being Lillian Roth. Yet it shouldn’t be difficult for me, who welcomed Larry Parks as Al Jolson and Keeve Brasselle as Eddie Cantor. ... Any movie star giving a sustained performance in a stage play still surprises me. ... I’d love to be listening, unobserved, to one of the Audrey Hepburn-Mel Ferrer discussions about the theatre, the movies and acting. ... I’m told that after Mitzi Gaynor gave new husband Jack Bean a TV set for the bedroom, she attached a note reading: “I guess there’ll be no sleeping with you now.” ... I liked it when Burt Lancaster mentioned it during a conversation: “A pessimist is a fellow who is worried that the optimist may be right.”

Bob Mitchum consistently is the most outspoken, and honestly so, actor. ... This Janet Leigh is becoming a character. A girl friend phoned and asked if she’d sing at her wedding. “I’d love to,” answered Janet, “but I’m working so hard; I’m so busy, maybe next time.” And that’s Hollywood for you.
Which is your hair problem?

Hair too dry?
Oh, lady, you need SUAVE! No other hairdressing turns dry hair shimmery-soft so quickly... or gives it such healthy-looking glow—thanks to SUAVE's amazing new greaseless lanolin.

Hard to manage?
SUAVE hairdressing makes hair comb instantly into just the arrangement you want. Leaves hair so silky, so free of oily film—for SUAVE is truly greaseless. Nothing works like Helene Curtis SUAVE!

Won't stay in place?
No other hairdressing keeps hair in place so softly and naturally. No stickiness, no oiliness... no "hard" look. No wispy ends, floppy curls. With Helene Curtis SUAVE, hair obeys new soft way.

Dull, no shine?
A kiss of SUAVE, and right away you have glowing, lovely hair. It's sparkly as it ought to be—and all without oily look or feel. Your hair has highlights to be proud of!

Brittle, abused?
SUAVE conditions sorry-looking hair new non-greasy way, protects against hair woes. Gives hair satiny softness... helps hair take a better wave.

HELENE CURTIS
Suave
HAIRDRESSING & CONDITIONER
NEW—WITH AMAZING GREASELESS LANOLIN

Solves hair problems instantly!
New, Improved SUAVE brings you a revolutionary Helene Curtis discovery—greaseless lanolin! Now—in SUAVE—get the famous benefits of lanolin without oily look and feel! Let New, Improved SUAVE solve your hair problem... today! 59¢ and 1 (plus tax)
It's Elastic and Nylon!

Introducing

Playtex Living Bra

"Custom contoured" to flatter, feel and fit as if fashioned for you alone!

See it—you'll want it! Wear it—you'll love it! The Playtex Living Bra uses elastic and nylon in a new way, to g-i-v-e with your every motion... to I-i-v-e as you live. Exclusive criss-cross design lifts your loveliness, contours your curves, rounds and raises as no bra ever before. For the first time in bra history, you can enjoy utmost uplift in utmost comfort. You'll see the beautiful difference... feel the comfortable difference!

Look for Playtex Living Bra

in the heavenly blue package at department stores and specialty shops everywhere.

In gleaming WHITE, wonderfully washable—without ironing! Sizes 32A—40C—$3.95

©1954 International Latex Corporation... PLAYTEX PARK... Dover Del
In Canada: Playtex Ltd. ... PLAYTEX PARK... Arnprior, Ont.

BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for months indicated. For this month's full reviews, see page 21.

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

A—ADULTS  F—FAMILY

★★★★ AIDA—L.F.E., Ferraniascolor: Satisfying version of Verdi's opera about the love of a captive Ethiopian princess and an Egyptian general. Handsome players do the acting; voices of opera stars are neatly dubbed in. (F) November

★★★★ BAREFOOT CONTESSA—THE—U.A., Technicolor: Strange, absorbing, frequently witty story of a Spanish dancer who becomes a Hollywood star. Ava Gardner is the girl, hopelessly seeking the right man; Humphrey Bogart is her loyal friend, a director. (A) December


★★★★ BEAU BRUMMELL—M-G-M, Technicolor: Handsome, stately historical romance, with Stewart Granger as the 19th century English dandy. Liz Taylor's his high-born beloved. (F) January

★★★★ BENGAL BRIGADE—U-I, Technicolor: As a dazzling British officer, Rock Hudson opposes a rebellion in India of the last century, is loved by aristocrat Arlene Dahl and by a native (Ursula Thiess). Oriental-style Western. (F) December


★★★★ BLACK WIDOW—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Glittery whoodle about New York cafe society. Van Heffin, Ginger Rogers are involved in a young girl's murder. (A) January

★★★★ CARMEN JONES—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Brilliant, unusual musical, set in America's South. Dorothy Dandridge, as the temptress, and Harry Belafonte, as the soldier she ruins, head an all-Negro cast. (A) January

★★★★ COUNTRY GIRL, THE—Paramount: Strong theme, intelligent acting. Bing Crosby fights alcoholism to try a stage comeback, aided by wife Grace Kelly and Bill Holden. (A) January

★★★★ CREST OF THE WAVE—M-G-M; A story of American and British Navy men working together on dangerous torpedo experiments rouses laughs, tension. With Gene Kelly. (F) January

★★★★ DETECTIVE, THE—Columbia: As a priest turned sleuth, Alec Guinness trails thieft Peter Finch in a quaint English movie. (F) November

★★★★ DRUMBEAT—Warner's; CinemaScope, WarnerColor: Lively Indian-fighting yarn. Alan Ladd and Robert Taylor as a peace commissioner subdueing rebel warriors, wooing Audrey Dalton. (F) January

★★★★ FOUR GUNS TO THE BORDER—U-I, Technicolor: Rory Calhoun plots a bank robbery, woo Collleen Meadow and fights Indians in a vigorous Western. With George Nader. (F) December

★★★★ HANSEL AND GRETEL—RKO, Technicolor: Puppets of a new and captivating design act out the opera about two children lost in a forest, menaced by a fearsome witch. Very young movie fans should be spellbound. (F) December

(Continued on page 14)
When other girls of her age were out with their boy friends of a Saturday night, Marilyn sat home with Rover. Good, old faithful Rover... he didn't mind the trouble* that put Marilyn in wrong wherever she went.

Even your best friend won't tell you

The insidious thing about *halitosis (unpleasant breath) is that you, yourself, seldom realize you're guilty of it... and even your best friend won't tell you.

You needn't be a wallflower

Why risk offending needlessly? And why trust to lesser precautions that deodorize only momentarily? Why not let Listerine Antiseptic look after your breath with that wonderful germ-killing action? Listerine instantly stops bad breath and keeps it stopped usually for hours on end... four times better than any tooth paste.

No tooth paste kills odor germs like this... instantly

Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste does. Listerine instantly kills bacteria... by millions—stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end.

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

Listerine clinically proved

4 times better than tooth paste

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against? Make it a habit to always gargle Listerine, the most widely used antiseptic in the world.

Listerine Antiseptic

STOPS BAD BREATH

4 times better than any tooth paste
defies... absolutely defies chipping!

Pound a typewriter. Play a piano. Put your hands in water, time and time again!

Amazing new Chip-proof Cutex, made exclusively with Enamelon, absolutely defies chipping and peeling! Actually lasts from one week to the next!

Tests prove even nail polishes that cost over twice the price cannot out-wear this revolutionary new Cutex formula!

Keeps fingertips always beautifully groomed—always glowing with color! In the safe Spillpruf bottle, 25¢.

why pay more?

CUTEX

Prices plus tax.

BRIEF REVIEWS
Continued from page 12

HIGH AND DRY—Rank, U-I: Pleasing British whimsy. As a high-pressure American tycoon, Paul Douglas gets the worst of a business deal with a pixie Scottish skipper. (F) November

HUMAN DESIRE—Columbia; Mournful tab of passion and murder. Glenn Ford's ensnared lady December

LITTLE KIDNAPPERS, THE—Rank, U-I: Delightful story of Nova Scotian Two orphan boys are adopted by their stern grandpas. Adrienne Corri's a winsome heroine, in a forbidden romance. (F) October

NAKED ALIBI—U-I: Modest action film. Allied by Gloria Grahame, ex-cop Sterling Hayden seeks the crook who got him fired. (F) November

PHIFFT—Columbia; Judy Holliday and Jack Lemmon expertly portray a divorced pair who grimly try to lead gay single lives. Slight but smoothly done farce. (A) January

ROGUE COP—M-G-M: Detective Bob Taylor regrets his sell-out to the rackets when the life of his friend brother Steve Forrest is threatened. Janet Leigh's a night-club singer. (F) November

ROMEO AND JULIET—U-A.: Beautiful, absorbing English version of Shakespeare's play, shot in Italy. Youthful Susan Shentall, Laurence Harvey are lovers parted by a feud. (F) January

SHIELD FOR MURDER—U-A.: A ruthless private detective, Edmond O'Brien tries to get away with robbery and murder, deceiving fiancée Marla English and pal John Agar. (F) November

STAR IS BORN, A—Warner; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Judy Garland and James Mason are excellent as a rising film star and her alcoholic husband. Dazzling music-drama. (F) January

THIS IS MY LOVE—RKO, Pathe Color: Suspense film about tangled emotions leading to murder. Spinster Linda Darnell plots to take Richard Jason away from Faith Domergue. (A) January

THREE HOURS TO KILL—Columbia, Technicolor. Taut, straightforward Western with unexpected angles. Bent on vengeance, Dana Andrews returns to the town where he was nearly lynched. With Donna Reed. (A) December

THREE RING CIRCUS—Walls, Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Martin and Lewis create a fair number of laughs in a vaguely plotted tale of the big top. (F) January


TWIST OF FATE—U-A.: Filmed on the River, a confusing story of intrigue cast Ginger Rogers as a lady of leisure whose protector is a crook. With Jacques Bergerac. (A) January

UNCHAINED—Bartlett: Earnest, moving close-up of an honor prison designed to rehabilitate inmates. Chester Morris is the warden; Elroy Hirsch, a rebellious convict. (F) January

WHITE CHRISTMAS—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Likable tune-film with a dazzling star quartet. Ex-GI's Bing Crosby and Danny Kaye use their show-business success to aid their former general, Rosemary Clooney and Vera-Ellen provide romance. (F) December

WOMAN'S WORLD—20th: CinemaScope, Technicolor: Romantic comedy about big business. Considering Cornel Wilde, Fred MacMurray and Van Heflin for a top job, Clifton Webb bases his choice on the behavior of their wives: June Allyson, Lauren Bacall, Arlene Dahl. (F) December
MAKES YOUR HAIR EXCITING TO TOUCH!

Hair’s so satiny after a Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo it irresistibly calls for a love-pat! You can’t always wear a satin dancing dress for the man in your life—but now, with Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo he’ll see the satiny beauty of your hair every day! You’ll find that never before in your shampoo experience has your hair had so much shimmer, so much softness.

Double Lanolin Is The Reason

Enriches Your Hair With Beauty Instead of Drying It!

Lanolin Lotion was purposely formulated with twice as much lanolin as ordinary shampoos. That means double the lanolin protection against dryness...double the lanolin polish and beauty for your hair. For even problem hair—that’s had its beauty oils dried away...washed away...bleached away...benefits astonishingly from this double-lanolin lather. It not only feels twice as rich—it actually is twice as rich. Don’t confuse this utterly new Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo with any so-called “lotion” or “lanolin” shampoo you’ve ever tried before.

*PROOF THAT NEW SHAMPOO OUT-LATHERS OTHER BRANDS

You’ll discover an amazing difference the moment this revolutionary shampoo touches your hair. For never before has any shampoo burst into such mountains of snowy lanolin lather—lather that actually POLISHES hair clean. Because only Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo brings you this foaming magic. No old-fashioned “lazy-lather” shampoo can shine your hair like this—til it shimmers like satin in the moonlight!

The radiance of your hair shampooed this new way will be instantly visible to everyone—but you, yourself, are the best judge of results. So after you’ve brushed your Lanolin Lotion shampooed hair, take your hand mirror and stand in a strong light. You’ll see how much more brilliance dances in your hair!

And this shampoo is so good for hair...for there’s twice the lanolin in it! It can’t dry your hair or leave it harsh, brittle and hard to handle. Instead, it leaves your hair in superb condition—supple, temptingly soft, far easier to manage. Tangles slip away at the touch of your comb! Your waves come rippling back deeper, firmer, and more pliantly lovely than ever before.

So let this sensational shampoo discovery bring out the thrilling beauty hidden in your hair! All the vibrant, glowing tone...the natural softness. Treat your hair to Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo—29¢, 59¢ or $1. On sale everywhere!

Billows of Fleecy Foam Leave Hair Shimmering, Obedient, “Lanolin-Lovely”

Beirut Dancing Highlights In Your Hair!
Cupid took almost complete command of the parties, showers, shindigs and preems this month.

There were bridal showers for Jane Powell, Pier Angeli, Eleanor Parker and Mitzi Gaynor. One of the fanciest girl-and-gift soirees was given jointly by designer Helen Rose, Ann Strauss and Esme Chandlee for Jane and Pier. It took them two hours to open their gorgeously wrapped packages. Aside from the lovely lingerie and other glamour bits, Pier got a black velvet, sequin-studded hatbox and Janie got a solid silver tissue box. Singing on the sidelines were Ann Miller, Debbie Reynolds, Ann Blyth, Cyd Charisse, Abbe Lane, Marilyn Erskine and Leslie Caron. There was mucho gossip about Marlon Brando's engagement to Josanne Berenger—and Esther Williams flipped, "You might know a fisherman's daughter would land a Marlon!"

Jane Powell wore a lovely misty-blue chiffon with a chiffon cowl at the neck and a very full skirt to her altar-march at Ojai with Pat Nerney. Pat wore a misty blue necktie to match his bride's costume. He gave Jane a swanky new car for a wedding gift—plus a sterling silver set for her overnight bag. Next night, before the Nerneys hopped to Europe, they dined at La Rue, were promptly spotted by Clark Gable (with Kay Spreckels) and first thing you know most of the people in the place rose and toasted the happy pair.

Marla Powers tossed a bridal shower for Mitzi Gaynor, who, too, got married in blue; Terry Moore, with her new 20-inch waistline, wishing out loud she had a "serious" beau of her own, feted Vera-Ellen. Vera became Mrs. Rothschild in a charming candlelit ceremony at St. Paul's Church in the valley—and the bride was a half-hour late! Vera said her vows in a satin gown of pearly tones, featuring a bodice of champagne-colored jersey. After the ceremony, at which the bride cried, a reception was held for fifty friends.

Pier Angeli and Vic Damone said their "I do's" in a lavishly planned and executed all-white affair. The ceremony took place at St. Timothy's Church and Pier's gown was whipped up by Helen Rose; the maid of honor, who was Marisa Pavan, Pier's twin, and the bridesmaid gowns were made in Italy. After the marriage, a lovely champagne reception was held at the Bel-Air Hotel in Hollywood for hundreds of Hollywood's citizens.

The Eddie Cantors threw a huge affair for Debbie and Eddie at the Beverly Hills hotel—with hundreds on hand. Debbie was in her favorite shade—a powder-blue dress. That just happens to be Eddie's favorite color, too.

Now to the preem of "The Barefoot Contessa" at which Ava Gardner garnered envious stares in her sirenish outfit of pale pink—halter-necked, low, low cut—and solidly sequined from neck to its slinkily sheathed hemline. Another glitzy opening was the "White Christmas" bow. At this one Marla English wowed the lens lads by being done up something like a Xmas tree herself. Her long, full-skirted gown was of white lace and silver threads, and it was trimmed with little round silver tree ornaments with tinkling bells, too—so were her long earrings.
Kotex now comes in this soft grey package

Selected by thousands of women as first choice of many designs – this new Kotex* package reflects the quality you've learned to trust. For Kotex gives you the complete absorbency you need . . . the softness you're sure of.

Kotex holds its shape, keeps its comfortable fit. Moreover, this is the only leading napkin with flat pressed ends to prevent revealing outlines. So look for the new Kotex package—soft grey, with a graceful K, symbol of highest quality.

Your choice of three sizes. Regular—blue panel; Junior—green panel; Super—rose panel. And with Kotex you'll want a new Kotex belt. They go together for perfect comfort.

More women choose Kotex than all other sanitary napkins.

SOAP BOX:

It won't be long before Academy Award time is here again and, like everyone else in Hollywood, I am wondering who will be the recipients of the Awards for 1954. I hope that I'll be there to present an Oscar and my congratulations to one of the winners. However, there's one thing I hope I won't do—harden the winners with any adroit Mayhem.

I received a great deal of advice after receiving my Oscar last year, and I'm certain that it was well-meant. But if I'd actually taken it, I'm afraid I couldn't vouch for the results today. "Now you'll have to be twice as careful about the roles you accept," I was told. "You'll have to stop and give them some real thought. Analyze them—no amount of concentration is enough!"

Well, I've always given thought to my roles. And I've worked hard on them. However, there's danger in too much concentration. You're dedicated. You're driven. Before long, you find that you're excluding everything else in your life. It adds up to an obsession that will complicate your career, and your everyday living off the soundstages. And as for decisions, I found that the wisest ones are made when you're relaxed.

To me, an Academy Award is a solid gold foundation. But it's a foundation for progress, rather than self-imposed handicaps. It's something to build on. And any award, or for that matter, any applause, any compliment, any recognition in public or in personal life, should be just that.

Donna Reed

I have just seen "On the Waterfront," with Marlon Brando. I am only fourteen and most people would say a fourteen-year-old is not a very good judge of acting ability, but I have never had such a great experience as seeing Brando act. I have read that some critics and producers think of him as a genius and now that I have seen "On the Waterfront," I am certainly convinced of it.

Virginia Foster

Angleton, Texas

I was born and lived in Asuncion, the capital of Paraguay in South America, and I arrived in the United States in September 1954. I am a graduate student at the University of Michigan, following studies in the teaching of English as a foreign language.

It is very difficult to obtain the only copy of Photoplay we received in our Asuncion library every month, without waiting at least two or three weeks, due to the great demand of people interested in reading it. And if any other copy is found in some bookstore downtown, it is gone the minute it is put on sale.

I went to Detroit two weeks ago and saw "A Star Is Born," and I was completely amazed to watch the wonderful, superb and terrific work of Judy Garland. She is tops, and if anyone really deserves an Oscar this year, it is Judy Garland. I am looking for this movie to come to local theatres in Ann Arbor because for a long time I haven't enjoyed a movie as much as I did this with magnificent Judy Garland.

Gloria R. Quiraga

Ann Arbor, Michigan

I am sixteen and my ambition is to meet Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis. To me and millions of others, they are the greatest. Maybe they will read this poem I wrote on them.

DEAN AND JERRY—THE GREATEST

Martin & Lewis are two of a kind.
A team like them is hard to find.
To millions of people they're known by sight
And loved for bringing much delight.
There's Dean with his soft romantic voice
And Jerry who supplies the noise.
They're a symbol of teamwork to everyone,
But behind all they do there's more than fun.
A career for them long ago was a dream,
But now, it's as bright as a silvery beam.
They're the kind who, off-stage, have a spark of trueness.
While on-stage, chase away all your bluesness.
And if you know and love them the way I do
You will only forget them when the moon turns blue.
After all they'd done together it looked like they'd forget
That little cup and a saucer, Martin & Lewis are a set.
So now Dean & Jerry, may I say from the bottom of my heart,
We love you both together and apart.
You're the best that will ever live.
For you have more than comedy to give.
Just looking at you is a treat—
You're the best, Martin & Lewis, and you can't be beat.

Ann Frittita

Brooklyn, New York

CASTING:

I have just read "The Twelfth Physician" by Willa Cather, which I think would make a wonderful movie. I also think John Wayne would be perfect as Dr. Flume, Ruth Roman as Jane, Carlos Thompson as Ange, and Rita Moreno as Edie.

Clara Mierisch

Houston, Texas

I read somewhere recently that David O. Selznick bought "The Scarlet Lily," a novel about Mary Magdalene, and in time was going to make a movie out of it. I also read that Mr. Selznick postponed the picture, for he could find no actress capable of playing the part with conviction. After seeing Grace Kelly in a few pictures I am convinced that she would do the part justice.

Jim Kinderechte

Kansas City, Kansas

The man behind the mask?

I think the Saturday Evening Post serial story "The Mask of Alexander" would make a wonderful movie with Stewart Granger as Alexander and Grace Kelly as Bettina, I think James Mason would do a fine job as Falconieri.

Kathryn Hart

Boise, Idaho

I think Bob Stack would be wonderful in the role of Lindbergh when they make the movie of his life entitled "The Spirit of St. Louis." . . . Bob has the characteristics of Lindy, being tall, blond and handsome, and a World War II veteran himself.

Delphine Schwartz

Plaquemine, Louisiana

Recently I've read "A Woman Called Fancy" by Frank Verly and thought it was terrific. As a movie, with Yvonne DeCarlo as Fancy, this thrilling novel would really come to life.

Mary Morabito

Barnesboro, Pennsylvania

We have recently finished reading "A Stone for Danny Fisher." We think it would make a great picture with Tab Hunter in the leading role. The fine story by Harold Robbins would no doubt increase in popularity if Terry Moore had the femme lead. We think Ella Kazan should direct it.

Martin Elgart, Ricky Franchis

New York, New York

I think Marilyn Monroe would be superb in a picture starring her as a "rhythm and blues" singer. She should stick to the sexy roles that made her famous.

Pete Ford

East Boston, Massachusetts

continued on page 20
This is an actual photograph of a woman’s hands after taking the detergent test. The right hand was given Jergens Lotion care—the left wasn’t. Even scientists were amazed at the difference. This photograph is unretouched.

Proof: You can stop “Detergent Hands”

A national research laboratory proves Jergens Lotion more effective than any other lotion tested for stopping detergent damage.

Do you wish your hardworking hands were as pretty as your neighbor’s? They can be. Read this story of a dramatic experiment.

Recently, 447 women volunteers soaked both hands in detergents three times a day. After each soaking, Jergens Lotion was applied to the right hand. The left hand was untreated.

In 3 or 4 days these women saw an amazing change! Untreated hands were roughened and reddened. Hands treated with Jergens remained soft, smooth, without a trace of detergent damage!

No other lotion tested proved as effective as Jergens. The women were delighted with this significant discovery.

Jergens Lotion has been steadily improved for 50 years. Use it daily and your hands will be pretty despite wind, weather and housework. Never sticky or greasy, Jergens takes just seconds to apply!

Get a bottle today, and notice how much richer and creamier the Jergens formula is now. It has a lovely new fragrance, too, yet still costs only 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.

Jergens Lotion positively stops “Detergent Hands”
"Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo," says Doris Day. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

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

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

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

Désirée

Marlon Brando, with his commanding presence, has an ideal role as Napoleon Bonaparte, from the conqueror's lays as an obscure, ambitious young military man to his final defeat. His saga is seen through the eyes of Désirée Clary, briefly his fiancée, a girl he never forgot. Jean Simmons makes a graceful, captivating figure of Désirée, who finally became a queen. Rich in spectacle, the picture still emphasizes the personal note, favors romance over history. As the general who married Désirée and rebelled against Napoleon's dictates, Michael Rennie shows dignity and charm, while exquisite Merle Oberon draws sympathy as Josephine, the empress that Napoleon discarded. But Brando dominates the cast, though it's difficult to give such an amazing character any common touches of humanity. FAMILY

CAST

Marlon Brando
Jean Simmons

Green Fire

Stewart Granger and Grace Kelly are a highly decorative love team in this robust adventure yarn about a hunt for emeralds in Colombia. But Paul Douglas makes a nice picture-stealing try. Granger's a footloose type who's been looking for quick money in mining ventures all over the world; Douglas is his weary partner, maneuvered into the last attempt. The supposed emerald mine, dug centuries before by conquistadores, is on a mountainside in the South American country (where many of the scenes were filmed). Grace and brother John Ericson own a coffee plantation at the foot of the mountain, and her interests eventually collide with Granger's. There's gunplay, too, thanks to some ruffianly bandits. It's all done in good-natured style, with amusing verbal sparring. FAMILY

CAST

Stewart Granger
Grace Kelly
Paul Douglas
John Ericson

Sign of the Pagan

The sweep of savage armies and the clash of ancient battles build up plenty of visual excitement in this story of Attila's assault on the Roman Empire of the fifth century. As the leader of the Huns and the conquered barbarian tribes, Jack Palance looks appropriately ferocious. His respected adversary is Jeff Chandler, as a Roman officer who tries to persuade the emperor at Constantinople to join forces with Rome against Attila's expected invasion. The emperor, however, thinks he can do business with the Hun. Ludmilla Tcherina is a rather wooden heroine, a princess who is Jeff's ally. But Rita Gam gets sufficient fire into the role of Attila's daughter, who, under Jeff's influence, rebels against her father's plans. Plots and counterplots are sometimes a bit confusing, but events move fast. FAMILY

CAST

Marlon Brando
Jean Simmons
Grace Kelly
Deep in My Heart

★★★ The beloved operetta music of Sigmund Romberg pops from the screen in a generous-sized, all-star film biography with José Ferrer as the composer. His is a lightheary performance, with a couple of hilarious interludes during his progress from the job of orchestra leader in a Vienn restaurant on New York's East Side. The statuesque He Traubel, with her magnificent voice, is utterly endearing the cafe's jovial owner. Other ladies in his life are Ms. Oberon, as his collaborator on such hits as "The Stuld Prince," and Doe Avedon, as his wife. While José and Hedo several delightful numbers, most of the music is sung danced by top "guest" stars, including Jane Powell, Damone, Gene Kelly, Ann Miller, Howard Keel and Charisse (in an eye-filling routine).

With wife Doe Avedon, José revisits Helen Traubel's c

The Purple Plain

★★★ Here's an international movie—a British product starring Gregory Peck with a Burmese leading lady in a st laid in her country but shot in Ceylon. The result comb action and a gentle love story with exotic backgrounds vivid war scenes. Greg plays an RAF man sent to B during World War II. Utterly reckless in combat, he con destruction to escape the memory of his bride's death, at side, in a London air raid. But his meeting with the lovely Win Min Than sets his spirit on the road to healing. Wh he's forced down on a flight over a desolate countryside, finds his will to live has revived. His trek back is a gruel thrilling sequence. The supporting players are capa especially Brenda De Banzie (the heroine of "Hob/C Choice"), as a hearty Scottish missionary.

Win Min Than's thoughtful sympathy restores Greg's he

So This Is Paris

★★ In a cheerful, youthful tune-film, Tony Curtis s out as a song and dance man. He plays one of the American sailors who hit Paris with the traditional sh leave plans in mind. Tony first latches on to Gloria Haven, a night-club singer. But his fancy shifts to Cori Calvet, an heiress—though Gene Nelson, Tony's pal, her first. In the meantime, newcomer Paul Gilbert, member of the trio, pursues a more placid romance a cashier Mara Corday. Heart throbs enter the story w Gloria's project of caring for six French war orphans into financial difficulties. As usual, the musical num overshadows the plot. They're done in carefree fash taxis, on Paris streets, wherever the whim strikes. T performs creditably; Gene does some fine dances.

French girls greet Paul Gilbert, Tony and Gene at a ba
SCRABBLE FANS! CROSSWORD PUZZLERS!
Here are 400 chances to win
$48,000

A FORTUNE FOR SOMEONE!
We're going to give away $40,000.00, and soon! Besides the GRAND AWARD of $10,000.00, there will be 399 other cash awards. 2nd Prize is $6,000.00, 3rd Prize is $3,000.00, 4th Prize is $2,500.00, and 5th Prize is $2,000.00. If you have never "hit the jackpot," here is a puzzle made to order for you. It's exciting; it's thrilling; and the rules are crystal-clear. ACT NOW, for here's your opportunity you may never have again!

Help Build this Urgently Needed Hospital in Seattle
In our previous Hospital contests, thousands of generous persons contributed over $150,000.00 and $50,000.00 in cash awards was paid back to 600 lucky winners. The Hospital now owns a 35-acre site, and has at present in the bank sufficient cash to justify immediate plans for the building of the first 200-bed unit of the Hospital. Your Trustees are now faced with the gigantic task of raising an additional $2 million dollars in the next few months.

The Northwest Memorial Hospital invites the support of our friends and well-wishers everywhere. Your donation will provide you with the satisfaction of having supported this Hospital which is so urgently needed by the people of Seattle, with the added opportunity to win a MAJOR FORTUNE which can be as much as $10,000.

$1,000,000
GRAND AWARD

ENTER NOW—HERE'S HOW!
To solve this easy puzzle, fill in all the blank white squares on the puzzle chart with individual letters to spell 10 different crossword words. Use only words selected from the 50-word Master List. Spell top to bottom for vertical words, and from left to right for horizontal words. The 18 Key letters spotted on the chart must remain in the positions shown. No word to be used more than once.

Starting with the 6-letter horizontal word section at the top left corner, select a letter word with an "A" as fourth letter. Next, choose a 4-letter vertical word that begins with the last letter of your choice word. To help you get a good start, it's easy to see that the "ALBANY" is the 6-letter word in this position. Proceed in the same manner until all the blank squares are filled.

Each letter used is given a definite point value (see letter chart), and all intersecting letters are obtained. The word used are all different from the 50-word Master List and of course cannot be used in your puzzle solution.

TIEBREAKER MAILED IMMEDIATELY
Each and every person who submits a solution with a score within 25 points of the correct Grand Total, accompanied by a donation of $5 for the Hospital, will be eligible to proceed at once to the Main Event Tiebreaker, with a $1,000.00 cash award. No additional donation beyond your $5 is necessary. Remember no additional information beyond your $5 will be necessary at any time to participate right to the end of the Tiebreaker. Start working the puzzle now. When completed send your solution to the Tiebreaker. $2 donation to the Northwest Memorial Hospital.

HURRY! CONTEST CLOSING SOON!
Mail Your Entry Today—$1500 Bonus for Prompt Action—Your last opportunity to qualify to win a fortune.

GRAND TOTAL

Send addresses stamped on envelopes for large size extra copies of the Tiebreaker. If you need them.

Mail to: Northwest Memorial Hospital, 209 Mutual Life Bldg., Seattle, Wash. Remit in Cash, Money Order or by Personal Check.

G. F. GEMEROY HAS GIVEN $276,000 TO PUZZLE HOBBYISTS IN PAST 8 YEARS!
MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

If going lighter is not your choice... There's a Marchand's Rinse to brighten your natural hair color, add shining lights. Special shades blend in gray streaks, 12 smart shades. Govt. approved colors, wash out easily. At all drugstores everywhere 60c & 90c plus tax

MARCHAND'S

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

ATHENA—M.G.M. Directed by Richard Thorpe: Atnika, Jane Powell; Minerva, Debbie Reynolds; Niobe, Virginia Gibson; Aphrodite, Nancy Kigans; Zeus, Kolmar; Doorkins Swift; Medea, Jane Plachy; Cersei, Lucinda Little; Cecile Rogers; Adam Calhoun Shaw, Edmund Purdom; Johnny Nile, Vic Damone; Grandpa Manus, Harry Secombe; Calumbus, Evan Lee; Helen, Natalie Varos; Beth Holland, Linda Christian; Mr. Tremains, Roy Collins; Mr. Griswold, Carl Benton Reid; Mr. Granville, Howard Wendell; Roy, Henry Nakamura; Ed Perkins, Steve Reeves; Miss Steely, Kathleen Freeman; Bill Nicholls, Richard Sabre.

CATTLE QUEEN OF MONTANA—RKO. Directed by Allan Dwan: Sierra Nevada Jones, Barbara Stanwyck; Farrell, Ronald Reagan; Mr. Cord, Gene Evans; Colorado, Lance Fuller; Natchez, Anthony Caruso; Yost, Jack Elam; Starke, Yvette Dupay; Pop Jones, Morris Anbinder; Vix, Chubby Johnson; Hank, Myron Healy; Pendleton, Rod Redwing.

DEEP IN MY HEART—M.G.M. Directed by Stanley Donen: Stanyum Romberg, Jose Ferrer; Dorothy Donnelly, Merle Oberon; Anna Mueller, Helen Trent; Lilian Romberg, Doe Avedon; Jerry, Bert Lahr; Mr. Baker, Mrs. Harris, Insol; Lazar Berisson, Sr., David Burns; Ben Jordon, Jim Backus. Guest stars: Rosemary Clooney, Gene and Fred Kelly, Jane Powell, Vic Damone, Ann Miller, William Olivia, Cyd Charisse, James Mitchell, Howard Keel, Tony Martin, Joan Weldon.

SUCCESSOR—United Artists. Directed by Henry Koster: Nova, Martha BRANDO; Teresa, Sophia Loren; Josephine, Merle Oberon; Bernadette, Michael Rennie; Joseph Bonsamara, Cameron Mitchell; Julie, June Duprez; Baslow, Patrice Wymore; Gongo Bonsamara, Cathleen Nesbitt; Marie, Evelyn Varden; Mme. Clara, Isabel Elson; Talleyrand, John Hoyt; Despres, Alan Napier; Garcia, Nico Koster; Ettiene, Richard Deacon; Queen Hedviga, Edith Evans; Mme. Tallie, Lucien Evans; Fonche, Sam Gilson; Louis Bonsamara, Larry Crail; Caroline Bonaparte, Judy Lester; Lucien Bonaparte, Richard Van Cleef; Elinza Bonaparte, Florence Dublin; Baron Morner, Louis Borell; Count Drake, Peter Bouma; Queen Sofia, Sally Neuman-Bars; David Leonard; Princess Sofia, Sis Paulson; Caucaucot, Lister Matthews; Von Esrae, Gene Roth; Gene, Julie Newmar; Prince, Christopher; Popes Pisa II, Leonard George; Count Reynolds, Richard Garrick; Marie Louise, Violet Rensing; Moulte, A. Cameron Grant.

GATE OF HELL—Dail, Directed by Telmoske Kinugasa: Lady Keza, Machiko Kyo; Moriko, Kazuo Hasegawa; Watara, Isao Yamagata; Kiyomori, Koreya Sendai; Shippen, Yataro Kurokawa; Kuroh, Kotoro Bando; Kiyumura, Jun Tazaki.

GOOD DIE YOUNG, THE—U.A. Directed by Lewis Gilbert: Rae, Laurence Harvey; Denise, Gloria Grahame; Joe, Richard Basehart; Mary, Joan Collins; Eddie, John Harvey; James, Mike, Stanley Baker; Ewe, Margaret Leighton; Sir Francis Raucuscour; Robert Morley; Mrs. Freeman, Freda Jackson; Toni, Hilary Gwynne; Dr. Reed, Walter Hudd; Carole, Patricia McCarthy; Stoney, Leslie Dyer; Birta, Thomas Gallagher; Beaty, George, Kurosawa, Kato, Bert (Dolphy), Al Hinds; Carruthers, MacDonald Parker; Banning M. C., Patsy Hagate (Himself); Barmold, Marlene Stuyvesant; Penny, Patrice Rees; Eva Home, Patsy; Zena Berry; Doctor (Baths), Hugh Money; Doctor (Hospital), Harold Siddow; Policeman, John McRae; Veronique, Jean Cordon; Young Woman, Stella Hamilton; Promoter, Philip Ray; Pretty Girl, Sandra Dorne; Switchboard Girl, Joan Helf; Healer, Joe Bloom; Winnie, Patricia McCall; Mrs. Ryan, D. Susie Savay.

GREEN FIRE—M-G-M. Directed by Andrew Marton: Rian X. Mitchell, Stewart Granger; Catherine Knowlton, Grace Kelly; Pie Leonard, Paul Doug la; Zane, Leo Gorcey; Myrna Yee; Manuel, Jocelyn Torvay; Father Ripper, Robert Tafurt; Joe, Jose Dominguez; Officer Perez, Nelson Vasquez; Sergeant, Joe Nolan; Mr. Vandozio, Antonio; Rico Alarn, Roberto Paul Mar; Joan, Bobby Dominguez.

LAST TIME I SAW PARIS—THE—M.G.M. Directed by Richard Brooks: Helen Eisenlieb, Elizabeth Taylor; Charles, Jill Van Johnson; James Eisenlieb, Walter Pidgeon; Marion Eisenlieb, Donna Reed; Lovelace Quart, Eva Gabor; Maurice, Kar Kassam; Claude Matine, George Dolenz; Paul, Rogers Moore; Vicke, Sandra Descher; Mama, Celia Lovsky; Banker, Peter Leeda; Campbell, John Doucette, Singer, Odette.

PURPLE PLAIN, THE—U.A. Directed by Robb Parritt: Forrester, Gregory Peck; Anna, Wil Min Than; Dr. Harris, Bernard Lee; Wife, Maurice Denham; Mr. Phang, Ron Gomez; Miss McVah, De Banzi; Carrington, Lyndon Brook; Artie, Anthony Bushby; Gary, Brion McNaught; Navigator Williams, Harold Siddons; Flight-Lieutenant, Peter Arne; Dorothy, Mina Loy; Sponsor, Mrs. Forrester, Josephine Griffin; Radio Operator, Lane Meddick; Burewalla Engineer, John Tinn; Old Woman in Jeweler's Shop, Sue Ah Song; Nurse, Dorothy Alson.

SIGN OF THE PAGAN—U.A. Directed by Douglass Sirk: Marcian, Jeff Chandler; Attilla, Jack Pa lan; Princess Pulcheria, Ludmilla Tcherina; Kubis, Richard Hay; Asturian, Deborah Kerr; Theotis, Edward Hayes; Astrologer, Eduard Franz; Theodore, George Dolenz; Myra, Sara Shane; Chrysaphius, Alexander Scourby; Hesiod, Sanford Meisner; Han, lord; Howard Petrie; Edecon, Michael Ansara; Bredo Leo Gordon; Tola, Rusty Wescoatt; Mirrai, Chuck Roberson; John, Paul Frees; Judge Marvay, John Hart; Pope, Leo, Morni Olsen; Christelle, Bob Bechi; Heraceeius, Sim Ines; Valentinein, Walter Coy.

SO THIS IS PARIS—U.A. Directed by Richard Cohn: Colette, Sylvia Salvador; Colette d'Arlon (Janice Mitchell), Gloria De Haven; Al Howard, Gene Nelson; Suzanne Carel, Corinne Calvet; “Davy Jones, Paul Gilbert; Yvonne, Mara Corday; Carmyn Albery, William Tabbert; Billy, Lucinda Goodrich; Myrna Hanson; Pierre Dethomes, Roger Estienne; Grandmere Marie, Ann Codee; Arthur, Alan Godfrey; Photographer, Photo Flash, Regina Dombeck; Simone, Michelle Dussahce; Cleo, Maite Inquagau; Eugene, Lucian Plusoles; Charla, Numa Lapeyre Jeanine, Lizette Gay.

TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT—A. A. Directed by Mario Zampi: Jasper O'Leary, David Niven; Seven McGlucky, Yvonne DeCarlo; Thady O'Hegarty, Barry Fitzgerald; Terence, George Cole; Dorothy Flynn, Robert Urquhart; Lassian, Eddie Byrne; General O'Rearly, A. E. Matthews; Kathy McGlucky, Noel Maddison; Senator, Anthony Nicholas; Roger, Liam Redmond; Major McGlucky, Mike Shepley; Dooly, Joseph Tomely.

VIOLENT MEN, THE—Columbia. Directed by Rudolph Mate: John Parrish, Glenn Ford; Marth Wilkin, Barbara Stanwyck; Lew Wilkin, Edward G. Robinson; Judith Wilkin, Dianne Foster; Cob William, Barbara Stanwyck; Carolina, My Way, May Wynn, Jim McClard, Warner Anderson; Tex Hinkleman, Basil Raysdale; Elina, Lita Milan; Wade Mckelich, Richard Keckel; Magrander, James Westernfeld DeRaos, Jack Kelly; Sheriff Martin Kemmer, Will Bouchey; Purde, Harry Shannon; George Meneer, Patsy Bird; Cathy, Mary English; Tony, Bob Bechi; Dryer, Carl Andre; Hang Purde, James Anderson; Mrs. Veil, Kathryn Warren; Mr. Pal, Tom Browne Henry; Bud Hinkleman, Bill Philippe.

WEST OF ZANZIBAR—U. A. Directed by Harry Watt: Bob Patton, Anthony Steed; Mary Patton, Sheila Sim; Ushinga, Edric Connard; M. Krueger, Orlando Martins; Tim Payton, William Simon; Lawyer Dhofar, Martin Benson; Ambrose, David Oselli; Bethlehem, Bethlehem Sketch; Khipungo, Patrick Illing; Edward Johnson; Joe Juma; Wood, Howard Marion Crawford; Colin Ryan, R. Stuart Lindsell; Dave Captain, Sheila Seaborn; Salah, Said Temeat; Senate Official, Roy Cable; Tonio, Fatuma.
Palmolive Soap Is Mildest!
Better for Complexion Care!

BETTER THAN ANY LEADING TOILET SOAP...
FLOATING SOAP... EVEN COLD CREAM

Palmolive’s gentle complexion care
cleans thoroughly without irritation!

There’s nothing women envy more . . . or men admire so much
. . . as that lovely “schoolgirl complexion look.” And you too, can
have a younger looking, far lovelier complexion just by changing to
proper care with gentle Palmolive. It does so much to help you
have a cleaner, fresher skin—leaves it so wonderfully soft!

Skin specialists agree that a really mild soap means less irrita-
tion, more gentle cleansing. Milder Palmolive brings you these
benefits—so important for a softer, smoother, brighter skin. You’ll
find no other leading soap gets skin thoroughly clean as gently as
Palmolive Soap. Yes, Palmolive is mildest of them all!

PALMOLIVE SOAP HELPS YOU GUARD THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION LOOK!
"Who'd believe pimples almost ruined my career"

says BARBARA BRESLIN,
successful New York model

"When I found out most of my friends were using Clearasil to solve their pimple problems, I decided to try it. Clearasil really saved the day for me!"

New Scientific Medication... Clearasil 'STARVES' PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED... hides pimples while it works

Doctors prove this new-type medication especially for pimples really works!

In skin specialists’ tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL. And when 3002 nurses tested CLEARASIL, 91 out of every 100 nurses reporting said they preferred it to any other pimple medication.

Amazing starving action. CLEARASIL actually starves pimples because it helps remove the oils that pimples “feed” on. And CLEARASIL’s antiseptic action stops the growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples.

Instant relief from embarrassment because CLEARASIL is skin-colored to hide pimples while it helps dry them up. Greaseless, stainless. Pleasant to leave on day and night for uninterrupted medication.

America’s largest-selling specific pimple medication...because CLEARASIL has helped so many young people and adults. CLEARASIL is GUARANTEED to work for you as it did in doctors’ and nurses’ tests or money back. Only 59¢. Economy size 95¢. At all druggists. Get CLEARASIL today.

Clearasil
The specific medication for pimples

—

HOLLYWOOD WHISPERS

BY FLORABEL MURIE

The very QT sale of the Harry James-Betty Grable mansion, their honeymoon cottage, and how this has revived those rumors... The teetering romance of Grace Kelly and Oleg Cassini and whether it may survive the opposition of her family on religious ground. Insider’s tip: Don’t sell this one short... Cy Howard’s attempt to legally adopt the young son of his bride, Gloria Grahame, thus tending to set at rest the stories that Cy and Gloria aren’t hitting it off.

The new and not so resigned attitude taken by Greta Pbeck, who, it seems, hoped against hope her Gregory would come home. Now with Greg reaping a fortune, before taxes, from every starring part he plays, Greta is holding out for a larger portion of the community property and that’s what’s brought him home... The growing signs that Ingrid Bergman and Roberto Rossellini have had it... The improbability that Linda Christian and Edmund Purdom will eventually marry...

Jack Webb’s househunting in Palm Springs with Dorothy Towne... How Victor Mature’s estranged Dorothy is pulling the financial cinches. “Bleeding me white” is Vic’s way of putting it... About the tentative passes being made at each other by Marilyn Monroe and Joe DiMaggio and whether these will add up to a reconciliation. The consensus: not at all unlikely... Rhonda Fleming’s decision to pass most of the time in Italy since her split-up with Dr. Lew Morrill and the hint an Italian nobleman with mucho lire is in the picture... Whether Johnnie Ray and Marilyn Morrison, after several attempts to come to an understanding, will ever make it to matrimonial again. Could be, of course, but don’t bet.
Molds you with miracle latex outside

Holds you with magic “finger” panels

Pampers you with kitten-soft fabric inside

Playtex Magic-Controller

Slimming because there’s latex outside...comfortable because there’s fabric inside!

*Kitten-soft fabric inside—

and a wonderful new non-roll top—for extra comfort! Playtex Magic-Controller washes, dries in a hurry, too.

* Miracle latex slims and trims—from waist to thigh—without a seam, stitch or bone! Hidden “finger” panels firm and support like magic!

©1955 International Latex Corp’n...PLAYTEX PARK...Dover Del
In Canada: Playtex Ltd...PLAYTEX PARK...Arnprior, Ont.

New Playtex! Living’ bra...

“custom-contoured” of elastic and nylon to flatter, feel and fit as if fashioned for you alone!

In heavenly blue package.

Only $3.95

PLAYTEX FABRIC LINED MAGIC-CONTROLLER* $7.95

Other Playtex Fabric Lined Girdles, from $4.95. In the SLIM tube, at department stores and better specialty shops everywhere.

*U.S.A. and foreign patents pending

Trademark
Athena M-G-M, EASTMAN COLOR

WWW Bright and fresh, with an engaging tongue-in-check manner, this musical bubbles over with young romance and kindly jabs at California eccentricities. Edmund Purdom, as a stuffy attorney and would-be Congressman, finds himself being chased (with marital intentions) by a determined Jane Powell. Attracted against his will, he visits Jane's beautiful but astonishing home; meets a family that vigorously upholds numerology, astrology, diet fads, simple living and muscle-building. As one of Jane's six sisters, Debbie Reynolds dances off with many scenes, captures Vic Damone, aptly cast as a popular crooner. Louis Calhern and Evelyn Varden are impressively wacky and likable as the sisters' grandparents, heads of this odd household. Janie, Vic and Debbie carry the gay, imaginative musical numbers; Edmund's restricted to watching and listening, which he does with great amiability.

FAMILY

Destry U-L, TECHNICOLOR

WWW The admirabledirectness and wry humor that have come to be associated with Audie Murphy Westerns turn up again in this entertaining item. Audie now must clean up a fantastically corrupt frontier town run by gambler Lyle Better. The mortality rate among local sheriffs is notably high. When the latest meets sudden death, Lyle appoints the town drunk (Thomas Mitchell) to wear the star. Mitchell chooses to take the gag seriously, sends for Audie to be his deputy. However, Audie's height, manner and dis- taste for guns hardly live up to his formidable reputation. He's a laughstock as he sets about solving the sheriff's murder. But dance-hall gal Mari Blanchard and nice gal Lori Nelson aren't as amused as the rest of the town. In a weird twist of titling, "Destry" is said to be a sequel to "Destry Rides Again," the old James Stewart-Marlene Dietrich hit. It's probably an even closer relative, also with a comic turn.

FAMILY

Gate of Hell HARRISON-DAYMOND, EASTMAN COLOR

WWW Japanese movie-makers have recently shown their ability to fill the screen with one beautiful design after another. Now they've added color, and produced a subtle treat for the eyes. The story's set in 12th century Japan, trampled (like Europe of that day) by warring feudal lords and their samurai (the equivalent of armchair knights). One such warrior, a blustering man, helps to rally a rebellion against his leader when he meets a lovely lady of the court. The battle's won, and the soldier is offered any reward he wants. He asks for the lady's hand. But she is already married, deeply in love with her husband, an understanding and civilized man. The manners of the people are fascinatingly strange; their movement, slow and stylized. But the emotions underlying the deadly triangle show that humanity hasn't changed much. (English titles translate the dialogue.)

ADULT

The Last Time I Saw Paris M-G-M, TECHNICOLOR

WWW The movie that Elizabeth Taylor and Van Johnson go through with such convincing emotion is a picture of rootless Americans in Europe. It's also that Hollywood rarity—a very affecting love story. By a chance encounter near the end of World War II, Army officer Van becomes involved with an American family living in Paris. The father (Walter Pidgeon) happily gets by on credit, with a good time as his chief aim in life. The younger daughter (Liz) drifts along in the same way. The older (Donna Reed), a conservative person, is interested in Van, but promptly loses him to her sister. Suddenly and passionately in love, Van and Liz embark on a strange marriage. For a time, he tries a literary career and years for home, while she goes in whimsical pursuit of pleasure. Then their roles are reversed: Van dedicates himself to fun, while Liz urges a return to America. The switch isn't explained with enough force, but the end of this couple's story has real impact, with a heart-catching crisis over the future of their child (Sandra Descher).

ADULT

The Violent Men COLUMBIA, CINEMASCOP, TECHNICOLOR

WWW The old range wars sweep across the Cinemascope screen with three decisive personalities to spark the conflict. Glenn Ford has come west to recover from Civil War injuries. Tired of battle, he's ready to pull out when rancher Edward G. Robinson, eager to own the whole valley, tries to bully Glenn into selling his Western hero, Glenn decides to put up a fight. As it turns out, it's Robinson's wife (Barbara Stanwyck, gone blond) who has brought violence into the valley. She hopes to rule it, with the aid of her brother-in-law and lover (Brian Keith). There's an impressive amount of bloodshed, and the whole story's in a grimly serious vein. Glenn has two loves: May Wynn, a soft and selfish coquette; Diane Foster, spirited daughter of his enemies.

FAMILY

Cattle Queen of Montana RKO, TECHNICOLOR

WWW Now it's Barbara Stanwyck (turne redhead) who defends her property against a ruthless rancher (Gene Evans coveting the whole valley. Barbara's da-da newly arrived in Montana, is killed by Indians. As friends claim to the land, since his papers have been stolen, along with his cattle. In her plight, she is aided by friendly Indians and by Ronald Reagan a cowhand just hired by her enemy. The story offers few surprises, but lots of shooting and galloping.

FAMILY

Tonight's the Night A.A., TECHNICOLOR

WWW Three familiar Hollywood faces to the cast of a British-made film with Irish settings that try to recall "The Quiet Man." There's some promise in the central idea. The rough-riding, benevolent old squire of an Irish village suddenly dies, leaving his estate to a nephew hardly knows. This is the debonair David Niven. Sentimentally welcomed by the townspeople, Niven soon proves himself a thoroughgoing bounder, out to get every he can out of the off. He also makes people for old debts, dispossesses cottages, fires the family retainer (Barry Fitzgerald). In desperation, the villagers to a crazy variety of schemes to murder the menace. Meanwhile, David dawdles with a local girl (Yvonne DeCarlo) almost unscrupulous as he is. Unfortunately the comedy's handled clumsily.

FAMILY

The Good Die Young

WWW Able American and English performers find their talents mostly wasted in this undistinguished British suspense film. It all points toward a daring robbery staged by four men who've met (too coincidentally) in a London pub. Ex-GI Riel and Basehart has come to England to try wife Joan Collins away from her hyperochondriac mother. John Ireland, America Air Force flyer, wants money to buy his faithless wife (Gloria Grahame). Stanley Baker, maimed by prize-ring injuring can't find employment. All three are victimized by Laurence Harvey, mastermind of the proposed robbery. He has been luring his artist wife (Margaret Leighton), who has given him an ultimatum. Obviously, disaster lies ahead.

ADULT

West of Zanzibar RANK, U-14, TECHNICOLOR

WWW Recalling the popular "Ivy Hunter," this new British film again sets a tractive Anthony Steel against authentic African locales. However, its story lacks the conviction of the earlier picture; it just a stragglng thriller, with bursts of vigorous action and picturesque glimpses of the people and scenery of East Africa. Steel and his wife (Sheila Sim) are in thrall of the tribe to which he has returned from an ivory-smuggling gang. Misled by their desire for money some of the young men land in jail. Steel decides that the only way to save the tribe is to break up the gang, even at the risk of his life.
“Watch your skin thrive on Cashmere Bouquet Soap!”

says Candy Jones
(Mrs. Harry Conover)

CONOVER SCHOOL BEAUTY DIRECTOR
“Your Conover girls know what it can do for every type of complexion—dry, oily or normal!”

Joan Fetherston, lovely young dancer and TV actress, says:
“It’s such wholesome beauty care for my dry skin! I never knew any soap could do so much so gently until Candy taught me to beauty-wash twice every day with mild Cashmere Bouquet. I just cream that fluffy, fragrant lather over my face with my fingertips. It leaves my skin looking wonderful—smoother, softer, with a lovely, fresh glow!”

Complexion and big bath sizes

P.S. “Scatter a few cakes of Cashmere Bouquet through your lingerie and handkerchief drawers. Leaves a lovely, flowery fragrance, much more subtle than sachet!”

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON*

LAUGHING STOCK

The Gabor Sisters—Zsa Zsa, Eva and Magda—confessed it during their Las Vegas night-club act:
“Our mother told us that we should have the skin men love to touch—mink!”

Someone commented on the low cut of Kathryn Grayson’s gowns for her Hotel Sahara warbling date in Las Vegas.
“They’re not low-cut,” insisted Kathryn, “I’m just built high.”

An Irma-brained starlet, hearing that Warners will produce “Lewis And Clark” in Cinrama, said it:
“Gosh, it’s like they said, Jerry Lewis is getting a new partner.”

It happened in a Hollywood eatery when Jack Webb dropped in for dinner with Dorothy Towne.
A waitress carting shrimp a la newburg to an adjoining table spilled some of the rich liquid on Webb’s coat.
“Oh, well,” she muttered in a Dragnet voice. “It figured. Fish on Friday.”

During filming of “Mogambo” in Africa, it’s being told, Clark Gable, Ava Gardner and members of the M-G-M troupe had a big party one night, with much dancing, singing and bubble water. The sounds of the revelry reached the ears of an African native who turned to a fellow savage, jangled his nose ring nervously, and whispered:
“The whites are restless tonight.”

Steve Rowland saw Terry Moore in a high neck-line gown and said:
“It was as frustrating as it used to be looking at 3-D without polaroid glasses.”

A Hollywood agent was trying to sell a fading glamour queen to a producer for a role in a new film. “She’s just as pretty now as she was twenty years ago,” the agent argued. “Except now it takes her a half-hour longer to get to look that way.”

Director Donald Weiss said it to Elaine Stewart:
“Look wide-eyed, honey. This is Cinema-Scope.”

A Hollywood night-club master of ceremonies brushed an incrusted doll using profanly, with:
“I would appreciate your being quiet. There are gentlemen present.”

James Whitmore told about his cook, an exponent of modern hep talk, setting a cheese-baited trap for a marauding mouse. The mouse got the cheese but eluded the trap. Said the cook to Whitmore:
“That mouse is a real cat.”

Overheard at the Mocambo:
“She’s just an old-fashioned girl. She has ten of them before dinner every night.”

Jack Carson flipped it after dinin in a swank Hawaiian restaurant in Beverly Hills:
“It would have been cheaper to go to Hawaii.”

*See Erskine Johnson’s “Hollywood Reel” on your local TV station.
Only New Design Modess gives you the luxury of a new whisper-soft fabric covering...no gauze...no chafe.
Applause rang loud when 20th's startling production "Carmen Jones" opened in several big cities. Now it's being shown all over the nation, and Photoplay urges you to help yourself to this rare entertainment treat. Here's a movie exploding with vitality, music, talent and personality. Dorothy Dandridge (Carmen), Harry Belafonte (Joe) and Pearl Bailey (Frankie) have all achieved imposing reputations as night-club stars. Dorothy and Harry also co-starred in a much respected film, "Bright Road." Youthful Olga James (Cindy Lou) begins a promising career in classical music with this picture. And Joe Adams (Husky) has delighted radio audiences from coast to coast. You'll welcome "Carmen Jones" as an exhilarating, utterly different kind of musical drama.
Lori is in "Destry"
When her gang descends on her for barbecues and charades, Lori Nelson is a smarty-pants— in tweed pedal pushers.

Janet's next is "My Sister Eileen"
Janet Leigh's satin lounging pants are smooth. So's her game. Janet and husband Tony Curtis are avid word-game fans.

Cyd is in "Deep in My Heart"
Houseguests of the Tony Martins will be greeted by this vision when he and Cyd Charisse move into their new dream home.
Lounging Ladies: Michael Wilding loves to tote home surprise packages to Elizabeth Taylor, which is why he selected green and white polka dot pedal pushers for her at Don Loper's fashion salon. Lovely Liz is hoping for a girl who'll be christened Virginia—her favorite childhood name. If the new baby's a boy, however, the Wildings will call him Christopher . . . Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis love to haunt public auctions by day, but they're stay-at-home Scrabble hounds by night with Janet dressing for the occasion. Her favorite: satin lounging pants. Their new headquarters in Coldwater Canyon, incidentally, isn't their own as reported. Despite a swimming pool, tennis court and combination built-in hi-fi, tv and tape-recording set, they're still searching for the perfect place to buy.

But Cyd Charisse and Tony Martin, who are building the perfect place, had to move three times while waiting. Their rented houses were sold right out from under them! Favorite future at-home outfit for Cyd is Loper-designed "union suit" of black all-in-one jersey, worn with yellow felt cape skirt . . . Believing that women should dress to please men, triple-threat business woman Arlene Dahl dresses to please Fernando Lamas. Natch! Designer Ben King's black chiffon negligee skirt over matching lounging pants solve the situation! . . . Since separating from Jeff Hunter, sloe-eyed Barbara Rush dresses to please herself and black velvet toreador pants play a prominent part in her personal wardrobe . . . Lori Nelson who doesn't want to go steady with anyone, may look like the fragile, feminine type. But she's the tweedy type at heart, which is why she wears tweed pedal pushers when her gang (Continued on page 80)
SPEAKING OF ANGELS...

THERE'S A GIRL CALLED VIRGINIA

Sarah Young is in charge of baby—until Mom comes home, takes over!

Ginny, with the author—the O'Sheas' Girl Friday, baby sitter and friend

The O'Sheas find no need to impress anyone, do the things they want to do

A few weeks ago Virginia Mayo O'Shea waltzed into the living room holding up an exquisite red dress for my inspection. "How do you like my new Scarlett O'Shea dress?" she cried happily. "I'm going to wear it to the party tonight—if Mike will go."

After we discussed the beauty of the dress, Virginia went to her bedroom to rummage through her jewelry for accessories. I wandered nonchalantly into Mike's study and watched him working on his script. Finally I said, "Mike, when you see your ever lovin' in the divine dress she brought home, you'll really want to go to the party tonight." Mike looked up at me and roared, "I'm not going to a formal fling or cocktail party. We don't drink and we don't gossip. Why go? I'm not going!"

While Mike ignored the obvious signs of party preparations, Lucy, the housekeeper, pressed the red dress. I brought Mike his favorite milk shake and Virginia continued getting ready. When Mike entered the living room, I turned on the television and said, "Wait until you see your wife, man. She's beautiful in that dress."

(Continued on page 78)
Virginia Mayo is in “The Silver Chalice”

Undemonstrative—but Ginny's quiet pride in Mary Catherine is obvious

Fudge for dessert and popcorn at the movies may not sound like a heavenly dish—but that's life, at the O'Sheas'!

BY DOROTHY JEFFERS
Many times I have been accused of being too strict with Pier. Many times I asked myself if this were true. But on her wedding day, I knew . . .

My Daughter was ready
My daughter Pier was married to Vic Damone at a morning ceremony at St. Timothy’s Catholic Church in Westwood on November 24. The service was beautiful. And despite the fact that three hundred of our friends were present, I could not help crying a little when I saw Pier, looking so lovely in her wedding gown of lace and chiffon, walk up the aisle on the arm of our old friend Edward J. Mannix, who gave her away. Like any mother, I cried a little because it is sad to lose a daughter, but I cried a little more because I was happy and proud of my Anna Marie.

Many times since I came to Hollywood I have been accused of being too strict with Pier, but I think to understand my attitude you must take into consideration not only Pier’s background and European upbringing, but also some of the unusual problems she faced.

Pier had just turned eighteen when my husband passed away. Aside from the grief for all of us Pierangelis, I was confronted with the difficult task of taking over the full responsibility of bringing up my three daughters. In a way, Pier was my biggest problem. (Continued on page 72)
Dale spends anxious hours thinking about his daughter's future, making plans for her. "As long as she's a growing girl, I'll never be far away from her," says Dale, who has rented a house so Rochelle can stay with him whenever her mother is out of town.

By Maxine Arnold

In the still of night a small child's voice cries out. Suddenly awake and startled, "Mama!" she calls. "Dadda?" Her father gathers her close and soothes her to sleep again. But on through the darkness, a cigarette glows and the night is crowded with all that might have been. Thoughts march across the memory and a man, Dale Robertson, weighs them against a child's cry.

Dale's daughter, Rochelle, will never lack for love. When her mother isn't with her, her father will be there. She will always have them both.

But what happened to those two whose whirlwind romance swept Hollywood off its heady feet? Two strangers who fell in love at first sight across a crowded room, who were engaged five days later and married five short weeks after they met. The two who pledged their troth before a candlelit window, high on a hill, with all Hollywood a magic glittering carpet at their feet, who toasted so confidently the years ahead that would be... But what is now will not be.

When does marriage end and divorce really begin? When do dreams and hopes dissolve—into mental cruelty! They'd been to Oklahoma, but things seemed about the norm. They'd just finished carpeting the house. Jacqueline had picked (Continued on page 93)

"I want a divorce...

Four words spoken for the last time to Dale Robertson—spelling the end of a storybook romance that could not survive the realities of life.
To be wife, mother and actress successfully might cause complications in any other woman's life. But not Ann's. Dr. Jim is her heart specialist!

BY DAN SENSENEY

One evening a few months ago, Dr. James McNulty, whose business is babies, excitedly called to his wife, "Ann! Come quick!" Responding, Mrs. McNulty found the doctor bending over their son.

"Look!" said Dr. McNulty in wonder. "Look at the way he's got his fists doubled up. This boy's going to be a boxer!"

Mrs. McNulty started to say, "I hope not." But then she stopped, recognized that she was a little upset. She bit her tongue and smiled gently. "I wouldn't be surprised," she answered. It was then that Dr. McNulty looked up from his magnificent six-week-old son and caught the frown on Ann's face.

"Is something the matter?" he asked gently. "Can I help?"

Suddenly with Jim's kindness, his deep concern, Ann could no longer control her tears. She started to cry. It was all Dr. Jim's and Timothy Patrick's fault she felt like this. They had ganged up on her when she wasn't aware and made it impossible for her to go along with her plans—despite the contract and the promises. Just a short time ago, the decision would have been easy. Now it seemed impossible. For during the past year, two men had entered her life—one helpless and lovable, the other, strong and loving. They had captured her love and run away with her heart and Ann had become (Continued on page 97)
After six years with Rory, Lita's an expert on exact price of beef!

At 14, Rory decided hunting with a rifle was dull—switched to archery

The inventive type, one of his ideas is proving to be a boon to ranchers

Mention something and you'll find Rory has it. The guy's a Brain!

THAT CRACKERJACK-OF-ALL-TRADES,

CALHOUN

- The postal clerk at the little town of Ojai looked up in surprise at the tall, handsome, dark-haired young man with prematurely grey temples. "You sure you know what you're doin', young fella?"

Rory Calhoun's voice left no doubt. "Positively!"

"But this letter you want me to register—it's addressed to yourself."

"I just wanted to make certain...?"

He didn't tell him certain of what, or he might have given away a secret that had to be protected at least till it was securely registered with the United States Patent Office. By the cancelled postmark on the unopened letter, Rory could prove, if necessary, just when he first had the idea. You see, in addition to being an actor, rancher, saloon keeper, builder and jack-of-all-trades, Rory is also an inventor of some repute. You'll be even more surprised about some of the things Rory has invented!

The contents of this particular package dated back to a camping trip a few weeks earlier, when Rory got up at sunrise to fix breakfast while his pretty wife Lita was still curled up in a sleeping bag, hoping to get in a few more winks before an unquestionably exhausting day of hiking and fishing began.

Her sleep was soon interrupted, not only by the hickory aroma of coffee boiling over a crackling fire, but also by Rory's disgusted, not exactly drawing-room-type outburst about the eggs he had fried.

Sleepily she stuck her head out from underneath her warm, (Continued on page 99)

BY PEER OPPENHEIMER
Recently, rancher Rory went into the restaurant business—now owns three.

Rory has writing ambitions, has already sold original story to movies.

A businessman, Rory's movie contracts are the envy of other actors.

Rory Calhoun is next in "The Looters".
Bike is gag gift from studio. Six years of modeling, stage, TV led to Hollywood.

Mother's training taught Grace not to be discouraged by criticism and failure.

Of modeling days, she says, "I learned to stay on my feet until my head hurt!"

Hair-do for "Catch a Thief," "The breaks didn't come before I was ready for them."

BY
MARTIN COHEN

THE LADY IS A GO-GETTER

Forget all the blarney about Kelly being an overnight sensation. She was, in her own words, a glutton for punishment. And punishment is what she got!

• "I've never been depressed by my work. I love it. If it became a chore, I'd give it up," says Grace Kelly. "I've had a couple of parts I didn't like. I was bored and miserable. I couldn't work up any sympathy for the characters. If I had to do much of that I'd stop cold. The day I find acting is no longer fun and exciting, I'll quit."

The lady says what she thinks. She is shy but never scared. If she has something to say, she says it. If she has nothing to say, she is a phenomenon—she says nothing. Physically speaking, she is well modulated with a figure that neither screams with exaggeration nor retreats in a whisper. She is lithe and tall with a remarkable face that produces the fragile smile of a Mona Lisa or the grin of a child looking (Continued on page 81)
"THE GLASS"

It's "Cinderella" set to music, with Leslie Caron's special brand of magic

This enchanting musical romance gives Leslie Caron the perfect follow-up to the beloved "Lili." Once more, there's a fairy-tale atmosphere without any actual flights into fantasy. Once more Leslie is the shy and shabby young girl who blossoms into a charmer. "The Glass Slipper" is

When prince Michael Wilding meets Leslie by chance, he tells her he's a palace cook. And she dreams that she is his dancing sweetheart, in a fabulous kitchen.

The grubby, cinder-streaked little kitchen maid is transformed—ready to don a ball gown and glass slippers, given to her by a mysterious, eccentric old lady.
the Cinderella story told with music and with no magic spells. In a tiny mythical country of 18th century Europe, Leslie's a slavey in her step-family's household; Michael Wilding's a debonair prince. With beautiful sets and costumes, M-G-M makes the love story a feast for eyes and ears.

A pirouetting doll, Leslie's joined in two of her dances by Roland Petit's Ballets de Paris. She starred with this troupe in a national theatre tour before filming began.

Dazzling in her suddenly acquired finery, she creates a sensation at the palace, even dances with the duke (Barry Jones), the realm's ruler, her beloved's father.

As poor Cinderella, Leslie is harshly treated by stepmother Elsa Lanchester and stepsisters Lurene Tuttle, Lisa Daniels and Amanda Blake, luxuriously dressed.

But there's more trouble ahead—the midnight escape from the palace—before Leslie and her prince reach the famous happy ending, together “forever after.”
If you like what you love

You’re in Luck

Beneath the kidding and banter, genuine trust, friendship and affection

Congenial, Doris and Marty obviously enjoy each other’s company

Good catch: Doris’ mother and son went with them on Alisal Ranch vacation
Much has been written about Doris Day's charm, her brightness, her radiance. There is nothing to question. It's really there: the shiny blond hair, the clean looks, the sparkling blue eyes and, of course, the smile—a terrific smile, wide, warm, utterly disarming.

The place on the Warner Brothers lot where the stars and the executives eat lunch is called the Green Room. It looked pretty drab until the moment Miss Day, followed by Marty Melcher, came through the door. She brightened the whole room. There's an electric quality about this girl. She gives off sparks. You know, when you meet someone like Doris Day, that you're meeting a personality; that you're in the presence of a star. But a comfortable, down-to-earth sort of star.

"I'm hungry," Miss Day said, sitting down and looking over the menu. Miss Day has a reputation for being hungry. "I think I'll have the steak."

"Me, too. And I'm having French fries with it," Marty announced belligerently. "I did twenty laps in the pool this morning. I'm trying to take off a few pounds and it's murder!"

Marty—Marty Melcher—is Doris' husband. He's also her agent, business partner and sometime boss when he's producing one of her pictures. He's also known to be her tower of strength.

What was the secret of their success in marriage? I asked.

"It's very simple," Marty answered. "Half the time I let Doris have her way; the rest of the time I give in."

"Don't let him kid you," Doris bristled good-naturedly. "Between my two men at home I don't stand a chance. They gang up on me and lead me around (Continued on page 103)
I'm letting you in on a secret. But don't keep it to yourself. I want this one spread around!

I know a secret. At least, that's what I was told only a few months ago. Well, to be perfectly honest, I overheard it.

When I came home from the studio one day, Janet was giving an interview. "Tony knows the secret of enjoying life to the fullest extent," she was saying. "He has a sure-fire cure for boredom, depression, loneliness—almost any blue mood that happens to strike a person."

"Who me?" I said to myself.

Then Janet saw me standing in the living room doorway. The girl is not only adept at Houdini-type magic, she's also pretty good at mental telepathy. "Yes, you," she grinned.

It's funny, but until then I hadn't really stopped to think about it. Since then, I have—pretty thoroughly. And I've found that it's taken me years to learn the secret of enjoying life to the fullest. Most of the time, I acquired the knowledge unconsciously. As time (Continued on page 85)
KIRK'S ISLAND OF SAFETY

It will not be found on any maps, but it is as real as Kirk's

"A man needs marriage. An actor, even more—the island of safety only to be found in a solid human relationship"

“Stimulating, gay as champagne, but soothing, too,” Kirk says of Anne. They met when he made film in Paris

BY ELIZABETH BALL

Two years ago, on a warm sunny afternoon in Paris, Kirk Douglas was introduced to a petite French woman, who his friend director Anatole Litvak said, was just as brilliant as she was charming. She spoke four languages fluently, had an indefatigable supply of energy, a quick, sharp mind and a fine sense of humor. She was just the person Kirk needed to handle his French papers while in Paris making “Act of Love.” When Anne Buydens agreed to take care of the actor’s work, the director arranged the meeting that afternoon.

“There was no romance involved,” Kirk says today. “Not in the beginning. Anne helped me with my business problems. She was stimulating, gay, soothing. Having worked on pictures with picture people, she knew about actors. From the beginning, we had a perfectly good understanding of each other’s good points and bad ones and an acceptance of each other’s qualities. I appreciated having her as a friend.”

Anne lived and worked in Paris where she coordinated languages in (Continued on page 89)
With Anne, Kirk has forgotten the loneliness that made him a rolling stone—whirling aimlessly through life.

Anne is interested in Kirk's work—but she is much more interested in his peace of mind.

Kirk Douglas is in Walt Disney's "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" and 20th's "The Racers.

Today, Kirk is calmer about his career; no longer attacks life in his old fighting mood.
Elizabeth Taylor is in "The Last Time I Saw Paris"

VAGUELY
BY FAITH SERVICE

If you had been cruising in your car on the hilltops near Beverly Hills one midnight last Spring, you would have been in for an eerie experience. From a lone ranch house nuzzling the stars on top of the highest hill you would have heard eerie strains of music. There's nothing strange about music coming from a house at any hour of the day or night when there are people living in it! But this house was obviously empty. It was dark, the windows were opened but curtainless. No one could be living there. Yet music played.

If your curiosity was strong enough to conquer your gooseflesh you might have ventured nearer to the house. Glancing through the open windows you would have seen hand in hand, the motionless figures of a girl and a man seated on the living room floor.

Creeping still closer you would have recognized the bodies as belonging to Elizabeth (Continued on page 76)

Says Mike, "Temporarily, we're alike—both lazy. We hang onto things, too—old letters, clothes. We love to travel but we always seem to have a new house to buy or a baby coming!"

WONDERFUL
She forgets to order dinner, hangs her things up on the floor. But it's the other things she does that makes Mike so mad—about Liz Taylor!
Cupid shot an arrow into the air.
It landed—pretty nearly everywhere!

Cupid on the

For Pier Angeli came the dawn—of happiness as Mrs. Vic Damone

Debbie Reynolds was kidding—but her heart wasn't, about Eddie

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

• Love is simply busting out all over . . . and over . . . and over . . .

Debbie's heart went to Eddie Fisher way back last July but her hand will not be his until this June when these two plan to be married. Her dark-haired friend Pier Angeli, in the meantime, has tied the knot with Vic Damone and her cute blond friend Jane Powell has already returned from her European honeymoon with husband Pat Nerney.

The last time these three girls were together was the day that Esme Chandlee, Helen Rose and Ann Strauss gave a bridal shower for the immediately-to-be-brides Pier and Jane. When I think back, I feel that Cupid must have the good grace to blush when he sees how nearly he came to missing his mark . . .

Debbie Reynolds was rehearsing. Her hair was in curlers because she was going to a premiere that night. She frowned when she saw Johnny Grant and

Continued
Rampage

Jane Powell headed for the desert—to become Pat Nerney's bride

Pat and Jane on their wedding day. If Pat had phoned a week earlier, Cupid would have missed his mark.

Champagne and a dime in the juke box were all love needed to start Pier and Vic on that wedding march.

Debbie and Eddie Fisher at engagement party given by Eddie Cantor. Sheilah slipped the cue to Cupid.
shook her head when he pointed to the slender, dark, curly-haired young man with him. Didn't he know she was dancing against time? And for him to bring a stranger on the set and with her hair such a mess! But she nodded politely when Johnny brought his friend over. "You remember him, you met him four years ago when we entertained at the Walter Reed Hospital in Washington—Eddie Fisher." Ah, now she remembered. He was a GI then. He'd said, "Hello, Miss Reynolds." She'd said, "How d'ye do." Now he was grinning, and she smiled back. But she was late. "Bye," she said, and started running. "Will you be my date for my opening at the Cocoanut Grove?" Eddie was to ask over the telephone weeks later. "Okay," Debbie had answered in her candid fashion.

I wonder if Debbie knows that I was partly responsible for her big romance with Eddie. It happened just around Valentine's Day last year. Young Mr. Fisher was in the doghouse with Mamie Van Doren and the local photographers here. Eddie and Mamie, whom he knew only slightly, were supping at the Mocambo, and the lensmen swooped down to take photos. Suddenly, Eddie dashed from the fancy night club as though twenty devils were on his tail. I read Miss Van Doren's statement the next day. Boy, was she insulted! No man had ever run out on her before, and who did he think he was, etc., etc.

So I called Eddie to find out "wha' happened." He wasn't sure except that he didn't want his picture taken in a night club with a girl he hardly knew. "I'm lonely in this town," surprisingly confessed the famous singer. "I'd like to meet more people. D'ye know anyone?" "Debbie Reynolds," I suggested, and Eddie jumped five feet in the air. "D'ye think she'd go out with me?" he asked. "Call her and find out," said I. Eddie went one better. He recalled the brief meeting in Washington, contacted Johnny Grant who took him to the set—and that was the beginning of their love story, and another notch in the arrow of the little guy who's been working overtime in our neck of the woods. But if Debbie hadn't visited the Walter Reed Hospital, and I hadn't interviewed Eddie—makes you wonder, doesn't it?

And I wonder whether Marlon Brando would have met his love—if he hadn't rejected the script of "The Egyptian?" He found Josanne Berenger in the office of his New York psychiatrist, after his mysterious dash from Hollywood. The nineteen-year-old French brunette—"The only girl I ever wanted (Continued on page 88)
Cupid played waiting game, finally caught up with Mitzi, Jack Bean

Hawaiian leis became bridal wreaths for John Wayne, Pilar Palette

Eleanor Parker loves her Clemens portraits—he loves the original

Vera-Ellen took up tennis, now she and Vic Rothschild are love match

Romance stole the Sportsmen’s Show for Guy Madison, Sheila Connolly
THE CASE
OF THE
VANQUISHED
BACHELOR

BY
FREDDA DUDLEY
After five years and a full house, James Stewart, Esquire, has blissfully forgotten the character who once lived alone and thought he liked it!

During football season last fall a group of Beverly Hills buddies were having Saturday night dinner together. Jimmy and Gloria Stewart were among the guests, so inevitably the conversation turned to Princeton's grid victory of that afternoon.

"I get excited enough about the games now," Jimmy declared, "but when my two boys are in college, I guess I'll have to figure a way to work in the East during the fall."

Someone said with a straight face, "I thought your two youngsters were girls."

Falling for the rib, Jimmy explained, "The two youngest are girls, but my two oldest are both boys." Then, gradually, a grin began to spread. "Our two oldest," he amended, and across the table he met Gloria's warm smile.

No more eloquent incident could be cited to indicate the close-knit happiness of the clan Stewart, because the two boys mentioned are Ronald and Michael, (Continued on page 101)
Unlike Hollywood stars, most of us being mere mortals, have special clothes problems. Some of us are too thin or too fat; others too tall or too short. The complexion is only so-so. As for clothes-sense, we’re ready to admit that we’re not too clever and can be easily led astray by a quick whim or a special sale. On top of this to make matters worse, the budget is definitely restrictive. No wonder

Above, two ideal outfits for a tall willowy figure. Grace Kelly wears a sheer with sleeveless top offset by wide skirt. Right, the long loose boxy jacket suit needs tall figure, could smother lines of a short girl. Grace next in Paramount’s “Country Girl”

Petite, but long-legged, Jane Powell looks best in dress highlighted by cinching belt. Jane’s appearing in “Athena,” M-G-M

For the soft curvy figure, Jane Leigh wisely wears for daytime trim covered-up dress for the well-groomed look. Janet’s next in “My Sister Eileen,” Columbia

BY
GLADYS
HALL
If you think it takes a million-dollar budget and a million-dollar figure to look like a million dollars, relax... It ain’t necessarily so!

HAS DESIGNS ON YOU

Look somewhat less glamorous than the glamour girls of Hollywood. A pretty depressing situation, you’ve got to admit, no matter what your particular problem is. But just suppose you could take your problems to a Hollywood designer. That’s what we did. We went to four leading designers and here are the suggestions they made for you.

Too fat: While you’re reducing, get yourself a basic black with bright accessories—don’t cut your figure in half with a startling belt, have a self belt made of your dress material if necessary. Wear white around the face (or, if you prefer, some other bright basic color). Walk tall, carrying yourself straight and by all means watch your calories.

Too thin: Use the trick jackets, overshirts which girls like Audrey Hepburn continue. Drawings by Andy Warhol.
HOLLYWOOD HAS DESIGNS
ON YOU continued

Vera-Ellen’s perfectly proportioned figure is best in the snug tops, well-defined waistlines and full flared skirts shown in all three costumes. Left, she wears simple fitted coat, with extra flair in upturned collar. Vera's playing in “White Christmas”

Turtle-necked blouse complements dotted skirt, with waist accented by a handsome leather cinch belt

To dress up or down, the smart new overblouse (belted) and a flared skirt with petticoat for extra zip

Hepburn adapt. Broaden shoulders and bust lines with full shoulder width and full blouse effect. Wear cowl necklines such as Anne Francis uses to give her that feminine allure. And slim skirt or full, keep the hemline in proportion to your figure.

Too short: Uninterrupted lines help the illusion that you’re bigger than doll size. Wide belts are taboo, a narrow one is for you. If you’re less than average height and full bosomed, the basic dress is your best friend. A short waistline, a long skirt line and you've increased your height by inches.

Too tall: A long jacket line on suits, as exemplified by Grace Kelly, looks dreamy on the tall girl (and isn't she lucky she can wear it!). Big hats, long gloves, print dresses, full skirts—everything that rounds out the figure to good proportion is for you.

And what is a basic wardrobe suitable, with slight modifications, for any figure?

We stopped by to see Edith Head, who not only designs movie clothes for Paramount stars Audrey Hepburn and Grace Kelly, but also designs all of her own, and therefore understands the problem of budgets. Miss Head is a strong exponent of the “planned wardrobe.”

“Last spring I toured all over Europe with only one suitcase,” she admitted. Since the contents of this suitcase served me so well on every occasion from morning to midnight, I can personally guarantee that it will be just as smart ten years from now as it is this fashion season and recommend it to most gals.

“The basic costume was a two-piece flannel dressmaker suit (you might prefer beige flannel which is just as good-looking). The jacket was buttoned all the way up and (Continued on page 105)
EMODEL YOUR ASHION OUTLOOK


Luxurious, fluffy white fox collar frames and softens your face. Fleischer Furs. About $25.

Glamour to your feet: Brilliant pump, white rolls on black shantung. Deb Towners. $9.95.

Bold, beautiful accent: five strands of lightowy bubble "pearls." By Marvella. $12.50.

All-day chic in the soft honey calf Toro pump. Little crushed kid trim. Enno Jeticks. $10.95.

Arm's-length of white Doette cotton evening gosses, scalloped, pearly buttoned. Fownes. $5.

Diamonds make news in a harlequin pouch bag inking raspberry, green, white. Lennox. $14.95.

Treat your partying waist to white capeskin with white and silvery tinsel. Charm Belts. $5.

Samsonite's trim blue train case, sturdy vinyl astic. Mirrorred top, divided inner troy. $17.50.

via Federal Tax for Where to Buy see page 84
These are the scene-stealing accents

A_Mustard yellow gold silk scarf is
peppered with big black and white
polka-dotted squares. By Glentex.$2

B_Olden bucket glamorized in shiny
"patent," amony handled, candy
striped cotton-lined. Inger.$10.95*

C_New kind of dash: contoured.
black plastic patent belt, rhino-
stone studded. Schaffer. About $3

D_For good luck, golden link brace-
let adorable with four-leaf clovers
on a shiny heart. By Ciner. $3.95*

E_Walk smartly in black "patent"
pumps with Louis heel, white wing
trimmed toe. By Grace Walker.$6.95

F_To tuck in a belt or neckline,
large pink velvety roses. What's
more feminine? Astar Flower. Each $1

G_Trim white gloves, stopping at
the wrist, in double-woven nylon,
yellow stitching. By Dawnelle. $2

H_Just plain fun: beige linen shell
pump embroidered with colored
coin dots. Lucky Stride.$10.95

*plus tax For Where to Buy see page 84

I_Short black cardigan, allover
"pearl" studded, yummy as its pine-
apple stitch. Sidney Gould.$14.95

J_Bright fillip for a spring suit,
three pink carnations on a single
stem. By Flower Modes. About $2

K_Coronet's elegant deep red calf
vagabond satchel with outside
pocket in trapunto design.$18.95*

L_Sheer news for spring; pale, pale
stockings. These, in a tasty creamy
wheat shade. By Phoenix.$1.65

M_Velvet Step's Jewel sling-back
shoe, wing detail on the vamp—
in the prettiest aqua shade.$9.95

N_Big, Lucite beads in red, black,
and white, tiny golden dots between.
H. & S. Originals. Each, about $2

O_Pull in your waist with orange ice
saddle leather. Contour belt with
pilgrim's buckle. Charm Belts.$3

P_Spots before your eyes? Couldn't
be gayer than these in Technicolor
on a white cotton glove. Aris.$3.95

Q_Arabian Nights, translated in a
gold-touched oriental print bag with
bamboo handle. By M.M. $12.95*

R_Generous bunch of snow white
violets to breathe new life into any
suit. By Flower Modes. About $2

S_Beloved red skimmer moccasin
in flexible glove leather. The flower
trim is news. By Huskies.$4.99

T_Sea horses are clearly etched on
this silk square in red, white and
black. Great chic for $3. Glentex

U_Tote-all bag in lustrous red calf
that loves a spit 'n polish. Golden
double bracelet handle. Jana.$15*
Diana Adams, star of the New York City Ballet Co., is featured in M-G-M's "Invitation to the Dance"
PHOTOPLAY
STAR
FASHIONS

REMODEL YOUR

Gloria's now starring and singing
in U-I's "So This Is Paris"

A Jana's small and shapely satchel in bright plastic patent, golden padlock trim. $7.95
B The Newport pump in black "patent," slim heel, white tipped ties. Naturalizer. $10.95
C There's triple fashion in a triple-tie silk scarf scattered with dots. Boor & Beards. $1
D In the fashion eye: shining ropes of golden baubles. Non-tarnishable. By Sperry. Each, $2
E Cotton satin boy shirt, ice cream stripes marking its feminine gender. Macshore. $4.95
F For a sleek middle ground, "patent" contour belt, nickel harness buckle. By Charm. $2.50
G Diamond cut-outs on a pink cotton glove for up-to-the-elbow glamour. By Fownes. $4
H Bright strokes of color shape a casual Suedeene shoe, cushioned platform. Honeydebs. $3.99
I In the style of fine Italian craftsmanship, a large carryall pouch in beech cowhide, with newly shaped winged flap. Ronay. $15

For Where to Buy see page 84

Like musical star Gloria De Haven, take a mid-year refresher course in accessories—the best stage tricks we know for a change-about look. Gloria loves her slim molded sheath in navy silk and worsted, with V-line buttoned front, dotted silk artist's tie. 7-15.
By Jerry Greenwald. $35. Hat by Betmar

*plus tax
Photographs by Bert and Stan Rackfield

J Shocking pink Java straw handbag for a flash of color. Linen-lined. Ingber. $10.95
K Airy calf pump in a new color, violet. The rim: a crescent of flowers. Trim-Tred. $9.95
L Open-toed Social pump in burnished gray calf, cut steel buckle. By Paradise. $14.95
M Bright yellow scalloped cowhide belt—sure to flatter any waist. By Fashion Belt. $2
N Diamond-paned pouchy harlequin tote, parked with shiny "patent." Coronet. $10.95*
O Wood violets in deep purple bring spring closer to your door. Flower Modes. About $2
P Return of the elegant glove—these in pink glacé kid, buttoned in crystal. Aris. $5.95
Q Sheerest stockings ever made, mere wisps in new mink tones. Gotham Gold Stripe. $1.95
R Long ropes of lustrous, uniform "pearls"—60" of fashion for the girl with accessory know-how. These by La Tausca. Each, $2*
The spice of fashion, accessories like these accent the lovely clothes Diana Adams wears. Lightweight pale blue wool jersey suit worn here has jewel-trimmed circle collar, winged cuffs and a cut-away front to emphasize slim skirt. Navy, tangerine, pastels. Sizes 8-16. Fashion Towne. About $45. Natural straw Breton by Betmar

A Mist gray 21" weekender in textured vinyl plastic. Crown. $18.50*
B Calf sandal with jewel-buckled wisps of straps. Rhythm Step. $16
C Single blooming white rose, glorious on black. Aster Flower. $1
D Marvella Natura pearls—2-strand necklace, $10*, bracelet $7.50*
E Creamy beige long cotton gloves for flair. By Wear-Right. $3.98
F Sleek box bag, lustrous royal blue calf, tab trim. Lennox. $14.95*
G Double buckles on bright blue contoured cowhide. Fashion Belt. $2
H Jacqueline pump, white-stroked avocado calf. By Wohl. About $10
I Seamless elegance in new skin-tone colors. Bur-Mil Cameo. $1.65
J Coronet's treasure bag, blue damask print on beige. $12.95*

*plus tax

For Where to Buy see page 54
In these 3-hour danger periods

your skin "dies" a little

There are 1- to 3-hour periods each day, doctors say, when your skin is in danger—open to such serious troubles as stretched pores . . . coarsened texture . . . cracking and "shriveling." These periods of skin "un-balance" occur right after you wash your face. In washing away dirt, you also remove natural skin protectors. Nature takes 1 to 3 hours to restore these vital protectors. Meanwhile, your defenseless skin "dies" a little . . .

Read how great beauties of the social world prevent the damaging effects of skin "un-balance".

After each washing, "re-balance" your skin

Whether you consider your skin dry, oily or so-called "normal", whether you are in your teens or your forties—your skin is susceptible to this problem of "un-balance" after washing—

Your face feels drawn-tight
Looks blotchy . . . often "burns"
Should you stop washing your face? "Not at all," skin specialists say—"but after each washing, 're-balance' your skin instantly . . ."

60 times faster than Nature
A quick Pond's Cold Creaming after washing "re-balances" your skin in 1 minute—at least 60 times faster than Nature. It combats dryness. Restores elasticity. Keeps pore-openings clear. Keeps skin texture fine and smooth.

Always a deep clearing at bedtime
Besides "re-balancings" after each washing, your skin needs a thorough clearing at night. A deep Pond's Cold Creaming dislodges water-resistant dirt from the pores. Keeps skin looking fresh, vibrant.

Start now to give your skin this complete beauty care with Pond's Cold Cream. Soon friends will be saying, "What have you done to yourself—you're looking radiant!"

The world's most-famous beauty formula—never duplicated, never equaled. Get a large jar—begin giving your skin this simple, complete beauty care soon. More women use and love Pond's Cold Cream than any other face cream ever made.

La Comtesse Alain de la Falaise

The Comtesse is the daughter of the late Sir Oswald Birley, England's court painter; and a member of a famous French family, dating back to the Crusades. She has an unerring fashion sense, is keenly aware of the rewards of effective skin care. "The most important part of my complexion care comes immediately after washing," she says, "I never leave my skin un-protected an instant, but restore it to normal at once with Pond's Cold Cream. And at night, I always have a deep Pond's cleansing."
My Daughter Was Ready for Marriage

(Continued from page 37)

Patrizia, the smallest, who is only six today, was just a baby and was willing to accept authority from anyone.

Marisa was more mature, more susceptible to suggestion than her twin Pier, who was high spirited and independent. When Marisa and Pier were little, if I said something was red, Marisa would take my word for it. To Pier, I had to prove it. Sometimes, I still have to.

All along, Pier has been the most affectionate, the most demonstrative and the most impulsive of all my children. This freeness is her nature.

For instance, when Pier would meet an acquaintance, she would think nothing of throwing her arms around him and giving him an enthusiastic hug. That sort of behavior was all right in Italy, where an “in bracces” was customary. But in America, this was not the case. I tried to impress this upon Pier.

Just a few weeks before she was to be married, a reporter came to our home. Pier had known him since she first came to this country, but hadn’t seen him for months. He was wonderful. Finally, he got to you again,” Pier burst out the instant he entered the house, and with arms spread out, rushed toward him. About two feet away, remembering my advice, she came to her usual depth, held out her hand and said, “How do you do?”

The reporter looked dumbfounded.

Tied with her demonstrative nature is a freedom of speech, which I have had difficulty in completely outgrowing and which made it unusually hard for her to take some of the everyday disappointments that are so much a part of life.

She had a pet Spitz dog, which was a present from her godfather, Pier was heartbroken. Always affectionate toward animals, Pier treated Kiss like a living, breathing friend with him and talked to him, and the mere thought of leaving him behind in Italy when we went to the United States was almost more than she could bear. Yet, there was no choice.

Pier was having, however, when her grandmother, who lives in Pesaro, a resort on the Adriatic, offered to look after Kiss. We took him to her two weeks before we left the United States. The week before, grandmother called us in Rome with the sad news that Kiss had sneaked out of the house, and in running across the street, had been crushed beneath the wheels of an oncoming truck.

When I told Pier, she cried harder than she’d ever in her life. For three days she wouldn’t touch any food, and neither begging, warning or threatening could make her take a bite. Four days before we left, and we almost postponed the journey, she started to take a little broth. With the excitement of the flight itself and the promise of America, it had somehow got over it, though for many months she could get tears in her eyes when anyone mentioned Kiss and even today hasn’t gotten completely over his loss. But I am proud to say Pier has learned to understand her emotions, and because she is so sensitive, is understanding of other people’s problems. She should make a warm, understanding wife.

Although I will be forever grateful for the happiness and opportunities which the United States, and Hollywood, have provided my daughter, there is something about moving to a new country, with all the difficulties and adjustments we faced, added to my concern about Pier.

When we settled here, she was only eighteen—and young for her age even by Italian standards. Because she trusted and believed people regardless of whether she had known them for years or just met them, Pier was always personally vulnerable to being taken advantage of. At the same time, her curiosity was adult beyond her years. When it came to helping friends, both professionally and in personal matters, she had great understanding.

Getting into the film industry in Hollywood was in itself a challenge and an education for Pier. For this world of make-believe, of compliments and promises and easy turns, a young girl’s head. Pier had learned these past years to appreciate all sorts of people and, in turn, to evaluate herself.

It may sound as though I had been against Pier’s career in the beginning. On the contrary, I was very much in favor of a career for Pier—even in opposition to her father’s wishes.

My husband, who was an engineer, opposed any theatrical career for his children. Knowing how strongly he felt, when Mr. De Sica, who directed “Tomorrow Is Too Late,” happened to see Pier and mentioned she might qualify for the lead, I didn’t tell a word of it to Mr. Pierangeli. I knew that Pier’s heart was set on a movie career and, for eight months, while she was testing and preparing herself for the part, I connived with her, with Marisa and even the servants to keep the news from my husband until we knew if Pier would be chosen.

After eight strenuous months, Mr. De Sica decided Pier was right for the part. I had no choice but to tell my husband.

I vividly remember the evening I sent Pier to her room and went into the living room to speak to my husband. “I have news for you, dear,” I said.

“Mr. De Sica wants Pier for a picture and…” I got no further. I thought the roof would fall in, my husband was so angry.

But since I had already signed the contract, there was little we could do about it then. In time, Mr. Pierangeli did overcome his conservatism, and since her career made Pier happy after a terribly hard time during the war, he didn’t object long. I only wish he were still with us today and could see how much acting means to his daughters.

When we settled in California one of my big concerns was to establish a proper balance between Pier and Marisa. This was difficult not only because Pier, being peppier than her sister, makes friends more easily, but because from the very beginning of their lives Pier was always a quick learner. Despite the fact that Marisa’s didn’t really get started till just a short time ago.

My number-one ally was the love of the two girls, and the realization of a single instance of jealousy between them—when they played together as children, nor in their teens, during their first three days of being courted (although at this time the law was that for eighteen-year-olds the accident had to be reported), the situation had changed when we came to Hollywood, with all attention suddenly focussed on Pier. Keeping the necessary equilibrium called for diplomacy.

For instance, when Pier bought a new dress, I made certain that Marisa had one just as nice. When Pier got a car, as soon as possible, I bought another for Marisa.

We could not afford a second car for Marisa at the same time, but on their next birthday, by which time Marisa’s own earnings had increased, we repeated the present. It was the first time we had bought a car, and as I have already mentioned, for their third birthday I purchased the home in which we are now living, and had the deed registered in both their names.

In another respect I had to watch that one of my twins wouldn’t lag behind. Pier makes friends easily. Marisa, more quiet and selective, has a harder time showing affection. When Pier was about to move to California, she was the one I was most worried about. She was a shy girl, and to me those years in Hollywood were a great advantage in social activities, often when Pier went for an evening, she would ask to the home in which we are now living, and had the deed registered in both their names.

The hostess, who had referred to games, was more than a little surprised when Pier answered. “Sure, I’d love to bring along my sister.” I was happy to hear this, for Pier has learned to share—which is so very important in everyday life and important in marriage.

It has been said that I wouldn’t permit Pier to go out alone on a date till she was twenty-one and that I carefully screened the fellows she could date. I might have done so, but I don’t believe I did. Didn’t once do this in the United States. It is true that I have been very particular about the persons with whom Pier and Marisa associate. I have always emphasized the importance of young people being guided and instructed, but that both of them take care in the selection of their friends. But I have never insisted upon whom they could or couldn’t see. From their nineteenth birthdays they have been permitted to go on dates without a chaperon. The only restriction at that time was they be in before midnight.

I feel very strongly that a girl should prepare for marriage. With Pier she was broad interest in her career she had little inclination to run a household. She has

Photographers’ Credits

Color portraits of Janet Leigh, Cyd Charisse, Loni Nelson, Arlene Dahl, Barbara Rush by Steny; Elizabeth Taylor by Apger; Virginia Mayo by Six; Dale Robertson by Bachrach; Anne Blyth by Apger; Grace Kelly by Fraker.

How you can quick-cleanse, lubricate, make up
...all with Tussy’s golden All-Purpose Cream

Now, with one wonderful new cream...you have a lubricating night cream, a deep-action cleansing cream, AND a rich foundation cream.

**Follow the arrows for quick, deep cleansing.** Stroke Tussy All-Purpose Cream from throat to forehead, always moving up and out.

Circle it gently around your eyes.

It cleanses better than any soap; better than many a cream! Why? Because it actually gets down under “Make-up Clog” and dirt, and clears them out!

**As a foundation base** for make-up, you just dab a mere dot of Tussy All-Purpose Cream on forehead, nose, cheeks, chin and neck. Blend it into your skin. A special Tussy moisturizing ingredient in the cream, helps give your skin a flower-like beauty all day long.

At bedtime, use it freely to soften skin through the night. Tussy gives you so much more...6 full ounces for only $1.

---

Use Tussy Dry Skin Freshener after cleansing, to remove every trace of cream and grime. Pat it on; it helps reduce the look of large pores. 8 oz. bottle, only $1.

*prices plus tax*
little taste for cooking, and the first time she tried to be of some use in the yard, she thoroughly sprayed everything from the house to the cars, everything except what she wasn’t supposed to touch.

Little by little I explained the satisfaction of being a goodmama, a good hostess, a good wife. Pier may not have mastered the art of balancing a career with a home, but she does have a sincere and enthusiastic concern to improve in this category.

Another big problem—one of Pier’s biggest—was her difficulty to handle finances. If she had money in her purse, she spent it. I finally had to give her just enough money to see her through the day. If she wanted to buy something specific, I’d have to remind her to ask for more.

Then I tried a new approach. Instead of giving her just pocket money and having her come to me with all the bigger expenses, I put her on a regular monthly allowance out of which she had to take care of all her personal expenses. It worked. Given the responsibility of managing her own budgetary affairs, she learned financial responsibility and budgeting—although I don’t think Pier will ever be a financial wiz. But with Vic’s business mind she won’t have to worry.

Before hand she used to let me make all her social engagements and arrangements. She would simply say she’d like to have her agent over for dinner one evening and ask me to handle the invitations and people—used to warn her that she should be learning to take over these functions herself. However, since her marriage, Pier is delighted to handle the castings and personal problems that have been in her home. And I must admit that her rather informal and relaxed manner might even make her a more enjoyable hostess.

Pier has never done things good-naturally, without too much concern. This is how she bought her last car, took up golf as if nothing else mattered and talked about getting a horse. Unfortunately, not all of Pier’s incomefulness is as her craze for golf or horses. My biggest concern was the romance department.

I know it’s not unusual for a very young girl to get constant crushes and get over them quickly when other ladies come up. But Pier used to worry me. She had never outgrown that stage. Until she met Vic, I don’t think she had ever really been in love. I used to tell her not to be in love, just liking to be with someone, having a wonderful time. Love is more than that.” It took Pier a long time to find out I was right, but she understood and doesn’t make the same mistakes with Vic again. She was able to recognize love.

Pier first saw Vic four years ago when he sang at a party given at the Waldorf-Astoria in her honor by Arthur Loew to celebrate the birthday of his daughter after her arrival in America for “Teresa.” I remember at the party, Peggy Ann Garner asked Pier if she would like to meet the young singer. Pier was delighted, but she couldn’t speak a word of English, besides, even if she could, she wouldn’t want to meet him. She didn’t know what to say, she had never even had a date. Her reply was simple: “Oh, no, no!” They did not meet.

About a year and a half later, we were in Germany for the filming of “The Devil Makes a Fiddle.” She was staying in a hotel close to something after work, Pier received a telephone call from Vic Damone. He explained that he was stationed nearby with an Army entertainment unit and that he, too, was a member of it. From the beginning, Pier was eager to hear from someone from her studio and her new home in America, but she declined his invitation to be his guest at a show they were giving that evening for the boys. She said she was very tired. But Vic protested and Pier had a little conference with me. I reminded her that Vic was a real gentleman. There are plenty of men I’ve seen in “Rich, Young and Pretty,” and who sang at her birthday party. Pier agreed to join Vic if she could bring me along.

It’s funny now to remember it, but when Pier opened the door later that evening to let Vic in, her face must have shown her disappointment. He looked quite different from the “dapper, good-looking, masterful type of face” I’d seen in “The Devil Makes a Fiddle.” But upon closer inspection, he told me she was “All dressed up like a soldier,” says Pier. Vic sensed her disappointment, too, and he apologized for his khakis, “I’ve got many suits in America,” he said.

The taxi that evening was a jeep and Pier and I and another GI got into the jeep for one of the bumpiest rides we’ve ever had. It took about an hour to ride to the camp. I was so tired I almost nodded off. After what seemed like an eternity, Vic was surprised, “Oh, no, you mean that you were singing for, and I never heard you?” He hadn’t remembered Pier at all.

Before the program started, Vic was very nervous and worried about how he was going to sound to all those entertainers. He’d borrowed a little gold chain and medal she was wearing and gave it to him for luck.

Vic had to leave us so we settled in a dinette at the mess hall where we could watch the show and yet not be seen. Vic first sang “Mama” for me, then announced that he wanted to sing “September Song” especially for someone. I was shocked. I’d asked the boys if they’d like to see that “someone” and he walked over to get Pier. I’ll never forget Pier’s expression. She was frightfully excited and begged Vic not to let her out of front of all those people. She’d never been on a stage before, she told him, she wouldn’t know what to say. Vic took her hand and gently led her up to the stage. With his arm around her, she sang what later was to be “their” song, “September Song to Pier.”

During the following three months that Pier was locationing in Germany, she saw Vic almost every night. Along with a friend of Vic’s, the four of us would go out to dinner and dancing. Whenever Pierre and I were alone, I would order glasses of “just a little bit of champagne” (since neither of them drank ordinaril). Before we left Germany, Vic asked me to marry him. I said no. She was young, and there were so many things to think about, her career, her new life in a new country, the eight months more that Vic had to serve in the Army.

When we returned to America, Pier became involved in her career and soon began dating other boys. When Vic came home, he came in very unceremoniously. The safest way would be to get married. Often Vic would come over to visit us at home. I had always been very fond of him, I was always welcomed, whether Pier or Marisa were home or not. I’d cook his favorite Italian dinners for him and he’d always bring the dessert—spumoni, his favorite little. Then last September—the thirtieth to be exact—Pier came home and I knew something had happened. It was just a stroll Friday afternoon, she explained, so she decided to drive around the Metro and stop at the bus stop on the way. She ran into old friends and before she knew it, Vic finished the number he noticed Pier an dashed over to her. He invited her to sit a while. She did, for about fifteen minutes. Then shooting finally wound up, Vic asked Pier if he could get to Vic and Pier. When they arrived at the cafe, Vic put some money in the juke box—and played “September Song to Pier.”

Vic sang, “Nothing ever dances there,” but they did for about an hour. “Everybody was staring at us,” Gene Kelly and some other people from the studio were dancing. I knew I should have been home, getting ready for a date I had that night, but we just kept dancing.” Suddenly Vic said: “I just can’t believe it.” “You’re kidding,” she answered. “You just don’t do things like this! You must be drunk. He assured her he wasn’t, but I’ve never had a date, I’ve had a date for that evening. I declined Vic’s dinner, but promised him she would stop by the golf course the next morning on her way to work, and see him before he put on his uniform.”

I knew when Pier got up a half hour earlier that morning that Vic meant more to her than she realized. When Pier me Vic that morning at the course, he ran up and said: “Will you marry me?” I’m so bitte this morning. Let’s get married!”

Pier’s answer was the same as the night before. “Well, let’s get engaged!” Vic suggested. Pier’s answer was still “No; but I wouldn’t have been out of bed if I were going to a party that night. And she agreed that although she was going with her agent and his wife, who was an actress.

Pier was on pins and needles before she went to the party that evening, but she didn’t tell me why. When she arrived, Vic was not there and for the first hour and a half she was sitting at the bar with her eyes glued to the door (“It seemed like an eternity”). When Vic finally walked in, “beautiful in a dark blue suit and tie, almost to her home”—This is it. Wanting to get away from the crowd they went to Pepe De Lucia’s to have dinner with Vic’s agent. Pier says Vic just sat there and stared at her for a long time and said: “I want to talk to your mother.”

First, though, he called his family in New York, yelled, “Mama, Papa, I’m engaged.” Then he telephoned me. I was the first girl he ever asked to get to know. When we came to see Vic that evening, Then Pier got on on the phone and said I wanted him. He talked to me. Then Vic got back on the phone, said: “Pier, I want to see you tonight. Will you be up a few?” “I’ll bring you some spumoni,” really didn’t know what was going on, and the children weren’t much help, but agreed. Then Pier went home.

When they finally arrived Pier was upstairs and Vic went downstairs to speak to me alone. (He and Pier had agreed she’d come down only after he whistled. Since then it’s hard to say what about what she did and who was there and what everyone wore.

Pier changed out into a party clothes suit for “Green Satin,” which she already knew by heart, paced the floor and waited and waited. Still no whistle.” “It seemed like fifty hours.” Finally,
she couldn't stand it any longer and went downstairs. There Vic sat, calmly
looking to me, and I sat, tears running down my cheeks, gulping sputumoni. A
diculous sight, no? When I finally caught
myself, I asked them when they
wanted to be married. Vic said, "Right
way, next Saturday." But we had so
much to do that we finally set the date
for November 25th, Thanksgiving Day,
but then we changed our minds again and
said it for November 24th because we felt
it would be best not to have it on a holiday.

The following Monday, the studio
announced the engagement. Vic picked out
beautiful emerald-out diamond ring for
er and she bought him a star sapphire
and a small gold cross on a chain—
ery similar to the first gift she had given
him, the small cross she presented him
or luck in Germany. Vic's wedding presen-
t to Pier was a similar cross necklace
of diamonds.

We had so many, many things to do.
er and Vic had to look for a place to
live, then Pier had to choose her brides-
maids and her gown and theirs'. Pier de-
ded she wanted an all-white wedding.
her gown was designed by Helen Rose
and was a bouffant lace and chiffon,
rumped with tiny seed pearls and her
earpiece was a Juliet cap. The brides-
maids' gowns were all white with just a
pouch of soft pink trim. Their dresses were
esigned in Italy. Pier's entire trousetu-
was also designed and made in Italy. Every
ay sketches were sent over for her okay—
hey were most lovely. Marisa was maid
of honor. Her bridesmaids were Sandra
and Elaine Farinola, Vic's sisters, Lupita
Kohn and Taina Elg, Little Patrizia and
er friend Simonette Giaroli were flower
irls. Vic chose for his best man, Bo-
los, Jr., and the ushers were Dean Mar-
in, Tony Martin, Joe Pasternak and Bob
sterling. Then we made arrangements for
luncheon reception at the Bel Air Hotel
ed began the hundred and one things
that must be done for a wedding.

During these weeks, Pier and I and Vic
had many times to talk about the future.
Vic could see I was a little overwhelmed
by their sudden decision. "You don't have
to worry about your little Anna Maria,
Fama Pierangeli," Vic told me the day
after their engagement. "You are not
losing a daughter, you are gaining a son,"
then added with a smile, "Confidentially,
do you know what sold me on marrying
him with your daughter?—your cooking.
you'll do half as well as her mother, I'll
never have a word of complaint." Later,
in a more serious mood, "I just know when
we celebrate our golden wedding anniver-
sary, I will love her as much as I do to-
ay."

Pier, too, was sure. And I knew by
the way she talked about Vic that for the first
time in her life, Pier was really in love.
This is a wonderful thing we have to-
together," she said one day just before the
wedding. "We understand each other. Our
noods are the same. He even seems to
now what I'm thinking. It sometimes
cares me to death, though I won't ever
ave any secrets.

Two young people willing to share the
good and the bad, the present as well as
he future, their thoughts and their goals—
is true love, this is what marriage
is created from, I said to myself. Pier is
happy. Vic is happy, I, too, am contented.
I had tried hard to prepare my daughter
or the most important role of her life:
recognize love, to know it completely,
be a good wife. Many times I had been
accused of being too strict with Pier.
 Many times I had asked myself if perhaps
his were not true. But on her wedding
lay, both Pier and I knew I had been
ight.

The End
(Continued from page 55) and Michael Wilding... Their explanation: Monday.

This was their new home and they were going to move into it presently. They had come up after work to have a look around that night, and Liz, having looked inside, was so happy that she dropped to the floor, pulling Michael down with her. "Let's stay awhile," she begged. "Let's just sit here on the floor and play music." So they turned on the record and she played it in every room in the house and just sat there, and the music played, and the hours went by.

You might ask, "Why wouldn't anybody do a thing like that?" It's really quite simple. Elizabeth is in love with her new house.

"I've been busy in the housewife in her," Michael confides. "She's vaguely about household things. Forgets to order dinner. The dinner hour strikes, 'Oh, m'gosh,' she groans, 'we haven't anything to eat!' She has no time for, and is not interested in domestic details, that's the whole of it. Not one to go in and whip up something in the kitchen. She never learns. I have to give her advice on how she wants to learn now. Exception: She does do bacon and eggs and she thinks they are the best in the world. But she never remembers to warm the plates.

"In addition to her lack in the domestic arts which I, being fairly domestic myself, do not consider a fault, Liz does have two other united defects: the other is un punctual. She hangs her things up on the floor. Any floor. She can make a room look more like a typhoon hit it than a typhoon would. Any room. It's a hell of a house to live in, and Liz is quite a good little housekeeper."

It's often said that you can spot married couples in a restaurant by the glazed expression in their eyes—I'm afraid we would be hard to spot if that's true. Anything glazed in our eyes isn't due to marriage, it's due to hard work.

"But back to the house. Even in the talking stage, I can visualize the house as it will be when Liz gets through with it. She has a flair for interior decoration. In our previous house she used a periwinkle blue material, which she'd had around for ages, on the couch (Liz hangs onto things!). Two big purple chairs. One bright green chair. Vivid decor, to say the least. But now she's going in for quieter colors. The outdoors which comes indoors will supply all the color, that's needed here," Liz says. Off-whites are what, I believe, she has in mind to use. Beiges, and so on.

"We've also done a bit of extra building, such as the carport at one end of the house which we need because we've taken the garage and made it into a nursery with two children's rooms and baths. Our hope is that there will be two children (preferably more than two) to occupy them. Liz can't wait, she says, to have more children.

"She's a wonderful mother. She is absolutely mad for young Michael Howard Wilding. She won't have a nurse who is not older than she is. One of the nurses, meaning, I assume, one of the real pro who believes that wherever a parent's place may be it is not in the nursery! When we're at home, the baby is with us and what is done with him, and for him, Liz does.

"As a mother, she's wise, too. Strict about schedules and things. When the baby's crying it's always, 'Are you hungry? Are you sleepy? No matter what VIP comes to call. His meals, his bath, his playtime and bedtime are on the clock—the only thing Liz does not do is discipline short, either. Now at the grabby stage, when he picks up everything in sight and makes a game of handing them to Liz, she takes it just so long, then she takes it away."

"Liz doesn't have discipline short, either. Now at the grabby stage, when he picks up everything in sight and makes a game of handing them to Liz, she takes it just so long, then she takes it away."

"I think that some time in the near future Liz would like to retire. Especially if we had twin girls.

"Husband, home and children are purpose enough in any woman's life," I've heard her say. "If she does it well she is doing well."

"It is the babies, however, Liz wants to do that well, too. Very well, indeed. She's like that. I suspect too, that although she pretends not to have much feeling for the career, she really has.

"Whether or not, she is certainly as casual a career girl as it is possible for a career girl to be. The star-complex is not on her. She's more at home. When we meet after work in the studio, or at home, we may ask 'How did it go today?' and all right we say—and let it go at that.

"Or if I ask Liz a question, as I do occasionally, about some especially important scene I know she's done that day, while I'm talking she's doing another of her domestic jobs.

"I'm the same. I learn my lines as well as I can and get out. Acting-wise, I'm not selfish. No altruism on my part, however, simply that I hate the camera, the proof of this being my famous expression the day after the opening; 'When a shot was clamped on the back of my head! I enjoy doing the job of acting as well as I possibly can, but if I had been a better artist than I am (I usually take care of that) I would have been very happy. I'd much rather be a good artist than a good actor.

"Acting-wise, Liz is also unselfish—completely. She's always throwing a line, a scene, or whatever, which is a little too important for her. Liz's unselhiness, however, is rooted in finer soil than mine—in her natural generosity of spirit; in her assumption nothing is too good. The star-complex is simply not in her.

"I suppose we should both be more conscious of career than we are. Yet I'm glad we're not. Careers, when they become too important can foul up a marriage. If you take them in stride, don't pay too much heed to them, ordinary living has a better chance.

"When you begin describing how pretty Liz is, you run into trouble. You can't describe her. She is beyond description. You have to see her. Yet she is seemingly unaware, certainly unconscious of her looks. Never carries make-up around, never can't be bothered to look after her with her. You never see her using a mirror. She was extravagant, at one time, about clothes. She isn't now. The Finance Department has taken care of that! Bes-
SORDID IDEAS, there are other things she wants. One of them is security. So she's enjoying the first time dresses, coats that don't cost very much.

"Even so, when she's dressed to go out if I don't notice what she's wearing and I usually do) she calls my attention to it! She loves these great big hoop earrings that hang and jangle and distract me. I must say I dislike them and do a little coaxing for her to take them off.

"Around the house we both love to wear old clothes. We like to get in the car with the baby and take long drives. We both read a lot. And Liz adores all the mysteries on radio. I don't, I like the light. But we have just about everything else in common. Our friends are mutual friends—the Stewart Grangers, the Dick Burtons, Deborah Kerr and her husband Tony, Janie Powell and Pat, and others. We both love animals and we'll pick up a stray anything, number of legs so consider. Liz, as is known, is magic with animals. She is the girl hat talks to horses. Someday she hopes to raise prize horses. Life with Liz is never shared with less than five pets. We now have four dogs—alloodles—and our cats. The cats are strays. Liz loves to adopt them, especially if they're dwarfs, and build them back to health. We also have a duck. The duck lives on Elizabeth's shoulder. When she leaves the room without him, he shrieks. The duck, when young, was put in the baby's playpen. He has now outgrown this and is given the run of the house.

"I would hate to go on an African safari with Liz. She would literally bring them back alive—and turn the house into an informal zoo.

"We both paint, have a great interest in art and love to browse around galleries. We had a ball in Europe. We'd love to travel more than we do, but when we're not working and can get away, we always seem to have a house to buy or a baby coming! With the result that I have never been to San Francisco, have flown across the country eight times and only know the Chicago Airport and although we're both dying to go to the Hawaiian Islands, if only to say Aloha, and return, we haven't been.

"A pity, too. Because whenever we do get away, it's almost like a honeymoon. When Liz was in London, a year or so ago, making 'Beau Brummel,' I could only stay in England briefly since I had to be in Paris. Liz came over every weekend. On the morning of her arrival I'd rush out to a restaurant, a small cafe and order the dinner, the wines. Late at night we'd go to a little place we know where they play violin music. As dawn was breaking we'd go out to Sacre Coeur and then to the market for onion soup.

"Temperamentally we're very much alike, too. Both lazy. We love just sitting and playing records or watching TV. Hate big parties. Are not the athletic types. Never go winging our way around a tennis court, just chattin' and out of our pool.

"Liz is not, of course, listless-lazy. There's a sparkle about her laziness. Lately, we've been on a new kick, playing poker. Usually with the chap who built our house and his wife. But we'll play with anyone foolish enough to sit down with us. Liz, being more crafty than I am, is the better player. But this too will pass, I daresay. And we will revert to the state of utter passivity which is Heaven to us.

"I am sentimental and, in a somewhat different way, so is Liz. Generally speaking, we're both pretty moved by things. We both react emotionally, that is, to laughter and tears. We hang onto things, too. Old letters, clothes, odds and ends. We're hoarders. I must admit that, though I don't remember birthdays, anniversaries and so on. Like Mother's Day for instance. Last Mother's Day, Liz suggested I go out to buy a present:

"'For what?' I wanted to know.

"'For Mother's Day,' said Liz.

"'For whom?' I asked.

"'For me,' said Liz.

"'From whom?' I persisted. 'Not from me, certainly—you're not my mother?'

"'From my son!' Liz said, rather patiently considering the circumstances. 'Who else?'

"In the present-giving department, however, I now have a good excuse! The house is costing so much, I send Liz flowers. Violets, usually. Liz loves violets. In clothes, too. Shades of violet are her favorite colors. Star sapphires are her favorite jewel—but we won't go into that!'

"To me, I think the most important thing about Elizabeth is that she is very brave. Brave about actual physical things, afraid of no person and no animal, nor of any illness that may affect her person. And apart from physical dangers, illnesses and such, she is undismayed by life.

"Last year when she got a steel splinter in her eyebrow and nearly lost the eye, I'd spend every noon hour at the hospital with her, take her little things, perfume and such and, with both eyes bandaged, she'd show off for me and how could find the little gadgets in the dark, manipulate them, how it wouldn't matter too much, even if . . .

"This is not only very beautiful without but brave within which gives her a very fine—a very splendid kind of beauty.

"I may be prejudiced but, they broke the mold when they made my Elizabeth."

THE END
There's a Girl Called Virginia

(Continued from page 34)

"She's dressed," said Mike in simulated surprise. "Well, okay, we'll go. But only for an hour."

At this point Virginia walked in, a heavenly vision in scarlet. "It's beautiful, sweetie, we'll go for an hour," Mike said. "I told 'em as they were leaving he turned aggresively to Lucy and said, "If anyone calls, we'll be home by nine o'clock."

I was dozing on the divan when they came back at 2:30 A.M. Virginia looked radiantly dressed, I'd had a wonderful time, didn't we, Mike?" Mike looked at her for a moment, "Now, I was ready to leave at nine, but I couldn't find you. So I found some people who weren't talk- ing about themselves. Then I had a good time. We sat around, talked about history. Where were you?" Virginia said, "I was having a great time, I was dancing. Mike looked at her with a grin, "I've always said, sweetie, when you've got a beautiful girl in your arms, why dance?"

On that note I said good night and went out to my home away from home, the O'Shea guest house.

Things like this go on in the O'Shea household all the time. And I should know, for I'm Girl Friday, friend, baby sitter, fan-mail consultant and recipient of Ginny's various experiments, which run the gamut from guinea pig for a new hair-do to food taster for new fudge recipes.

I have known Mike a long time because I work for his business manager, but I didn't meet Virginia until about five years ago when we lunched at the Knickerbocker Hotel one day. In contrast to Mike, who is quick, glib and hilarious to be with, Virginia seemed quiet. In fact, not being demonstrative and yet having a wonderful trait of complete honesty can create confusion for those meeting her for the first time. She sees no shade of gray. She doesn't waste conversation and thinks seriously before she talks. She will never be accused of chit-chating. When I first started becoming friendly with Virginia, her abrupt answers bothered me. If I said, "Feel like a movie tonight?" and she said "No," I felt uncomfortable wait- ing for the reason to come out. On the other hand, she would never say, "Let's get together sometime," which we are all horribly guilty of. She says, "Why don't you come out Friday night for dinner?" After the first lunch, Mike and Virginia invited me out to the house so many times I practically lived there. The practi- cally became "actually" when I started looking for another apartment. Mike and Virginia insisted I would save gasoline if I took over their little guest apartment, at least until the baby came. So I moved in—to one of the happiest periods of my life.

Mike and Virginia are enough family for anyone. When I had to go to the hospital in July for surgery, they took over. Virginia did everything possible for me and Mike made hospital arrangements. She took me to their doctor and they cared for me during the whole uncomfortable period.

Virginia is the closest to being the ideal girl friend that I ever hope to find. We talk girl talk of clothes and hair-do's and movies. We save the Westerns and Spencer Tracy pictures for Virginia to share with Mike. But as we both love movies, we spend some of the time when Mike's working traipsing in to Hollywood or go- ing to the Valley shows. I remember the first time we went to a movie together. I didn't know Virginia very well, so I passed the fragrant popcorn stand with a wishful eye. I was sure the glamorous Virginia Mayo would not indulge in pop- corn munching. As we started for our seats, she turned and said, "Do you like popcorn?" I said hesitantly that I loved it. "Good," said Miss Mayo, "Let's have a bag apiece with lots of butter." And since then we've shared a lot of popcorn with lots of butter at the movies and in front of the television set.

She has a wonderful sense of humor. Virginia's humor comes out so matter of factly that it's startling. One night Mike and a friend were having a heated discussion of the merits of king size and regu- lar cigarettes. Suddenly Virginia said, "They really should have three sizes: king size, regular and butt size for people who want to stop smoking."

She has a terrific clothes sense and no one was surprised when she was voted the best dressed woman this year. Even when we are sitting in front of the television set at home, Virginia's outfit is an ensemble. If she's in pedal pushers or slacks, the blouse, belt and shoes will blend to per- fection. When we go out she always dresses, mainly because she likes to. She is what we call a New York dresser. She is careful and completely groomed at all times.

Her bedroom is completely feminine and dainty and quite full of gorgeous clothes and jewelry. She has a real penchant for expensive costume jewelry and likes noth- ing better than an excuse to drag it all out. One night I couldn't find anything of my own to wear on a dinner date and we spent a happy hour trying on everything she possessed. She says with a twinkle as she looks at the mountain of pretties, "I really must will this to the Guggenheim Foundation."

She has no false pride about where she buys clothes. She is as happy in a marked- down special as an original. The other day at the studio the girls were raving about her trouser pants with bright pen- nies all over them. She said happily that she found them, appropriately enough, at J. C. Penney's in the Valley. She bought a rather simple white net dress with masses of ruffles and a black edging at the Broad- way Department Store and then had Miss Mabry, Warners' designer, add some dis- tinguishing touches to it. During the time the Eddie Cantor premiere, she drew raves for it. She probably told everybody hap- pily where she got it.

Another time, she went shopping with a young starlet who really couldn't afford the three-dollar alteration fee for a pea- sant skirt they discovered at Lerner's. It was a sale skirt and it looked lovely on the girl. So Virginia talked her into buy- ing it and then took the skirt and the girl home with her. She whipped out her sew- ing machine and did a perfect alteration on the skirt. She explained the inability to pay a three-dollar alteration charge and she was quite happy putting her talent to work for the girl. That, too, is a clue to Virginia. She wouldn't think of offering the other girl help if she didn't feel she helped someone, it is with part of herself, not with a check. She takes the time to do for people.

Virginia has the knack of taking time to do things and still seem unhurried even though she has a strenuous schedule. Again it goes back to what's important and what's not to know. She has helped so many people, but I know she'd find it embarrassing to see it in print. She is, honestly, a working friend.

Her complete lack of artifice and de- lusions of grandeur are an inspiration in this "keep up with the Joneses era." I re- member the time Mike was in San Fran- cisco, and Virginia and I were going to a

Why should you wear them?

Purely for peace of mind, when "those days" are near...or here. They’re differ- ent from ordinary panties, though they’re just as trim as any. Sani-Scants have a moisture-proof panel, to protect against embarrassing accidents. They have pins and tabs inside; you need no belt. Patented No-Belt waistband. And Sani-Scants conceal...never reveal. Many women wear them a day or two early, each month...for safety's sake. Try them soon. $1.35 to $2.50. Longer Brief style, $1.75 to $2.50. Small, medium, large, extra-large.
premier together. Virginia has a Jaguar and I have a Chevrolet. There is a slight difference in their impact on the public mind. Virginia didn't feel like driving and asked me to drive. As I'd never driven a Jag, my car was the obvious one to take. I protested that the public would be disappointed if she arrived in my whoopie and the industry would think she was going broke. She looked at me in that quiet steady way and said, "If they like me now, they'll like me in a Chevy, Ford, Cad or Jag." I should have known better than to protest, because Virginia just can't think that way. Later that afternoon, while my Chevy was being washed she looked at it and said, "What's wrong with this car? It looks pretty good to me." And she meant it. We rolled up to the premiere in it, anyway, and I'm sure she didn't lose any friends over it.

In the same vein, she and Mike find they cannot lead the exaggerated lives that some of the other stars do. They like to entertain but only for small groups. And each guest is at the O'Shea home strictly on his own merit. They enjoy the simple pleasures of life. While everyone else talks of a trip to New York, Miami or Europe, the O'Sheas plan a delightful simple educational trip through Yosemite or, after listening to me rave about my home town for years, they might decide to really see Spokane. They find no need to impress anyone, so they do the things they want to do.

I will give you proof that I trust her completely. All women will know what I mean when I say I let her cut my hair. She ragged me for weeks and finally let her give me a short haircut. She cut so much I was really scared. She chopped blindly away and then set it for me. I held my breath when she combed it out. It looked great. The best I've ever had. She wasn't surprised, she expected it to be.

I can honestly say Virginia is an oddity in this day and age. Most women have gotten to the point where they base friendships on material wants or need. But with Virginia it is friendship with random and simple with no ties or dependency other than enjoyment.

I think the secret of Virginia is her deep down philosophical acceptance of life as it is. It isn't a sense she's acquired from books. Rather it's an inborn instinct of quiet understanding. Virginia was born with it and throughout her life it has ripened and matured into a sure knowledge of herself, her loved ones and the world around her. She is aware that she has a long way to go; that there will be confusions and disappointments, temporary bursts of pain that will fade when the strength to be happy is the basis for living. For Virginia is happy. Her acceptance of life as it is has kept her from the temptations of succumbing to the superficial fame and success pitfalls that lead so many here astray. Her honesty in evaluating herself objectively is a breath of fresh air to me.

With the coming of Mary Catherine, Virginia seems to have found complete fulfillment. She has made the important decisions of the future within herself. Her home will always come first and her career second. With Michael and Mary Catherine as the roots of her own life, she has blossomed into the beauty that comes from tranquility of mind. No inner turmoil or inner longing dissipates her supreme serenity.

This is the Virginia I know. And with the wonderful friendship of Virginia, my admiration for Mike and playing "Aunt Dor" to the red-headed doll of the family, as long as the O'Sheas will put up with me, this is my home.

END
Rate Yourself

on this true or false quiz about internal sanitary protection

1. Tampax is based on the well-known principle of internal absorption. [ ] [ ]
2. Tampax was invented by a [ ] doctor.
3. Tampax can be worn by [ ] any normal woman.
4. Though only 1/9 the size of an external pad, Tampax is as absorbent. [ ] [ ]
5. User's hands need never touch the Tampax. [ ] [ ]
6. When properly worn, Tampax cannot be felt. [ ] [ ]
7. Tampax prevents odor from forming by preventing exposure to the air. [ ] [ ]
8. Tampax can be worn in [ ] shower or tub.
9. Both the applicator and the Tampax itself are easily disposed. [ ] [ ]
10. Regular, Super and Junior Tampax refer to differences in absorbency rather than in size. [ ] [ ]
11. Millions of women have [ ] used billions of Tampax.
12. Tampax is over 20 years old. [ ]
13. Tampax is sold in over 70 [ ] countries outside America.
14. Tampax is sold at both [ ] drug and notion counters.
15. A month's supply of Tampax can be carried in the purse. [ ] [ ]

Answer: All of the above statements are true. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

(Continued from page 33)

Rate Yourself

on this true or false quiz about internal sanitary protection

1. Tampax is based on the well-known principle of internal absorption. [ ] [ ]
2. Tampax was invented by a [ ] doctor.
3. Tampax can be worn by [ ] any normal woman.
4. Though only 1/9 the size of an external pad, Tampax is as absorbent. [ ] [ ]
5. User's hands need never touch the Tampax. [ ] [ ]
6. When properly worn, Tampax cannot be felt. [ ] [ ]
7. Tampax prevents odor from forming by preventing exposure to the air. [ ] [ ]
8. Tampax can be worn in [ ] shower or tub.
9. Both the applicator and the Tampax itself are easily disposed. [ ] [ ]
10. Regular, Super and Junior Tampax refer to differences in absorbency rather than in size. [ ] [ ]
11. Millions of women have [ ] used billions of Tampax.
12. Tampax is over 20 years old. [ ]
13. Tampax is sold in over 70 [ ] countries outside America.
14. Tampax is sold at both [ ] drug and notion counters.
15. A month's supply of Tampax can be carried in the purse. [ ] [ ]

Answer: All of the above statements are true. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

(Continued from page 33)

descends upon her for one of those informal evening carriages and barbecuing.

Brides and Grooms: Poor Pier Angeli and Vic Damone searched in vain for a honeymoon house. Finally Bob Arthur came to their rescue and rented them his isolated hilltop home. Pier and Vic's hide-away is built in the shape of a ship with a "deck" projecting out over a precarious cliff. And their nearest neighbors are wild rabbits, squirrels and coyotes! But Mitzi Gaynor and Jack Bean settled for a house in the heart of the film colony. San Francisco was wonderful to Mitzi when she appeared there on the stage in "Jollyjana" a few years ago. One reason why her wedding ceremony took place in the beautiful bay city.

Hollywood Wonders: Why Grace Kelly was so anxious to play in "Bridges of Toki-Ri." She has five average scenes which could have been played by any competent stock actress. But Grace is merely magnificent in "The Country Girl"! Why 20th takes such chances with valuable Robert Wagner. Hospitalized recently, his ears injuries received from underwater scenes in "Twelve Mile Reef," Bob also still suffers ill effects from the diet and contaminated water in Durango, Mexico, where they shot "White Feather."

Tub Thumpers: You can't kill a guy for trying, but these press-agent stories of a romance between Debra Paget and Jeff Hunter fell flat. She isn't seriously interested in any movie concern is his beloved son. If necessary, Jeff will fight for joint custody when Barbara Rush sues him for divorce.

Studio Strippers: Tony Curtis and Jeff Chandler no longer share that four-room suite at U-I. They're still buddy-buddies but the studio built a snappy new dressing-room building and now there's room for each to be in business for himself.

Friendly Enemies: Now it can be told! "The Sea Chase" is finished and Lana Turner couldn't get her sexy self back to M-G-M fast enough. She wasn't exactly enthused with John Wayne, director John Farrow or those six scenes that kept her on Kona Island four weeks. Finally the beautiful blond blew her beautiful top and reminded Farrow that she "wasn't a fifty dollar a week stock girl and to take her role and stuff it in the ocean!" The day the Duke married Pilar Pallete he ordered private Tampax and flew his friends to Honolulu for the ceremony. There were plenty of extra seats, but Lana wasn't even asked to go along for the ride. No, she just sat in the front row because she felt she had been taken for one already!

Many Happy Returns: On Rock Hudson's 29th birthday, his mother and four of his closest friends threw him a surprise party in his own apartment. The cake was decorated with the names of all his pictures and topped by a chocolate camera. He received more outfit links for his collection and musical roles for his player piano. But Rock's greatest gift of course, is being borrowed by master-director George Stevens to star in "Giant." Last time he worked for Warners, Rock had one line to speak in "Fighter Squadron" and was so nervous it took twenty-eight takes to get one roll. They didn't give him a dressing room either, so you can guess where he had to change clothes! This time he has a three-room suite.

Operation Hollywood: Yes, Marilyn Monroe was even three hours late for her "minor surgery," which caused a hospital nurse to flip: "I'm glad she wasn't expecting a baby!" And Dan Dailey may have to check in for special treatment. Rochester accidentally moved a chair on the Jack Benny TV show, which Dan was supposed to sit on. He landed on his spine and has been in agony ever since.

Walking Papers: Twice before Rhonda Fleming tried to divorce Dr. Lew Morrill and he talked her out of it. Now he's making his third attempt. And Edmund Purdom returned from Europe, but didn't return to his home and heart.

Here and There: Perfect house-guest Montgomery Clift, paying a quick visit to Hollywood, wouldn't allow the Michael Wildings to throw him a party. When Sammy Davis, Jr. lost an eye in a traffic crash involving Jeff Chandler and Betty Hutton filled in for the famous Negro entertainer. Virginia Mayo and Michael O'Shea were in New York when he was called back for a TV show. Mike wouldn't leave his love alone in the wicked city, so they flew home for three days—and flew right back again!

Baby Talk: Bob Taylor says—"It's like a dream come true." He's referring, natch, to the exciting news that he'll become a father next June. In the meantime, the Taylors head for Europe to bring back baby Uli for a daughter by a former marriage, who is already in this country. Real estate agents holding a house with a built-in nursery, please note. Peter Lawford's interested for a very official reason! And Guy Madison is so happy his bride voluntarily gave up her career, because, "I'd rather have a big family than a small scrapbook." Only 31-year-old Mitzi Palmer, Of course, is the serious illness of his ex-wife. Poor Gail Russell is now suffering from a liver virus and malnutrition.

Cal Predicts: That Debbie Reynolds is going to lower the boom on exploiting the private life of the Eddie Fishers. "After we're married," confides this wise one, "we're going to have a private audience with the President to give the public a rest!" That Tab Hunter can become one of the top box-office stars of the country if Warners won't waste him in secondary roles. He receives more mash notes from teenagers than any young actor in Hollywood. That Terry Moore is heading for a new-found popularity of a different nature. When all that sexiest stuff got unwrapped, Terry pulled in her headlines. She didn't work for a year and during that period stayed home and acquired poise and dignity when you'll now see in "Daddy Long Legs."
The Lady Is a Go-Getter

(Continued from page 45)
up delightedly from a double banana split. This is the girl a lot of people are talking about. She’s got them confused, for no matter what they want her to be—another Ingrid Bergman, a well-scrubbed kid, a Cinderella type, a snob, a shy filly—no matter what they want, she insists upon being Grace Kelly.

“Everything’s happened—all the publicity—in the past year,” she says. “So I get the sweeps’ winner treatment. Frank Sinatra was talking about this and he said, ‘I remember they called me an overnight sensation. It made me sore. It wasn’t overnight. It was ten years of hard work.’”

And Grace Kelly? Well, she wasn’t discovered pedaling a Good Humor wagon down Sunset or posing for cheesecake as Miss Light Bulb atop the Empire State Building. The fact is that Grace, at twenty-six, has been a semi-pro and legit theatre for fifteen years. At eleven she auditioned for, and was accepted by, a little theatre group, the Old Academy Players in Philadelphia, and until she moved on to New York, she worked with that group as well as church and school dramatic clubs. Prior to the age of eleven, when she was just a child, she played the neighborhood cellar-circuit in a repertory of Mother Goose. She was always imaginative. Dolls weren’t just dolls; they were puppets.

“I was a long time growing out of dolls. Even when I was thirteen and it wasn’t proper to play with them, my younger sister Liz could easily coax me back to them just by promising not to tell anyone else, especially the boys. I always liked make-believe games. But what helped me succeed, I think, is that different opportunities came along at a lucky time. It’s the right thing now, if you know what I mean. There’s all this talk about making your opportunity but what’s the good of breaking down a door before you’re prepared?’

The story of Grace Kelly is that of an earnest, intelligent girl who has been making ready for a long time. It is generally assumed that because her father is wealthy, Grace never had to peel her own orange. Well, it’s true. Her father is rich and their orange juice came in small cans, frozen and concentrated. He paid her tuition when she entered the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York, but five months after she left home, Grace was fully supporting herself, room, board, tuition and nylons—and she was just turning nineteen.

To become self-supporting, Grace stayed awake and worked many hours every day. From nine to one she was in school. Until early evening she modeled or she went through the grueling task of marching from agency to agency being interviewed for future jobs. In the evenings, she studied and prepared for the next day’s classes, “I was a glutton for punishment,” Grace says.

Her work at the academy didn’t suffer. Her acting in a play at the academy was so exceptional that a talent scout recommended her for a studio contract. Came summer and she had her first rest in the family’s summer home. The house is on a New Jersey beach where ocean surf tickles your toes and cool sea breezes make sleep possible. Grace didn’t even get down there for a long week end. In the oven of Manhattan she modeled furs and woolens for fall buyers. While most of the gals booked out for long week ends, Grace worked six days a week.

Grace modeled through her second and last year at the academy. Even when she...
Grace, in those days, was proving she had been properly prepared for certain problems of an actress. She had stamina and determination and she wasn't discouraged by criticism and failure. She demonstrated a strong desire for fame and the willingness to learn. Grace gathered these traits from the same woman from whom she derived much of her charm and beauty, her mother.

Mrs. Kelly believed in responsibilities for children—Grace had chores. Mrs. Kelly was strict—Grace learned to be orderly and organize her time. Mrs. Kelly said so with a smile, and the private parts of the score that she had to give up the hothat.

"I learned things as a model," she says. "I learned something about what to do in front of a camera. I learned what kind of clothes were best for me and how to wear them. I learned to stay on my feet until my head hurt." She recalls, "You know, I think the hardest part of modeling was staying on my feet. You might have your first appointment at ninety in the morning and another job in the afternoon and maybe a couple more in the afternoon that were for the last job at four you had to look as if these were the first of the day."

She progressed from $7.50 to $25-an-hour jobs. She wasn't merely a good-looking girl, she had sense and the private parts were not at least to correct—so Grace grew to be a young woman who was neither ratted by criticism nor broken down by refusals.

In her years, it was important to Grace along with the make-believe fun and parlor games that her parents encouraged and participated in. When she went to the academy, at the age of fourteen, she realized she needed something important to the artist, self-discipline.

"Discipline is getting up at six a.m. in Hollywood, Kansas, or flying to New York at eleven. Discipline, too, is learning something new and strange or refusing a second piece of cinnamon toast. Discipline is not putting things off until tomorrow to do today."

She learned about this last point. "If today is for buying spring clothes, you buy them. If now is the time to take singing lessons, you take them today."

Grace says, "All year you can take singing lessons, too, but they are next year's lessons. There's a time for everything."

But sometimes, even for Grace, there's no escape. When Grace came to Hollywood for "Dial M for Murder," she hardly had time for a second breath before she was at work on "Rear Window," "The Country Girl," "Bridges at Toko-Ri," and "To Catch a Thief."

"When you're working on a film, you put everything into it. For months at a time. You lose yourself in the work. Then all of a sudden it's as if the nerves came along—and with your other self, the part's that's not the actress. You try to catch up with the part that's a private citizen, a daughter and all that."

This fall, after six pictures, Grace had her first real vacation. She spent it in New York and Philadelphia with her family and friends. She played tennis several weeks, and got a lot of rest. It is a fine sleep—ten hours a night when possible. She took singing lessons.

She already speaks French and Spanish. But she is learning to study them. She reads with little pleasure the feeling when you're not prepared.

"There are all kinds of nervousness. When I was eleven and got up on a stage, it was wonderful having all those people watching. It wasn't until I played Peter Pan in our graduation play. That was in Philadelphia and I was about sixteen. I think that was the first time I got nervous. It was more nervous excitement and it lasted just until the curtain went up. It's not that you're afraid, it's just that you can't do the things to start."

And then there was the one time it was a different kind of nervous. "It was to do a song and dance on Ed Sullivan's 'Toast of the Town.' Well, a song and dance was my specialty. I was scared, didn't want to go on. That was the worst time I've ever had. She mulls a bit and goes on, "You do have this nervous excitement when you're making a movie, too. The first few days on a set you have it and then, too, when you do an important scene. When we were filming 'The Country Girl' we did two important scenes one right after another...

---

"ASK YOUR DOCTOR or DRUGGIST"
and that gets you up for a long time. The continuous intensity for days at a time is something. You feel it.

It is obvious that she takes her work seriously, but she has never sacrificed her dignity and personal integrity.

"You can't be afraid of what you believe in," she says. "You must be true to yourself."

And while she is in earnest and has been earnest about her career, having prepared for today, preparing for tomorrow, Grace acknowledges the element of luck.

"Look, I remember I had two scripts to choose from. One was 'Rear Window,' can't tell the name of the other script. I wouldn't be fair to the girl who took it, but I had to choose between the scripts and liked them both. I wanted to do both.

was in my agent's office and he said, 'Decide!' I couldn't. I told him, 'I want both of them.' He said, 'You can't. You've got to decide on one. You've got ten minutes.'" Grace smiles, catches a second breath and goes on, "Well, if I hadn't chosen 'Rear Window' there wouldn't have been 'Brigade' and 'Country Girl' and three others. Who knows where I'd be? But that's not the point anyway. Suppose I'd ad to make that decision a few years earlier. I wouldn't have been lucky either way. I wasn't ready."

So if you want to be a star, a self-made star—first learn the Boy Scout motto and then, like Grace Kelly, be smart and independent, hardworking, ambitious and honest, lovely and considerate. And then there's the matter of strength. If Grace Kelly were a man—an impossible challenge to the imagination—but if she were a man, with her fortitude, her courage her competitiveness, and the right trainer—she could be a champ, a boxing champ of the world—or just about anything else she chose.

**THE END**

---

**GENTLE EX-LAX HELPS YOU TOWARD YOUR NORMAL REGULARITY**

**TONIGHT**—If you need a laxative, take chocolate-flavored EX-LAX, America's best-tasting laxative. Take it at bedtime—it won't disturb your sleep.

**IN THE MORNING**—You'll enjoy the closest thing to natural action. No discomfort or upset. You'll soon feel like yourself again!

**NEXT DAY**—EX-LAX continues to help you toward your normal regularity. You hardly ever have to take EX-LAX again the next night!

**EX-LAX**

**THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE**

**MORE PEOPLE USE EX-LAX THAN ANY OTHER LAXATIVE**

---

**MATURE Style Book FREE**

Lane Bryant Maternity clothes are new Fifth Avenue style; keep you smart during pregnancy. Easy to adjust. Wonderful money-saving values.

- Misses' Sizes 10 to 20
- Junior Sizes 9 to 17
- Women's Sizes 36 to 44

Our FREE Style Book offers dresses, sweaters, and sweaters. Dresses $2.98 up. Everything for Baby, too. Mail coupon for FREE Book; pay for shipment in plain wrapper.

---

**TO REACH THE STARS**

In most cases your letters will reach a star if addressed in care of the studio at which he made his last picture. If you have no luck there, try writing to each star individually, or Screen Actor's Guild, 1046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, Cal.

Allied Artists, 4376 Sunset Drive, Hollywood 27
Columbia Pictures, 1438 N. Gower Street, Hollywood 28
Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 1011 North Formosa Avenue, Los Angeles 46
M-G-M Studios, 10202 West Washington Blvd, Culver City
Paramount Pictures, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood 38
RKO Radio Pictures, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood 36
Republic Studios, 4024 Radford Avenue, North Hollywood
20th Century-Fox, 10201 W. Pico Blvd., Los Angeles 35
United Artists, 1011 North Formosa Avenue, Los Angeles 46
Universal-International, Universal City
Warner Brothers Pictures, 4000 West Olive Avenue, Burbank

---

**AUTHENTIC - AUTOPHRAGMED**

**Liberace MINIATURE PIANO**

ONLY **$250**

Liberace, famous television pianist, autographs a beautiful and useful miniature piano for you... gorgeous as a candy, jewel, thread or cigarette box—or beautifully decorative as a planter... 9 1/2 inches tall opened, 7 inches long and 5 inches wide... in ivory, or mahogany plastic. What a conversational piece it is! And what a wonderful, useful and thoughtful gift! Order yours NOW!

_**World Wide** 63 Central Ave., Ossining, N.Y._

I enclose $____ for Liberace miniature pianos.

My first color choice is________.

My second color choice is________.

Name__________________________

Street________________________

City_________________________

Zone____ State____

Send cash or money order. We pay postage.

---

**Lane Bryant**

DEPT. 801, INDIANAPOLIS 17

Mail FREE Maternity Style Book in plain wrapper.

DEPT. 801, INDIANAPOLIS 17

Mail FREE Maternity Style Book in plain wrapper.

Name__________________________

Address________________________

Post Office_____________________

Zip code ______________________

---

**THE END**
WHERE TO BUY
PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS

ON PAGE 65:

Jauntly Juniors suit
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's

Town Umbrella
Washington, D. C.—Julius Garfinckel

A. Fleischer Furs collar
At leading department stores

D. Deb Towner's shoes
At all leading shoe stores

C. Marvella pearls
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's

D. Enna Jetticks Shoes
Chicago, Ill.—The Fair
(downstairs store)
Cleveland, O.—The May Co.
(downstairs store)

E. Fowens gloves
Philadelphia, Pa.—Wanamaker's

F. Lennex handbag
At all fine department stores

G. Charm belt
At most department stores

H. Samsonite train case
At most luggage and department stores

H. Lucky Stride shoes
New York, N. Y.—Best & Co.

I. Sidney Gould sweater
Ft. Smith, Ark.—Arcade Stores

J. Flower Modes carnations
Newark, N. J.—Kresse's

K. Coronet handbag
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's

L. Phoenix hosiery
Chicago, III.—The Fair

M. Velvet Step shoes
At all leading shoe shops

N. H. & S. Originals ropes
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh

O. Charm belt
At most department stores

P. Aris gloves
New York, N. Y.—De Pinna

Q. MM handbag
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's

R. Flower Modes white violets
Newark, N. J.—Kresse's

S. Huskies shoes
Denver, Colo.—Denver Dry Goods
Portland, Ore.—Meier & Frank

T. Gintex scarf
New York, N. Y.—Saks 34th St.

U. Jana tote bag
New York, N. Y.—Bonwit Teller

I. Renay handbag
New York, N. Y.—Bonwit Teller
New York, N. Y.—Saks 34th St.

J. Ingber handbag
New York, N. Y.—Saks 34th St.

K. Trim-Tred shoes
At leading shoe stores

L. Paradise shoes
At all fine shoe shops

M. Fashion belt
New York, N. Y.—Macy's

N. Coronet handbag
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's

O. Flower Modes violets
Newark, N. J.—Kresse's

P. Aris gloves
New York, N. Y.—De Pinna

Q. Gotham Gold Stripe hosiery
Minneapolis, Minn.—
John W. Thomas
Washington, D. C.—Jelleff's

R. La Tausa ropes
Chicago, III.—The Fair

ON PAGE 70:

Fashion Towne suit
Los Angeles, Cal.—
Coulter Dry Goods

A. Crown weekend
At all leading luggage and department stores

B. Rhythm Step shoes
New York, N. Y.—Stern's

C. Aster white rose
Wilmington, Del.—Braunstein's

D. Marvella pearls
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's

E. Wear-Right gloves
Chicago, Ill.—The Fair
New York, N. Y.—Lord & Taylor

F. Lennex handbag
At most department stores

G. Fashion belt
New York, N. Y.—Macy's

H. Wohl shoes
At most leading shoe shops

I. Bur-Mil Cameo hosiery
Kansas City, Mo.—Macy's
Portland, Ore.—Lipman, Wolfe

J. Coronet handbag
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's

redoing a room

just use your washer
and good RIT dye

Using your washer as a "dyeing machine," you can RIT-dye draperies, bedspreads, slip covers... even scatter rugs... as easily as you suds them. Furthermore, you get even deep-toned hues... vivid greens, brilliant blues, warm browns... in just hot tap water. The extra fine dyes in RIT, plus the constant action of your washer, see to that. Start now—and you'll refresh the whole house with color... RIT color!

All Purpose RIT

The finest dye... the high concentrate dye... and only 25¢

Also available in Canada
RIT PRODUCTS CORPORATION
1437 W. Morris St., Indianapolis 6

ON PAGES 66 AND 67:

Judy Neil suit
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Buffalo, N. Y.—Satter's
Cincinnati, O.—Rollman & Sons
Grand Rapids, Mich.—Hepolzheimer's

Loyal handbag
At most luggage and department stores

A. Gintex scarf
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh
New York, N. Y.—Saks 34th St.

B. Ingber handbag
New York, N. Y.—Saks 34th St.

C. Schaffer belt
New York, N. Y.—Saks 34th St.

D. Diner bracelet
New York, N. Y.—Bonwit Teller

E. Grace Walker shoes
At all fine shoe shops

F. Aster roses
Wilmington, Del.—Braunstein's

G. Dawnelle gloves
New York, N. Y.—Oppenheim, Collins

J. Sidney Gould sweater
Ft. Smith, Ark.—Arcade Stores

K. Coronet handbag
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's

L. Phoenix hosiery
Chicago, Ill.—The Fair

M. Velvet Step shoes
At all leading shoe shops

N. H. & S. Originals ropes
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh

O. Charm belt
At most department stores

P. Aris gloves
New York, N. Y.—De Pinna

Q. MM handbag
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's

R. Flower Modes white violets
Newark, N. J.—Kresse's

S. Huskies shoes
Denver, Colo.—Denver Dry Goods
Portland, Ore.—Meier & Frank

T. Gintex scarf
New York, N. Y.—Saks 34th St.

U. Jana tote bag
New York, N. Y.—Bonwit Teller

ON PAGES 68 AND 69:

Jerry Greenwald dress
Wash., D. C.—Julius Garfinckel

A. Jana handbag
New York, N. Y.—Bonwit Teller

B. Naturalizer pump
Washington, D. C.—Kamm Sons

C. Baar & Beards scarf
Cincinnati, O.—Shillito's

D. Sperry ropes
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh

E. MacShore blouse
New York, N. Y.—Franklin Simon

F. Charm belt
At most department stores

G. Fowens gloves
Philadelphia, Pa.—Wanamaker's

H. Honeydew shoes
St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer & Fuller

I. Renay handbag
New York, N. Y.—Bonwit Teller
New York, N. Y.—Saks 34th St.

J. Ingber handbag
New York, N. Y.—Saks 34th St.

K. Trim-Tred shoes
At leading shoe stores

L. Paradise shoes
At all fine shoe shops

M. Fashion belt
New York, N. Y.—Macy's

N. Coronet handbag
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's

O. Flower Modes violets
Newark, N. J.—Kresse's

P. Aris gloves
New York, N. Y.—De Pinna

Q. Gotham Gold Stripe hosiery
Minneapolis, Minn.—
John W. Thomas
Washington, D. C.—Jelleff's

R. La Tausa ropes
Chicago, Ill.—The Fair
Get With It, Kids!

(Continued from page 51)

went by, the band grew, and so did the fun! I'm only sorry that I didn't get started sooner. But let me tell you about it...


Today, when people ask me what do with my spare time, I'm likely not to reply, "What spare time?" When I'm not making movies, I paint. I build model boats, listen to records on my Hi-Fi set, practice fencing, keep up with the latest tricks in magic. I take pictures; cut tapes on my tape recorder, read books and scripts, travel—among a few dozen other things. Recently, I've taken up the clarinet. And when do I relax? Well, still, this paragraph again. That's when!

What about you? Are you ever bored with life in general? Do you feel that you have a humdrum routine of living? If so, you've got to learn that doing yourself a martyr when you have to open a textbook? If you work, do you idle away your off-hours, perhaps not even bothering to wonder what to do?

Every man has some time on his hands. Today, teenagers have more than ever before. Today, they're able to make more money from part-time or full-time jobs. And I wonder what relationships have those precious extra hours and dollars, though neither may run into the thousands. What are they doing with their lives? Wasting them? Or getting the most out of them?

Sit back in your chair for a moment. Now, begin listing for yourself all of the interesting things in this world. Things to be seen and done. Read and listened to. Places to go. What do you know about them? What are you doing about them?

How do you begin? Interests are something you have to discover for yourself. And you discover them only as you find out about yourself.

What kind of a person are you? Do you like group activities? Or do you prefer to spend your daily free moments alone? Had you rather be indoors or outdoors? Do you like something that has to do with your work or your studies? Or would you just as soon get away from them altogether? It's entirely up to you.

Have you ever had a yen to paint? Why not try it, then? You're fairly certain you have no talent, but would like to dabble anyway. Then you've got a long enough about a scene to want to attempt to capture it on canvas, the feeling is what counts. When you look at the finished product, you'll also see the scene you saw when you were trying to paint it. It's for your own pleasure.

I first took up painting when I was in school. My initial effort was titled "Portrait of a Teddy Bear." I feel that it was realistic. I'd heard the theory that an artist must suffer slightly. And I had. Consequently, I painted the experience.

These days, I paint other things as well. Portraits (I've progressed to people now), landscapes, almost anything that happens to strike my fancy. And I've found that a great many other Hollywood citizens find relaxation in this form of art. —Van Johnson, Frank Sinatra, Jeanne Crain—to name a few. Care to join us?

Another of my favorite interests is photography. After facing still cameras, I decided to try my hand at shooting some pictures of my own. And that's how I became what is known as a shutter-bug. It's a fascinating hobby and you find you can never learn all there is to know about it. First, perhaps your only content to merely click the shutter. But it won't

ALDEN'S 612-PAGE SPRING CATALOG

Lowest prices! Easiest terms! Best way to shop there is!

If it's FREE ... and only at Aldens! Not a韧性, no depository! This handsome big catalog is your personal fashion guide to use and enjoy! Shop for a lovelinger you from over 300 pages of fashion news from Paris, New York and California! Newest fabrics, colors, styles and sizes that you want ... exclusively at Aldens ... priced to low you'll be amazed! More than 300 pages for your family and home, too ... quality wearables for every age, from diapers to denim workwear; newest decorator fashions to sparkle your rooms. Send now for your FREE Spring Catalog. Quantity limited, so hurry! See how you can dress better, live better for less ... how you save more, pay as you go on easiest terms ... get money-back satisfaction when you shop by catalog at Aldens!

Aldens CHICAGO 80, ILLINOIS

PASTE TO POST CARD...MAIL NOW

ALDENS, Dept. 405, Box 8340A, Chicago 80, Ill. Please rush my FREE Aldens Big Spring Catalog.

Print NAME

Print ADDRESS or R.F.D.

Print POST OFFICE (town)

STATE

ALDENS

MONEY IN VALENCIANS

Send for Samples

Cash in on EVERY Occasion with MIDWEST Greeting Cards


She Got $400.00 for a Half Dollar

I will pay CASH for OLD COINS, BILLS AND STAMPS

POST YOURSELF! I paid $60.00 to Mrs. Dorothy of Texas, for Half Dollars. J.D. Martin of Virginia $50.00 for a single Copper Cent, Mrs. Manning of New York $2,000.00 for the Silver Dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams of Ohio received $170.00 for a few old coins. I will pay big prices for all kinds of old paper, medals, bills and stamps. I will send you CASH for them. Write B. MAX MEHL, 357 Main Bldg., FORT WORTH, TEXAS (Largest Rare Coin Establishment in U. S.)

BE YOURSELF AGAIN!

RELAX!

When you feel nervous and "on edge" during the day, MILES NERVINE calms you... helps you relax. Taken at night, MILES NERVINE lets you sleep; doesn't MAKE you sleep! That's why you feel fresher, more rested next day. Follow the label, avoid excessive use. MILES NERVINE is sold at drugstores, effervescent tablets and liquid.

BLISTEX

LIPS SORE

POCKET SIZE 39c

HIGHER IN CANADA

Nasal Congestion Associated With Head Cold May Cause Symptoms Of

SINUS

ASTHMA, HAY FEVER.

Amazing New Treatment — FREE TRIAL

Thousands have received amazing fast relief with this sensational, new treatment, from symptoms of hay fever, asthma, sinus headaches, pressure in forehead, soreness in eyes, cheek bones, back of head and down neck; when caused by nasal congestion. Write for 7 DAY FREE TRIAL, POSTPAID, or obligation to try it except; it is agreed you will mail it back, prepaid or at end of trial period if not satisfied with results.

National Laboratories, Dept. 552, Galt, Calif. Offer not good in California.
be long before you'll experiment with camera angles, all tangled up in lighting effects, reading every photography magazine you can get your hands on.

I've been lucky in having the advice of some experts who come around to shoot magazine layouts. But there's a photographer in almost every town. Why not ask him for some tips on his trade? Look around for others who are interested and start a camera club, or a class, with the professional as professor! In talking things over, comparing your work, you can improve it.

In larger cities, you'll find night schools which offer these courses. And remember, you don't necessarily have to have an expensive camera. Just learn to get the most out of the one you do have.

This hobby shouldn't stop with the shooting of pictures. If you want to really follow it through, there are companies that put out developing kits for a very small price. Your darkroom? Many a bathroom has been converted to this use. And then comes printing, which is an art in itself. Try it, or stand by while your local photographer is going through the paces and you'll see what I mean!

Do you like to travel? Actors get around a lot on personal appearance tours, but everyone can heed the call of the open road. You needn't cross the country or an ocean. There's undoubtedly something of interest within a few miles of your home. And the joys of sightseeing are all yours.

I'd be willing to bet that there's also something to be seen and learned in your own home town. In mine, New York, I used to visit bits of Germany, Spain, China, Sweden, France. There are so many national groups in cities that it's like having a bit of the old world transported to your doorstep. These are the people in your town, their customs, their food, their workmanship, memories, atmosphere.

You prefer to stay at home? Well, there's reading. And there's writing. Writing is one of the best ways possible for a person to express himself, be it by typewriter or pen or pencil. Here, again, is something for your own enjoyment. Perhaps you'll find a market for your literary efforts, perhaps not. However, if you feel something strongly enough to put it on paper, it's highly possible that it will interest others, too.

Also there's letter writing. There are pen-pal clubs which can put you in touch with letter writers all over the world. These folks exchange thoughts and ideas, get to know one another an insight into the lives and customs of both far away and nearby places and people.

There's collecting. Everyone collects things, more often than not quite unintentionally. So why not be specific about it? Collector items include almost everything under the sun: stamps, recipes, books, matchcovers, buttons, knicknacks, records, autographs, and local maps.

Rock Hudson is one of Hollywood's greatest record enthusiasts, and we've come to agree that it's sort of a fraternity. For instance, when Rock was abroad, he needed a point to stop in at record shops with the idea of adding to his collection. "There I was," he said to me, "in a strange country, a strange town, knowing so very few people, yet the minute they knew that I had a sincere interest in music, you'd have thought I was a long lost brother!" Not only did he make friends he otherwise might never have met, he also bought back some of the greatest hits of records I've ever heard. He can enjoy them and remember his trip for years.

A while back, I mentioned night school classes. If you are fortunate enough to have some of these in your town, get the see what they have to offer? Out here, Hollywood High provides instruction in such varied subjects as drawing, painting, home decoration, woodcarving, ceramics, sewing, upholstering, rug making, cooking, languages, business—even lip reading! If you don't have the advantage of an available night school, strike out on your own. Find a man who has a specific activity, locate an expert and begin your own class. Surely in your town there's a gal who is clever at whipping up her creations and it's my guess that she would welcome the chance to teach others. The same holds true when it comes to cooking.

In classes, you may obtain a mint of knowledge. And never underestimate their value, even if the Board of Education is currently forcing you to attend them! I speak from experience. Take a fairly recent experience, for instance, "Bon jour," said the Captain.

"Bon jour," I said jovially. French? So far it was a cinch.

In a few moments, Janet and I were seated next to some of these fellow novices and I also found myself a surname. Then the waiter arrived to hand us menus. "Soyez les bienvenus," he said.

"Would you like some?" I asked my waiter.

"Some what?" she wanted to know.

"Some soyez bienvenues," I said.

"Pardon," she grinned. "I think he was saying something more.


As you may have guessed, Mr. and Mrs. Curtis were enjoying a visit to Paris. A few weeks back right in the middle of the bookstacks in your local lending library, I happened upon a book which I thought a visit to the moon more likely. Paris was in songs and novels and daydreams. Oh, it was in textbooks, too. But these I had gone to great lengths to avoid while I was exposed to them in part of my education. I'd had my choice between French and an easier subject. As far as I was concerned at the time, there was no choice. After all, my roommate was interested in French and I wasn't going anywhere.

I never thought I'd voluntarily go out and buy a book of French grammar and spend hours pouring over it. And what did Curtis do? He studied French avidly, of course.

Don't laugh. Perhaps it does seem fantastic, but if something similar happened to you, would you be prepared? Get with it, kids!

You don't have to be in movies to learn from them, however. Motion pictures can be your springboard, too. And chances are you'll find a few traces of the bookstacks in your local lending library. For instance, you liked the film adaptation of the Hemingway book? Well, the rest of his novels are awaiting you on your library shelves and in the midle of the bookstacks. If you're a Yankee trying to prove to Miss Scarlett you'll find this answer and many, many more—in both fact and fiction sections.

So get with it, and in connection with your studies and you'll find that you'll have a far better and more colorful conception of the time and the people. Your textbooks will come to life as you place your interest in historic characters and places in your mind.

Try concentrating upon the background musical score in a movie sometime, if you're fond of music. You'll soon realize that those who have a real appreciation of certain kinds of music, it's likely that you soon will. One of my buddies spent a long time ignoring the photograph and almost complete to the score from a Joan Crawford film. He couldn't get the tune out of his mind, thought it was the greatest. He tracked it down. And after humming it a few times he found himself in the mood to get the melody across. Turned out to be from an opera, the likes of which he thought he'd

dress like a movie star!

It's ready—the exciting new fashion guide that shows you how to dress like a movie star on your budget! This amazing booklet, prepared by the Fashion Editors of Photoplay Magazine, is chock full of ideas to give you more fashions for less money. Each thrilling page is your personal guide to the right fashions for you! Here's your chance to develop a more attractive, better-dressed YOU. Mail coupon with 25c—TODAY!

Photoplay Fashions
Dept. P-255
205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

Send me postpaid "Photoplay's Fashion Guide." I enclose 25c.

Name
Address
City State

Photoplay's fashion guide for a NEW YOU
New Soft Plastic Holds Plates Tighter

Eases Sore Gums!

Cushions the mouth yet grips plates like "Living Tissue"

Now, quickly stop pain and trouble due to loose fitting plates with new SNUG Denture Cushions. Amazing soft plastic grips plate firm and tight yet feels soft and comfortable, like "Living Tissue." Gums feel wonderful. You eat, talk, laugh in comfort. SNUG stays cushion-soft. Can’t harden and ruin plate. Feels right out when ready to replace. Tasteless, odorless, cleaned in a jiffy. No more daily bother with "stickums." Get Denture Cushions called SNUG and do away with your plate troubles. Money-back if not satisfied. At all druggists. If your druggist cannot supply you, send $1.50 check or money order to Midland Pharmacal Corp., Dept. 23, 76 Ninth Ave., New York 11, N. Y.
(Continued from page 58)

to marry," was giving lessons in her lan-
guage to the doctor's kids. Marlon re-
turned to Hollywood when Joanne
agreed to accompany him back to 20th
Century-Fox, which is probably why he
agreed to play Napoleon in "Desire.

I guessed the romance was serious when
Marlon told the press agent on the picture,
"I don't want anyone to know that Jo is
on the set with me." Try and keep a secret
in Hollywood! Funny thing was that be-
fore Brando took flight to New York, he
was trying to date Rita Moreno. One girl's
loss is another's fiancé.

Palling in love is sometimes just a ques-
tion of timing. If Rock Hudson had met
Vera-Ellen for the first time today, he
would be married to her, instead of
being Mrs. Victor Rothschild. "I was en-
gaged to Vera," Rock told me when we
discussed the news of her marriage to Vic-
tor. "But I was making $150 a week then,
and she was earning something like $1500.
Rock is now making full $2500 a week, but he
could never be the kind of man to let a girl pick up the
check. And as he explained to me at the time of
his break with Vera—"I don't blame her for wanting to go to
the Mocambo. It's important for her ca-
reer to be seen in the right places. But I
couldn't take her there on my salary." Rock
has no dinner-tab worries now, but he's a
happy dating scriptgirl Betty Abbott
anyway.

When Dick Gully went to Europe, Vera-
Ellen promised to follow him just as soon
as she lined up the picture and washed up the
picture all right, but before she could fly
to Dick, Cupid took a hand—or rather
Johnny McKeel, who took her to play ten-
nis at Jerry Ohrbach's home. Vera was a
swimmer, not a tennis player, but she
was surprised when she gave up those hundred
laps a day and suddenly started hitting
tennis balls like a girl with a mission. Well
it seems that Victor is a crack tennis play-
er. He met him at Jerry Ohrbach's the day
—and the quickest way to a tennis player's future is to beat him at his own game!

Of course, now they are Mr. and Mrs.,
Vera has probably given the picture and
gone back to swimming. Like Lauren Bac-
call who loved the briny for Bogart's sake
before their marriage, but then raised her
own Caine Mutiny and hasn't set foot on
the "Santana" for the last five years. And
Rita Hayworth, who might never have
married Prince Aly Khan if she hadn't
pretended to adore flying. That's why she
loves Dick Haymes. She has never had to
pretend anything with him.

Guy Madison was tired and depressed.
His career was tops, but his private life
added up to nothing. To cheer him up, his
always-happy friend Horace Alger said,
"How about taking me to the Sports-
men's Show at the Pan-Pacific?" "Good
idea," said Guy who isn't one to mope if
there's something better afoot. Someone
introduced him that night—he's still too
excited to recall whom—to Sheila Connolly,
with a happy mixture in looks of Elizabeth Tay-
lor and his ex-wife, Gail Russell. Guy
asked Sheila, "Will you have a cup of
coffee with me?" From that moment on
she was the only woman in his life. And it
looks good for their future. Sheila, who
was strictly an indoor type, is now forcing
her husband to love the wide open spaces
Guy adores.

With Sarita Montiel, leading lady for
Gary Cooper and Burt Lancaster, it isn't
Cupid, who's on the rampage—she is,
loving her beef country, I love your beef
cities, I love your beef men," she told me,
adding, "I love making love to American
actors. When you kiss Spanish men, they
act like their wives were on the set.
Sarita, who prefers her lovers on the bald
side, doesn't care for men under forty—
"They're still boys." Incidentally, in case
middle-aged American men are planning
anything, this Mexican tamale is reportedly
having a hot romance with her Mexi-
can agent, Juan Plaza.

"I'm Pat Nerney. I don't think you re-
member me, but I'd like to take you to
dinner," Jane Powell was thrown off base
by this polite and unconventional
approach and after replacing the receiver,
realized she had said, "Yes. A week
ear from Ciro's," Ronald 's been "No." But
Gene Nelson couldn't or wouldn't get a
divorce, and with Janie it's always all
or nothing. So she made a clean break
with Gene. She might still have been
married to Gary Steffen, however. A
Metro hadn't loaned her to Warner Broth-
er for "Three Sailors and a Girl." As you
know, Gene was one of the sailors. And
the star wanted Powell in every port.
Now it looks good for the reconciliation
with Mirmal, his choreographer and best
foot forward.

Cupid sometimes finds it tough sailing
with actresses like Yul Brynner and John Wayne who
are navigating the seas of matrimony
together. Pilar is an amateur photographer
and whenever the tiny Peruvian has an
argument with Big John, she sides close
to Spartan Dave. "You're getting thick.
Duke, you listen to me, or I'll take a very unfavorable
picture of you." He listens.

Doe Avedon, who played the pretty air-
line stewardess in "The High and
the Mighty," is quiet and unassuming
and Cupid is having one of his few cur-
tent failures with the attractive actress
Doe took her last name from her first
husband—a photographer. She was driving
to California with her second mate with
whom she was very much in love, when
their car was sideswiped, and her hus-
band, was killed. Many men call, but few
succeed in dating this girl who lives alone
with her cat and is practically a recluse.

Anne Baxter was looking for a press
agent, and came up with a fiancé. Also a
nag—except that she was a real beauty.
"You always talk about reducing," Anne
manager as well, used to try to
shame me into reducing by saying, "The
most important starlet can do is to look
what can't you good looks?" I'd leave him full of
high starvation resolves—until the apple pie

You won't want to miss the MARCH issue of PHOTOPLAY, for when
two gals decide to talk—about their personal friends—you can bet
you'll get the facts . . .

• Debbie Reynolds' school chum gives you the low-down on My

Friend Debbie.

• Audrey Hepburn's real intimate story as told by longtime friend

and woman columnist Radie Harris.

Both stories in the March issue, to be out February 8.
Kirk's Island of Safety

(Continued from page 52)
Opportunities for Everybody

Male & Female Help Wanted

Earn Extra Money Selling Advertising Book Matches.
Call Fred or Jim Matchco, 1101 W. North Ave., Chicago, phone 2212.

Male Help Wanted


Business Opportunities

Floorbuster for Examining America’s Finest Plastics. Over 200 Household items—unbreakable dishware, jugs, glasses, Take and earn your money, Catalog Free, Los Angeles 34, 290 S. Broadway.

weekly—Home, spare time, self-employed mail book, Catalog Free, 200 items—easy Auditixus, 2451P, Los Angeles 34.


More Classified on Page 89

Faded Grey Hair

New fragrant hair pomade with lanolin will make grey hair disappear gradually (no sudden change). Provides a lasting lustrous shine. Free sample with each order for a few weeks. Send 25c.

LECHL-050 Broadway, New York

Adorable Swinging Imp Planter Complete with Lovely Garden

ALL FOR ONLY $50c

Miracle Plants Included

Produce a lovely indoor flowering plant, easy to care for. Simply add water. Your order includes a generous display of Asters, Petunias, Marigolds, Echinacea, etc. Satisfaction guarantee or money back. 3 shipments, 12 weeks, 2 to each customer. Add 50c per planter for postage and handling made at order.

Bob's Profect Co., 900 W. Lake, Dept. 361, Chicago 11, III.

Win Contest Cash

You can win BIG CASH, cars, homes, oil wells, $1,000 a week for life. You can be free of money worries. "Contest Help" explains everything. Contains winning entries, advice valuable, sample, almost written your entry for you! Answering this ad can make you the next BIG WINNER! This ad and contest help perhaps and helpful bulletin of NEW CASH CONTESTS. ACT NOW.

Editor, Win Publishing Co., Dept. A
212 Fifth Ave.
New York 10, N. Y.

Corn's

...Sore Toes, Trend Spots?

Super-Fast Relief!

Super-Soft Dr. Scholl's Zino-Pads are super-fast, nerve-deep relief...stop corns before they can start....remove corns one of the quickest ways known to medical science but also ease new or tight shoes! No other method does all these things. So, insist on Dr. Scholl's!

JOEL, seven, Kirk and Diana were divorced in 1959 after twenty years of the restless life, for Kirk, of the rolling stone, homeless, often lonely. Sometimes on the mad merry-go-round that is even worse, he says, "than loneliness." He was con- fused, unfulfilled—was a man of who has lost his way.

"I was in a constant state of flux between elation and depression," Kirk today describes his past trouble of mind.

"My life is a mess," Kirk "right after I made The Champion." He was very depressed, and I didn't think why. In this picture I was, and I quote, 'a gangster interloper," Kirk says.

"I was befriended by producer Stanley Kramer, who gave me the opportunity to play that atomic role."

"The point is that I had made a number of pictures, six in all, before I made The Champion. The experience I lacked, I was possessed in each and every one of them and although I got good notices in all of them, and particularly in The Strange Love of Martha Ivers, I was starved."

"I wasn't a star. No one really noticed me until after I made The Champion. After The Champion everyone noticed me and with a sense of relief, I'm an actor second to a role-actor, Everyone said I'd changed."

"The intimacy, on one hand, being that the change was for the better; on the other hand, quite the opposite. I hadn't changed; things just changed. Now except I'm seven years older.

"Being told I'd changed was a contrib- uting factor in my state of confusion but not enough, enough to account for my depression. After all, people were talking about me, weren't they? Writing about me. The spotlight was on me. What more does the ham in every actor crave? More flattering things about the actor came my way, articles, scripts came my way."

"Fan mail coming in. Contracts for 'Write your own ticket', photographers and reporters trailing their legs and pens on me. The full treat- ment."

"All my life I'd dreamed of this, of becoming an actor, a successful actor, and here it was, come true. But in attaining the dream, I had lost the dream."

"How? When? Where? Most of all, why? I asked myself. I probed the questions. I did a lot of self-analysis and I finally came to the conclusion that nothing in life is as fatal to the actor as the truth, the truth that we should all anticipate and for which we should all be prepared. I didn't anticipate it. I wasn't prepared to face it."

"My dream of becoming an actor had been an adolescent dream, a romantic dream of playing exciting roles to thun- derous applause, my name in lights; a dream of the stage, the theater, the music halls." For a fraction of a moment Kirk's lips tightened, then he went on.

"A Hollywood hacienda with all the trim- mings. I had not visualized the hard work that must be done to be ready to run before this hallowed state of affairs can come to pass; if, indeed, it ever does, or can,"

"I had run that race in the beginning, every day a mad race to get a job, a part in a show, a part on radio to another—a race, literally, to get something to eat. In-between shows, any job I could find at Frolic's Restaurant (anything), in order to eat.

"I was used to working, you know, it wasn't that. As a kid, in my home town of Florida there I was involved in the shortage of cash in the family till and a minimum of food in the icebox made me a wage earner while I was still in grade school. At five every morning I rose to do the same thing over again."

"I remember a day, the last two weeks of the year, 1954, coming home from my last class of the day to deliver the evening papers. I used to count myself lucky if I was through my labors by seven o'clock. I was graduating from high school and taking a job working in an Amsterdam department store in order to earn money for college. At the end of the year I took my savings, totaling $165, and spent it all to buy a new car, a 1954 Corvette, and entered the Continental Games at Canso, New York. The final stage of my journey still amuses me—I arrived atop a truck filled with fertilizer! Thanks to a part-time job as a washer I managed to transform this into a degree while working with producer Stanley Kramer."

"I have a family, I must be there. Not just for athletic competition."

"I capitate to the family. It's a real lit- terary competition."

"I have a family, I must be there. I have a family, I must be there."
RINSE was the word as I sat in the bus, that I might fall from the pedestal. I hadn't this fear because ground and grained in me is the theory that nothing lasts forever, that everything is a cycle, so now as then, I accept the fact not last (as my poetry did not last) forever.

I also believe that if you have the opportunity to compete, you should not complain if you lose.

"As an actor, it's a wonderful thing to be in a position to play exciting roles, on screens all over the world. In Israel, where we made 'The Juggler,' kids ran up and said they'd seen me in 'The Beautiful.'—it was a thrill, as it was in Rome, being stopped on the street by people who told you'd seen me in 'The Juggler.' This part of the dream came to a close, but it made my fellowship and the sense of excitement mounts, the sense of running accelerates, too. As one is achieving one goal he's already out, still breathless, to make the next goal, until you begin to wonder what goal? and why?

"I think it's very true in this business that everyone runs so fast and for so long that you forget they're running for.

"I did.

"When you are cut adrift from your personal life," Kirk feels, "the confusion increases. To be accustomed all your life to home life, home words. The question had been asked, and the answer given long ago.

"We were married and I, Kirk laughed, "am not running anymore. I used to be like the fellow who ran through the countryside so fast he never saw the flowers of the stream. I see them now.

"In my relationship to people I used to be like a steamship ploughing through an ocean, friends had to cling to you like barnicles. I don't want to be that kind of a steamship. I'm no longer.

"I'm through fighting. I'm no longer the lion going in for the kill. When preparing for a picture, I do all the research I ever did. But now I create, or try to; I don't fight.

"I'm calmer about my career, although I'm as interested in it as I ever was. But I no longer think of it as the be-all and end-all. There's less intensity.

"I don't want to always just act. I want to direct; want to be on the Broadway stage again; hope for new fields, for growth.

"But Anne, my wife, is interested in my career. She helps me in many ways. Recently, for instance, a German book was submitted to me as a picture possibility. I don't read German. Anne does. She read the book to me. She knew all about her work. But she is not trying to spur me on in my career. She is more interested in me as a human being than as an actor; more interested in my peace of mind, in me. We are both interested in growing together!

"For the present we plan to live here, in this house that was going to be," Kirk grinned, "my little bachelor haven. At least until we know what's ahead, whether I am going to do another picture in Europe, or where and for how long. Eventually we plan to build—when, where, as yet, we have no idea. Actually, it doesn't matter—when you live on an Island of Safety.

"I did say, 'Nothing in life is as fabulous as you dream it.' Well I have one correction. The exception, said bridegroom Douglas, is a happy marriage."

The End
HOLLYWOOD FASHION OF THE MONTH

Looking for the perfect party dress? Here's a darling one, perfectly simple to make—and you've plenty of time to whisk it up for Easter. Lovely young actress Susan Cabot, last seen in U-I's "Ride Clear of Diablo," loves this new, back-zipped long-line bodice style. Fashionable hip band releases a very full gathered bouffant skirt. Fill in the scoop neck, as the stars do, with a bit of stunning bubbly mock pearls like these by Marvella. You can afford to be generous with your skirt fullness using this lovely polka-dotted acetate taffeta—right in the fashion eye for spring. Dots are white plastic (so easy to clean) on red, black, navy, green, royal. By DuBarry Fabrics, at around an amazing $1 per yard. Advance Pattern No. 6843 junior sizes 9-17, 35c. Size 11 requires about 4½ yards of this 45" dotted fabric.

ADVANCE PATTERN CO., INC.
P.O. Box No. 21, Murray Hill Station
New York 16, New York

Please send me Pattern #6843, as seen in Photoplay, in size .
Enclosed is 35c in cash.

Name

Address

City Zone State
"I Want a Divorce..."

(Continued from page 38) out the carpeting—a warm beige design. There's something about all-over carpeting that seems stable. They were sitting in the living room looking at television. Dale was going into the kitchen for a glass of milk when Jacqueline stopped him, saying suddenly, "Dale, I want a divorce..."

"All right. What is it?" he said.

Her voice was firm. "I want a divorce." Four words. Finally spoken for the last time. The pause seemed longer than it was.

"All right," Dale said with finality, and went to pack. An anti-climax for a whirlwind romance and marriage. But divorce had already become too familiar, before this final disenchantment evening when Jacqueline threw in the hand without waiting for the final cards. The charge? Mental cruelty. Two words which can never be forgotten. Dale and two people in love share. Certainly not for a man like Dale, to whom marriage and home and family are meaningful words.

More restless, thinner by seventeen pounds, and bleaker, breaking a too-long silence as the years end, "Divorce isn't a word to be taken lightly. Nor is marriage. Anybody can get a divorce. That's the easiest thing in the world to do. But nobody can keep sticking and work it out. Anybody can fall in love overnight and get married, too. But it takes time to make it work. I'd told Jacqueline that in the spring, but I'd better mean it. That I didn't want it thrown in my face all the time. I said that because I wanted her to think it over very carefully. Not just a few minutes' thought, and then start talking about a divorce. I wanted her to really think about it, weigh it and if she said it again, say it because she really meant it. And I think she had thought it through. The problem was in Dale convinced herself marriage is a happy way of life, I don't know. I prefer her to think she did. We'd just redecorated our house the week before. I assure you, that is the thought in her mind about getting a divorce. And there was no third-party—not as far as I was concerned. . . ."

"I'm not blaming Jacqueline," Dale goes on quietly. "She has her reasons. And I'll figure out what they are. But I can't get a divorce. If a man is all a woman wants him to be, she will work very hard to be all he wants her to be.

"There are things I can't talk about," he adds. "Things that could be remedied, but it would take a great deal of effort on both parts. And it would take a long time. I've known marriages to last forty years when people have wanted to get a divorce. If a man is all a woman wants him to be, she will work very hard to be all he wants him to be."

But time ran out too soon for Dale and Jacqueline Robertson, leaving them linked for one more night, their memories. And linked always by a rosy-cheeked little two-year-old queen of an animal-kingdom nursery. A nursery her father painted three times because he sang her to sleep at night, accompanied by a big friendly blue elephant with pink ears that tanks Brahms' "Lullaby".

Only those very close to him would know how much his marriage, his presence, and that nursery could mean to Dale and how hard, in his own way, he tried to preserve them. Few know how both sensitive and earthy he is. An often antagonistic press is uninformative about Dale and he's shown little inclination to enlighten it—particularly when it pries too close to his heart. He's guided, concerning his marriage, partly by a Confederate chivalry, partly by a stubborn conviction that it's nobody's Yankee business anyway.

For nine months following their separation, Dale kept floating around, hanging his hat at the home of friends where he could feel a warm and close family life. He would stay in Hollywood with his stand-in, Kit Carson and Carson's family, or out in Woodland Hills in the valley with old friends he'd met through horse shows. He had even seen Kit again, and then he realized that "I dread to, but I can't just keep living off everyone else."

Now Dale and Chief, his German Shepherd dog, are batching in a "small sort of modern-type" furnished house in Toledo Lake, the section where Dale lived for a while before going into pictures. Chief, whose heart is beyond any court's custody, always keeps one devoted browny-eyed affixed watchfully on Dale when he talks, seconding every word. "Now that I have a place, whenever Jacqueline's out of town at horse shows, I'll keep Rochelle with me. You should see her now. Let me tell you, she's a dandy!"

"She's a dandy," Remembered words from almost four years before. "She's a dandy!" he'd said of lovely nineteen-year-old Jacqueline Wilson. They rode back. He had a ball team in the valley, and he took Jacqueline to some of the games. He took her out to his comfortable three-bedroom chalet in the small town of Reeds where they met his Aunt Iona and Uncle Omer, who then lived with him. "They're crazy about her—and they've been married forty-six years!" He added. A word that can never be forgotten. Dale convinced himself to write. Colorfully, he outlined the plots and characters in stories he'd written. The girl in each of them he was sure was Jacqueline Wilson. And to her, in each story, he repaid the hero in every story he told.

There's a wedding for any bride to remember and a gay reception set to moonlight shining through the stately Eucalyptus and a strolling accordionist's "On Top of Old Smokey" and "My Love." A girl, radiantly beautiful, Revealed she'd found out all the basic important things about Dale from his stories. "It makes two years," he realized he was the hero. He was describing himself. I knew them through them.

As they raced through a shower of confetti down the hill into the glittering world founded on boy-meets-girl, there were sentiments reminded that life can write better love stories than any scribe can imagine or the screen can tell. But life writs it own realistic and unhappy endings, too.

One clue to basic differences in their troubled future occurred during the first hectic happy days before they were married. They saw some company in a small way. Jacqueline wanted a home wedding. Her mother, an actress of the silent-picture days and socially minded, was making out the wedding invitations. She wanted an afternoon if there were some people at the studio he wanted to invite. She listed various important studio executives, including Darryl Zanuck, whom Dale had still never met. "I thought you would want them to come, the people you work with," she offered.

"Do you know these people?" he asked then. "Are they friends of yours? If they are, it's all right. But don't invite them for me. If you're going to ask my friends from the studio, ask them all, including the ones I work with, instead of just the 9 OUT OF 10 NURSES SUGGEST DOUCHE WITH ZONITE FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

Replies From Survey Reveal:

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

Douching has become such a part of the modern way of life an additional survey showed that of the married women who replied:

83.3% douche after monthly periods.

86.5% at other times.

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

ZONITE's Many Advantages

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

ZONITE—The Ideal "ALL-PURPOSE" Antiseptic-Germicide

What Greater Assurance Can a Bride-to-be or Married Woman Have?
people I work for but hardly know."

When the stardust cleared, Jacqueline naturally took her place in Dale's stories and Dale was no hero, but a man with all the sometimes maddening male qualities. He was as strong-minded as his heritage. And Jacqueline, for all that she was so vivacious an action, was as young as her nineteen years and unequivocal by background or experience to weather so soon the responsibilities of marrying down with Dale's stable, however strong-minded, values.

While Dale's mother owns the Robertson Convalescent Hospital for older people in Oklahoma City—which she built from scratch—it has been monstrously comfortable, Dale had been educated for the finer arts in living but not the froth.

It was early evident theirs were different definitions for love and marriage and happiness and for what many of the important things in life are. Too different to be dissolved by moonlight shining through his heart-to-heart talks. With Dale's deeply rooted Cimarron background and Jacqueline's younger hot house experience, the little things that were to be adjusted after marriage. But when both Dale and his wife talked time, when it came to building a marriage, their values seemed as unrelated as building on rock and on sand, values that would take more time—with, perhaps, to build.

Unfortunately there was no time for a honeymoon or any adjustment period after they first married—unfortunately for a very young bride. They were married on Saturday, had work and Santa Barbara and Dale was due back on the set at 20th Century-Fox on Monday. They planned to honeymoon later at romantic Banff and Lake Louise. But Dale was determined that they had a real honeymoon and other, "I'd like to be married all over again," Jacqueline once said. "It happened so fast. Sometimes I can hardly realize it and then before I悟 out his many responsibilities of being an, she was a mother. When Dale finally got two weeks off, they went to Oklahoma City to Dale's mother's where the Robertsons are going for Christmas every year. This was Jackie's first introduction to Dale's home town, and to many of his people. She was ill from the first weeks of pregnancy. The whole trip and hospital experience was very trying. It's doubtful, too, whether Jacqueline ever felt at home in Oklahoma. And while Dale always encouraged her to spend time with her family, he seldom went along. He's no student of small talk he doesn't feel, and his is an inborn horror of, as he used to put it, "Just sitting there—feeling like a hypocrite."

Admittedly "old-fashioned" when it comes to marriage or his home or his family, Dale was determined to build his own marriage and happiness on values that were more to her patience, he hoped to persuade Jacqueline to accept his values. In her way, she gave it a good try. And Dale loved her more than perhaps even Jacqueline realized—in his way—which was not her way.

Mental cruelty.

Fragments of arguments, phrases, sentences, fears—and a few tears—walk like ghosts through a memory. Familiar ghosts to whom she has been rejected and Jacqueline's half-laughing, "He'll buy me a set of golf clubs. But he doesn't understand women's tastes. He thinks clothes are frivolous.

And Dale's, "We can't go off the deep end and make bills we can't pay. I'll get a mink coat when we can pay for one. I'll get another car when we can pay for one. We'll all have all those things—when we can pay for them, but not till then." Jacqueline's rueful admission, "I have an income, but not, looking him when he will be home. I seem to ask him every time he leaves, I'm not trying to pin him down or anything. I realize it's ridiculous because he can't know exactly what time he'll be the study and get home, but still I ask."

Jacqueline wanting to do part-time picture work, even working as an extra no more. And Dale's logical reply (for he is strong thoughts on such subjects), "You wouldn't want to take a pay check from somebody else who really needs it, would you?" And Jacqueline agreeing she wouldn't.

Dale's frank admission, too, "I'm old fashioned and I know it. I was brought up to believe a husband is the head of the home—" the bread-winner, and it should be that way."

And Dale's reflective, 'I'll never forget before we were married, somebody in his family said to Jacqueline, 'This will be wonderful. You'll be going to premiere parties and going to play with the rich and famous appearances with Dale, on location trips to the studio. You'll really have a glamorous life, 'And Jacqueline said then—and loved it, but she tried to think that a little. I have my work to do. A wife shouldn't expect to always be tagging along. 'I thought then, 'This is just wonderful. I'll take him with me when I can, and when I can go to parties, so I'll have a little more fun.'"

How understandably upset a sensitive woman would be: When Jacqueline cycled to see if Dale's friends had been seen. Dale's suspicions were confirmed—they were going to have a baby—on the other end of the telephone, he replied simply, 'Oh, I don't think so, dear.' But when Jacqueline went later, at that second the assistant directed called him for a scene and he had to head to the studio, Dale's joy in fatherhood was expressed in his own way. Working on the nursery as he had worked on a glamorous lame jacket and a very small suit. The picture of a masculine guy like Dale shopping for maternity clothes would not stick. But there were words, too. "You know, I must think would have a child. I've wanted one, used to think about it a lot. It still seems just too good to be true."

Dale's preoccupied moods were some times disturbing to Jackie, and Dale had admitted, "They can be hard to understand. It's easier to see somebody else's shortcomings than your own. But I partly share that. I'm not too easy to live with. And I do get quite and that isn't always easy to understand."

The strong and silent can be difficult for the strong and silent to understand. During one of Dale's silent mood Jacqueline once burst into tears, saying, "You don't love me." On another occasion she once said, "Dale is so strong. Nothing bothers him."

But Jacqueline would have been surprised to know, too, how many times he husband needed his wife's strength. A he says now, "There are times when a little less volume of talking is what I need. I'm not loved. And that's as it should be. But there are other times when both a man and woman must be strong and face their problems together."

And there were times when it must have been pretty difficult for a man with Dale's usual inner strength, a man as self-sustaining, to understand the need for the other feelings—"and often to set a wife—fears, however unfounded.
I can undermine a wife's trust.

Found recklessly in Hollywood gossip columns and malicious un-

dered stories in magazines used to worry

Queline. "But why would she say that if it isn't true?" she asked.

Despite Dale's reassurance, the day ever comes when I come home

ight and I can't look you in the eye, "There's something in your

head. Nor could Dale understand why

have more faith in him. One shad link him with a famous

person-piure star was so ridiculous a
	

ner-friend called a publicity man at

studio where Dale was going on loan-

ad and asked him to set the columnist

ight before it was done.

's wrong with being linked with a
goose doll like that?" he said, sur

ed. "Three things: Dale's wife and

y—and he's never to, attitude!"

ale resisted the items because they

se upsetting to Jacqueline. His own

awed attitude with such column-

id little to help, and on occasion it

uld be Jacqueline to help them, resent it, wondering, "Why

't they say something bad about me?"

cause it was obvious Jacqueline

idn't care for him at all. And he was

't too happy when he was away from

ale tried to keep his personal ap

ances to a minimum. An outdoorsman,

ited any sports that would take him

y from home. He liked hunting or

fing. The one day he played golf, days, he would get up at 5 A.M., to be

a by the time Jacqueline awakened,

he with her. Things would seem hard to reconcile

ome barbed views Jacqueline's given

since their separation, giving Dale's

er as the cause for their trouble. Still,

ed the care of his children less than for

amily and didn't have time to work

airriage. Also that "movie wives

take a back seat in marriage any-

movie wives take a back seat, it's

r's view—and it's always been his view

ey get into it themselves. They have

 a home. I can't mean just keeping it dusted and

ed and the dishes washed. I know

's very dull work. I never really cared

it. There's far more to making a

r than that. I understand, and

carily Dale's career should never

parated them. Any strong-minded

's he'd maintained which have some-

been attributed to talent. Into his

ld, he would have maintained rough-

ging in his native Oklahoma oil fields.

ale, making movies is a business. He

ily to worry about his family's future,

taining as a business, too, he invested in

veryтратries. When he wasn't before the

era he would be out selling their

acts, or in doing the laundry, hanging

ing nails, moving furniture and

ing as just another hand. But he still

ed to spend an average amount of

rny, when a man works as a butch

n he's a career," Dale says now,

ring his head. "Acting is just a means

support. A man can't support

ther people. Like a carpenter, he needs

oney to support his family. I did

 more of success after I married than

her had before me. As an actor, as a

chelle. I wanted to be able to put

thing aside, so if something should

ten, they would have enough

. But if two people

can be together as much as

ther, they spend ninety-seven per cent

heir evenings together and ninety-nine

per cent of their Sundays together, there's

no reason why their marriage shouldn't

right. And no couple, where the man

ks, can be together much more than

uring those three years when they

oped to achieve understanding, he tried to

ake Jacqueline understand that adult

ove is guided by more than physical

ence. "You can love someone just as

ke when you're away from her," he

ould. And doubtless there were
times when he left things—things a wife

ke to hear—unsaid. In his marriage, as

n his work, as in life, Dale was motivated

ords of Edgar A. Guest whom he

es and lives by:

I'd rather see a sermon than hear one


's wiser to walk with me—

merely tell the way

By deeds rather than words. His reaction to

ting things to do. You have to have

how to look and respect are there. To

, 'I love you,' isn't too hard. But to

how it is something else. Maybe I didn't

't show it too much with words, but words

re cheaper than water. A wise man can

out many words, but so can a fool. You

an take a breath and say thirty

ords. But if you don't back up those

ns they're said, you're saying it in any

ay. We all want to be loved, but we

an't just sit back and say, 'Love me.'

'll have to earn that love and keep earn-

ng it. I tried to show Jacqueline I loved

er. But any way of showing love wasn't

her way."

heirs was a different definition for

iness, too. For all the "preview" Dale

e, he had before marriage of the work

ife they would lead, this wasn't Jacque-

line's idea of excitement and gaiety. Dale

ook the long view of building happiness

together and anchoring it. How far apart the

ned he discovered this one night when

acqueline said, "I'm just not

ny any more." Dale asked what

d take to make her happy. She said

sh need to know. 'You,' before we were married that made

y happy?" he asked. "I went to parties and

ad fun." Dale said then, "You don't

whether you were happy or not.

that wasn't real happiness, that was syn-

thetic."

Reminded of this now, Dale says, "True,

idn't go out much. We didn't go to

y parties, and I didn't under-

t. But parties are no source of

iness. They can get very boring and

othing. I tried to build happiness for

us. What you keep you happy for a

etime—not just a short while: by

rning to know people and like people,

y building love for our home and for

ood friends. Real friends who would

ll be there for us. Tattoos we wore off

movies and this temporary suc-

And everything I said or did wasn't

cause I didn't love Jacqueline but

cause I did love her, because of our

ure, because I believed I knew what

ake her happy, too, in the future. I

ried to build real lasting happiness.

h, with his films, happiness is the

e time and space. We must define and

ure it ourselves. It isn't easy to find at best, and

I guess that's about the size of it. But

you could grab it out of the air, it

't mean anything to the work

ring for. I think making a home could

be a source of happiness. And I wouldn't

 think any woman with children should

ike building a house. I have seen

greatest the greatest career

God was able to give her."}

Divorce has never been Dale's idea. Nor

his solution. Friends hoped their recon-

ement was brief. But a couple years ago

uld achieve a better understanding. 

acqueline was hurt when Dale, under
great pressure, wanted to get off somewhere—
and think by himself for a few days, 
that this would be better for Jacqueline 
too. She felt deserted and miserable, 
"Dale shouldn't be married. He tells 
me he's in love with someone. But it was 
Jacqueline who constantly mentioned 
securing that freedom. Not Dale. He was 
the one who got upset if she mentioned 
divorce. I don't know why she's so happy 
with her real husband."
As she put it, "We've both changed for 
the better. We're not as stubborn as we 
were before. I'm not as sensitive as I was.
And Dale—well, he lets his emotions show 
more."

But the ranch-type home they talked of building in the Royal Oaks section of 
the valley, where the rolling hills roll up 
to meet the sky, will never be built. Not for 
them.

The girl who fell in love with the handsome 
movie star "hero" of her stories and 
their love for each other made her feel 
like she'd ever imagined know 
now that in the daily drama of two human 
beings living as one, heroes and heroines 
belong strictly where they are—in the 
storybooks.

Dale readily admits, "I'm quite sure I 
expect too much of Jacqueline. But 
I also think she expected too much of 
you and me. She knew I'd feel the same 
way. And I know when it comes to building a 
life together, we didn't see things exactly 
eye to eye."

As for any chance of ever getting back 
together, Dale says, "I don't see how, 
I don't see how we could talk ourselves 
back together now. I've no blame—I'm 
from Missouri. And I haven't been shown. 
And Jacqueline's from the other side—same 
state. As I said, there are things that could 
be remedied. I still feel with more time 
and effort our marriage might have worked.
but these are, I really decided 
some time ago she didn't want to try any 
more. Now I just want to get it all over 
with, and see the baby's needs taken care 
of." Dale

Her father has given a great deal of 
thought—and heart—to how their 
divorce will affect Rochelle. "I've made provisions 
for Rochelle's education that will take 
her through college, but I feel that right 
after we separated in the event anything 
should happen to me. Jacqueline wants 
her to go to private schools. I'm not 
for that, but I'll give her, anyway. I don't 
like the idea of shipping kids off to 
private schools away from their family, 
but against their will. When she reaches 
that age, she wants to go. And I'm not 
gonna object. I've arranged for a settlement 
to be given her in a lump sum when 
she finishes college. I did that for her 
own protection. It may not happen to me, 
or to Jacqueline, but I don't know who 
will raise her and I want to be sure she's taken care of."

Jacqueline's afraid Rochelle's turning 
into a "little attent—"

He replied thoughtfully, "But I don't think so. Her 
mother will be with her most of the 
time and I want the baby to love her and miss 
her—feel very close to her. Rochelle would 
never turn against me anyway. I still feel 
too much independence for that. And it's 
important to give her all the love we have 
between us. She isn't going to have a mother and 
father separately. There's no one—
there's any danger spilling her with 
too much love."

"We'll always discuss together what's 
right for her and pray and hope we're 
right. We'll have to work hard to 
take the right things—that will make 
her happy and not spoil her. I'd like 
her to grow up knowing how to make 
money and if in time she finds someone 
who can't give her what her mother 
and father gave her, she will be prepared 
and it will spare her a great deal of troubl 
later on. She's grown up happy."

And as long as she's a growing girl, 
I guarantee she'll never be far away from 
the future? For months Dale has been 
writing Mary Murphy; talented and love 
little Paramount starlet. With freedom 
matters of days away, Hollywood has been 
speculating about them. "Mary would 
be a Godsend for anyone, " Dale says firm, "she's 
never had to make a living before. I have 
gone out with anyone else because 
haven't wanted to. But I'm not thinking 
madness at the moment. I have too many 
problems on my hands. I can't say it 
can't happen, because it could. But 
not foreseeing anything right now."

Dale and Mary Murphy certainly 
know each other well, and Jacqueline 
did when they were married. They 
co-starred and worked together in " 
Bull. They've gone on personal 
appearances together. There could be 
more trouble ahead in their marriage.

Mary, 22 years old, very pretty and 
talented, is under contract to Paramount.

As Dale goes before the cameras, start 
"Tom, Dick, and Mary" has just been 
given the biggest break in a very prom 
ising career, the important young 
dramatist lead in "The Desperate Hours," 
with Fr 
erie March and Humphrey Bogart—was 
indicative of what her studio plans her.

Dale has never believed too much 
career wives. "I can't remember when 
careers have been in one family 
usually—when they're both in pictures," 
says. "I don't say they can't be. I'm 
saying whether or not it can work 
I don't know. I tend to think they 
with the future. That's for the prophets 
But whatever the prophets decree 
the future, the past three years is 
much to be remembered, much to 
learn from."

"I'd hate to have spent three years 
didn't learn anything," Dale says today 
now. "The things you learn stick in 
your head and you never quite get 
away from them. But you know where 
are and they're the jury."

Then, as though thinking aloud of 
low hillside or from the hilltop, 
the bright tomorrow—facing life too 
so confidently...

"Our marriage lasted longer than 
so not long as others. But in those three 
years I've learned more about happiness 
than who've been married 
many years. There were times 
we had happiness you couldn't put 
any story up to."

And from their union there's a 
daughter Dale hoped for but never expect 
I've got a really pretty little girl. That's what 
I want for her."

The End
Just What the Doctor Ordered

(Continued from page 40)

dependent upon both husband and baby
son. Instead of excitement, she felt discouragement over the prospects of her first night together, since she was alone on a train a million miles from home and Timmy and Jim. She made up her mind; she wouldn't do it, she couldn't leave them.

It's funny how. You are a person and you are happy by yourself and the way you live. Then you meet another person and fall in love with him and marry him, and you are just exactly twice as happy. After that the thing comes along, a very small one named Timothy Patrick McNulty and you are exactly twice as happy again. And then suddenly you realize that one of the many things that used to seem so important before seem small and your big job now is keeping all your new happiness in good order.

Some people—and not just in Hollywood, either—tackle wedded bliss with the mental reservation, "Well, if it doesn't work, we can always get a divorce." Of course, such a view is not in keeping with their assumption: they can get a divorce, and usually do. But to Ann and Jim the possibility of a divorce is simply inconceivable. The religious faith forbids it. Their own personal faith—in themselves, in each other—provides for them.

That kind of faith doesn't come easily—especially now, when the simple act of falling in love. It comes from a good deal of living and growing-up, which both Ann and Jim accomplished before their marriage in late 1953.

Many little girls want to be actresses, but Ann made the dream a reality. From the age of five, when she sang and recited "The Chimes of Normandy" on the radio, Ann was a professional. It wasn't easy. Her mother and older sister, living in New York City cold-water flat. The family was very poor. To support Ann and her younger sister, her father's ringing, dancing and dramatic lessons at Mr. Bywayn's School, Mrs. Blyth worked as a beauty parlor, took in laundry, sewed into the night.

She lived a life occasionally for Ann, often, instead of a job she had hoped for, there was disappointment instead. But Ann's disappointment are not what she remembers best. No, her memories are of her mother's eye, of abiding hope and trust in God. In her early teens, Ann read success-fully for a part in a Broadway play, "Pirates of the Rhine." The play was a hit, and her Broadway run toured with it across the nation. When it played Los Angeles, a talent scout from a major studio noticed her and offered her a contract. For two years, Ann was the sweet young woman in a series of quickly forgettable stunts. Then, against the objections of her mother and father, Ann left home, her mother's eye, of abiding hope and trust in God.

In her early teens, Ann read success-fully for a part in a Broadway play, "Pirates of the Rhine." The play was a hit, and her Broadway run toured with it across the nation. When it played Los Angeles, a talent scout from a major studio noticed her and offered her a contract. For two years, Ann was the sweet young woman in a series of quickly forgettable stunts. Then, against the objections of her mother and father, Ann left home, her mother's eye, of abiding hope and trust in God.

In her early teens, Ann read success-fully for a part in a Broadway play, "Pirates of the Rhine." The play was a hit, and her Broadway run toured with it across the nation. When it played Los Angeles, a talent scout from a major studio noticed her and offered her a contract. For two years, Ann was the sweet young woman in a series of quickly forgettable stunts. Then, against the objections of her mother and father, Ann left home, her mother's eye, of abiding hope and trust in God.

In her early teens, Ann read success-fully for a part in a Broadway play, "Pirates of the Rhine." The play was a hit, and her Broadway run toured with it across the nation. When it played Los Angeles, a talent scout from a major studio noticed her and offered her a contract. For two years, Ann was the sweet young woman in a series of quickly forgettable stunts. Then, against the objections of her mother and father, Ann left home, her mother's eye, of abiding hope and trust in God.

In her early teens, Ann read success-fully for a part in a Broadway play, "Pirates of the Rhine." The play was a hit, and her Broadway run toured with it across the nation. When it played Los Angeles, a talent scout from a major studio noticed her and offered her a contract. For two years, Ann was the sweet young woman in a series of quickly forgettable stunts. Then, against the objections of her mother and father, Ann left home, her mother's eye, of abiding hope and trust in God.

In her early teens, Ann read success-fully for a part in a Broadway play, "Pirates of the Rhine." The play was a hit, and her Broadway run toured with it across the nation. When it played Los Angeles, a talent scout from a major studio noticed her and offered her a contract. For two years, Ann was the sweet young woman in a series of quickly forgettable stunts. Then, against the objections of her mother and father, Ann left home, her mother's eye, of abiding hope and trust in God.

In her early teens, Ann read success-fully for a part in a Broadway play, "Pirates of the Rhine." The play was a hit, and her Broadway run toured with it across the nation. When it played Los Angeles, a talent scout from a major studio noticed her and offered her a contract. For two years, Ann was the sweet young woman in a series of quickly forgettable stunts. Then, against the objections of her mother and father, Ann left home, her mother's eye, of abiding hope and trust in God.

In her early teens, Ann read success-fully for a part in a Broadway play, "Pirates of the Rhine." The play was a hit, and her Broadway run toured with it across the nation. When it played Los Angeles, a talent scout from a major studio noticed her and offered her a contract. For two years, Ann was the sweet young woman in a series of quickly forgettable stunts. Then, against the objections of her mother and father, Ann left home, her mother's eye, of abiding hope and trust in God.

In her early teens, Ann read success-fully for a part in a Broadway play, "Pirates of the Rhine." The play was a hit, and her Broadway run toured with it across the nation. When it played Los Angeles, a talent scout from a major studio noticed her and offered her a contract. For two years, Ann was the sweet young woman in a series of quickly forgettable stunts. Then, against the objections of her mother and father, Ann left home, her mother's eye, of abiding hope and trust in God.

In her early teens, Ann read success-fully for a part in a Broadway play, "Pirates of the Rhine." The play was a hit, and her Broadway run toured with it across the nation. When it played Los Angeles, a talent scout from a major studio noticed her and offered her a contract. For two years, Ann was the sweet young woman in a series of quickly forgettable stunts. Then, against the objections of her mother and father, Ann left home, her mother's eye, of abiding hope and trust in God.

In her early teens, Ann read success-fully for a part in a Broadway play, "Pirates of the Rhine." The play was a hit, and her Broadway run toured with it across the nation. When it played Los Angeles, a talent scout from a major studio noticed her and offered her a contract. For two years, Ann was the sweet young woman in a series of quickly forgettable stunts. Then, against the objections of her mother and father, Ann left home, her mother's eye, of abiding hope and trust in God.
brothers John, Frank and Bill. She admits to having noticed with some interest that of all the McNulty children, only Jim was still unmarried.

But it wasn’t until three years later that Dr. Jim asked Ann to be his wife—asked her on Christmas Eve, in the old-fashion way with, ready in his pocket, a diamond ring he wasn’t completely sure she’d accept. Those had been three years when friendship and mutual respect ripened slowly, imperceptibly, into love; three unhurried years of learning that they liked the same things, thought alike on issues they both considered important, could laugh and play together or be quiet together with equal happiness.

Their wedding on June 27, 1953, was one of the most beautiful and impressive Hollywood has ever seen. Held in St. Charles Roman Catholic Church in San Fernando Valley, it was a double-ring ceremony presided over by James Francis Cardinal McIntyre, Archbishop of Los Angeles—the first time in Hollywood history that a star’s wedding has been performed by a Prince of the Church. Later, at the Crystal Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel, Ann and Dr. Jim received more than 800 guests at a champagne breakfast.

One of the guests at that breakfast told me, “I was never so sorry for any man in all my life as for Dr. McNulty. Photographers kept saying, ‘Look this way, Miss Blythe,’ and ‘Can you come over here, Miss Blythe,’ and nobody paid any attention to all but the groom. He was the forgotten man.”

But this remark was repeated to Dr. Jim, his eyes widened in honest surprise. “Why, I never gave it a thought,” he said. “Isn’t the bride supposed to be the center of attention at a wedding? And with Ann looking so lovely . . . Anyway,” he added, “I know how it is, Ann being a famous movie star.”

Which is precisely true, and one reason the McNulty marriage is on such a firm foundation. As Dennis Day’s brother, Dr. Jim is no stranger to the crazy world of show business. The demands of Ann’s career can neither surprise nor distress him.

Both Ann and Dr. Jim have a deep respect for the other’s work. During those seven months she spent in a cast, helpless and in constant pain, Ann learned to understand the medical profession. To her, there is nothing quite so wonderful as a good doctor, with the knowledge and skill, his dedication to humanity. And she finds it especially satisfying to think that Dr. Jim’s branch of medicine concerns herself with the miracle of birth.

For his part, Dr. Jim is an avid mo- and theater fan. He is intensely proud of Ann’s fame, and once relentlessly at acquaintance for intimating that his work was more important than hers. “People who make their living at fine playing a beautiful song, a chance to laugh or even to cry—are these good,” he mused, “I’d glad Ann has the gift for bringing such pleasure.”

When “One with the Wind” was re-issued last summer, Ann, who had seen four times herself, discovered that Jim had never seen it at all, and they went together. Jim was fascinated, and afterwards they talked for hours about different scenes and the performance of the stars. For her birthday, a week or so later, Jim’s present included a copy of the book—“I suspect because he wanted to read it himself!” Ann laughs.

Another present was a trip to Reno, to watch brother Dennis Day perform in a night club there. Jim was able to spare only a day with him, but the trip, he told them, found time to run up to Lake Tahoe the scene of their honeymoon.

This time, though,” Ann says wisely, “we kept out of the water. I think Lake Tahoe is the most beautiful spot in the world, but there’s no denying its waters are terribly cold. Jim and I both love to swim and on our honeymoon we put on our suits and walked to the end of the dock and simply dived in together. Oh, it took our breath away. We didn’t even speak to each other—we couldn’t. We just turned around and climbed out as fast as we went in and that was the last of our swimming.”

What with the arrival of Timothy Patrial on June 10, just seventeen days before their first wedding anniversary, Ann’s career came to a temporary halt after comple- tion of “The Student Prince.” It began again late in September with a three-week appearance at a Las Vegas night club—his first venture into a field of entertainment. Somehow that night-club engagement is typical of Ann; it sums up her attitude toward herself, her work and her marriage.

To begin with, she accepted it only after John and Jim had decided together. “They when it came time to go, I couldn’t think of being away from both Timmy and Jim for three whole weeks,” she said firmly, “I’ve had two of the best months parted from them between weekends”—for of course he
That Crackerjack-of-all-Trades, Calhoun

(Continued from page 42)

I already promised to fly to the Nevada every Friday evening, his practice permitting. So I found myself a nursemaid to whom Ann reluctantly adds his care when she must.

For her act, Ann dressed in exquisite but completely modest dress gown. Her program consisted of songs from her pictures, his specially written material—some of it, any, some touching, some uplifting. In all it, there was not one concession to the dancing—no one exposed singing club audience—which is to say, there was not one Ann would have been embarrassed to have her own son hear, as he had been a 17 years oldl and Las Vegas, which had loved Die-ech and Mae West, adored Ann. After her performance she was given an ovation that was a spontaneous outpouring of emotion and respect. Ann Blyth can come back to Las Vegas any time she wants to.

"I'm glad they liked me," Ann says. "Awfully glad. But you see, I couldn't have done a different kind of act. I couldn't have been—well, flamboyant. That wouldn't have been me.

This personal integrity, this insistence upon being true to herself and what she believes in is Ann's greatest strength and her surest guarantee of continued happiness. All her life, she has wanted to be an actress, and she has achieved that goal. But success and fame are not her gods. She's willing to work for them, and work hard, but she would never compromise, for the sake of her career, her own sense of values. Important as her work is to her, Dr. Jim and Timmy and the other children she hopes to have are all more important. And will remain so.

THE END

Oily Skin?...ashamed of it?

Do this to de-shine your skin now! Use this special treatment to clear away excess oil. It's recommended by leading skin doctors. It's quick! It works like a charm!

Every night and morning, after washing your face, briskly pat on cooling Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave the Cream on for one minute. The "keratolytic" action of this germless cream dissolves oil dead skin flakes. Excess oil vanishes. Wipe Cream off, rinse face with cold water. See how glowing-good this daily de-oiling treatment with Pond's Vanishing Cream makes your skin feel. Girls report happily: "No more greasy look. Skin looks so much clearer and fresher!"

FREE! WOMEN ONLY If you need more money... Up to $5 hour demonstrating famous Hollywood Cosmetics, your neighborhood, Free Samples and details supplied. Write to: RAY TAYLOR, Pres. Studio Girl—Hollywood Cosmetics Glendale, Calif. Dept. TS-35

RELIEF in ALL these COLD miseries New Tabcin BRAND

SNEEZES • WATERY EYES • FEVERISH FEELING • HEADACHE • RUNNING NOSE • GENERAL ACHEs • THROAT IRRITATIONS • COUGHING

MILES LABORATORIES, INC., Elkhart, Indiana
The First Little GODFREY
Exclusive story with exciting pictures of JANETTE DAVIS’
beautiful Long Island home
Plus
Special stories about
FLORIAN ZABACH
GEORGE GOBEL
BIL CULLEN

all in the big FEB. TV RADIO MIRROR at all newsstand
The Case of the Vanquished Bachelor

(Continued from page 61)

As of Gloria Hatrick MacLean Stewart her first marriage. Wisenheimers in Hollywood still can't quite believe in Stewart, the Benedict Ar-ld—even after five years—bearing in mind as they do that until Jimmy was forty-two, he was the archetype slippery boy in the business. Five years later, the perenniel bachelor right well be described as Squire Stewart. Arriage becomes him like his favorite reds, and he finds fatherhood a complete misfired table and chairs. His to his children are always with him. A good example of this is when during the summer of 1954, Jimmy—with Gloria—were in Rome, when the boys. As long in command of an Air Force number squadron, he had flown over it hundreds of times during the war, but this was his first foot contact with the streets of Rome, and twelve other major Euro- n cities, where "Harvey" was playing, nny was presented with a huge white rabbit—alive! Now we have seen, and these made their way in due time to the same Hills where they were spotted by divorced Judy and Kelly.

"We'll be home in a few weeks, and we hope the big white rabbit will bring us luck in show-business," he wrote the twins, courtesy of her who "knows how to spell."

This corral with the reaching the stwarts, they had gone on to Munich, ving left the rabbit in the arms of a de- ted Roman child. "We'll have to make a rabbit in a garden or a rabbit in your home," Jimmy said charingly, "but would have been impossible to tote that all over Europe."

Even worse than noting that rugby-foot- agreed Gloria with a broad smile. n a week before, Jimmy had been given football, autographed by all members of the team, at a rugby match in Rome. "The boys will be crying when they get a rabbit they have never seen, and he made arrangements to have wrapped and tied with a system of cords handle so he could carry it in. Carry it over Europe—over Europe, he crossed the width of the United States, and in one minute he got off the plane he headed the pet shop for the rabbit. Although only two of Jimmy's most re- picted pictures—"Saratoga Trunk," "Ear Window," "Strategic Air Command," "Far Country," and "The Man from Raccoon"—have been Westerns., the boys traded their Ted and Winnie to a strictly from from them. They believed him until he need to build them a fort to hold off the very Hills tribe of marauding Indians. Actually this edifice is a stockade (it lacks roof), but it is plenty good feet. The same grassy and, its chinked log walls are equipped with embrasures from right to fire Colt 45's or Winchester 73's.

Although there were no formal rules about permitting the twins to help repulse war parties, Jimmy made a settlement plan that all hands must share in defense. After all, "there are so few lucky enough to have two sisters to help."

As the family consisted Before Twins, of Jimmy, Gloria, Ronald and Michael, the Sweats fell to get quartered if they were to be six. They are shown valley provincials full of stately stairways where children could eat their air; eventually they inspect— a square-rigged, placid and substantial house in Beverly Hills. Its windows were ample, but they did not extend to the floor; its stairways were shallow and wide. Its facade was overgrown with ivy. "It looks like a dormitory," said Gloria. "Well?" said Jimmy.

Two of this season's occupants were overheard taking an extensive interest in their forthcoming bunk mate before the stork had let his multiple intentions be known. "It's going to be mine, no matter what it is," insisted Michael.

"That baby is going to be mine," countered Ronald.

"This is all you are going to have to learn to share," ruled their mother. "The baby will belong to each of you equally, both of you together. She gave them a brief lecture on the beauties of cooperation and generosity, but their attention was spotty and restless.

"After all, you feel that Belo belongs to both of you," she added. Belo is the family's great German Shepherd dog, now ten years old and blind, hence doubly deserving of a small boy's special love. Besides, he is older than either boy, thus commands respect.

"Nope," said Ronald, "Belo belongs to you. You had him in the family before you had us. This baby is different. I'm the oldest so it should belong to me. If there's another one, Michael can have it when the time comes."

And so it stood until Gloria learned that she was to have twins "right out of left field, since there is a Gloria of twins in either of our families." The boys were impressed. Michael said softly, "Gosh, that's swell of you, Mother. Now each of us can have a baby all to himself."

Ronald still discerned a problem. "Yeah, it's okay for us, but what about Belo? What about a baby for Belo?"

"A problem Belo will have to solve for himself," observed Gloria dryly.

The fact of Jimmy's double-feature fatherhood has been fraught with pride for papa from the day X-rays promised twin boys. Soon the question was, "Look for Glory shopping for nursery furniture."

"We'll take two of these beds," Jimmy said.

The sales woman was eager to be helpful. "One pink and one, perhaps, blue?"

"No. Just alike. Two junior chests of drawers. Two high chairs. Two of everything."

Impressed by the legends of Hollywood elegance, the saleswoman exclaimed, "How nice to plan two nurseries, one on the sec- ond floor and one, perhaps, on the first. Wherever the family is, the baby can be, too."

Responded Jimmy without change of ex- pression, "Not two nurseries. Two babies, twins."

The twins were born, by Caesar sec- tion, on May 7, 1951. If the birth had been ordinary, Kelly would have been the older twin, but Judy has always been a chatterbox. The girls are fraternal, not identical twins. In appearance they are as different as sisters can be.

Judy has thick straight, flaxen hair which is worn in a Dutch bob. Her eyes are al- most entirely greenish, a pronounce- d feature; and they're blue as the deep sea. She has a good deal of natural dignity and rarely rushes into new friendships. Judy can act as well as learn, and acts like Jimmy. Michael is positive that she looks and acts like him. "After all, she's my sister."

Kelly has a cherub's mass of curly chest- nut hair. Her eyes are hazel, her nose is tippled and she is filled with puppylike curiosity and gregariousness. More fragile than Judy, she takes her childhood ailments very seriously. She runs higher

Do You Need Extra Money?

Here's an Easy Quick Way to Make $50 to $300 in Spare Time with Nationally-Famous WALLACE BROWN GREETING CARDS

Lots of people are making good money in spare time selling greeting cards in America...high quality cards, complete assortments. Exquisite Assortments of Birthday, Anniversaries, Get-Well, Baby, Births, other occasions... sell on sight at $1.00 a box...you make it up to every one! Add to earnings with $10 items, imported napkins, gift wrapping, stationery, children's books, nov- els, gifts. Added profits with Easter Cards, Mother's Day. Take your actual sample boxes of two popular sellers— Festive Occasion Assortment and Hur- mous "All-in-Fun." Assortments sent prepaid, no approval—plus FREE Catalog of the complete line. Price $1.00, postpaid.

WALLACE BROWN, INC.
225 Fifth Avenue, Dept. A-186, New York 10, N. Y.

ENLARGEMENT GIVEN

Plus 12 Photo Keepsakes

Just send photo or stripe, Glamorous black and while enlargement & frame $13.95, E. C. G. Given extra; if you order these we include one extra enlargement, plus 12 picture keepsakes. Be sure to indicate color of hair, eyes, age, etc., a personal letter to make known. Order with money, money order, or postcard, State choice of frames, brown or silver. Ordinarily returned.

DEPT. 688, MURAL ART, 3140 Roselle Road, Chicago 11, Illinois

LADIES: SHEETS, TOWELS, MIXERS, STEAM IRONS, etc., GIVEN TO YOU!

Ladies, bring new luxury and convience to your home WITHOUT SPENDING A PENNY. Just form a CHARM HOUSE Club among your friends and be club secretary. Your friends will be delighted because they SAVE MONEY and receive valuable FREE PREMIUMS. It's easy and lots of fun. An secretary you get $50 - $150 and more in nationally advertised appliances, furniture, rugs, linens, decorative gifts, etc., ABSOLUTELY FREE.

HUGE COLOR CATALOG

No Deposit—Act Today

CHARM HOUSE CLUB PLAN New Hyde Park 23, N. Y.

Please send me ABSOLUTELY FREE and without any obligation your LARGE NEW 1955 catalog.

Name

Address

City... Zone... State
fevers than Judy, her colds last longer, her immunization shots produce stronger reaction. When Kelly is ill, Judy mothers her, brings her drinks of water (spilled only here and there), plays contentedly in the nursery as if she were not one bit better than the garden just beyond the windows, and in general tries to be of comfort.

Judy’s serious-mindedness shows in other ways. She will peruse her book on her knees, and turn the pages one by one studying pictures and puzzling over the alluring, mysterious lines of type. She never flips ten or fifteen pages at a time, child-fashion, but treats books with adult respect.

Yet it is Judy who has the temper. One afternoon she was playing with her mother’s clothes, a rather large and unwieldy set, when she dropped it on the floor, and the baby was up in arms. She held them beside her head, as if in anger at the inadequacy of her own brain, meanwhile uttering brief squeals of infuriated frustration.

"That’s my clothes." Finally the nurse, Mrs. Wilson (who has been with the young- ers since birth) showed her how to steady an elbow against her side, bring the posts into Judy’s hands, and slide them together. Judy’s sigh of satisfaction could have been heard into Kansas.

Kelly is not so intense. She will work at placing those educational-toy colored pegs into their proper hole with a stubbornness she casts aside with a shrug and goes on to something else. When Judy is going through one of her determined at temptions, to Kelly it is enough to put her sister’s head sympathetically. Eventually, Kelly may ask, “Why bother? I don’t think it’s worth it, do you?” So far, Judy is not too argumentative.

Kelly’s great enthusiasm is clothes. It is she who decides (if allowed by her mother or Mrs. Wilson) what she and Judy will wear. Judy never questions the choice. Kelly can make like any color at all as long as it is red. Her favorite costume is a pair of red cor- dury jumper trousers combined with a yellow pullover and cardigan sweater set.

From the Canadian location for “The Far Country,” Jimmy sent the girls each a Scotch tartan beret topped by a red pom- pon. Unfortunately the berets were a size too small for Kelly, and they did not fit on Judy. Judy was so enthralled by her new headgear that she perched it, perched it on top of her curls and walked around stiff-necked. A moment later, Judy rounded her, and Judy was not with Judy. Judy picked up the top and replaced it, pancake fashion, above her curls.

She tried on her beret before a mirror, discovered that it didn’t fit, shook her head, and tossed the bonnet aside.

On another occasion, Jimmy bought blue jeans “just like Papa’s” for his twins. For weeks Kelly wore them, and Judy never had a chance. Then Judy’s color unconscious Judy was incli- ned to examine her mirrored image with an expression bordering upon genuine appr opriation.

Judy was the first of the twins to talk and her initial word was “Papa!” used im- peratively because she wanted to call his attention to minor mayhem being committed outside the nursery. The next morning, while Judy was her sister, was being dined Judy’s arm. Judy, instead of retaliating in kind (she has the same number of teeth), called a higher authority.

Papa acted. He paddled Miss Kelly on well-padded area; no real damage was done, to anything except Kelly’s ego, but she carried it on all day about how Belo had died. She’s a dramatic one.

Kelly is the more garrulous sister, too. When Jimmy brought home a pair of In- dia shoes for both girls, Judy screamed, “Oh brother!” When Judy, driving carefully with magnificently veared, bangs into the fence or a tree, it is Kelly who shouts, “Oh, brother.”

Incidentally, the two Stewart tricycles are the only objects the girls have ever own, which do not match exactly. One has a blue frame and the other red. Gloria and Jimmy laugh when Judy, instead of pretending without designating which vehicle belongs to which sister. The girls seemed to accept them in the same manner. Neither child laid positive claim to one or the other; she would ride the red, sometimes the blue. By some sort of tact or arrangement however, Judy is the one who decides who is to ride what.

Kelly is the one who carries on long conversations with the servants. She’s a round-eyes admiral of Panitchet, the French butler, and she has learned a surprising amount of his language. The other day she marched into the dining room where Panitchet was polishing silver, climbed onto chair, composed herself, and delivered her first complete sentence: “Panitchet, I want you to tell him I’ll have dani- jour.”

While Judy is receiving a mostlfully vengeful and proper retribution.

The resultant of colored, a ruffle of tir- rebelling curls instead of the sedate after Judy’s hair to fall.

She general give and take of the twin months has enabled each girl the other has known her original nicknames as refus refers to be called by any other.

The Stewart family is quite app- sportive labels to its loved ones, so short after birth Judy became “Tweedledeed” and Kelly became “Tweedledee.” The were another aliases: Judy became “For Blue Eyes” and Kelly became “Irish.” Judy top “Blessed Puss” and Kelly became “Needle Nose.”

While Jimmy was tucking the girls bed one night he said to Judy, “Oka necessary.” Judy was perfect, and Judy by her mother long enough. Into the hay you go this minute Judy’s eyes flew wide with indignation “Me not Needle Nose,” she corrected “Kelly, Needle Nose. Me, Prêtzel Puss, Si- Pet Puss.”

Mr. Stewart bowed. “I beg your pardon, he said. “I’m sorry to have made such obvious mistake. Please get into bed now.” Judy Puss. And goodnight to you, Need Nose.”

Two little girls pulled the covers around their necks and two little girls we lost in.

Jimmie turned out the light and consid- the situation as he descended the stairs. Were the girls pulling a fast one? him? Was Judy really? Or was Kelly?

“I’ll never know,” he decided.

THE END
If You Like What You Love You're in Luck

(Continued from page 49)

the nose. I'm always the one who loses.

Marty is the voice of authority at home.

Doris explained. "Marty dearly loves her.

You see, I'm just an 'also-ran' at home," she

said. "I don't count much.

Not much. You should see her do her house-
keeping."

"Like?" Marty asked.

"Yes, I like gardening, but I need a little p

suggestion," Doris admitted.

"Doris portraits me as a surgeon," Marty

replied. "Scalpel—sutures—seis!

With Doris it's: 'hoe—shovel—pruning

axe.'"

The steak arrived, sans potatoes for

Mr. Lecher. "Let me at least try one," he said,

sitting several off his plate. Miss Day

sexed her tomato juice with a glass of but-

termilk, admiring the pink hue she'd con-

verted it to. "It's delicious. Try it," she said,

tugging on her glass.

Marty, having followed suit mixing the brew, downed half

one swallow. Like taking medi-

cine. I nevertheless wasn't quite ready to end him my sympathy. "Tell me," I

said. "Does she leave the cap off her ashpaste?"

"Invariably."

"That's only the half of it," Doris con-

ceded cheerfully. "I'm a tube wrestler. I

help myself. I squeeze them all out

with my hands."

"And when she's through with her she

rubs in on mine," Marty observed.

As husband to husband, I was beginning to feel an affinity with my wife.

But what about late snacks? I asked.

"No problem," Marty said. "I have

doubles, though."

"I make him jump at times when I re-

quire it of him." Doris elaborated. "I al-

ways do before I go to sleep."

"I'm peacefully dozing off and she'll sud-

denly shout: 'I'm going to have you ar-

rested!'" Doris replied. "It's very

inconsequential to me."

Doris lived in a world of her own.

"What do you mean?" Marty protested.

"What do you mean? She's doing all the singing at home—in the

bath.

"I sing pretty good," Marty said, som-

what hurt.

"Can't sing a note," Doris affirmed. "My gain

as the Met's loss. Marty dances, too. Clad

a bath towel."

"You see," Marty said. "It's not always so

easy being married to Doris."

"Anyway," I said, "you can have Doris' his-

ging whenever you want it."

"What do you mean?" Marty protested.

"What do you mean? She's doing all the singing at home—in the

bath."

"I'm feeling pretty good," Marty said, some-

what hurt.

"You sing a great voice," Doris affirmed. "My gain

as the Met's loss. Marty dances, too. Clad

a bath towel."

Several people stopped at the table to say

"Hello." Doris had incorporated a

lighting up with her conversation. One could

see the rays brightening up, literally like a

beamed room whose shutters are sud-

denly thrown open to the sunshine and

light.

"They're nice," Doris said after the visi-

tors left.

"Doris thinks everybody should be happy."

Marty commented. "Or let's say she

wants to be happy—think happy thoughts.

She's right, too. It's one of the things I've

learned from her and I'm grateful for it.

"What's the use of making yourself get

depressed? The whole world would be a

horrible place if everyone tried hard to

think only in positive terms. This is not

just a line. I'm convinced of it. It's worked

pretty well for me. I can work for others,

too. I like things that are nice, wholesome.

"I'll have banana cream pie for dessert," Doris
told the waitress.

"Coffee for me, black," Marty ordered.

"Look. It's a beautiful—I mean banana cream pie—she doesn't gain an ounce," Doris

looked slim and trim in a sky blue, pleated

all-round shirtwaist dress with pleated
cap sleeves and collar.

Marty asked her to eat something, Doris said,

putting her fork in position for that first,
delicious bite.

What, incidentally, was she doing when she

wasn't working or making—that is, when

she's not drinking water?

"Relaxing furniture," Marty an-

swered. "Sometimes I come home at night

and I think I'm in the wrong house. It's a

good thing we're not living in an apartment.

I really should be in trouble."

"It's a good thing you're not a drinking

man," Doris added gaily.

"You can see it's not so easy," Marty said.

"That's all she sees me alone some day and I

will give you the lowdown on our marriage

problems."

"You do that," Doris encouraged me.

"And come see me later. I may have some-

ting to say on that too."

I had a warm glow taking leave of Doris and

Marty, the kind one always feels after meet-

ing a couple who are happy and in uni-

form shape.

Doris was a credit, although I was a little

baffled that was quite obvious, they're con-

genital, enjoy each other's company, and

there's genuine trust, friendship and affection

between them. About each other. Which is

even more than being in love.

It's easy to see why they should be

attracted one to the other. Doris and Marty

are a study in contrasts, a composition in

black and white. Marty is a little more

red-soner than he appears in snapshots—is

dark, the perfect foil for Doris' fairness.

Where Doris is bubbling over with

unselfishness, you can see the straightforward
direct Marty is wry, suave, very calm and

restrained. Such differences frequently

generate the spark of attraction.

However, the Melchers have now be-

come closer, relaxed, and from the

looks of it they're going to stay married

till the end of their lives. What was it that

seemed to tie them together so securely?

The Marty Melcher I met alone in his

office was different from the urbane man

he'd been at the luncheon table.

"We love each other," he said simply.

"You would have seen the look of

love—shall I put it—she has confidence. Not just

confidence in herself; a lot of people have

that. Doris has confidence in life. It's more

than faith, she has that, too, very strong

faith in life. Marty does. He has deep confidence

that life is wonderful and that everything

that happens is for the best. It's a sense of

belonging, of being right and fitting for this

world. I admire her for it, and I envy it.

"Sometimes I think of her as Pippa," Marty

smiled. "You know, Browning's poem, 'Pippa Passes'? When I look at Doris I

know that all's right with the world."

"Incidentally, how is Doris in the morn-

ing? I asked.

"Sleepy, but cheerful after she's had her

breakfast. You'll never see her grumpy.

"Incidentally, Doris has actually had more than

her share of setbacks and heartbreak in her life. You

probably know that she was a cripple. She

was a jinx accident when she was just a kid. It took her over a year to

get back on her feet and cut short a prom-

ounced world.
Avoid a STATE.

-i-jj

S. CAROLINA MILLS, Dept. 243, Spartanburg, S.C.

Please rush, FREE and postpaid, new Spring Catalog.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

No classes to attend. Easy spare-time training covers big choice of subjects. Friendly instructors, modern texts. Full credit for previous schooling. Diploma awarded. Write now for FREE catalog!

WAYNE SCHOOL Catalog HH-21
5257 Sheffield Ave., Chicago 14, Illinois.

IN HOME TRAINING

For Nursing the Sick

You can make a useful living, at home in a practical nurse, trained and registered. It's just the thing for you if you've had a little training in the medical line. The local nurse you know so well can help you get started. Write today for FREE home study course. Immediate job opportunities. Write to

GLENSWED CAREER SCHOOL

7050 Glenwood Ave., Dept. NS-2, Chicago 26, Ill.

Marvel

Whirling SPRAY

Syrrings for 350

Women

At Drug Counters Everywhere.

MARVEL DRUG CO., 1321 W. East St., New Haven, Conn.

Lips...Arms...Legs

Now Happy! After trying many things, I developed a simple, inexpensive method to remove unattractive hair. Its regular use helps thousands retain admiration, love, happiness. My FREE book explains method, proves success. Mail in plain envelope. Also TRIAL OFFER FREE sprays.

HERBINE, Lang & Davis

FREE ADVERTISER

P. O. Box 4040, Mde., Dept. 218, Chicago 54, Ill.

COLON TROUBLES

FREE BOOK Tells Facts

Avoid Dangers of Delay

Rectal and Colonic Disorders, Constipation, Effect and Treatment are explained in a 140-page book, sent FREE. McCleary Clinic and Hospital, 223 Ems Blvd., Excelsior Springs, Mo.

South Carolina Mills, Dept. 243, Spartanburg, S.C.

Learn about Colon troubles, Stomach conditions. Piles and other Rectal ailments. Causes, effects and treatment are explained in a 140-page book, sent FREE. McCleary Clinic and Hospital, 223 Ems Blvd., Excelsior Springs, Mo.

"I'm in love with a wonderful Guy," says Sheila Connolly Madison

ORDER YOUR COPY NOW AT THE NEWSSTANDS, ON SALE, FEBRUARY 8

Coming in the March Issue of Photoplay

TWO OF HOLLYWOOD'S MOST ROMANTIC STORIES OF THE YEAR

• Marlon Brando's bombshell romance in Bandida

• "I'm in love with a wonderful Guy," says Sheila Connolly Madison

ORDER YOUR COPY NOW AT THE NEWSSTANDS, ON SALE, FEBRUARY 8
Hollywood Has Designs on You

(Continued from page 64)
be skirt all the way down, which gave it the look of a one-piece dress when accessorized properly.

The price range is excellent; for you to buy a good flannel suit for around fifty dollars and have it fit you is always a good value from nine to five, and always in season. In the autumn and winter months you can open the lower buttons of the skirt and show underneath a bright red flannel taffeta coat. And the items which are inexpensive make excellent accessories. In the late winter, replace the red flannel with a gray print petitcoat, wear a gray flannel jacket with matching skirt for the summer. In the summer you can use the skirt with a vest or suspenders and wear the coat with a tied skirt. There's really just no limit to your flexibility that was emphasized.

"I happen to like black faille (again, you may prefer another color, perhaps avy, gray or biscuit). So when I planned my European wardrobe I selected a four- piece black faille, a full skirt, a wrap-around jacket with patch pockets for late afternoon and a strapless top with shoestring shoulder-straps for the evening. I usually wear the full skirt over the short skirt and on occasions over fancy petitcoat.

"With black faille, the perfect accessory could be in white or pink. A small white eyelet flower brooch with black and white looks neat and feminine. For myself, I always insist upon keeping the basic color basic and use color only in accessories.

"As for accessories, a good rule is to repeat a color or pattern at least once in every outfit, coordinate your accessories with the coat, your bag with your shoes, or your scarf and gloves.

"Hats are coming back, but very small ones—the little beret, the small stitched loche of the same material as the dress or suit, the little bandeau. In order to be completely right, red hair and red accessories are needed in your hair—if only a flower or a veil."

A very good example of a round-the-look wardrobe is the one designed for Barbara Ruttenber, who was the subject of a New York Times feature story. Bill Thomas of U-I was responsible, and the costumes were stunning.

She had a very simple little gray flannel suit with a skirt and a loose boxy coat that could be tailored to be perfect. Bill made her the suit and did a new blouse. She had just two little hats—one dressy and one semi-dressy. For late afternoon, I designed a white organza ankle-length dress that was completely sheer and black. For a wrap, Barbara wore a thin black wool jersey bolero with push-up sleeves. For formal occasions, we chose a trapeze blue net in floor-length. I'm all for long Lunada, a style that feels dressed up, festive. As for jewelry, wear just a single strand of pearls with a formal. You can't ever go wrong with pearls, unless you wear too many. In fact, one of the big fashion don'ts is: Don't wear too much jewelry. Too much of anything detracts.

For an unreasonably warm weather, we made Barbara wear a light blue taffeta tunic that was heathered to wear over a bright blue cotton petitcoat. Another good suggestion for late Spring is a little navy cotton dress with matching short sleeves, a lot gloves and matching scarf. Add plain pearl earrings, small ones, and you've got a wonderful basic outfit.

"Barbara changes the gray flannel suit with a small-collared white blouse and a tiny black felt hat, black kid shoes and kid bag and for fun, red gloves to catch the eye. A touch of color is wonderful, but never be more than three—for instance, a white blouse, black shoes and bag and red gloves. This does it. I partial to white around the face—there's nothing more flattering.

"If you're budget-conscious, separate is your answer. Instead of putting a lot of money into one formal, for instance, get a few separates and mix them up.

"Julia Adams knows how to use separates. She's got that red skirt (she also has a divine figure) and four full skirts in bright tomato red, blue, yellow, and green which she wears around the lot when working. By alternating the colors, she's always trim and tailored and never the same.

"For a girl with a modest budget, I wouldn't suggest such bright colors as tomato red. (Gee, she's got that red skirt again!), but instead one cotton skirt in a solid, softer color, or perhaps a small print or a plain dark faille.

"Scarves make interesting belts. So do Dad's ties. If he has a couple that look alike, you can use them as suspenders held in place with gold-plated safety pins.

"Teens look wonderful in full or semi-full skirts, provided you've never seen wearing flannel with them. With ballerina skirts, always wear a medium heel. With slim and not-so-slim skirts a big don't is: Don't wear a skirt that's too tight. You'll look more feminine and graceful if your skirt fits just a little easy.

"After all, a girl's fashion aim should be to look feminine.

"Says Piper Laurie, 'I believe that women should look feminine always—and everywhere. On the beach, in the kitchen, on horseback, in the office as well as in the bathroom.' She's right.

M-G-M's Helen Rose has very definite ideas about clothes. "Money, where good clothes are concerned, is not important at all. Smart fashion is simply, a matter of purchase and planning," she insists.

"Most of us are guilty of a very horrible thing. We go through a store, see a dress ('A bargain, my dear, marked way down'), buy it because it's a bargain, take it home. Only then do we realize that we have nothing to wear with it—no shoes, no bag, no scarf, no gloves!

"A girl should shop only twice a year—in April, against the time of the big sales—and shop only after she's studied the fashion magazines, window-shopped and thought it over. Women buy too many clothes. If most of us realized how much or how little we half we'd come out better-groomed for the simple reason we'd take better care of our clothes.

"When we design clothes for a picture, everything is thought out, down to the last accessory, before scissors are put to the cloth. In The Last Time I Saw Paris," Elizabeth Taylor had some twenty-seven changes and each one was planned to fit Elizabeth's circumstances at the time she wore it.

"Another thing we do at the studio is start every dress with a foundation—a bra and a skirt combined. A good foundation is important.

"I realize clothes for pictures are quite different from clothes for everyday wear. Yet if a girl would diagnose her wardrobe as we do for pictures, she'd save money, time and look wonderful.

"To be well-dressed, a girl must use her head. The first rule of building a wardrobe is to take sure you have the right costume for the time and place. Rule number two is to make sure your clothes are interchangeable so that a few things do the work of many.

"For late spring-into-summer, my favorite mix-and-mingle outfit is a black linen strapless dress, black linen jacket, cocktail sweater in black or white, white crocheted gloves and pearl earrings. With the jacket,
you can wear the dress to the office in the morning. If, unexpectedly, you go out after work, you can remove the jacket, put on the sweater and you’re ready for dinner. At the dinner, you can remove the sweater and you’re bare enough for formal. With no trouble at all, you have three different outfits for three different occasions. A smart trick is to carry your sweater in one of those big baskets that are both useful and smart.

The most important thing to me in designing clothes is not whether the skirt is long or short or whether it is sheath or full. The important point to always remember is that fashion begins with the woman herself, and you can’t do anything for her. But if, like Lana Turner she is tidy in her person and her thinking, if she’s proud of her skin, of her figure, and, in short, has pride in herself, you have something to build from.”

Jean Louis, who incidentally designed Marlene Dietrich’s famed “nude” dress for her night club engagement in Las Vegas, believes that this year, “The working girl’s salvation is the jumper dress. He likes a thin black or charcoal gray wool worn with a white blouse or a turtle-neck sweater and matching stole. In the evening, she has only to take off the blouse or sweater and she’s set for any date, anywhere.”

“The décolleté dress with a little jacket over it, linen for summer, wool with a velvet jacket for winter, answers the same dual purpose as the jumper,” Jean Louis says. “Tweed, which is so popular and so good-looking these days, is perfect for winter and is in good taste around the clock. Herringbone is always excellent.

“As for specifics, I feel cold colors (blues, grays, greens, white) are for brunettes; warm colors yellow, brown, orange, some shades of pink, red) are for blonds.

“Overweight girls should wear dark colors and the dressmaker suits or dresses that play down their size. Tailored suits are bad on girls with large busts and hips. For them, the coat dress is particularly good.

“One good tip: After you are finished dressing, take a good look at yourself in the mirror and take off all the extra gimmicks that spoil the outfit!”

Charles Le Maire of 20th has a simple formula for a basic wardrobe: He suggests, “Two suits, perhaps in tan and brown or blue and gray. Two coats, one for sports wear, one for dress-up. As for color, keep in mind the color selection you’ve made for your suits. A basic dress, without adornment, that can be dressed up with jewelry, scarves and belts. Then add two wool dresses, and as many sweaters, blouses and skirts as you can afford. For accessories, you’ll need one leather carryall pouch and matching kid shoes and one suede or velvet dress bag worn with very simple pumps. Remember, color is the key to a well-designed and balanced wardrobe. Make sure your clothes and accessories are coordinated.”

A few do’s and don’ts that should be of benefit to girls of all ages and occupations are these suggested by top Hollywood designers:

1. For the slim, not-so-slim and teenagers, the ballerina skirt is the best thing that’s happened in fashion in years. It’s graceful. It fits well. It moves gracefully. And whether it costs $4.55 or $49.94, there’s nothing more attractive to the leg or more provocative to the male than a wide skirt with little ruffles peeking out at the hem. With full skirts go medium heels, no flats.

2. Shoulder pads are optional. Most girls don’t need them. On Elizabeth Taylor, with her lovely shoulders and well-developed bosom, pads would detract from her figure. On Donna Reed, who also has a beautiful figure, a little lift to the shoulders looks good. So, go to your mirror and experiment! The rule to follow is, the girl with the long slender neck can wear them; if your neck is short, they probably will look out of place, no matter how good as though you’re hiding your head in your shoulders.

3. Strapless dresses don’t look too good on teenagers, look better on older girls. However, no one should wear them if her shoulders and back are not perfect.

4. Good fashion needs a good foundation. Make sure your foundation garments are well-fitting. Never wear a strapless dress without a good strapless bra.

5. Sheath dresses are difficult to wear and only girls with a great deal of poise and style should wear them. To wear them properly you should know how to use your body. This is the reason most teenagers don’t look good in sheathes. If you’re tired of the ballerina, the permanently pleated wrinkle-resistant Dacron skirt is an attractive compromise. Pleats are pleasing and provocative.

6. Skirt length depends upon you—and has for the last ten years. If your legs are not good, don’t wear too-long skirts. It calls attention to them.

7. You’re overweight. The best advice is to loose it, second best is to remember never to wear broad belts; wear narrow ones and of a color that blends in with your skirt and blouse. For the chubby, the contour belt is the best of all, since a straight line around a wide waist adds inches. You’ll find adding a medallion, for instance, or a small change purse, a gold or copper piece takes eyes off the ‘spine’ of your waist and makes it seem smaller. The neckline of blouse or dress should be slim and tailored—definitely not round, lo or boat shaped. Also stay away from strapless clinging things. A simple sheath is enough. A smart trick to remember is that overweight can be camouflaged to some extent by wearing the next size larger than you usually do. A simple rule that really works is if you get too tight on a heavy girl, she bulge. Keep your colors neutral, or dark; flamboyant colors call attention to any kind of figure. Dress suits and dresses look best on the heavy figure.

If your ankles are thick, wear pant slacks, the simplest available. And new, no loose, no-ankle straps (this is try to get rid of those cheap, cheap, cheap!)

8. For the thin girl, full skirts are the best. Very wide belts look terrific as do blouses. Have fulling sleeves, round neckline and scarves, or ties and floats. Sailer girl looks wonderful, too, in a tight skirt with a big full flowing blouse. She can also wear large buttons, more details, a fancy hat, or a scarf. No use thinking she can’t wear three-quarter sleeves. The important thing is to be careful that her arms are not hanging out of too-short sleeves.

The one dress certainly does not have to be black. “I know many black-haired girls I wouldn’t dream of putting a black dress on—their skins are not clear enough! There are also many dark-haired girls who would look drab in black. (Someone like Arlene Dahl, with her bright red hair and very fair porcelain skin, black is stunning. I also put Fushia, tangerine, or turquoise, and because of their complexion, stay away from the basic black,” says Charles Le Maire.

10. For the tall girl, two-piece dresses an suit and coat are contraindicated. Use different colors. They bring the tall girl down. Belt are good, too; they cut the figure in the middle. Grace Kelly is a tall girl. "For Re: Window, I designed her a straight—two-piece and contraindicated dress which had a fitted bodice (black silk jersey and a skirt, worn over multiple petticoats, of white silk organ embroidered in sprays of black jet and brown ruffles, with a wide belt. She had a short hair, but I think she looked stunning," emphasizes Edith Head.

11. Always remember clothes have to fit you properly! If you have a fitting problem in the tailor's, wear a one-of-a-kind costume it is certainly your people’s—i.e. your effort. (When J. Louis designed Marlene Dietrich’s famous nude gown she flew in from New York once a week for ten weeks for fittings!)

12. In picking a costume, too, the smart fashion begins with the person. Good fashion means proper make-up, a correct hair-do, shining hair, a sparkling eye. It means, also, a well-fitting dress. It means white blouses, white clean gloves, shiny black shoes . . . freshness and femininity.

For an example of this, just study Mitzi Gaynor. Mitzi can make even the most uncomfortable dress look attractive. Loretta Young and Gene Tierney fit the older woman. “In parting, I would like to suggest that all you girls take everything out of your closets. All your dresses, coats, suits, hat shoes, gloves. Everything. Lay them clock wise on the floor, sit down in the middle and with pad and pencil take inventory. Start over the closet and use it for spring, such as skirts that can be worn with sweaters and jackets, then put away everything that can’t be worn until fall. Finally, review the clothes you’ve put back into style. Then take what remain and start developing your own wardrobe coordinating your accessories and getting your outfits into shape. You never know what can wear,” says Le Maire.

WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITES?

Send your votes for the stars you want to see in Photoplay

In color I want to see:  ACTOR:

(1) (2)

I want to read stories about:

(1) (2) (3) (4)

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

(1) (2) (3) (4) (5) (6)

NAME

ADDRESS

PASTE THIS BALLOT ON A POSTAL CARD AND SEND IT TO READERS' POLL

Editor, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

ACK

THE END
Imagine up to $100.00 in a month wearing lovely dresses!

Ladies—here's the best news you ever heard! Your chance to get a whole new beautiful wardrobe of your own...a stunning collection of the most colorful new styles...without paying a single penny! And—unbelievable though it sounds—you can make up to $100 in a month wearing these glorious dresses—and showing them to your friends!

Here's all you do!
Wear these lovely Fashion Frocks which are furnished according to our unusual plan. What could be more pleasant? You have your choice of over 150 striking new styles—designed by one of America's best known dress companies. When friends ask about them—as they're bound to!—simply explain how you can get them the same exquisite styles. Your friends, relatives, neighbors—almost any woman you know—will jump at the chance to get these frocks.

No canvassing...no experience!
No woman can resist such smart, original styles...such magnificent colors and fabrics. And there's a complete range of sizes for every type of figure...Misses, Half-Sizes, Juniors and Stouts. Until you actually see the breath-taking portfolio of new Fashion Frocks, you simply can't imagine the amazing variety of styles, colors, weaves and patterns.

What's more, each dress carries our own unconditional guarantee of satisfaction. So it's no wonder you'll be making BIG MONEY wearing and showing them to your friends. Best of all, there's no door-to-door canvassing. You need no experience either. And to top off the whole wonderful plan, you can get new dresses for yourself. For every $30 earned in a month, you get a $10.98 dress besides.

Rush free coupon

Paste this coupon on postcard—mail today!

Fashion Frocks, Inc.
Dept. S-2053, Cincinnati 25, Ohio

Yes, I'd like to be one of the women who get the chance to make up to $100 a month while wearing, showing your dresses. Without obligating me in any way, please send everything I need to get started.

Name ____________________________

Address ____________________________________________

City & Zone ____________________________ State

Age _______ Dress Size ________

If you live in Canada, mail this coupon to North American Fashion Frocks, Ltd., 2163 Parthenois, Montreal, P.Q.
RORY CALHOUN AND WIFE, LITA BARON

You’ve seen him as a rugged western hero, and will again in his new film, “Four Guns to the Border” (Technicolor — Universal-International). She’s starred in supper-clubs from coast to coast. If you see them offstage, notice their cigarette. It’s Chesterfield.

WHAT A PAIR!

Chesterfield Regular & King Size…
America’s Most Popular 2-way Cigarette

Like Mr. and Mrs. Rory Calhoun, you smoke with the greatest possible pleasure when your cigarette is Chesterfield.

You will like Chesterfield best because only Chesterfield has the right combination of the world’s best tobaccos — highest in quality, low in nicotine — best for you.
"New cold cream Camay is my idea of the perfect beauty soap," says Mrs. Jess Altman, an enchanting Camay Bride. "It's so mild and gentle, I just love the feel of it on my skin. And I love the way it keeps my complexion looking its best, too."

Yes, gentle, luxurious Camay with its caressing care can be the best friend your complexion ever had! With its skin-pampering mildness, velvety lather, and exclusive fragrance, it's the beauty secret of so many exquisite brides. Let it caress your skin to new loveliness, too. Just change to regular care . . . use Camay and Camay alone. You'll see your skin become fresher, more radiant, softer with your first satin-smooth cake. And remember, there's precious cold cream in Camay—added luxury at no extra cost. For your beauty and your bath, there's no finer soap in all the world.
"What?...You haven't tasted NEW IPANA?"

Tune in Garry on CBS Television Network, Mon. through Fri. See local paper for time and channel.

Ipana-a-a-ah!

Your teeth never had it so good," says Garry Moore. "It's the BEST-TASTING way to FIGHT DECAY"

"Cavities are no fun," says fun-loving Garry, "so we Moores use the paste with the taste that makes it fun to fight decay. I mean new Ipana."

And most people are just as enthusiastic as Garry about Ipana's new flavor. It beat every other leading toothpaste hands down—after nationwide home taste tests.

Destroys decay and bad-breath bacteria with WD-9

More good news is the way wonder-ingredient WD-9 in new-formula Ipana fights tooth decay, stops bad breath all day. It destroys most mouth bacteria with every single brushing.

"The only thing about Ipana they haven't improved is the stripes on the carton," Garry adds. So try new Ipana yourself...enjoy it...and trust your family's precious teeth to it.

New-Formula IPANA.

WITH BACTERIA-DESTROYER WD-9

Clip this—and join me in a TASTE TEST

Let me send you a generous trial tube—mail coupon today.

GARRY MOORE, BRISTOL-MYERS Co.,
DEPT. T-35, HILLSIDE, N. J.

Please send me a trial tube of new-formula Ipana. Enclosed is 3¢ stamp to cover part cost of handling.

Name ____________________________

Street __________________________

City ___________________ Zone ___ State ___

(Offer good only in continental U. S. A. Expires June 1, 1955.)
NEW!
DOCTOR'S
DEODORANT
DISCOVERY*
SAFELY STOPS ODOR
24 HOURS A DAY!

PROVED IN UNDERARM COMPARISON TESTS MADE BY A DOCTOR
• Deodorant without M-3, tested under one arm, stopped perspiration odor only a few hours.
• New Mum with M-3, tested under other arm, stopped odor a full 24 hours.

New Mum with M-3 won't irritate normal skin or damage fabrics
1. *Exclusive deodorant based originally on doctor's discovery, now contains long-lasting M-3 (Hexachlorophene).
2. Stops odor all day long because invisible M-3 clings to your skin—keeps on destroying odor bacteria a full 24 hours.
3. Non-irritating to normal skin. Use it daily. Only leading deodorant containing no strong chemical astringents—will not block pores.
4. Won't rot or discolor fabrics—certified by American Institute of Laundering.
5. Delicate new fragrance. Creamier texture—New Mum won't dry out in the jar.

Honeymoon on the Heavenly Side (Pier Angeli) Beverly Oett 33
Is He Your Type? (Inside Stuff) Cal York 35
Hi, Debbie, I’m Talking about You (Debbie Reynolds) Jeanette Johnson 36
Pursuit of Happiness (Marlon Brando) 39
Say It with Flowers... Rena Firth 40
My Son, Your Years Become You (Rock Hudson) Mrs. Kay Olsen 42
An Engagement—The Long and Short of It Sheila Graham 44
Van Johnson Learned No Man Walks Alone Dee Phillips 47
What’s the Difference! (Tony Curtis, Janet Leigh) Joseph Henry Steele 49
My Hawaiian Diary... Tab Hunter 53
I’m in Love with a Wonderful Guy (Guy Madison) Sheila Connolly Madison 54
Memo to My Husband: (Danny Kaye) Sylvia Fine Kaye 57
She Was a Prisoner of Fear (June Allyson) John Maynard 58
Audrey Hepburn—the Girl, the Gamin and the Star... Radiel Harris 61
Announcing Photoplay’s Award Winners of 1954-55 63
Photoplay Star Fashions... 67
“20,000 Leagues Under the Sea”... 76
Needle Novelties... 80
He-Man Calhoun (Rory Calhoun)... 88
Announcing! Hollywood Fashion-of-the-Month Contest 109

STARS IN FULL COLOR
Race Gentry... 34 Debbie Reynolds... 37 Elizabeth Taylor 41
Robert Wagner... 34 Terry Moore... 40 Rock Hudson 43
Jack Kelly... 34 Janette Scott... 40 Van Johnson 46
Jeff Chandler... 34 Betty Grable... 40 Janet Leigh 49
Gordon Scull... 35 Doris Day... 41 John Derek 52
Jeff Hunter... 35 Pier Angeli... 41 Tab Hunter 53
Jane Powell... 41 Guy Madison 55

SPECIAL EVENTS
Impertinent Interview (Bob Wagner) Readers Inc. 14
Mike Connolly 6 Let’s Go to the Movies Janet Graves 20
That’s Hollywood Sidney Skolsky 8 Turn of a Career John Derek 22
Laughing Stock Erskine Johnson 10 Casts of Current Pictures 27
Brief Reviews... 112

Other color picture credits on page 84

EDITORIAL STAFF
Ann Higgibotham—Editor Ann Mosher—Supervising Editor
Evelyn Savidge Pain—Managing Editor

ART STAFF
Ron Taylor—Art Director
Norman Schoenfeld—Assistant Art Director

FASHION STAFF
Lillian Lang—Fashion Director
Hermine Cantor—Fashion Editor

HOLLYWOOD
Sylvia Wallace—Editor
Contributing Editors: Maxine Arnold, Jerry Asher, Beverly Ott, Ruth Waterbury
Photographer: Phil Stern

MARCH, 1955
PHOTOPLAY IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY by Macfadden Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y.
Editorial office, 34 West 44 Street, New York 18, N. Y. Legal office, 117 North LaSalle Street, Chicago 1, I. L. Editorial branch office, 221 South Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif. Harold A. Wise, Chairman of the Board; Henry S. Maloff, President; Lee Andrews, Vice President; Meyer Dworin, Secretary and Treasurer; Advertising offices also in Chicago and San Francisco.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: $3.00 one year, U. S. and Possessions; Canada $5.50 one year. $4.00 per year in Europe. Single Copies 50c. Change of Address: 10 weeks notice essential. When possible, please furnish stencil-impression address from a recent issue. Address change can be made only if we have your old as well as your new address.

Write to Photoplay, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS will be carefully considered, but publication cannot be guaranteed. Material must be accompanied by self-addressed envelope or with sufficient return postage will be required.

STANDARD PROOD OF PUBLICATION, YEE PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 301 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y., and London, England. Copyright, 1955, by Macfadden Publications, Inc. All rights reserved. Printed in the United States of America. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage or retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher.
HIGHLIGHTS: Four fighting brothers! The shotgun wedding! The family free-for-all! Girl rescues sweetheart from jail! Trapped by Indians! The swimming scene—she captures his clothes and gun! The girl needs a spanking—who will do it?

SHE'S THE MOST IMPATIENT MAIDEN IN THE VIRGIN WEST...
BUT HE'S NOT THE MARRYING KIND...!

It's an uproarious adventure loaded with danger and delight!

M-G-M presents Nature's vast wilderness in CINEMASCOPE and COLOR!

Many Rivers To Cross

Robert Taylor • Eleanor Parker

Victor McLaglen • Russ Tamblyn • Jeff Richards • James Arness

Directed by Jack Cummings
Produced by Roy Rowland
Based on a Story by Steve Frazee
Screenplay by Harry Brown and Guy Trosper
Photographed in Technicolor
Can your hair live up to the flattery of a giddy little hat?

Why be heartsick about dull, dry hair?
It can glow with youth because Helene Curtis brings you up to 10 times more absorbable lanolin!

Ever say to yourself: "I can't wear that hat today. My hair looks horrible!" Of course, you know just wishing won't bring a sprightly look back to dull, dry hair.

But Helene Curtis LANOLIN DISCOVERY® makes it almost that simple. It brings you 100% absorbable lanolin which returns to your hair the same kind of natural oil that was lost by heat, wind or water.

Actually, it's up to 10 times more effective than any hair and scalp conditioner you've ever used before because it contains up to 10 times more absorbable lanolin.

There are no "filler" oils to grease your hair or make you lose your wave.
Just spray. Brush. Then watch. You'll see results in a twinkling!
Isn't it about time you let a little flattery go to your head?

Regular size $1.25 New large economy size $1.89

Helene Curtis lanolin discovery®

the breath of life for lifeless looking hair!

HOLLYWOOD WHISPERS

BY FLORABEL MUIR

The new interest in Linda Christi life, Robert Schlesinger of New York who brought along a diamond necklace around the neck of Tyr Power's ex when he came to Hollywood to see her. Bob's the son of the best-dressed Mrs. Harrison Willard and his arrival in Hollywood inevitably contributed little to the lard look that Edmund Purdom's wearing. Incidentally, the whispering, the settlement between Linda and Ty only goes to prove that a girl can still feather her nest quite plushily by picking a star-right star—to wed. She came out marriage with a $150,000 mansion in it, plenty of cash and a big inco.

About two performances not yet generally seen on the screen that have tongues wagging about '56 Oscar nominees: Eleanor Parker playing Marjorie Lawrence in "Interrupted Melody"; James Dean in "East of Eden."... Lori Nelson's skillful dangling of the more sought-after-young swains, Tab Hunter and Wayne Morris; Wayne being the kid brother of Guy Madison. Even her pals can't believe which she prefers. . . . And Phyllis Gates, the pretty secretary to agent Henry Willson, walked with one of the town's prize cats, Rock Hudson. Rock fell in love with chatting with Phyllis in the outer office of Willson who is his ten per cent. . . . The continuing mutual devotion of Johnny Ray and Marilyn Monroe... The way Barbara Stanwyck is helping a helping hand to U-I's up-and-coming young player, George Nader, and an aspiring actor find a smarter mentor.

About the report that Leslie Caron and Robert Petit are thinking marriage thoughts, now that Leslie's just been a free marital agent. But her pals advise: discount it.
Even all the excited talk you have heard about this picture will not quite prepare you for the impact of its drama... and its three triumphant performances!

“The Dramatic Thunderbolt of the Year!”
—Look Magazine

“May Win Bing Another Oscar!”
—Life Magazine.

How far should a woman go... to redeem the man she loves?

Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG
Written for the Screen and Directed by GEORGE SEATON
From the play by Clifford Odets
A Paramount Picture
"What does a guy like you think about?" I asked Bob Wagner. "You mean what's on my mind? All the jumpy, disconnected thoughts?" he shot back.

"You talk," I said. "I'll write it all down."

"Well, I was driving down Beverly Boulevard the other day and there was a beautiful blond sitting on the street corner bench waiting for a bus, so I slammed my foot on the brake. But then the thought suddenly struck me: I can't do this—I'm a movie star.

"I also think about what I want out of my career. I want to be financially independent. Not that I think money means happiness—you can be depressed and be poor, too, you know. But I would rather be depressed and loaded.

"The columnists tied me up with every girl in town. They had me out with Mona Freeman many times before we finally got together. When I finally got up the nerve to ask Mona for a date, I said, 'I see by the papers we're going out these days, so why don't we?'

"It bores me to be around people who aren't stimulating. I find it difficult to be around people who can't contribute anything to a conversation. So I try not to travel with dullards.

"I never liked school. I've never been too much of a 'group' kind of guy. I've always hated being in groups and joining this club and that—always joining, joining, joining. I'd heard it's a good idea to join groups because of the contacts that will be valuable later in life. But that's a lot of bunk. Oh, I guess it's all right for professionals, like doctors and lawyers, but not for actors.

"Hollywood is a crazy town. Oh, I think about this one a lot! There's a pattern for success here. The thin you think you are the wrong things to turn out to be the right things to do.

"Most fans think I became a star overnight because of my small bit 'With a Song in My Heart.' It is true. Before I signed up at 20th Century-Fox I worked at every studio town.

"I was doing background bits as extra roles when my agent, Helen Willson, took me to 20th. They sign me to a ninety-day test option. During that period I was supposed to studying for a big screen test, studied, all right, but I also broke rule and went over to another studio M-G-M, to test for a picture call 'Teresa.' John Ericson got the part.

"But in the meantime, a Los Angeles columnist printed an item to the effect that a dark horse named Bob Wagner may get the leading role in 'Teresa.' The powers-that-be at 20th read item. They rushed my test through four days instead of ninety days. Four weeks later they had me playing important role with Dick Widmark in 'The Halls of Montezuma.'

"They put me in another import role in 'Let's Make it Legal' as a 'Montezuma.' As 'Montezuma' was finished. Nothin' happened. I got fair reviews from critics but nothing sensational. T

Susan Hayward was signed by home lot to make 'Song in My Heart,' and they gave me a much smaller part in it than I'd had in either 'Montezuma' or 'Let's Make it Legal.'

"Yes, it was a small role. But it was the right time and the right break. It was the break. The first week the picture was in release I got two thousand fan letters! I was on top. Yes, it's a crazy town."
The guys of Battle Cry

The girls of 'Battle Cry'

The scorchingly personal story of 'Battle Cry'

THE BEST-SELLER
THE NATION
COULDN'T
PUT DOWN—
ABOUT
YOUNG
PEOPLE
IN LOVE
WHEN
THE BATTLE
IS FAR AWAY...

PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS. IN CINEmASCOPE WARNERCOLOR-Stereophonic Sound

STARRING VAN ALDO MONA NANCY JAMES RAYMOND TAB DOROTHY ANNE LEOON MURIS DIRECTED BY RAOUl WALSH

ORIGINAL MUSIC BY MAX STEINER
I recognize Grace Kelly’s beauty, admire her acting technique, believe she rates an Oscar, yet to be completely honest, I think she lacks a great requisite: warmth! To me Debra Paget is a sweet little girl who shouldn’t try to be a sex bundle. Mona Freeman tells me: “A woman is well-dressed if nothing she wears stands out but everything looks nice together.” Mona is so well-dressed... “Gone with the Wind” put Clark Gable back on the popularity polls, and I’m glad... They’re now referring to Jimmy Dean as the new Marlon Brando. To me Marlon Brando is still new! I would like to see Barbara Bel Geddes in a movie. She’s been off the screen too long... Among the things Mitzi Gaynor brought back from her honeymoon—the title of ideal “Draw Me” girl by Art Instruction students... Mamie Van Doren, always outspoken and frank, admits she is slightly bow-legged, but explains it saying, “I used to play the cello.” Debbie Reynolds admits that until she met him, Eddie Fisher’s name couldn’t be found amongst her huge record collection. Now she’s loaded... Doris Day always looks as if she has been freshly scrubbed.

The scene between Marlon Brando and Rod Steiger in the taxi in “On the Waterfront” is the finest single scene in any movie this season... Burt Lancaster laughs a lot off the screen but admits that he doesn’t laugh enough on-screen... Which reminds me, they don’t make comedies like they used to. Remember those Irene Dunne-Cary Grant, Spencer Tracy-Katharine Hepburn gems? It used to be that every comedian wanted to play Hamlet. Now it seems that every actor wants to be a singer: Jeff Chandler, Tony Curtis, Kirk Douglas—to name just a few... And the singers want to be straight dramatic actors: for instance, Frank Sinatra, Howard Keel... They’re becoming extremely courteous at the neighborhood movie theatres. A friend informed me he went to the lobby to buy some popcorn and they stopped the movie until he returned.

The telephone is a great prop in motion pictures. It won an Oscar for Luise Rainer (“The Great Ziegfeld”) and probably will for Edmond O’Brien (“The Barefoot Contessa”)... To me, Susan Hayward usually looks as if she’s about to be angry... I believe it was Judy Holliday who said she always has ice cream the same color as her dress, so if she spills any it won’t show... Tony Curtis and Virginia Mayo rate my applause, too. Tony won the George Washington Carver Memorial Institute’s annual Award of Merit, which is presented for outstanding contributions to interracial unity. Virginia was awarded a recognition pin from the Daughters of the American Revolution... From the Hollywood Women’s Press Club, Debbie Reynolds and Martin and Lewis picked golden apples for cooperativeness; Doris Day and Edmund Purdom got the sour apple award for the most uncooperative... Do you realize that the movie stars employ doubles to do all their dangerous jobs for them except marriage? That’s Hollywood for you.
Now be a Pin-up Girl with the Pin-up Curl!

PIN-IT

WONDERFUL NEW EASY-TO-DO PIN-CURL PERMANENT

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

Perfect for new, shorter hair styles... gives that softer, lovelier picture - pretty look!

PIN-IT — for the curl of your dreams... BY PROCTOR & GAMBLE

Look for it in the smart gold-foil package
Alan Wilson's telling about an actor friend who has been on a TV panel show so long he's celebrating his fiftieth callout.

The story of the movie producer who took a cutie to dinner and lavishly dined and dined her on everything from vi~vichy~ose to Baked Alaska is being retold.

"It was a wonderful dinner," the doll told a friend, "but rather strange. We had cold soup and hot ice cream."

Give an actor a death scene and he's happy. William Campbell "died" as a U.S. Marine in 'Battle Cry' with the comment:

"Boy, this is really living."

An Irish Irma heard that Aly Khan had a castle in Eire. "Oh, yes," she commented: "I've heard of his relative—Lepre Khan."

Burt Lancaster told it after a series of jumps, half and lights in "Apache" without the aid of any doubles:

"Things have changed in Hollywood. A few years ago I was in a film with a star who demanded a stunt man.

"What for?" he was asked.

"Well," he said, 'The part requires a lot of walking and some of the slopes are up-hill."

Overheard: "I never knew he drank until one night he came home sober."

Overheard: "What's a girl like you doing in a nice place like this?"

Overheard: "She's the type who always lets the chat out of the bag."

Hollywood sign language: "Rare Junk Shoppe."

During Errol Flynn's hey-day, three pretty extra-girls reported to his set, although no extras were required for the day's scenes.

"Atmosphere?" Flynn was asked.

"No," he replied, "Inspiration."

As a couple of hungry unknowns, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis got their start on the star trail in an Atlantic City night club. A bench on the boardwalk near the club now commemorates the occasion. A bronze plaque, dedicated by the mayor, reads:

"Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis slept here."

Spike Jones returned to Hollywood after a lengthy tour of the U.S. with this report: "One town was so small they had a sign right in the center of it reading: 'You are now entering and leaving Powell, Wyoming."

Red Skelton on why he likes drive-in theatres: "The dialogue is great—especially in the car parked next to you."

During a warring engagement in Las Vegas, Frank Sinatra wore a green suit in one production number. Howls from the audience left Frank quipping:

"What's the matter—haven't you ever seen a skinny pool table?"

*See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Rest" on your local TV station.
GET THIS BEAUTIFUL DESSERT SERVER FOR ONLY 50¢
ONEIDA COMMUNITY PAR-PLATE SILVERWARE

We want you to see for yourself the truly high quality and variety of Raleigh Premiums. That's why we are offering this beautiful Dessert Server...regular $1.50 value...for only 50¢. See its beauty! Feel its quality! Exclusive "Linda" design heavily plated with pure silver!

Special Offer!

TO ACQUAINT YOU WITH RALEIGH PREMIUMS
$1.50 VALUE

Only 50¢

SEND TODAY! Offer Expires March 31, 1955

BROWN & WILLIAMSON, BOX 1739T
Louisville, Kentucky

I enclose 50¢...for which please send my Oneida Community Par-Plate Silverware Dessert Server and FREE Raleigh Premium Catalog.

Name________________________
Address_______________________
City__________________________ State__________________________
Kotex now comes in this soft grey package

Selected by thousands of women as first choice of many designs—this new Kotex package reflects the quality you've learned to trust. For Kotex gives you the complete absorbency you need... the softness you're sure of.

Kotex holds its shape, keeps its comfortable fit. Moreover, this is the only leading napkin with flat pressed ends to prevent revealing outlines. So look for the new Kotex package—soft grey, with a graceful K, symbol of highest quality.

MORE WOMEN CHOOSE KOTEX THAN ALL OTHER SANITARY NAPKINS
HOLLYWOOD PARTY LINE

NO BIG PREAMS this month. First was "The Country Girl," with all proceeds going to the Olympic Fund. When it was over, just about everyone agreed that its three stars, Bing Crosby, Bill Holden and Grace Kelly rated Academy Awards for their performances. Among those agreeing were Betty White and Harry James; Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis; Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall; Judy Garland and Sid Luft; Lana Turner and Lex Barker. Bing Crosby turned up double-dating with son Dennis and his date, Trolly Wilson. Bing's date for the evening was Mona Freeman who looked lovely in a chiffon gown with a full skirt and a delicate headed top. Most of these and scads more were at the gala preem of "There's No Business Like Show Business" a few nights later. And, oh, the raves for it one and its topliners! Probably the individual hit is Mitzi Gaynor. Mitzi's Hollywood stock has soared with this picture and she's in demand by crazy at all the studios.

I was flabbergasted when, on a few hours' notice, Terry Moore invited me to what she called an "impromptu reception" suddenly whipped up for her son Susan Zanuck and Susie's groom, Adre Hakim, fresh in for a visit from Paris. Terry started out to have a few jolly, ended up with hundreds instead. She borrowed Jay Robinson's house, which he bought from Dr. Lew Sorrill when Rhonda Fleming decided his house was too small a couple months ago. The affair was strictly formal. Terry was in wool. A black jumper with a stunning tailored Don Loper white silk blouse with a high neck. Terry's going in for high-necked dresses—part of her "subdued routine" as she puts it. (Another gal who's sticking to the subdued look is Piper Laurie who showed up at a luncheon for Prince Axel of Denmark in a lovely wool dress with long sleeves and high neck! Virginia Mayo's another gal who looks good in both high and low necklines. She wore a high neckline, too, at Prince Axel's party.) Terry's date for the evening was Nicky Hilton, who incidentally gifted Terry with a gorgeous sapphire mink jacket (for no special reason) the week before. Susie Zanuck Hakim sported one of those short and madly streaked French hairdos. The gals seemed to go for it—so we're probably in for some rainbow-hued heads hereabouts! Terry left the next day to entertain servicemen.

Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis hosted Photoplay publisher Irving Manheimer and his wife, who were also feted at a dinner party by producer Stanley Kramer and his wife with many, many celebrities in attendance.

Proudest gal in town was Esther Williams at the City of Hope party which honored her as top Hollywood Mother of the Year. Other mommas like Ann Blyth, Donna Reed, Patti Lewis, Gale Storm, Maureen O'Sullivan and Sheila MacRae got some "honors" too. Jerry Lewis, working with his usual zest, auctioned off toys and things and raised plenty money for the children who benefited by the affair.
SOAP BOX:

It seems that almost everyone in Hollywood is just trying to see who is the sexiest. I think that Corinne Calvet, Zsa Zsa Gabor and Marilyn Monroe are just plain sickening.

What Hollywood needs is lovely Lori Nelson. I think they should put her in more pictures. I'd like to see her and I would give Hollywood a better name.

Marilyn Newson
New York, New York

Lori's just what Hollywood needs

I have just returned from seeing the picture "Twist of Fate." As you know, it marks the debut of Jacques Bergerac, Ginger Rogers' husband. After seeing him perform, I'm convinced that he is going to be one of the biggest stars in the industry. He is, without qualification, the handsomest actor on the screen. And his performance would do credit to a veteran.

Donna Dunn
Chicago, Illinois

Have you ever noticed: That Doris Day has the prettiest fingernails in all Hollywood . . . That John Hodig has the warmest smile of any actor . . . That Marilyn Monroe has "little" legs and the biggest smile . . . That Jean Peters is the very best actress . . . That Marlon Brando is the best actor in the world . . . That Ann Blyth has the prettiest teeth ever . . . That Rock Hudson isn't so handsome after all . . . That Cyd Charisse has the prettiest legs in Hollywood . . . That Ursula Thiess looks like an older Debbie Reynolds . . . That Bob Mitchum has the best-looking haircut in Hollywood . . . That Mario Lanza has the biggest and best voice in his time . . . That Janet Leigh has the best figure in the movie business. . . . That Rosemary Clooney has the prettiest hairdo along with Patti Lewis . . . That Jose Ferrer is the actor most girls most like to meet?

Pat Baker
Whistler, Alabama

In our high school paper, The Growler, was the following article. We thought you might be interested.

"Wouldn't it be nice if: School began at 12 noon; We got out at 1 P.M. with an hour for lunch; we were awarded cars instead of grades . . . we had jets instead of school buses; chewing gum and laughing in class were required; roll call was never called:

Monday morning wasn't; skipping was a course; we had a faculty like English—Debbie Reynolds, Rory Calvert, Science—Jane Russell, Rock Hudson, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Fernando Lamas, Chemistry—Boris Karloff, Speech—Tennessee Williams, Bankhead, Edward G. Robinson; Physical Education—Marlon Brando, Burt Lancaster, Howard Keel, Drivers' Education—Marlon Brando. It would be nice, wouldn't it?

Mary Henry, Margery De Land, Florida

On page 24 of the January 1955 Photoplay, Jean Simmons calls Marlon "the most exciting actor there is," Jean, how can you say this after opposite Richard Burton in "The Sandpiper." Please reconsider!

Mrs. Burton Blakele
Thamesville, Ontario

I would like to say a few words of appreciation of such rising stars as . . . Dalton and Richard Anderson who has time to sign photographs personally to Hollywood fans . . . a great movie fan and was highly honored when I received autographed photo from Audrey and Richard. It would be a great thing if more stars followed example.

Ann Brooks
Berkeley, CA

Dick Anderson, Audrey Dalton—fans

Steve Cochran was very convincing in the role of "Carnival Story"—convincing!

Maureen Gary, IL

A recent magazine photo of Thompson that was shown to me mentioned the fact that our new star was now living in the sticks with Marlon Brando. Admittedly, Topanga is not New York. However, we have approximately 4000 people residing there. We short drive from Los Angeles, a city probably heard of. We have about 4000 people residing there, wide-awake civic association, two churches and four church groups. As you have probably heard, many others become quite disturbed this growing community is advertising for their benefit. Continued on p.
Gwen was still laughing when she hung up the receiver. Jane looked on incredulously. "But he has a car, good looks, a good job," she protested. "So what?" Gwen sneered. "He's got something else, too... something that nullifies every charm."

"I mean, honeybun," Gwen said seriously, "that his breath is that way."

"You simply don't get by when you're guilty of halitosis (bad breath). Remember, too, that men are often the worst offenders. Isn't it just common sense to use the surest thing you know to overcome this condition? Listerine Antiseptic, of course... night and morning... and before any date. Listerine stops bad breath and keeps it stopped usually for hours on end... four times better than any tooth paste.

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

Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste does. Listerine instantly kills germs... by millions—stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end.

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

Listerine Clinically Proved Four Times Better Than Tooth Paste

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

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

**Listerine Clinically Proved**

Four Times Better Than Tooth Paste

---

"Go out with him?... Don't make me laugh!"
choice rustler’s hideout, a rattlesnake or just plain “isolated.”

We will forgive you to some extent because of the inserted expression “ful Topanga Canyon.” It is—very!

Harold E. Ro
Topanga, Cali

I realize that because of the book “A Star Is Born” is receiving, Judy Garland will probably win the Academy Award for being the best actress of the year. I, for my money, Elizabeth Taylor did it for her magnificent acting in “The Time I Saw Paris.” She went from vivacious and gay to being sweet and dreamy and finally to being sad and comparatively beautiful with never one adding the spellbound attention of her feminine. I defy anyone to say Liz is just another beautiful girl with no talent. I have seen this movie! The script was Van Johnson was terrific and Liz was standing!

Marilyn Kraft
Michigan City, Ind.

CASTING:

I know Rory Calhoun would like to play a role with his wife, Lita Barone, as a perfect vehicle for them both. I read the book, “The Comancheros.”

Marlene Caton
Winsted, Conn.

How about Rory and Lita as reel-life romance?


Helen Hughes
Lincoln, Calif.

I just finished reading Francis Parkman’s wonderful book “Stein Gothic,” and all the way through I thought what a wonderful movie it would make with Montgomery Clift as Clyde Barrow and Janet Leigh as Lucy.

Sally Buntin
Boynton, Fla.

Since Biblical stories are so popular these days, why doesn’t someone make the story of Ruth? They wouldn’t have any trouble raising the money and it contains many parts that would be highly adaptable to the screen. For players we would like: John Derek—Boaz.

Deborah Buntin
Houston, Tex.

We have just read “They Loved and Laugh” by Kathryn Worth. In our opinion it is one of the best books ever written and it contains many parts that would be highly adaptable to the screen. For players we would like: John Derek—Boaz.

Continued on page 16
You feel so very sure of yourself... after a **White Rain** Shampoo!

You're confident you look your loveliest... your hair soft as a cloud... sunshine bright... every shimmering strand in place. That's the glorious feeling you have after using White Rain, the lotion shampoo that gives you results like softest rainwater. Try it and see how wonderful you feel.

*Use New **White Rain** Shampoo tonight and tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!*
Molds you
with miracle latex
outside

Pampers you
with kitten-soft fabric inside

Holds you
with magic "finger" panels

Playtex
Magic-Controller
Slimming because there's latex outside . . .
Comfortable because there's fabric inside!

Miracle latex slims and trims
without a seam, stitch or bone!
Hidden "finger" panels firm
and support like magic!
Washes, dries in a hurry, too,

PLAYTEX FABRIC LINED
MAGIC-CONTROLLER* $7.95
Other Playtex Fabric Lined
Girdles, from $4.95. In the
SUM tube, at department
stores and better specialty
shops everywhere.

©1955, 1961 International Latex Corp. ... PLAYTEX PARK ... Dover Del.
In Canada: Playtex Ltd. ... PLAYTEX PARK ... Arnprior, Ont.
*U.S.A., and foreign patents pending. Trademark

Readers Inc...
continued from page 16

Jonathan, Robert Francis as Milton, Jeffrey
Hunter as Clarkson, Russ Tamblyn as Buzz,
Ben Cooper as Addison, Ann Blyth
as Martita, Debra Paget as Ruth, Spencer
Tracy as Dr. Gardner, Irene Dunne as Mrs.
Gardner, and Edmund Gwenn as Grandfather.

LARENA O'NEAL, BARBARA MODAWELL
BROWNWOOD, TEXAS

I think that Zane Grey's "Wildfire" would
make an excellent movie with Guy Madison
in the male lead and Joan Weldon playing
opposite him.

NANCY NIEHRINGHANS
Greve Coeur, Missouri

Why isn't a movie made from "The Turquoise"?—a magnificent novel which would
be a great movie starring Jennifer Jones and
Charlton Heston.

MRS. NEDRA PERRY
Muskogee, Oklahoma

I believe if some studio produced one of
Frances P. Keyes' books with an old Louisi-
ana background, such as "Steamboat Gothic," "River Road" or "Crescent Carni-
val," they would have a show . . . as great
and grand as "Gone with the Wind." . . .
CAROL GRAY LYNN
Pacific Grove, California

I have just finished James Street's novel,
"O Promised Land!" and I think it would
make a terrific movie starring Rock Hud-
son as Sam, Susan Cabot as Honoria, My-
ron Healy as AB and Julia Adams as
Donna. Hope some studio thinks I'm right!

ROSEMARIE CHANEY
Massillon, Ohio

I've been hearing all sorts of rumors
about Hollywood's ideas for filming the
Rodgers and Hammerstein classic "Carou-
sel." In my opinion no studio but M-G-M
should film this play, no director but
Mervyn LeRoy should supervise the film-
ing and no stars but lovely Ann Blyth and
Howard Keel should re-create the roles
of Julie Jordan and Billy Bigelow.

JANET CHAPMAN
Seattle, Washington

I'd love to see 20th-Century-Fox do
Kathleen Winsor's "Star Money" with
Susan Hayward as Shireen, William Hol-
den as Ed, George Sanders as Paul Worth,
Celeste Holm as Georgia and Rory Cal-
houn as Johnny. That would really be
something.

FRANCIS YOUNG
Old Orchard Beach, Maine

Jennifer's the star for the part

I have just read a book entitled "A
Stone for Danny Fisher" by Harold Rob-
bins. The part of the main character,
Danny, would really be something for John
Continued on page 23
Out of the heart of the Army came "From Here to Eternity"...
Out of the heart of the Navy came "The Caine Mutiny"... and now, out of the heart of all America comes "The Long Gray Line"! If you're looking for true greatness in motion picture entertainment, you'll find it in this true-as-life story that's filled with thrill and tenderness... laughter and love!

DIRECTOR
JOHN FORD...
winner of four Academy Awards calls this his "greatest achievement"!

TYRONE POWER
MAUREEN O'HARA
in JOHN FORD'S
THE LONG GRAY LINE

CINEMASCOPE
Color by
TECHNICOLOR
20,000 Leagues Under the Sea

Pure adventure fills the screen in Walt Disney's magnificent translation of Jules Verne's science fiction classic. While camera magic and mechanical wonders entrance your eyes, an expert cast headed by Jack Mason and Kirk Douglas keeps your emotions involved. The time is 1868, and a weird sea monster is preying on Pacific shipping. As a lusty, brawling harpooner, Kirk is an American warship sunk by the monster. He soon finds that it is no living creature, but a "submarine boat." When scientists Paul Lukas and Peter Lorre, he is taken aboard the sub. Their fate is uncertain, for the captain of the submarine is a strange man, a scientist dedicated to revenge against an unnamed nation. The rousing action takes place on the sea floor and under the sea (the latter scenes filmed off Nassau). 

Mason finds Douglas a rebellious captive; Lorre looks...

Three for the Show

Here's a fresh, gay tune-film carried by a quartet of lively personalities: Betty Grable, Jack Lemmon, Marlon Brando, and Gower Champion. Its theme at first seems unproven for comedy, as Betty, a stage-musical star married to a leading man (Gower), discovers that her first husband (Jack) wasn't killed in Korea after all. She has committed legal bigamy, but she enjoys her dilemma, keeping the boys teetering while she makes a very leisurely choice between them. Marge is in suspense, too, because she fancied herself in love with first Jack, then Gower. Must-see interludes are woven neatly into the farce situations. The point in hilarity comes when Jack, Gower and Betty do all around a duplex apartment in a sequence that comes lightedly close to a dance, yet can't be classified.

Jack's in no mood for a party; Betty, Marge and Gower...

The Far Country

Like James Stewart's "Bend of the River," this film is a good, vigorous Western, done with apparent simplicity and skill. Though the story's setting is olden Alaska, most of the picture was shot in Canada's Jasper Park, a magnificent background for the action. Jimmy's partner Walter Brennan takes a herd of cattle to a rural community where beef commands a high price. But a get-rich-quick scheme is blocked by jovial John McIntire whose gang of hoodlums has terrorized the territory. When respectable citizens ask for Jimmy's help, our hero insists he's strictly out for himself. He's just a cavalier with a pretty tomboy (Corinne Calvet) and a gambling-house owner (Ruth Roman). As experienced moviegoers wait for him to see the light, tension mounts.

When Jimmy's downed by gunshot wounds, Corinne plays...
These are Beth Anderson's hands. They were soaked in detergents. Her right hand alone was treated with Jergens Lotion. Look at the dramatic difference! *This photograph is unretouched.*

**Positive proof: "Detergent Hands" can be stopped**

A national research laboratory* proves Jergens Lotion more effective than any other lotion tested for stopping detergent damage.

Hands are a key to your personality. If your hands suffer from overwork, take heart — there's wonderful news for you!

Recently 447 women volunteers soaked both hands in detergents, three times a day. After each soaking, Jergens Lotion was smoothed on their right hands alone.

In 3 or 4 days, the untreated hands were in trouble. They were roughened and reddened — in some cases, even cracked and bleeding. The Jergens Lotion hands were soft, smooth, and lovely!

The women were frankly amazed to see the difference in their hands. *No other lotion tested proved as effective as Jergens* — and they agreed it was delightful to use; not the least bit sticky or greasy.

The famous Jergens formula has been steadily perfected for 50 years. It never lets wind, weather or housework disgrace your hands — and it takes just seconds to apply. Use it every day.

Jergens Lotion today is a rich, creamier lotion with a pleasing new fragrance. Only 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.

Jergens Lotion positively stops "Detergent Hands"

*Notice to doctors and dermatologists. For a summary of this report, write to The Andrew Jergens Co., Cinn., O.
TURN OF A CAREER
BY JOHN DEREK

When I first went into pictures, I'm afraid I didn't take them very seriously. True, I attended dramatic school ... and caught up on my sleep during class.

Then I went away to war, and when I returned, my outlook on life was a serious one. I began to concentrate on my career. I went to work in earnest, I was at 20th Century-Fox for a while, mostly in more classes. And although this time I stayed wide awake, my option was dropped. However, not before I met my wife, Patti Belrus.

When Columbia signed me for the role of Nick Romano in "Knock on Any Door," I seemed to be going great guns, so I left Columbia and struck out on my own. But very little happened. My career went downhill, then hit bottom.

One night my agent called. He asked if I would be interested in doing a Lux Video Show. They were producing "A Place in the Sun" and I was wanted for the Montgomery Clift role.

I thought about it. The scenes in movies are short. You know that they can always be re-shot if you flub a line. A television show would mean learning an hour's worth of dialogue at a time, sustaining a characterization. And what happened if I couldn't remember the lines? I gave my agent a reply, "No," I said.

"Think it over," he suggested.

Patti didn't rush or push my decision. She knew it was something I had to settle for myself. She did let me know that she believed in me. And finally I knew that I had to do it. If I didn't, I'd always regret it. The show went on.

That night after the last line had been spoken, I began receiving telephone calls and studio bids.

I signed with Paramount, I went into "The Adventures of Hajji Baba” and “Prince of Players" for 2oth. I did "The Annapolis Story" for Allied Artists.

In that one hour my career had turned upward. Needless to say, I'm an extremely grateful guy.
How you can quick-cleanse, lubricate and make up...all with Tussy's golden All-Purpose Cream

Now, with one wonderful cream...you have a rich night cream, a deep-action cleanser, AND a foundation!

Follow the arrows for quick, deep cleansing. Stroke All-Purpose Cream from throat to forehead, always moving up and out. Circle it around your eyes. It cleanses better than any soap or many a cream! It actually gets down under “Make-up Clog” and dirt...and clears them out!

Use it as a night cream and make-up base to help keep skin soft and smooth 24 hours a day!

Make-up clings longer when you use Tussy All-Purpose Cream as a foundation. A special moisturizing ingredient helps it go on smoother, too. And you get 6 full ounces for only $1.

Use Tussy Dry Skin Freshener to remove every trace of cream. 8 oz. bottle, $1. prices plus tax
Overnight—this bra has become a startling success with America's best dressed women...and here's why!

The Playtex Living Bra uses elastic and nylon in a new way, to gi-ve with your every motion...to li-ve with you! An exclusive design, rounds and raises as no bra ever before...no matter what size or in-between size you are! Now you can enjoy up-most uplift in utmost comfort. See the difference...feel the difference...on you!

New Playtex Living Bra

"Custom-contoured" to flatter, feel and fit as if fashioned for you alone!
Only Bobbi is specially designed to give the softly feminine wave needed for this new "Soft Talk" hairdo. No nightly settings necessary.

NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS HERE!

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

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

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

More women have had a Bobbi than any other pin-curl permanent. If you can make a simple pin-curl, you'll love a Bobbi.
There’s No Business like Show Business

20th; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COl

★★★ An Irving Berlin score (both popular classics and new songs) and an all-star cast are the mainstays of this big musical. Playing a married vaudeville team, Ethel Merman and Dan Dailey get their kids into the act as each arrives. But when the children grow up, complications brighten up the family routine. Serious-minded Johnnie Ray decides to enter the priesthood. Lighthearted Mitzi Gaynor wants to settle down to marriage. Unreliable Donald O’Connor is infatuated with an ambitious singer (Marilyn Monroe). The plot gets short shrift, however, and its knots are untied at the finish in rapid and casual fashion. Individually, stars have appeared to better advantage; here, they cross each other a bit. But their joint efforts provide dazzling entertainment in all the musical numbers.

Marilyn, Don and Mitzi agree on the joys of being “Laz"

Battle Cry

WARNERS; CINEMASCOPE, WARNERCO

★★★ Following a group of U. S. Marine recruits from boot camp to Iwo Jima, this stirring movie concentrates for most of its length on their relationships with women. The great conviction goes into Aldo Ray’s love story. He’s a tough young lumberjack who has a cheerful contempt for opposite sex—until he meets a New Zealand war widower (Nancy Olson). Innocent Tab Hunter almost forgets his home-town sweetheart (Mona Freeman) during his affair with a married woman (Dorothy Malone). Quiet, intellectual John Lupton strikes up a friendship with Anne Francis, only to find that she is a B-girl. Often outspoken on subject of sex, the picture regards its straying characters with compassion. Van Heflin welds the story together, as an officer who turns boys into fighting men.

Tab tries to keep Aldo from going AWOL to join his brothers in battle

The Bridges at Toko-Ri

PARAMOUNT, TECHNI Color

★★★ With flight and battle scenes of arresting force, the story of the “police action” in Korea relies on such first-rate performers as William Holden, Fredric March, and Grace Kelly to bring its lightly sketched characters to life. A World War II veteran recalled to active duty as a pilot, Holden has the average American’s distaste for war fare. As an admiral aboard the carrier, March takes special interest in Holden, identifying the young pilot with his own two sons, killed in action. Grace has the brief role of Holden’s wife, who must face the possibility that one of his sons may not return from a bombing raid. And Mickey Rooney is effective as a little gamecock of a co-pilot, fearless on rescue missions. The work of these players personalizes the film’s newsreel impact.

As an Army wife, Grace tries to understand Bill’s problems
9500 Skin Tests Prove

Palmolive Soap Is Mildest! Better for Complexion Care!

BETTER THAN ANY LEADING TOILET SOAP...
FLOATING SOAP... EVEN COLD CREAM

Palmolive's gentle complexion care cleans thoroughly without irritation!

There's nothing women envy more ... or men admire so much ... as that lovely "schoolgirl complexion look." And you too, can have a younger looking, far lovelier complexion just by changing to proper care with gentle Palmolive. It does so much to help you have a cleaner, fresher skin — leaves it so wonderfully soft!

Skin specialists agree that a really mild soap means less irritation, more gentle cleansing. Milder Palmolive brings you these benefits — so important for a softer, smoother, brighter skin. You'll find no other leading soap gets skin thoroughly clean as gently as Palmolive Soap. Yes, Palmolive is mildest of them all!

Skin Specialists Say: "Milder Cleansing is Better for Your Complexion!"

Palmolive Is Proved Milder than Any Other Leading Beauty Soap or Castle Soap!

Palmolive Is Proved Milder than Leading White Floating Soaps or Deodorant Soaps!

Palmolive Is Proved Even Milder than America's Leading Cold Creams!

Palmolive Soap Helps You Guard That Schoolgirl Complexion Look!
Six Bridges to Cross

A crackjack cops-and-robbers yarn gives Tony Curtis and George Nader their best roles, and they share the plaudits gracefully. Nader makes a stalwart yet troubled figure of the Boston cop who seriously wounds an escaping juvenile delinquent—and thereby feels responsible for the boy. Tony plays the hoodlum as teenager and grownup. Willing to turn stool pigeon whenever it suits his purposes, friendly toward the conscientious Nader, gradually takes shape. Spencer Tracy, war veteran with a useless left arm, comes to a tiny desert town in search of a Japanese farmer. He finds the townspeople evasive or downright hostile, and soon realizes that they're covering up a past crime. Robert Ryan, dominating the town with easy arrogance, emerges as Tracy's chief antagonist; veterinary Walter Brennan, as his chief ally. But until the finish it isn't clear just where the aggressive Anne Francis and her weakening brother (John Ericson) line up.

Young at Heart

Doris Day and Frank Sinatra team engagingly in a musical romance that goes its leisurely way with open sentimentality. With sisters Dorothy Malone and Elisabeth Fraser, dad Robert Keith and aunt Ethel Barrymore, Doris lives an idyllic small-town life. The peace is disturbed by the arrival of a dashing composer (Jig Young) and his cynical partner (Sinatra). Devoted sisters suddenly become secret rivals, and various quirks of circumstance lead to Doris' elopement with Frank. It's a difficult marriage, for he makes a hobby of self-pity. (If the plot sounds familiar to long-time moviegoers, that's because it's inspired by 1938's "Four Daughters," with the late John Garfield in Sinatra's role.)

The Silver Chalice

Early Christianity and the Roman Empire clash again in an expansive spectacle, with some of the most beautiful sets ever seen on film. Paul Newman (known to TV-viewers) plays a sculptor of Antioch, assigned by the disciples to fashion a chalice in which the cup used by Christ at the Last Supper will be enshrined. But the cup must be guarded from forces that want to destroy it. These are led by Jack Palance, as a magician seeking trickery to gain political power. His assistant is voluptuous Virginia Mayo, Paul's childhood sweetheart. Paul's other love (Pier Angeli) pulls him toward Christianity. The story, however, is overshadowed by the backgrounds. With no attempt at realism, they are stark and striking.

Doctor in the House

The science of medicine, usually regarded with reverence in movies, takes a ribbing in this loosely organized but chucklesome British film. Among the young medical students who are seen going through their five-year course, only Dirk Bogarde takes his future profession seriously. One of his roommates (Kenneth More) is studying medicine merely because the terms of a will give him an income while he is a student—so he has no desire to graduate. Another (Donald Sinden) neglects his books to chase women. There's plenty of juvenile horseplay, and more laughs come along when Dirk's worldly roommates try to find a girl for him. James Robertson Justice is a delight as a domineering surgeon.

The Americano

With many vivid on-location shots a Brazilian-style Western gives Glenn Ford a vigorous adventure assignment. A Ten- rancher, he crosses the jungle to deliver four prize bulls to a Brazilian buyer. As he finds himself in the middle of a ran war, with Frank Lovejoy as a land-hung cattle baron, who despires of the nesters and covets the small ranch owned by Urs Thies. Cesar Romero enlivens the proceedings as a swashbuckling desperado, whose role character isn't revealed near the finish.

Black Tuesday

The violent account of a break from the death house sends Edward Robinson back to his old routine, as braggart gang- leader, and he's adept ever. With his goes another condemned man—a cold young killer, neatly portrayed by Peter Graves to suggest some fun spark of decency. Among the hostages taken by the fugitives are Jack Kelly, a cub reporter, Sylvia Findley, as guard's daughter, and Milburn Stone, the prison chaplain.

Underwater!

With sprightly Jane Russell, attractive Richard Egan and debonair Gil Roland, a treasure-hunt tale makes way affably across the screen. For Navy frogmen, Egan and Roland wan dive after riches that sank centuries ago with a Spanish galleon in the Caribbean. As Dick's wife, Jane has little enthusiasm for the scheme, though it's endorsed by science-minded priest (Robert Keig). But fisherman Joseph Cacilia takes a tender interest in the search. Oh y! Lori Nelson is on hand. The expedition needs a boat, and she happens to be the nautical owner of a yacht. She is also decorative, Tension builds up by taking undersea shots; easygoing dialogue adds pleasant touches of humor.

Finding no privacy on their ship, Dick and his wife Jane consider making a trip as
For the Easiest Permanent of Your Life...

New

Easier-Faster CASUAL PIN-CURL PERMANENT

Set it!

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

Wet it!

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

Forget it!

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

Naturally lovely, carefree curls that last for weeks...

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

takes just 15 minutes more than setting your hair!

$1.50 PLUS TAX
At last!

A LIQUID SHAMPOO
THAT'S
EXTRA RICH!

IT'S LIQUID
PRELL
FOR
Radiantly Alive Hair

Thrillingly new and different—
Procter & Gamble's emerald-clear
Liquid Prell! No other shampoo has this
unique, extra-rich new formula.
It bursts instantly into mounds of lather
—rinses in a twinkling—is so mild
you could shampoo every day. And
Liquid Prell leaves hair so caressably soft
and easy to manage—glowing with that
'Radiantly Alive' look! Try it today!

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

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

PRELL—for 'Radiantly Alive' Hair...

now available 2 ways:
The exciting, new extra-rich liquid
in the handsome, easy-grip bottle!
And the famous, handy tube that's
ideal for the whole family... won't
spill, drip, or break. It's concentrated
ounce for ounce it goes further!
Mr. and Mrs. Victor Damone. “I want to hold him close—but with my arms open”

HONEYMOON
ON THE HEAVENLY SIDE

BY BEVERLY OTT

Pier Angeli Damone, one of last year’s most beautiful brides and one of this year’s loveliest and happiest young matrons, curled up comfortably on the couch. “Of course, every day is important to a husband and wife,” she was saying. “But I still often think of our first few weeks together. They were so very special. For it was then that we set the pattern for our marriage.”

She smiled as the memories, only a few months old, returned. For a moment, she was in Las Vegas (Continued on page 80)

When their honeymoon began, Pier made a vow

“We learned to share each other’s interests”
RACE GENTRY You'll need a sense of humor with this fellow—he likes to pull pranks on his girls. But they're funny enough to be appreciated. He won't brag about himself, likes girls who are truthful, so don't hand him a line. Levelheaded, likeable, he has two loves—acting and cars!

BOB WAGNER You'll be a perfect hostess, or else. But he'll take pride in how you look, won't object to low-cut gowns, will entertain you with interesting friends. He has the manners of a diplomat, dislikes eating in restaurants, sleeps in a draft—always gives you his rapt attention

JACK KELLY Don't pout if he suddenly decides to have the gang over for dinner—he'll do the cooking and you'll love it. The guy's a whiz at golf, swimming and spear fishing. Easy-going and generous, he'll surprise you with gifts. If you get a kick out of life, Kelly's the boy for you

JEFF CHANDLER Don't mother him—he can't stand it. Independent, he wants to be alone when he's in the mood. But he's a doting dad, never keeps a date waiting or scoffs at dieting. Thrifty with himself, he's generous with others, likes Hawaiian shirts and hardware stores

GORDON SCOTT A man worth listening to is this newest Tarzan, with an epicurean taste in food. His girl would have to be well-informed—he's sharp, witty and an interesting conversationalist. A lover of sports and the arts, he'd take you to the best places. You'd never be bored

JEFF HUNTER He believes in hunches, can't stand girls who are affected, will adore you if you share his love of sports. He dislikes dancing but loves music, excels at most things he does, is expert photographer, a dream boy at the piano. Quiet, sincere, you could always count on Jeff
Men at Work: Somewhere in Hollywood there's a wife waiting for Jeff Chandler! At least he received a letter from a fortuneteller whose crystal ball revealed he'd marry a famous glamour girl before the year is out! The lady's name? "There was a fifty-dollar charge for that!" grins Jeff . . . You think you have troubles? Western Costume Company had to make seventeen "Lord Vanity" costumes for Robert Wagner—that must fit him after he gains back the fifteen pounds lost during his recent illness. Weak as he was, cooperative Bob went right from his hospital bed and stood for five hours in the fitting room . . . Jeff Hunter went over so well in "John Brown's Raiders," Allied Artists want to borrow him for two more pictures. And Jeff, who prefers to remain an unattached bachelor, can't escape those publicity romances. Now he and pretty newcomer Virginia Leith are supposed to be dunking two doughnuts in one cup of coffee. They did work together, but they've never had a date . . . And gay blade Jack Kelly prefers dates with no-name dolls. Working in Washington in Audie Murphy's "To Hell and Back," Jack's big splash with the Yakima social set was interrupted when he was wounded in "combat." Real TNT was used in the movie scenes! . . . He's still John Pepiro to the home folks, but if he marries actress Joanne Cangi, you may call them Mr. and Mrs. Race Gentry. The handsome Italian couple prefer to make good in the movies before they make with the bambinos!

Top Trouper: Victims of insomnia please note! Rock Hudson also has trouble sleeping, especially when something important preys on his mind. "But I finally found a remedy that really helps," says Rock. "When I can't sleep I think of some happy experience in my life. I start with the tiniest detail and recall it step by step. Suddenly I'm so relaxed I (Continued on page 92)
Hi, Debbie, I'm talking about you

Do you remember the gorilla in the living room . . . that dizzy day at Coney Island . . . the day you called—and me with soap in my hair—to show me Eddie's ring!

Deb's best friend, the author

BY JEANETTE JOHNSO.

Looking back, it hardly seems possible that I've known Debbie Reynolds almost eight years now. Seems only like yesterday that I bumped into her in gym class. We hit it off right away, and for the rest of junior high, we were what our parents called, "partners in crime." We did everything together—went to the show on Saturday afternoon; played baseball after school; camped out with the Girl Scouts; borrowed sweaters, loaned lunch money and studied together. We're still good friends. In fact, Deb's my closest friend (which means I know her well enough never to know what to expect from her).

For instance, one Saturday afternoon I set myself a rigid schedule, for I had lots of work to prepare for my class on Monday. I was in the bathroom sudsing my hair when the telephone rang and Mom called upstairs to tell me Debbie was on the phone. "Can I call her back?" I shouted. "I'm washing my hair."

Mom called up a few seconds later, "Deb says she'll wait."

Twenty minutes later, Debbie was still hanging on. I never thought she could sit still for twenty minutes let alone hang on to a telephone for that long, and I had wagered a silent bet with myself that she'd hang up before I got down.

"Can you come over tonight?" she asked. "I have something to show you."

"Can't make it tonight," I begged off. "I'm just loaded down with test papers. How about Tuesday?"

"Tuesday," came the loud scream from the other end of the phone. "Why that's almost next year."

And who can refuse Debbie Reynolds? Two minutes later I was saying, "Okay, I'll be over in half an hour. But what's all the excitement?"

Half hour later, I found out. Debbie must have been watching for me, for the minute I reached the front steps she was opening the door and thrusting out her hand to me. On her fourth finger, left hand, was the most beautiful diamond ring I've ever seen. Breathlessly happy, Debbie admitted, "This is what I wanted to tell you about. I wanted you to be one of the first . . ."

I had no inkling that Debbie was going to become engaged so soon. In fact, she'd never seriously discussed Eddie with me. But then, this is typical of Debbie. In all the years I had known her, not once has she discussed the boys she dated, other than speaking about them (Continued on page 110)
Marlon Brando is a man who must go his own way. And the road of a genius is hard to follow—even for a woman who loves him.
PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

The road of a genius is often strewn with brick-bats and bordered with bouquets. The bouquets have no roots and soon their sweet odor passes and their blooms fade. The brick-bats, expertly hurled, often find their mark and the sting lingers long after the surface black and blue bruises show no more. That Marlon Brando is trudging this road at the moment, there is little doubt. And that he will keep on this road is foreordained, whether or not in mere mortal existence, he's married to his Josane Mariani.

Marlon Brando is a genius—but a genius who is a product of his times. (Others before him have not only left their mark, but have been marked by their own era.) Marlon gripes because the public is interested in his love for Josane, yet he couldn't have chosen a more quietly spectacular way of revealing that love. Marlon gripes because people are interested in what he eats for dinner (steaks mostly), gripes because people note he once wore sweat shirts (striped) and blue jeans (always clean). Yet, on the other hand, when he wants to correct the impression that he is not still aping the teenager's costume and show that he dresses like everyone else, he buys a Homburg (and who wears Homburgs?).

Brando reminds one of the old stories told about another acting genius, John Barrymore, who frequently carried a champagne glass in one hand and, perched on his shoulder, a monkey that as frequently bit people. Did Barrymore do this because he had an eccentric liking for impolite monkeys or because he wanted something around that could bite when he couldn't? Barrymore in his day was a serious actor who became as wildly eccentric as the torrid twenties demanded. Brando, another serious actor, is perhaps simply carrying out the eccentricities that only a genius would have a genius for in 1955.

Right at the moment Marlon is working hard at learning his routines for (Continued on page 93)
One perfect rose is what she got
But, ah, thought impish Moore
He should have stretched his budget some
And bought eleven more!

By a market stall in Rome
Paused a lady far from home
Tell us, Jan-ette, did you find
Romance was not far behind?

An orchid to this pinup queen
Who proves that nothing dims
The appeal of a girl like Grable
If she's lucky to have her limbs!
Mirror, mirror on the wall  
Who's the fairest flower of all?  
Though we're charmed by roses red,  
We would choose Pier instead

When a lady dresses to please her date—  
And Jane goes along with that,  
A flattering nosegay is not only très gai  
But inspiration for romantic chit chat!

All eyes turn in her direction  
For Liz's face is pure perfection  
Only a flower could dare to be  
In such close proximity!

freckled-face and full of fun  
Bright head shining in the sun  
Doris goes her merry way  
Gathering rosebuds while she may

Doris is in "Young at Heart";  
Pier, in "The Silver Chalice";  
Jane, in "Athena";  
Liz, in "The Last Time I Saw Paris"
As his mother, I'm more conscious than others of everything Rock does. And to say he has surprised me is an understatement!

BY MRS. KAY OLSEN
ROCK HUDSON'S MOTHER

We were just finishing our Christmas dinner and were starting to clear the table when Rock turned to me with a most unusual request. "Mom, what are you going to do with the turkey that's left over?"

"Eat it tomorrow, I suppose," I said. "We always..." Suddenly I thought I knew what was on his mind. "How silly of me, I should have thought of it myself," I added. "You take it home and have it for supper tomorrow night."

"I'd like to take it along, Mom, but not for myself. An elderly fellow who works at the studio, we call him Pop Schroeder, had a heart attack a few days ago and is now at the Santa Monica Hospital. I thought I'd stop by on my way home and take it to him. I'd like to wish him a happy Christmas, anyhow." (Continued on page 85)
Marry in haste, repent in the divorce court. Just how true is this truism? Bud Abbott met his one and only bride on the overnight boat to Albany and married her the next morning. That was thirty-seven years ago. Marilyn Monroe went steady with Joe DiMaggio for two years and they fizzled after nine months. Ann Blyth took three years to make up her mind about Doctor Jim McNulty and I expect to dance at their diamond wedding anniversary. But I'm just as convinced that Pier Angeli and Vic Damone will make a go of it despite the fact that they were married within weeks after discovering they were in love. I guess there is no golden rule, but there is a law of averages. So gather around all you boys and gals about to take the plunge. Here are facts.

Grace Kelly met (Continued on page 89)
THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT

They knew in their hearts they were sure, but even love could wait for that triumphant moment when, eighteen months after they met, Suzan Ball walked down the aisle as Mrs. Richard Long Hollywood.

Mitzi Gaynor was a girl with time on her hands and a man in her arms. And Hollywood couldn't understand why she kept postponing marriage to Jack Bean. But Mitzi had good reasons for the delay.

Hollywood tried to hustle Ann Blyth into marriage with every man she dated. But Ann wouldn't be rushed—even when she met the man of her dreams. Waiting a year only made the Jim McNulty's surer.

A fast game of tennis with Victor Rothschild and other boyfriends were forgotten! Within weeks, Vera-Allen was wearing his wedding ring. Time will tell if it would have been wiser to wait.
Van Johnson

Learned

NO MAN WALKS ALONE

He had been stumbling along on his own. Then people reached out and touched him with faith

BY DEE PHILLIPS

- Four short years ago, a freckled-faced young man half-heartedly gave his famous boyish grin, which had set so many bobby-soxers' hearts aflutter, looked into his future and concluded that at the end of his rainbow there was no pot of gold.

For years, Van Johnson had been winning young hearts as the boy-next-door; the boy who at the end of the picture carried the girl into a rainbowed sky and a life of eternal bliss. But at thirty, Van Johnson no longer felt like the boy-next-door; he could see no future in it, neither could the studios. And while he wondered what to do next, he slipped from star billings to second leads, finally found himself without even a part. For Van Johnson, back in 1951, the future seemed only to lead to failure. To imagine then that he would play the dramatic role of Maryk in (Continued on page 94)
JOSEPH HENRY STEELE
ASKS:

what’s the

She loves hot dogs
with “goop,”
housework and peaches.
He likes boxing, in-between
snacks and loud shirts.
Both have a weakness
for shoes
and each other

Tony Curtis is in U-1’s
"Six Bridges to Cross"
Janet Leigh is next in Columbia's "My Sister Eileen" and RKO's "Jet Pilot."

Difference!

- They do not have towels marked His and Hers.
- She never eats between meals, but he is constantly nibbling on something. "I like it better than regular meals."
- He smokes less than a package of cigarettes a day, but she averages two packs.
- They always agree on politics.
- He is inclined to be quick-tempered and she assiduously scrubs her teeth after every meal. "That's why I have no cavities."
- He was born Bernard Schwartz.
- She was baptized Jeanette Helen Morrison.
- He drinks only one cup of coffee a day, but she puts away seven. She likes her coffee black and hot. He is forever riding hunches and has a passion for shirts. She loves to walk in the rain and has a passion for skirts—"all colors and styles."
- He favors Italian restaurants and has a fierce hatred for people who push others around. He was born June 3, 1925.
- She wears a girdle only in dancing.

Continued
what's the difference!

He was born in a New York tenement and she was born in a hospital.

He values most his “honesty and warmth” and wishes he would stop wiping his comb on the towel.

He has no superstitions, is bored by tennis, golf and football and declares that “she wants me to eat too much.”

His eyes are blue.

She never tries to talk herself out of a traffic ticket; neither does he: “I'm too scared.”

Her eyes are hazel.

They don't like hillbilly music.

They both have a weakness for shoes, she has sixty pairs and he has twenty.

Their mutual best friends are Marge and Gower Champion, Gene Nelson, Rosemary Clooney and Jose Ferrer.

She is five feet five and one-half inches tall and thinks her most vivid memory is her first sight of Paris.

He confesses that he is not tidy or orderly, declares that his worst fault is “not making up my mind” and is proud of the sandwiches he makes.

They like to go barefooted.

She calls him Ton-a-la, which means “little Tony” in Hungarian. He calls her Janie, and when they have children they would like “more than one.”

Tony is always postponing answering letters, insists on paying bills promptly and gets seasick at the first lurch of a
boat. His hair is black and polo bores him.

Janet dislikes cooking, has no interest in winter sports and gets seasick only when on the lower deck but not in the open air. Her hair is dark blond and she answers letters promptly.

He doesn’t like popcorn.

He finds machinery completely baffling, loves baseball and track meets and believes environment infinitely more important than heredity. They love to play Scrabble, badminton and guggenheimer.

She owns twenty-five pairs of earrings. “Never gaudy or jazzy,” Tony has an aversion to flashy jewelry.

They have a French miniature poodle whom they call “Houdina” and two little goldfish brought home one day by Tony on what they call “Love Day.”

She has “no affinity for cats.”

He wears no rings, dislikes opera and confesses he is “terrible in English and spelling.” He yearns someday to visit Italy and has read Fancies and Goodnights by John Collier several times.

Tony doesn’t mind long telephone conversations “so long as I don’t have to pay for them,” and Janet doesn’t like them “except when Tony’s on the wire.” She likes to watch football and basketball games.

Neither one is affected by claustrophobia and he admires Janet because “she’s a nice girl.” She never has a dietary problem because “usually I can stand two or three pounds more.”

She dislikes potatoes and beans in any form, but he is very fond of them. She saves nothing she “doesn’t need.”

He never wears an undershirt. “It itches.”

He hates “all (Continued on page 103)
Orchid leis, perfumed breezes, Hawaiian sunsets, cocoanuts everywhere. Feel like one is in my throat. This is work?

Monday, Sept. 20: This is it! I'm on my way to Kailua, Kona, Hawaii where Lana Turner and John Wayne are making "The Sea Chase" and lucky you-know-who is in it, too! Promised good friend and writer, Jerry Asher, I'd keep a diary for him and Photoplay. So here it is (with apologies to Mr. Gobel) and this is the show!

Tuesday, Sept. 21: Up at dawn. Packed my gear. To early mass at Blessed Sacrament. Can't help thinking—was that really me back in the Coast Guard who got halfway to Honolulu on a weather patrol? Will I ever make it all the way? I often asked myself. Now all this—with Warner Bros. picking up the tab, too, I think! To the studio where best friend, Dick Clayton, introduced me to Dick Davalos who plays my best friend in the picture. Coffee at drugstore across the street. Too excited to drink the stuff. (Continued on page 74)
I'm in love with a wonderful guy

When Guy comes home from work, he always whistles. By now, I know the slam of the car door, the number of steps to the living room. And I wait for the tune to break and the words that follow. "Hey, Mrs. Madison, where are you?"

If I'm not right there to meet him, it takes only a moment for me to get to the door.

"Now I know where you are," Guy says, taking me in his arms, adding, "Mrs. Madison."

"Say that again," I ask. "That part about being 'Mrs. Madison.'"

"Well, since you're still a bride, maybe I'd better humor you," he answers, "Mrs. Madison."

"Humor me that way for the rest of our lives," I beg. For, you see, the first time I heard those words, on our wedding day, I could hardly believe them.

We were standing on the courthouse steps in Juarez. It was a warm, dusty day, and the sun was beating down as if it were concentrating upon this one little town and no other place in the world. It was our wedding day.

"Hello, Mrs. Madison," Guy was saying.

For a moment, I couldn't answer. "Am I?" I asked him in my happy daze. "Am I really your wife, Mrs. Guy Madison?" (Continued on page 106)
Memo to my Husband

FROM SYLVIA (MRS. DANNY KAYE) FINE

Danny Kaye's next is "The Court Jester"
"You thought you had the world fooled—that as long as you played the jester, they wouldn't find you out. But they knew you all the time, Danny, the way I did. Only you wouldn't believe it—until now."

An exciting and very important thing happened to you this year, Danny—you grew up!

There have been other important and exciting events and developments in your life this past year (the most topical being Irving Berlin's "White Christmas" in which you co-star with Bing Crosby and, on the distaff side, Rosemary Clooney and Vera-Ellen). But of them all, the most important is that you have grown not only in your profession but also within yourself.

It took you quite a time to grow up.

At first, and for some years after you made "Up in Arms," "Wonder Man," "Kid from Brooklyn" and became a star, you thought you had to project your stage personality all the time. Remove the cap and bells, even for a moment, take off the jester's costume and they'd find you out. Or so you believed.

"The bubble will burst," you used to say darkly. "All this will pass away," you'd say, waving your long arms in a gesture that appeared to take in all of Hollywood, including our home and all our worldly goods. "And when it does, I'll hear voices saying, 'We're on to you, feller, the jig is up!'"

Of Dena, our eight-year-old daughter, who is unmistakably bright for her age, you often say: "She's really twenty-four, you know, she doesn't fool me for a minute!" Of you I used often to (Continued on page 104)
"There'll always be a little fright for me," says June, "because that's the way I am. And I'll always need Richard and Ricky and Pam—and what home represents—these safe, warm walls I know so well. But the one big fright—that's over"

She was a prisoner
It is not especially difficult to drive a car off the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot. It is, in fact, much easier than to drive one on to it. But for June Allyson, one day not too many months ago, this simple act was a matter for genuine, nerve-shattering terror.

For she was leaving, after eleven years, the only picture home she had ever known. In a state of fearful panic, she had decided to free-lance and declined to sign a new contract. Weeping from both fright and sorrow, on her last day she made the studio rounds, saying goodbye to persons she was convinced were the only professional friends she had or could expect to have again in her lifetime. Then, in a panic, she drove out the east gate, past the Irving Thalberg Building into the ugly golden smudge of Culver City.

Sounds absurd? Then let June Allyson tell you.

"I didn't think anyone would hire me. And please don't laugh. I'm not hamming or fishing for a kind word. I'd never worked anywhere but Metro. I didn't know any other studio people. Maybe they wouldn't like me. I didn't think they would. It seemed to me there were just Richard and the children left, no other security. Wasn't that a horrible way to feel? I'm ashamed in a way. I'm so easily frightened. I guess I'll always be frightened. But it's so much better (Continued on page 78)
Audrey Hepburn -
the girl,
the gamin
and
the star
Audrey's career had not yet begun when she first met the author in 1951. But, “she had that star quality even then,” recalls this noted columnist

BY RADIE HARRIS

Although busy, Audrey wrote the author frequently.

March 25, 1954. On this night the eyes of the world are focused on Hollywood. The annual Academy Award sweepstakes are about to end with the giving of filmdom's highest honor—the little gold statuette named "Oscar." Only tonight, when the time arrives for the final choice of "The Best Performance by an Actress," the spotlight shifts. Not Hollywood but New York is the backdrop for this suspenseful, exciting moment. Sitting in a gala audience at the NBC Center Theatre, with her mother and her future groom, is the twenty-four-year-old newcomer who, on the strength of her first Hollywood picture, is to win this coveted prize over such competitors as Deborah Kerr, Leslie Caron, Ava Gardner and Maggie McNamara.

I watch as Audrey Hepburn, trembling with emotion, leaves her seat to come on stage and acknowledge the honor bestowed upon her by the motion-picture industry. And suddenly the scene before me recedes in the distance and like a flashback in the movies, the calendar turns back.

July 18, 1951. The setting was London, where Audrey and I met for the first time at a dinner party given in my honor at Mayfair’s most popular private club, Les Ambassadeurs. Faye Emerson, who had just flown over to spend a few days with me, was among the guests. So were Humphrey Bogart, John Huston, Sam Spiegel (who had just finished filming "African Queen") and Lauren Bacall. My (Continued on page 99)
Loved first for the fizz and sparkle of sheer youth, June Allyson now has shown fans all the richness of her warm, witty, wise self. They vote her the best!

Personally, William Holden’s a pretty reserved character. But before the cameras he opens up, giving moviegoers a full measure of fine acting every time.

ANNOUNCING
PHOTOPLAY'S
AWARD WINNERS
OF 1954-55
Hollywood history was made on the evening of February 10th. For the thirty-fifth year, Photoplay's Gold Medal awards singled out the movies and the stars that have won the public's deepest affection. And, for the first time, newer stars who may be the Gold Medal winners of tomorrow stepped up to claim their honors on the same evening. These were the victors in the "Choose Your Stars" contest, decided by the ballots of Photoplay's readers.

Celebrities gathered in the Crystal Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel felt a nice extra glow of sentiment about the occasion. For Dick Powell, as master of ceremonies, had the pleasure of presenting the Gold Medal to his wife. It seems June Allyson is the American filmgoer's favorite wife, too. Her delightful portraits

Continued
ANNOUNCING 
PHOTOPLAY'S 
AWARD WINNERS 
OF 1954-55  Continued

of marital devotion in U-I's "The Glenn Miller Story," M-G-M's "Executive Suite" and 20th's "Woman's World" brought her the accolade as the most popular movie actress of 1954. She continues the tradition this year in Paramount's "Strategic Air Command" and Warners' "The McConnell Story," but slips from wifely grace in U-I's "The Shrike."

By coincidence, it was one of June's movie husbands who joined her at the top of the Gold Medal list—William Holden (wed to her in "Executive Suite"). On the subject of Holden, moviegoers agree heartily with Bill's fellow moviemakers, who last year voted him an Oscar. A playboy in "Sabrina," a serious young director in "The Country Girl," he starts 1955 by again doing Paramount proud in "The Bridges at Toko-Ri," as a valiant jet pilot.

The competition was so close that each one of the runners-up for the Gold Medal also holds a secure place in fans' hearts. Jane Wyman won her award with only one 1954...
Y. FRANK FREEMAN, production head of Paramount, made a magnificent contribution to motion pictures with the introduction of a dazzling new process—VistaVision. Unveiled for a delighted public in the smash hit “White Christmas,” VistaVision provides a big, big picture of superb clarity. Film runs through a new type of camera in a different way, so that each frame of the negative is larger than the standard size. Therefore, every detail remains bright and clear even when the pictures are enlarged to fill today’s vast screens. And movies shot in VistaVision can be shown in various proportions.

DANNY KAYE did credit to the motion-picture industry and aided the cause of world friendship through his work as Ambassador at Large for the United Nations International Children’s Emergency Fund. Welcomed by dignitaries in Burma, India, Thailand, the Philippines, Danny was still more deeply impressed at meeting the children helped by UNICEF. He reports on his trip in the movie “Assignment—Children,” shot with Paramount’s cooperation. This studio starred him in “Knock on Wood” and “White Christmas” and presents him next in “The Court Jester.”

OTTO PREMINGER, talented producer-director, gave the filmgoing public a rare treat by translating the classic theme of the opera “Carmen” into a distinguished American movie, “Carmen Jones.” Lyricist Oscar Hammerstein wrote this version of the Bizet musical-drama for the stage, where it won acclaim. But in his production for 20th, Preminger took full advantage of CinemaScope spaciousness, told the story with the free-ranging vitality that only the screen can achieve. He chose his players (headed by Dorothy Dandridge and Harry Belafonte) shrewdly, guided them unerringly.

VAN JOHNSON emerged during 1954 as an actor of real scope and force. He first impressed fans as simply a boy-next-door type, noted more for exuberance and an engaging grin than for versatile performances. After that phase of his career faded, he even deserted the screen briefly to try his fortune as a nightclub entertainer. But he returned last year as a new, far more imposing Van Johnson. He was equally convincing as a rugged Navy man in “The Caine Mutiny” and as a troubled husband in M-G-M’s “The Last Time I Saw Paris.” His next: Columbia’s “The End of the Affair.”

Continued
picture. But that one happened to be the Gold Medal picture—U-I’s “Magnificent Obsession,” best-loved movie of 1954. Jane’s splendid dramatic performance set all the studios on her trail. Warners gets her for “Miracle in the Rain”; Paramount, for “Lucy Gallant”; U-I, for “All That Heaven Allows.”

A similar wholesome sweetness is the essence of Ann Blyth’s appeal. Her (Continued on page 84)
Our Star Fashion Award to Dream Step's sling-back draped sandal, beaded button. Pretty leather colors. About $4

Smile pretty! Lovely film star Pat Crowley introduces a preview of new fashions to make glamour days of Easter and all spring. Her navy sleeveless sheath, with dotted silk tie, is sparked with a white Empire jacket. All silk and worsted. 7-15. By Jerry Greenwald. About $45. Hat, a John Frederics Charmer. Striking accessory: Cliquot, champagne poodle

Off to her Easter parading, pert Pat Crowley loves the fresh look of polka-dotted silk. These in black against pale crocus yellow make the V-necked and bowed bodice of her slim black silk shantung sheath, with short snug jacket lined in the same dotted silk. Comes also in navy and pink, black or navy with white. Sizes 10-20. A Cirilo design by Bloomfield. About $35. Straw pillbox by Madcaps. The black fox muff, Harold J. Rubin

Look for the beautiful spring outfit Pat Crowley made, plus news of an exciting new contest on page 109
Adventures of FRAN, the Formfit Gal, or
An Eyeful in Paris

Of course I took to Gay Paree,
But golly, how they took to me!

I strolled each sunny boulevard
The subject of intent regard;

Those Frenchmen, in their funny cars,
Deluged me with their Oo-la-la’s!

To consternation of gendarmes
I halted traffic... moi, sans armes!

Folks headed for Folies Bergere
Would miss the show to stop and stare

They’d “vive la” me where’er I’d sally,
From mad Montmartre to Place Pigalle.

With such approval by the hour,
My ego topped the Eiffel Tower.

Complete responsibility:
My Formfit outfit—ah, mais oui!

For Where to Buy these Fashions
turn to page 77

Look for Pat Crowley starring in NBC-TV’s new comedy, “My Man Sing”
A striking picture for the newsman, Barbara Lawrence loves the look of smart separates. The jacket, in black and white cotton tweed, has a standaway neckline, soft cummerbund belt. $8.95. Full gathered skirt in red, white, black striped cotton tweed, $17.95. Both 8-16. By Nelly de Grab. Chic white satin beret, a John Frederics Charmer. Gloves by Dawnelle.

IF IT RAINS
ON EASTER SUNDAY . . .

Stay dry and stylish as ever in smart, light Rain Dears Deluxe rainboots by Lucky. Your pretty shoes peek through the pliable, seamless molded plastic. They feature a triple-thick, non-slip tread, easy-on-and-off bow-tie snap closings. Universal fit for all shoes; fashion-fit for higher heels. In smoke or clear. About $2.

FASHIONS
IN THE CAMERA EYE

continued
Each time you wash your face

— your skin "Dies" a little

There are 1- to 3-hour periods each day, doctors say, when your skin is in danger—"open" to such troubles as stretched pores, coarsened texture, cracking, "shriveling." This is right after washing. In washing away dirt, you also remove natural skin protectors. Nature takes 1 to 3 hours to restore these vital protectors. Meanwhile, your defenseless skin "dies" a little...

After each washing—"re-balance" your skin

Must you avoid washing your face? "No," skin specialists say. "but after each washing 're-balance' your skin instantly..."


A deep clearing at bedtime

Besides an immediate "re-balancing" each time you've washed your face, your skin needs thorough clearing with Pond’s Cold Cream each night. A deep Pond’s Creaming dislodges water-resistant dirt, keeps your skin looking fresh, radiant! Start now to give your skin perfect care, with a perfect cream. Reap the quick rewards of a noticeably lovelier complexion!

Mrs. Michael H. McCormick

Mrs. McCormick, photographed in Paris during her honeymoon, is a member of the distinguished Chicago family. Although in her earliest twenties, she has worked out a skin care program effective yet simple enough to fit easily into her active life. She says, "My skin just doesn't agree with frequent washing, unless I give it a quick smoothing with Pond’s Cold Cream right away. The improvement these daytime creamings make is astonishing. And, of course, for thorough Cleansing, I always use Pond’s each night." The results show in Mrs. McCormick’s exquisite skin.
(Continued from page 53)

Later, 10 A. M.: Pineapple juice and sweet rolls in Aloha Room at Los Angeles International Airport. So I’m getting into the mood! Just saw a bewitching blond, Lana Turner, going back on the same Strata-liner—I hope!—I hope! Beautiful take-off at 11 A.M. Aloha toast and champagne at noon.

Sundown, Same Day: What can I say? It’s absolutely out of this world! Flight a bit long but great. Arrived shortly after sunset, greeted by hula dancers, orchid leis, palm trees swaying perfume breeze.

Where’s Dorothy Lamour? Cocoanuts everywhere. Feel like one’s in my throat. No wonder I can’t eat dinner. On to Kona, greeted by Hawaiian orchestra, more hula girls, more leis, more of everything. This is work!

Wednesday, Sept. 22: Up at 7 A.M. This is the way to do it. Arrive at night in excited state of exhaltion, but what a doll! It’s going to be a bit uneasy about my part. But John Farrow assures it will go along. Keeping my fingers crossed.

One Hour Later: To breakfast on terrace of Kona Inn. Stray dogs, barefoot kids, happiness everywhere. On to Disappearing Beach. Need sun tan badly. Too white from skating at Lake Placid recently. Wow! Went to sleep in sun with vinegar on my body. Woke up smelling like a tossed green salad! Can’t get over this fabulous place. White sand disappears on beach one month each month. Only lava remains. Body surfing so great here. Kona water is cool, very clean. Still no Lana!

Thursday, Sept. 23: No work today. Up at 6:45. I’m nut! Too excited. Run to friend’s. Started to jazz it up with Aloha shirts and crazy hats. Breakfast at Kona Inn. Such cute little Japanese waitresses and polite waiters. What service! Only wish I could bring back Lloyd, the Japanese boy who waits on our table. And Norma, the hostess. Beautiful like Hollywood glamour gal. Always smiling, these people. Bought bamboo pole, hook, sinker. Fished island waters. Caught two "nothing" but measured six inches together! Better I should stick to ice skating. Dinner at Inn. Filmed short subject on "Island Tour," then home. Who misses the Mambo at Mocambo?

Friday, Sept. 24: First day of work. Nervous as a cat. Wish I could relax like natives. Three and a half hour trip out to set. Work on the Moon-Linda Schaefer, called Ehrig in "The Sand Chase." First shot after lunch. John Wayne gave me his navy jacket to wear for luck. Said he saw Track of the Cat." Wishes Wayne-Fellowes had me under contract. What a great guy—even if he hadn’t said it. Not so nervous now.


Saturday, Sept. 25: Time to get up. Wha happen! Seems like my head just hit the floor. Got here only today. Had to shoot a family face. Harry Cerny, dock boy two summers ago at Lake Arrowhead, Small world isn’t it? Wayne very nice today. Still no Lana!

Saturday Night: Lana is here! Wonder if she ever get that fan letter. I blush. I think of what I said! Dinner at Inn, working there also entertain. Got into dancing native hula. Person Fred Aasted: Please stop worrying! Native costume. Gave me a big laugh. That wonderful laugh. I found courage. Placed plumeria around her neck. Home to dream dreams. Lana never looked lovelier.

Sunday, Sept. 26: To mass in oldest on Hawaiian Islands. Went sho! Bought Mom Miss Hawaii bathing suit! I have. Went swimming with my stand-in, Stromsoe. Caught up with Gal "Ro" Robinson, terrific towering actor and man. Robbie now shares house with Nothing but laughs.

Monday, Sept. 27: My first disappointment. Supposed to have big scene on Lana. Now it’s nothing. Lana so and everyone. I’m going to be a bit uneasy about my part. But John Farrow assures it will go along. Keeping my fingers crossed.

Thursday, Sept. 30: Nothing eventful these days. Trying my darnedest ever bit they give me. No work. Just sitting by on rolling ship—and waiting! I have only said aye, aye, sir, yes, sir, just plain sir. Oh well, guess I can always sell used cars in Culver City if I don’t. Fine talk from a bright-eyed youth loves Hollywood!

Saturday, Oct. 2: No work today. Wayne suffering from skin-diving injury. Some reward for such a hard-working hombre. My first weekend on the job. Lunche at Hale Kolea hotel on a Beach. Run to Wayne’s son Pat (a nice guy), also Nick Adams. Both in "Mister Roberts" on location Dinner at the Embers. More yakki. Played Marine in "Battle Cry." Whidbey mind me, send wire to Jeff and me!

Sunday, Oct. 3: Cocoanuts falling on roof looked like bombs. Breakfast at 10 o’clock mass with Pat and Nick. Stop Waikiki Beach for sun and surf. What a job! Wish I were Superman to lasso with Pat and Nick. Wore lambskin jacket and skirt. Mistake into strictly formal black tie—Queen’s Surf! One bottle of smelling coming up for the official greeter.

Monday, Oct. 4: Back to Kona. Read news from home. A wire from Mom meing about brother Walt’s lovin’ youngest little girl, Mary Claire. It seems possible. Feel sort of empty, I do, other? Aunt Bourne. Thunks Walt all day.

Thursday, Oct. 7: No work last three days. Nothing up. Keeps flying to Honolulu for treat. Thank the good Lord for friends who letters. Received 16 today. Wrote 16. I see how they’ll hate me! Love it here, but I get bored. Such a lovely spot—but no romance except six lovely beautiful girls just walked in. Smote me with leis. All around nine and Took them all to a bar and treat Shi’tsa Temple. This wicked life is getting me.

Saturday, Oct. 9: Wayne has been wonderful. Am definitely unhappy about part. Talked to Wayne who said:
The Towle Touch
Sterling craftsmanship at its best... painstaking devotion to detail... personal pride in each and every piece.

Consider the Fork: See how Towle achieves added grace and symmetry for this particular pattern by setting back the center tine space—thus...

... And a truly practical Towle Touch—a tiny notch between each tine to make washing easier. For extra cleanliness—every tine surface is hand polished to smooth perfection.

And Now the Knife: Towle's French Provincial knife, for example, is designed to give superb “feel” and balance in the hand...to lie correctly flat upon the table. The handle is permanently wedded to the blade through solid metal. A Towle knife is air-tight, water-tight, sanitary, safe... and will not rattle, loosen or come apart!

Towle Designs “Tip-to-Toe.” Many silversmiths design their patterns only from here to here. They use the same bowl and tine designs from pattern to pattern. Towle tines and bowls are part of the pattern because Towle designs from tip-to-toe...

See this distinction of Towle Sterling in the elegantly turned bowl of the Candlelight teaspoon...in the unique handling of the Contour butter knife and...the graceful tine detail of the Madeira salad fork. To bring out the full beauty and detail of Towle patterns, the warmth and richness of precious sterling itself, a last Towle Touch—Towle's prized "deep burnish" hand-finish on every piece!

The Towle Touch and You

Owning Towle Sterling will give you particular pleasure, for The Towle Touch is the sterling touch...beauty of form and detail, richness of surface possible in no lesser material...recognizable always as the finest in sterling.

See the complete array of Towle patterns today at selected stores everywhere...they cost no more than standard sterling brands. Crafted by Towle of Newburyport, Massachusetts.
**“20,000 Leagues Under the Sea”**

Business and pleasure obligingly teamed up while Kirk Douglas was making “20,000 Leagues Under the Sea.” He drew a choice role in Walt Disney’s version of the pioneer science-fiction story—and a free trip to a vacation paradise went along with the deal.

On location at Nassau, in the Bahamas, he spent spare hours roaming the lovely subtropical island and its surrounding waters. Jules Verne’s book imagines a submarine miraculously invented in the 19th century. So many underwater shots were called for, and Nassau was chosen for its spectacular coral reefs. Any time Kirk wasn’t busy before the cameras coping with the mad captain (James Mason), he turned tourist.

have a nice honest quality when you a But I was like you at your age and had learned to keep broader in certain scenes and not play down emotionally.” Gotta remember this. Must never forget advice from an expert.

**Sunday, Oct. 10:** Real treat. Slept up 6:45. Went to 8 o’clock mass. Hawaii sing hymns with great joy. Amazing people. Later, went to luau at Napoopoo. Start to rain. Danced in mud in bare feet. To Betty and Margaret, two wonderful Hawaiian women who take care of us. Stru leis. Always keep the house filled wi flowers. Betty and Margaret’s first par since they married. Mother of six, M garet always hapa! (pregnant). Told I am writing a song called “Hapai Honey. Well, she thought it was funny! L rhymes with WOW. Low tables, Hawaii music, native dances, waving palm tree star-studded skies, so romantic and romance. Who says I’m getting homesic I do.

**Thursday, Oct. 14:** My lowest day. N staying on until November. God has be very good to me. Shouldn’t complain. Morn, home and friends. Can’t help Letter from Mom thanking me for gu Clipping from Dick Clayton. Hollyw says Lori Nelson and I no speakee. Sh a real honey. Where do they get that feuding bit?

**Monday, Oct. 18:** Finished shooting ear! Finished off ole Davaloos, too. Shark him. In the picture, that is! Three days thanks to director John Farrow. Honol here I come. Closing night of Aloha we Big parade, fireworks and big send-off Jane Harlan, Lana’s seamstress. Go home. Lucky girl. Fireworks until I under my window at Surf Rider Ho Slept right through it all.

**Saturday, Oct. 23:** Sent wire to Deb and Eddie. Tried to send her white gina lei and orchid lei to him to wear at engagement party. Invitation reached here too late. Bought myself a coolie o Just the thing to wear at the Brown Der

**Monday, Oct. 25:** Back to Honolulu. T Margaret and Betty to Carnival, starr my friend May Edwards in Ice Class She’s just terrific. Back to Kona. W feels much better. Lana feels much h pi. Lex Barker just arrived—lucky g Work here’s winding up rapidly.

**Friday, Oct. 29:** Longest week of my! Getting ready to go home. Gave ps for Betty and Margaret. They gave shirt with white ginger blossom path flower of love. Dancing, singing, cry. Promise girls I’ll be back. Know I wil someday. Blissfully happy. To bed f keeping my promise to Mr. Robert (His son is one of the three top skaters the world.) One decade of the Ros every night. Have never missed, a promised Mr. Robertson when he gave the rosary.

**Wednesday, Nov. 3:** After seven weeks never forget as long as I live—Home. T wonderful word—Home! At the air Everyone there, more crying, more pra ises to return, more Hawaii perfume, swaying palm trees. And the look at the most beautiful sunset in world. Learned a lot watching these pe of the Islands, this simple, friendly, c free race. So much closer to God talk lot of phonies who can peel off a roll bills when the collection comes are every Sunday. It’s been a beautiful perience. Aloha and God bless them
SAVE 33½% NOW
And Take This
Amazing Book Free!

Photoplay Magazine has a thrilling gift for you, if you act
now. It's an amazing new book about your favorite Holly-
wood stars. It's called "Movie Star Diary"—and it contains
true stories about your favorite movie stars that are as in-
timate and revealing as a personal diary. Never before have
you read such fascinating personal experiences. You'll thrill
to amazing true stories of love and romance in Hollywood.
You'll share all the romantic and thrilling moments of Holly-
wood's most glamorous stars. You'll learn intimate truths
about your favorites, and discover a Hollywood you didn't
know existed. You'll want to get your "Movie Star Diary"
at once and read it from cover to cover.

Yours FREE — Sensational Gift Book!

This most unusual book of almost 200 pages will not be sold—and you
will not be able to buy it anywhere at any price. It is being privately
printed, exclusively for you who accept our amazing Photoplay Offer,
and it will be sent to you FREE, as a gift.

Subscribe Now and SAVE $1

Simply clip and mail the valuable coupon below. You will receive 15
exciting months of Photoplay Magazine for only $2, saving you $1
under newsstand prices. Also, your Movie Star Diary will be sent to you
immediately, FREE and postpaid.

Your Big Chance While They Last!

Don't miss this rare opportunity, because when this edition is exhausted,
we will be forced to withdraw this sensational bargain offer. Make
doubly sure of your FREE copy by getting your request in early. Mail
coupon today!

Send No Money! Mail Coupon Today!

PHOTOPLAY, 205 East 42 Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Mail To: Photoplay, Dept. PP 3-55
205 East 42 Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Yes! Send me FREE and at once my "Movie Star Diary," and enter
my subscription for 15 months of Photoplay Magazine for only $2,
saving me $1 under newsstand prices.

☐ I enclose $2. ☐ Bill me.

* One extra issue FREE if you send payment with order.

Name (Please Print)

Address

City Zone State

☐ Check here if you are now a subscriber, to extend your present subscription with this offer.
looking for help?

—the kind of help she can get only from women like you

Briefly, she wants to know what you think about internal sanitary protection. She knows you use it.

Is Tampax really as comfortable as they say? Is it true it’s unfelt as well as invisible, once it’s in place?

Does Tampax actually prevent odor from forming? Is it easy to insert? Does changing it take only seconds? And are both parts of Tampax—the applicator and the Tampax itself—easily disposed of?

Do you wear Tampax when you take a tub or shower? Does it help make you (as many women have said) feel so free you almost forget about “time-of-month”?

Those are the kinds of questions the Tampax user gets asked. And to each she replies with an enthusiastic “yes” (just as you would). A big reason for the popularity of Tampax is that one woman tells another. Your friends can find Tampax on sale at drug or notion counters in choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Month’s supply goes into purse; Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.
The End

INVEST IN

S. SAVINGS BONDS
NOW EVEN BETTER
Send twenty-five cents (in coins) for each pattern to: PHOTOPLAY, Needlecraft Service, P.O. Box 125, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send an additional twenty cents for Needlecraft Catalog.
When they reached their house, they called the hotel to see if one of the guests might be home. "They've all gone," said the manager. "However, we'll see if we can't locate someone."

Before a half an hour had passed, five cars had arrived with cans of gasoline. "You'd have thought we were opening a filling station," laughs Pier today. "It was quite a beginning for a marriage!"

Pier and Vic spent the first night at their new home and drove to Las Vegas the following day. Vic was scheduled to open at the Sands Hotel as the star of the show there. "We had our moments of tension. Both of us," says Pier. "Vic was very nervous about this personal appearance. He hadn't done a show like this since he came back from the Army. And he wondered about the reception he would receive from the audience. Before he went on, he wanted to relax.

"I had been out and when I returned, I didn't know that he was trying to sleep." Pier began knocking playfully at the door. "I must have knocked ten times at least," she recalls.

"Go into the other room," Vic called out.

"All right," replied Pier. "I am sorry. I didn't know."

The last thing in the world she wanted to do was to disturb him at this time. "I go to my mother's room," she said, feeling very badly.

Mrs. Pierangeli had come to Las Vegas for the opening, and Pier went to her. A few moments later, the phone rang. It was Vic. "Honey, are you there? What are you doing?" he wanted to know.

In another moment, she was opening the door to find him standing in the hallway. She tried not to smile. He was still in his robe. "I'm sorry," he said. "I sounded so abrupt. I didn't mean . . ."

"I understand," said Pier. "And I am not mad. I feel the same way when I am doing a scene. So I do understand. Honestly, And now," she finished, "you go and rest."

"You come with me."

"I will come and sew in the living room while you rest."

Vic's opening was a real occasion. Pier prepared a surprise. She rushed down to his dressing room to be there before he arrived. And when he came in, he found that the lights had been turned off. He looked again. In one corner blazed a dozen sparklers.

"It is our seven-day anniversary," Pier informed him of the fact he well knew. She was standing there, holding a cake. In the center were the words, "Vic and Anna, Love."

"Would you mind staying backstage during the first show?" Vic had asked. "If you're out front, I'll be twice as nervous." And he added, "And if there isn't much applause, I wouldn't want you to know."

"It will be like thunder," predicted Pier. And it was. She listened backstage and when she heard the audience roar its approval, she rushed to meet him in the dressing room. She hurried so fast that she tripped and fell and two stagehands had to help her into the room. Then she was aware of Vic's voice outside. He was thanking his well-wishers and accepting congratulations. And he was saying, "The only person I want to see now is my wife."

The words brought tears to her eyes. "Tears?" she smiled. "To be honest, I was crying like a baby."

Vic was beside her. "Hey, look, you're supposed to make me feel good tonight. Didn't you like the show?"

"I loved it," she told him. And Mr. Damone tenderly dried Mrs. Damone's tears.

The second show found Pier at a restaurant. And Vic singing to her, as he had done upon each of the following evenings.

---

panties of
Spun-lo
RAYON FABRIC

only about 69¢

These are undies for every one who loves comfort...thrifty, dainty panties that fit, when you stand, bend, stretch or sit.

Special! They never feel cold, won't get clammy! They're naturally absorbent! They're easy to wash; quick to dry; and you'll never have to iron them! All styles, of course!

---

baby pants of
waterproof
Spun-lo
RAYON FABRIC

Softer! Lighter! Comfier for baby! Now waterproof panties that are fabric outside, waterproof inside. No rubber. No separate lining. They're everyday panties with a dress-up look!

Machine Washable! Toss them in the dryer. Non-allergenic and longer-lasting. They're best all around! 5 dainty colors.

pull-on style, only about 79¢

snap-on style, only about 98¢

SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA

Industrial Rayon Corp., Cleveland, Ohio
Producers of Continuous Process Rayon Yarns and Tyron Cord for Tires
Those tears of happiness were my only tears," Pier told a friend while she was in Las Vegas. When I was first thinking of marriage, I thought of my mother and sisters. Everything I had done for them and they for me. We were very close. I thought, I'll miss them so. I'm going to cry every day. I know it.

"But I don't. I have a man who loves me so much and gives me so much understanding, who does everything to make me happy."

Each day there were little things. "I wrote him notes and pinned them to the curtains or slipped them under the telephone. Sometimes I even put them in the closet or in one of his coat pockets," remembers Pier.

"And he gave me dolls because I have a collection."

"Zip," the monkey was the first. Pier had been tired and had gone upstairs to rest. After an hour, there was a polite rap on the door. "Who is it?" she called.

"The valet," came the reply. "I have some roses for you."

In a few minutes, there was another knock. It was Vic. He came into the room with a package. "You know, I missed you," he told her. "It's been an hour since I've seen you and I missed you all sixty minutes."

"Then where have you been?" she asked him.

He looked sheepish. "I've been standing outside in the hall waiting for the flowers to be delivered. I thought they'd never get here!"

And he gave her "Zip."

"I think if you do these things, it means you care for one another," says Pier. "And we still do do it even after our honeymoon. I think we always will. And how I think about him—every minute. Even when I am with others."

"Yet, I am not and I shall never be possessive. I know in Italy, where I grew up, it is the man who is possessive. Often too much so. Here, often, it is the woman."

"On our honeymoon I would catch myself thinking that life is so short; I wanted Vic to be with me all of the time. But I knew that although it is a good thought, in reality it is bad. So I think instead, 'We have all our lives—so much time. And nothing is rushed.'"

"I want to hold him close but with my arms open so he'll be free."

In Las Vegas, occasionally people would see Pier alone. "Where's your husband?"

they'd ask.

"Playing golf," she'd smile.

"You're still on your honeymoon and already Vic's made you a gold widow."

"The show has made him tense and g. relaxes him," she'd say. "So of course I h. go."

Vic gave Pier a set of clubs. "But I w. not play with him just yet," she says. am still taking lessons. I think perhaps I'll good enough. T. then we will go out together."

They share many interests together. "I. interests have become his interests and I have become mine. Yet, we know that should not completely submerge our personalities. It is not right for a husband and wife to lose their individuality, compromise, to make adjustments. But the qualities about one another, we each fell in love with, these we keep.

Vic has long been known, as one of t. most thoughtful men in show busine. And Pier was never more aware of it th. on their honeymoon. "I felt so safe. So p. tected," she says.

"If anyone would say something th. Vic thought might embarrass me, he w. speak up, 'Please, my wife is here.'"

It was always, "Darling, are you su. you aren't cold? Let me get you a sweater. Or 'You look tired, wouldn't you like to upstairs and rest a while?"

The day their honeymoon began, Pi. went to his room. "I promised myself that I would not tell. Not ever."

Although Pier has her career, she w. knows that, emotionally, women are mo. dependent upon marriage than men. Th. although "Darling, are you su. you aren't cold? Let me get you a sweater. Or 'You look tired, wouldn't you like to upstairs and rest a while?"

"He may think I am wrong, but he do. not simply and bluntly say so. We te. matter over for an hour or longer. A. we leave no upsetting thought to simmer inside our minds. If you spend time broo. ing ever after, it is no good."

Wise resolution? They were resolv. upon a honeymoon, which seemed over t. soon. In Las Vegas, they faced the fut. two weeks in Florida, two in Hava. and then separation while Vic was to ma. personal appearances in Australia and Pi.
begin a picture. "We knew we wouldn't together for at least two months and it would be difficult. But we have a lifetime on our hilltop!" says Pier.

They'd searched for months to find the house. "The man had shown us at least a myriad of them—or so it seemed," says Pier.

Then one day he called, "I've got it," said. "I think. The owner doesn't want rent it, but you might talk him into the 

"We flipped," says Pier. "We got there at six in the evening and stood out on the terrace and watched the lights below shine so brightly. We knew it was perfect."

The owner agreed. "The house is much better for you two," he told them. "I'm one. And there should be two here."

And he gave them an option to buy.

"It's modern—white and green. "It reminds me of a boat," says Pier. "Everything is circular, you see, which makes it seem so much larger than it is."

I decorated it all. Sometimes in person, sometimes by long distance. While we were honeymooning, I'd think of new designs and call my mother and ask her if she could find them for us."

And who shall keep the house? "Since was only a few years old," says Pier, "my mother has taught me. I sew and an house. I cook, too, only when I cook. I see all of the food for so long, I lose appetite. Then I don't eat!"

"So Vic will be our chef. He's much better than I am!"

We have a maid. While we were away, I stayed with my mother and learned to cook. And when Vic doesn't feel like cooking, we have someone who knows how. And she will also be able to help us if the family we want to have," Pier says.

"We want children. All that God will give us. And I hope that I will be able to have a son. Vic says it doesn't really matter, son or daughter, but he thinks it would be better to have a son."

"We have so much," says Pier. "And I don't want a future to look forward to."

During their first courtship days, the house seemed dim to Vic. They'd met in many while he was in the Army. And they'd dated, always in the company of Pierangeli, who loved Vic like a son and a daughter."

"He asked me to marry him there," says Pier. "But everything was uncertain. And when I came back to United States, we said goodbye—for we knew, forever."

Still, every so often I would think, 'I wish he would come back.' But I did not say it to him.

"We both dated others. And for a time I went with my sister, Marisa. Although they came to our house, I didn't see him much. I always seemed to be in my room doing a script or out."

I had never noticed that he still wore the ring I had given him when we were in Germany..."

In till they met again at M-G-M that Then, as they danced in the small room, the house, seat from the studio, seat to "September Song," their favorite, at sipped tiny glasses of champagne, she said. "My always worn it," he told her. "It's always worn within.""

Our engagement, sudden? asks Pier to me today. "No. I believe that Vic was waiting. He'd never talked again about getting out or about marriage when he returned because he knew I wasn't ready. He knew his heart and he was waiting until we were both certain that I knew mine."

Once upon a honeymoon, the story goes. Although it's a continued story—with a happy ending.

THE END

Running, walking, standing, sitting,
your wonderful, comfortable "Perma-lift"*
MAGIC OVAL CROTCH PANTIE
CAN'T RIDE UP—EVER

Also enjoy the lasting uplift of a "Perma-lift" Bra. America's favorite, with the Lift that never lets you down. Bras from $1.50 to $12.50. "Perma-lift" Magic Oval Panties from $5.00 to $10.95. See them at your favorite store today.

was last year given the chance to prove that she has talent to match her loveliness. She showed emotional power in Warners’ “Dial M for Murder,” subtle sex appeal in “Rear Window,” indomitable strength of character in The Country Girl.” This year, in M-G-M’s Green Fire and Paramount’s “The Bridges at Toko-Ri” and “To Catch a Thief,” she may be depended on to live up to the voters’ predictions.

Her companion Choose Your Stars winner and Unusual Attraction award winner is Debbie Reynolds. With Warners’ “The Command,” Guy Madison firmly established a second Hollywood career, canceling out his youthful failure. Ten years ago he was termed promising, but this year, a good deal of ballots has signaled the readers’ confidence that Guy has the mature skill to meet the challenge of such films as Columbia’s “Five Against the House” and 20th’s “The Tall Men.”

Barbara Rush, among the players also singled out for future distinction, is lucky in that her studio shares the fans’ high hopes for her. Her appealing secondary performances in “Magnificent Obsession,” and “The Black Shield of Falworth” convinced U-I that she deserved a leading role, and she gets one in Captain Lightfoot.

Kim Novak, too, has her company’s enthusiastic backing. Columbia introduced her in “Pusheover,” gave her a piquant comedy assignment in “Pillow Talk” and will presently team her next with Guy Madison in “Five Against the House.” Touted in advance as another Monroe, Kim turns out to be very much herself, tall and delicately curvaceous, with a subdued, feline sort of allure.

Seen only in 20th’s “King of the Khyber Rifles” during 1954, Terry Moore turned down other offers, having scored as the romantic lead of an untried one. Apparently, her fans approved her choice, for their ballots indicate the unshaken conviction that Terry is headed for top stardom. They’ll welcome her back to the screen in 20th’s “Paddy Long Legs.”

At the same studio, Maggie McNamara enchanted millions of moviegoers with her gay romancing in the sensationally nonconformist Ninotchka. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch, the film was a triumph. An enticingly different film personality, Maggie has appeared so far as a comedienne, but 20th puts her versatility to the test in “Face of the Giants.”

This highly dramatic picture serves as an encore for another of Photoplay’s Choose Your Stars runners-up. Reynolds vividly brought her performance in “The Prize” in a rewarding role in “Prince of Players,” the great 19th century actor, Edwin Booth’s nephew, Michael Curtiz, directed a thoroughly interesting story of U.A.’s “The Barefoot Contessa” written and directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Irving Berlin’s lovely tunes.”

Ballyhooed by the Press for a truly remarkable film performance, Debbie Reynolds hit Columbia in “It Should Happen to You”; “Phffitt” Jack follows up his success with equally rich assignments. Three for the Show and, on loan from Warner Brothers.

George Nader made the grade m. slowly. But his solid appeal and acting ability is registered even with a brashly sympathetic performance in Captain Lightfoot, and an amusing character job U-I’s “Four Guns to the Border.” This year his fans will see the U-I newcomer advance to leads in “Six Bridges to Cairo and the Best Years of Our Lives.”


Filled with music, U-I’s “The Glenn Miller Story,” produced by Aaron Rosenberg and directed by Anthony Mann, not a musical, but the endearing story of a man’s life. On the other hand, Paramount’s “White Christmas” produced by Robert Emmett Dolan and directed by Michael Curtiz, with Irving Berlin’s lovely tunes, was frankly, gloriously musically glorious. M-G-M’s “Seven Brides for Seven Brothers,” produced by J. B. Cummings and directed by Stanley Donen but its imaginative dances and amusing situations made it unique in its class. The other film of note was Fox’s “Sunny Side Up,” produced by Roy William Neill and directed by Edwin L. Marin, a sunny, carefree comedy. In arresting contrast, Warners’ “The High and the Mighty,” a Way Bros. production directed by William Wellman, knew its audience in an exhilarating state of tension.

As the Gold Medal celebrates its third fifteen anniversary, the gratitude of film and moviegoers goes to all the award winners, for the wonderful entertainment they have created—a tradition to continue.
New! Exciting! Glamorous!

This Gorgeous Yearbook Is Really Hollywood In Review

It's better than ever! It contains more news and pictures about all the stars of Hollywood than ever before. Yes, the exciting, new 1955 edition of PHOTOPLAY ANNUAL is sensational. It's a treasure-mine of information about the stars...a real Who's Who in Hollywood. This colorful and glamorous Hollywood yearbook is THE book-of-the-year. Get your copy of this prize book before they are all snatched up. Here is what you get in this great yearbook:

NEWS EVENTS OF THE YEAR—20 exciting pages in pictures and text covering the month-by-month weddings - separations - divorces - births - awards - scoops.


PERFORMERS OF THE YEAR—Here are your portraits as well as action shots from the big pictures, plus the autographs of Marlon Brando—June Allyson—Van Johnson—Judy Garland—Robert Mitchum—Gary Cooper—Burt Lancaster—Ava Gardner.


ASCENDING STARS—These are the names that are making news. Some have just flashed into sight—some now shine with an extra luster.


ONLY 50¢—WHILE THEY LAST

This sensational Yearbook sells out practically as soon as it is put on sale. Don't be disappointed this year—mail coupon below with 50¢ today!
Use RIT for fashion’s latest whim
Dye slacks for you and
also him!

The Pickle people, famous
for their Peg Slacks, are now
making them in white twill so you
can dye them yourself in exactly
the colors you want. And the dye
they recommend is All Purpose RIT!

We’re tickled a rosy RIT Pink
with the idea, and think you will be,
too. Pickle Peg Slacks are
trim as can be (wide at the knee
and tapered to a neat n’ narrow cuff),
and when you dye them with RIT
the color is exclusively yours.

Rock’s change in taste is even more
pronounced in the type of presents he
buys. When he was little, his gifts were
often given with a purpose—usually
to get back into my good graces after he had
done something wrong.

I can still remember one chilly Saturday
afternoon in November when he
showed up at the house with a bag full of
candy.

“It’s awfully nice of you to bring me
this,” I told him—muttering, I knew—there
was something in his expression that made
me look for an ulterior motive. “Anything
wrong, Son?”

Rock looked at me sheepishly. “Oh, no,
Mom. What should there be wrong?”

“No. Everything’s going just fine.”

I should have known this was a stab in
the wrong direction. While a bit lazy about
schoolwork, Rock learned so easily and
quickly that his grades were far above
average.

Frequently, his dean would call me into
his office, quite exasperated. “You
wouldn’t think he could be on top of his class, if he would
only study a little more,” he’d complain.

I knew what Rock’s trouble was. There
wasn’t enough challenge. With comparati-
vely little effort, he could get good grades.

Had he been a poor student, I’m sure he
would have worked harder.

But since bad grades were not the cause
of Rock’s gift, I couldn’t think of any-
thing else he might have done. And it
seemed to me unlikely that, until the next morning, quite by chance,
I found the reason when I made his bed.

Underneath the mattress was a wet bating
suit. “Rock!” I shouted angrily into
the kitchen. “Come here immediately!”

Rushing into the room, the instant he
saw me holding up his wet bathing suit,
Rock knew his secret had been uncovered.

“I meant to tell you, Mom,” he explained
sheepishly. “I went for a little swim yester-
day.”

“A swim? At this time of the year?”

“It was easy. We just dove off the end
of the ice and—”

Now I knew why I’d gotten the present.
It was a pure and simple bribe! And, of
course, it was his favorite candy which
he ate ninety per cent of himself.

Needless to say, he doesn’t have to bribe
me any longer. But even in his choice of
presents he has shown such increasing
consideration and thoughtfulness that late-
ly I’ve found myself calling upon him to
help me select many of my gifts.

Knowing my fondness for Wedgwood china,
when Rock was in England he
brought me a beautiful Wedgwood va
sugar shaker, earrings and several other
lovely pieces. To find a Christmas prese
I really wanted, he talked to my hus-
band several times. When they both could
reach a decision, Rock finally asked
me directly, “I won’t beat around the
bush. You have your choice between
deep freeze, a dishwasher and an aut-
nomatic washing machine. Which one
would you prefer?”

After much deliberation, I decided on
the washing machine. Imagine my sur-
prise when, in addition, he also gave me
matching drier. “Thought I’d save y
some steps so you could conserve yo
strength to cook. And the two pieces I
had been without some of the things
wanted.

Rock has always been thoughtful a
general, willing to spend his last cent on
the unexpected or please a friend. Without
efficient business adviser to manage a
restrict his expenses, I believe he would
be constantly broke.

Rock has the wonderful ability to
not only getting a tremendous enjoyment of
the giving, but does it without expect-
anything in return. This way he never
been, and probably never will be, d
appalled by need. His generosity seems to
be paying off: I don’t recall an instance where
someone has taken advantage of him.

His generosity is obvious in many wa
For instance, the more mention by
friend of a liking for something he
will cause him to part with it immedi-
ately.

When I visited him on the set of “Our
Desire” after he had finished his scene
asked me to his dressing room for a c
of coffee.

“Did you bring along a thermos?” I
quired on the way.

“No, Mom. I bought a new coffee mak
Makes pretty good stuff, too.”

A few minutes later I agreed the cof
was delicious. That was a mistake.
wouldn’t let me off the set without trin
the coffee maker along. This is typical of
Rock.

Naturally, I try to give him presents
will enjoy. My most fortunate selecti
was the movie camera I gave him a y
ago for Christmas. However, I must conf
that Rock is a generous and aulterior moti

Fear made my life
a nightmare!

Agonizing human problems! Terrifying emotional conflict!
Raging passions! These are the soul-stirring subjects y
Tune in on radio’s “My True Story” each episode relives
life itself—because each one is a real-life drama taken
right from the files of “True Story Magazine”. The peo
involved could easily be your friends ... your neighbo
... your own family. And the gripping problems the
have to solve might well be the ones you’re faced with.
be sure to listen.

TUNE IN
“MY TRUE STORY”
AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATION

When their parents parted from each other in hatred, it was up to the children to choose b
tween them. Read “ORPHANS OF DIVORCE” in March TRUE STORY MAGAZINE at newsstands m
We already knew he would go to Ireland to make “Captain Lightfoot.” By giving him a camera, I reasoned, he could take pictures which would provide a permanent record of his trip for him, and give him, upon his return, a chance to share any of his experiences.

I was right. Since he came back, we’ve spent many evenings looking at his films, particularly enjoyable since Rock, thanks to his terrific memory, is able to describe in detail the many places he has seen. I feel that I’ve traveled through Europe with him.

In addition to pictures and presents, Rock also brought back a taste for foreign foods which all but amazed me. Except for my strawberry shortcake, he never had any interest in food and showed even less interest in cooking. When he was little, near in a while he would ask me to let him x some chocolate brownies. When he got through, the kitchen used to look like the posingment of a department store after a sale.

But being on his own has not only increased his interest in food, but also made him appreciate my cooking. More and more stops by for dinner, alone or with a date, frequently on short notice, too. And love it.

He’s asked me to show him how to prepare some of the dishes he grew fond of when he was traveling, preparing himself. After his last trip abroad, our teacher-up relationship was switched—he taught me a cooking trick or two.

A couple of weeks after Rock returned, called late one evening and asked me to pick up some food from the market and ‘d come over the next day and show me how to prepare a new dish he’d discovered. I was delicious! He’d done this so recently that I, too, am acquiring a new taste for food.

In recent years, even more in recent months, Rock has changed in another respect. He used to concentrate on one hobby at a time until he got bored, then gave up for a new venture. It’s part of the normal, maturing process. But too many people never outgrow that stage, never fully develop as they grow older years.

Fortunately, Rock has. During the last couple of years when he took up a new hobby, he stuck to it. Collecting records one example. So is photography, oil painting, and his number—one pastime of lifer days, mechanical drawing.

If Rock hadn’t become an actor, he’d have been a mechanical draftsman and, I think, a very good one. He has both mechanical talent and imagination. As a boy, he would use his tools to draw most contentedly was his “dream house.”

I’ll never forget the day I walked into a room and found him leaning over the sawing board, intently studying the plans in front of him that he didn’t notice me till I put my hand on his shoulder. That’s a mighty fine drawing,” I told him.

His face was aglow as he turned to me. “Some day, when I’m rich, this is the kind of house I want to build,” he said.

And then he explained the details: the house, the kind of living room, paneled den, the hallways he had in mind.

This was the one sketch Rock never took away. On the contrary, whenever he found a new idea he liked, he promptly incorporated it into his design. To him, it was more than a house. It was his future. And now it’s about to come true.

Some of his friends have wondered why so long Rock lived in rented houses and apartments. Part of it is due to financial reasons. He got into the “big money” business.

"Whod believe I was ever embarrassed by PIMPLES!"

New! Clearasil Medication

"STARVES' PIMPLES"

SKIN-COLORED

HIDES PIMPLES WHILE IT WORKS

Doctors’ clinical tests prove this new-type medication especially for pimples really works. In skin specialists’ tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL.

Amazing starving action. CLEARASIL actually starves pimples because it helps remove the oils that pimples “feed” on. And CLEARASIL’s antiseptic action stops the growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples. Skin-colored to hide pimpls and end embarrassment. Greaseless, stainless . . . pleasant to leave on day and night for uninterrupted medication.

America’s largest-selling specific pimple medication . . . because CLEARASIL has helped so many boys, girls and adults. GUARANTEED to work for you as it did, doctors’ tests or money back. 99¢ and 98¢ at all drugstores. Get CLEARASIL today. (Available in Canada, slightly more.)

TIPS for EXPECTANT MOTHERS

FREE booklet of valuable information, “Tips for Expectant Mothers,” is offered with this soothing, refreshing skin conditioner that softens skin, firms skin, makes muscles taut, and burning in the back and legs. Enjoy the Comfort and Relief of This Skin Lubricant.

$1.25 AT ALL DRUGSTORES

RELAX... SLEEP BETTER TONIGHT

TRY Shut-eye AS THOUSANDS HAVE

30 million Shut-eye tablets can’t be wrong! Maybe they’ll help you, too. Contains no barbiturates or narcotics. Helps you relax—go to sleep naturally. Use only as directed. Money back guarantee.

NO PRESCRIPTION NEEDED

"Dark-Eyes" Permanent Coloring FOR LASHES AND BROWS

SWIMPROOF. One application lasts 3 to 5 weeks! 1st 7th year.

For Dark-Eyes which applied to lashes and brows $1.00 (plus tax) at a leading drug and dept. store.

Send TODAY FOR TRIAL SIZE 25c

"Dark-Eyes" Dept. P-35
3319 Carroll Ave., Chicago 24, III.

I understand that when or when (check box) for trial package of "Dark-Eyes" with directions.

Check Shade: □ Black □ Browns

Address

City: ___________________________ State: __________

Popular Cosmetics Co., Inc. Cannot automatically receive this new catalog once.

Write for Big FREE Catalog

Hundrdes of items to choose from. Nothing to sell, nothing to buy.

Write for Big FREE Catalog

Popular Club Plan, Dept. E-997, Lynden, N.Y.

Semi Big FREE 25c Size FULL COLOR Catalog.

Name...

Address...

City: ___________________________

Popular Cosmetics Co., Inc. Cannot automatically receive this new catalog once.
With fellow cave-crawlers Bob Hudson and Rudy Turilli, Rory edges past weird rock formations in Meramec Caverns, Missouri. These, he reports, are probably 100,000,000 years old.

Rory serves an explorers' lunch cooked over a wood fire in a vast, domed cave. The food's informal, but the dining hall's de luxe—150 feet high, decorated by Nature with pure onyx.

Finding a dry spot for a night's sleep wasn't easy. Rory and his pals made a nick-of-time, movie-style escape before rain flooded the caves—and this fillip of danger delighted him.

HE-MAN CALHOUN

▪ Smudged with clay and soaked to the skin, Rory Calhoun said casually, "I'm always doing stuff like this." The Outdoor Writers Association of America had named him "Outdoor Man of the Year," and, instead of toting his award to the comfort of the nearest night club, the outdoor champ had proceeded to crawl a good deal farther "indoors" than most of us would care to go. In Meramec Caverns, Stanton, Missouri, where the writers held their convention, there are plenty of well-lighted, easily accessible wonders. But Rory's zest for adventure took him into the darkest, farthest reaches of the caverns, never before explored. He spent four exciting days on this strange safari, following underground rivers, scaling slippery rock walls. This is fun? Yes, for a guy like Rory. Even the lusty action of such films as U-I's "The Looters" can't supply enough thrills to satisfy Calhoun.

Only recently. After taxes, agent's fee which are normal for an actor, every expense and Rock's own generosity, hadn't much money left to put into his estate.

Another reason as well has kept Rock from going ahead. He was looking for a kind of lot; hillside property was a view, comparatively isolated, yet too far from the studio. He wasn't se for anything half-right. It had to be exactly what he wanted. And finding takes time.

Till a short while ago, he searched it only halfheartedly. But now that he reached the point where he can afford to build, he spends most of his free time looking. I don't think it'll be long till finds what he's after.

Living for the future, seldom look back at the past has always been one Rock's strongest convictions.

Aside from the house and the fact someday he'd like to settle down and raise a family of his own, Rock's most persistent thought, understandably, center around his career.

He wants to improve his performances. In order to become more versatile he quality for a bigger variety of parts, has just taken up singing and dancing. But his dreams extend beyond acting. Someday he also wants to direct, and sure he would be excellent at it. Not only because he goes to work with his eye open and constantly learns about the business or because, I believe, he has the necessary talent, but mainly due to a all too rare in our day: He has remanible patience.

I've seen many examples of his patience. For instance, a couple of weeks ago drove to the Salton Sea, south of P. Springs, where Rock goes for his favorite sport, water skiing. During early afternoon Rock slid ashore on his skis, a freckled, redheaded youngster of about twelve walked up to him, full of admiration. "Mr. Hudson, that was terrific. I wish I could water ski like that."

Rock smiled at him. "Ever tried it?"

"No."

"Do you know how to swim?"

"Sure I do. Like a fish."

He handed his skis to the youngster.

"Okay. Put 'em on."

Rock spent the rest of the afternoon showing him how to put on skis, grab and hold onto the rope, raise himself up in the water and hang on as he could.

The boy didn't become an expert. spent more time in the water waiting Rock to swing the boat around to him, another try than on his feet. But he learned the fundamentals, and what's more important, had a wonderful time. And had Rock.

If anything, Rock has always had overabundance of patience, to the point where he seems incapable of losing temper. It's his only characteristic I worries me.

When he gets upset about something, he's hard to understanding right then, or just coming out and saying what's matter, he'll keep it to himself, carry with him for days. That's hard on others, harder on himself. If he would lose his temper t time to time, he'd get over whatever bothering him much faster.

So you see, I really have very little complaints about in Rock. As a matter of fact, I think he's a pretty wonderful who has changed in many ways, but in the one that counts most: Success not gone to his head, and I don't think ever will. Do I sound prejudiced? Probably. But then, what mother is

THE END
The Long and Short of It

(Continued from page 44)

Oleg Cassini at a party five years ago. Afterwards Oleg confided to a pal that he couldn't see what people saw in the socialite blond actress. Then he saw what Clark Jable saw in "Mogambo." Time out for a long, low whistle. And now it's last spring—exactly a year ago. Oleg is now divorced from Gene Tierney. He meets Grecia in a New York restaurant and wants to marry her right away. But Kelly is the cautious kind. When she marries, it's for keeps. It has to be. The columnists announced their engagement and the date of their marriage for last October. They're still a wosome wosome, but Miss Kelly of Phyllis and Filums is a spinster, as of going to press.

Before Ann Blyth married her Doctor McNulty, she used to pray to her patron saint, "Please, Saint Anne, send me man I can marry." Hollywood tried to hustle her into marriage with Tom, Dick and Harry, but Ann smiled that sweet smile and kept right on praying. And then she met Gregory Peck.

When Oleg's divorce was granted, he announced he was engaged to his actress, Gracie McManus, to marry her at the Blue Point Inn in Monte Carlo a few months hence. Meanwhile, Miss McManus has been seen in New York with a wealthy New York banker—William Brimmer. Rumors have been flying that Brimmer is engaged to Gracie. They were engaged for a year, but they'll be married forever.

Jean Peters is the faithful kind. And she was in love with a bachelor Hollywood procurer for a long, long time. But when she decided to marry him, it happened before anyone else even knew she knew wealthy young Stuart Cramer. They met on a TWA plane in the sky between Rome and Paris. Jean was on her way home after filming "Three Coins in the Fountain." And who knows what her thoughts were for her new husband when she tossed her dune into the car of Trel. Stuart got off in Paris, he came back to the USA. A week later, she followed him to California and popped the question. She made him wait nine months. Then one Saturday morning in May, my phone rang with the wedding bells in Washington, D. C. But now there are rumors of trouble in the marriage. Maybe Jean didn't wait long enough to be sure her heart was hers to give.

Jane Russell is a big girl, in every department. And she's able to get angry. But now Russell ranted at rumors affecting her marriage. "Look," she told me not long ago, "I met Bob [Waterfield] in high school and..."
it was love at first sight for me. He was a football hero even then and he didn’t know I existed.” Jane was hard to overlook during Bob’s UCLA days. It was at the beach and Jane was in a swim suit. But they went steady for five years before tying the knot—twelve years ago. I’m betting on them for another fifty.

I thought Mitzi Gaynor would never marry Jack Bean. Here was a girl with time on her hands and a man in her arms, but she kept postponing the happy day, with the film industry. Nothing like, “We want to see sure.” They were sure, said Mitzi. It was just that, “Every time we try to buy a house and come back to from our honeymoon, they recognize us and raise the price eight to ten thousand dollars.” So they finally rented a house, went off into the wild blue yonder and left this skeletal regular with egg on her typewriter and respect for Mitzi who was previously engaged, if you remember, to lawyer Richard Coyle for four years, which is longer than some marriages you and I know about last.

The prize for the most rushed marriage of recent Hollywood history goes to Vera Ellen, who broke devoted swain, Richard Gilly’s heart, when she suddenly produced Victor Rothchild as his imme su born, after a fast game of craps, at the magnate Jerry Ohrbach’s estate. Gully goggled over Vera for years and years and while she didn’t seem to be madly in love with him, he was with her, and they seemed really to belong together, more in love than ever. But when she flashed her diamond engagement ring, and the wedding was set for December, but Vic couldn’t wait and they dash into matrimony five days before Thanksgiving. We’re hoping that time will tell that they really should give thanks.

Suzan Ball and Dick Long told a sympathetic, admiring world they were engaged in the fall of 1953. And it was wonderful that she walked up the aisle on her own steam and courage to marry him April 11, 1954. They knew each other for eighteen months. But this was no ordinary father and a half. Suzan was on crutches the first time she talked across a crowded café at U-I where both were under contract. Suzan left the table on crutches. Which Dick, fresh out of the Army, was surprised to witness. Her total devotion belonged to the pretty dark-eyed brunette. He followed her to the door and asked, “What’s the matter?” thinking she’d just stubbed a toe or something. She told him her hip. No tears, just a little dignity. She explained her facts. He admired her bravery. She admired his kindness. Very soon they were in love. And when her leg was amputated, faith in him pulled her through the dark portal and into the bright wedding day of the marriage of the bride to the handsome groom. And the whole world wishes them long life and happiness together.

I was three months from the first meeting to the nuptials of little Maggie McNamara and TV producer David Swift. And they’ve already chalked up three years of all hits, no errors. Dave, who Produces Eastman Kodak’s “Norby,” saw Maggie’s picture in the Willie Morris book “The Shag.” It was love at first photo. He asked to meet her and they are more in love now than then. When Maggie was here recently—staying in “Prince of Players,” called her two and three times a day. And when the picture was canned, she didn’t wait. She went flying to her mate in New York. When Maggie had to go to Italy for “The Pot of Gold,” the Fugit, Frank, who was selling his, joined her there and they went sight-seeing all over Rome on a motor scooter. That’s living, boys and girls. They only had three weeks of getting to know each other, but that was long enough for them to know what they wanted.

If Olivia de Havilland means what she has been saying, her name will be Madame Pierre Galante as you read this. As writing, Livvy and her very charming Frenchmen have been engaged since August 14, 1953. They met in April of the same year at the Cannes Film Festival. Pierre told “Fer” last year that the marriage would take place after his fiancée completed “That Lady” in Spain. The last bet lin had the cautious characters planned marriage when Olivia finished “Not as Strong as a Woman.” But there’s a certain air of doubt in Olivia’s mind about the matter then she’s a smart girl to take her tin. It’s much less heartbreaking to break engagements.

Gloria Grahame and Cy Howard love fight. They fought happily for two years before they finally fooled us. In August 19 Gloria wore a black dress at the wedd who perhaps she was just arguing. Cy doesn’t breathe until she’s. And Gloria, for all her vag ways, is hlep where her man is concerned. And as Cy said in answer to the troubliners, “I can’t go back to the typewriter I never write on spec.” The introvert Glo and extravert Howard seem to need ea other. And they had two years before the marriage to find out why.

I was a girl in a tan and used to m around the house, the California marki time of a year from the granting of the marriage to the final papers of freedom a great insurance against another marriage. But the fact that Jane Powell with Gene Nelson. He ne did get his divorce. And now it looks li he’ll swap it for a reconciliation with M laine. And you’ll be surprised to see lry, she had an enforced nine month’s meditation before she was free to mar Pat Nerney. Janie, who sure isn’t, al played dumb when she was asked, “You and Pat Nerney?” “Yes, I know, maybe she really didn’t know until right the end. Lord knows she had a lot of gering to do. She’s a great mother to two children. She had to be sure that I was really going to take her. I’m holding good thought for them all.

There were rumors about Jack Webb a Dorothy Towne, even before Julie London was separated from Jack at the tir break. And now we learn nothing with Dorothy until after slow measured tread of the twelve mon prescribed by law. And even then, Serge Friday may take more time to close case of the murder of Julie London.

Even impetuous John Wayne had to w The lady judge who knows her man, m promise, “No quickie divorce in Me ico.” John knew Pilar’s predecessor Espana. And he met her in Pe and he met his first wife, Josephine S when he was in college and married her three years afterward. He would have mar ried Pilar the day after he met her if he had been free to. It didn’t even differ with the Duke whether he waits ten m utes or ten years. If that’s the Duchess wants, he gets her. And he’s usually in much of hurry. But he has a tartan caption. But this time, Pilar took a year to adapt her ways of life to his likes people around. She learned to rem them. John plays cards until dawn. A no one can touch his Duke, just loves the aces, jacks and queens.

I was against the long engagement of Jane Dahl and Fernando Lamas. The such a thing as turning caution into a picture for just a few weeks. When the girl was telling he self too dear and I told him so. And lucky Arlene tired of the Long Wait, br off the “understanding,” and took off ronance with another guy. Or they’d be married and the shadow of the redheaded and the Latin were made each other. Like a lot of intelligent re women, Arlene likes to dominate
Nestle's 91 address was that of the Republic. They didn't need its services. The world loves a lover. But the wife certainly rooted for June and Aldo. They waited six months to marry. They robbed themselves of six extra paths of wedded bliss.

To one in this town, had a longer courtship than Aldo Ray and Jeff Donnell. With a couple it wasn't a matter of dollars and cents. People think that because a man makes a lot of money. Even so, the world loves a lover. But "Battle Cry," Aldo's salary is $500 a week. And after taxes, agents' fees, supporting his mother, putting his brothers through USC, there isn't much left for a-home. But "Battle Cry" concen-
ed Aldo he had a future, so he leaped into marriage with Jeff and tried not to look at his bank account. The net divided so far is happiness, and I hear a rumor of a raise.

Robert Taylor's ricochet romance with Thelma Thielis started in 1952, but she didn't do the ring—she did the wedding ring—last May. It wasn't that Bob wasn't pressing with Ursla; the fact was Ursula wanted to be sure. Bob and Ursula are married. I was worth it—especially with a baby on the way.

And while we're waiting, isn't it great if Debbie Reynolds won't let anyone, not even the impatient columnists, rush her marriage plans. "It's not until June"—the wedding with Eddie Fisher, Debbie told me defensively at the Fier Angeli-Vic Damone reception. "A good thing can always wait," Debbie said. She's got thirty-five cents right.

The End

TO REACH THE STARS

In most cases your letters will reach a star if addressed in care of the studio at which he made his last picture. If you have luck there, try writing to each star individually, c/o Screen Actors Guild, 7946 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, Cal.

Allied Artists, 4376 Sunset Drive, Hollywood 27
Columbia Pictures, 1438 N. Gower Street, Hollywood 28
Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Los Angeles 46
M-G-M Studios, 10202 West Washington Blvd., Culver City
Paramount Pictures, 5415 Marathon Street, Hollywood 38
RKO Radio Pictures, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood 38
Republic Studios, 4024 Radford Avenue, North Hollywood
20th Century-Fox, 10201 W. Pico Blvd., Los Angeles 35
United Artists, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Los Angeles 46
Universal-International, Universal City
Warner Brothers Pictures, 4900 West Olive Avenue, Burbank

Are you THE WOMAN THAT NOBODY SEES?

Have a new personality... new attention... new thrills...

NESTLE COLOR will put COLOR in your LIFE!

NESTLE COLORINE brings out all the hidden beauty of your hair instantly... intensifies its natural color! Wonderful, easy-to-use Nestle Colorine adds glamorous color-highlights... gives your hair a glorious sheen... makes it softer, silker, easier to comb. Rinses in... shampoo out! 12 lovely colors. 6 rinses 25¢, 14 rinses 50¢.

NESTLE COLORTINT colors deeply—it's more than a rinse but not a permanent dye! So easy-to-use... Nestle Colortint gives you the glamorous new shade you yearn for... hides gray hairs, blends in streaked, bleached or previously dyed hair. No ammonia, no peroxide but esters of Lanolin to condition your hair as it colors. 10 beautiful shades. 6 capsules 29¢, 14 capsules 50¢.

Ask for professional applications at your beauty shop.

WANT TO BE A PRACTICAL NURSE? EASY TO TRAIN AT HOME

ACT NOW HELP FILL THE NEED
Now you can prepare for practical experience as a Trained Practical Nurse in spare time. Many earn while learning. Ages 18 to 50. High school not necessary. No previous school payments. Write for free information and sample lesson pages.
WAYNE SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL NURSING, INC. 2525 Sheffield Ave., Dept. E-8E, Chicago 14, Ill.

IF YOU LIKE TO DRAW SKETCH OR PAINT...

You may have talent that could earn you $75 to $500 weekly! Trained artists are needed. See if your talent is worth training. Take the famous Art Talent Test, at home, alone, in spare time. Developed by world's greatest home study art school, it's helped thousands toward art careers. No fee or obligation. This coupon brings it. Write today!

ART INSTRUCTION, INC., STUDIO 2399 500 S. 4th St., Minneapolis 15, Minn. Please send me your Free Talent Test. (PLEASE PRINT)

NAME______________________________
ADDRESS__________________________
CITY______________________________
STATE____________________________
ZIP_______________________________
PHONE___________________________
OCCUPATION_______________________

P

91
Inside Stuff

(Continued from page 35)
can't keep my eyes open." And in the wide- awakene depar tment, it's so typical of Holly- wood that Rock and Bill Holden had never met. As everyone knows, Rock won that coveted starring role in "Giant" when Bill wasn't available. Well, one day Rock went into the U-I steam room and there was Bill who had come over to sweat it out. For a moment there was an embarrassed silence. Then Bill introduced himself and this is how they got to know each other!

Last Laugh: Tucked away in forgotten files at Warner Bros. there's a talent scout's report on a then unknown little lady named June Allyson. "Too difficult to cast," it reads. So today Warners is paying Miss Difficult-to-Cast $200,000 for playing oppo- site Alan Ladd in "The McConnell Story"! ... And once upon a time M-G-M turned thumbs down on Mitzi Gaynor because she was too "scranny" and "inexperienced." Today they're thrilled to have her on their payroll and, whether newly married Vera-Ellen retires or not, Miss Mitzi gets zee grand and glorious build-up.

Hail and Farewell: Glamour puss Elaine Stewart, who is generally interested in doc- tors and particularly interested in Dr. Herman Platt, admits she's finally serious. If and when it happens-"We'll announce our engagement one day and marry the next"... Handsome Jeff Richards waited until his wife, who came from Florida, where her sister had a baby. They talked things over again. Result, Jeff packed his bags and moved out because, "We were not com- patible!"

Medium Rare: The Gower Champions, now on a dance tour, spent their last night in town with good friends Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis. "Send us a steak when you get to Kansas City," kidded Mr. C. Gower and Mitzi didn't forget-only they sent a whole side of beef! Speaking of the imimi- table Tony, guess who thinks he has the most versatile talent in Hollywood? None other than Jose Ferrer-praise from Caesar indeed!

Gable-Grant: It's so much hooey, that printed report that his doctors tabebo cocktails for Clark Gable. The King's health is churning and so is his interest in Kay Williams Spreckels and not Marilyn Mon-roe as 20th subtly hints! When Clark went duck hunting recently, it was Kay whom he asked to hostess a party for him. She made arrangements with Chasen's when she cooked and served the wild birds their private dining room. Clark loves ga... So Kay dressed up a hysterical-looking dummy and placed it at the head of the table. The lady guests were instructed to wear sweaters and tweeds and-"no pet or mink allowed."

Bright Star: The new year started o... with a big bang for Tab Hunter. Three stud- ios tried to borrow him from Warner Bros and were turned down cold. Then Joel Wayne ran a print of "Battle Cry" and be- came so enthusiastic about Tab's per- formance, he went in and tried to buy up a contract for future Wayne-Fellows produc- tions. When he heard the asking price "Duke" just grinned and shook his head. "Sorry," he said, "for that amount I could get the state of Texas!"

Blessed Bundles: It's true! Arlene Dr... and Fernando Lamas were buying ti... garments for an expected baby-the ba... Elizabeth Taylor and Michael Wildi... are expecting! Some day soon," sighs t... beautiful one "we'll be doing our own shopping-I hope!"... But the Howa... Keels have already placed their order wi... the stork. They expect their third baby ne... June. "Boy or girl, it's name will start wi... a "K.," says the singing star, "that's our system and it always brings us good luck!"... The Guy Madison's are also weari... that happy look!

The Truth Is: Doris Day actually lost the first day she worked on the h... M-G-M lot in "Love Me or Leave Me." Her messenger came to her rescue and guided Do-Do back to the sound stage... And the same studio couldn't give Eleanor Parker a day off to buy a wedding dress. When a... married artist Paul Clemens the beauti... redhead wore a gray lace gown that wa... strapless formal last year. Eleanor sent her back to designer Don Loper, who set... long sleeves and a top!

News About Twos: Reporters and e... beaver jewelry salesmen are turning Mr. Mon... Brandon's life into one long game hide and seek. And if his engagement to his French fiancée is just a publicity stunt he sure does give another Academy Award performance denying it!... Naturally De... Reynolds doesn't date when Ed... Fisher's out of town. And Barbara R... doesn't want to date until her divorce is settled. So they go to the movies togeth... The End

New! Stories about your favorite stars—

T O N Y M A R T I N

G I S E L E M a c K E N Z I E
Singing Cinderella of "Your Hit Parade"

B O B R O C K W E L L
"Our Miss Brooks" Dreamboat

at all newsstands
Pursuit of Happiness

(Continued from page 39)
"Guys and Dolls" and you can bet your bottom dollar that he'll be as good in this as he was in "On the Waterfront" and "Desiree"—for whatever else is said about Brando, no one has yet accused him of not being serious about his work. Serious? Rather, he's dedicated!

Whether or not Josane is the girl to share that dedication, to take a back seat to Marlon's career, only time will tell. Josane, for all her youthful nineteen years, is ambitious. And as Marlon said, "She has a lot of growing up to do yet. Jumping right into this thing (marriage) wouldn't be fair to her." Fair or not, Josane wanted an immediate trip to the altar and wedding plans proceeded immediately. So far, she has been able to avoid herself of television offers that have come about as a result of her romantic attachment with Brando. All hats will have to be doffed to little Josane if she makes a so of marriage faster than she had expected.

For gentle husbands have mentally and emotionally disturbed more mature women than Josane. A taste of what is in store for her, as long as Brando is a popular performer, came way back last October.

Brando had arrived in Paris last October after a trip aboard the Ile de France. In Paris he found refuge with his friend Pierre Melville, director of the French magazine "France Libre," and rented a modern, French magazine. Josane came up to him from Bandol, where she had been staying with her parents since July. She had gone directly to Bandol from Hollywood where she and her mother had been a frequent visitor on the set of "Desiree." In Paris, Mar- lon took her to various restaurants and even told newspaper friends they were engaged. Typically, his newspaper friends did not take him seriously. They remembered another incident of his "engagement" to Denise Darcel. Brando even went so far as to have his "engagement" photographed made out to Josane. While he was managing this void all but his closest friends among the newspaper people, he told everyone he was going to the French Riviera to get away from newspapermen and get a rest. Sending reports to her parents in Bandol, Marlon did just that.

In Nice, Brando was interviewed by the press with shaving cream on his face and when he was asked where he was going, lied out the truth. "I told the truth," he said to one of the reporters, "I am going to Rome, then Paris and then back to New York. Next year I must make two films here, one in France and one in Italy. I cannot at this time give you any details, but you will surely see me again in your beautiful country. This is my fourth trip here and I am beginning to feel at home in France. Your French women manage to be the most attractive in the world, without having to buy clothes at the big department stores. An American is impressed with shopping on the street. How chic and well-dressed they are even though they don't have much money — they have excellent taste." Incidentally, Brando's French speaks excellent French and when conversing with newspapermen speaks in their language. When speaking with Josane, he speaks partly in English. From the moment Brando reached Bandol until he returned to his home at the Carnegie Hall apartments in New York City, his love affair with Josane was carried on in the full light of publicity. Brando, it then, is an apartment in which Osan Mariani's mother and stepfather
The Caite Mutiny” or win hearts, not with a boyish grin but by a sensitive and moving portrayal of a reformed alcoholic and father in “The Last Time I Saw Paris. Parameter would have been lunacy. He wasn’t an actor in 1951, he admits, he was a personality. Such roles went only to established dramatic stars.

A lot has happened since then to Van, to his career and to him personally. You can feel this when you talk to him. When Van speaks today, the old Van is still there—warm, gentle, friendly, but there is a subtle difference. There is more fire to the warmth, more assurance in the friendliness and more strength in the gentleness. The eternal boy the studios had perpetuated had disappeared. Van now speaks with the authority of a man who has lived long with the questions concerning his faith and has arrived at three satisfying conclusions.

“I have three things no man can take from me: my faith in God; my wife’s, my children’s and my friends’ faith in me; and a growing faith in myself,” he said recently. “I’ve gone through all the phases: naive, starry-eyed, awed, sophisticated, finally came back to the elementary truths. The great things in life are simple. I think we’re discarding the phony facade of.

neering sophistication of the last era at coming home to honesty, faith and going love.

“Look,” he said suddenly, with the familiar glint of running his hand through his hair, “this is all pretty personal and a rather probing subject to del into. But if by reading of my struggles take the crosses and blessings of life and someone else will get benefit and hope the sure, let’s talk—we can talk all night fact. Okay? Okay.

“In my search for happiness amid confusion and sometimes even despair, thin things helped me. They are my faiths.

“The first of my three faiths is in God. My father and mother were separated when I was three, so I thank God that a father who raised me, believed in it. Scripture: Train a child in the way he should go and he will not depart from it. Sunday school and church were hit me. Every Sunday morning I visit my maternal grandmother, a devoted friend, to pick me up. I learned God and His mercy, grace and love; and me, the most important of all, blind faith a built-in armor to the weaknesses of the human fears, it stabilizes and uncertainties that come every man. There, in the Old Trini Church in Rhode Island, I learned enough to help me keep a balance and a sense

No Man Walks Alone

(Continued from page 47)
values when I finally spread my wings and tried to fly by myself.

"The second is the deep and abiding faith of my wife, Evie, and my friends which was put into me. Although I had gathered a hope chest of New England antiques for a future home, I was still living in hotels, feeling free and untethered, and enjoying my success when the sudden pang of loneliness hit me. At thirty, I was what like man to a confirmed bachelor and what women call eligible. I became aware of Evie just a shade before I became aware of loneliness." Van laughed. "Somehow it didn't take the confirmed bachelor long to realize that he had been missing the most important part of life—sharing it. Sharing love and fun and a man expects from marriage but certainly the faith and belief that Evie has in me is way beyond what any man should expect. Too, my friends, and sometimes strangers, have reached out in faith to make the difference between success and failure.

"And the third, the faith I have in myself, is much less of a driving force. It's not that I am filled with the same self-doubts, lack of confidence, lack of vision and faltering faith as other men. Insecurity itself fired my early ambition.

"When I got a movie on Sunday, memories of the old Trinity Church and my childhood flood over me. I feel a sadness at the loss of that child's purity of acceptance. As the entire congregation unites in prayer and I close my eyes, I find myself looking at an early age and never diminished. That dream of high, long gray walls and corridors. I figured it out then that they had to be a movie studio. It was a recurring dream. The desire to act became more apparent, I wonder how many others are trying to recapture the simplicity and blind faith of a little child.

"I've never shared this before," Van said sheepishly, "but when I was a kid, I used to dream of high, long gray walls and corridors. I figured it out then that they had to be a movie studio. It was a recurring dream. The desire to act became more apparent.

From a dream of burning ambition for a boy to relaxation for a man is making a lot of use of just one dream. Maybe it was the Scottish and Swedish landings that kept Van stubborn or determined enough to stick to one dream—one ambition throughout the rough times that followed. Van put time on himself. The first time limit was one year. He finished high school and was doing nothing but writing letters for his dad and keeping the books on the plumbing business. Then he was able to buy a newspaper for a paper route. He met kids from all over the world. Their houses were decorated with the beauties of Hong Kong, London, Paris and Vienna. They spoke different language. They lived in a brand-new wonderful world and Van started wanting. He became excited and discontented and full of the wonder about the world outside.

Van started for New York with his father's blessing, the faith of his friends and the feeling that God was on his side ... and very little money. He had given himself one year to prove his ability. He looked forward to seeing his mother and stepfather in New York. He had not seen his mother in fifteen years. "I want to say right now that I'm all..."

**IF YOU GET THIS STUNNING $109 DRESS WITHOUT PAYING I:***

...will you WEAR and SHOW it in your community?

Wear and show these dresses to your friends! Give information of colors, sizes, fabrics. Get cash rewards for your friends' selections!

**Would you like to wear and show our pretty frocks to friends and neighbors? Through our exciting Introductory Plan you can earn your dresses without paying!**

No obligation—No Experience! It costs nothing to investigate this unusual offer, and you will not be obligated in any way. Just put your name, address, age and dress size on the handy coupon. You will receive everything you need to get started. First come—first served.

**FASHION FROCKS, INC. Dept. 5-3980 Cincinnati 25, Ohio**

**PASTE COUPON ON POSTCARD — MAIL TODAY!**

**FASHION FROCKS, INC., Dept. 5-3980, Cincinnati 25, Ohio**

**EVEN if you DON'T want these dresses, this card will get you a FREE MONEY BACK GIVEAWAY GUARANTEE**

**MAKE MONEY IN YOUR OWN HOME!**


**MELINAR FREEMAN, Prom. Studio Girl— Hollywood Costumes Glendale, Calif., Dept.17-25**

**OLD LADY TROUBLE**

Easy to use Viscose Applications may heal many old sore legs due to venous congestion of varicose veins, leg swelling or injuries. Send today for FREE BOOK and No-Cost-For-Trial-plan.

**FASHION FROCKS, INC. Dept. 5-3980 Cincinnati 25, Ohio**

**MAKE MONEY IN YOUR OWN HOME!**


**BELLECREST FASHIONS, 118th Ave., Dept. 17-25, N.Y.**

**TOO SMALL TO WEAR 200 LBS. OR MORE!**

New Burns Martin Spring Catalog shows America's biggest stock of large-size clothing—sizes 44 to 22. First quality applications designed to make you look slimmer and trimmer. Money-back guarantee on every item. Send for FREE Catalog, NOW!

**BURNS MARTIN Dept. 701, 121 Summer St., Boston 10, Mass.**

**FREE—TO MEN WHO WEIGH 200 LBS. OR MORE!**

**FREE—TO MEN WHO WEIGH 200 LBS. OR MORE!**

New Burns Martin Spring Catalog shows America's biggest stock of large-size clothing—sizes 44 to 22. First quality applications designed to make you look slimmer and trimmer. Money-back guarantee on every item. Send for FREE Catalog, NOW!

**BURNS MARTIN Dept. 701, 121 Summer St., Boston 10, Mass.**

**FREE WOMEN ONLY!**

If you need more money...


**FASHION FROCKS, INC. Dept. 5-3980 Cincinnati 25, Ohio**

**MAKE MONEY IN YOUR OWN HOME!**


**BELLECREST FASHIONS, 118th Ave., Dept. 17-25, N.Y.**

**TOKEN PHOTOS**

Luxurious, satin finish Wallet. Size: 2½ x 3½. STUDIO Quality. 24 for $1 GUARANTEE

**MAKE A DRESS SHOP IN YOUR HOME**

GIVE TO FRIENDS, CLASSMATES, RELATIVES. USE FOR COUPONS, EMPLOYMENT, SCHOOL APPLICATIONS. SEND MONEY AND PHOTO TO WALLET PHOTOS, BOX D17-25 HILLSIDE, N. J.

**FINISH HIGH SCHOOL AT HOME!**

No classes to attend. Easy space-time training covers big choice of subjects. Friendly instructors; standard tests. Full credit for previous school. Diploma awarded. Write now for FREE catalog!

**WAYNE SCHOOL Catalogue HH-22 11278 Sheffield Ave., Chicago 14, Illinois**

**RELAX IN REST!**

When you feel keyed-up and on edge, try MILES NERVE. It soothes nervous tension, and lets you relax and rest. It doesn't PUT you to sleep, but LETS you sleep! That's why you feel fresher, more rested next day. Follow the label's advice for use. MILES NERVE, effervescent tablets and liquid, is sold at all drugstores.

**MILES NERVE**
YOUR

COOK BOOK

The Most Unusual
Cook Book Published!

Here—at last—is your dream cook book... the cook book that has everything... the cook book that tops them all!

There’s a story behind this cook book—and a fascinating story it is, too. The recipes in this book are all special prize recipes written by the owners of some of the most famous New York restaurants. These recipes were, too, but they were first tested in the dining rooms of actual homes throughout the country. These recipes are the time-tested favorites of True Story readers from coast to coast. These are their favorite recipes—the recipes handed down from mother to daughter—from revolutionary days right up to the present day.

The Magic Cook Book is your cook book. It contains the very best—the most unusual—and the most highly-prized recipes ever put into book form.

Here you’ll discover Mrs. Bailey’s Soda Biscuits that are the fluffiest and flakiest biscuits you ever tasted and just melt in your mouth. And for the main dish, you have just got to try Mrs. Lazaroff’s Veal Parmigiana—your men folk will just rave over it. Then, there is Mrs. Hooker’s Macaroni with Cheese! It’s the most delicious dish that just oozes with zest—the only trouble with it is that you will never make enough to satisfy your hungry little army! For Mrs. Lockhart’s special recipe for Pecan Pie. It’s the most heavenly dish to top off a meal—and you will be rated the Queen of Hearts for serving it—time after time after time.

Space here is too limited to tell you of the hundreds of special prize recipes this unique cook book contains. Each dish seems more exciting than the next. With this book to tell you, you needn’t be afraid to venture—not a chore. Your neighbors and friends will want copies of all the yummy dishes you will be cooking. Your cooking will be the talk of the town.

Here, too, are lunchbox hints for children and workers... new ways to use package mixes... canning instructions... rules for table setting and serving... with numerons tables and charts that you will find of tremendous value.

The price of this giant book, which is beautifully bound in washable fabricoid, is only $1.98—and we pay the postage. Order your copy of this unique cook book while supply lasts.

Mail This Coupon Today

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

Readers’ Service Bureau
TRUE STORY, Dept. WG-355
205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

Send me postpaid, a copy of the MAGIC COOK BOOK. I enclose $1.98.

Name.

Address.

City.

State.

P

Perfect Gift Book

Eating and drink are the greatest social lifts. The perfect gift is a perfect cook book. The Magic Cook Book is just that!

The Most Unusual

Cook Book Published!

Here—at last—is your dream cook book... the cook book that has everything... the cook book that tops them all!

There’s a story behind this cook book—and a fascinating story it is, too. The recipes in this book are all special prize recipes written by the owners of some of the most famous New York restaurants. These recipes were, too, but they were first tested in the dining rooms of actual homes throughout the country. These recipes are the time-tested favorites of True Story readers from coast to coast. These are their favorite recipes—the recipes handed down from mother to daughter—from revolutionary days right up to the present day.

The Magic Cook Book is your cook book. It contains the very best—the most unusual—and the most highly-prized recipes ever put into book form.

Here you’ll discover Mrs. Bailey’s Soda Biscuits that are the fluffiest and flakiest biscuits you ever tasted and just melt in your mouth. And for the main dish, you have just got to try Mrs. Lazaroff’s Veal Parmigiana—your men folk will just rave over it. Then, there is Mrs. Hooker’s Macaroni with Cheese! It’s the most delicious dish that just oozes with zest—the only trouble with it is that you will never make enough to satisfy your hungry little army! For Mrs. Lockhart’s special recipe for Pecan Pie. It’s the most heavenly dish to top off a meal—and you will be rated the Queen of Hearts for serving it—time after time after time.

Space here is too limited to tell you of the hundreds of special prize recipes this unique cook book contains. Each dish seems more exciting than the next. With this book to tell you, you needn’t be afraid to venture—not a chore. Your neighbors and friends will want copies of all the yummy dishes you will be cooking. Your cooking will be the talk of the town.

Here, too, are lunchbox hints for children and workers... new ways to use package mixes... canning instructions... rules for table setting and serving... with numerons tables and charts that you will find of tremendous value.

The price of this giant book, which is beautifully bound in washable fabricoid, is only $1.98—and we pay the postage. Order your copy of this unique cook book while supply lasts.

Mail This Coupon Today

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

Readers’ Service Bureau
TRUE STORY, Dept. WG-355
205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

Send me postpaid, a copy of the MAGIC COOK BOOK. I enclose $1.98.

Name.

Address.

City.

State.

P

Perfect Gift Book

Eating and drink are the greatest social lifts. The perfect gift is a perfect cook book. The Magic Cook Book is just that!

The Most Unusual

Cook Book Published!

Here—at last—is your dream cook book... the cook book that has everything... the cook book that tops them all!

There’s a story behind this cook book—and a fascinating story it is, too. The recipes in this book are all special prize recipes written by the owners of some of the most famous New York restaurants. These recipes were, too, but they were first tested in the dining rooms of actual homes throughout the country. These recipes are the time-tested favorites of True Story readers from coast to coast. These are their favorite recipes—the recipes handed down from mother to daughter—from revolutionary days right up to the present day.

The Magic Cook Book is your cook book. It contains the very best—the most unusual—and the most highly-prized recipes ever put into book form.

Here you’ll discover Mrs. Bailey’s Soda Biscuits that are the fluffiest and flakiest biscuits you ever tasted and just melt in your mouth. And for the main dish, you have just got to try Mrs. Lazaroff’s Veal Parmigiana—your men folk will just rave over it. Then, there is Mrs. Hooker’s Macaroni with Cheese! It’s the most delicious dish that just oozes with zest—the only trouble with it is that you will never make enough to satisfy your hungry little army! For Mrs. Lockhart’s special recipe for Pecan Pie. It’s the most heavenly dish to top off a meal—and you will be rated the Queen of Hearts for serving it—time after time after time.

Space here is too limited to tell you of the hundreds of special prize recipes this unique cook book contains. Each dish seems more exciting than the next. With this book to tell you, you needn’t be afraid to venture—not a chore. Your neighbors and friends will want copies of all the yummy dishes you will be cooking. Your cooking will be the talk of the town.

Here, too, are lunchbox hints for children and workers... new ways to use package mixes... canning instructions... rules for table setting and serving... with numerons tables and charts that you will find of tremendous value.

The price of this giant book, which is beautifully bound in washable fabricoid, is only $1.98—and we pay the postage. Order your copy of this unique cook book while supply lasts.
I want to change the whole routine to Evie's cooking in the kitchen and doing the dishes together, barbecues with the kids and nothing but the family and home sweet home. Evie's only complaint is that she's just getting her second wind and enjoying one routine when I want to switch.

Even without the routines, they could keep busy. Friday nights they show movies for the kids and their friends. Evie and Van are constantly planning trips. He's a closet cleaner-outer, and it would be impossible to clock their time schedule on trips to the dentists, dancing school, piano lessons and kids' club meetings. Also Evie and Van are going to take up golf. They've decided to leave tennis to the youngsters like Walter Pidgeon.

"But Evie is more than a wife, mother and companion," Van pointed out proudly. "She has a theatrical judgment that I respect deeply. She has become my conscience and role of faith in my career. It was in fifty-one that I knew that playing the boy-next-door had to end. I couldn't see any sunlight at the end of the tunnel. All I could see was Van Johnson, the grinning boy next door, carrying off the girl I used to love." I came my dilemma of indecision home with me and my wife stopped looking at me as a woman and started talking objectively. I was so bogged down in type casting that I was beginning to believe it myself. Evie knew me very well. She knew I had to prove something to myself, so she suggested I prove it.

"Partly from her confidence in me, a little faith in myself and a lot of faith in the Lord, I decided to accept a club date in Las Vegas. I had twelve days to get and learn material, work with the piano player, be fitted by the tailor, get my nerves to a white hot pitch and start having the same old nightmares. The first couple of days on any picture, I always go home exhausted and dream that I'm back in the chorus and can't remember the route and an emergency has to be made. Great cloud of faith? Did you ever decide to leave a comfortable niche you'd carved for yourself and change jobs and use tools you hadn't used in years?" Van asked wryly.

"I was scared stiff. It was Evie who talked back to my nerves for me. She calmed me down, bolstered my waning courage and practically held my flayed ego in her hand. Even after opening night and I was considered a success, I woke worrying and continued gnawing at my raw nerve ends until show time. Then my faithful friend, Marlene Dietrich, walked in while I was muttering. 'This isn't for..."
The gorgeous new TV-RADIO ANNUAL is now available to you. This exciting 1958 year book is better than ever! It covers all the Television and Radio events of the year. You'll enjoy the hundreds of new illustrations and you'll be simply thrilled to read the behind-the-scenes stories of all your favorite stars. Below is a brief description of this really important Annual:


GORGEOUS NEW COLOR PORTRAITS OF THE STARS — Featuring 5-color photographs of Liberace — Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz — Edisto Fisher — Gage Sturm. These full-page, true-to-life portraits are so unusual that you will want to frame each of them!

PLUS — Pictures and biographies from the most beloved daytime dramas on radio and TV.

ONLY 50C — WHILE THEY LAST

This terrific Annual is a sell-out each year. No wonder — everybody wants a copy and only a limited number are printed. Send 50c with coupon for your copy TODAY.

JUSt OUT! THE MOST EXCITING EVENT OF THE YEAR!

TV-RADIO MIRROR
Dept. W.G. 355
205 E. 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.

Send me postpaid, a copy of TV-RADIO MIRROR 1958. I enclose 50c.

Name: ____________________________

Address: __________________________

City: __________________ State: ______

DAVID L. McGEE, Pres.

THE GREATEST TV-RADIO ANNUAL is now available to you. This exciting 1958 year book is better than ever! It covers all the Television and Radio events of the year. You'll enjoy the hundreds of new illustrations and you'll be simply thrilled to read the behind-the-scenes stories of all your favorite stars. Below is a brief description of this really important Annual:


GORGEOUS NEW COLOR PORTRAITS OF THE STARS — Featuring 5-color photographs of Liberace — Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz — Edisto Fisher — Gage Sturm. These full-page, true-to-life portraits are so unusual that you will want to frame each of them!

PLUS — Pictures and biographies from the most beloved daytime dramas on radio and TV.

ONLY 50C — WHILE THEY LAST

This terrific Annual is a sell-out each year. No wonder — everybody wants a copy and only a limited number are printed. Send 50c with coupon for your copy TODAY.
Audrey Hepburn—the Girl, the Gamin and the Star

(Continued from page 61)

hosts were James and John Wolf of Romulus Films. At the latter’s request, the guests—Jack Dunfee of MCA talent agency and his young client, Audrey Hepburn. Audrey confessed to me later that she was speechless, especially over meeting Hum- mestreet Bogart, whom she had always admired. If anyone had told her then that two years later she would be his co-star in “Sabrina,” she would have retorted, “Don’t look now, but your crystal ball is working!”

Of course, the easiest thing in the world to say after anyone becomes famous is, “I always knew she had it in her.” In the case of Audrey, however, she leaped onto the bandwagon at once. I was immediately enchanted by her fresh, young beauty and natural charm and felt she had something extra that made her special. “I’d long wanted to go to the French Riviera, but never could afford it. Then this picture, ‘Monte Carlo Baby,’ paid for a plane only a small supporting role, but I never thought I’d even get that,” she said.

“The day the producer interviewed me was one of those days when everything was cooperating. I was not the one being stocked that didn’t have a run in it. The zipper got caught in my dress and when I finally arrived at my agent’s office, the whole interview lasted exactly minute ten to one. It was a real short-living affair.”

“I tried to comfort myself by telling mother that if I went to Monte Carlo for his small part, I might miss out on a bigger role in London. And anyway, some day I’d make sure that we both go to the Riviera on my expense account. Then suddenly the phone rang and I heard those four words that make the story of every world to every actress, “The job is yours!”

As we parted at Les Ambassadeurs that night and Audrey went home to pack for Monte Carlo, neither of us dreamed that her brief stay would become the start of a new chapter in her life, or one that would last for twenty years—twenty-second birthday. When Audrey arrived in New York in November, 1951, to open in “Gigi,” she fell as madly in love with our town as we did with her.

She enjoyed going to the dentist here,” she told me, “because when I look out the dentist’s window, I can see Central Park and it’s so breathtakingly lovely!”

We were having tea in her suite in a small residence hotel in the East Fifties. I was delighted to find that her overnight stay in “Gigi” and the overwhelming adulation that had come to her since her first meeting hadn’t changed her in the least. She had just been sought out by all the hostesses in town and pursued by El Morocco stag line. But Audrey, brought up by a Dutch mother in Warsaw, was untroubled by the use of learned discipline at a very early age. She refused to be distracted by social things.

In her work, she drove herself relentlessly. And although her natural reserve and top-quality taste suggested it, she accepted good grace the demands made upon her time for photographs and stories about herself in magazines and newspapers. She rightly saw it as part of any successful actress’ job.

She steadfastly refused, however, to break into her time for social engagements during the week. And her weekends were devoted to serious study of every love of her life. He was a Frenchman who was playing the lead. He was always crazed about her, too, and persuaded the producer to take her out of the chorus and allow her to share a number with the leading man.

This was the puppy love of two earnest young stars, with stars in their eyes—for the marquee of a theatre! It was beautiful while it lasted, and when it became “just one of those things,” it was “goodbye, dear, and amen.”

And when Audrey closes a chapter, it stays closed. She may look as fragile as a lady in a Fragonard painting, but she has an impenetrable Jim Hanson, unlike Audrey’s first love, was not of her theatre world. Hanson was a highly successful businessman, young, wealthy, socially prominent. As an attractive bachelor, he had all doors open to him. And one of those doors led him to Audrey Hepburn.

Audrey’s career is the all-absorbing passion. It was a shock. Yet, she seems to feel the need of “a man around the house.” Sometimes these interests are incompatible, as proved true with Audrey’s second love. Her engagement to James Hanson lasted a year and half for both of them. But the love grew dimmer and dimmer as Audrey’s career took her further and further away from him.

When I marry James, I want to give up acting altogether. I will just be a wife to him,” Audrey told me during one of our tea sessions. “I can’t do that now with the road tour of ‘Gigi’ ahead of me, and then the ‘Roman Holiday’ film on location in Italy.”

“James is being wonderfully understanding about it. He knows it would be impossible for me to give up my career completely. I just can’t. I’ve worked too long and too hard. And many people have helped me along the way, I don’t want to let them down.”

It was this growing knowledge that...
Audrey wasn’t ready to sacrifice her career to marriage that helped soften the blow of their broken engagement a few months later. Audrey and James have remained good friends. When Audrey became Mrs. Mel Ferrer in 1952, Audrey James was one of the few of Audrey’s exclusive circle to be invited to the private ceremony. He appreciated Audrey’s thoughtful gesture, but sent his regrets—an Englishman to the manner born.

Speaking of Mel Ferrer brings me to another flashback. The time is May 31, 1953, and the setting is again London—two days before the Coronation. Greg Peck, who had a charming duplex flat in Grosvenor Square, invited me to drop by for cocktails. When I arrived, I was delighted, but not the least surprised, to find two other charming—ah, wrong, anticharacters.

Audrey and Greg had developed a mutual admiration society during the filming of “Roman Holiday.” In fact, there were even veiled hints that their screen romance might continue after the cameras had stopped grinding. As for Mel, he and Greg had a common bond of interest. Both had for years shared a desire to bring legitimate theatre productions to the Coast—a dream that had become a reality at the La Jolla Playhouse every summer since 1947.

In the spring of 1953 Mel was filming “Knights of the Round Table” at Elstree, near London. Greg’s flat was “home” to Mel. And it was perfectly natural that through Greg, Mel met Audrey Hepburn for the first time.

But if any had told Greg then that with this introduction he brought together a future man and wife, he’d probably have said, “You’re off your rocker!” As a matter of fact, if I’d asked Audrey at the time if you want to marry a man twelve years older than yourself, twice divorced and the father of two growing boys?” she’d have been equally incredulous.

But I digress. We lunched together the day after Greg’s cocktail party. I didn’t ask her sixty-four-dollar question—not only because there was no hint of a budding romance, but also because Audrey is the kind of person who instinctively puts up the barriers between herself and anyone trying to pry too far into her personal affairs.

Invariably Audrey is all warmth and femininity—the kind of helpless, cuddly creature that appeals to the protective instinct in every man and woman. Yet, beneath that exterior, she has the imperturbable emotional reserve of an introverted, Phoenix girl and is intensified by the stolidness of her Dutch heritage. In her physical make-up, too, she embodies this dual personality. At home, sitting on the floor in beautifully tanned slacks, her feet are emblazoned by her shoes, with her feet curled up under her, she has a gamine tomboy quality. In public, at a first night or on the dance floor, she looks every inch the counterpart of the girl put up in “Roman Holiday.”

The key to her universal appeal is that she conforms to no set mold.

Audrey is not beautiful by the technical standards of perfect beauty, but can confess that she used to be so self-conscious about the unevenness of her front teeth that she would rarely smile. Yet, when she made “Roman Holiday” and Paramount decided to exploit the pair so that she would look like all the other Hollywood glamour girls, she politely refused. Nor did she let the make-up department pluck one little hair from her heavy brows. Her eyes, of course, are her most outstanding feature—they are hazel and deepen in color when she expresses emotion. Her figure does not have the feminine curves of a Monroe or Turn-er, but she is the envy of every woman who suffers from overweight. Yet, believe it or not, I have seen her resist the temptation to diet and guard against one in mistaken on her extraordinary size eight.

When—did I last say, Audrey’s hair was much longer. Then she cut it short in “Roman Holiday”—then shorter for “Ondine”—so that now, in the amusing distortion of her striking stature, I can say I have seen Mel Ferrer一笔一划地写成的 thousands of words with such a provocative, desirable creature? Mel has always been attracted to glamorous, successful women. As a matter of fact, his w Frances, whom he married when he was a struggling young artist, is the only woman whom Mel knew before he was a “Name.”

I can also easily understand why Audrey succumbed to Mel’s charm. Because Mel has that rare quality in an American man—he makes a woman feel like a woman. Perhaps it is his Puerto Rican heritage; but more than that, it is a quality which is fast dying out in our atomic age.

He also has another wonderful gift; he is a stimulating talker. On an evening spent with him shortly after the filming of “Mel and Audrey,” we discussed the theatre, pictures, travel and people. In the last bracket, there was talk—Audrey, her unaffected charm, her inn breeding and her inevitable Hollywood success once “Roman Holiday” was released. But even when Mel told me was taking Audrey to the theatre the next night, I didn’t attach any special importance to it. Because at that time the war was still in progress.

Although Audrey’s ambition was to be a stage actress, her theatrical experience had been limited to one West End revue. And since she had neither the time nor the opportunity to go to the theatre, she had not seen a single half-dozen plays in all her years. But she was so anxious to learn that—even when she was in the chorus of “Sauce Piquante” and doubling at Cir, afterward; she had daily lessons in dramatic art. Her coach was one of the finest character actors in the English theatre, Felix Aylmer.

In that summer of ’52, when Aud suddenly found herself for the first time with the leisure and the money to go to the theatre, she was avid to see everything. Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Li But not once did Mel’s name—Coward’s “Quadrille.” I knew that Audrey had never seen this magnificent team when Noel graciously sent me his home seats. I invited her to go with me. She wore a rose rather than a dress, and when I took her arm to the Lunts’ dressing room to meet she was like a wide-eyed child meeting Santa Claus for the first time. When Thea, the young actress who played “Roman Holidays” was flabbergasted that the great Lunt had even heard about her. She was a great acting star, and she has been even more duplicated if any had heard that the newlyweds had been a successful marriage in November 20, while she was in Hollywood co-starring with Humphrey Bogart in “brin,” she would send me the following wire: Darling Radio, now that the p is all capable and has all the news. It’s ‘Ondine,’ and guess who is going to direct me—Alfred Lunt! Needless to say, I am happy beyond words, especially being given the opportunity to work and learn from him. How wonderful! You introduced me to him in Lord! Much love, Audrey.”

No one ever came to Hollywood for first time under more fortuitous circumstances.
...traces as Audrey Hepburn. "Gigi" had caught her Broadway stardom. "Roman Holiday" now made the whole world hers. The shock of the world was success worshipped more than in Hollywood. Everyone from Adrienne corset wanted to meet her. The local and foreign newspaper—some of them—wanted exclusive interviews. Paramount spread out the red velvet carpet for their new queen.

Audrey felt a little odd. It was as though she stood on the threshold of a phony modesty. She was petrified by the blaze of public interest in which she suddenly found herself.

In London, she had lived with her parents in a walk-up flat, 1 Park Lane. In New York, she had lived alone in a small hotel suite. In both cities, she had led as normal a life as the schedule of any actress will permit. But in Hollywood, a word may be magnified into a quote—or a misquote. Would Hollywood change her? To devils her life with false or little authenticated stories? In London, she had liked her name being linked erroneously in a romance. Audrey knew she would need a protection in Hollywood for an item to this: "Can't wait to meet Audrey Hepburn and find out why her kisses with Greg Peck are for real!"

When she expressed some of these fears, I advised her to go see the head of the studio, Don Hartman, and talk to him about how she would like to be handled. And she would in complete agreement with her desire for the kind of publicity in keeping with her personality. Romantic innuendos and liars about her private affairs were definitely not the kind of publicity. Audrey took my advice and after her talk with Hartman, she wrote me:

"Darling Radie, I've just wanted to thank you again for being such a friend. I was touched by your consideration for me and I would like to tell you how much I appreciated it. It is indeed all very new to me and strange and every bit of advice you so helpfully gave. A year ago a line in a column about a rumor was enough to reduce me to tears, but I am learning fast and taking things in stride and above all keeping myself to myself. I hadn't even left the studio when we first had lunch one day. I'll never forget it, Radie. My love to you, Audrey."

But as soon as "Sabrina" went into production, Audrey's fear of Hollywood quick-disappeared, and she began to love her new life. After the fog and rain in London, she lapped up the California sunshine. She leased a charmingly furnished apartment, with a patio and swimming pool, which she shared with her secretary-companion, and she hated to leave it to go to the studio. And since she was now directing, Billy Wilder, and the whole company and crew were "Sabrina," she hated to leave the studio! When she came East to do the yachting sequence on "Sabrina," she had only one day off. On that day, she took me to lunch with her at "21." And her thinner, which was undesirable when she told me that she was on a diet after regular siren's shooting for private ballet and sing-scent lessons. But Hollywood's make-up department hadn't changed her one iota. Either had her success. She was still the same sweet, unspoiled girl who had enchanted me at our first meeting. I would have staked my life that she always would be.

Two months later, Audrey wrote me that she was coming to New York to start rehearsals for "On dine."

"Am looking for an apartment," her firm, familiar scrawl informed me. "Mother arrives the 17th of December for her visit to America. Imagine the excitement! I plan to spoil her as she's never been before! . . . I read your column faithfully, and you are so wonderful to root for me the way you do, always in the way which makes me happy. You will hear from me soon again. Lots of love, Audrey."

I wrote back that a friend of mine, with a lovely Park Avenue apartment, was leaving for Europe, and perhaps Audrey could take over her sublease. Back came Audrey's reply, "I think I will let you guide my domestic life, too. It will bring me the same good fortune as my career."

When Audrey arrived in New York this time, Mel Ferrer was with her.

He had seen "On dine" in Paris, and it didn't take long to persuade Audrey that she would be the perfect heroine to his "knight errant." With Audrey in the title role, any management would have grabbed this property. The Playwright Company were the lucky winners.

Audrey, in appreciation of Mel's "package deal," not only shared co-starring billing with him, but insisted on splitting her per cent of the gross with him! It was then that I began to realize, "If this isn't love, what is it?"

As the two of them plunged into rehearsals, they were inseparable, on-stage and off. Actually, it wasn't so difficult to understand the bond that brought them together. Aside from Audrey's wonderful physical beauty, and Mel's well-practised charm, they both have a relentless ambition for their careers. Only their motivations differ.

Audrey's is inspired purely from a creative urge to express herself with the God-given talents with which she is blessed. The knowledge that never again can she enjoy the privilege of anonymity, is a penalty she willingly pays for fame.

On the other hand, Mel wants to take advantage of every door leading to his success. The spotlight, publicity, fan worship, are welcome dividends that pay off at the boxoffice. He isn't satisfied with just acting. He wants to direct, write and produce, too.

His contagious enthusiasm and authoritative background knowledge found a soul mate in young Audrey, so anxious to absorb everything that would help her career. Remember, too, that both Mel and Audrey are cosmopolitans who are equally at home with the International Set abroad, as they are with their New York and Hollywood circles over here. Both of them speak several languages fluently, even though they soon discovered that "I love you" is the same in every language!

It wasn't long after rehearsals of "On dine" started that the Broadway grapevine stage-whispered that Mel wasn't so sure to be so quick with Alfred Lunt's direction. I remembered Clifton Webb once telling me, "I consider myself a veteran in the theatre, and yet, if I had the chance to be directed by Alfred Lunt, I wouldn't consider it a privilege." I couldn't believe that Mel didn't feel the same way. And knowing the respect Audrey had for Lunt's art, I felt that if there were any argument,
she would never uphold Mel against Alfred.

I called Mel directly to check on the rumor, and he said it wasn't true. I was happy to deny it for him, but very unhappy when I learned later he hadn't leveled with me.

I didn't see Audrey during this hectic time, and Mel would call from the theatre whenever she had a breather. However, I caught up with her mother, the Baroness Ella van Heemstra, for lunch at Sardi's.

The Baroness, from whom Audrey inherits her patrician beauty, kept me fascinated with stories of her earlier life, and Audrey's. It seems that the Baroness and her sister both wanted to study opera. But in those days in Holland, the stage was forbidden to girls of good family. So the two dutiful daughters married and gave up their career ideas. But the Baroness, who in her comment on the talented child she would do everything to encourage her. During the war years the Baroness, who had divorced Audrey's father, found herself and her eleven-year-old daughter trapped in occupied Holland. They lived in the family castle, but it might just as well have been a dungeon.

They had no light, food or heat. Even their bicycles were confiscated by the Germans. So that her husband, the Baroness' favorite uncle, was shot right before Audrey's very eyes. A harrowing experience for anyone, but to a sensitive little girl it was a nightmare she never forgot. That Audrey survived this terrifying loss of her childhood and grew up into such a happy, normal young girl is a tribute to the courage and love of her mother.

By one of the miracles of fate, a great Russian ballerina, who had married a Dutchman, was a nearby neighbor in Arnhem. And in those war years, whenever Audrey was able, she came from lack of audacity she studied ballet with this superb teacher.

"This was the only sunshine that lighted the clouds of those dark days!" the Baroness said to me. "Now to see my dreams for Audrey fulfilled, fulfilled to be! What hope is sunshine to my heart every day!"

The most distinguished ermine-and-white-tie gathering of the season flocked to the 46th Street Theatre the night "On My Own." Mel was there but all the other rose, my hands were clammy with nervousness for Audrey. My heart was heavy with the thought of the "Gigi" company in my flow of letters from London to surprise Audrey, even though he was no longer her fiancé. All three of us were sharing Audrey's first-night jitters. I was in the wings for her entrance.

When she had opened in "Gigi," as a young newcomer to Broadway, Audrey felt that if she got by with passably good notices, she would be Mlle. Aubrey. She got raves. "In "On My Own,"" as a highly publicized Hollywood star, Audrey knew she would have to win critical and public acclaim, or it would be a demoralizing setback to her career.

But Audrey, as usual, underrated her special magic. If she had been the film critics' No. 1 favorite after "Roman Holiday," she was now the drama critics' No. 1 favorite. The audience found her with the kind of glowing notices that every actress dreams of and few achieve. The audience cheered and braved, hoping that she would take one curtain call alone. But with every bow, Mel always came with her. Finally, when the house lights were on, and the audience still applauding madly for Audrey, Mel held up his hand and asked for encore. An acknowledgement to his lovely co-star, we all assumed. But we were wrong. Instead, we heard a flowery ex-

pression of thanks to Alfred Lunt. I, for one, was convinced, as professional auditors were well aware of the backstage differences between Ferrer and Lunt, this put recapitulation was received with slight raised eyebrows.

I preferred to like Mel in "Ondine." I didn't feel that he played his role with a bravura style of acting it demanded. There were others who shared my opinion, but because I didn't want to hurt my feelings in my Hollywood Reporter column, I merely wrote as a "knight errant," Mel Ferrer has been such an 'errant knight' and I give him a curtain call each time the last night audience couldn't get enough of him. For some inexplicable reason Mel never forgave me this criticism.

It was incomprehensible to me that I could make such an error. The only things I had written about the years and held this one criticism against me, although this has been known to happen in many a column career.

It was not, however, until four months later—a period when Audrey had avoided me—that she spoke of Mel's continued antagonism over lunch one day. She observed that it embarrassed him to think that I had betrayed my friendship with him in my column, and I might do the same to her. In other words, she wasn't going to talk to me any more. I could be a friend, too. I felt that I realized how unfair and unkind she had been to me in this purely hypothetic mind.

Audrey Ferrer's curtained call all the while gave me a slight momentary feeling of relief, but I was highly embarrassed.

Her New York visit was bogged down, I was told, with the next minute's shopping, so I'd told her dressing room before the evening was again. We chatted about old times, and Audrey mentioned how she hadn't come to London to give an acting performance. When she was in New York, when she was in London, she was in the Swiss Village of Bergenskog. I called them my best wishes, and I meant them sincerely. If Audrey has found the happiness she is seeking with Mel, that's fine. We love her for her work. What she has got to me is that Audrey's future plans? Audrey's recent romance, where they are both still moaning at this writing, made no men of them. It would seem her career was but a momentary affair in her career.

And sooner or later, there will be independent picture deal co-starring Mrs. Macmillan, the screen star, too. Future plans also include Hepburn-Ferrer "production" in the near future. Let's hope that all of these plans will work out. Let's hope, most of all, that the chapter closes, "And so they happily ever after!"
What's the Difference!

(Continued from page 51)

res around the house except washing cars.” She always does all household chores. "I really enjoy keeping house." She weighs 155 pounds and he weighs 155.

She was excellent in all subjects at school and at one time had planned to become a mathematics teacher. He always very few marks in French and mathematics.

She owns six hats, all pork pies, and dressing to step out in the evening. set is always the last to be ready. She isn't like Roquefort cheese except in dressings. He goes for all kinds of fats except Liederkranz and Limburger.

She has been to Las Vegas several times, has never played the slot machines, likes to go there for the shows, the imminence and the weather and "I like to win people."

Her extravagances are impulsive. "Any- ing I dig at the moment."

evel drinks hard liquor. They both think Italian haircuts attracti- "on some girls," and both set aside ings just for reading, "taking time to catch up on books."

She prefers city life to country, and in kind of disagreement between them, he feels "that both of us are entitled to own thoughts. If there is an impass e we can't mutually agree, then I should do in."

He has an aversion to short "droopy"


He never plays solitaire.

He has few illusions, collects records as hobby and his favorite stories are Jack and the Beanstalk and David and Goliah; stories of little guys up against big guys."

other one can remember the license number of their car.

They were married on June 1, 1951, in Greenwich, Connecticut. Her latest pic- is "My Sister Eileen," and she has a de- desire to someday see India, Malay, Burma.

He hates hand-painted neckties.

He likes crossword puzzles.

He cares little for concerts, is bothered with heights and gets very impatient in traffic—"at people who don't seem to know where they are going." He once ap- pealed to be a doctor.

He never wears glasses and hates to v: "I'm always afraid of cutting my eye.

He wears glasses for reading and she is at sad movies. Tony says, "They ain't even have to be sad. She's the only 1 know that can cry at a Disney car-"

He does not particularly care for pets: "don't think I dig any animal."

He sells anything he undertakes, but sets a very hard effort to finish car. Says he watches "everything she says and he never loses a hat.

He has difficulty remembering names, no faith in fortune tellers or astrolog- ers and wears a charm bracelet that contains a Star of David and a variety of saints. Tony owns a bunch of lighters, but never carries one.

He dislikes flowers worn on the person and gave up smoking a pipe because "it was too much trouble." She is overly fond of peaches.

She never eats avocados, Brussels sprouts or cocoanut. He likes to play gin rummy and he refuses to improve his horseman- ship in order to discourage the studio from putting him in Westerns.

She drinks milk "only because it's good for me" and usually wears a housecoat around the house. Tony is addicted to wrap-arounds or East Indian pants for home comfort.

Janet has a natural knack for tennis and hopes to be a good player someday. She is very orderly, wishes she knew how to paint and prefers Scotch and water on the rare occasions when she takes a drink.

Tony reads a lot of science-fiction maga- zines in which she has no interest. Neither seems much for television. "We just don't like to waste time. Unless there's some- thing special that we want to see, we leave it."

She wishes she could speak French well. They haven't got a swimming pool, but will have one in the new house. She is an extreme perfectionist and never seems to meet the standards she sets for herself, and if she has had "a marvelous day" she tries very hard to duplicate it the fol- lowing day.

He is not an easy touch "because I don't carry any money."

Tony believes that the greatest asset in a wife "is that security that prevents her from being influenced or affected by what the Joneses have." She has a weakness for candy and desserts at night. She has great patience and tolerance, but on occasion can break out with a flash of genuine temper.

She lacks any talent or feeling for any kind of needlework. She is inordinately fond of grilled hot dogs of what she calls "goop," which is all manner of stuff- ing. She wears toreador pants of black denim, especially tailored for her.

He knows she forgets anything in which he is not interested. He has to labor to memorize dialogue, calls his parents by their first names and recalls New York's Central Park with deep nostalgia: "It means so much to me in my boyhood."

She drinks nothing that is carbonated. "Once in a great while, maybe a little champagne."

He likes his shirts when "they have been cleaned so often that they're limp and fit well."

Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis seldom go to night clubs, never feel dependent on outside diversions to keep them from laps- ing into boredom and, although they en- joy having people around, they make it a point to spend certain evenings alone.

The End

Discourage those Blackheads!

Just don't let small blackheads de-glamorize your skin! Now—use this special greaseless treatment for clearing away these blackheads. It's recommended by leading skin specialists. It's quick. It's effective.

Every night and morning, after you wash your face—gently rub snowy-cool Pond's Vanishing Cream over your face. Then—leave on a deep coat of the cream for one minute. The "keratolytic" action of this greaseless cream dissolves off oily skin flakes that clog pores and encourage blackheads. Wipe cream off, and rinse face with cold water. Hundreds of girls have tried this wonder-working treatment with Pond's Vanishing Cream. They say "your skin looks fresher, brighter, clearer—right away!"

FREE CATALOG

In all the world no catalog is so glamorous and exciting! See page after page of latest Apparel for mother, children, and dad... new, dramatic style ideas in high quality apparel at astonishing low prices. Money-Back Guar- antee. Over $5 million thrifty women acclaim South Carolina Mills for newest styles, biggest savings. Catalog Free for asking! Just send name, address on coupon below to:

PAST ON POSTCARD & MAIL

FREE CATALOG

SAVE ON STYLE APPAREL

SOUTH CAROLINA MILLS, Dept. 281, Spartanburg, S. C.

P.O. BOX 2133, Spartanburg, S. C.

Please rush FREE and postpaid, new Spring 1956 Catalog.

NAME: .................................................. .................................

ADDRESS: .................................................. .................................

CITY: .................................................. STATE: .................................

WATCH OUT FOR THE APRIL ISSUE OF PHOTOPLAY

when Terry Moore tells how you, too, can have a glamour-girl figure in

IT'S FUN TO BE THIN

ON SALES DATE—MARCH 8TH
Memo to my Husband

(Continued from page 57)

think: He's really nine-going-on-ten, you know, he doesn't feel me for one single minute.

You reminded me of a wasteful little six-foot-tall-waif who, having been adopted by rich and doting parents, couldn't believe that it was not all a dream from which he would awaken.

You are where you would awaken from the dream you were dreaming in Hollywood. Almost from the time we first came to Hollywood, in 1943, we lived on a month-to-month basis in this pleasant, white brick house, halfway from Hills, which we now own. And not until Dena began to grow up would you buy the place.

Now we're transients in Hollywood," you'd say, "why buy? We belong in New York. Any day now we'll be off and away..."

You didn't believe in yourself—or in your Star. You most certainly did not believe your own words, let alone those of our friends. You didn't think people liked you. You never dreamed they could love you. It was not until you began to realize they did that the tune started.

It began to come, I believe, after the astounding personal success you had, seven years ago, in London.

It certainly astounded you. A few months before you went to London, in which included an engagement at London's Dorchester Hotel, you excited little attention. Characteristically, you expected more of the same success you were shedding for your acting. And so it was, as the greatest welcome of your career. Remember, we'd come out of the theatre, or a restaurant, any hour of the day or night and not a breath would Randy whisper to you. It was the silent course (The Pied Piper of Hamelin would be a natural for you); but also with substantial looking citizens of both sexes and all ages and all of them calling, "God bless you, Danny!" And when it became known we were soon to leave London, they'd yell, "Take care of him, Sylvania!" as we drove away, echoes of, "Come back soon, Danny, come back, come back!" followed us to the States.

And remember that time in Glasgow, Scotland, when, on the night of your last performance crowds followed you from the theatre, asking you, "Will ye Nae Coirm Back Again?" a song written in the time of Bonnie Prince Charlie and seldom sung, unless with meaning and emotion, by the Scots.

I know you will never forget that little old lady in the audience at the Palace Theatre in New York when you were headlining there a couple of years ago. When she had to go to the bathroom, she only did so if to a next-door neighbour in whose parlor she was visiting: "You'll have to excuse me, Danny—I've been, but now I've got to go home."

I'm equally next-door-neighbour voice you asked, "What's the matter, have you got a pot roast on the stove?"

"Yes. And the potato pancakes to be meddled with.

This touched off a discussion between you, the little old lady and others in the audience about how potato pancakes are made with favorite recipes swapped both sides.

Because you love your audiences so, it takes you less than fifteen minutes on any stage, anywhere in the world to make them feel they're in your living room or you in theirs. You're folks together, you and your audiences. The things you tell them are not from a file of jokes or from a script, but are off the top of your red-blond head or from within your heart. It's because of this, I believe, that wherever you go the same homely love of Danny, the man, as well as Kaye, the performer is evident. It's because you love the sound and rhythm of foreign languages and can double-tke the performance (although you don't understand a word) that you can make audiences in Afghanistan or Akron, Ohio feel equally at home with you. Just last summer, in Johannesburg, South Africa, you were doing a vaudeville engagement which also combined work on your film, "Knock on Wood," a mob 12,000 people stood outside your hotel for a week. We want Danny! We want Danny!" And when you made the speeches from the balcony of the hotel there would be the crowd dispersing.

With all these demonstrations of affection we feel at home abroad, why did you take so long realize that the audiences you love you love? I always felt that the time took you to reach the top had something about that.
surprising to see you there beside her, safe and sound. According to your report she watched the screen very solemnly until the dead bodies fell out of the closet whereupon she reared with delight. The chase sequence, your presence notwithstanding, she did not like.

'It's all right' she told you, her hand in yours, 'if it's not your father.'

You understood.

"White Christmas," without reservation, she loves. When you sing alone, or with Bing or the girls she sits enchanted. When you arrive to see him these intimate dance routines created for you by Robert Alton (remind me to tell you that they establish you as a great dancer) her eyes, her whole face lights up like a Christmas tree!

Dena's love of you is, happily, mutual. You're crazy about Dena ('This is news?') I can hear you say), real crazy. You spend all the time you have to spend with her. You're kind to her, sing together, take her to the ponies. When not too late, you always eat dinner with us. So you go around the golf links with you. The two of you often drive to Palm Springs together, just for the day (too rough on me), golf, have lunch, golf and home again. You both love the sun, too, bask and bathe in it.

You're as normal as it's possible for any man—who has only an actor—to be. The only quality which have is in preserving your good health. Considering the fact that you're six feet tall, weigh 160 pounds, have chest and arm muscles like oak and legs of steel cable, this can be amusing. To you, however, it didn't matter—Since you don't drink very much—a cocktail before dinner and, when you're working, not that. You have remarkable self-discipline anyway. If you decided a certain food is wrong for you to eat you continued eating with hunger before you'd touch it.

You have really marvellous hands. And your vision. You can see through things. You're so great I wanted to be a doctor and to this day will do anything you're doing to watch a difficult job of surgery. You've watched so many, I've no doubt you could do one yourself.

You have a profound respect for skill and talent in any field. One of your closest friends is Leo Durocher. Remember me and Leo toured Army camps in the South. Leo had baseball stories, you performed. Then the two of you finished up by doing an old-time vaudeville act in straw hats and blazers. You listen now, eyes popping, to Leo telling baseball stories. When his Giants played the last first game you saw East, of course, to watch with the teams (Leo) not even Dusty Rhodes and Willie Mays acted happier than you.

There is something of the hero-worshiper in you and hero-worshippers always suffer in their own esteem, I've found, by comparison with their heroes.

For this, and for the other reasons I've given, it was difficult for you, literally, The Kid from Brooklyn, to believe in your own Star. Now at last, thanks to the love of the fans who are your friends, you do humbly believe.

"With success, some people swell," it's been said, "others grow."

You grow. And never so noticeably as in this past year. So many exciting and important things happened to you in "White Christmas," you achieve new stature as a singer, as a great dancer and, as you charm and gag your way through ten stunning reels, as an all-round showman. A new adventure in showmanship, too, for you to co-star with that other great singing showman, Bing!

Prior to "White Christmas," you became an instant phenomenon the first time with "Knock on Wood," which you released...
at Paramount, for your own company Dena Productions. A new adventure, too, in courageous performances.

Last winter you conducted the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra which started as a gimmick but, because you are a true musician, with a nose—an ear for music, it ended the season. So you are the envy of conductors because you have a naturally strong beat. The bottom of the best is strong. (Your reading of "The Nutcracker Suite" is the finest and funniest anyone’s heard!) You’re mad for music, anyway, and when Conductor Eugene Ormandy asked you to go on tour with his orchestra, that was temptation!

"To have one hundred musicians play music," you said, starry-eyed, "the way you want to hear it." And in Philadelphia last year you made an unprepared speech on juvenile delinquency which was later reprinted, in full, in one of Philadelphia's leading papers.

Now that you have confidence in yourself, without the cap and bells, you are a very effective speaker.

Last summer you started on a tour around the world. You were gone for more than a year. A-203, and, I had to get a replacement for me to have you gone so long, but your horizons, I consoled myself, were widening...

You started your course in England where you attended the charity premiere of "Knock on Wood." Then you traveled to South Africa where you played theater dates in Capetown, Johannesburg, Durban, and Pretoria. In South Africa you made engagements (which touched off the world’s demonstrations in the memory of police officials) who began your tour for the United Nations in India where you were conductor of the Indian National Youth Orchestra for Prime Minister Nehru and Madame Pandit.

For this trip, which was made under auspices of the United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund, you were officially appointed Ambassador Large for the United Nations with full diplomatic status. The purpose of the trip was to make color film showing the activities of UNICEF medical and nutritional centers in India, Bangkok, Thailand, Indonesia, Pakistan and China and Japan. Since it's inept UNICEF has been instrumental in curing many children of diseases as Yersinia, which killed one million children each year in the Middle East. UNICEF also provides milk and warm lunches for children. And you can care about this. About children. About ill and the poor. Especially about poor underprivileged children.

One of the signs of growth is when you reach back and remember experiences. You reaching out, and up...

The final stop on your tour was Honolulu where Dena and I met you and flew home, the three of us together.

As of now, you've started work in a new Paramount picture, "The Court Jester", which is the eleventh picture you've made in the years we've lived together in the movie world. As you have been able to fit you like the clothes you wear so well.

For there is in you something of the personal touch of musical Jester who will never quite let his cap and bells, be a place at Court.

In you, too, is something of the stroll troubadour—so that you will always feel a transient, a "temporary resident", you are really uncluttered about anything. But we hear no more about bubble-bursting, nor any obvious reference to our immediate world and your particular state of "passing away." And sincerely doubt that you will.
When Guy left, I called my roommate's mother and asked for some badly needed instructions. Then I went to work. And how I worked!

At dinnertime, Guy returned. "How're things going?" he wanted to know.

"I seem to learn something every day," I said, because I felt I had prepared him for the results of my afternoon in the kitchen.

"Like what?" he began to grin.

"I learned how to roast a leg of lamb," I confessed feebly.

Guy carved the meat and served it. It seemed like a year went by till he tasted it. I waited. Then Guy said, "It's different." took a few more bites and added, "It certainly is."

And it was. My instructions had included cloves. I didn't know my roommate's mother had meant garlic cloves. I simply added spice and roasted away—and lived to wish that I'd also put my head in the oven! But when I looked up from my plate, I saw that Guy was laughing. "You need a little more training," he said. But you'll learn." So I couldn't cook a leg of lamb. What? Guy thought I could learn! And life was beautiful again. Since then, I've learned so many things from Guy. I've learned so many things about him. I'm told that he has greatly matured since he first came to Hollywood. But, as for other changes, I can only speculate. I think it would be so easy to change and not even realize it here," he said. "To lose what you started out with and to forget what you meant to be. That's not for me."

I didn't pack my bags if success ever interfered with his ideals, here was a man who would simply pack up and leave his success behind him. Correction, please, we would pack up and leave. I learned that his career is a job to him. One that he wants to do well. But there are other considerations. Guy believes that actors and actresses can give something to people through pictures. "Acting," he has said, "gives you the ability and the chance, you should enlarge upon it, develop it," he says. And he works at his job accordingly.

We talked much after that first dinner, about movies, about our early lives, our families, about little things we had in common.

I told Guy about my life in Ireland. Although I was born in New York, our family returned to Ireland when I was a year old to live on our farm. My mother died just before the war. During the war, my father, who had been in the racing business, found it necessary to give away his horses at that time. We couldn't afford to keep them or feed them. We all worked on the farm, my sisters, Patty, Maureen, Dolores and Joan, brother Timmy and I. There was work to be done and we sold our extra crops.

After the war, we climbed aboard the first New York-bound boat that came along. My brother and I didn't want to leave and, before our departure, we decided to run away. We ran into the town of Cork. My father alerted the police and there was a frantic search. They found us in the market late one night.

"I'm glad they found you," said Guy. And I had never been so glad.

I learned that Guy, too, had once been uprooted from his home and had come to know the feeling of loss and insecurity. He was eight at the time. One day he came home from school and heard his mother talking to someone in the living room. The man was a doctor. "The report from the last examination shows that your son is decidedly underweight," he was saying.

"But he eats well," said his mother. "Plenty of meat and vegetables. He drinks..."
Dancing every night in the Palm Terrace. . . . meeting place of the stars...

BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL
Hernando Court, President
BEVERLY HILLS - CALIFORNIA

HAVE YOU HEARD
how easy it is to earn extra cash in your spare time selling magazine subscriptions! FREE information: PHOTOPLAY, 205 E. 42 St., N. Y. 17, N. Y. There is no obligation!

HOW TO MAKE MONEY with Simple CARTOONS
A book everyone who likes to draw should have. It is not an art book. Simply address CARTOONISTS' EXCHANGE Dept. 593 Pleasant Hill, Ohio

100 DIFFERENT WAYS TO MAKE EXTRA MONEY
Self lifeline "Action" Greeting Cards
 Make $5.00, $10.00, $20.00 a month. Get Well cards, Baby Congratulations, Greeting, Memorial, Marriage, All Occasions. Send for approved FREE samples. NO. 189

New Vague Name Stash Book
 Free 5 FREE Samples. No. 229

Napkin Fancier
 FREE Samples. No. 271

MAKEUP ARTISTS of the MOTION PICTURE STUDIOS
Now offer you BEAUTY Send your photo, stating size of hair, ears, and complexion. Photo will be returned with Artist's PERSONALIZED CHART, showing the personal shades, colors and types of make-up they would use to prepare you as a STARRLET, or for any occasion when you would look your best. Send photo and $1.00 to "YOUR BEAUTY," 2150 HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. Dept. P-35

FREE ENLARGEMENT of your Favorite Photo
From FAMOUS HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS Just to get acquainted, we will make you a beautiful studio quality 5 x 7 enlargement of any snapshot, photo or negative. Be sure to specify coloring, size, and style, and get our Bargain Offer for having your enlargement beautifully hand-colored in oil and mounted in a handsome frame. Limit 2 to a customer. Please enclose 10c to cover cost of handling and mailing each enlargement. Original returned. We will pay 10c.00 for children's or adults pictures used in our advertising. Act NOW!
HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS, Dept. F-8 7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood 36, Calif.

...a lot of milk, perhaps not as much as the others."

Guy stood in the hallway and listened as the man went on. "I'd recommend a year of controlled diet," he said. "There's a place in the hills, we call it a health sanatorium. It might do him a world of good."

"If it's a matter of his son's health, he'll go, of course," his mother said quietly.

It was Guy's first time away from his family. And first, he was old enough to appreciate what he knew was his security had been taken away from him and he was alone. During the next few weeks, he cried himself to sleep each night. But, after a while, he realized it was for the best. He learned the value of good health and an outdoor life. And when he returned home, he continued to build his health.

He'd been taught at Sanatorium and had come to love the water. And, once home, he began camping out, going hunting. Sometimes he'd take his brothers along. Like me, he comes from a large family.

Although Guy wasn't the oldest, he kept the others in tow. For one thing, he told me, he didn't let them smoke. Once he caught his brother Wayne smoking at a footpath and gave him over his knee and spanked him.

Spending money was sometimes scarce for the Moseleys. When Guy was thirteen, he worked in the orchards near Bakersfield for seventy-five cents a day to buy school clothes and hunting equipment. At nineteen, he became a telephone lineman and was saving his money to buy a house and become a father of a blackman.

This was the Guy who entered the Navy and soon afterwards was discovered by Hollywood. "I was pretty well sturdy by the thought of an acting career," he told me. "And for the social life, I was really confused.

"Where I came from, if you met a girl at a party and liked her, you could just call her up the next week and ask her to go to the movies and become a flaneur.

I found that the girls just thought you wanted to be seen with them to get your name in the papers or else they wanted to be taken to expensive clubs to get their names in the papers," he grinned.

I began hoping that he knew he could call and ask me to go to a movie just any old time. But still it was simply a date. Although he and Gail had been separated for a long time and had both agreed that a divorce was best, final arrangements had not been made. When the divorce was scheduled, Gail didn't feel up to going through with it and asked Guy to cross file to obtain it. And, typically Guy, he thought it was best not to become involved with one person until the other matters had been settled. When I found out this, I loved him even more.

Our first real date was like my very first date. I had the strangest feeling. I opened the door and there stood Guy. It was the first time I'd seen him in a dark suit and tie. And again, he'd brought flowers.

We drove to the Holiday House at Malibu for dinner. After that night, we began dating steadily. We'd go to the beach and sometimes we'd fish. I'd fished before, but I'd never caught anything until a halibut came along one afternoon. I nearly fell out of my boat, and was so excited that my Irish accent came back. "Will it be splashing about in the boat?" I asked him.

"It better be," he said and laughed.

And now, wherever we go fishing, he mimics me. "They're at it," he'll say when he feels a tug at his line. "Sure'n't they'll be splashin' about soon."

Guy took me for a drive to a hilltop on Outpost Road—a place where you can look down and see all Hollywood. "This is where I'm going to build my home," he said. He seemed to be watching closely for my reaction. "Why do you think of it?" he asked.

"I'm in heaven and someone asks you of it and what do you say? Just that."

Our house will be in a rambling ranch style—Early American. There'll be a large family room, dining room and gigantic kitchen. The latter is especially for my benefit. "You're in charge of the department," Guy told me. "And I've heard that the Irish like to keep every thing clean."

We'll have a glassed-in breakfast room so that we can breakfast with an view to two bedrooms. And there's space for ad lib rooms as our family increases. We think about additions will do nicely and we're wanting a family soon.

"I'll bet the first thing done on pap for the house was a gun rack for the living room. Guys like that kind of thing, you know," he said.

"And I'll bet you're right," I told him. Furthermore, she was.

Rory and Lita are two of Guy's best friends. It seems foolish now, but I think they got to know each other first met through Guy. "Will they like me?" I kept wondering. But they were so nice it was as if I knew them all my life.

We were having dinner at their house one evening and I received a surprise. I'd told Guy about a dog I'd when I was a child. I'd just mentioned in passing. Before we sat down to eat, glancing around, "Like him?" asked Lita.

"How could I help it?" said I.

"He's yours," said Lita.

"Mine?"

"A gift from Guy," she replied.

I looked around for Guy, but he had disappeared. He was challenged.

Our first dinner with the Calhouns proved to be my first encounter with other guests. They had a target in a backyard tree. After the meal, we outside for some practice. I'm not sure how I did it, the luck of the Irish, I thin but I managed to hit the target every time.

"Good girl," said Guy and I felt as somebody had handed me a million dollars.

We were driving to the beach one even ning and I noticed that Guy was unusually quiet. It was because he was tired and I didn't much either. Finally he said somewhat, "Do you think you could put up with? for the rest of your life? he asked.

It had been amore again along the be road but suddenly the stars seemed come out. "I think so," I told him quiet.

When Guy's divorce was granted, date to get married. Guy was scheduled for a location trip a afterward he planned a hunting expen tion. And after that, there was another a trip to be made. "Doesn't seem to be seeing much of each other he told me.

"No," I said, "it doesn't do."

And, as the saying goes, so were we. The other day I had a friend; his press agentry, who was with us t night we met. "Know what Guy said me next day after you two met?" he ask me. "He said he thought that you two were going to marry someday you have him."

As for the career, mine, it's all over believe Guy knew it would be.

Mr. M. is of the opinion that one car in the family. It's a very good one and who the walks through that doorway say "Hey, Mrs. Madison," you can bet I'll be there. Under the circumstances, what in her right mind would want to Bernhardt? THE END
HOLLYWOOD FASHION OF THE MONTH
ANNOUNCES A
Star Stand-in Contest

Do You Look Like Pat Crowley?

Enter our look-alike contest and win the
fabulous makings of a new Easter suit.
The first five contestants most resembling
Pat Crowley, in face or figure, will re-
ceive as prizes this Advance Pattern
suit and free yardage of the lovely
Duchess fabrics Pat selected for her suit.
Send your photograph, a snapshot will do,
with your dress size, name and address
to Duchess Contest, 161 East 37th Street,
N. Y. 16, N. Y. Deadline March 5, 1955.
Winners to be announced in June issue.

For Easter and many more spring
Sundays, this suit makes exciting fashion
news. It highlights a back-zipped,
turtleneck, sleeveless bouffant dress, with easy-
to-work princess lines that whittle your
waist down to whistle-bait size. The brief,
scalloped contrast jacket can play
many different wardrobe roles. Pat has
selected a perfect blend of striking
fabrics. The dress is Duchess Fabrics’
lovely navy and white slub checked
46” acetate faille. About $2.50 a yd. With
it, Duchess’ Junior Knitdu, a snowy-
white soft rayon boucle. About $2.75 a
yd. Suit is Advance Pattern No. 6616.
Sizes 12-18, 30c. Size 18 requires about
6 yds. of the faille, 1½ yds. of the boucle.

Pat Crowley is starring in NBC.
TV’s new comedy, “My Man Stan”

EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Tonight — When you
need a laxative — Take You’ll enjoy the closest
chocolated Ex-Lax, America’s best-tasting laxative. It won’t
You’ll soon feel like disturb your sleep.

NEXT DAY— Ex-Lax continues to help you toward
your normal regularity. You hardly ever have to
take Ex-Lax again the next night!

Buy the New 65c. — Save As Much As 37c.
Also available in 30c. and 12c. sizes

EXPRESS! WHICH IS

IT’S EASY, IT’S NICE,
IT’S EX-LAX.

EX-LAX
IT GETS YOU ON THE
THICK SIDE FAST

Mail order from our 24-hour Drug expert
in most drug stores.

Enter our look-alike contest and win the
glamorous makings of a new Easter suit.
The first five contestants most resembling
Pat Crowley, in face or figure, will re-
ceive as prizes this Advance Pattern
Fashion and free yardage of the lovely
Duchess fabrics Pat selected for her suit.
Send your photograph, a snapshot will do,
with your dress size, name and address
to Duchess Contest, 161 East 37th Street,
N. Y. 16, N. Y. Deadline March 5, 1955.
Winners to be announced in June issue.

For Easter and many more spring
Sundays, this suit makes exciting fashion
news. It highlights a back-zipped,
turtleneck, sleeveless bouffant dress, with easy-
to-work princess lines that whittle your
waist down to whistle-bait size. The brief,
scalloped contrast jacket can play
many different wardrobe roles. Pat has
selected a perfect blend of striking
fabrics. The dress is Duchess Fabrics’
lovely navy and white slub checked
46” acetate faille. About $2.50 a yd. With
it, Duchess’ Junior Knitdu, a snowy-
white soft rayon boucle. About $2.75 a
yd. Suit is Advance Pattern No. 6616.
Sizes 12-18, 30c. Size 14 requires about
6 yds. of the faille, 1½ yds. of the boucle.

Pat Crowley is starring in NBC.
TV’s new comedy, “My Man Stan”

ADVANCE PATTERN CO., INC.
P.O. BOX NO. 21, MURRAY HILL STATION
NEW YORK 16, NEW YORK

Please send me Pattern #6616, as
seen in Photoplay, in size ..................
Enclosed is 50¢ in cash.

Name
Address
City Zone State
Hi, Debbie, I'm Talking about You

(Continued from page 36) generally, like whom she went to a party with a week ago. Until a short time ago, I couldn't tell you who Debbie kissed in high school, if she kissed anyone at all, or if she'll get married next month. Some things, she feels, concern only herself and what she wants to do; everything else is something to be told, she does it at the proper time and in the proper way.

Debbie changed in one respect though. Her taste in men is different. In school, nothing seemed to matter to her except that the guy be a good athlete. Little impressed was she by anything else. If he was a really keen fellow and not good at any sports, you had something to go on in your life that before long he'd either joined her baseball team or learned to skate.

Today, Debbie pays more attention to a person's sincerity, straightforwardness, to his personality and his background than to his physical prowess. Although I'll venture to say that if Eddie doesn't share now some of the sports Debbie's interested in, he will.

There's little doubt in my mind that Debbie will make a wonderful wife. She's intelligent, easy to get along with, always tries to please and, what's more, she's always enthusiastic—even about keeping house, shopping, and other domestic chores.

When we were Girl Scouts, Debbie was the one who always wanted to cook. With sticks or by rubbing two stones together, she always managed to keep the fire burning and whip up a concoction of canned foods that was all her own. In fact, even today, Debbie gets a charge out of planning the food for a party—toasted cheeseburgers with Reynolds inlaid, Mexican tacos dinners served at the pool.

I really don't see any reason why Debbie won't be able to continue her career when she and Eddie marry and at the same time run a household and share Eddie's interest too. I know that Debbie's aware that she and Eddie face the problem of commuting between here and New York, of adjusting to a new kind of life. So far the thought of making any specific plans on how to solve these problems. "We'll work them out as they come up," she told me. And I'm sure she's perfectly capable of doing so. She has a lot more intelligence and capability for work, for getting things done.

However, Eddie will have to put up with the "unexcused" because in this respect, Debbie hasn't changed a bit.

I'll relate the morning after her last Halloween party. I couldn't make it because I was at school at Redlands at the time, so I told Debbie I'd come over the next morning. It was about nine white daylight, and when I got there, Debbie yelled from somewhere within the house. "The door's unlocked."

I opened it, took one step across the threshold and froze in my tracks. Staring at me from a corner of the living room was an eight-foot gorilla. I let out one shriek, turned around and made my way out the door. Debbie came running down and she glanced at me, and I happened. "Oh, you've met Oliver," she said. "He's just stuffed." It seems Oliver came from the studio to decorate the Reynolds' place for the party.

But that was not the end, either. In the neighborhood was a case of thirty seconds later when I went to push a book aside that was on the sofa so I could sit down. "Don't touch..." Debbie began to say, but it was too late. I was up in the air in less than one mile of Deb-
in, and his movements seemed to work into a slight, hair-raising excitement. Debbie could see the music move through his body, his eyes brighten, life return to his face. The day after she returned, Debbie bought a dozen Billy Daniels records which she played nonstop.

Such incidents have always made an impression on Debbie. She is very sensitive to other people's problems, although this is not always apparent under her constant laughter, bantering and joking.

It's easy to go to Debbie with your problems, as I have found out many times. Yet she herself will seldom share hers be-cause she feels it's unworthy to burden anyone else. If she has a problem, she solves it herself.

Not long ago I was visiting at her home. That evening Debbie came back from the studio a little more than usually. Obviously something was bothering her because she was unusually quiet when she came in and stopped just long enough to say hello to her mother and me and then made her way to her room and stayed there by herself almost half an hour. When she joined us again, she was her usual, cheerful self. We never found out what had bothered her.

It's amazing how well Debbie can control her emotions. Even when she's irritated, which doesn't happen often, only those close to her can tell—usually by her manner, not by questions or by a slight lack of patience. In which case, it's best to leave her alone.

Since I first met Debbie, I've only seen her cry once, and it was hardly an occasion for concern.

Last summer, Debbie and I went to New York together for five days, during which time we saw as much as we could jam into our schedule without surgery. The last day, we went to Coney Island to try out every ride in the amusement park, including the turning barrels. I had a little trouble getting into the barrel, but after being whirled around a few times, I realized I couldn't get out. Finally, two attendants had to be summoned and they came and physically carried me out. Debbie laughed so hard, she was crying!

If there's one thing that no one can do when a true friend is absent, it is to count on her when you need her without having to depend upon seeing her all the time.

In high school, Debbie and I were always together. But shortly after she went into the movies, I moved to Redlands for four years to study for my teaching degree. Till I graduated last May, I saw Debbie only during vacation. For over an hour we stayed as close as ever.

Whenever we got together, we'd just pick up where we left off. Our friendship doesn't have to rely on small talk or people we used to know. A few weeks ago, Debbie visited us at my parent's summer home in Balboa and for twenty-four hours we never left the house. We spent our time talking, reading, watching television and drinking. After dinner, we'd look out through the big glass windows onto the beach and ocean below.

I must admit part of the talk was about the past. While we were still in school and Debbie's enthusiasm got alarmingly noisy during a New Year's Eve "slumber party" at her house. A few seconds before midnight, Debbie decided to "run" the bandstand and invited us all to come in. We were welcome in the New Year. With overcoats hastily thrown over our pajamas and loaded down with pots and pans we headed for the nearby intersection with the Knowing where Debbie was, we made a beeline for the party. It was easy. But one thing's for sure. I'd always end the same way. Like Eddie I, I too think "Debbie's the greatest."
For fuller reviews, see PHOTOPLAY for months indicated. For this month's full reviews, see page 20.

AIDA—F.E., Ferranicol: Satisfying version of Verdi's opera about the love of a captive Ethiopian princess and an Egyptian general. Handsome players do the acting; voices of opera stars are neatly dubbed in. (F) February

ATHENA—M.G.M, Eastman Color: Bright, fresh musical. Edmund Purdom loves Jane Powell in spite of her eccentric family, including Debbie Reynolds, who loves Vic Damone. (F) February


BENGAL BRIGADE—U.I, Technicolor: As a dashing British officer, Rock Hudson opposes a rebellion in India of the last century, is loved by aristocrat Arlene Dahl and by a native (Ursula Thiess). Oriental-style Western. (F) December


BLACK WIDOW—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Glittery whodunit about New York cafe society. Van Heflin, Ginger Rogers are involved in a young girl's murder. (A) January

CARMEN JONES—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Brilliant, unusual musical, set in America's South. Dorothy Dandridge, as the temptress, and Harry Belafonte, as the soldier she ruins, head an all-Negro cast. (A) January

CATTLE QUEEN OF MONTANA—Rocky Mountain: Barbara Stanwyck defends her property against a ruthless rancher in an actionful Western. With Ronald Reagan. (A) January

COUNTRY GIRL, THE—Paramount: Strong theme, intelligent acting. Bing Crosby fights alcoholism to try a stage comeback, aided by wife Grace Kelly and Bill Holden. (A) January

CREST OF THE WAVE—M.G.M: A story of American and British Navymen working together on dangerous torpedo experiments rouses laughs, tension. With Gene Kelly. (F) January

DEEP IN MY HEART—M.G.M, Eastman Color: Jose Ferrer as composer Sigmund Romberg in a rich, all-star musical biography. Doe Avedon is his wife; Merle Oberon, his collaborator; Helen Travell, a friend. (F) January

DESIREE—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: As Napoleon, Marlon Brando dominates a lavish historical romance. Jean Simmons charms as a woman who drifts in and out of his life, finally wins general Michael Rennie. (F) February

DESTINY—U.I, Technicolor: Brisk, humorous horse opera. Peaceable Audie Murphy cleans up a corrupt frontier town. Lori Nelson's a nice girl; Mari Blanchard, a siren. (F) February

DETECTIVE, THE—Columbia: As a priest turned sleuth, Alec Guinness trails thief Peter Finch in a quaint English movie. (F) November

DRUM BEAT—WarnerColor; CinemaScope, WarnerColor: Lively Indian-fighting yarn. Alan Ladd's a peace commissioner subduing rebel warriors, wooing Audrey Dalton. (F) January

FIRE OVER AFRICA—Columbia, Technicolor: Colorful backgrounds, filmed on location, highlight a wildly melodramatic yarn of smugglers in North Africa. Agent Maureen O'Hara tangles with a shady American adventurer (Macdonald Carey). (F) December

FOUR GUNS TO THE BORDER—U.I, Technicolor: Rory Calhoun plots a bank robbery, woos Colleen Miller and fights Indians in a vigorous Western. With George Nader. (F) December

GATE OF HELL—Harrison-Davidson, Eastman Color: Beautiful Japanese film (titles in English) about a medieval warrior infatuated with a happily married noblewoman. (A) February

GREEN FIRE—M.G.M; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Robust, good-natured adventure movie, about a search for emeralds in Colombia. Stewart Granger, Paul Douglas are bickering partners; Grace Kelly, a proud heroine. (F) February


PHFFFT—Columbia: Judy Holliday and Jack Lemmon expertly portray a divorced pair who grimly try to lead gay single lives. Slight but smoothly done farce. (A) January


ROMEO AND JULIET—U.A.; Beautiful, absorbing English version of Shakespeare's play, shot in Italy. Youthful Susan Shentall, Laurence Harvey are lovers parted by a feud. (F) January

SHEILD FOR MURDER—U.A.: As a ruthless police detective, Edmund O'Brien tries to get away with robbery and murder, doing unfair things in English and pal John Agar. (F) November

SIGN OF THE PAGAN—U.I; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Spectacle, intrigue and a whodunit in the fifth century, As Attila the Hun, Jack Palance plots to attack the Roman Empire; a new Jeffrey Chandler, to defend it. (F) February

SO THIS IS PARIS—U.I; Technicolor: Cheerful, youthful tune film. Tony Curtis, Greig Nelson, Paul Gilbert are sailors seeking romance on shore leave. Gloria DeHaven gets them into plan to help French war orphans. (F) February

STAR IS BORN, A—Warners; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Judy Garland and James Mason are excellent as a rising film star and her alcoholic husband. Dazzling music-drama. (F) January

STEEL CAGE, THE—U.A.: Off-beat pirate picture. As Warden Duffy of San Quentin, P. Kelly presents three stories about convicts—romance, suspense and then irony. (F) November

THREE RING CIRCUS—Wallis, Paramount: VistaVision, Technicolor: Martin and Lewis are a fair number of laughs in a vaguely plotted talkie the big top. (F) January

TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT—A.A.; Color: British-made comedy, set in Ireland, lagers, including Barry Fitzgerald, plot to murder David Niven, a rascally squire. (F) February

TRACK OF THE CAT—Warners; CinemaScope, WarnerColor: Uneven, occasionally in stabbing. Bob Mitchum's the bally of an unbalanced ranch family. With Tab Hunter. (F) January

TWIST OF FATE—U.A.: Filmed on the label, a confusing story of intrigue east G. Rogers as a lady of leisure whose protector, Crook, with Jacques Bergerac. (A) January

UNCHAINED: Warners: Earnest, most-capture of an honor prison designed to rehabilitate inmates. Chester Morris is the warden; El Hirsch, a rebellious convict. (F) January

VIOLENT MEN, THE—Columbia, CinemaScope, Technicolor: Grim range-war tale. Edw. G. Robinson's a cattle baron; Barbara Stanwyck his faithless wife; Dianne Foster, their daug Hetl Ford, a rancher. (F) February

WEST OF ZANZIBAR—Rank, U.I; Technicolor: British thriller with picturesque East African locales. Anthony Steel breaks up a dangerous ivory-smuggling gang. (F) February
There are three Breck Shampoos for three different hair conditions. It is important that you use a shampoo made for your individual hair condition. There are Three Breck Shampoos. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. The next time you buy a shampoo, select the Breck Shampoo for your individual hair condition. A Breck Shampoo is not drying to the hair, yet its gentle lather cleans the hair thoroughly. A Breck Shampoo will help bring out the soft, natural beauty of your hair.
Now! A filter cigarette that's fun to smoke!

WINSTON
tastes good—like a cigarette should!

Smokers who go for flavor are sure going for Winston! This filter cigarette really tastes like a cigarette. It's the filter cigarette that's fun to smoke!

New, king-size Winstons are easy-drawing, too! Winston's finer filter works so effectively yet doesn't flatten the flavor. The full, rich, tobacco flavor comes through to you easily and smoothly.

Try Winstons! They taste good—like a cigarette should!

WINSTONS are so easy-drawing!

There's no effort to puff! Winston's finer filter lets Winston's finer flavor come clean through to you. The full, rich flavor is all yours to enjoy!

Smoke WINSTON the easy-drawing filter cigarette!
weight?

by Moore

is About

Derek's Big Gamble

California Star Fashions

YEARS OF MONROE

DEREK'S BIG GAMBLE

California Star Fashions
AT LAST! **A LIQUID SHAMPOO THAT'S EXTRA RICH!**

Something new has happened to liquid shampoos—it's exciting, extra-rich Liquid Prell! No other shampoo has this unique, extra-rich new formula. It bursts instantly into luxurious, angel-mild lather . . . rinses in a flash. And the way your hair looks and feels after a luxurious Liquid Prell shampoo—so satiny-soft—so brilliantly 'Radiantly Alive'—such a dream to manage! Try it today—you'll be enchanted!

**IT'S LIQUID PRELL FOR Radiantly Alive Hair**

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

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

**PRELL—now available 2 ways:**

The exciting, new extra-rich liquid in the handsome, easy-grip bottle!

And the famous, handy tube that's ideal for the whole family. Won't spill, drip, or break. Concentrated—one ounce for one ounce it goes further!
What?...You haven't tasted NEW IPANA?

(It's the best-tasting way to fight decay)

Chances are you'll be even more surprised than the wide-eyed girl above...once you do try new Ipana. Especially if you think all tooth pastes are more or less alike.

Because the wonderful minty flavor of new Ipana is so good it beat all three other leading tooth pastes hands down—after nationwide “hidden-name” home taste tests.

Destroys decay and bad-breath bacteria with WD-9

More good news is the way wonder-ingredient WD-9 in new-formula Ipana fights tooth decay—stops bad breath all day. It destroys most mouth bacteria with every single brushing, even bacteria your tooth brush can’t reach.

So enjoy new Ipana...and trust your family's precious teeth to it.

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

Ipana A/C Tooth Paste (Ammoniated Chlorophyll) also contains bacteria-destroyer WD-9 (Sodium Lauryl Sulfate).

MAKE YOUR OWN TASTE-TEST

Send for generous sample tube. Mail coupon today for trial tube (enough for about 25 brushings).

Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. T-45, Hillside, N.J.

Please send me trial tube of new-formula Ipana. Enclosed is 3¢ stamp to cover part cost of handling.

Name
Street
City________Zone____State____

(offer good only in continental U.S.A.
Expires August 1, 1955.)
An apology to my daughter

"I may not ever tell you this in so many words (we parents are die-hards, you know), but in my heart I'm asking you to forgive me for doubting your maturity, your wisdom, your discrimination.

"Too often when you've brought me some new discovery of yours with enthusiasm and eagerness, I'm afraid I've treated you like a child. By leaning so heavily on 'mother knows best,' I've failed to realize there may be times when daughter knows best.

"I haven't been sympathetic about your interest in Tampax. As a matter of fact, I wouldn't even listen to you. And of course, it would take an outsider to set me straight... our next-door neighbor.

"I happened to be over there when Mary's daughter came in and asked if she could borrow some of 'mother's Tampax.' That was a surprise—both of them using it! Well, I started talking to Mary about sanitary protection and found out lots of things I'd refused to listen to before.

"First of all, Tampax was invented by a doctor. That was assurance enough for me! And then I just had to concede that internal sanitary protection does have a lot of advantages over the other kind. Being so easy to dispose of, for example. And preventing odor from forming. No chafing, no irritation—that must be wonderful! Then, too, I hadn't realized that you can wear it in the bath.

"What I'm conceding most of all, however, is this: there are lots of decisions a girl or a woman must make for herself. The Tampax decision is one of them."

P Tampax is on sale at drug or notion counters. Choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.
BROADWAY'S HIT MUSICAL HITS THE SCREEN IN COLOR AND CINEMASCOPE

Jane Powell
Debbie Reynolds
Vic Damone
Ann Miller

Tony Martin
Walter Pidgeon
Gene Raymond
Russ Tamblyn

NOW HEAR THIS!
“Hallelujah”
“More Than You Know”
“Why, Oh Why”
“I Know That You Know”
“Lucky Bird”
“A Kiss Or Two”
“Keepin’ Myself For You”
“Sometimes I’m Happy”
and more big song hits!
(Available in M-G-M Records Album)

M-G-M’s 1956’s biggest musical
The Year!
Three sailors
the loose Frisco
get a b苌ger,
actress
and the admiral’s daughter!

HIT THE DECK

Written by
Armen J. Carrol Naish Richard Anderson Jane Darwell Sonya Levien William Ludwig

Produced by
Vincent Youmans Leo Robin, Clifford Grey and Irving Caesar Hermes Pan Eastman Color Roy Rowland Joe Pasternak

An M-G-M Picture
SOAP BOX:

There's an old theory to which I've subscribed for a long time. You never know what you can do until you try! An actor or an actress has to be willing to take chances. It's this way in every career. Something comes up jobwise—a departure from the usual—and you find yourself asking, "Will I be able to do it?"

When I was assigned to make "So This Is Paris," my first musical, I had qualms. A song-and-dance man? Me? I took my share of good-natured kidding, too. But I had staunch backing and encouragement. From the studio executives who had faith in me to cast me in a musical. From Janet, who said, "It'll mean hard work, but of course you can do it!" From Jeff Chandler, now a recording star, who offered good advice. From Gene Nelson, who spent weeks rehearsing dance routines with me.

I held my breath when I saw—and heard—the rushes. I couldn't quite believe it when Decca asked me to cut a record. It seems that practice paid off—and I hope my fans think so! I'm grateful for my chance. And I'm glad that I took it!

TONY CURTIS

I disagree with you on your article "A Wonderful Thing Happened Today" in the January issue of Photoplay. In this article you said that Eddie Fisher's fans were glad that he had at last found the perfect mate. Well, it isn't so. Most of us feel that marriage will ruin Eddie's career. That is the way my club feels. We aren't willing to give Eddie up to anybody, especially Miss Reynolds. Until I die, I shall defend what I think is right, and without a doubt I know that Debbie is not the one for Eddie.

Maybe your magazine would like to take a poll to see if the majority of Eddie's fans feel this way. It would undoubtedly prove for once and forever that his fans are for this romance or against it. Whatever the outcome will be, please don't say his fans are for his engagement unless you know this to be a fact.

Fishely yours,
MARJORIE OVERBY
Richland, Georgia

Now that Academy Award time is rolling round again, what about an Oscar for the director whom Hollywood has overlooked for nearly fifteen years?—though he has deserved the honor on at least half a dozen occasions, and though he singlehandedly has fathered an entirely new school of moviemaking and inspired countless imitators and imitations—all pale carbon copies.

I'm referring, of course, to Alfred Hitchcock, the Dean of the Mystery, whose "Rear Window" is a superb blend not only of mystery, but also of comedy, drama, sex and just about every other ingredient needed to turn out a top-rank movie.

ARTHUR MCLEOD
Los Angeles, California

Must admit Bing turned in a pretty strong bid for a second Oscar in Paramount's "Country Girl." However, like they say in Brooklyn, "He'll just have to wait till next year." Marlon ("On the Waterfront") Brando is too tough a competitor for even the influential Crosby to buck.

SASSY MAHER
Ridgewood, New York

Barbara O'Hara appears out of place in her latest film, "Fire Over Africa." Hollywood can do better by Miss O'Hara and MacDonald Carey, who seems just as uncomfortable as an agent disguised as a smuggler. He probably wasn't any more uncomfortable than this reviewer. It's too bad that "Fire Over Africa" didn't have a little work put into the script, which is too funny for melodrama and too sad for farce.

LARRY WOOD
Akron, Ohio

In your January issue of Photoplay you have a picture of Barbara Darrow on page 37. Beside her picture it says, "Barbara appeared in 'Susan Slept Here.'" I saw the movie twice and did not see Barbara Darrow in it at all.

BARBARA DUDLEY
New York, New York

Barbara appeared as secretary to psychiatrist Rita Johnson in "Susan Slept Here." She was cast as a model in another RKO film, "The French Line."—ED.

CASTING:

I think Ann Blyth is sensational . . . My friend and I would love to see Ann and Rock Hudson in a movie together . . .

SARA JO GREEN
Conway, South Carolina

Why not star my two favorites, Virginia . . . and Rory Calhoun, in an exciting, romantic . . .

KAY HALL
Fairmont, North Carolina

I would like very much to see Christopher . . . 'Thunder on the Left' filmed. I think Brando is Martin.

SHARON THOMAS
Goshen, Ind.

QUESTION BOX:

When I saw the movie, "Man with a Million" was greatly impressed by the English girl Gregory Peck married in the end. Could you tell me her name?

MARY LINK
Amena, New York

Twenty-three-year-old London actress Griffiths.—ED.

I have just seen the movie "Sabrina" and thought it was wonderful! I would be very . . .

PAT PERSHING
Spencerport, New York

Wilson Stone wrote lyrics for "Sabrina," which are included in Mitch Miller's Columbia . . .

L. TREIBER
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Anne Whitefield, a fifteen-year-old Ohio . . . Mississippi lass with plenty of radio and . . .

Anne is a lepidopterist. That is to say, she collects butterflies as a hobby.—ED.
Everything about it is different and exciting.
It's the rhythm-riddled story of an exciting girl... possessed by a wild craze.
It's the story of the men, the women, the music of the back streets of Venice.

Starring
SILVANA MANGANO
MICHAEL RENNIE
VITTORIO GASSMAN
SHELLEY WINTERS

with Katherine Dunham. A PONTI DE LAURENTIIS Production
A Paramount Picture. Directed by ROBERT ROSSEN
Story and Screenplay by Guido Piovene, Ivo Perilli, Ennio de Concini and Robert Rossen
What Greater Assurance Can a Bride-to-be or Married Woman Have

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

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

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

ZONITE’s Many Advantages

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

ZONITE—The Ideal “ALL-PURPOSE” Antiseptic-Germicide
“Somebody told me Kate is my mother.”

Of what a girl did—
of what a boy did—of hurt
and excitement—
of ecstasy and revenge...

ELIA KAZAN'S
EXPLOSIVE
PRODUCTION OF
JOHN STEINBECK'S
"EAST of EDEN"

WARNER BROS.
PRESENT IT IN
CINEMASCOPE
THAT MOVES IN BREATH-CLOSE
TO BRING YOU REALISM AND INTIMACY
AS NEVER BEFORE!
WARNERCOLOR
STEREOPHONIC SOUND

There are times when
you can't tell
who's good
and who's bad:

His name was Cal—but
it should have been Cain!

This is James Dean,
a very special
new star!

The most shocking revenge a girl
ever let one brother take on another!

STARRING
JULIE HARRIS · JAMES DEAN · RAYMOND MASSEY with BURL IVES
SCREEN PLAY by PAUL OSBORN DIRECTED by ELIA KAZAN PRINT by TECHNICOLOR
I admire Bob Mitchum's performance in the "Blood Alley" hassle because he didn't blow a whistle. . . . The hardest gal in pictures to figure out is Leslie Caron. . . . Did you know there's more smooching in drive-in theatres during a Grace Kelly movie than say a Jane Russell or Audrey Hepburn picture? . . . Burt Lancaster has a hatred for phonies and a deep fear of accidentally becoming one. . . . There's no actress who can do the mambo like Mari Blanchard. . . . I can do without every movie having a "mood" song being sung over the credits. They're overlooking it! . . . Don't overlook perky, pretty Peggy King when you're naming "Stars of Tomorrow." If I may be allowed a prediction, Peggy, just signed by Paramount for a second chance in pictures, will soon be on all popularity polls.

Edmund Purdom is his favorite actor. . . . There's no actress who loves to sleep as much as Gloria Grahame does. . . . I don't get excited over every new singer with a hit record. I'm loyal to Bing, Lena, Frankie and Ella—to mention a few. . . . Trying to explain the astonishing statement that at eleven she danced in a USO chorus, Sheree North said: "I was well developed and it wasn't hard for me to lie about my age."

Why do I keep thinking that Katharine Hepburn and Audrey Hepburn don't care too much for each other? . . . Piper Laurie claims she has matured in many ways since she became a movie star. . . . Somehow I don't believe the romantic items I read about Bob Wagner and Joan Collins, the bop-speaking doll from England. . . . It seems that sooner or later every good movie is made again as a musical. There's "A Star Is Born" and "Young at Heart" with many others such as "My Man Godfrey" in the works. Bet no one can take a musical, throw away the songs and make a good straight picture out of it. . . . Joan Crawford wrote Rock Hudson a note of congratulations on his wonderful performance after seeing him in a movie. That's what I like—a movie star becoming a fan club for another movie star. . . . Most young actresses trying to crash the movies act as if they're Marilyn Monroe or Audrey Hepburn. All young actors trying to get into pictures act as if they're Marlon Brando. . . . As for Marlon, he tries to analyze the handwriting of most of his friends. . . . I can't understand why Crowley isn't making a movie. . . . waiting for Kim Novak to bend down and split those tight pedal pushers. . . . Or wondering what Edwin Booth will have said looking at Richard Burton "Prince of Players." . . . Add to remarkable remarks Pier Angeli's on love scene. "I always feel just terrible when I know I'm going to do a love scene. It's because I always think love scenes should be so of, well, private."

Jean Simmons recently returned to England with husband Stewart Granger, told me: "I left London because the weather was too good. I hate London when it's not raining. I missed that Hollywood fog." . . . If I may be permitted another prediction, James Dean a leading contender in the 1955 (1956) Academy Awards as a result of his role in "East of Eden." My favorite character Marie Osmond was visiting a home where there were a number of reproductions of Toulouse-Lautrec's posters and Marie said to her husband: "Look, Bill, here are the pictures that Jose Ferrer painted in that 'Moulin Rouge' movie." That's Hollywood for you.
NOW—be a Pin-up Girl with the Pin-up Curl!

WONDERFUL NEW EASY-TO-DO PIN-CURL PERMANENT

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

Perfect for new, shorter hair styles...gives that softer, lovelier picture—pretty look! by Procter & Gamble...

...for the curl of your dreams...

look for it in the smart gold-foil package.

PIN-IT

BY PROCTER & GAMBLE
Concealing drops glorify your complexion instantly!

Westmores of Hollywood prove Tru-Glo
the original liquid make-up
best for YOU!

HOLLYWOOD’s most famous make-up artists...
with years of experience in beautifying stars... have created the most flattering make-up for your personal close-ups all day, all evening... proved best in giant-screen close-ups of stars! For all types of skin, get magical concealing TRU-GLO in your perfect shade, at all variety and drug stores. Guaranteed no finer quality at any price.

nothing can be redder than this NEW COLOR

REDDEST RED
NEW WESTMORE HOLLYWOOD
Kiss-Tested Lipstick

Proved BEST in movie close-ups,
Smear-Resistant. Non-Drying.

*Prices plus tax. Slightly higher in Canada.

HOUSE OF WESTMORE, INC., NEW YORK • HOLLYWOOD

A breathless, happy young girl stood on the snow-covered hilltop near Lake Arrowhead and sighed in relief. What a wonderful day—no lines to learn, no scenes to stew about, nothing to do but romp and play and skate and throw snowballs and ride the toboggan. California was a mad, wonderful state! Here she was tobogganing in real snow in the land of sunshine. Everything was perfect here—like being in the movies, like reading newspaper predictions that you—fourteen-year-old you—might win an Academy Award for your performance in your second movie. She had to admit—it was a thrill to be alive.

Her friends called and broke her thoughts. “Come, the toboggan is ready,” they yelled gaily. Merrily she raced across the hard-packed snow, squealing with excitement. Happily she scrambled aboard, squeezing into the space at the rear of the sled. With a shriek of delight, they were on their way. The wind whirred into the youthful faces as they picked up speed and carried their joyful cries across the mountainside. Faster and faster they flew. The girl was yelling with happiness—one minute later she was crying with pain...

She awoke to the sharp antiseptic smell of a hospital. Only her mind seemed to respond; her body was immobilized. She heard voices: “... year to recover,” “... never walk again.” Mercifully, she fell asleep before she learned that they were discussing her case.

After she came out of shock, after the soothing anaesthetics had done their work, they told her. Her back was broken. The next six months must be spent in a cast; another six months
confined within a steel brace.
Then would she be as good as new? she asked. Would she walk and run and dance?

The doctors answered her questions with gentle evasions: “Time will tell.”
“We cannot look that far in the future. Your chances are excellent, but right now . . .”

During the next few weeks she cried a great deal of the time. And why not? She had cause to shed tears. Yet, inevitably, the fountain of tears was emptied. When the crying is finished, there are two courses: to curse the Fates and resign yourself to a hopeless, helpless future or to vow that this is only a minor setback, with success still possible if only you wished and wanted and willed it into being. Ann chose her future. She decided that life was worth living and therefore it was worth fighting for.

In the next fifteen months the doctors shook their heads with regret many times, but never the girl. The doctors made sad predictions, but never the girl. People offered sympathy and she rejected it. Failing to draw strength and faith from others, she found it within herself and from prayer she found the will to go on.

Fourteen is a golden age for most, but for the girl it was a time of pain and struggle. The laughter of her teens was locked in a rigid cast; the happy years were imprisoned in a steel brace. She never lost faith, nor the ability to smile, nor the conviction that what she would do she could do. She emerged from the shattering experience unmarred, her beauty and talent unspoiled. Today, the iron will is well-concealed by her soft, delicate, dark beauty, but it is there. All the dramatic triumphs of her screen career pale in comparison when you think of the personal victory scored a dozen years ago through faith and fortitude by Ann Blyth.

“Watch your skin thrive on Cashmere Bouquet Soap!”

“Our Conover girls know it’s successful for every skin type—dry, normal or oily!”

says
Candy Jones

(Mrs. Harry Conover) Conover School Beauty Director

Pat Heyer, Smith College sophomore, is planning an interior decorating career. Says Pat: “It’s just good business to figure that the decorative-looking decorator gets the job! So I went to Conover’s, where I learned their method of complexion care: a twice-daily beauty-wash with Cashmere Bouquet soap. I just cream that gentle, fragrant lather over my face with my fingertips. It leaves my skin feeling so much smoother and softer . . . with that radiant look!”

P.S.

“Make the most of your Cashmere Bouquet complexion with make-up keyed to your skin tones. For pale skins, a pink or creamy powder; ruddy skins take beige or light tan; while olive complexions look lovely in sun-tan.”

Candy

Complexion and big bath sizes

Listen to Shirley Thomas from Hollywood on NBC Radio in the Pacific coast area at 3:15 p.m., PST Sundays. Also to Shirley Thomas Reports on Weekend, 3-5 p.m., EST Sundays, over NBC Radio. Consult your local newspaper for time and station.
Robins and Roses...

are just around the corner...
at the Cutex counter!

From Robin-Reds to Rosy Pinks—all the prettiest shades of spring are at your favorite toiletries counter! Select some sparkling new Cutex colors for YOUR lips and fingertips today. Spring will come a little sooner if you do!


The Most Kissable Lips Wear Cutex Lipstick! So long-lasting, it stays on hours longer—after eating, smoking, even kissing. Much creamier, too, because Cutex Lipstick contains pure, SUPER LANOLIN. Keeps lips always soft as a rose!

Cutex model wears STRIKE ME PINK lipstick with ROSE PEARL polish.
BY EDITH GWYNN

HOLLYWOOD PARTY LINE

There was a paucity of preems this month—plenty of parties, large and small, plus some very special events, private and public. Of course the most special event was the gorgeous wedding, reception and buffet supper-dance at the Alan Ladds' for lovely Carol Lee when she wed Richard Anderson. Over five hundred guests thronged the enormous tent erected on the Ladds' spacious lawns. It was a striped tent with transparent sides of lucite, and its interior was bedecked with millions of white flowers—so was the buffet "a few miles long." As a matter of fact, the entire wedding motif was white—including the bridesmaids' dresses of white shantung affeta. These were tight-bodiced, full-skirted short formals. Carol Lee's bridal gown was a lovely thing of white Italian satin—a "period type" with long sleeves ending in seed-pearl studded points over her wrists. The train of the gown was formed from its own full skirt. Carol Lee wore a finger-tip length veil—flowing from her tiny hat of seed pearls. And she carried a bouquet of white orchids and lilies of the valley. The bridesmaids were the pretty sisters of Carol, Cary Grant (who "discovered" Dick Anderson for movies) was among the ushers, and Dick's brother, Bob Anderson, was best man. With Alan Ladd, Jr., as ring-bearer and Carol Lee's sister, Alana, as maid of honor, this was truly a glamorous "family affair."

Did we tell you about the lovely midnight supper-dance given by producer Bill Berberg at Chasen's? Jane Wyman was here with her manager Herb Brenner, and one of her best friends, Nancy Sinatra, was at the soiree with Jane's ex, Freddie Langer. And they were not seated at the same table in the usual Hollywood "friendly fashion!" Lori Nelson was with Guy Madison's brother, Wayne Mallory, and she looked real nice, in a simple black evening gown. Donna Reed was in a stunning black strapless. Bing Crosby with Mona Freeman was "chaperoning" son Dennis and his date, Caroline Wilson. Mona was in fluffy white. Bill Holden and Brenda Marshall, Gloria DeHaven with Dewey Martin (they started up quite a romance that night), the Jack Palance, Dinah Shore and George Montgomery, the Jimmy Stewart, Fred MacMurray and June Haver, the Bob Cummings were others I saw at this small ball. And Greer Garson with ever-lovin' Buddy Fogelson. This party inspired Greer to give one of her own a few nights later, in honor of the new wing—mostly of Italian pink marble—just added to her Brentwood home.

So help us! It's been years—and probably will be years again before Tinseltown witnesses an opening night such as greeted Sammy Davis, Jr., when he bowed into Ciro's for his first entertainment chore since losing an eye in an auto smash. It was the kind of a gala most visitors to Hollywood (and millions of others) dream about—with scores of stars there giving Sammy a standing ovation for his great talents and courage. It was sooooo exciting! Judy Garland, Sid Luft, Humphrey Bogart, June Allyson and Dick Powell were tabbed together (Judy and June both in short black crepe dresses). So were Jeff Chandler, Sammy's chum, with Betty Abbott, Liberace, the Ricardo Montalbans, Hugh O'Brian, Anna Maria Alberghetti, Ben Cooper, John Smith, the Gary Cooper, Bob Taylor and Ursula Thiess (who seldom night-club), Ginger Rogers and Jacques Bergerac and Clark Gable with Kay Spreckels. Things got so hectic at one point, that proprietor H. Hover had to call cops to control crowds outside! And most of these famous folk came back night after night to hear Sammy and applaud.
INSIDE STUFF
Love in Bloom: An enchanting ice skater on tour in Europe is the reason behind Tab Hunter’s impulsive dash across the Atlantic. Just before he left Hollywood, however, he dated a young beauty named Margaret O’Brien. Yup, she’s the one and only, now eighteen and old enough to have quite a crush on handsome Tab. While Tab and Lori Nelson remain good friends, she has her eyes for Bob Francis these days. Lori’s agent, former actor Dick Clayton, introduced them and that’s why it was so easy for Bob to get Lori’s phone number the following morning! And while we’re still with Lori, she asked Debbie Reynolds to “chaperone” her to the underwater premiere of “Underwater” in Florida. Then Eddie Fisher wanted to see his best girl in New York, so he treated Lori to the trip and she “chaperoned” Debbie to the big city, where they toured like tourists. A good time was had by all of them.

Little Women: When she rocked Hollywood by forming her own “Marilyn Monroe Productions, Inc.,” the former calendar cutie also notified her agents she was dispensing with their services. The same week the same agency also received a letter of dismissal from Terry Moore. Having just succeeded in renewing her contract at 20th for a reported $1000 a week, they bewilderedly called Terry and wanted to know why.

“Because,” she floored them, “my astrologer told me it was a good time to make a change!” No more questions were asked!

According to Cal: Close friends of Edmund Purdom insist he’s a charming chap whose unorthodox behavior is the direct result of strong influence and wrong advice. As everyone knows, Edmund’s heart rules his head where Linda Christian is concerned. She was bored by Hollywood long before she separated from Tyrone Power and she’s always yearned to be a great star. So add up the score! What with Linda transferring her own frustrations, it’s highly possible that Edmund becomes his own worst enemy!

Shooting Stars: Oh, how they love June Allyson at Warner Bros! In the midst of making “The McConnell Story” with Alan Ladd, she walked on the set and there, waiting, was a brand-new de luxe dressing
The plot thickens: There’s a new ending to “Young at Heart” because of Frankie’s firm refusal to pass out of the picture!

Kay Spreckels flashed more than a smile when she met Clark Cable on his return from Hong Kong. But—the diamond’s her own, she says!

The lady “Ain’t Misbehavin’” but she sure has changed! Ever since Piper Laurie sang in the film, she’s been bitten by the be-bop bug.

his own “Foxfire” and “Six Bridges to Cross,” . . . Jane Russell, Jeff’s co-star in “Foxfire,” finally signed that contract with producer Howard Hughes. For six films to be made in five years, she’ll be paid $1000 a week over a 20-year period. “By that time,” cracks the super-stacked star, “I’ll be ready to play Ma Kettle!” . . . Grace Kelly’s marriage to Oleg Cassini may never take place. But she’s already selected the gown she’ll wear next June when kid sister Lianne marries former pigskin parader Don Le Vine. . . . Race Gentry sets a sterling example for our younger set. The popular fellow never goes to night clubs, saves half his salary and recently traded in his imported car on an old jalopy, making a down payment on a lot with the left over for the future.

Stock Club: They really start ’em out young in Hollywood! For her first birthday, Virginia Mayo’s little Mary Catherine had her party at elegant Romanoff’s in Beverly Hills. . . . Howard Keel, who hopes his third baby will be his first son, changed his mind about naming him. Now Howie wants to call him Gunnar, which is Swedish—and how! . . . That explosive sound emanated from the general direction of Audie Murphy. A rival studio wanted to use James Shannon Murphy in a picture, but Audie has definite plans for his son’s future. Becoming a “ham” isn’t on the agenda!

Switcheroo: Pier Angeli’s mama didn’t go for her beautiful daughter’s romance with Kirk Douglas and there were scenes aplenty. But it’s quite a different story with new son-in-law Vic Damone. Mama cooks his favorite dishes and hopes twin
NEW FORMULA OUT-LATHERS,
OUT-SHINES OTHER SHAMPOOS

Billows of Fleecy Foam
Leave Hair Shimmering,
Obedient, "Lanolin-Lovely"

You'll discover an amazing difference the moment this revolutionary shampoo touches your hair. For never before has any shampoo burst into such mountains of snowy lanolin lather—lather that actually POLISHES hair clean. Because only Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo brings you this foaming magic. No old-fashioned "lazy-lather" shampoo can shine your hair like this—til it shimmers like satin in the moonlight! The radiance of your hair shampooed this new way will be instantly visible to everyone—but you, yourself, are the best judge of results. So after you've brushed your Lanolin Lotion shampooed hair, take your hand mirror and stand in a strong light. You'll see how much more brilliance dances in your hair!

And this shampoo is so good for hair...for there's twice the lanolin in it! It can't dry your hair or leave it harsh, brittle and hard to handle. Instead, it leaves your hair in superb condition—supple, temptingly soft, far easier to manage. Tangles slip away at the touch of your comb! Your waves come rippling back deeper, firmer, and more pliantly lovely than ever before.

So let this sensational shampoo discovery bring out the thrilling beauty hidden in your hair! All the vibrant, glowing tone...the natural softness. Treat your hair to Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo—29¢, 59¢ or $1. On sale everywhere!

EVEN LATHER, EVEN IN HARD WATER!

New Lanolin Lotion Shampoo gives you piles of lather that rinses quick, leaves hair bright—even in the hardest water!

Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo out-lathers four other brands given the Cylinder-foam Test.

Makes Your Hair Exciting to Touch!

Double Lanolin Is The Reason

Enriches Your Hair With Beauty
Instead of Drying It!

Hair's so satiny after a Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo it irresistibly calls for a love-pat! You can't always wear a satin dancing dress for the man in your life—but now, with Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo he'll see the satiny beauty of your hair every day! You'll find that never before in your shampoo experience has your hair had so much shimmer, so much softness.

Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion was purposely formulated with twice as much lanolin as ordinary shampoos. That means double the lanolin protection against dryness...double the lanolin polish and beauty for your hair. For even problem hair—hair that's had its beauty oils dried away...washed away...bleached away...benefits astonishingly from this double-lanolin lather. It not only feels twice as rich—it actually is twice as rich. Don't confuse this utterly new Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo with any so-called "lotion" or "lanolin" shampoo you've ever tried before.

OCEANS OF LATHER EVEN IN HARD WATER!
sister Marisa Pavan will be as lucky when she marries. And Jeff Hunter's mother-in-law is devoted to her son-in-law, too. Even though Barbara Rush is separated from Jeff, her mother talks to him daily and refuses to take sides in their marital melee.

Gifties: If we must ask a silly question—how'd you like to be married to Rory Calhoun? Lita Baron, who is and likes it very much, came home to find a new Cadillac sitting in their driveway. Her handsome husband even had it wrapped in cellophane! ... Doris Day already owns a Caddy, but she's slightly hysterical over that new English bicycle Marty Melcher gave her. It's equipped with a horn which Do-Do says—"sounds like Aldo Ray!" ... And while we're cooking with gasoline, Debbie Reynolds informed M-C-M she was dyeing her hair fire-engine red to match that Thunderbird Eddie Fisher gave her. The studio was in a state of shock until they discovered it was a Reynolds rib!

Brush Off: Elizabeth Taylor became very restless while she waited for the new baby. So Michael Wilding brought home oil paints and brushes to get her interested in a new hobby. It was a neat trick except—now Mike has to pose for Liz, too! ... And Rock Hudson may (or may not!) become a second Rembrandt. Twice a week he rushes home where a group gathers and they all paint with a passion. Craig Hill started out with a still life of an apple. But ambitious Rock is merely painting a portrait of Pope Pius XIII!

Great Expectations: One night Bill Holden picked up a novel called "A Many Splendored Thing." He couldn't put it down and then he was up at dawn cabling Audrey Hepburn about the great story. Audrey read the book and cabled back that she'd love to make it into a picture with Bill. Both are at Paramount, so the excited actor bombarded the studio to buy it. Alas, somebody goofed and 20th snatched up the coveted property. Bill's being borrowed, but Jennifer Jones gets the role disappointed Audrey wanted so badly.

Rags to Riches: Typical of the town, when James Dean made his smash success in "East of Eden," his personal publicists announced he had bought himself a Cadillac and leased a swanky Sunset Strip apartment. The truth is, Jimmy still rides a motorcycle and he's living in an inexpensive little apartment over a private garage. ... And bombastic blond Kim Novak, who became a star when she quietly stole "Phffft" from Judy Holliday, is still living at the Studio Club for girls only. A prominent furrier offered to sell Kim a mink coat on the cheerful credit plan, but the wise little woman preferred to invest her money in dramatic lessons. Ambitious starlets please note!

Foreign Intrigue: Now that Gregory Peck's divorced, the European press refers to Veronique Passani as his fiancée. But Greg refuses to admit it, even when the handsome couple spent the weekend sightseeing in Madrid. ... Audrey Hepburn told the London press she wants a baby, "the sooner the better." And from an inside source, little Audrey's business associates wish Mel Ferrer wouldn't be quite so "interested" in his wife's career.

Sweet Note: Guess who's dying to make a musical? Our good friend Alan Ladd, no less. And did you know he's so gone on pop music, Laddie takes a portable phonograph with him. ... And it had to happen to Piper Laurie. Since singing three songs in "Ain't Misbehavin" she's so bitten by the-be-bop bug, she's readying an act for Las Vegas. "There's just one tiny little hitch," laughs the redhead, "they haven't asked me yet!"
Introducing the first girdle to give you That French Look and the Freedom you love

NEW PLAYTEX High Style GIRDLE

1. Oo-la-la . . . . that lean, lithe French look! Thanks to miracle latex outside that slims sleekly from waist to thigh—like magic!


3. C'est magnifique! A new non-roll top you'll adore. All this—for an amazingly low $5.95!

The chic lines of Paris—in carefree American comfort—are yours with this newest Playtex Girdle! We call it High Style . . . you'll call it wonderful! World's only girdle to give all three: miracle-slimming latex outside, cloud-soft fabric inside—and a new non-roll top. Trims you sleekly, leaves you free . . . no matter what your size! Playtex High Style washes in seconds—and you can practically watch it dry.

Look for the Playtex High Style Girdle in the SUM tube . . . $5.95
Other Playtex Girdles from $3.50. At department stores and better specialty shops everywhere.

The Long Gray Line  COLUMBIA; CINEMASCOPE, TECHNIRCOLOUR

Like "The Quiet Man," director John Ford's new film shines with honest, irresistible sentimentality. In this case his affections include West Point as well as the Irish. Tyrone Power does an appealing job as the young, greenhorn who becomes a U.S. Army enlisted man serving at the military academy. And he's equally believable as he traces the true story of Sgt. Marty Maher, a belove counselor of the cadets for fifty years. Once again, Maureen O'Hara is an enchanting colleen, a serving girl who becomes Ty's wife. Betsy Palmer, a likable newcomer, plays a close friend, who is widowed in World War I, then must watch her cadet son (Robert Francis) leave the Point to go off to World War II. It's a movie that rouses both laughter and tears, touching both personal and patriotic feeling.  FAMII

The shy Maureen serves Ty with tea—but no encouragement.

Interrupted Melody  M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLO

With Eleanor Parker as the opera star Marjorie Lawrence and Glenn Ford as her husband, this imposin musical begins with a standard though convincing account of a rise to fame. Then it turns into an emotional drama of great intensity. In sequences that take the heroine from a remote Australian ranch to the operatic stage, Eleanor is complete winning. putting enough force and fire into her work to the plausible-diva. In her romance with Glenn, a young doctor just starting practice, her career proves an obstacle. But after their marriage, her career is suddenly halted by a crippling attack of polio. Gripped by despair, she is turned to psychological health only through her husband's stubborn devotion. For singing scenes, with dubbing giving Eleanor Miss Lawrence's own magnificent voice.  FAMII

Eleanor's attentions keep Glenn's mind off his phone call.

Prince of Players  20th; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLO

An authoritative lead performance by Richard Burton gives shape to the film biography of Edwin Booth. The great 19th century actor is seen first as a boy, accompanying his drunken but talented father (Raymond Massey) on stage tours around the U.S. This hard experience has taken the grown-up Edwin to success—but he fears that has inherited mental instability as well as genius. As gentle actress who shares his troubled life, Maggie McNamara looks surprisingly at home in her sedate costume and coiffures. John Derek has the difficult role of broth John Wilkes Booth, who brings tragedy upon the family and the nation. Though Burton is excellent in Shakespeare scenes, some might have been cut to allow more scope for the fascinating pictures of the last century's theatre world.  FAMII

As Richard's bride, Maggie soothes the unease in his mind.
**Want a softly feminine hairdo?**

That is the only kind a Bobbi knows how to give.

It’s the special pin-curl permanent—never tight, never fussy.

All Bobbi girls have soft, carefree curls, because a Bobbi can’t—simply can’t—give you tight, fussy curls. From the very first day your Bobbi will have the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And your waves last week after week. Curls and waves are where you want them. Bobbi is the easy pin-curl permanent specially designed for today’s newest softly feminine hair styles.

Just pin-curl your hair in your favorite style. Apply Bobbi’s special Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water. Let dry, brush out. Right away you have soft, natural, flattering curls.

More women have had a Bobbi than any other pin-curl permanent. Why don’t you try Bobbi, too?
**Hit the Deck**

M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

Bubbling over with popular song classics and popular players, this lively comedy relates the adventures of the Navy men on shore leave in San Francisco. Russ Tambly, in his most rewarding role, is smitten with Debbie Reynolds, singer-dancer in a revue. But he neglects romance in a misguided attempt to save his sister (Jane Powell) from a wolfish stage star (Gene Raymond). After this violent rescue mission, Russ and pals Vic Damone and Tony Martin have to dodge the Shore Patrol. Tony has love troubles, too. Ann Miller thinks a six-year engagement is much too long. While wooing Janie, Vic helps along the courtship of a widowed mother (comedy singer Kay Armen) and a florist (J. Carroll Naish). Except near the finish, the tangled plot doesn't slow down the gay tempo.

**Vic and Janie, Russ and Debbie are together at the finish.**

---

**The Racers**

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

Against varied and beautiful European background, this drama about the dangerous sport of auto-racing casts Kirk Douglas as a thoroughgoing heel for most of the way. An obscure Italian driver, he forges to the top of the racing world with no regard for his own or other drivers' safety. Though Bella Darvi forsakes the ballet to go with him from city to city, the picture's almost over before it occurs to him to propose marriage. His general change of character is clearly explained, but the film still carries a punch. There is sheer visual excitement in the dizzying shots of speeding cars. Solid support is lent by Gilbert Roland as a devil-may-care driver, Cesar Romero as a steady vetra, Katy Jurado as Romero's courageous wife, Lee J. Cobb as the drivers' boss.

**The sight of death sickens Katy and Bella; Kirk's tough.**

---

**Captain Lightfoot**

U-I; CINEMASCOPE, TECHNIRAMA

Here's some more handsome scenery, this time including Rock Hudson. Shot in Ireland, the picture is an engaging swashbuckler about that country's struggle against its English masters in the early 19th century. Rock's a yokel who bungles a patriotically intended robbery and finds the law on his trail. He's rescued by Jeff Morrow, secret lead of the rebels. Impressed by Rock's daring, Jeff drafts him lieutenant, gives him fine clothes so he, too, may play the well-to-do gentleman when he isn't harrying the English. Rock falls in love with Jeff's spirited daughter (Barbara Rush), who lives with her father's sweetheart (Kathleen Ryan). But romance plays second fiddle to adventure. With no subtleties of plot or character, the movie is refreshing light in manner, designed simply for enjoyment.

**As Barbara listens, Rock and Jeff Morrow make risky plans.**

---

**EXCELLENT** **VERY GOOD** **GOOD** **FAIR**

MORE REVIEWS ON PAGE 24 • BRIEF REVIEWS OF CURRENT FILMS ON PAGE 28 • FOR COMPLETE CASTS OF NEW FILMS SEE PAGE 22
Most of the girls of her set were married ... but not Eleanor. It was beginning to look, too, as if she never would be. True, men were attracted to her, but their interest quickly turned to indifference. Poor girl! She hadn't the remotest idea why they dropped her so quickly ... and even her best friend wouldn't tell her.

Why risk the stigma of halitosis (bad breath) when Listerine Antiseptic stops it so easily ... so quickly.

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

Listerine does what no tooth paste does—instantly kills bacteria, by millions —stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end. Bacterial fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth is by far the most common cause of bad breath. Research shows that breath stays sweeter longer depending on the degree to which you reduce germs in the mouth.

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

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

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

---

*Listerine Antiseptic Stops Bad Breath*

4 times better than any tooth paste
I dreamed
I was queen of the Westerns in my
*maidenform bra*

From High Noon to Midnight, all the shootin's over me...the most-wanted figure in the wild 'n woolly West! From Abilene to Santa Fe, the most fabulous curves in every round-up are mine, because I've got the best-known brand of them all...Maidenform.

The dream of a bra: Maidenform's Chansanette® in nylon taffeta, acetate satin, cotton broadcloth or dacron and cotton batiste...from 2.00.

**MOVIES**

*Jupiter's Darling*  
M-G-M; CINEMA-SCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

**VVV** Ancient Rome makes a logical background for a sprawling, lavish musical and this Esther Williams-Howard Keel vehicle takes full advantage of the possibilities. It's played strictly for laughs, with Esther as the unenthusiastic betrothed of dictator George Sanders and Howard the Hannibal, the Carthaginian general who wants to add Rome to his list of conquests. When Esther tries to persuade the warrior to spare her city, love raises its loveliest head. Marge and Gower Champion are also on hand, as slaves, and the two dances they do make you wish for more. The picture as a whole is less lightweight, but always good-natured.  

*Chief Crazy Horse*  
U-I  CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLORED

**VVV** One of the great stories of America's history comes to the screen, presented by Victor Mature as the Sioux leader whose valor and shrewdness in battle almost repelled the advancing white men. Much of the film was shot in the Sioux' old home, the weirdly rolling Black Hills of Dakota, and Suzan Ball, striking as ever, returns to movies as Mature's wife, and John Lund is a white trader who understands the Indians' grievances. The picture isn't hampered with any notable distinction, but the power of the theme and the beauty of the backdrops carry through.

*Day of Triumph*  
CENTURY FILM, EASTMAN COLOR

**VVV** Movies about Biblical times have usually been presented as spectacles, but this account of the last three years in the life of Christ has a quiet simplicity that brings you close to its people. Jesus is portrayed with gentleness and authority by Robert Wilson. Though the picture as a whole approach is reverent, some moviegoers may be uneasy about the modernization of Biblical language and the introduction of fictional characters. Lee Cobb plays one of these, an Israeli patriot who wants to free his country from the Romans by force. Judas (James Griffith) is represented as a power-hungry member of this underground movement who becomes a disciple only because he hopes to persuade Jesus to be the figurehead in the planned revolt. Joanne Dru's performance as Mary Magdalene is a suitably subdued, yet emotional, one. Lowell Gilmore is a believable Pilate, shrewd and shifty politician.

*Battle Taxi*  

**VVV** In a modest but thoroughly absorbing story of the war in Korea, the helicopters and their gallant pilots come forward to claim the spotlight. Sterling Hayden is the stern but warmhearted commander of an air-rescue group. His chief problem is Arthur Franz, a one-time jet pilot who persists in flying his "chopper" as if it were a combat plane. With the help of Marshall Thompson, another pilot, Hayden finally persuades Franz...
NOW, there is a
hair spray that holds your wave
softly... naturally!

never a stiff,
artificial look

Helene Curtis spray net

You may turn up your pretty nose at ordinary hair sprays
but not at Helene Curtis SPRAY NET!

If you’ve often wished for a hair fixative that really kept your hair
in place all day... if you’ve often wished for a hair spray that held
your wave softly, naturally without ever drying it...

Stop wishing—here is the hair spray made to order for you!
From morning to night, Helene Curtis SPRAY NET holds
your hair in place, regardless of wind or humidity... set's your
pin curls for hurry-up hair-do's... keeps wisps and stragglers
right in line. And it does it more softly than you ever dreamed
possible, thanks to exclusive Spray-On Lanolin Lotion.
Do try it—you'll wonder
how a spray so "like nothing on
your hair" can do so much!

SUPER SOFT OR REGULAR $1.25
Giant Economy Size 2.89 Plus tax

No drooping waves on
rainy days, no flyaway curls
in the wind with SPRAY NET!

When you're late for a
date, set your pin curls in
minutes with SPRAY NET!

Now there are two types of SPRAY NET:
Regular and the new Super Soft SPRAY NET!

If your hair is "baby-fine" or you
like the casual look, new SUPER SOFT
SPRAY NET, without lacquer, will be beau-
tifully right. For hair that's thick and
harder-to-manage, for elaborate hair-do's,
choose REGULAR SPRAY NET, the favorite of
millions!

Only Helene Curtis SPRAY NET contains Spray-On Lanolin Lotion

THE WAGES OF FEAR

After a slow start, this French film
with dialogue in both French and Eng-
ish) suddenly knits together to become a
ravel of sheer suspense. In a Central
american oil town, derelicts of various
ationalities volunteer to drive trucks on
supremely dangerous mission. Nitro-
ycine is needed to stop an oil-well fire,
and they must get the deadly load over
00 miles of rough roads, where one jolt
tight wipe out both truck and drivers.
rench idol Yves Montand is the reckless
ng hero; Charles Vanel is excellent as
aging partner, a suave crook.

MAKE SIGNAL

Hostile Indians and a yet more savage river, winding between
canyon walls, deep excitement high throughout this
Western. Dana Andrews, an Army officer who left his post and went to live with the
Indians, is arrested by the Army as a aitor, though he's bound on a peace
mission. On the hazardous trip to the nearest fort, his wilderness skill proves
valuable. William Talman is the leader of the group; Rex Reason, a vengeful
ner; Piper Laurie, Rex's fiancee—eventually disillusioned. Utah and Arizona
roved the river scenes.

NEW YORK CONFIDENTIAL

In a vigorous, blood-spattered crime thriller, Broderick Crawford heads that
familiar organization The Syndicate. As
is chief triggerman, Richard Conte is a
seltly efficient type—who's apparently
posed to be the hero. In spite of all
the characters he rubs out. Anne Bancroft
oks attractive and does a persuasive
ing job as Crawford's gently reared
ter, turning neurotic by her dis gust
his way of life. There's a dead-pan
umor in the gangsters' businesslike
rations and pretensions to respectability.
But the over-all picture of the far-flung
 Syndicate has an air of fantasy rather
han realism.
Are you in the know?

WANT A GOOD GROUP PROJECT THIS SPRING?

☐ An off-beat treat  ☐ Bird watching  ☐ A Maypole party

Posies 'n' candy are dandy—but ask the crowd: how about planning something extra, this Mother's Day? A really off-beat treat for their moms? Then pool your wits and wallets; throw a theatre party with the mothers as honored guests. They'll love it this fun way of thanking them for being "the most," pal-wise! And wasn't it your mom, too, who taught you how to smile through certain days? Yes. She helped you choose Kotex* for softness, safety you can trust...the complete absorbency you need.

At first glance, would you say she's a—

☐ Gold digger  ☐ Shrinking violet  ☐ Mixed up kid

She may be a razor at repartee, but in clothes savvy she's got her lines mixed. Example: that short flared coat calls for a stem-slim skirt, not the full-skirted style. Bone up on what fashion lines combine best. Just as you've learned that (at calendar time) Kotex and those flat pressed ends are your best insurance against revealing lines. And with Kotex, no "wrong side" mix-up! You can wear this napkin on either side, safely.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

Can you shorten a lofty neck with—

☐ Drop earrings  ☐ A poofle haircut  ☐ V necklines

Does your neck make you feel "tree top tall"? Dodge the earrings, hairdo, V necks mentioned above (all are wrong—to keep you guessing)! Wear button earcuffs; tresses medium long. And chokers, turtle necklines—they're for you! Different girls have different needs—in grooming aids, and in sanitary protection. That's why Kotex provides 3 sizes. Try Regular, Junior, Super; each has chafe-free softness; holds its shape.


CAPTAIN LIGHTFOOT—U.I. Directed by Dough Suits; Michael Martin, Rock Hudson; Ann Doberz; Barbara Rush; Capt. Thunderbolt (John Doherty); Jeff Morrow; Lady Ann More; Kathleen Ryan Mahoney; Edwina Currie; Regilla, Dennis O'Dea; Capt. Hand, Geoffrey Toome; Tim Keenan, Shay O'Gorman; Capt. Robert Bernal; St. George Bracey, Nick Fitzgerald; Lord Clennell, Chris Casson; High Steward, Kenneth MacDonald; Tuer O'Brien, Ian Devlin.

CHIEF CRAZY HORSE—U.I. Directed by Georg Sherman; Crazy Horse, Victor Mature; Black Shan, Susan Ball; Mayor Twist, John Lundy; Little B. Man, Ray Dunton; Flying Hawk, Keith Larsen General Crow, James Millican; Lt. Cartright, Dave Janssen; Spotted Tail, Robert Warwick; Worm, Pat Guilfoyle; Conquering Bear and Red Cloud, Mort Ainkrum; Old Man Aford, Stuart Randall; Jack Mante, Robert Simon; Caleb Mante, James Weste field; Aaron Cartwright, Donald Randolph; Maj. Carlisle, Dennis Weaver; Sg't. Gathie; John Peter.

DAY OF TRIOHUM—Century Films. Directed Irving Pichel: Zadah, Lee J. Cobb; The Chieft, Robert Wilson; Caiaphas, Ralph Freud; Peter, Tyl; McVey; Andrews, Touch Connors; Ciaos, Toni Gerr Mary Magdalene, Joanna Dru; Judas, James Griffit Annas, Everett Glass; Pilate; Lowell Gilmore; Baru bas, Arohyne Ward; Nikator, Peter Witney.

HIT THE DECK—M-G-M. Directed by Roy Ro land; Susan Smith, Jane Powell; Bill Clark, US; Tony Martin; Carol Price, Debbie Reynolds; A sha Smith, USN; Walter Pidgeon; Rico Ferino USN, Vic Damone; Wendell Craig, Gene Raymond Ginger, Ann Miller; Danny Smith, USN, Russ Ta blyn; Mrs. Ferrari, Kay Armen; Lt. Jackson, US; Richard Anderson; 3rd Shore Patrol, Jimmy Thomp son; Capt. Pernui, J. Carrol Naish.

INTERRUPTED MELODY—M-G-M. Directed by Curtis Bernhardt; Tom King, Glenn Ford; Marj Lawrence, Eleanor Parker; Cyril Lawrence, Reg Moore; Bill Lawrence, Cecil Kel away.

JUPITER'S DARLING—M-G-M. Directed by George Seaton; Amyset, Ray Williams; Henshaw Howard Keel; Meta, Marge Champion; Paris Gower Champion; Fabinus Maximus, George Sander Harriot, Richard Hayden; Maga, William Demarest; Fubia, Nora Varden; Sibyl, Douglas Dumbrill Carballo, Henry Corden; Maharbel, Michael Ansar Widow Tiusa, Martha Wright; Principal swim ming statue, John Oliszewski; The Swimming Chorus courtesy of Lisa Bengston.

LONG GRAY LINE, THE—Columbia. Directed John Ford; Marty Maher, Tyrone Power; Ma O'Donnell, Maureen O'Hara; James Sandstrom, J Robert Francis; Old Martin, Donald Crisp; Cq Herman J. Kauhler, Ward Bond; Kitty Carter, Bert Palmer; Charles Dazton, Phil Carey; Red Sandstro William Leslie; Dwight Eisenhower, Harry Carr

*PS. When "that" day arrives for the first time, will you be prepared? Send today for the new free booklet "You're a Young Lady Now!" Written for girls 9 to 12, it tells all you need to know, before hand. Easy-reading. Button-bright! Write P.O. Box 3434, Dept. 1245, Chicago 54, Illinois.
Perfect Fit
any way you look at it!

Exclusive elasti-side panels give with your every motion!
Cress-cross elastic front dips low...divides divinely!
Elastic back...sets lower and stays lower!

New PlaytexLiving Bra
OF ELASTIC AND NYLON

"Custom-contoured" for perfect fit...no matter what size or in-between size you are! The secret is in the exclusive elasti-side panel that gently self-adjusts to your measurements. The drama is in the nylon cups that lift and lute into the high, round look of Paris. The magic is the Playtex Living Bra...the most fitting, most beautifying, fastest selling bra in America! Try it...you'll love it!

Look for the PLAYTEX LIVING BRA™ in the heavenly blue package at department stores and specialty shops everywhere. In gleaming WHITE, wonderfully washable—without ironing! Sizes 32A-40C $3.95

©1955 International Latex Corporation. PLAYTEX™...Dover Del in Canada: Playtex Ltd. PLATEX™...APRIBOR, Ont.
HOLLYWOOD WHISPERS

BY FLORABEL MUIR

about the way the stork's been booked solid by famous Hollywood filmites, what with Pier Angeli still looking beautiful in her lovely trousseau finery and at the same time announcing plans that the Vic Damone is expecting a stork visitor... About how Janie Powell and Pat Nerney hardly wore off that just-married look when they started sporting a parental glow. Janie's expecting in July... Some other visits from Sir Stork will be made at the Guy Madison's and the Bob Taylors'.

About the signs Dorothy Mature has been showing that she might like a reconciliation try if only Vic were more willing... And the revival of those rumors that Marilyn Monroe and Joe DiMaggio are seeing eye-to-eye since their excursion to Boston... The unhappy news that cute Maggie McNamara and writer-husband David Swift are no longer willing to make it a go... And the troubles Rita Gam is having in holding her eight-year marriage to stage and TV producer Sidney Lumet together because of career separations... The happy smile on Jack Webb's face these days, put there by new Mrs. Webb.

About the way men have taken a new interest in fashion, what with Liberace and his brocade jackets and Edmund Purdom and his 18th century snuff box and now Van Johnson, who's sporting a pair of black velvet dinner slippers with red leather lining and gold braid monograms, no less!

BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see PHOTOPLAY for months indicated. For this month's full reviews, see page 20.

HEART OF THE RINO—RKO. Technicolor: Lively Western. Texas rancher Glenn Ford delivers prize bulls to Brazil, gets into range war, with Frank Lovejoy and Ursula Thiess on opposing sides. Vivid location shots. (F) February

BAD DAY AT BLACK ROCK—MG-M. Technicolor: Eastman Color. In an offbeat mystery, Spencer Tracy finds a small Western town is covering up a past crime, at Robert Ryan's command, with Anne Francis. (F) March

BATTLE CRY—Warners. Technicolor: Simple, well acted story of carrier-based jets over Korea. William Holden's a pilot; Grace Kelly, his wife; Fredric March, an admiral; Mickey Rooney, a 'topper pilot. (F) March

CARMEN JONES—20th Century-Fox. Technicolor: Brilliant, unusual musical, set in America's South. Dorothy Dandridge as the temptress, and Harry Belafonte, as the soldier she ruins. (F) January

COUNTRY GIRL, THE—Paramount. Technicolor: Simple, well acted story of carrier-based jets over Korea. William Holden's a pilot; Grace Kelly, his wife; Fredric March, an admiral; Mickey Rooney, a 'topper pilot. (F) March

DEEP IN MY HEART—M-G-M. Technicolor: Strong theme, intelligent acting. Bing Crosby fights alcoholism to try a star concert, aided by wife Grace Kelly and Bill Holden. (F) January

DESTINY—U-I. Technicolor: Bisk, humorous horror opera. Peaceable Audie Murphy cleans up an onrushing frontier town. Lori Nelson's a nice girl; Mari Blanchard, a siren. (F) February

DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE—Rank. Technicolor: Funny, rumbling, irreverent tale of students working or trying to bluff their way through medical school. British made, with Dirk Bogarde, Kenneth More. (F) March

FAR COUNTRY, THE—U-I. Technicolor: Vigorous, skillfully made Western. In old-time Alaska, hard-bitten James Stewart is stranded in a town terrorized by hoodlums. Corinne Calvety's a tomboy; Ruth Roman, an adventureess. (F) March

GREEN FIRE—M-G-M. Technicolor: Eastman Color. Robust, good-natured adventure movie, about a search for emeralds in Colombia. Stewart Granger, Paul Douglas are blacking partners; Grace Kelly, a proud heroine. (F) February

PHIFFFT—Columbia. Judy Holliday and Jack Lemmon expertly portray a divorced pair who grimly try to lead gay single lives. Slight but smoothly done farce. (F) January


ROMEO AND JULIET—U-A. Technicolor: Beautiful absorbing English version of Shakespeare's play shot in Italy. Youthful Susan Shenton, Lauren Harvey are lovers parted by a feud. (F) January

SIGN OF THE PAGAN—U-I. Cinemascope, Technicolor: Spectacle, intrigue and in the fifth century, As Atilla the Hun, Ja Palance plots to attack the Roman Empire, igger Jeff Chandler, to defend it. (F) February

SILVER CHALICE, THE—Warners. Cinemascope, Technicolor. Pageant of the Roman Empire, with handsome sets. Director Paul Ne man weds a Christian girl (Pier Angeli), remains infatuated with Virginia Mayo, assistant to power-mad magician (Jack Palance). (F) March

SIX BRIDGES TO CROSS—U-I. Rapi fire cops-and-robbers yarn. Cop George Nader tries to reform Tony Curtis, juvenile delinquent, becomes a master crook. (F) March

SO THIS IS PARIS—U-I. Technicolor. Cheerful, youthful tune-film. Tony Curtis, Gene Nelson, Paul Gilberg are sailors seeking roman on shore leave, Gloria DeHaven gets them into plan to help French war orphans. (F) February

STAR IS BORN, A—Warners. Technicolor: Judy Garland and James Mason are excellent as a rising film star and her adoring husband. Dazzling music-drama. (F) January

THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW BUSINESS—20th Century-Fox. Technicolor, De Luxe Color. Big musical about a family of vaudeville parents Ethel Merman and Dan Dailey, kids Mia, Gaynor, Johnnie Ray and Donald O'Connor (who falls for singer Marilyn Monroe). (F) March

THREE RING CIRCUS—Warner Bros. Technicolor: Martin and Lewis are a far a number of laughs in a vaguely plotted tale of the big top. (F) January


UNCHAINED—Warners. Earnest, moving close-up of a honor prison designed to rehabilitate inmates. Chester Morris is the warden; Ed Hirsch, a rebellious convict. (F) January


VERA CRUZ—U-A. Technicolor: Lusty, light-beated melodrama of Mexico's feud to shake off French rule. Gentlemanly G.H. Cooper, soundlessly Burt Lancaster hunts out the guns. Filmed on location. (F) March

WOMEN AND DEATH, THE—Columbia. Technicolor. Grim range-war tale. Edward G. Robinson's a cattle baron; Barbara Stanwyx his faithful wife; Dianne Foster, their daughter, Glenn Ford, a rancheer. (F) February

YOUNG AT HEART—Warners. Technicolor. Leasurely musical romance. At first in love with Gig Young, Doris Day weds Frank Sinatra, a self-pitying musician. (F) March
"Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo," says Jane Wyman. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

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

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

Hollywood's favorite
Lustre-Creme Shampoo...

Never Dries—it Beautifies!

Jane Wyman

co-starring in "LUCY GALLANT"

A Paramount Picture
in VistaVision.
Color by Technicolor.
Fan letter to Guy Madison from a nine-year-old Chicago girl:

"I'd like to have you spend the month of August at my house. You'll have to leave on September 1, though, because I've asked Clark Gable for the month of September."


A jivester, insists Peter Arnell, has his glasses made by a botanical company.

A starlet told a friend she had played secretaries in twenty films.

"Good at shorthand?" queried the friend.

"No," said the starlet, "short lines."

A character rushed up to a Hollywood couple celebrating their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary and gushed: "How wonderful. You were made for one another. I'm sure there were no thoughts of divorce in all those twenty-five years."

"No," said the husband. "But on many occasions, I assure you, there were thoughts of murder."

Jack Benny about his golf:

"I'm not so good. I lost the ball on a green once."

The difference between a psychotic and a neurotic is making the studio rounds

The psychotic believes two and two are five. The neurotic knows two and two are four but it makes him nervous.

Overheard at Lucy's: "I'm forming a new club, Solters Anonymous. It's for people who want to fall off the wagon."

Overheard at Ciro's: "She came up the hard way—just talent."

Sir Cedric Hardwicke says he knows an actress who is working in two pictures at once—her first and her last.

Talking about a notoriously vain actress, a catty doll said:

"Vain? She even refuses to take her mirror's word for it."

Chester Morris' first movie after five years of TV acting, "Unchained," was on location at the California Institution for Men at Chino. Wearing dungarees and T-shirt, Morris was sitting at a table in the picnic area where families visit inmates of the prison.

He overheard a buzzing at a nearby table and overheard a lady's loud whisper, "Isn't that Chester Morris?" Told she was right, the lady said:

"So Morris is in here. No wonder we haven't seen him in pictures lately."

Description of a Hollywood wolf: A fine fellow once you get to know him.

Overheard: "She's a gold digger—you know, a doll who mines her own business."

*See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local TV station.
magnificent!

rosée

the gloriously
simulated
new pearl

by Deltah

its very special
beauty, a
delicate faintly
pink glow
like the
finest
cultured pearls

PIPER LAURIE
co-starring in
Universal-International's
"SMOKE SIGNAL"
Print by Technicolor

Rosée chokers and necklaces
with adjustable rhinestone clasps
Single Strand $5.50 Double Strand $8.50 Triple Strand $11.50

YOUR JEWELER WILL SHOW YOU Rosée CHOKERS AND NECKLACES
ESPECIALLY CREATED FOR THE "HOLLYWOOD FASHION GROUP"

Heller Tara Inc., 411 Fifth Avenue, New York
A playful pink . . . but it's strictly for grown-ups! There's nothing little-girl about the kiss-me-quick look it gives your lips. This bright new shade of Cashmere Bouquet Lipstick does its good work discreetly, too—Pink-A-Boo stays on you, stays off everyone else!

Conover girls pick Cashmere Bouquet

"Have a lipstick wardrobe: a blue-red, an orange-red and a definite pink. All three cost less than $2 when, like our Conover girls, you choose Cashmere Bouquet."

Candy Jones

7 Cover-Girl Colors 49¢ plus tax

cashmere bouquet

Indelible-Type Lipstick
Super-Creamed to Keep Your Lips Like Velvet
I'm a girl who likes to eat heartily—out of sheer love of good food. And I've always been very active. But there comes a time in every young girl's life when she finds she's managed to consume more calories than her body has been able to burn. My time arrived. One evening I looked into the mirror and made a decision. "My figure could stand some streamlining," I sighed. "A couple dozen pounds worth, I think."

The statement startled my mother. "Five pounds will do nicely," she said. "Your father and I will tolerate no

Continued
malnutrition cases around this house.”

“But I’d like to be able to sort of slither around,” I teased. “Sophisticated siren-like.”

“We’ll tolerate no sophisticated sirens either,” she declared. “Just several pounds less of Terry Moore, if you’re really serious about slimming down.”

I was. A few pounds make a big difference with me. And I’ve found that this is true of any motion-picture actress. Keeping in trim is a must in this profession as the camera records each extra ounce and discerning fans with their eyes upon the CinemaScope screen are quick to note overweight.

I’d been off-screen for a number of months and had my heart set on a role in one of 20th’s finest new productions, “Daddy Long Legs.” Naturally I wanted to be in perfect shape so I would be ready if I were lucky enough to get the role.

So after a conference with my doc-
tor, I set out to lose eight pounds (and I might add—got the part and joined Fred Astaire and Leslie Caron in the cast).

If you've ever tried dieting—and what girl hasn't?—you'll know there's work involved. Work and will power. But the rewards (Continued on page 82)

Weight problem is an individual matter. I wanted to lose twelve pounds, but my doctor thought eight was better for me.

To be effective, exercises should be done regularly. Some of my best pounding was done while talking on the phone!

As you slim, you begin to take more pride in everything about yourself—clothes, hair-do, even your fingernails.

A glass of skimmed milk or an apple may not sound terribly helpful, appetite-wise, but they make dieting easier.
Bill Holden is in "Country Girl" and Many Splendored Things.

Ardis is Bill’s best movie critic — works with him on scripts.

With his Oscar, "Popularity," he insists, "is due to good films."

If he makes a Western, his stock will go up with sons West, Scott.

A Cadillac now — but for years a secondhand car.

He also has a mad passion for musical bones, drums.

When he’s going to travel he reads everything about the place.

Connoisseur, epicure, gourmet, he likes hamburger with sour cream.

Things happen to Bill, as Ardis knows, after fourteen hectic years.

He’s tops in any role, but oh, what a character Bill Holden is when he’s just being himself!

BY DEE PHILLIPS

Bill Holden has so often been called colorless, unromantic, stuffy, dull or bad copy that the public has begun to wonder: "Who and what is Golden Boy Holden? Can the color, vitality and deep sensitivity he shows on the screen be just good acting? Is he a machine turning on emotions, humor and personality only for the benefit of the camera?" The answer is uh-uh—not on your CinemaScope tintype!

It takes a combination of Sherlock Holmes and Sgt. Joe Friday to tear through the facade that Bill has built around his family and himself. He answers questions honestly—but incompletely, telling only superficial facts about himself. He states his reasons frankly: "What the public expects is sometimes what the actor considers an invasion of privacy. I owe my success to guys like Billy Wilder [the producer-director], who polished ‘Sunset Boulevard’ and ‘Stalag 17’ like jewels and then got the best out of me. Popularity is (Continued on page 109)
Virginia Mayo We'd say this is really getting a bead on a man! Anyway, it's a pretty way to rope him in. Of course, Ginny will discard some of her collection—mustn't overdo your lines, ladies.

Marla English Here's a pretty piece of whimsy that should add sparkle to any girl's conversation—matching sweater and phone. Naturally, it must be seen to be appreciated. That's the idea!

May Wynn He'll be happy to have you wear the pants—like these! It's that feminine touch a man likes—the patches we mean. Make 'em gay. He won't quit admiring you on the job.
CATCHERS

Accessories won't hold a man—but they'll catch his eye and make him linger long enough to get to know you!

Colleen Miller  Expect showers of compliments when you step out in this rainy-day ensemble. Posies on a parasol to match the color of your coat—if they don't get him, he's really all wet!

Taina Elg  A sure-fire way to start a blaze—romantically—is Taina's fireman red cape. But here's the provocative part. It's angora—as soft and cuddly as a kitten. Hear that man purr!

Virginia Leith  A convertible cap that's both hat and scarf makes a pretty frame for your face, brings out that pixie look men love. So let the wind blow—you're warm. And he's getting warmer!

Virginia Leith is in "White Feather"
A maze of contradictions is Jeff Chandler, who refuses to conform then lets his sentiment show in a way he doesn’t realize.

BY
WYNN ROBERTS

Jeff Chandler is a rebel, not an obvious rebel like Marlon Brando or Monty Clift or that new and very talented wild man Jimmy Dean. Not for Chandler the sloppy shirt, the uncombed hair or a noisy motorcycle. His rebellion is quieter.

For example, take his living in his studio dressing room. It’s a big luxurious dressing room. But for a man with his income and position it seems as ridiculous for him to live there as it would be for the head of a great corporation to sleep in his office. That is, until you examine the situation more closely.

Living at the studio, Jeff is completely safe from the lenses of prowling cameramen, the ears of listening columnists. He’s no hermit. But as nearly as he can manage it, he means to have romance on his own terms—which are not the terms of hitting the (Continued on page 85)
Those Irish eyes aren't smiling at the ballyhoo and publicity. But let's face it, Miss McNamara—you can't get away from it all.

- One evening last October, a tiny, black-haired, small-framed young girl shily plunged into the furred and jeweled opening-night crowd inside the lobby of the new Huntington Hartford Theatre and surreptitiously made her way down the aisle to her seat. Slumping into the seat, she immediately buried her head into the program and impatiently scanned the cast credits, seemingly unaware of the glamour and lavishness of the evening and equally unaware of her own importance. The girl was Maggie McNamara, and this marked her first appearance at a Hollywood social event.

It took both Helen Hayes, who was starring that evening in “What Every Woman Knows,” and Elia Kazan to bring Maggie out this night, for on all visits to Hollywood, Maggie McNamara lived (Continued on page 98)
MAGGIE!

Maggie hid in projection room when "Moon Is Blue" was premiered, vanished when "Three Coins in a Fountain" opened!

BY
ERNST JACOBI
The Calhouns: Rory's in "The Looters"

Lita's birthday "Leo." Rory didn't forget Below, the charm that stopped Lita's show

Left,—only Leo had champagne hangover Below, left—for times when they're apart
Below, right—an actor's medal for Lita
Remembrances on a bracelet, each a golden symbol of romance, telling the story of Lita’s and Rory’s marriage

LOVE HAS CHARMS

- The bracelets are of solid gold and the links are strong. The charms upon them are also gold and the designs are intricate. However, there are only two people in the entire world who would be able to quote you their true value. One is Lita Calhoun. The other is Rory Calhoun. “You see,” Lita explains, “they’re much more than decoration pieces. Each charm has a special meaning.”

“They tell the story of our marriage,” Rory adds.

Lita smiles as he says it—the smile of a woman in love. “These charms represent our happy times and our sad times,” she goes on. “Some of the incidents have little meaning to anyone but Rory and me. But they’re the little remembrances that help make a marriage a lifelong romance, that constantly renew the feeling of closeness between a husband and wife.

“We’re sentimental, Rory and I. We’ve never taken our marital vows lightly. We’ve never forgotten them. When the first few weeks of our marriage passed, we didn’t consider the honeymoon over, that we were settling down to taking one another for granted.

“After six years, I still receive the same consideration from Rory and he from me. Till this day he hurries to open doors for me. Even at home, he seats me at the table before he sits down and on mornings when my eyes have trouble opening, he’ll say very softly, ‘Go ahead and sleep. I’ll get my own breakfast.’

“Little things, perhaps, but far from insignificant. In every way I know he’s saying, ‘You come first!’

Continued
“Remember this one?” The memories go back more than six years.

“And I feel the same way about Rory,” says Lita. And the all-important charms? Sometimes the Calhouns sit by the fire in the evening and Lita finds herself fingering the golden memories on her wrist. “Remember this one?” she’ll ask. “I’ll say I do,” he grins. “The first...”

The first charm brings a laugh, for strangely enough the Calhouns’ charmed life began with the tiny, dark-haired Isabelita Castro impatiently glaring at a clock. Her Spanish temper was aroused and headed for the...

“Well, if that’s the kind of a man he is—the sort who makes a date and doesn’t bother to call when he’s late...”

“Why see him again?” suggested her brother, who is a great one for keeping a straight face when jesting. “There are lots of other men on this earth.”

“Not like Rory...” She stopped—the defense had slipped out through her annoyance—and she began to smile, with the rest of her family, who knew exactly what she thought of the tall ex-forest ranger.

When the doorbell rang, all but Lita discreetly disappeared into the kitchen, claiming a sudden longing for many cups of coffee. Rory had arrived, with apologies. “I’m sorry,” he said. “We worked late. Then I had a stop to make...”

“You might have phoned,” Lita pointed out.

“But you might have asked me where I was and what I was doing,” Rory told her. (Continued on page 81)
There we were, sharing two rooms with laughs.

Forgetting to put the laundry out, going on a

mad diet of prunes! Who would have known then what was going to happen to . . .

THAT GIRL KELLY AND ME

By Rita Gam

- “Why exactly,” a friend asked me, “are you and Grace Kelly friends? What, besides your work, do you have in common?”

“Oh,” I said, off the top of my head, “rocks.”

Then I went on to explain that when Grace was in central Africa a couple of years ago on location with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer’s “Mogambo,” in which she starred with Clark Gable and Ava Gardner, I was in North Africa on location with “Saadia” for the same studio, and unbeknown to each other we both brought home trunks full of the incredible-looking stones, veined with amethyst, that cover the African fields. M-G-M paid a fortune in freight charges for the “rocks” which now ornament our apartments, but we couldn’t resist carting home these beautiful stones. Rocks are not the only things, of course—firm though they may be—that serve as a foundation for our friendship. Careerwise, we have the same interests, many of the same problems, the same drive and we are trying to make, I think, the same kind of life.

We both have extreme cases of wanderlust. Grace was unhappy when she couldn’t go to Japan on location with Paramount’s “Bridges at Toko-Ri,” but was solaced to some extent when Bill Holden, who did go, brought her back some stones! She was so happy, on the other hand, when M-G-M’s “Green Fire,” in which she co-stars with Stewart Granger, took her to South America (Continued on page 101)
"Grace is the most home-and-family-loving person I know."
Above, at premiere with brother Jack, father John B. Kelly

"Because she doesn't go in for exhibitionism, people say she's cold. She isn't cold—her feelings are deep, not for show"
It was only a gypsy's prediction. It could only happen in fiction. Yet there it was on Bob's cuff links—the sign that marked him her man!

THEIR DATE WITH DESTINY
"The father-to-be is literally walking on clouds," said Ursula Thiess Taylor. Then she smiled, in a way you almost never see a Hollywood girl smile, her dark green eyes touched with a gentle, adoring humor, warming as an open fire on a cold, rainy night.

As a matter of fact, her smile was welcome on the lowering winter afternoon when we were talking. We were sitting in the little house which Ursula had rented almost two years ago when he learned it was the type of small modern house that Bob Taylor preferred.

Now, like the solid embodiment of romance come true, only a few blocks away a rambling, very modern farmhouse was going up, the home of the new Mr. and Mrs. Robert Taylor.

The color came up into her cheeks. "Isn't it a lovely place?" she asked.

I agreed it was. I could not help remembering a year back when Ursula found her first little house. Not many people in Hollywood knew her then. This tall, incredibly beautiful, delicately reserved girl. But I was lucky enough to have met her, being a friend of her closest friends, the Ernest Hallers.

She was aglow with love even then. Not that she mentioned it. She is never much given to talk, anyway, though she is a prodigious reader, a lover of music, a gourmet. But anyone who has ever known devotion would have known at a glance that she was in love.

When she rented the little house on her tiny RKO salary, it meant she had to give up (Continued on page 96)
Eleanor met third husband Paul Clemens when he painted her portrait. "She had none of the usual, easy patter. What she said made sense."

Recently son Richard cried when she tried to kiss him, in make-up. He didn't recognize her. Other children are daughters Sharon and Susan.

Directors mistake her for somebody else, even her children are sometimes confused by Eleanor Parker, the girl nobody really knows.

By Hyatt Downing
Not long ago, Eleanor Parker attended a small dinner party and while entering the room passed the famous William Wyler, who had directed her in one of her most important pictures, “Detective Story.” Smiling up at him, she greeted him warmly, “Hello, Willie, how are you?” Wyler gave her a startled who-are-you? look, nodded coolly and turned away.

Ten minutes later, after evidently having made inquiries, he was back, contrite and chagrined. “What have you done to yourself, Eleanor?” he begged. “I didn’t know you!”

“Just a different hair-do,” she laughed. “But don’t let it bother you. It happens all the time.”

In 1951, while making “Scaramouche,” Eleanor walked onto the set one day wearing a red wig. “Oh, look at the swell foreign dish!” one of the members of the cast exclaimed. “She’d be wonderful for the lead in this picture. I bet she’s got a terrific accent.”

Again in a make-up test for the role of Madame Butterfly in her current picture, “Interrupted Melody,” not a single member of the cast recognized her.

“I don’t think I have a particularly distinctive face,” she said. “Girls with high cheek bones, or full-lipped, expressive mouths or even a strongly defined nose are more likely to be remembered or recognized at a casual meeting. I’ve normally brownish-red hair, but just let them change its color for a new picture and I become a stranger to my closest friends. One day I was sitting in Chasen’s, waiting (Continued on page 107)
I first met him on the telephone—an introduction that took me to Mexico and into an adventure that was to be the beginning of my friendship with John Wayne • BY ROBERT STACK

Mexicans and Duke are "simpatico"—but Bob, above with John, wasn't so sure the bulls were when he took to the ring to test for "Bullfighter and the Lady"...
Brando's madness had the studio press hunting in pet shops!

Marlon Brando is in "Desiree" and "Guys and Dolls"; Doris Day, in "Young at Heart"; Jan Sterling, in "Women's Prison"; Paul Douglas, in "Green Fire"; Ann Miller, in "Hit the Deck"; Jane Powell, in "Hit the Deck".

Fifty fruit cakes molded—Mom smoldered because of this Day's dreaming!

Jan Sterling and Paul Douglas: The low rent fooled this pair of April fools.

Friends never know what to expect when Ann Miller pops into the conversation!
Aries' children have great vitality and physical energy and a great love of independence. I wasn't surprised to discover that Doris Day is an Aries child, but I was as surprised as Doris to learn that she was born on the same April day—the third—as Marlon Brando. At first, second and third glance, Doris and Marlon seem to have nothing in common, although they've both achieved the dubious honor of collecting sour apples from the Hollywood Women's Press Club. Doris, however, seems to be a serious down-to-earth young woman, without any pixie-ness in her soul. As for Marlon, I sometimes wonder if he even has a soul; he puts such a high picket fence around it.

But the stars don't lie—in the heavens, I mean—for they say that Aries should beware of carrying their spirit of independence too far—into egocentricity—or attempting to be original and ending up only being novel. Words of wisdom for Marlon? Maybe. And certainly it's true—the planet that gave the light of Day to Doris and Brando gave them an equal measure of harum-scarum April foolishness—and forgetfulness.

Like when Doris put fifty fruit-and-nut cakes in the back of her car to deliver as Christmas gifts. This is a perennial Yuletide gift from her mother to their friends. Three months later, they were driving to church on Easter, when her mother, to make conversation more than anything else, said casually, "It's funny, Doris, but no one told me they liked my Christmas cake this year. I waited for someone to call, but no one has." The blond turned red,
Celeste Holm had fun with a banquet scene—and the rest of the cast had indigestion

Gregory Peck: His dinner got cold while he got hot playing an April prank on his boy.

Gregory Peck is in "The Purple Plain" and "Moby Dick"; Spencer Tracy, in "Bad Day at Black Rock"; Clark Gable, in "Soldier of Fortune"; Debbie Reynolds, in "Hit the Deck".

Funny, What April Fools Will Do

Continued

struck her head and screamed. While her bewildered mother watched, Doris stopped the car, ran to the trunk and opened up the back. Fifty very moldy fruit cakes stared reproachfully up at her!

There was the time, too, when Doris was driving with her husband Marty Melcher, and he was talking very seriously about her career. She was staring out of the window and in the middle of some facts statistics on boxoffice grosses, Doris dreamily said, "Yes, but what color are we going to have for the dining-room draperies?" No wonder her mother calls her Miss Priscilla Pre-occupied.

Everyone has heard about Mr. Brando's famous raccoon. When Marlon was in Chicago to promote one of his pictures, the local exhibitors and studio press agents begged and begged him to tell them what they could do to make his stay more pleasant.

"You really want to help me?" Marlon asked.

"Oh yes, oh yes," they told him.

"There's only one thing I want," said the "different" actor.

"Name it and it's yours," they chorused.

Get a mate for my raccoon," Brando requested.

I'm not surprised at all that Paul Douglas and Jan Sterling—she was born April 3; he, April 11—are so congenial. They both have the same crazy sense of humor. When someone asked Jan recently, "Does Paul have any hobbies?" she replied, "He certainly does. Getting married. I'm his fifth, you know."

The stars say Jan and Paul are typical Aries who bubble over with so much life and energy that it's often difficult to curb them and hold them within the limits of safety or common sense. Now take their house. Shortly after Paul and Jan married, they called me very excitedly to tell of the new home they had rented. "There are seventeen rooms," said Paul.

"The swimming pool is half a mile long," added Jan.

"But how much is it?" said the very practical I.

"That's the best part of it," sai
Clark Gable lost his footing and gained a crown as a result of a Spencer Tracy gag.

Debbie Reynolds' impish prank had Russ Tamblyn combing her poodle out of his hair.

Paul. "We're getting it for nothing—practically."

Three months later, Jan and Paul were munching miserably at Chasen's.

"How's the new house?" I asked brightly.

"It isn't," replied Jan morosely.

"You see," said Paul, "the rent was cheap, but we needed ten servants to run the place and they cost us $2,000 a month."

"That was bad enough," interrupted Jan. "But there were so many rooms that whenever I wanted to talk to Paul I had to send out a search party."

Janie Powell, too, was born in April—the 1st—and has a sense of humor with a touch of April Fool zaniness all mixed up with (Continued on page 79)
With parents, on "Broken Lance" set, Bob is gay-er, more relaxed and fun-loving when he's with his family, has always preferred being with people older than himself. Below, with Spencer Tracy

Bob Wagner is in "White Feather"

Two people influenced Bob Wagner, gave him strength for the years ahead. Because of them life will never defeat him

- Today, Bob Wagner is a man in his own right, the hottest young male star on the 20th Century-Fox roster and an idol of a million teenagers. His studio has invested fortunes in his pictures; his fan mail averages thousands of letters each week. He is a success, a Big Name, a power at the boxoffice.

To understand Bob's success, you must return to the place he calls home. Not to the small two-bedroom apartment that the studio only recently got for him, but to his parents' home in La Jolla. And to understand Bob you must also meet his parents.

"One thing I've noticed about Bob," remarked a close friend at his studio, "is how much more at home he feels when his father and mother are around. He seems gayer, more relaxed, more fun-loving. I remember once, when we were on location in Arizona for 'Broken Lance,' Bob got word that his father and mother were coming down to spend a week. Until they arrived he was like a race horse champing at the bit. I said something about how eager he must be to see his folks again. 'Well,' Bob dissembled, lest I see how deeply he felt, 'Dad just got a new Cadillac, and I'm sort of anxious (Continued on page 90)"

BY MAXINE BLOCK
Monroe, the model. Small parts in movies followed. Then, “All About Eve,” changed her appearance—and her career.

In Hollywood she found a staunch friend, Sidney Skolsky. “A lonely little girl,” he said, “wanting people to like her.”

She shunned night clubs for night school. “Gentlemen Prefer Blondes,” earned her a place in Grauman’s famed cement court.

In a blind date—and Marilyn had found her man. Marriage to Joe DiMaggio opened the door to secure, happy life she craved.

But the door slammed shut. And Monroe was alone again. Joe and Marilyn were divorced. Only her career remained.

But her career soared. And when “Seven Year Itch,” above, was finished, Hollywood paid tribute to its brightest star.

Ten years of Monroe

At a party, Marilyn announces there’ll be a new Monroe, plans to produce own films, do dramatic roles. Above, with Clifton Webb.
So much in love, they
fought. So much in tune,
they had courage to
fight against all odds for
the future they needed

BY
MAXINE ARNOLD

Don't tell John Derek the best things in life are free. And don't
tell his wife Pati either. The best things in life, they know today,
you pay for. And the price can come very high. And you may
pay with your heart.

You pay in dreams, still unfulfilled—which may never be ful-
filled. You pay in tears—more tears than it seems possible for you
to cry. In dollars—and the worry about dollars that won't quite
stretch around. You pay in words—fighting words—that can never
quite be taken back. You pay in freedom. And in fear—watching a
little boy's face as the color comes and goes again and again.

Today John Derek, the handsome dashing motion-picture actor
who lives in the deeper San Fernando Valley, turns a deaf ear to
Continued
adventure and limits his travels to trips to the hardware store.

Today, pretty and talented Pati Behrs Derek is content to foreground the spotlight and the sweet sound of applause and live the life she and John have learned to value, and both family and friends—worth sacrificing for, and fighting for and—whatever the handicaps—worth hanging onto.

As John says meaningfully, "When you've seen your kid die and live again—and die and live, you look at him. And you see him. Really see him. You don't take him for granted. Not one day. Not one hour. You take a close look—tomorrow he may not be there. Of course, the couples go to a window and say, 'Isn't he cute'—and count to see if his toes are all there. But they don't really see him. When you're holding him and he turns dark blue and starts to choke—you see him. He may not be around the next time. It gives you a better appreciation of what you have. And, believe me, you take a good long look at yourself."

Pati and John really cherish their children and their home. And why not? Pati was a refugee from war—always on the run. John as a boy was caught between parents—and between military schools. Too many military schools. When, like John, you've never had a solid steady home to depend on, you take a good close look at the rambling ranch house in Encino you finally call your own.

And when you've never belonged to anybody, you love the closeness and belonging of marriage. If your name is Pati, you take a good look at this restless adventurer, this mad impractical man who is your husband and who, despite his infuriating moments, loves you very, very much. If you are John—and you have been alone too many of your twenty-eight years—you look at this pretty, pert, practical and equally infuriating little package—whose warmth and spirit and fire and loyalty and love matches your own. A girl who will make you lonely again. You look at each other. Really look, and you know what you've found finally—together. And you know no matter how stormy the weather, you'll hang on.

They're Hollywood's strongest, and frequently stormiest love story—John and Pati Derek. And theirs is a story that began with a gamble.

Outside that chapel in Las Vegas six years ago, the "strip" glittered and beckoned. Wary-eyed croupiers called the last throw and turned the next card.

Inside the chapel two beautiful people with dreams diluted by disillusionment were gambling for higher stakes. The rest of their lives together. Against odds greater than even they could know.

The odds then, promising to take each other better and for worse, for richer and for poorer, in sickness and in health, they would be challenged all the way, that they would have an overwhelmingly lot of happiness and along with it tribulations, too.

Even if they had known, together they would still have defied Fate to turn her next challenging card. Challenge, in whatever form, to each of them, both friend and enemy.

Each was born to a plush heritage. The bride was a statuesque, oval-faced, and doe-eyed princess whose family was forced to flee to Turkey when their estates were taken over by the Communists. As a child she worked in pictures in Turkey, and later was brought to Rome, trained in a French cafe. Her twinkling feet were star-bound with the ballet. When 20th Century-Fox discovered her and sent her to Hollywood, Pati Behrs was determined to make a name and an identity for herself in this new land. Then she met a handsome lad whose heritage and determination in many ways matched her own. Nor was he a stranger to him. A paratrooper just back from combat duty in the Philippines—and from occupying Japan following the atom bomb—he was sober beyond his twenty-one years.

Derek Harris was born into a kingdom of celluloid. The plush Hollywood of the 24-carat scrapbooks and white Russian wolfhounds strolling Sunset Boulevard. His mother, a leading old-time actress, stood behind the silent screen; his father, a performer-producer. He grew up alternately in luxury and comparative poverty. Home was a cottage or a mansion in the Riviera Estates. One year he had a thoroughbred horse of his own and a chauffeur to drive him to school. Another year, the mansion and horse were gone. But most important, he began growing up at the age of five, when a child's warm world collapsed around him. His parents separated and a sensitive emotional kid was torn between the two.

As he grew older, Derek's team, like Pati's, was to make a name and an identity for himself which would last. Hollywood was his home town. Its blazing marquees and lights arcing the skies were as familiar to him as the streetlight on the corner of any small-town square. But he grew up expecting no magic from the make-believe. He'd seen too many hopeful citizens come and go. Nor had he known and rich and glamorous lives. He was ever on the run, until one day when he opened a door on the studio lot and met a lovely girl in a green corduroy suit. A girl both enchanting and are dedicated to carving and decision. No frills, no fuss, no giggles. A girl who turned down his first proposal—until they knew each other better—then when another seemed too long forthcoming, said frankly, "I think it's time to ask me again."

John Derek became a star overnight in "Knock on Any Door," and this opened the door to their future, to marriage, a family, and the first real home either he or his wife had ever known. But they had long ago learned, John and Pati, that in this life you open your own doors. And they outfitted their search for security hand in hand.

During the six full years since, Fatte's thrown her whole book at them. Challenge and situations have faced them which would have defeated two less in love or less strong.

Theirs have been the constant clashes of two strong wills and trigger-temperaments, of two who have finally made an identity, and are dedicated to carving that identity. Almost overnight John was the screen heartbreaker and a popular boxoffice star. Almost overnight a lady, who was also star-bound, was inundated in domesticity. Half of Pati's identity merged with John's.

These have been frustrating years. John. He had a sincere dedication to the things he felt he could be. There was Pati's illness during her first pregnant months when she was confined to John, all thumbs, helped keep the home going, paying bills. And he, "Money means nothing to me."

There was the near-tragedy of their first-born. The strain they've shared months and years helping their boy onto life. Of sleeping, eating, living, one eye ever upon him, lest he still away.

There was the year and a half when John didn't work before the cameras. To John's decision to freelance realized a life's worst thing—with little money the bank and another baby on the way. And he was fighting, living, not from the studio, I couldn't say, to his fellows, let's wait just a little longer now. John says.

But theirs is a marriage with muscle. Life has never been lukewarm for either of them. Nor would they like it lukewarm. On occasion their marriage has been a sizzling vial of the fightingest. But strength, and eye business, and strength. They match—word, spirit for spirit, and heart heart.

Theirs, too, is a shared honesty of affection which preserves consciousness.

A writer arrived at the new D. H. Hacienda recently to do a tender tranquil story on the John Dereks. The writer found them in the midst of a domineering. Their baby, Sean, was crying. Rebellion against the two-o'clock nap was hammering and playing carpenter. Traffic was thick with other carpenters also parents and Columbus. John had his hand on Pati's shoulder, "Tell the house you fix yourself, then." To arrive at any decision, was better than no decision at all. Although whose decision was still in doubt. They sat there, weary and wary. Pati, a yellow sweater, blue jeans and teen shoes was curled up in one corner of the room. John, with his feet crossed and shirtdoll out for comfort, in another, the eye vigilantly the space in front of the copper fireplace where a disputed table would go or not. John had signed a spectacular four-foot glass with the wagon wheel of an old prairie schooner for the base. Pati argued when the children fell over the metal base would be harder than wood. But it's not a sharp edge, it's a round edge. Besides, we can't pad the woodhouse!"

"You can cover the wheel with hide."

"Yeah! That's just as hard. And didn't we use rawhide on wagon wheels that time."

More silence. Finally the writer raised a question. "About their romance—did they fall in love?"

"She didn't giggle. That was the first the girls were giggling. Now they giggle."

John glared (Continued on page..."
CALIFORNIA-CREATED SUNSHINE FASHIONS—
from the workrooms of famous designers, now cross-country
favorites and each a winner of the coveted
Photoplay Star Fashion Award

The first of a series of new fashions disting-
guished by the fresh styling and sun-drenched colors
of our golden West. Ursula Thiess' playable sepa-
rates feature a tucked front blouse, $7.95, mated by
its wide self belt to a skirt massed with un-
pressed pleats, $10.95. Both 7-15, in Silkalene,
a lustrous and sudsable cotton-nylon blend. These,
in sunny colors, by Junior Miss of California
See these clothes at your favorite theatre in PHOTOPLAY's special fashion film made by RKO, producers of "The Conqueror."

CALIFORNIA SUNSHINE

Worn, left, by Lisa for fun in the sun—Californio Cobblers' Strip Toes, freedom-loving thong sandals in glove-soft delectable colored leathers. $4.95

Ali Baba, a gay print-lined shoe with a touch of the East in its curlicue-peaked vamp. Light, flexible colored leathers. Californio Cobblers. $7.95

All fashion photographs in this section by Christa

For
Where to Buy these fashions

turn to page 82
For left, Lisa Montel lives in fashions that reflect the creative spirit of our fun-loving Pacific coast. These separates by Saba of California have the flavor of the South Seas in richly colored Balinese print cotton pants with an, oh, so sleek look. Wrap-around twist waist is finished with little golden bells. Under $8. Balinese shirt has mandarin collar, easy shoulder and sleeve. In the pink, yellow, or blue of the print. About $6. Both 7-15

Photographed in its natural California habitat, and near the designer’s drawing board, Lisa wears, left, the lovely crease-resistant Balinese print cotton fashioned into a dress with bias bodice draping exotically over one shoulder. Four-yard sweep skirt of unpressed pleats is cinched by wide self belt. In some sumptuous South Sea colors. Sizes 7-15. By Saba of California. About $12.95. Look for Lisa in RKO’s “Escape to Burma”

FASHIONS

Fashion verve from the roaring 20’s, California Cobblers’ Flapper shoe, a flattering soft leather flat with fly-weight sole, removable strap. $8.95

Continued
CALIFORNIA SUNSHINE FASHIONS

For
Where to Buy these fashions
turn to page 92

Glamorous Barbara Darrow in a favorite sunny fashion. Bright striped cotton jersey Boater shirt, all ease and long on flair. S, M, L. $2.98

Brief lantern leg shorts are indestructible cotton gabardine, with adjustable zipper back. White and a gala color. 10-16. $2.98. Both by Cal-Conti.
Connies...
your dream shoe
come true

LESLIE CARON
co-starring with
MICHAEL WILDING in
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
color production of
"THE GLASS SLIPPER"

Like a fairy tale come true . . . Connie's
exciting styling at such a little price.
   Designed for extra flattery, detailed
   and crafted to look as if they cost
   lots more, they're yours in a gay
   array of bright Spring colors. Only

695 and 795

WOHL SHOE COMPANY • SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI • A Division of Brown Shoe Company
You're up with the stars in Junior Miss of California

Your dream come true! A California casual truly designed for your petite junior figure! You'll feel all "head in the clouds" in this tall-looking button shirt gadabout. Easy to rinse out as your nylons—in Silkaline, a blend of pima cotton and nylon with a lasting sheen. Yummy colors: turqoise, pink, orange sherbet and coffee. Sizes 5 to 15. down-to-earth price... just $16.95

FOR THE NAME OF A FINE STORE
NEAR YOU... WRITE DEPT. P
JUNIOR MISS OF CALIFORNIA 810 S. LOS ANGELES ST., LOS ANGELES 18, CALIF.

You'll have the world at your feet in California COBBLERS

Winging its way into your sun-fun days ahead, a shoe that's light as a whisper, provocative as a wink! "Pegasus" pampers you with the sheer luxury of buttery soft, care-free Aniline leather, cradles your whole foot on a plump cushion of foam. Yours in a spectacular array of spring's newest hues at fine stores "most everywhere. Piggy-bank priced at about seven dollars.

COBBLERS, INC., LOS ANGELES 21, CALIF. MADE IN CANADA BY CANADA WEST SHOE MFG. CO., WINNIPEG; IN AUSTRALIA BY C. J. BRAUN PTY. LTD., SYDNEY
HOW TO FEEL LIKE A MILLIONAIRESS . . .

LET LOVABLE SUPPORT YOU!

Take 'Action' . . . it will spoil you, my pet, for any other bra. Scads of Lastex, stretching every which way... in the band, sides, back, even under the straps... give you a lively life of ease. And stitched cups subtly define your new, higher, rounder, Lovable look! Pamper yourself... take 'Action', $2.50.

IT COSTS SO LITTLE TO LOOK LOVABLE

ever you like to shop, or write department P4, The Lovable Brassiere Company • 180 Madison Avenue • New York 16  Also in Canada
The straight and narrow look, a hit in Paris, has been adopted by our talented California designers in suits like this, left. A casual, relaxed silhouette, it features a supple, easy jacket with flat breast pockets and a banded bottom for hipline slimness. Fabric is a divine tweedy-textured black plaid in a blend of linen and cotton. Navy, gray, pecan. 8-18. Under $50. Tailored in California by Rosenblum.

The height of fashion in a suit reflecting the charm of the spring 1955 season. Mala Powers, right, wears the molded silhouette sparked with hand-cut rhinestone buttons. The fine ribbed worsted in skipper blue is highlighted by a red and white wing lapel insert design and white-touched diagonally placed pockets. Sizes 8-18, especially cut for the diminutive figure. By Lilli Annette of California. Under $70.

for the FRENCH look with the AMERICAN accent...

HOLLYWOOD-MAXWELL'S
MAIS OUI BRAS
(but yes!)

BUT YES! the new look is all the rage... and don't wait, rush... to see Hollywood-Maxwell's answer to it! Here is the high-bosom, softly rounded look in a bra that gives you an added lift, new comfort with a lace topped 3/4 cup that's underscored with supple padded wire. It's another fashion scoop for Hollywood-Maxwell, the wonderful wizard of bras, maker of those famous Whirlpool bras!

White nylon, 3.95. A B C cups.

Write the Wonderful Wizard of Bras for your free copy of "Between Us Girls."
Follow the Sun with Saba of California

Exotic as the Jewels of a Khan... Cool and lovely as the melody of Gamelan Bells... The BALINESE Group by Saba!

Junior Playclothes of sanforized, vat-dyed, combed cotton. Ours alone the exotic print... the pulsating colors of the Far East.
Right: Full Skirt—Halter Top.
Left: Fitted Shorts—Camisole Top.
Not Shown: One-shoulder Dress—Balinese Pants.

All prints in combinations of Sapphire—Turquoise—Amethyst; Citrine—Topaz—Jade; Rose quartz—Carnelian—Amethyst; combined with solid colors of Sunset Pink, Sky Blue, and Citron Yellow.
Sizes 7-15. At Better Stores Everywhere.

Write for name of Saba Store in your locality.

SABA OF CALIFORNIA, 860 LOS ANGELES STREET, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

318 WEST ADAMS, ROOM 1608, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
California to a "T" and ready to sweep the country, a delightfully fresh new balloon print cotton in carnival colors, worn, left, by Mala Powers. Contrast rickrack trims the flattering scooped neck and full flared skirt, its waistline pared to a minimum by velveteen belt. Under $15. Above, the beloved shirtwaist dress, all that rage and worn by Ursula Thiess in silkened cotton and nylon blend. Tailored to perfection with push-up sleeves, convertible collar, and bouffant skirt with its own petticoat. Mauve, blue, champagne. Under $18-16, 7-15. Both by California.

PHOTOPLAY Star Fashion Award Styles

Dream Step

AMERICA'S LOVELIEST SHOE FASHIONS

Beautiful Dream Step Shoes are the choice of the stars. Dramatically styled for every occasion...in gleaming leathers and supple suedes...

Dream Step Shoes and Dream Step Teens add fashion excitement to your every step. You'll love their thrifty price, too!

$2.99 to $6.99

For name of nearest store, write:
DREAM STEP
35 N. Fourth St., Columbus, Ohio
Rain it will, but like Mala Powers, look your most glamorous in a coaf 'n' hood of light Krane plastic. Silk-screened cloud design on skirt twinkles with rhinestone stars. The corded hemline insures a standout look. Clear, red, blue. California Silhouette, $10.95. Her boots, Rain Deers by Lucky.

Continued

"You mean this bra adds without pads?"

We mean fabulous Tres Secrete lets Mother Nature herself improve upon your bosom. For with inflatable Tres Secrete, you use glamorous air to achieve the bosom curve you've always dreamed of having. No more fit-or-don't-fit padded bras. Tres Secrete comes pre-inflated and ready to wear, but you can adjust it to your own figure . . . and to different fractions of fullness for different dresses, sweaters and blouses.

Easy to adjust? Like breathing! No fuss, no gadgets. And only Tres Secrete gives you the softly-rounded, young, high bosom that's so current and Parisian. Just see what a light, lovely thing it is to wear. You'll feel at ease with the world . . . knowing no one could guess the secret of this most natural of bras!

Adjustable Tres Secrete is available in pretty nylon or cotton styles from 2.95. For the store nearest you, selling Tres Secrete, just drop us a line. At the same time ask for your FREE copy of Babs Smith's wonderfully informative booklet, "What's Missing In Your Life?" Write to Dept. P-4, La Resista Corset Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

Tres Secrete
(the very secret bra)
California swimwear shines from lake to pool cross-country, and one reason why is Rose Marie Reid's "Bubbling Over," above, in elasticized bengaline, polka-dotted within an inch of its life. Barbara Darrow wears the figure-hugging swimsuit with contrast bra insert. Flange bra adds or detracts, whichever you need. Brown, deep pink, navy, aqua with white. 9-15. $19.95.


Look for lovely Barbara Darrow in new films by RKO, makers of "This Canvassar."
Funny, What April Fools Will Do

(Continued from page 59)

propriety. Janie thought the police was playing a joke when he stopped car on the Bay Bridge or San Francisco. But the policeman looked at her licenses and said, "You're speeding," and handed her a ticket.

Janie knew it as a joke when the best man, who was supposed to pick up and take her to the church, went away without Janie and the bride. Then the bridegroom asked, "Where's Janie?" Janie groaned, "Oh, I forgot about her." And it was Jane's turn to forget when she went back to the lounge and left the lone Janie with her father, bottle of Scotch in hand.

It was raining and Janie was sitting at the piano, just as she and her husband got married. Janie was thinking back to the past. She remembered the first time she met him, at a concert. He was a pianist and she was a singer. They fell in love and were married.

But now, as she sat there, she realized that she and her husband had drifted apart. They hadn't spoken to each other in years. She wondered if he still remembered her, or if he had forgotten her.

She decided to call him and see if he was still in touch with her. She dialed his number and waited for an answer.

She heard a noise on the other end of the line. She said, "Hello?" She waited, but there was no answer.

She said, "Hello?" again. She waited, but there was still no answer.

Finally, a voice came on the line. Janie said, "Hello?" The voice said, "Hello?" Janie said, "Who is this?" The voice said, "This is Janie. Is this you?"

"Janie?" Janie said, "Yes, it's me. Janie," and she hung up the phone.
NEEDLE NEWS

IRON-ON COLOR DESIGNS IN BLUE, GREEN, BROWN

7130—Iron-on peacocks in combination of bright blue, ocean green and brown. No embroidery. Transfer of six washable designs: two 7/4 x 3; four 4 1/2 x 7 inches.


754—Inspired by priceless tablecloths one hundred years old! This heirloom beauty combines simple-to-remember stitches in a dramatic design. Tablecloth, 58 inches square in heavy cotton.

7213—Match a new handbag to a dress. Make several—this tote-bag is a jiffy style. Pop everything into it. Directions for two sizes, larger 10 x 12 inches.

7061—Pop daughter into this adorable shoulder-tie sundress. Sewing, easy—embroidery, a cinch. Children’s sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. Tissue pattern, embroidery transfer. State size.

Send twenty-five cents (in coins) for each pattern to: PHOTOPLAY, Needlecraft Service, P.O. Box 123, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send an additional twenty cents for Needlecraft Catalog.
In these 3-hour danger periods

Your skin "DIES" a little

There are periods of 1 to 3 hours each day when your skin is "not itself," skin doctors say. This is right after you wash your face. In washing away dirt, you also remove natural protectors of the skin. It takes 1 to 3 hours for Nature to re-build defenses. During these hours of skin "un-balance," serious problems can take root: dryness, shriveling, large pores, coarseness.

Read what these women do to prevent these serious skin problems—

After each washing, "re-balance" your skin

You yourself have noticed the more obvious signs of this "un-balance" after washing your face:

- The taut feeling as it dries.
- Flaky patches on your cheeks, shininess.
- These are small warnings of skin "un-balance"—that show right away. But in the 1 to 3 hours Nature takes to re-protect your skin—much worse problems can develop. Dry lines deepen. Inside moisture evaporates—outer skin shrivels. Skin secretions harden in pore-openings—cause stretched pores, blackheads.

What do leading skin specialists advise? Should you avoid washing your face? "Not at all," they say. "But after each washing, 're-balance' your skin instantly..."

Noted beauties, among them the Duchess of Sutherland, follow each face washing with a light Pond's Cold Creaming. This takes less than 7 seconds—yet Pond's "re-balances" your skin within 1 minute, at least 60 times faster than Nature does. It promptly restores skin elasticity. Combats dryness. Keeps pores cleared. Keeps skin texture fine and smooth.

A vitalizing clearing at bedtime

Besides daytime "re-balancing" after washing, your skin needs a thorough clearing and firm-up each night. A deep Pond's Cold Creaming dislodges water-resistant dirt. Leaves skin immaculate.

Begin this simple, complete beauty care with Pond's Cold Cream soon. You'll find that quick daytime "re-balancings" plus deep clearing with Pond's every night will accomplish wonders: a new aliveness, youth, and clarity in your complexion.

The Duchess of Sutherland

—photographed against the turreted grandeur of Dunrobin Castle. Here the Duchess and her husband, the 5th Duke and 12th Baronet of Sutherland, entertain during grousse season. By the North Sea in the Scottish Highlands, the Castle is very formal, with magnificent fountains and gardens.

The Duchess has the exquisite complexion for which British women are famous. Like so many beautiful women who use Pond's Cold Cream to "re-balance" their skin after washing, to deep-cleanse at bedtime—

The Duchess relies on Pond's. She says, "No beauty care leaves my skin as smooth and fresh as Pond's Cold Cream."
PHOTOPLAYS BUYING GUIDE

“Where to Buy” California-Created Fashions shown in this issue

These fashions will also be featured in a short subject to be released by RKO Studios, producers of the new motion picture, “The Conqueror”.

Check this list for where you can buy these exclusive new PHOTOPLAY Sunshine Fashions.

Each manufacturer is identified here with a special Code Number as listed in bold. Use that number to check stores that carry his merchandise in your shopping area.

MANUFACTURER                        CODE NUMBER

CALIFORNIA

ALABAMA

ARIZONA

ARKANSAS

CALIFORNIA

COLORADO

CONNECTICUT

DELAWARE

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

FLORIDA

GEORGIA

IOWA

ILLINOIS

KENTUCKY

MARYLAND

MASSACHUSETTS

MISSOURI

MICHIGAN

MINNESOTA

MISSISSIPPI

MOORES

NEBRASKA

NEW JERSEY

NEW MEXICO

NEW YORK

OHIO

OREGON

Pennsylvania

SOUTH CAROLINA

TENNESSEE

TEXAS

VIRGINIA

WASHINGTON

WEST VIRGINIA

It’s Fast & Tha Thin

(Continued from page 25) are worth it. The advantages of being slim are many. For one, a slender figure gives you a much smarter appearance. You can feel the difference in you—and in a crowd—there is a difference in others. The very first comment you are paid is, “She’s different.” You figure to make all those days of calorie-count worthwhile. I’ve also noticed that a figure leads to a new interest in things like clothes, your hair-do, your grooming. Automatically, also, you feel you’re being nearer about yourself. I also find that your clothes budget stretching farther, so a slim girl will have to buy clothes than a fuller bodied girl would ever think of. And heavier sisters and look twice as, though

But in addition to the psychological y lift, a trim figure brings other important advantages. You are not only prettier but healthier. In fact, science has proved that excess poundage can actually shorten life. Studies made by insurance companies strongly point up that overweight people die younger.

Doctors will tell you, too, that excess overweight can be the reason behind skin irritations, headaches, indigestion your always-tired feeling. All good reasons for moderating eating habits, are they?

And despite the old saying that it’s stout person who has jolly and happy, to be quite honest, it’s just fact. A trim, eating, which is the main cause of over weight, usually signifies some personal problems.

Eating is the one thing which gives pleasure to some folks some folks seem to believe. “Why should I stop?”

Why? Indeed! Why not? I say. Why find a way of life that will enable you eat to live, rather than living to eat? If you’re overweight, you’re missing the chances that you are simply over-indulging yourself, and quite unnecessarily so.

There are other things to do in world of our diets. You’ve already busy. Sobilly not as busy as you think. Or your habits boredom has set in and it’s time a change in your activities. Time to look for new interests, a new hobby, a new job.

If generalizations on the pleasures of losing slimmer aren’t enough for you, yourself a goal, a specific one which acssful dieting will help you attain. This trying to slim down for the beach this summer.

I’m not saying that a smaller intake calories will bring a greater number proposals. But who can deny the power would be great? So who help yourself?

You’re convinced? But how to be

Sensibly is the key word. First, quit your family doctor, that school or, perhaps, your personal trainer to your gen health. If you’ve discovered a diet seems good to you, better discuss it one of them. For a few changes may be necessary and that it suits you for your. Your doctor will tell you much weight you can afford to lose safely. (Is there any reason to stress you should follow his advice very carefully.)

A good thing to remember about we is that it’s an individual matter. Per you envied the wasplike waist of popular girl in your English class. As a result, you’ve surely had about the hight, and if you could just whittle d to her proportions everything would dandy—you think. But this isn’t true, weight loss and height on someone else may not be best you at all. Face up, you may never I
WHETHER YOU BRUSH YOUR TEETH
ONLY ONCE, TWICE, OR 3 TIMES A DAY
Colgate Dental Cream
Gives The Surest Protection
All Day Long!

Because
Only New Colgate Dental Cream
— Of All Leading Toothpastes—Contains GARDOL *
To Stop Bad Breath Instantly . Guard Against Tooth Decay Longer!

Gardol, Colgate’s wonderful new
decay-fighter, forms an invisible
shield around your teeth. You
can’t feel it, taste it, or see it—but Gardol’s protection won’t
rinse off or wear off all day.
That’s why Colgate—only
leading toothpaste to contain
Gardol—gives the surest
protection ever offered by any
toothpaste!

Colgate Dental Cream
Gives The Surest Protection
All Day Long!

Every Time You Use It...New Colgate Dental Cream
CLEANS YOUR BREATH while IT GUARDS YOUR TEETH!

Your dentist will tell you how often you
should brush your teeth. But whether
that’s once, twice, or three times a day, be
sure you use New Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol! Colgate’s stops bad breath
instantly in 7 out of 10 cases that originate
in the mouth! Fights tooth decay 12 hours
or more! In fact, clinical tests showed the
greatest reduction in tooth decay in toothpaste history!

I BRUSH MY TEETH
ONLY ONCE, TWICE, OR 3 TIMES A DAY!
Use This Calorie Table to Chart Your Daily Diet

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>FOOD</th>
<th>AMOUNT</th>
<th>CALORIES</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>CEREALS AND CEREAL PRODUCTS</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Breads—protein</td>
<td>1 slice (1 oz.)</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cereals—cooked</td>
<td>3/4 c. cooked (1 oz. dry)</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cereals—ready to serve</td>
<td>1 c. (1 oz.)</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Daughnut</td>
<td>1 medium (2 oz.)</td>
<td>240</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Graham crackers</td>
<td>1 cracker</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Macaroni, spaghetti, rice</td>
<td>3/4 c. cooked (1 oz. dry)</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saltines</td>
<td>1 saltine</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>DAIRY PRODUCTS AND EGGS</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Butter</td>
<td>1 tbsp. (1/2 oz.)</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buttermilk</td>
<td>8 oz. (1 c.)</td>
<td>85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cheese—American</td>
<td>1&quot; cube (0.7 oz.)</td>
<td>85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cottage</td>
<td>5 tbsp. (1 oz.)</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cream</td>
<td>1 oz.</td>
<td>110</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cream—Heavy</td>
<td>1 tbsp.</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Light</td>
<td>1/2 tsp.</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saur Heavy</td>
<td>1 tsp.</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eggs</td>
<td>1/2 c.</td>
<td>200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ice Cream</td>
<td>1/2 c.</td>
<td>200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Milk—whole</td>
<td>8 oz.</td>
<td>170</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>evaporated</td>
<td>8 oz. undiluted (1 c.)</td>
<td>320</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>FRUITS (raw or cooked without sugar)</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Apricots (5 medium fresh), bananas (1 medium), cherries (20), dates (4 medium dried), figs (3 small fresh), grapefruit (1/2 medium), grapes (1 large bunch, 7 oz.—Cancord), honeydew melon (1/4 medium), pineapple (2 slices, 6 oz.), prunes (4 medium dried), raisins (1/4 c.), raspberries and strawberries (1 c.)</td>
<td></td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Apple, orange</td>
<td>1 medium</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Apricots (6 dried, unsweetened halves), peach and pear (1 medium), plums (3 medium)</td>
<td></td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lemon</td>
<td>1 medium</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tangerine</td>
<td>1 medium</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Watermelon</td>
<td>1 slice, 6&quot; diameter, 1&quot; thick</td>
<td>110</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>FRUITS (cooked or canned)</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Applesauce (3/4 c.), apricots (3 medium halves and 2 tbsp. juice), peaches (2 large halves and 2 tbsp. juice), pears (3 medium halves and 3 tbsp. juice), pineapple (1/2 c. crushed or 2 medium slices), rhubarb (1/2 c.)</td>
<td></td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fruit salad or cocktail</td>
<td>1/2 c. fruit and juice</td>
<td>125</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grapefruit</td>
<td>1/2 c.</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Strawberries</td>
<td>1/2 c.</td>
<td>130</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>VEGETABLES (dried)</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beans</td>
<td>1/2 c.</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peas, lentils</td>
<td>1/2 oz. before cooking</td>
<td>95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>VEGETABLES (fresh)</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Asparagus (15 medium stalks), beets (1/2 c. diced), broccoli (1 c.), carrots (3 medium), tomatoes (1 c. cooked)</td>
<td></td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beans (1/2 c. baked or lima), peas (3/4 c. green), potatoes (1 medium white), turnips (1 medium)</td>
<td></td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beans (1 c. green), squash (1/2 c. winter)</td>
<td></td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beet greens and spinach (1 c.), pumpkin (1/2 c.), turnips (3/4 c. yellow)</td>
<td></td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cauliflower (1 c.), tomatoes (1 medium raw), turnips (3/4 c. white)</td>
<td></td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Celery (1 c. diced, 6 stalks), onions (1 medium), sauerkraut (1/2 c.), squash (1 c. summer)</td>
<td></td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corn—cut off cob</td>
<td>1/2 c.</td>
<td>110</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cucumbers (1 medium), escarole (1 head), parsley (1 bunch)</td>
<td></td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lettuce</td>
<td>1/4 medium head</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>FOOD</th>
<th>AMOUNT</th>
<th>CALORIES</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mushrooms</td>
<td></td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Radishes</td>
<td>5 medium</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yams</td>
<td>1 medium</td>
<td>155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>FRESH OR CANNED JUICES (unsweetened)</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Apple cider, grapefruit juice</td>
<td>8 oz. (1 c.)</td>
<td>115</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grape juice</td>
<td></td>
<td>160</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lemon juice</td>
<td></td>
<td>83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Orange, pineapple juice</td>
<td></td>
<td>120</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prune juice</td>
<td></td>
<td>180</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tomato juice</td>
<td></td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vegetable juice</td>
<td></td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>MEATS, FISH, POULTRY</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bacon</td>
<td>4 medium slices (1 oz.)</td>
<td>150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beef—Canned</td>
<td>4 oz.</td>
<td>320</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lean Round</td>
<td></td>
<td>175</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lean Roast</td>
<td></td>
<td>185</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sirloin Steak</td>
<td></td>
<td>205</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chicken</td>
<td>4 oz. lean meat</td>
<td>145</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clams</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crab meat</td>
<td>3/4 c. (4 oz.)</td>
<td>92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fish—Bluefish, Halibut</td>
<td>4 oz.</td>
<td>135</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Codfish, Haddock</td>
<td></td>
<td>85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Herring</td>
<td></td>
<td>150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Salmon</td>
<td>1 c. canned</td>
<td>246</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sardines in oil</td>
<td>4 sardines</td>
<td>104</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tuna</td>
<td>1 c. canned</td>
<td>219</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whitefish</td>
<td>4 oz.</td>
<td>170</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ham—lean smoked</td>
<td>4 oz. parboiled and baked</td>
<td>175</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lamb—roast leg</td>
<td>4 oz.</td>
<td>210</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>chops</td>
<td>4 oz. (1 chop) broiled</td>
<td>225</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Liver</td>
<td>4 oz.</td>
<td>200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oysters</td>
<td>6 oysters (4 oz.)</td>
<td>92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Park—chops</td>
<td>1 chop (4 oz.) cooked</td>
<td>215</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>roast loin</td>
<td>4 oz. lean meat</td>
<td>200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sausage</td>
<td>1 oz.</td>
<td>125</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scallops</td>
<td>3/4 c. (4 oz.)</td>
<td>84</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shrimp</td>
<td>8 shrimp (2 1/2 oz.)</td>
<td>72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tongue</td>
<td>3 oz. (5 slices)</td>
<td>170</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Turkey</td>
<td>4 oz. lean meat</td>
<td>175</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Veal—chops</td>
<td>1 chop (4 oz.) broiled</td>
<td>200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>cutlet</td>
<td>3 oz. broiled</td>
<td>120</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>roast</td>
<td>4 oz.</td>
<td>145</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>MISCELLANEOUS</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nuts</td>
<td></td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Catchup, Chili Sauce</td>
<td>1 tbsp.</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chocolate—bitter</td>
<td>1 square (1 oz.)</td>
<td>170</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>sweetened</td>
<td>220</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cocoa made with whole milk</td>
<td>1/2 c.</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coconut</td>
<td>2 tbsp.</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coffee, tea without sugar and cream</td>
<td></td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gelatin (plain unflavored)</td>
<td>1 envelope (1 oz.)</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Honey</td>
<td>1 tbsp.</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maple syrup</td>
<td>1 tbsp.</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Margarine</td>
<td>1 tbsp.</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marmalades, jams, jellies</td>
<td></td>
<td>85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oils—olive, corn, peanut, cottonseed, soybean</td>
<td></td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Salad Dressing</td>
<td>1 tbsp.</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>French Dressing</td>
<td>1 tbsp.</td>
<td>70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mayonnaise</td>
<td>1 tbsp.</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sugar—granulated</td>
<td>1 tbsp.</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>brown</td>
<td>1 tbsp.</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Salt Drinks</td>
<td>approximately 12 calories per oz., 8 oz. glass</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Regular exercising is all a part of re-
using—not that exercising will take off
weight, but it helps by breaking down
old fat tissue; assists in building up flab-
by areas. Why not stop by and speak to
our doctor or physical education teacher
but an exercise program?
You might also be interested in the book-
4, "Overweight and Underweight," which
may be secured by writing to the Metrop-
olitan Life Insurance Company, 1 Madison
venue, New York 10, New York.
Another point you shouldn’t overlook is
sitting mentally prepared. First, you must
promise yourself that once you start you’re
sing to follow through. To stop and
art on a whim never shows results and
stretches you displeased with your-
self for the lack of will power. Secondly,
y to diet with a friend. It’s amazing how
uch easier it is to pass the drugstore
hen you have someone with you who’s
so on a diet of lemonade, and it’s twice
easy to do exercise when you can share
music and the groans with a dieting
um. Again, exercises should be done
arily. To let the spirit move you only
once a week will do no good whatever.
As you can see, I’ve been convinced
ing’s worth all the effort. I hope I’ve
avined you, too. There are over twen-
five million overweight persons in this
antry. If you’re one of them, why not
tract one from the number. Not nec-
arily for statistics’ sake, but for your-
ll. Once the deed is done, you’ll have
e time of your life.

THE END

Sentimental Rebel

(Continued from page 40)
adlines, or of being openly pursued, as
any a glamour girl has found out to her
nayance. "I can do my own hunting,"
the way Jeff sums up that little familiar
alwood situation.
Jeff’s always done his own summing up.
Ira Grossel in Brooklyn, New York,
for thirty-odd years ago, from the be-
ning Jeff had an almost violent indi-
ualism, which neither fame, fortune nor
rominal disaster have been able to
le. While in high school, he made up
mind he was going to act. Since he’d
to help out in his mother’s candy
store after school, he couldn’t take part
any of the school dramas. But upon
imating, he set out to earn the $500 he
ed for enrollment in dramatic school.
was a long struggle, and one day Jeff
ought he’d found an easy way to earn
For $200 he could study commercial,
and from the money he’d earn as an
ist, he could not his weekly rent.
He went off to art school; completed
as a free-lance artist and within months was back at
—this time as an instructor.
was this his art pupils, 1 was also studying drama at Feagin
ool of Dramatic Arts in New York, it
Jeff was invited to one of the student
Sac, so impressed was he that evening
he got up early the next morning
was the first to arrive at Feagin’s
ma school. He had something to ask.
ul he have a scholarship? He got it!
for drama school and a stint in a Long
nd stock company, Jeff and act-
nd Bill Bryan started their own stock
pany in Elgin, Illinois. Although the
pany was a success, Jeff gave it all up
ailing in the Army after Pearl Harbo-
years and a long spell in the Aleu-
tes later, Jeff turned up in Hollywood,
hin days of shedding his first-lieuten-
’s uniform for civilian togs. Army dis-

*Fresh* girl is always lovely to love

A sweet, appealing air of freshness
... is yours, always ... when you use
Fresh Cream Deodorant.

Fresh keeps you free from embarrassing
underarm odor and stains. Underarms are
dry! For Fresh contains the most highly
effective perspiration-checking ingredient
now known to science.

When you open the Fresh jar you'll
discover ... its delicate fragrance ... its
whiteness, its whipped cream smoothness.
Not a trace of stickiness. Not a trace of
graininess. Gentle to skin, too.

For an air of freshness use Fresh Cream
Deodorant every day—be sure you are
lovely to love, always.

*Fresh* is a registered trademark of Pharms-Craft Cor-
porations. Also manufactured and distributed in Canada.
Your hair won't go wild when it's washed with Halo!

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

When you "just can't do anything" with your hair, use Halo! Whether it's dry, oily or normal, your hair will be softer, springier, look pretty as a picture—right after shampooing!

■ The secret is Halo's exclusive ingredient that leaves hair silker, faster to set, easier to comb and manage. What's more, Halo's own special glimmerwhists wash away loose dandruff...removes the dullness that hides the natural beauty of your hair...lets it shine with far brighter sparkle! So, when your hair is hard to manage or simply won't "stay put"...you'll find it just loves to be have after a Halo Shampoo!

charge pay kept him eating until he landed the lead, on radio, of Mr. Dana and Michael Shayne, Detective. His big break came after he won the role of Eve Arden's boy friend on "Our Miss Brooks," and not too long after was signed for "Sword in the Desert." Since then, Jeff's career has in no way faltered in its steady climb to the top. Today, Jeff's only gripes are personal ones.

For instance, he actually wishes he weren't so distinctive-looking, so that he could go around mimi openly with the ladies of his choice. Or, at least, so he says. He claims his faces has always been a difficulty to him. "It's put together like a hound's dog," he says, "making me look unhappy regardless of how I feel." Then Jeff decided he's sitting alone somewhere and as close a friend as Tony Curtis will come up to me and say, 'What's the matter, Jeff?' Nothing is the matter. It's just my face, but people never believe that."

On the other hand, a brand-new white Cadillac and suits that no self-respecting tailor could possibly turn out under $250 put such a body as Jeff's would give him a high visibility anywhere. But he never seems to think of this, any more than he seems to realize he's being unusual in resenting his name being coupled with certain of his dates. To branch out is not on their account or his own, but because such rumors "hurt Marje."

Marje is, of course, his ex-wife. She and Jeff were divorced a year ago after eight years that were so stormy and tense that had one serious parting and a reconciliation before their final separation. She has the custody of their two daughters: Jamie, who is now eight, and Dana, about to be six.

Jeff, a devoted father, calls them daily. He always talks to Marje, too. He visits them once a week, on Sunday. At the time of the divorce, he had "enforceable visitation rights," which he interpreted to mean he could drop in anytime. But he soon found that was disturbing all of them. So now he spends all day Sunday with them, and it bothers him that he can't take his girls on pony rides or to the various amusements spots around Los Angeles because when he does fans stampede him and he has to spend all his time signing autographs.

It worries him, too, that he has made his children the product of divorce. "I think that is the chief reason my own marriage went wrong," he says. "And I came divorced from a good girl, Marje. That's a bad background for lasting love. I'm sorry Jamie and Dana are inheriting it."

Yet, individualistic rebel that he is, he has his freedom. He won't say whether it was he who most wanted the divorce or his wife. He insists that they both wanted it. But if that's true, then why does Marje care what he does? And why does he care what she does? He is naturally sentimental, though perhaps not aware of it. At a party about four years ago, Tony Curtis came rushing in, wearing the first tuxedo he had ever owned. Of course, my had worn tux in a picture or two, but this midnight blue number had been made to order for him and paid for with his own money.

Most young men, Jeff included, would have gone around pretenting a new dinner jacket was a mere commonplace to them. But not the bounding Tony. He had to have everybody look at it, feel it, know the price of it. "Watching him, Jeff murmured, "I can't help it, it takes that natural warmth away from him, I'll kill him myself." Of course Jeff is kidding, but his words imply a feeling which he has toward those who are of special importance to him.

"For instance, I'd hate to have a friend of mine, and I consider Tony very good friend, find out what it is to live alone."

Yet Jeff lives alone at the studio when he's not shooting one film or another, or visiting friends. But what he has for himself, the kid doesn't learn, and he appreciates, all the more, what he would wish for those to whom he gives affection. To very personality traits Tony has, Jeff does not possess. He is fonder of Tony than any other person—perhaps because he has none of Tony's easy outward-going warmth none of his simple love of people.

But with all this admiration for the actor, Jeff has no intention of getting a house a few months back, he got it in Apple Valley, about one hundred miles from Hollywood and his friends.

He plans to call Apple Valley is no Palm Springs, which is made up in equal parts of actors, writers, song pluggers and rich tourists. What's more, Palm Springs is within reason easily commuting distance from Hollywood, and Hollywood is the brach of the aristocracy there. It's rich with the kit of talk you'd think Jeff would prefer, particularly now that he is getting more air more into music recording, and when a star's branch is directed and producing as well as acting.

There's nobody like him in Apple Valley. What's more, the place is so distant from U-I that Jeff can seldom get there. To top it all, he just rents the house.

And a further part of his mysterious pattern is that he actually does have Hollywood apartment. Virtually nobody has ever been in it, including Jeff. Yet he keeps it—"to be alone with myself."

Try to pin him down on that, ask him why he doesn't settle on one big house or apartment or something and he says, "I don't know."

Then in the next breath he's telling how back in childhood he promised himself that one day he'd be making $3,000 a week, and that he is almost at that goal right now. He's acting in films, no, from any artistic urge, but because it's "the easiest way to make a buck" that knew about. Then he reverses gears a bit and says he's an acting director because he can't get enough self-expression from acting.

Along with his singing and lyric writing from which he is getting a big chart hit, Jeff branched out into writing, both for movies and radio. And being very good at that, too.

Which doesn't give him too much time in which to date Betty Abbott, who us for the past two years. Jeff sends about Betty, whom he calls "a real girl," more serious than he was about Gloria De Haven not so long ago, or A. Sheridan once upon a time? Maybe Jeff is more mature now, just as he says he hopes to fall in love again. But none of the girls he dated resemble one another and whenever I name is coupled with a particular girl scowls angrily "because of Marje."

It all proves he's sensitive to other peoples' emotions, even while apparent he doesn't want to conform too much them himself.

And all the various mediums of expression he is now indulging in, like his singing, acting and writing, prove how much creative drive he has, which is one of the reasons he is so appealing on-screen. If he were to go along way can turn him from being an "aloner" to being a happy husband, then you'd really see something. But even as he is right now, you have to admit—Jeff's pretty done gone wonderful.
(Continued from page 47)

"But in that case you might have asked me where I was and what I was doing," Rory told her. "And that would have spoiled everything."

"Everything like what?"

"Like the surprise," he said, reaching into his pocket and producing a small package.

He handed it to Lita and she opened it. Inside the box lay a circular charm with a heart in the center. She saw that it had been inscribed and she read the words aloud. "May we love as long as we live and live as long as we love."

"They're beautiful. The gift," said Lita. "And the thought. Both of them."

The Calhouns refrain from flaunting their sentiment. But it's there. And it's real. "You know," says Lita, "I can look at one of the charms and suddenly the memories come back. Sometimes I get lost in them for a while. Then Rory will come in from work and I find myself welcoming him as if I hadn't seen him for weeks!"

She laughs. "Take this funny little charm. See? It's Leo, the Lion, with his saw on his forehead. That stands for my first sip of champagne and the fact that I'm a Leo girl. Rory brought it to me the day after a birthday party. Crazy? Not to me.

The humor lies in the fact that neither Rory nor Lita drink, except for an occasional bit of champagne. And when Lita took her first taste of the bubbling beverage, her husband teased her. "That one swallow will give you a terrible hangover," he warned. But Leo's the one with the hangover—it's permanent and in gold.

The sentiment lies in the fact that when Lita first met Rory, he was sitting ringside at Mocambo, with an untouched magnum of champagne by his side. "I had my own orchestra at the time," Lita remembers. And we were playing there.

I'd seen Rory before. He'd danced by his handstand many times, with many atas and I'd smiled and said hello, just as smiled at all of the dancers. Then one evening he came in alone.

Rory was Diamond Jim Calhoun that night. He'd just picked up his salary check and decided, for a change, he'd splurge a little. He'd had a magnificent feast at the exclusive Bel Air Hotel—in a large booth himself. "This booth is usually reserved for Greta Garbo," the waiter had said.

"Suits me just fine," Rory had replied.

He'd thought that he, too, wanted to be alone in all this splendor, until he'd found picture of the lovely Isabelita Castro coming back into his mind. Then he headed for the Mocambo.

He ordered champagne with a flourish, perhaps she'd be impressed? She was. "I'd seen people with magnums at their tables before," she said. "But most of them had been gulping down the stuff. Rory was hardly touching his."

When she came off-stage, he stood up and introduced himself. "I'm Rory Calhoun," he said, "but call me Smokey."

"I'm Isabelita Castro," she said, "but call me Isabelita."

"Won't you sit down for a minute? Have a glass of champagne with me?"

She didn't drink and she never sat with men and she had to freshen her makeup before going back on-stage. "How about just talking for a while?" he asked.

"Maybe, after the next set of numbers," she replied. And when she came off-stage again, she saw that he was waiting.

... Lita's first birthday after their marriage, there was the party with champagne. Then came Leo with the aching head. And here's still another Leo, for still another
birthday. "That was the time I thought he'd forgotten," says Lita.

"We were at the ranch in Ojai when we decided to have a small celebration. Well, Rory came in, loaded down with packages. Large ones. He'd brought me some lovely things. But I couldn't help the feeling I had... that he'd forgotten the most important item. After all, I told myself, you can't expect your husband always to remember. You're an idiot to be disappointed. you mustn't let him know."

She glanced up and saw that Rory was looking at her, and she saw a smile spread over his face. "There's something else," he said. "In my pocket."

At last, seated in the middle of the world, with stars all around him.

Six years... there's the medal of St. Joseph Copertino, which reads, "Fly with Me in Safety." There's "Our Lady of Guadalupe—Protect Us." Because one or the other is always flying somewhere—even from the very first. The evening they met, Rory asked if he might drive Lita home. "My brother comes for me every night," she told him. Then she added, "But, I must call. And if he hasn't left the house..."

He hadn't. And Rory took Lita home, the long way, via four-drive-ins. "Let's have a hamburger," he suggested. They did.

"How about some coffee?" he asked next, because he didn't want the evening to end. And they stopped at another place. "Let's forget dessert," was the thought that followed, a few blocks later. By all means, let's have dessert," said Lita.

When they left the third eatery, they were laughing. "Another cup of coffee?" asked Rory.

"Love one," said Lita. "But won't it keep you awake tonight?"

Then he told her. He was catching a plane at dawn. He was supposed to take a plane in San Francisco for a personal appearance. Finally, they reached Lita's house to find her family somewhat frantic and offering a relieved welcome. Rory and Lita and the Castros stayed up, and talked, far into the night. And they talked, and talked, and... till they were the last to arrive."

They had followed, a few blocks later..."

Lita, as he remembered it, was very beautiful, and..."

Six years, says Lita. "It seems more like six days. Problems? There could have been. For instance, for a while I intended to give a show. Business completely. Everyone said that a career and a happy marriage would never go together. I'd been on the stage since I was two years old in Spain, but I decided to try to forget it all.

Then one day I received a call that seemed irresistible. At first I refused. I was asked to reconsider. While I was talking, I glanced around and saw Rory in the doorway. Then I heard the back door close and the car drive away. When I hung up, there was no sign of Rory."

Later, much later, he returned with the medal of St. Gennius, the guiding Saint of careers. "As long as you have the business in your blood you might as well show it," he grinned. "Now go call the man and tell him you'll take the job."

"It's really all right?"

"It's really all right."

Lita has made night-club appearances and done television stints ever since. But she has accepted no engagements that might interfere with the Calhoun marriage by keeping her away from Rory. Each one,

Their bookings got crossed. Rory scheduled to go to Argentina to film "Wild" with a Gaucho." Lita had committed herself to Tokyo. Rory had arranged for Susie and Danny Daniels in Las Vegas and then Hollywood. Rory spent three weeks with her in Vegas before his departure for South America, leaving her an "O" in bed.

He was gone for three months and Lita threw herself into her work. Then when closing night at Ciro's in Hollywood—two second and final show.

She noticed the way Billy kept peeking through the curtains before their numb began. "Billy, people are going to see you," she told him, thinking how unprofessional behavior like Daniels grinned later, when they were seated at the table."

"You knew, Lita accused him."

"Got a wire earlier in the evening," said. "Fine plot we had going!"

"Heard you were broke, honey," interrupted Rory. "So I rushed right back."

"Broke?" True, she hadn't become M. Fort Knox, new costumes and arrangements costing what they had. "Yup, poor kid, you worked so hard made such a little bit of money..."

"I what? Now see here..."

"That's the way I suppose it," said Rory. And the was a fifty-dollar gold piece charm in hand. "Now at least you can eat for a few days," her husband finished.

Lita laughs about it now. "Rory's a guy kids love. After the marriage." Take it for what it's worth."

"We'll work up an act," said Lita. "You let's see. You should sing and dance..."

"No."

She taught him several difficult Spanish songs and he taught her to rhumba. "OurLady" him, "Forget your feet..."

They broke into the act in Philadelphia. Rory sang and told jokes and danced—Lita joined him for several numbers. "Those folks in the audience were so receptive," says Lita today. "They gave him the confidence he needed. And now I think he could tackle anything!"

The charms are for laughter, the times, the memories of the poodle Lita had wanted so badly, the one for which he had searched, but before he found it. Right poodle, a friend of ours brought as a gift," says Lita.

So Rory and Susie's likeness cast in gold. "Here she is," he told Lita. And there was still another poodle. "And this is..."
and suddenly...your hair looks young again!

Ever notice the radiance of young hair? Its sheen says, "young." This safe, simple-to-use color rinse gleams hair in about 3 minutes. And you needn't worry about changing your hair so much it causes talk. Noreen just brings out the best in your own hair color, so right for your skin and eyes. It blends streaks, tones in grays, evens up color.

Among the 14 lively but subtle colors is one to coax gold lights into tan hair, put a glow in brown, make black blacker, brightness silver, and whiten white. There's one for you too.

So nice...because it's so natural!

Now...even easier to use with new applicator.

**COLOR HAIR RINSE**

At cosmetic counters everywhere. Also professionally applied in beauty salons. Available in Canada.

---

**answer the call**

**join and serve**
(Continued from page 60)

to drive it. Dad says it's a honey to drive.' Not that Bob's parents ever cooed him. He was loved but not spoiled. His sister, Mary Lou, four years older than he (she's now Mrs. Albert S. Scott, Jr.) mother of three youngsters and married to a Claremont, California engineer) has never taken a public interest in Bob's career, nor has she ever visited his studio.

"Mary Lou," Bob once said wryly, "can set me back on my heels faster than any one I know if I ever get too cocky. She never lets me. She really tells me what she thinks when I give a bad performance. Even my six-year-old nephew once cut me down to size. I had gone over to Claremont to bring the kids some presents. No sooner did I step into the house than a nephew floored me by saying, 'Mom took me to see your movie. And you know something, Uncle R. J., you're a ham!'" It was Bob's mother, gentle-faced, quiet and deep-voiced (she is a follower of Unity) who explained how Bob Wagner first became R. J. "Mr. Wagner was always Bob to me and our friends. When our sons came along and was named after his father, there was no thought of calling him Junior. Almost automatically he became R. J., and that's why he's been ever since, at home, at school and in our family.

Even Wagner himself, calling a friend on the phone, will say, "This is R. J. It is almost never Bob with anyone he knows well.

Bob's father, Robert J. Wagner, Sr., is about sixty—a tall, hearty, self-made man who came up the hard way as a paint salesman in Detroit. When angered, he can roar like a wounded bull. Some of Wagner, Sr.'s explosive temper came down to his sons. He, however, has kept it, gets over his anger quickly. "I was never afraid of my parents," Bob will tell you today. "When I was a kid and they had friends over in the evening, I wasn't shushed away. I was just as liked, within reason. And the worst punishment they ever did or could give me was a disappointed look.

And the elder Wagner, whom his son calls "The Dude," is "a sinner out of love and affection," says, "We always gave R. J. his head and backed him up in whatever he did. When you treat a boy like a man, that's how he becomes.

A studio production man recalls an interesting sidelight on Mr. Wagner's attitude towards his son's career. It was on the day that R. J. and Richard Widmark had their slashing, bloody battle on a montain ledge for one of the key scenes in "Broken Lance." Bob's parents were there watching the scene being shot. This was a tough, bruising, realistic fight among the granite boulders of the mountain, and both Widmark and Wagner were taking it hard on their bodies. Mrs. Wagner watched the scene for a few moments, then turned and walked away, white-faced and visibly disturbed. Her husband stayed on, grimly taking it all in.

When one portion of the fight was over and the cameras were being readied for the next take, the production man turned to Mr. Wagner. "It's a sort of rough business, isn't it?"

"I know," Mr. Wagner said, quietly, "but life is rough, too. R. J. has to learn how to take it.

What makes the elder Wagner proudest of his son's achievement is the new and more respectful attitude towards R. J. among Mr. Wagner's associates in the steel business. "To them, R. J. was just a kid who was in the movie for a lark," recalled Mr. Wagner. "They remembered him as a bright, smiling youngster who called, soliciting their orders during the time he was with me in the business. When he got into pictures they said very little. Now they aren't too happy about my son's new career. Then, one day, a couple of weeks ago, I stopped in to see a custom. The first thing he did was tell me he just seen 'Broken Lance.' "Say, he said, 'That's my boy! He's really come through, hasn't he?"

"Well," Mr. Wagner went on proudly, "that was one of the greatest things the people ever gave him." It has always angered R. J. to pick a magazine and find himself described in an article as the son of a "millionaire steel tycoon." "How silly can you get?"

The elder Wagner is just as vehement.

"I'm a long, long way from anything like that," he snorts. "Sure, I've made a buck, but I've worked for it. It didn't come easy. I had to get it the easy way, either. He sold paper, washed dishes, shined airplanes and cared for horses to get money for the things I wanted. That was because, long as I was a kid, I didn't have a dime. Every dollar I earned, I traded it out for pretty costly arrangement for me. R. J. is a hustler. He kept a little black notebook and wrote in it every dime he made.

Yet it's Bob's mother, who was a private secretary in Detroit before her marriage who feels most keenly any criticism levelled against her son. She delights in R. J.'s success, but she cannot understand some of the things they say about him. "They've said I worry me."

Bob himself has concluded, in the sincerity of his twenty-four years, that the only protection against malicious or bigoted gossip is total control over the screen. Sometimes, he says, "Mothers would read some of those magazine articles and get terribly upset."

"Why do they say those things about you?" she'd ask.

"And I would tell her, 'Mother, somebody's always gossiping about actors. I just favor indoor sport, part of the picture business. I'm not worried, so don't let anyone worry you.'"

It is true, as Bob says, that like a successful actor he has had his share of gossip, of venomous digs and sheer fear. There are always two sides to every story, and a popular singer named Johnnie well knows.

"All I can tell you is that this Wags is just about the greatest," Johnnie. "He must have had a wondrous childhood. I remember when I first came to 20th to test

"There's No Business Like Show Busines,

Man, I was scared. It was my first picture and I was shaking all over. I'm not a very steady person, so I got together to record my first number, and when I saw this tall, blue-eyed chap standing on the side, I recognized him immediately. I started to walk over, stick his hand and says, 'Johnnie, I'm R. J. Wagner, and I want to wish you all the luck in the world. Go ahead and kill 'em.'"

"Well," Johnnie continued, "I'm pretty nervous, I do a nice thing like that got me up there and helped me forget all my nervousness."

See it! Read it! GET YOUR COPY EARY!
and jitters. I sang the way I wanted to. And it was all due to Bob. I'll never forget the day and the way he was talking back on the bus. At night — the color stays on!

Wake up beautiful with "alive" color glowing on your lips!

ENDS THAT PALE, WASHED-OUT, "MORNING" LOOK
Now— cleanse your face before bed-time, and still get up next morning with wide-awake color on your lips. What's the secret? Coty "24"!
When you take this new lipstick off, the color stays on.
No more washed-out, "morning" look. No lipstick smear on pillows. No blotting — ever! For perfect lip make-up all through the day, just apply Coty "24" and let it set. It blots itself. Gives you brighter color and more lustrous sheen morning, noon and night!

TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES
Every Sunday afternoon on Mutual stations
"THE RIDDLE OF DR. SAM"—the complete story of Marilyn Sheppard and her cryptic husband—in April TRUE DETECTIVE MAGAZINE at newsstands now.

$1,000.00 REWARD
... is offered for information leading to the arrest of dangerous "wanted" criminals. Hear details about the $1,000.00 reward on . . .

NEW
COTY "24"

KEEP COLOR ON A FULL 24 HOURS

Compound and copyrighted by Coty, Inc., in U.S.A. Prices plus tax

Deluxe Case $1.25
Switch-Stick Case 85c
Interchangeable Refill
Choose from introduce new shades
mother and mine still go to the same beauty parlor. We became pals as kids because we both loved horseback riding. I'm athletic; Bob was always a fine athlete. I've known him for eleven years, and though he never really had one girl for long periods of time, I suppose I could say I was his girlfriend with him. He was rather slow. He was the same when he went to the junior highs. He was always friendly and laughing, but he only had a few close friends. I guess I was his closest girl friend.

"When he was at Emerson Junior High, he came to tell me he was going to his first formal and didn't know how to dance. I put some dance records on the phonograph, and we practiced in the corner of the room. He was perfect. Today he's a wonderful dancer. R. J. always came to tell me his troubles; he'd explain that a girl was dating in school had serious intentions. How could he get out of it? He'd only meant to be pleasant. I explained that if he was so interested in everything, complimented a girl so well on her clothes, her perfume, her sports and swimming, that any girl would assume much more than he really meant. He was always one to avoid entangling alliances, to keep things on a friendship basis. When a girl got serious, that was R. J.'s signal to run away.

"With most people R. J. rarely lets himself become really friendly, but with me it was a sympathetic brother and sister friendship. Palm Springs, where Bob and his family are spending the holiday season, is a great place. His career, his friends, his fun.

"Bob Briggs tells the story of their romance— an exclusive and intimate love story.

Records: A complete and up-to-the-minute listing of Eddie's RCA Victor hits. All the new Eddie Fisher Magazine.

BUT YOUR COPY NOW! Or, to make sure you receive your copy, fill out and mail the coupon below and enclose 25c for each copy you want for yourself and your friends.

CONCEPT BOOKS, DEPT. F
295 Madison Avenue, New York, New York

Please send me ________ copies of the EDDIE FISHER Magazine. I enclose 25c for each copy. (Please do not add stamps, send cash or money orders only.)

Name
Street
City, State

Thrilling New Massage Cream Contains PC-11. Acts Instantly to
DRY UP SKIN BLEMISHES
From Both Oily Skin and External Causes!

Have you tried in vain to get rid of oily pimples, "hickens," other externally caused skin blemishes? Well, you never had PC-11 before! That's POMPEIAN'S name for Hexacosahexaphene. Wonderfull discovery of science helps dry up such skin blemishes! Acts instantly to clean out dirt, helps remove blackheads like magic! Goes on fact in a minute. A roll of muddy gray!

GENEROUS TRIAL TUBE—10 CENTS!
Send name, address and 10 cents to POMPEIAN CORP., Dept. F-4, Baltimore 24, Md. (Offer good only in U.S.) Or get Pompeian Massa-ge Cream at any drug store.

POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM-92
The Big Gamble

(Continued from page 66)

at Pati, who was doing anything but. "He was so kind and gentle," Pati said, for her part.

The writer departed for a more tender and tranquil time.

Which, with John and Pati, occurs just as immediately. For all John's speeches, he will, of course, put leather around the wagon wheel—"if there's any danger." And the whole incident of the coffee table is forgotten in joint jubilation that the new powder room will cost a few dollars less than they'd expected.

Familiar scene this—to young modern marrieds from Keokuk to Kalamazoo—and Hollywood, bent on building a home and a marriage.

John's artistry clashes every now and then with Pati's practicality. "I'm not as practical as most people are," he admits. "I get myself up blind alleys a lot of the time. Nothing major, just blind. But John, the practical usually isn't any fun. And besides I don't have to be. I have people being practical for me. Like my wife."

John has, for instance, always leaned toward modern furniture. Pati loves Early American. The last house was modern upstairs, with the downstairs Early American. But this redwood modern ranch house with it's enormous richly paneled living room and the thick beamed ceilings, John believes, for massive ranch modern.

"The furniture should have thick legs to match the beams," he says.

Pati agrees the other furniture has got to go, but... "But I don't think the furniture should be that heavy—so heavy it takes two people to move it."

"You can't move the old furniture by yourself, either. Maybe on a slippery floor, sliding it along. You couldn't push it on a rug," John insists.

The unfortunate mention of a rug reminds Pati of that being practical can have its advantages. Such as that time she helped John get the thoroughbred he wanted by talking the price down.

"You wanted a rug."

"Did I get my rug?"

"No," John admits honestly, "but you will."

Not that money is too much of a domestic issue. "John is very generous," says Pati.

John puts it this way, "I like pretty things. And pretty things you have to pay for. You can get ugly things for nothing. But I like pretty things, unfortunately. Like Pati," he grins.

The good things of life you pay for, too. And safe inside their own hacienda like other young marrieds who live so close and so constant John and Pati occasionally ruminate on marriage. They discuss its virtues and vicissitudes. And discuss whether or not they are paying too much of themselves for their shared happiness. John sometimes hears planes flying overhead, or the imaginary whistles of freighters bound for adventure. And there are times, when the baby's crying, dinner's cooking, Pati's always remembers a talented girl whirling on her toes to the swell of music and applause.

John may philosophize, "Marriage is like drawing up plans for a house. It looks better on paper."

Or Pati may decide, "You give too many ultimatums. Either this or I can go ahead and furnish the house by myself. Either that or you will go."

"So I haven't gone," John remarks her.

"And I don't give ultimatums," he protests. "When a sergeant gives an order, that's an ultimatum. If I did what I say I'll do, that would be different. Mine's just fine
conversation. Have I ever packed a bag?" Whereupon Pati says laughingly that if either of them could calmly pack a bag, that would have been a good understanding. That would be good. "But a bet-ter way I think, would be to run away and call back in a couple of days when you cool down.

"Two days—and call back!" says John, paling a little at the thought. "When I ride horses and don't call for three hours—well! Two days—I'm not coming back.

"More fine conversation. They both say, "And why is this bag never packed?" I wouldn't like Pati to be unhappy," says John. "I'd worry about her. I'm weak that way," he grins.

He's also weak when it comes to compromising. "Like this house. I wanted a ranch," he says.

"In Phoenix," protests Pati. "He wanted to move to Arizona.

For all the talk he does about traveling, John is now a home-lover. "He won't take a vacation alone because he would worry about the whole family," Pati says. Today, instead, this armchair adventurer settles for a living-room safari with Russ on his lap, watching "Ramar of the Jungle" on TV.

John admits it's a project to get him off to the sidelines, and he'll drive a car or sit out a night on the town. "When it comes to that, I balk. I like people in small groups sitting around our living room or theirs. Friends. But crowd-hopping—from club to club—the same crowd with nothing in common and a lot of phony conversation—that's not for me. A safari to South America—or even to Santa Anita—that's something else."

Not far down the routine problems of some movie marriages. Not for John, any heavy-handed husbandly bit about Pati never returning to her career. "John wouldn't want to go, to interfere at all," Pati says. But if she did, with his pride in her, John wouldn't want her to be half a success.

Nor does jealousy menace this handsome pair. "I used to be jealous," Pati says, "but what good does it do?" Furthermore there's small need. John's artistic eye is caught by the contours of a coffee table, rather than more provocative subject matter.

According to her husband, he's no target for the glamour girls anyway. "You're not exposed to many, not in our crowd," says John. And at the studio you work mostly with the girl of girls in every picture. All of them have known me for a long time." Not that John is insensitive to beauty. "I know it's there," he says. "I don't find a pretty girl unattractive. Just unavailable. I'm married." And besides he wouldn't want to worry Pati. He's weak that way, too.

Gossip columns would have no success separator. "I won't even get a second glance to that," John says. "When columnists item me as being in places I'd never been, with people I'd never even met, when she knew I was home looking at television with her, they don't bother her.

Thiers is an active partnership in every department. True, Pati is only interested in any project which concerns the other. Even as John's artistic eye is caught by every detail of homemaking, Pati's absorbed in all the facets of John's career.

"Pati spells the profession and it's problems," John says. And he's quick to ac-knowledge her encouragement during tough sledding, and when he decided to forego Paramount and not re-sign with Columbia.

"Everybody else was saying I was wrong, but Pati went along with me," John says. "It was hard to believe I was right, but she did. Although not as much as I did. She's not as lithe about it.

Pati shares his happiness that the big gamble has paid off. That John's getting cream roles under his new exclusive con-tract with Paramount, leading off with the very challenging characterization of the embittered cripple in "Run for Cover," in which he co-stars with James Cagney.


"That's the best thing I've had so far," is John's comment. And now comes the role of Cecil B. de Mille's "Ten Commandments."

John is touching indebted to de Mille, saying, "He was interested in me when nobody cared." And there will always be a special place in Pati's heart for de Mille, too, for giving her husband faith and a boost when he needed it most. Yet a typi-cal misunderstanding happened the night John came home from his triumphant in-terval of walking on air and feeling ten feet tall. He found Pati in the kitchen, and reported glibly that Mr. de Mille thought he had a very promising part coming up, and he was hooted and furious when Pati said, "I've always known that. I knew it all the time," as though they were breezing it off.

"When I told her, she was working in the kitchen with her head in the sink. And she didn't even take her head out of the sink. That made me mad," he recalls.

"You misinterpreted me," Pati explains. She was hurt, too. "John underestimates me, to make himself feel mighty. My word doesn't mean anything until somebody else says the same thing."

John is very sensitive where Pati's opinions are concerned. Let them disagree on the real female star and the profes-sional fur fairly flies.

"You give me no credit for knowing anything," Pati will say at such times. "You never consult me. I feel like an actress in the business, too, remember?"

"Well, in a round-about-way. You danced," her husband says. "I found you couldn't stand that Swan is just fooling around. And I was acting in France when I was six years old!"

"Who can act at six years old?"

"For some people acting is nothing. Why won't take my opinion on anything?"

"Yes I will."

"On ballet," her husband grins.

On occasion, when they have difference, John will say finally, "Oh, Doll, everything would be just great if only you would agree. Pati has grounds for doing this here, too. If I agree with him, or if I tell him he's very good, then he does believe me at all. You're just not interested, that's how I feel, as much as if I'm making the picture."

As John says, "When you love somebody—every word counts twice. And you're twice as sensitive."

And, as anybody who knows the De-nos, while honestly may not always a peaceable policy, it amounts to a relig between them. What he wants and what from Pati is the truth. He wants no ho-pont, no false flattery, no buttering the ego.

And when it comes to an undiluted exchange of opinion, they admit they're re-spectful. They, as John says, argue about practically anything. "And afterward we can't even remember what the fight started about."

And, all shared some concern about having any differences in the front of the child until Pati's doctor ruled, "It's all right. Argue in front of the children if you want to."

The two, they think, are perfectly normal for partners to argue.

Nor is it fatal for parents as long as they make up.

For all the relations that John considers Pati's most admirable trait and he says readily. "She's gutsy. She has so much intestinal fortitude. Sure, I may argue with it. But that does mean I don't admire it. Pati will always stand up for herself—and for me, I hope."

Ask Pati what she most admires in John and she says, "The main thing that he can have such courage. He's definite in his beliefs. When John is all wrong, he'll say so. And I've never had any differences of opinion. What could I?" If we agree on everything, from one source, then why be married? It's better for both of us if the closest ones are always the most critical. It's better to blow up and get it out of your system."

On this they are agreed. Better to face the differences when you can work them and violently clash in a divorce court. And peace any price is no good. "Deceit does last," says John. "It bugs down and not a marriage anymore."

The two, of course, have their differences of opinion somewhat philosophically. "This marriage," he says, "when any couple together as much as we are. Any people who spend this much time together will naturally have differences. It's no more than married couples. The average business is away from home all day. On Saturday and Sundays they go somewhere with friends. But we're together constantly. Nor do we find ourselves thoroughly hooked, these two. And they love ever-loving, fighting moments of it... in the clinches—that's right where they are. The clinches. They're both weak.

Together—they're finding roots security. The kid who never had a home or reb-tended to anybody and who was destined to make his own name is prime, of a cellloid world with loyal!
Russ survived his infant years. His throat passage is smaller, and there's half an inch there with no feeling. No nerve. Explaining their constant concern, Pati says, "He's just a little boy. A piece of food he doesn't chew well gets stuck in his throat and he can't breathe. When he gets older he will be able to take care of himself and eat anything. We can talk to him and make him understand. But you can't explain to a very little boy. When he was a baby, they could put his head back and let air get into his lungs. Now they call the fire department and the inhalator squad.

With his love and concern for Pati, John may protest about her being too concerned about the children. "She confines herself too close to home," he says. "We could have ten nurses and she wouldn't leave. She's a great little mother, but I think ninety per cent of the time she's over-concerned. Other families have sick kids and the mother gets away. Pati won't leave the house, not even for one night."

But such minor disputes are of no moment against their many shared poignant memories. Memories that make a marriage. Those first months of Russ' life when Pati never slept—and literally willed their son to live. Whimsical memories, for her, like the IOU's John gave her for Christmas that couldn't be cashed until he worked again. The time John forgot her birthday—and how he did forget a birthday right between Lincoln's Birthday and Valentine's Day—she couldn't understand. "Nobody could forget that—February 13th," she'd wailed. The pound of fudge he brought home later. "We were broke at that time."

They've made their six years of marriage the hard way. But they shrug this away. And they have no truck with other marrieds who indulge in self-pity or dramatize "happiness" too much. "Too many people kick the word 'happiness' around too much. They say they're happy or not," John believes. "Marriage is mostly companionship and children. You get married. You make a home. You have a family. There are some peak moments—special times when you're getting along and laughing it up, when you're not arguing, when money is easier." John's grateful for the first tough years of his life. "When your parents separate, you know you don't have a family to lean on. You know you must depend on yourself. It toughens you to take life. It's an education a lot of kids don't get until they're men forty years old. It's an indoctrination for life. And I got it young. Pati has matured more than I have," John says frankly. "We haven't really settled down yet. Not like couples who've been married ten or fifteen years."

Both of them believe the worst is behind them. And the best ahead. "It should go easier now," says John. "Russ will be going to school this year and Pati won't be so confined. She can divorce herself more from home and the family. Get away more. And that will be good. Our arguments won't mean so much to her. The little things won't seem so important."

As for their first six years together, they both agree they'd stack them up against most of the other marriages they've observed firsthand. And well they can.

If forced to, John and Pati Derek would do it all over again. They are, admittedly, weak that way.

Together they've made a place for themselves in both worlds—the dream world and the real world. Together they've found their blessings outweigh the occasional bedlam. As for the din—that's marriage. The melody of love.

THE END

PLEASE ACCEPT
these lovely $2 quality
WHITE NYLON GLOVES
for only $1 and a Suave box top!

Double-Woven Nylon—Looks Like Cotton . . . you can't see through them! Look at these features: Wash easily, dry fast, never shrink, stay snowy white! Smart medium length, paneled fingers for finer fit. Whip stitched all around, nylon thread, fully hemmed. Look and feel like nice soft cotton! Dye perfectly to match any outfit. Think of it! These are a famous maker's $2 top quality nylon gloves, yours today for only $1 . . . just for trying new Improved Suave Hair Dressing and Conditioner. Order several pairs for wonderful gifts or prizes. Enclose Suave box top and dollar for each pair.

HURRY! Get several pairs while limited offer lasts!

MAIL THIS ORDER BLANK TODAY!
Suave, P. O. Box 785, Chicago 90, Ill.
Send me________pair(s) of white Nylon Gloves. I enclose a $1.00 bill (no checks, stamps, money orders, please) and a Suave box top for each pair ordered. Allow 3 weeks delivery.

NAME______________________________
ADDRESS______________________________
CITY__________________________ZONE__STATE__________

P
WE PAY POSTAGE! Offer good only in U.S.A., is subject to state and Federal regulations, and expires November 1, 1955.
This habit of talking about her children ran counter to her studio's plans. Their idea had been to make a devastating siren of her. Ursula wasn't supposed to mention Manuela, her slim lovely daughter, who is not afraid. Mrs. Robert Taylor and next June, if all goes as perfectly as she and Bob have every right to expect, she will be the mother of his first child.

"Which do you want, a boy or a girl?" I asked her.

"Bob thinks he wants a daughter more," she said.

"But what about you?"

"I want whatever Bob wants," she replied.

This is utterly true. Take Bob's hunting, for instance. Bob's a man who truly dotes on getting up at four-thirty on a fall morning, wading out to a duck blind, sitting there for hours, and then shooting away like crazy. Expertly, too.

Barbara Stanwyck, Bob's first wife, lost her interest in hunting because Bob's hunting was not for her or for flying either. She didn't mind Bob taking his private plane up into the wild blue yonder, but she stayed in Beverly Hills.

I asked Ursula about those sports. She loves flying. She's learning to hunt.

"Imagine me, shooting those little animals," she said.

"How do you really feel about it?" I persisted.

"Cold," said Ursula, laughing. "It is so cold before the sun rises, and it's wet, and the guns are big and hard to manage. But she continues."

She will, too. She'll learn it and she'll love it. This is the girl who learned to speak fluent English after a mere four-months study. As for love, from the night of their first blind date, except for one very brief period, trying to make Bob Taylor happy has been the most important thing in her own life.

There have been many different stories about how Bob and Ursula met. But it was through the careful arrangement of their mutual agent, Harry Freedman, that they first became acquainted. It was the evening that Bob and Ursula were opening at the Coconut Grove. Freedman invited Bob Taylor. "I'll come, but you'll have to get me a date," said Bob.

Freedman then called Ursula. Being Ursula, she merely said, in her deep, only slightly accented voice, "Thank you very much."

She didn't know whether or not Robert Taylor was a wolf, but she had good reason to be wary of wolves. Young, exquisitely beautiful, a divorcee, a low-salaried starlet at a major studio, a European, she was all that a Hollywood wolf could ask for. And that they had gone for her is no secret. That they had failed was no secret either. False love Ursula didn't want—nor a false career either.

Personally I think Ursula's wisdom was due almost as much to the hardships of her war years as to her own inner strength of character. For most beautiful girls life in Hollywood is too easy. But Ursula grew up in war-time Germany. Both her children were born during those terrible bombardments that literally pounded her native city of Hamburg to bits.

She rarely mentions these war days, just as she never mentions her first marriage. Yet an occasional reference to her work with a forced farm labor gang will slip out, just as when she first came to Hollywood, she couldn't keep from talking about her children when she was with friends.

Their Date with Destiny

The next day Bob called her. "I wonder if you'd be free for dinner with me tomorrow night?"

Ursula was free. She was free two night later, also, and the two nights after, an unexpected, but to him the next night and the next and the next and the freed deeds...

Thus it began. And thus, presently, began something else—the campaign of Barbara Stanwyck's many loyal friends to effect a reconciliation between her and Bob.

The campaign was as well meant as the current campaign for Nancy and Frank Sinatra back together. For the last time, Bob had been divorced for a considerable time before he even met Ursula, and his marriage with Barbara had been shak long before he actually asked for her hand.

But because he was the one who wanted the divorce, he wanted to remain friends with Barbara. At the time of their final parting, there was no other man and no other woman in Bob's life. Their disassociation was due to plain incompatibility—the drawing away of interests from one another.

Barbara's work is virtually her whole life. Bob loves his work, too, but he scores of other interests. He gets his pleasure from hunting, fishing, flying traveling, and all the outdoor-man activities, and he has done the same with the same skill and enthusiasm. If he had or a bit if he wanted to. Bob is a night owl, the complete city girl—tailored in her thoughts and reactions, she's tailored in the clothes she wears. With Ursula, the man who makes up a location, Bob had temporarily moved with his mother when he became free. Before he met Ursula, he dated only rare and Ursula had been correct in discerning his first meeting that he was Ursula. He did the correct thing the evening his second date with Ursula. They dined the dirt club circuit. The time this table suggested that she prepa for the dinner.

Now why on earth Bob Taylor should be a somewhat shy man is one of the secrets of his preparation. But once he was, he was. He's been a success from his very first entrance into Hollywood. And at start of his career, he was the Man only as an extraordinarily handsome personality but a superb actor. When he appeared opposite Garbo in "Camille."

Today he earns better than $5,000 week, but he's always kept out of the Hollywood swing of things. And after left Barbara, he shied away more than ever.

If Bob was in for a surprise in discovering that a beauty like Ursula was whiz around the kitchen, she was in I of the fact that she was so revolved and the he was concerned. For him she made those credibly huge German potato pancakes. To this day he can never get them off. For them he grilled steaks in a world he never knew before.

Recently while Ursula had been completing "The Americano" for RKO, Bob had one of those rare intervals when wasn't working. So every evening, she had dinner waiting for her, prepared by Bob, too. "One night we had a dish! I know takes five hours to prepare Ursula told me proudly. "But there was."

Back in their dating days, before Bob realized it was actually a courtship, they found it increasing more pleasant to dine at Ursula's. She didn't at all mind...
town

am

kept

prefer

T preferred to eat at such an un

usual hour as six. Later they'd merely talk or play records. And, if he went back to his mother's as early as nine, she under

stood that, too.

This was happiness. And then he discovered, date by date, it was even a greater happiness to share the sports he'd always loved with Ursula.

Of course, he did have to go away on location trips. He went to England to make "Knights of the Round Table." He went on location to make "Rogue Cop." Occasionally he took Barbara out to dinner. And every time he did, the columnists made a big thing of it.

You couldn't blame the columnists. It was terrific copy, Bob Taylor dating his ex-wife, and would they or wouldn't they reunite?

Bob wrote Ursula long letters from England almost every day, and from "The Rogue Cop" location, too. She wrote back, equally long, true love letters. She had long since moved into the little house, but it was a black day for her when she dis
covered herself so entangled with immi
gration red tape that she could neither go back to Germany to bring her children over, as she had been led to believe she could do, nor could immediately bring them here to join her.

It was an even blacker day for her the evening when Bob was due to go to Egypt to make "Valley of the Kings" for M-G-M. You see, that day Bob had happened upon Barbara at a cocktail party given by the Hollywood Women's Press Club. Every photographer in town was there and every one of them photographed the two together.

Thus later, when he came to tell Ursula goodbye, she who had never wanted any love that wasn't true, told him it was truly goodbye.

So pressed was he for time that Bob didn't even have the chance to argue with her. But he wrote the moment he reached England. And wrote. And wrote.

Ursula didn't reply. Neither did she do the flashy thing of being seen all over town with a score of new escorts. A few times she went out with George Nader, whom she had known since she made her first picture, U.A.'s "Monsoon." More often she stayed home alone, reading, or went out for quiet dinners with married friends. "I prefer being with happily married people," she always says. "Some of their happiness reaches you and makes you happy, too."

The day that Bob returned to Hollywood he phoned her. But, alas, she was busy that night. But, no, not the night after that. Would he come for dinner?

He would indeed, and he did. Only he discovered, on arrival, that Ursula was having dinner for four—he and she and one of her happily married couples. The couple stayed and stayed. And Bob stayed. The couple finally left at 11:30 and maybe it is a good thing they lived in the im
mediate neighborhood because it was little more than ten minutes later when Ursula was on the phone. "I am wearing the most beautiful engagement ring you ever saw," she was saying, and she was half-crying and half-laughing in joy.

It really is the most beautiful engage
ment ring you ever saw, a great pile of diamond baguettes. And her wedding ring is designed so that it fits just under the bot tom of the engagement ring, and com

ples its design.

"I think I never knew quite so well what a fine, thoughtful man Bob is," Ursula says, "as on our wedding day, last May twenty-fourth. We flew to Jackson Hole, Wy
oming, because they knew Bob there from his many hunting trips. And they prom
ised to keep the secret of our securing our license and planning the ceremony there.

"It is, of course, most beautiful country. But Bob especially wanted to go there be
cause we could be alone. There is a vast quiet lake. Bob had arranged for us to go out on it, in a little schooner, just us, the witnesses and the justice of the peace. Perhaps there are other men who would think of all those romantic details that so charm us women, but in my experience I have never known one before. I was so happy. And Bob kept laughing at me on the flight up because I kept rehearsing and rehearsing my responses in the wedd
ing ceremony. I had to get every word perfect so that my husband would under
stand me."

"Even the word 'obey?' I asked.

"Oh, yes, that one especially," said Ur
sula with a laugh. "And now we have the baby to prepare for and our new home. And my daughter, Manuela is here with us. Bob is such a good father to her al
ready. And all the details are untangling, so that soon I shall be able to have my son here, too."

She stopped and looked down at the beautiful simple sweater and skirt she was wearing. "Bob bought these," she said. "He goes in shops and picks out sev
eral models for me and then tells me to go and choose among them. But I always like best what he likes best. And he's buying most of the furnishings for our house, too. He has such flawless taste. And on the twenty-fourth of each month, our wedding anniversary, he always sends me some present." She paused. "Oh, I am so for
tunate," she said.

I agreed that she was. But I'm sure you will agree that Bob Taylor is, too.

The End

Now! Easier, sure protection for your most intimate marriage problem

Tested by doctors...proved in hospital clinics

1. Antiseptic (Protective, germicidal action)
Norforms are now safer and surer than ever! A highly perfected new formula releases its antiseptic and germicidal ingredients right in the vaginal tract. The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful protective film that permits long-lasting action. Will not harm delicate tissues.

2. Deodorant (Protection from odor)
Norforms were tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything it had ever used. Norforms are powerfully deodorant—they eliminate (rather than cover up) embarrassing odors, yet have no "medicine" or "disinfectant" odor themselves.

3. Convenient (So easy to use)
Norforms are small vaginal suppositories, so easy and convenient to use. Just insert—no apparatus, no mixing or measuring. They're greaseless and they keep in any climate. Your druggist has them in boxes of 12 and 24. Also available in Canada.

Mail this coupon today

FREE informative Norforms booklet
Just mail this coupon to: Dept. PH-54
Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y.
Please send me the new Norforms booklet, in a plain envelope.

Name________________________ (please print)
Street________________________
City________________ Zone________ State________

NORFORMS VAGINAL SUPPOSITORIES

Tested by doctors
Trusted by women

A NORWICH PRODUCT

97
The best is always a PRO

(Continued from page 42)
in virtual seclusion, shunning newspapermen, photographers and social events.

In fact, for the premiere of her first picture, "The Moon Is Blue," which made her a motion-picture star the overnight, Maggie hid in the projection booth. And she slipped town for the opening of her second picture, "Three Coins in the Fountain." The studio thought they had her cornered when she promised to attend the gala star-studded premiere of "The Egyptian." But at the last minute, a relieved Maggie discovered that she had to start shooting on her new picture, "Prince of Players," the next morning and, instead, spent the evening at home studying her script.

When Maggie did show up at the Hun- tingdon Hotel and Threated her it was partly because she had been asked to do by director Elia Kazan, for whom she has great admiration. For Maggie, Kazan represents that wing of her chosen profession where approval means a good deal more to her than the glitter, glamour and giddy success of being a star.

Even so, though, Maggie arrived at the theater looking more like a fugitive from a math class than a film personality. "I was dressed in old ballet slippers, skirt and a tailored blouse that I'd worn all day," she admits with a smile that's not in the least bit sheepish.

The situation appealed to Maggie's Irish sense of humor, the only trait inherited from her pure Celtic background. For in every generation there is the Maggie, "the Irish" who is moody more often than gay--as contradictory, unpredictable and non-conforming as can be.

Like Marlon Brando and Monty Cliff, Maggie, too, wants to be accepted for what she's got inside rather than what's on the surface. The bane of her existence, however, is the word "cute" and it's the one, unfortunately, most often applied to her pint-sized charm.

Flying back from California after finishing her picture last fall, she was seated next to a large and motherly woman who recognized and immediately complimented her profusely. Maggie is that rarity among the human species, an actress who actually enjoys adversarial criticism as long as it's honest and to the point. But this well-meaning lady thought Maggie was too petite, and her opinion of Maggie was "darling" and "adorable" and--there was that fighting word again--"cute." And what are you going to do back in New York, dear," she asked. "Play Santa Claus on Macy's main floor," Maggie replied tartly and returned to her book.

Fortunately for Miss McNamara, though, she isn't recognized too frequently. When she had to go to her studio's New York office not long ago, she walked twice past the desk of a young lady in charge of publicity and, without recognizing the cop, she left the telephone to schedule several interviews with her. She'd never met Maggie in person and didn't recognize the girl in the simple cloth coat, wearing large horn-rimmed glasses and "looking a little frightened," as Maggie later put it. "I asked her boss after Maggie had left. "The new clerk?"

Genuinely publicity-shy, Maggie resents the bullying and actually regrets the very ease with which, when she once was a close friend of hers, a talented young actress who is still struggling for recognition, reports that Maggie was with her one morning when she received a heart-breaking telephone call telling her that a plum role that had been promised to her was going to someone else. Bitterly disappointed, she broke down and wept.

"Don't cry," Maggie said. "Don't cry. It you only knew how much I envy you now. "The crazy part is, Maggie really meant it," her friend recalls. "I can't dig in the Maggie. Here I am, dreaming of one little break that will get me some attention, recommending about how I'll pay my bills each month, and Maggie envies me. She's got every part she's ever re- for, yet she's actually sorry that it hasn't been more of a struggle—that it's always been so easy."

The secret behind Maggie's unconventional relationship to stardom is probably her uncompromising integrity combined with a life-long and tireless dedication to her art. Maggie is likely to wince at any such description of herself, finding it insuferably pompous. Yet, by all indications, she is none the less true. Hardworking, ambil- ious, and unpretentious, Maggie is a dedicated actress. She is a success in her career, but Maggie is a dedicated actress in the re- sense of the word. Acting is a passion with her, as it is with the majority of people in the theatre, and a passion that has on her a loose and indirect connection with all expectations of fame and fortune. Unlike most others who succumbed early, how- ever, Maggie didn't become stage-struck in her early twenties, working on the stage and had already turned down a movie contract. Al- unlike most other aspiring actresses, Maggie took a considerable cut in her incom- ine order to accept her first profession- part in a Broadway production.

The event that set off the chain reaction leading to Maggie's eventual movie fame was the appearance of an article on the "Irish" girl in the cover of Life magazine. Maggie, a highly successful photographer's model at the time, graced the pages of fashion maga- zines with such regularity that it was virtually impossible to tell her from them, from Seventeen to Vogue, without becoming intimately acquainted with her. "We've never had anyone like Maggie before," says Leon Rothenthal, the successful manufacturer of junior fashion "No one could ever sell a dress like this kid. Whenever we ran a magazine ad on dress with Maggie modeling it, we could see the sales go up."

And photographer Jon Abbot, for whom she posed frequently, adds, "There was something ethereal about Maggie. She was always, all the time to me, a dream. But once you got to know her, you realized she had a brilliant mind. Quite an unusual girl."

The step from modeling to acting is not as easy or as natural as it would appear. Few top models have ever made the jump to Hollywood, let alone on the stage. But the quality and unassuming Maggie as a model must have transmitted itself on the Life cover effectively enough to arouse the interest of David Selznick, recognized to be one of Hollywood's shrewdest judges of talent. And when a magazine appeared, he called up from the Hampshire House, asking Maggie to come up for an interview. Mr. Selznick was impressed. When dram- acon, Al B. Young confirmed his opin- ion he offered Maggie a contract. But Mag- gie, than only twenty but already charac- teristically independent, thanked Mr. Selz- nick politely and turned down the offer. "I've never had any confidence to do anything I wasn't thoroughly prepared to do," Maggie recalls. "I guess I was simply scared, not knowing the thing about acting. Besides, I had no particular desire to be an actress."

Financially, it might be added, Selznick offer didn't mean much either. Maggie was then earning around $20,000 a year as a model, a sum she readily considered a princely amount as she was to prove later, didn't influence...
had suspension. She asked for a two-months full time, but she went to Selznick she made her mind to find out. Selznick had stopped producing pictures by that time, and Maggie, typically, didn't bother to look for a contract elsewhere. Instead she set about learning to act first. She went back to Mrs. Young and enrolled in drama classes on her own.

Mrs. Young, who recalls Maggie as one of the most serious-minded and conscientious students she's ever had, confirms that Maggie didn't seem much interested in acting at first. "Maggie had to force herself each time I asked her to act out a scene for me," she recalls. "Then one day she was ready to go up on the stage and play that scene with other students. I remember how she completely lost herself in it. That was the moment she caught fire. She was wildly excited afterwards and she's been an actress ever since."

Though Maggie had natural ability, she had to work hard at developing acting techniques. Her voice, in particular, was thin and high-pitched, and Maggie spent hours on end in her garden at Forest Hills doing speech exercises. She studied with Mrs. Young for close to two and a half years while continuing her career as a model. During that time, she set something of a record by not missing or being late for a single scheduled lesson, although toward the end of her training she frequently had to come in as often as three or four times a day.

The unprecedented success of such unprecedented industry was that Maggie was hired for the lead of a Broadway production on the strength of her performance in a student play which was attended by representatives of the William Morris Agency. Maggie accepted, at a salary less than a fourth of what she got modelling.

The play, an Irish fantasy titled "The King of Friday's Men," folded after four performances, but the experience did Maggie no harm. Getting rave notices for herself, she came to the attention of Otto Preminger who, after a reading, hired her for the coveted part of Patty in the Chicago company of "The Moon Is Blue."

It was at this stage of her life that love -up to then pretty much neglected by the studious, earnest and self-sufficient Miss McNamara--finally caught up with her. David Swift, a young and successful television writer who is one of the originators of the popular "Mr. Peepers'" show, "Jamie" and the new "Norby" series on TV, saw Maggie at the William Morris Agency. He asked to be introduced and immediately fell head over heels in love with her. He was turned down the first time he asked her for a date; recovered and tried again the next day. They were married eventually after an extended courtship lasting all of nine days.

There was some reason for their haste. Both of them were so busy they almost didn't have enough time for a wedding, let alone a honeymoon.

David was up to his neck writing a new television series. Maggie was rehearsing during the day for "The Moon Is Blue" and appearing in an Equity Library Theatre performance of "You Can't Take It With You" at night. They managed to have a brief wedding and a small celebration at the apartment of friends. Next morning at the cruel hour of ten, the bride was back in the theatre rehearsing.

A few days later Maggie and David were on their way to Chicago where they spent the next thirteen months.

Maggie's success in "The Moon Is Blue" in Chicago was sensational. She took it off by a two-months run in New York, subbing for Barbara Bel Geddes. Then she went out to Hollywood for the film version of the play, making her movie debut on loan-out from 20th-Century-Fox who'd signed her to a contract some time before. Her performance in the movie version of "The Moon Is Blue" won Maggie an Academy Award nomination.

For her second picture, her first with 20th Century-Fox, Maggie was slated for a part in "King of the Khyber Rifles." Maggie read the script, didn't like it, but gently but firmly put her foot down. To teach her the facts of life, her studio countered with a suspension. Maggie didn't care and didn't budge, finally winning her point when her studio cast her in "Three Coins in the Fountain" instead. The picture involved a fabulous trip to Rome, further established Maggie as a star and turned out to be a gold mine for her studio.

Maggie herself isn't enthusiastic about what she did in "Three Coins in the Fountain" but is happier about her third picture, "Prince of Players," in which she's doing scenes from Shakespeare. She'd love to do a full Shakespearean production someday. And she was thrilled with the high critical acclaim that was given her for a recent reading of "Measure for Measure" at New York's New School for Social Research.
Maggie has so far limited her stays in Hollywood strictly to the requirements of business, rushing back to New York the minute her schedule permits. It’s because she grew up on the streets of Manhattan in an almost exclusively Irish neighborhood and considers herself a dyed-in-the-wool New Yorker. She loves her city most on Sundays and holidays when the streets are deserted and lesser boosters are apt to find it depressing. “It’s so peaceful,” she says. “You feel that the city really belongs to you then.

Maggie’s attachment to New York is all the more remarkable as her childhood there was far from ideally happy. Marguerite Ann Mary—as she was christened—was the third of four children, three girls and one boy, born to Timothy and Helen (Fleming) McNamara who emigrated to America from Counties Cork and Galway respectively. Under the strain of the depression years, Maggie’s parents split up when she was nine and from then on the four children, older sisters Helen and Cathleen and younger brother Robert, were supported on the mother’s slim earnings as a beautician. Maggie was a timid and solitary child who didn’t (and to this day doesn’t) make friends easily and found her greatest satisfaction in constant and omnivorous reading. She got top marks at the parochial grammar school of St. Catherine of Genoa and later transferred to the Straubemuller Textile High School where she concentrated on textile design.

Beginning to do professional modeling while still in school, she took it up in earnest after her graduation.

Maggie, when she is in New York, lives in an unpretentious three-room apartment on the East Side of Manhattan not far from the United Nations, but far away from the river and commanding an imposing view of ash cans, skyscrapers, office buildings and apartment houses instead. The furniture is simple, modern and comfortable. On the walls there are some excellent modern paintings and prints. There is a television set and a record player with stacks of records, both popular and classical, but one of the living room is entirely covered with book shelves, containing volumes from Aristotle to Zola, and Beaudelaire to Berenson. Maggie, who never was without a book in her handbox as a model, still reads constantly. “I suppose it’s become a habit,” she says, “and one I’m afraid is not terribly good for me. I no longer feel particularly virtuous about my reading. It’s a form of escape.” One way in which reading has really not been very good for Maggie is perhaps illustrated by her attitude toward domestic chores. She used to despise and neglect them, automatically curling up with a book instead. (She does her own hair and fingernails, though, skills her mother taught her.) Recently, she’s turned into an enthusiasm—with others, that is.

As for herself, Maggie usually has to be prodded into eating and has been known to forget a meal altogether when she’s not reminded. Overweight is definitely not one of her problems. Standing five-feet-two, she weighs only ninety-six pounds and wears a size seven dress that has to be taken in.

Maggie’s trim figure is a gift of nature, though, and not the result of exercise. She rarely feels the urge to exercise, and when she does, she’s developed a technique of quickly sitting down and waiting for it to pass away. In California, where she usually stays at the Beverly Hills Hotel, it practically never occurs to her to use the hotel’s beautiful swimming pool. Nor have any other outdoor activities much appeal to her. Beauty takes moderately and drinks nothing stronger than Sherry, but is happiest in a smoke-filled room with a few intimate friends. She likes talking to one person at a time and detests large parties where that’s usually impossible. A whiz at it, she’ll stay up all night playing charades.

Maggie today is extremely successful. But she still is almost as solitary as she was as a child, seeing few people and counting fewer among them close friends. Generous, loyal, kind, a charming hostess with an exquisite sense of humor and enough brains to talk about any number of topics with wit and grace, Maggie makes a popular hostess and guest, but she prefers to live simply and quietly, hoarding her energy for her work. This dedication to her career, no doubt, can perhaps explain her recent separation from her husband.

In less than four years as a professional actress she’s gone to the top, establishing herself as one of the greatest beauties, as well as one of the greatest personalities, in the business. Beauty and personality have helped her in her career, but Maggie won’t be satisfied unless she wins acclaim for her talent alone. For Maggie is an actress and an artist and first and last. Ratner, whom she’s been studying with during the past two years in New York while between films, sees in Maggie some of the qualities—especially the sensitivity—of the young Laurette Taylor—qualities which made her one of America’s greatest and most beloved stage actresses. He also compares her talent to Marlon Brando’s, stressing similarities in their approach, their originality and their creativeness. “Some day,” Ratner says, “people will forget that Maggie is a beautiful girl. They’ll only see that she’s a great actress.”

WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITES?

Send your two votes for the stars you want to see in Photoplay

In color I want to see:  Actor:

| (1) | (2) |

I want to read stories about:

| (1) | (2) |

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

| (1) | (2) | (3) | (4) |

NAME  ADDRESS  AGE

Paste this ballot on a postal card and send it to Readers’ Poll Editor, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, N. Y. 17, N. Y.
That Girl Kelly and Me

(Continued from page 48)

That she went about referring to the assignment as “Grace Kelly sees the World!” (Grace wants to see the world and she will. Grace has purpose. And direction.)

(Afterward, I was happy when, after the African safari, I made “Night People” in hollywood, and then back to Germany (the day before the first of March this year), I finally returned for that opportunity: William Dieterle’s “Magic Fire,” the life of Wagner in which he played Cosima Liszt, the daughter of Franz Liszt and Wagner’s last wife. I loved the part because she was very enthusiastic and eighteen—six year-old woman.

Both Grace and I are collectors of antiques and souvenirs. We love old things. In addition to our treasured rocks, we also brought home from Africa suitcases filled with pictures of native women, their clothes on the banks of the Nile, and a white elephant.

The elephant stayed with us all the way back to New York, so we thought we might as well take the chance and go see the whole thing. On the way, we stopped at the top of the mountain and looked down. It was a beautiful sight. We were just sitting there, watching the sunset over the mountains when a black bear showed up and started climbing over the rocks. We thought it was a very funny sight, and we decided it was time to go.

We're lovers of clothes, too. Grace and I have lots of clothes, buy them in sets, and start, great gobs of things, then sell them all for six months. In Grace's case, it's very simple, and it was the same for me. And it was easy to keep track of things and rarely wear a thing. Then we saw it: the same old, lovely satin brocaded coats and beautiful feminine things. That was all we had, and it was a very pleasant discovery.

To the New York City stores we went, and the people were very, very, very carefully. And we found that there was a lot of freshness in the American business. It was that very elegant and ladylike look. I remember seeing her at the theatre one night in a white coat, white gown, with white gloves and pearls. Everything was very right for her. Grace knew what is right for her and not only in the matter of clothes.

We both need glasses for near work, race more than I—she's really blind! She be so pretty formidable with her glases, too—looks like a pretty but very efficient secretary!

We'll all do it, in that we both choose to live in New York, refuse to live in Hollywood. Though a Philadelphia, Grace lives in New York. She does much of her acting in New York. When she is in Hollywood, she stays in a very, very nice furnished apartment, but she eager of her New York apartment as "my al apartment."

Very much like its tenant, Grace's "real apartment" is also furnished with antiques and souvenirs, filled with souvenirs, snapshots, etchings, from each of her pictures. For since her rock, which are reminiscent of "Mogambo" and of Africa; a ban-quet from "Baby Take a Bow" and "You Can't Take It With You," as Bill Holden brought her from pan. From her "Rever Window," she has sketch of the set given her by the set designer; she has something from "Dial M: Murder," too, but I can't remember what it was. A plaque inscribed "To Our Very Country Girl" given by the set of "Country Girl" is treasured as is another room in the "Country Girl" in memory of "Green Fire." And everywhere about her apartment are pieces of her family, her mother and her, her two sisters, her brother Jack, the family pets, her toys, and lots and lots of cousins.

Grace's bedroom is all white and blue green. The outside looks which she lies there may be, and probably are the stuffed animals around which she

FREE KIT

Our free subscription sales kit helps you earn money. Write it for today: PHOTOLO, 205 E. 42 ST., N. Y. 17, N. Y.
Gentle Ex-Lax Helps You Toward Your Normal Regularity

TONIGHT—When you need a laxative—take chocolate Ex-Lax, America's best-tasting laxative. It won't disturb your sleep.

IN THE MORNING—You'll enjoy the closest thing to natural action. No discomfort or upset. You'll soon feel like yourself again!

NEXT DAY—Ex-Lax continues to help you toward your normal regularity. You hardly ever have to take Ex-Lax again the next night!

Buy the New 65¢ Size—Save As Much As 37¢ also available in 30¢ and 12¢ sizes

EX-LAX
The chocolate laxative

MORE PEOPLE USE EX-LAX THAN ANY OTHER LAXATIVE

MATERNITY Style Book FREE
NEW Fifth Avenue styles keep you smart throughout pregnancy. Adjust easily, dresses $2.98 up; also supporters, unies. Everything for baby, too. Mail order. LANE BRYANT, Dept. 822, Indianapolis 17, Indiana.

Marvel Whirling Spray Syringe for Women 35¢ at drug counters everywhere

"Dark-Eyes" Permanent Coloring for Lashes and Brows SWIMPROOF! One application lasts 4 to 5 weeks! On 21st year.

*For the hairs to which applied $1.00 plus cash of leading drug and dept.1 stores.

Send TODAY for TRIAL SIZE 25¢

"Dark-Eyes" Dept. P-45 319 Carroll Ave., Chicago 24, Ill.

I enclose 25¢ (coin or stamp—tax included) for TRIAL PACKAGE of "Dark-Eyes" with directions.

Check Shade: □ Black □ Brown

Name________________________ Address________________________

City_________________________ State__________________________

JEALOUSY NEARLY RUINED OUR MARRIAGE!

How real-life people have triumphed over the most agonizing moment dramatized for you on radio's "My True Story." Each stirring episode is moving and human as life itself—because it's taken right from the files of "True Story Magazine." And by showing how other people cope with the heart-wrenching problems of love and jealousy, hope and fear, this vivid radio program has helped countless listeners avoid tragedy in their own lives. So be sure to listen.

TUNE IN "MY TRUE STORY" AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS

Don't miss "SHE STOLE MY CHILD"—the true crime of an evil mother-in-law dramatically told in April TRUE STORY MAGAZINE at newsstands now.
the kitchenette at 6 A.M. usually on prunes! At the time we were going through a diet routine. A mad diet—only prunes, steak, eggs, and prunes! We ate prunes all day long. Once when, characteristically, we'd forgotten to order something, we came home to a pruneless larder, were distraught, went out in the dead of night to buy some. We couldn't find any so we tracked all over Hollywood until we eventually found a store in the dreariest street with prunes. Actually, while we dieted, we cheated something awful. We nibbled and gawed. "Oh well," we'd say, making inroads on a fat piece of the old hunk of cake, "just this little bit won't hurt!"

Since exercising while dieting is beneficial, we would exercise every night; Grace in the bedroom; I in the living room. Here, too, we cheated. We'd tell each other, we'd kept at it for the prescribed fifteen minutes until one night I quit (not for the first time) at the end of ten minutes, walked in on Grace to find her prone upon the bed (not for the first time) and the truth came out.

We lunched, usually, at our respective studios. Occasionally Grace would have a date for dinner at La Brea or one of these places. Now and then an intrepid male would invite us both to dinner. Phil Silvers, I remember, took us both out—and Stich Miller of Columbia Records. More often, though, we'd fix hamburgers at home.

Since Grace likes a lot of sleep—and I do, too—we would usually sleep through Sunday—all of it. When we woke, one or the other would get dinner. We alternated. One Sunday Grace did her spaghetti bit, with green salad. Or, if in gourmet mood, her Beef Stroganoff. The next Sunday I'd go my Duck à l’Orange with wild rice. And we always champagne. We would keep champagne in the house, nothing but champagne, even had it with our hamburgers—which friends say has ruined my appetite for humble beverages.

When we were invited out to dinner, Sundays sometimes we’d go, mostly we wouldn’t. Since all the bachelors comprising Hollywood’s Bachelor List were calling, I’d sift all of Grace’s calls for her, frequently she’d prefer to be “not at home.”

Not that Grace doesn’t like men; far from it! After dinner in the apartment, we’d often let down our hair, talk—and that did we talk. Grace has a funny look, too, music, our work. And we’d ollip like mad. But mostly we talked about men. I think Grace likes handsome men. She also likes field-and-stream outdoor men. The big Clark Cable were so congenial that they love outdoor living—the woods, the sea, fishing, hunting. They went on hunting safaris in Africa. Met lions, face to face, and on equal terms. What does Grace really think of Gable? She thinks she’s charming.

Grace has a pretty rounded taste. Matter of fact, in men, she likes writers, directors, musicians, business men, artists, politicians, actors. And since she is very interested in and knowledgeable about a variety of things—music, dancing, politics, art and is extremely well read, she talks to men on their own level.

Coming, as she does, from a very convivial and fine family, Grace is fastidious about everything, almost to a fault. She’s especially fastidious about her relationships and is very reticent about them, she definitely does not like to talk about her friends or her romances. And to live her personal affairs mentioned in the newspapers is a shocking thing to her. She says get over this, but I doubt it.

When success comes to you in such ups and bounds as it has come to Grace, is likely to be staggering. Grace is sur-

"Who’d believe I was ever embarrassed by PIMPLES!"

New! Clearasil Medication

****STARVES' PIMPLES****

SKIN-COLORED

HIDES PIMPLES WHILE IT WORKS

Doctors’ clinical tests prove this new-type medication especially for pimples really works. In skin specialists’ tests on 202 patients, out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL.

Amazing starving action. CLEARASIL actually starves pimples because it helps remove the oils that pimples “feed” on. And CLEARASIL’s anti-septic action stops the growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples. Skin-colored to hide pimples and end the crumpled red, painful pimple. Less, stainless, pleasant to leave on day and night for uninterrupted medication.

America’s largest-selling specific pimple medication, because CLEARASIL has helped so many boys, girls and adults. CLEARASIL a new, fast, efficient way to work for you as it did in doctor’s tests or money back. $9.95 and $9.86. At all druggists. Get CLEARASIL today. (Available in Canada, slightly more.)
For gayer, brighter, more colorful looking hair, be sure to use LOVALON after each shampoo. Lovalon removes dull film, blends in off color or graying streaks and softens the appearance of dyed hair. Not a permanent dye, not a bleach—lovalon is a rinse made in 12 hair shades. Select the shade for your coloring.

10¢ for 2 rinses
25¢ for 6 rinses

LOVALON your hair needs LOVALON

LEARN AT HOME TO BE A PRACTICAL NURSE

You can learn practical nursing at home in spare time. Course endorsed by physicians and graduates of nursing schools. HIGH SCHOOL NOT REQUIRED. 24th year. One course has trained 14,000 practical nurses. Send for free illustrated catalog and supplement listing 97 ADDITIONAL PICTURES of student work, free samples of your favorite stoves and only 2¢ in ever buying clothes, books and equipment. All reading and writing. No experience required. No examinations. Minimum age 15 to start. No cost. Scent plan. Dept. 24, 25 East Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Ill. Please send free booklet and 16 sample home study pages.

YOU'VE NEVER KNOWN I HAD PSORIASIS

(S.D.) As hundreds of thousands of users have learned, Sirolol tends to remove psoriasis crusts and scales on outer layer of skin. Light applications help control recurring lesions. Sirolol doesn't stain clothing or bed linens. Offered on 2-week's satisfaction-or-money-refund basis. 22 years of successful results.

Write for free booklet. *S.D. means Skin Disorder.

My thanks to... SIROLON

AT ALL DRUG STORES

Sirolon Laboratories Inc., Dept. M-76, Santa Monica, Calif.

prised, of course, but she is not staggered or overwhelmed. She is grateful. Especially to Director Alfred Hitchcock, who did both "Dial M for Murder" and "Rear Window." For Mr. Hitchcock Grace feels a peculiar enormity that has great respect. And she was more excited than I have ever seen her about winning the New York Critics Best Actress of the Year (1954) Award. Here is Grace—her clarity—she distinguishes between the laurels that are made of tinsel and the green and lasting laurels that will grow.

Now that her success is real, Grace is in process of reorganizing her life. She is planning to take a larger apartment. Instead of fixing herself a frozen chicken pie or something, as she's been doing, she'll have help. Up to now she's been living, in other words, like a young actress without roots. Now her life is going to be more organized, lived on a larger scale, as befits a young actress who has taken root in her life—deep and sturdy roots.

I think, too, she will now be very discriminating about the pictures she makes. She mentioned the other day, "I'm not going to do anything unless it is a good part in a good script. Meantime, I'll stay in my apartment with my poodle and my friends and my books and my theatre— and rest."

People will call this "temperament." It won't be merely a matter of taking what she wants. Her life instead of letting the life take her over.

When she marries she'll be the same, only more so. No matter how high a level her career has reached, she will never live on one level.

Young as she is, Grace Kelly has already asked herself, "What am I doing with my life?" And she knows the answer. Which is why success may change the four walls within which she lives, but not essentially change her.

Grace is lucky, it's true, because she comes from a family of background and money and protection so that she comes equipped with strength. But you can misuse this, you know, and she hasn't. There is the point of view of what we in the profession are now and what we want to be. What we want is to get away from the nonsense, away from the superficial and extraneous, you read about in the earlier days of Hollywood that gave us no life at all, to something that does. We're fighting in a very tough struggle to retain values, to make the career work for us, not for the public, so that we end up with some dought, some life apart from the career, some health and happiness.

Because Grace and I aren't fit into any cliche, he is called eccentric and crazy. He isn't. He is trying to be a mature human being.

Because Grace and I aren't fit into any cliche doesn't carry a pet monkey on her shoulder, doesn't go in for exhibitionism of any sort or kind, people say she's cold, shy. She isn't cold. Everything Grace does stems from a very feeling person. But deep feeling and real, not just for show. I'm sure Grace doesn't say, or even consciously think, I won't give any of myself to this, I won't go that far. She's the healthy thing. It is this, added to her natural talent, that has made her the star she is on-screen and off. For ask yourself is there anyone else in pictures like her? I think not.

The End

Duke-Prince Among Men

(Continued from page 54)

No one even mentioned the picture. Duke admired the scenery; Budd gave us a history of Mexico and the rest of the group played gin rummy in the back. The closest Duke came to talking about the picture was to say that we were going south "to get the feel of Mexico."

We got the feel of Mexico all right. Or perhaps Mexico got the feel of us. Mexico drew me like a magnet. I was magnetized by the dry red earth, the white plaster buildings glittering in the sun, the intense faces of the people in the streets.

I got the impression that Duke felt the same way. The last morning, I knew that he did. We were standing outside the training ring, bull ring. Duke's eyes were rainy, those dangerous little cows who were being tested to determine whether they had the courage and the strength to become the mothers of fighting bulls. If so, their sons would, perhaps some day in the future, fight and die at La Plaza de Toros in Mexico City.

"Fine country, Mexico," Duke said. "Damn fine country."

I think he was searching for a word to describe how he felt. There is such a word. He didn't know it then, nor did I. It's a word that has no equivalent in English, a word that describes the way Duke feels about bulls and perhaps the way bulls feel about bullfighters.

Simpatico.

The word is part of Duke's vocabulary now—and mine. But on that morning he didn't know that Mexico was to be simpatico to him or to he. He just stared at the other bull ring, standing in the ho sun, watching the novice bull knock over the apprentice toreros.

Without moving, without turning his head, toward me, he said, "Want to try a bull?"

I looked into the ring. Baby bulls who weighed nearly half a ton. Bulls who howled as they charged, to slash with, but who pounded their opponents against the walls of the ring.

"Okay," I said.

Then I stood in the ring, squatted against the sun. One of the men tossed me his cape.

I held the cape awkwardly in front of me. I waved it at the bull, and he charged. I guess he couldn't attack it, to exponent his again. This time his horns caught my arm and spun me around. Next time he di even better; he hit me square in the stom ach. Knocked off my feet, I rolled under the ground. I got up, brushed myself o and tried again.

I was a novice, all right. When I finall limped out of the ring, my arm bleed from the cut, and we left carrying the cape. Duke took it from me, tossed it over his arm and walked slowly down the step into the ring.

That is something that is integral. Duke's word of honor—his refusal to do anything he is not willing to do himself. Of course, he is such a super-natural athlete that this is something like a jet pilot's inviting you to take his plane up and try a few fancy rolls. Duke has the walk of a panther and the coordination of a cat and that day, when he had nev


This is a review of the ANNUAL of PHOTOPLAY for 1955, and it is sensational. It's a treasure-trove of information about the stars. The color and glamourous yearbook is THE book of the year—as far as Hollywood is concerned. Get your copy of this prize book before they are all matched up. Here is what you get in this great yearbook.

NEWS EVENTS OF THE YEAR—29 exciting pages in pictures and text covering the monthly-by-month weddings—sepia—divorces—births—awards—stock market.


LOVE SCENES—Beautiful full-page scenes of the stars from ten top shows of the year.


ASCENDING STARS—Here are the names that are making news—names that have just flashed into sight—one name after the other: Jack Soled—Donald Seig—Edward Turman—Jack Loomis—Robert Burton—Steve Forrest—Joe Adonis—Audrey Dalton—Bill Hood—Bill Hood—Bill Hood—Bill Hood—Bill Hood—Bill Hood—Bill Hood—Bill Hood—Bill Hood—Bill Hood—Bill Hood—Bill Hood—Bill Hood.

PHOTOPLAY—205 E. 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.

Enclosed please find a copy of PHOTOPLAY ANNUAL 1955. I enclose 50c.

Name:

Address:

City:

State:

P

50c—WHILE THEY LAST

This sensational Yearbook sells out practically as soon as it is put on sale. Don't be disappointed—this year only 50c at newsstands or mail coupon with 50c—TODAY.

PHOTOPLAY

Dept. WG-455

105
These days, nearly all of us feel tense and nervous once in a while. So, try MILES NERVINE, to help you feel relaxed. When you are calm, you feel better; you do better! Follow the label, avoid excessive use. Get MILES NERVINE at your drugstore, effervescent tablets or liquid.

MILES NERVINE helps you RELAX

Earn Extra Money
Work 3-5 hrs. at home daily. Up to $40 weekly possible. Our instructions tell how. A. B. Dusser Co., Dept. 73-4, 4130 Mark Twain, Cleveland 28, Ohio.

THIS AD IS WORTH MONEY!
Let us show you how to make big money in your spare time by helping us take orders for magazine subscriptions. Write today for FREE money-making information: MacMillan Publications, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

Earn as you learn
NURSING
Train quickly at home
A good job as a Practical Nurse is waiting for you in modern offices, hospitals or private duty. Many students earn up to $200 and more while in training. Course written by doctors, tested in ely. Valuable outfit sent. High school not needed. Terms. Mail coupon.

Glenwood Career Schools
7050 Glenwood Ave., Chicago 26 Dept. N154
Name ____________________________
Address __________________________

MILES NERVINE

FREE CATALOG--MONUMENTS FROM $14.95
Monuments of rare beauty and artistic perfection are now sold by mail at astounding savings. All carving, polishing and finishing operations are done in our modern factory. Free catalog mailed.
"Caged" and "Detective Story," as an Academy Award winner, Eleanor has never achieved that greatly coveted honor. But this doesn't in the least concern her. "If an actress does the best she's capable of in every picture, she should have no regrets," she said. "I think it's possible for a performer to set too high a value on the Academy Award. I'd like to win it, of course—who wouldn't?—but it will never become an obsession with me. It's fine to hitch your little wagon to a distant star, but failure to reach that shining goal can end in bitterness and frustration. I'm never going to let that happen to me."

"Take Mae McAvoy: she was one of the biggest stars in the old silent days. Now she's working in a picture for M-G-M as an extra. She looks happy, and that's all that counts. It's more than security, position or fame. It's everything. All you can do is do your best and work at re-sources within yourself to find a little peace. My life is full enough, what with maintaining that nice balance between my work and my job as a mother."

Though Eleanor does not intrude the subject nearest her heart—her youngsters—into any conversation, they are never far from her thoughts. She admits that long separations while on distant locations are hard to bear. In 1953 while in Egypt making "The Valley of the Kings," members of the cast got together on Christmas Eve for an impromptu celebration. Each was called upon to do something to keep up the spirit of the coming holiday, and Eleanor was asked to read Dickens' Christmas Carol. She was halfway through that immortal story when the picture of herself and her own babies being tucked in their beds, on this night of all nights for children, sprang clear in her mind. "I managed to go on," she said, "but I don't think it was one of my better performances. My voice was shaky and my eyes full of tears."

In "Interrupted Melody," Eleanor impersonates Marjorie Lawrence, the great star whose career was halted at her apex by polio and around whom the story is woven. In her role, impersonating Miss Lawrence, it was necessary for Eleanor to learn the words of all the arias of the several operas used in the Miss Lawrence appeared. "I had to be letter perfect," she said, "because while I didn't actually sing the songs—I couldn't, of course—the movements of my lips in forwarding the arias, or the effects of those great soprano's as they came off the sound track. I learned three operas in three languages during two weeks, to arrive to wear the Tucker School of Expression. In those days the principal of each Cleveland school selected a pupil
and recommended him, or her, to another institution, the Rice School of Expression, an organization which accepted only those children who showed the greatest promise. Eleanor is still doubtful if she evidenced much physical sympathy or the role of an old witch or some other horrific character.

With high school behind her and no thought in her mind beyond getting anything other than a job to press, she entered the Rice School in Martha's Vineyard, an extension of the Cleveland organization. A mathematics teacher in the Cleveland school had large income had never been large. So Eleanor was forced to earn part of her expenses. To do this she went on tables, and did anything else that promised a dollar. "I have no illusions about human nature," she says. "Even though you're one of a group, working toward a common goal, put on a uniform and you're a worker for the moment. This is treated in such an offhand manner by boys and girls I knew by their first names in school, but luckily I had sense enough not to let it bother me. I accepted it as part of the price I had to pay.

With her eyes fixed on Hollywood as the ultimate, shining goal, she finished her course at Martha's Vineyard and came immediately to the Pasadena Community Playhouse. At first she believed that there she would be "discovered." Hollywood talent scouts, she had heard, kept a watchful eye on that famous school, and she had decided to go. She was, indeed, discovered, but it wasn't while emotions on the stage. Actually, she was sitting in the audience when a talent scout became more interested in her than in the actors already in uniform. She had played the part of a small skin than he was in the play he had come to see. He interviewed her on a Tuesday, a contract was worked out on Wednesday and she signed it on Thursday, her birthday.

For the next two years Eleanor studied with drama coaches, posed for photographers, and made rare, brief appearances before the cameras. The first starring part was in "The Very Thought of You." This was followed by such diversified portrayals as "Of Human Bondage," "Escape Me Never," "The Voice of the Turtle," and "The First and the Second." Her three favorite picture are: "Caged," "Detective Story" and "Above and Beyond.

Hanging in Miss Parker's dressing room is an oil painting of herself, Jean-clad, crouched before a record player. The picture is by Paul Clemens, Eleanor's husband and a famous portrait painter.

For Eleanor and Paul Clemens began passionately enough. She had learned, through friends, that the painter's portraits possessed a deep luminosity, bringing forth the subject's spiritual qualities as well as their physical likenesses. Inherently shy, she hesitated calling on him personally, but at last overcame her reluctance and climbed the soaring flight of steps which lead to his door at 1903 Orchid Street in Hollywood. When Clemens she had no thought of romance. In fact, she was just recently divorced from her second husband, producer Bert Freedlob. Clemens, jolt a spate of work, was not eager, at the moment, to take on another assignment, but a second glance at his caller dispelled all doubts. She was smiling at him softly and he almost dawdled, "When can we begin?" he asked.

"It was one of the most exciting sittings I ever had," she said. "The portrait was for the head and shoulders—and while we were doing the liminary sketch, we talked. I found that she possessed a lively and intelligent curiosity about my work; had none of the usual easy but superficial patter which great many people employ to cover their abysmal ignorance about art. What she said made sense.

Before the portrait was finished, Eleanor and Paul had drifted into friendship. Soon they were meeting in quiet little restaurants, and sometimes, occasionally, dinner at Beverly Hills. "But I was never allowed to stay long," she said. "Eleanor was working then, and when she's making a picture she's dedicated." During those evenings they talked of the theatre, radio, movies. Both had large record libraries, and they made the always fascinating discovery that their tastes ran in identical channels. Each was devoted to the same good books, liked the same great composers. Eleanor harbored a deep intense admiration for Frans Hals, the Dutch painter, liked the same actors and actresses. And "one enchanted evening" they happened upon a scene from 'Caged,' something had occurred at the house of a mutual friend during one of those parties when guests swirled in and out.

"Oh, now I remember," Eleanor exclaimed. "You were standing there looking bored, and you said..."

"Yes, and you said..."

They paused then, and looked at each other and laughed.

As the portrait which hang in Miss Parker's dressing room on the M-G-M lot, Clemens nodded. "I did one afternoon while Eleanor was making 'The Barker.' She was in a major role. She was beat down before her record player letting her hear some of the lovely arias that are sung so beautifully in the picture. It was an interesting pose and—"

The artist rarely goes to the studio when Eleanor is working. She is "convinced that every role she plays," he said. "and every line I write isn't the place for ruffle conversation. The same is true of the commissary where the actors and actresses have luncheon. Eleanor and I tried it just once, and that was enough. It's prescriptive to tell a girl things that are in your mind when producers, directors and fellow-performers are constantly rushing up to the table with comments and praise. It's discouraging."

For Eleanor to Eleanor and to his astonishment, she often points out little flaws which he himself overlooked. "She has a discerning mind," he says. "She never con-

In the New York Times has been known Ele-

nor, there have been only two months when she wasn't working. For Eleanor now at the peak of her career as an actress, with increasingly important roles, and becoming more famous. She stepped from one picture into another—her new "The Maverick" for Paramount—and she finds it difficult to devote as much tim to her husband. Eleanor, Susie six; Sharon, four and Richard, two, "he probably a good thing for them," she said. "My father and mother are much more strict with them than I ever was."

Not long after, a letter came into the bedrooms to kiss them goodbye as she was leaving for the studio, Susan pipped "Mommy, please don't go to work today."

"Just tell the man..."

"How about it would be if I could brush our problems and duties aside that easily," Eleanor said. "But life is so simple. None of us, actress, salesgirl, secretary, or anybody's junior. But perhaps that's the fun of living as personal growth!"

The End
to his own person is a trick peculiar to the artist. Artist that he is, proud of his profession, Bill took the thrust good-naturedly.

He’s usually able to appreciate a joke on himself, as on the evening he and Ardis went to see one of his movies. They were pushed and shoved and diddled out of line until Bill turned a bright red and roared, “I’ll complain to the manager!” Ardis tried to placate him, but he would have none of it. “Just a breathing tuxedo, he barked, ‘Who’s the manager?’

The tuxedo answered politely, “Mr. McConnell.” After an enraged search, Bill found the manager’s office and stomped in. The tuxedo and Mr. McConnell were one and the same. “I’m the manager,” he said.

Bill stared blankly for a minute and then snapped, “Mr. Holden, my name is McConnell and I want you to tell that——

The manager stopped politely. “No, no, my name is McConnell. Yours is Holden.” That took all the fight out of the fighting Holden.

And he’s willing to tell a joke on himself, too. As guest speaker at the Friars Club, he regaled the members with this story of a flight to Washington. Bill was traveling with Leon Ames, the well-known character actor. As in stewardesses approached with coffee, Bill said, “She’s going to dump that in my lap.” Leon protested that the hunch was superstitious poppycock. Naturally, the plane lurched and Bill got the hunch.

The story drew a laugh from the Friars. Just then, a waiter passing behind the speaker tripped, and there was Bill Holden wearing the latest thing in allover chocolate plush tuxedos. And whenever he did himself, the waiter’s timing was perfect. It would take more than that to upset Bill’s composure as a public speaker.

He’s also a very good impersonator — our favorite co-players in Paramount’s Christmas party rolls around, he loses his reserve and does hilariously funny imitations of everyone on the lot. But it’s affectionate ridicule. At a press party in New York, Dents were legion as a womanized Hollywood with a verbal barrage. He approached her and said quietly, “Madam, you don’t know what you’re talking about.” That shut her up for the evening.

At a cocktail party in Havana, Bill took more drastic means to stop an unpleasant trend of conversation. He’d been staring gloomily out the window toward the ground, several stories below. Suddenly, someone tapped him on his shoulder. In the outside ledge. This changed the subject! Furthermore, it took Ardis quite a while to get him to come back in and stand on his feet. Physical exertion has always been an outlet for his anger. In the heat of a discussion, he has been known to pick up a cane and start jumping over it forward and backward.

If his co-players in "The Country Girl" had known him better, they wouldn’t have been so startled after he fluffed his lines in a tense dramatic scene. Bill’s reaction to his own fluff was to begin methodically jumping up and down on the bed, shouting at the top of his lungs. He then jumped to a chair, from the chair to a table, from the table to a bed. Quietly and furiously he jumped up and down on the bed. He disappeared completely.

Bing Crosby and Grace Kelly watched his exit with openmouthed awe. But director George Seaton turned carefully to the camera and said, “Did you pan in and get all that?” George knew Bill Holden.

So, of course, does Ardis Holden. She
That was the understatement of 1941. As Ardis says, "It's been a ball." They were both working when they decided to get married. Knowing they were in for a long separation if they didn't marry right away, for Las Vegas was one Saturday night. And the bridal party was under way: Brian and Marjorie Donleavy, Bill, Ardis and the pilot.

The Vegas field was closed, so they landed at broke, polished nails. Walking in the dirt a mile and a half to the air terminal, they found it closed. Bill finally got a cab to come out and take them to town. The open-air terminal didn't disappear; it was open at 2 A.M., but the girl was out having a bite. They chased her all over Vegas, found her and got the license. The Congregational Church was opened to them; they had made arrangements to be married at midnight, was closed. They found the pastor at the hotel, but the bridal suite had been given to someone else. Bill and Ardis were finally married by a minister. Of course, in a small room by a one-armed minister who turned the pages of the Bible with his chin.

Ardis left that day for location in Ontario, Canada. There and for a few weeks later she returned, expecting to be married over the threshold at last. But her bridegroom had departed hours before for location in Carson City, Nevada. A few days later, finally—no. The police, with a violent attack of appendicitis. On the ninth day of his convalescence, while Ardis was making one of her visits, she complained of same pains, same place. Bill was taken to hospital, with a greater fear of being sympatico to any suffering pains. He jokingly suggested to the doctor that she should have an examination. The doctor took Ardis and told her to take advantage of the fact that two men had come and she suggested that Bill get up she, too, was scheduled for an appendectomy.

Two and a half months after that fateful wedding, Ardis wrote a letter to her ex-husband. She looked across the breakfast table at each other as man and wife, thankful that they had a partnership that made them beautiful. The blending of two souls into one. "Bill and I decided to be a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Deee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Deee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Dee Dee, took naturally to being a father to Ardis' little girl by her former marriage. Virginia, called Deee, took natur
West had not come up bill leaped to his feet and dived, fully clothed, into the pool. He found West dining to the side of an underwater outdoor grill, grinning. When he got out the surface the kids were doubled up roasting at the sucker, now thoroughly wet and red-faced.

But the household is normally more peaceful. Evenings start with a late dinner (Bill seldom gets home before seven) then he and Ardis go to the den and put in some good music. He sinks into his favorite leather chair, and they talk. They never tire of talking to one another. Bill discusses his day at the studio; Ardis gets in the trials of being mother to two Cub Scouts and one teenager.

At twenty-five, Ardis feels like a small-town girl: She likes to be taken out. They go to a favorite restaurant in the Valley, then visit friends, go to a movie, or, when she can induce Bill, dance a little dance at a dance club. They keep late, breakfast on Eggs Benedict or Oysters Rockefeller, read the paper, discuss the novel they're reading together, lay with the kids, then are asleep, poolside, with the kids. They enjoy barbecue outside to round off the day. Bill is an excellent cook; he holds forth with the charcoal and garlic.

Children are given to earn their allowances. West cleans out the pool, Scott keeps the patio and grounds policed. Bill feels strongly about boys learning to earn and share.

They are true to their father's spirit of adventure a little too enthusiastically. One day, when West was five and Scott not quite three, Ardis looked up from her work to realize that the sudden quiet was because the boys had disappeared. She turned round and finally ran outside. They answered her from the rooftop, thirty feet above the concrete driveway. They were using the television aerial, like Daddy! Ardis nearly suffered a stroke. Their summer vacation had been taken over: i.e., West's rook-like, Scott's broken arm, Dee'sed's prismatic burns. The day the man came to install the aerial, Ardis forgot to call and get instructions from Bill. He answered the phone call with, "Who broke that?"

Ardis used to buy clothes for Bill, but he has lately returned everything except a maroon robe. He looks as if he needed it and kicked like an overcoat. Now she orders others to put aside for him, and he runs out a lunch hour to buy or not to buy. He has discovered Ardis's habit of adding a pin to her costume, which readily included earrings and necklace. Ardis glanced up from the book she was reading. Bill murmured, "It's too much, Ardis."

Few poker-playing husbands want to risk their wives in on the game. Bill's exception. After the war, poker was the club card game he enjoyed, and Ardis agreed to sit with the women. When she left the room, she listened when she was done, decided she'd like to join the fun— Bill was delighted. Bill loves to share his stories with Ardis and his wonderlust. Bill knew the world, they've made two trips to Europe and one to Mexico. And he dreams of taking the whole family to Europe for a real holiday. When Bilb got over the restlessness and frequency cause of his problem, itching feet and insatiable curiosity for his own place. He wanted to know everything about the rest of the world. Paul Clemen, the artist recently married to Eleanor Barlow, took them to the surgeon's office. He left the room and was one of a returned tourist. When I returned from a three-month Caribbean cruise, Bill talked avidly, devouring my experiences. When I returned from France, he was ready to go again. But—

cause he planned to go everywhere, he wanted all the second-hand information he could get.

Bill has a huge world map in his dressing-room office. When he's going to travel, he reads about the place, its history and future in great gulps. He keeps digging and rounding around, waging letter-fronted adventures in unorthodox, out-of-the-way places and people. Because his taste is elastic, he can enjoy all cultures.

Wherever he goes, he buys for everyone: presents for the kids, the (Ardis, the kids, and himself). After his Far East trip, he gave producing Irving Asher an intricate and lovely Chinese cigarette holder for his desk. Atop the holder, a gold and diamond cigarette clip sticks to his shoulders with a burden on each side. The stick and burdens revolve. Bill set it casually on Asher's desk and, twirling it, said, "I thought of you when I saw it. I know a producer has to have something to do all day."

Ardis would love to go on all these trips, but the wrench of leaving the children at play is usually too much for her. Bill spent three months in Europe with the Billy Wilders, she had a wonderful time—after the plane left the airport. She saves her tears for the trip to the terminal alone. The children are too young to understand. At the same time Bill's enthusiasm for traveling is slightly dampened, too. But new experiences have fascinated him all his life.

Even in his boyhood, being told was not enough. The boys and Ardis's mother and father returned to South Pasadena after a trip to Minnesota in 1932, an indignant note was conspicuous on the kitchen table. Bill was eleven, in hearty disapproval of his father's twenty-year-old brother's use of temporary freedom.

"Bill has done the following while you were out:

1. Smoked (got sick ingesting)
2. Swore (used the Lord's name in vain)
3. Drove fast (wouldn't let anyone tell him)
4. Bossed (like only one in the world)
5. Died (said for me to set, remove, stack, wash and put away)

Bible—Right Hand

"Bob Beedle"

There was a drawing of the Bible in the left-hand corner of the note to prove that Bob's wrath was righteous.

At sixteen, Bill still "drove fast"—for a reason. He wanted to be good enough on his motorcycle to join Vic McGloughlin's circus. The desire to perform in the Rose Bowl and the Coliseum prompted his performances on the street in front of his home. For admiring crowds and a few he has to put on the seat of his motorcycle with arms outspread and glide dramatically down the street. This "Look, Ma, no hands" routine made his mother doubt that he'd ever return.

But during this trial-and-error period Bill was also learning to become a responsible citizen. His father made the full effort for his three sons: Bill, Bob and Dennis. He taught them the value of physical coordination and the ability to earn their way. Their allowances were based on their duties. Bill spent the summers working as a surveyor for his dad's chemical laboratory, "tending the feeding-fattening, feeding plants, oils and fertilizers from ships and trucks. He filled full boxcars of steer blood, fish or bone meal. He ended those summer days with layers of the smelly stuff clinging to his skin.

There are more pleasant memories of livelihood, and Bill found one. Melton Lewis, Paramount talent scout, discovered Bill Beedle, twenty, making the part of an

INGROWN NAIL

Hurt you?

Immediate Relief!

A few drops of OUTGRO® bring blessed relief from tormenting pain of ingrown nail. OUTGRO toughs the skin underneath the nail, allows the nail to be cut and thus prevents further pain and discomfort. OUTGRO is available at all drug counters.

Shrinks Hemorrhoids

New Way Without Surgery

Science Finds Healing Substance That Relieves Pain—Shrinks Hemorrhoids

For the first time in science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain—without surgery.

In case after case, when gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all—results were so thorough that sufferers made 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.

Now this new healing substance is offered in ointment form under the name of Preparation H. Ask for it at all drug stores—money back guarantee. The cure is complete.

You Can Play

...even if you don't know a single note of music now!

Imagine! Even if you never dreamed of playing an instrument, you can soon surprise your friends with your modeled sound. It's easy and fun. Free brochure mail sealed to FREE BOOK 80 U. S. H. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC Studio A-304, Port Washington, N. Y.

FREE BOOK shows how easily you can learn to play in modern way. Mail coupon for FREE BOOK to U. S. H. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC Studio A-304, Port Washington, N. Y.

Name.
Address.

P

Q I do

Q I do NOT have instrument now.

111
eighty-year-old man believable at the Pasadena Playhouse. During the time, Bill was going to South Pasadena Junior College studying chemistry. As George Seaton, his very good friend, puts it droolly: His choice was simple—acting or the fertilizer business.

Even though Bill decided on acting for a career, Lewis had to be patient with his discovery. It seems Bill Beedle couldn't come to the studio until he finished his exams. Lewis wasn't enough to wait. Finally, Bill showed up, worked on a script, screen-tested with a girl named Rebecca Wasson, and got an option for six months. He arrived at the studio, they found a place in the Alps, and the next day he was married. The only history-making event of that period was his acquisition of a new last name—Holden, borrowed from a newspaperman.

The big break came while Columbia was searching for just the right boy for "Golden Boy." They were also interested in Rebecca Wasson's screen test. Bill Perlberg, the producer, sat through the test of the girl and then commented, "I've found 'Golden Boy.'" From that moment on, this has been golden for the two studios that split his contract between them.

Even as a newcomer, he was not afraid to express his opinions or roar when he'd had enough. For "Golden Boy" he had to learn to finger a violin and box and act as well as sing. He had to take his hair short. He had to take so much of the daily rehearsals and workouts at the Hollywood Athletic Club, then come down with a thud and refuse to do any more until the next morning. It was Barbra Stanwyck who did for this newcomer what they say stars won't do. She worked with him, helped him, gave him the best camera angles, finally insisted on a mix-up of his hair. She said that the sudden avalanche of interviews was completely bewildering him. It was then that Bill formed both an undying admiration for Miss Stanwyck and a hatred for the Athletics.

To this day, he sends Barbara roses on her birthday.

With "Golden Boy," Bill got his taste of overnight triumph. He liked the flavor. Sharing a small house in the Hollywood Hills with his dialogue director, Hugh McMullan, he started to work with a vengeance. As they were close friends, Hugh was always about the dedicated young man he had liked with. Bill worked constantly. He drove himself with a grim determination. He was learning. He had to be better. Bill's basic values have changed very little. Miss Stanwyck relates that right at the start of the movie, during a scene of Bill's first big number, "Rascal Boy," they were working to finish the scene in the studio. He began to feel a terrible hunger, and he said, "I don't get hungry enough to eat." Bill was in the recording room, and they finished the scene. To this day, he says, "Oh, what a way to spend your first movie set." But he was always a great one for getting up early, and when the scene was finished, he dragged out of bed and was at the studio by 5 a.m. He was logically an early riser—his mother wakened him by ringing the bell at the old Southern Pacific Depot. Bill was always a good boy, and he always played along.

After this untypical revelation, he switched the subject to his love for slapstick comedy, the Three Stooges in particular.

Deciding that romance might sway Bill's one-track mind, Hugh carefully planned dinners to include attractive stars and starlets. Bill was charming, courteous and not too interested.

Hugh thought Bill might enjoy meeting Brenda Marshall, who was going through the throes of a divorce. But Bill was afraid to become involved at that time, particularly since he was looking for a girl who had a little daughter. When he ran into her on the Warner lot, he changed his mind—quickly. And Hugh's worried about Bill's one-track mind faded. In fact, after Bill found Ardis for twenty-two months, Hugh had to find a new housemate. Brenda Marshall, movie star, became Ardis Holden, with a new career.

Although the Holdens were married in '41, "Getting to Know You" did not become their theme song until after the war, you will remember. Then it was that Ardis became a very wise woman and accepted the eccentricities of her spouse. Oh, she can level him if he overdoes. They still have healthy arguments, but with undertones of humor and respect that make these spats good outlets for two lively temperaments.

Bill has some rather fascinating foibles. He takes at least four showers a day. The first, accompanied by a lusty baritone, is followed by a loud stomping to the breakfast room. He doesn't eat much, but he expects company at the table. When he arrives at the studio, he takes another shower. At noon and before leaving the studio, he manages to wash down at least twice more. He is sure that he catches cold through his feet, and spent quite a lot of time picking out the right rug for his dressing room.

He does his own stunts in pictures. In '41 he wanted to be a junior Gary Cooper. He rides and draws his guns like Cooper. He is a sentimentalist. Working fifteen hours a day, he nevertheless found time to design a gold medallion with two heart-shaped hands pointing to the numeral twelve— for Ardis on their twentieth anniversary.

He is inconsistent. He drove a second-hand car (purchased from Lucyle and Desi Arnaz) for five years. He talked about a sports car so much, however, that the kids saved their allowances and presented him with a box marked "Daddy's car."

On Christmas, Ardis handed Bill a very legal-looking document (remarkably like a divorce subpoena) and said, "Sorry I had to do this way." Bill turned pale green and took the document. It was an order for a new Cadillac. When they went to get it, he was thrilled and doubtful. It was a Cabot gray convertible with an extra continental kit that extended the body another foot. "I guess it hasn't too much chrome," Bill said hesitantly, "but it's sure going to make me feel like a movie star."

And yet in Europe he developed a yearning for a flashy racing car loaded with gadgets.

Bill has a mad passion for the miniature bones and drums.

Holden is a man of varied interests. His paintings include many Paul Clemens pictures (among them a portrait of the family over the living room fireplace). "Touche-Lautrec, Goya and Bangwys's 'The Feast of Lazarus.' This record collection includes everything from jazz drum solo to symphony (including cars for opera). He enjoys hamburgers with sour cream. He had a fabulous gift collection, but gave it away when he realized it was dangerous to get a great boy. He rides beautifully on his fawn-colored Greyhound, and the company is a charming one at random. He has done ten pictures in three months. He'll take on any role. He's had one swears at him—an unprecedented record for a man who's spent fifteen years in any business.

His children respect him because he knows David Evans personally. If he make a Western, his stock will shoot up on the home front. In race-track lingo, he says his role in "Safrina" was by "Brook Brothers out of El Morocco." He has mounted on his desk the Golden Apple award from the Hollywood Women's Press Club for the most co-operative actor of '51. Milton Lewis, the talent scout who hired Bill Beedle in 1938, prizes the miniature golden Oscar that Holden sent him after his "Stalag 17" triumph. Even more, Lewis prizes the silhouette of the woman he came with it: "We finally made it, Milt."

Actually, Bill Holden is just at the start of a new phase of his life. Respected an honored in the industry, he plans to continue with further accomplishments. At home, the volcano rumblings are fading. He and Ardis make one day a picture together. His hunger for travel is being appeased, and pretty soon he'll have a chance to get back to his wife. Holden is for Greenland and entertain the troops. He'll entertain troops anywhere, but the mere mention of Greenland brought that to his eye. He has perfected the masonic mantra to the extent that he probably believes it is almost like any other successful business executive.

The man who finished "Sabin's" Thursday evening, left for Tokyo Friday morning for "The Bridges at Toko-Ri" at arrived back Christmas morning ready for "The Country Girl." Tired, he called his office back home to check on the "Golden Boy," which opens in the Big City later this month. Bill flew off to Palm Springs and sold up the sun. The holiday was granted. The next day George came a call from Palm Springs. "I'd like," said the worn-out a trip to a "rehearsal." So Bing, Gene and Bill spent that weekend rehearsing a church in Palm Springs.

He's the man who roars, "I'm going to Palm Springs alone and rest!" He is at the business end of tomorrow, with Peggi Ardis to join him.

He's the man who made a game walking the rail of Suicide Bridge in Pasadena—on his hands only. He was ten then, b the spirit of adventure, lack of fear a occasional deviltry have never left him.

Yes, some people say he's staid, stuff dull and colorless. Others say he is breath fluid and most folks think me an actors like him. Some say he pays on trifles because he feels guilty about a lack of real problems. Some say he has a psychotrich on but only be himself. He good friend Paul Clemens says, "Bill is at times own worst enemy. But since he is such a good fellow at heart, he finds him pretty slender on the and I agree everyone agrees that Holden is Gold— and gold is a very colorful color. THE END
Think of the softest... Now, a new gentleness... undreamed-of comfort... the luxury of a fabric covering that’s soft as a whisper. Yours with New Design Modess.
That Ivory Look

Young America has it... You can have it in 7 days!

Babies have That Ivory Look... you can, too! The milder the beauty soap, the prettier your complexion. And Ivory is mild enough for a baby's skin. Why, more doctors advise Ivory for baby's skin—and yours—than any other soap.

That Ivory Look for you just 7 days from now!
Picture your complexion looking fresher, clearer, younger. Picture you with That Ivory Look! It happens in only 7 days, when you start cleansing your skin regularly and use pure, mild Ivory Soap.

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap
NOW—be a Pin-up Girl with the Pin-up Curl!

PIN-IT

WONDERFUL NEW EASY-TO-DO PIN-CURL PERMANENT

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

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

PIN-IT BY PROCTER & GAMBLE...for the curl of your dreams.
Here's Why Listerine Stops Bad Breath 4 Times Better Than Tooth Paste!

Germs—The Major Cause of Mouth Odor

Far and away the most common cause of bad breath is fermentation, caused by germs, of proteins which are always present in the mouth. Research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, the more you reduce germs in the mouth.

Listerine Antiseptic Kills Germs by Millions

Listerine Antiseptic kills germs by millions on contact. Test after test has shown that even fifteen minutes after gargling with Listerine Antiseptic, germs on tooth, mouth, and throat surfaces were reduced up to 96.7%; one hour afterward, as much as 80%.

No Tooth Paste Kills Germs Like This...Instantly

Tooth paste with the aid of a tooth brush is an effective method of oral hygiene. But no tooth paste gives you the proven Listerine Antiseptic method—banishing bad breath with super-efficient germ-killing action. As a result, Listerine stops bad breath instantly, usually for hours on end. No tooth paste offers proof like this of killing germs that cause bad breath.

Listerine Antiseptic

...the most widely used antiseptic in the world
**NEW! DOCTOR’S DEODORANT DISCOVERY**

Safely stops odor 24 hours a day!

PROVED IN UNDERARM COMPARISON TESTS MADE BY A DOCTOR

- Deodorant without M-3, tested under one arm, stopped perspiration odor only a few hours.
- New Mum with M-3, tested under other arm, stopped odor a full 24 hours.

New Mum with M-3 won’t irritate normal skin or damage fabrics

1. *Exclusive deodorant based originally on doctor’s discovery, now contains long-lasting M-3 (Hexachlorophene).
2. Stops odor all day long because invisible M-3 clings to your skin—keeps on destroying odor bacteria a full 24 hours.
3. Non-irritating to normal skin. Use it daily. Only leading deodorant containing no strong chemical astringents—will not block pores.
4. Won’t rot or discolor fabrics—certified by American Institute of Laundering.
5. Delicate new fragrance. Creamier texture—New Mum won’t dry out in the jar.

**NEW MUM®**

cream deodorant with long-lasting M-3

(HEXACHLOROPHENE)

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

---

**PHOTOPLAY**

MAY, 1955 • FAVORITE OF AMERICA’S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

**HIGHLIGHTS**

“East of Eden” .................................................. 37
Nighttime Belles (Inside Stuff) ......................... Cal York 39
Man Alive! (Tony Curtis) ................................. Hyatt Downing 40
Getting in Step for Marriage (Debbie Reynolds) .......... Maxine Block 43
I’m In Love with a Wonderful Mom .................... Tab Hunter 45
Some Wives Have Secrets (Janet Leigh, Doris Day) .......... Gladys Hall 46
Look Who’s Smiling! (Stewart Granger) ................ John Maynard 49
Every Day Is Mother’s Day ............................... Pauline Townsend 53
Bachelor Daze (Rock Hudson) ........................... 1
Oops! Your Error? ........................................... Sheilah Graham 55
It Should Happen to a Lemon! (Jack Lemmon) .............. Dorothy O’Leary 59
That Do or Die Doll (Shelley Winters) .................. Dee Phillips 61
He Lost His Shirt (Richard Egan, Leslie Caron) ............... Ruth Watrubby 63
Pixie from Paris (Richard Egan, Leslie Caron) .......... Joseph Henry Steele 64
Burton—The Welsh Rare Bit (Richard Burton) .................. Martha Buckley 67
Ann Blyth’s Love Bank ..................................... Robert Emmett 69
Hollywood Holiday ........................................ Fredda Dudley 70
Win a Hollywood Holiday ............................... 72
Photoplay Travel Fashions ................................ 73
Hollywood Fashion of the Month ....................... 108
Fun for Your Needle ....................................... 114

**STARS IN FULL COLOR**

Mitzu Gaynor ........ 38 Tab Hunter .................. 44 Joanne Gilbert .. 71
Jane Powell ........ 38 Janet Leigh .................. 46 Mitzu Gaynor ........ 71
Rita Moreno ........ 38 Doris Day .................. 47 Jane Powell ........ 71
Piper Laurie ........ 38 Richard Egan .......... 62 Bob Francis .. 71
Kim Novak .......... 38 Leslie Caron ........ 65 Mary Wyman . 71
Debra Paget .......... 39 Ann Blyth ........ 68 Jeff Richards .. 71
Tony Curtis ........ 41 Tab Hunter ........ 71 Barbara Rush .. 73

**SPECIAL EVENTS**

Impertinent Interview Mike Connolly 6 The Hollywood Story Shirley Thomas 22
That’s Hollywood . Sidney Skolsky 8 Casts of Current Pictures 28
Laughing Stock . Erskine Johnson 11 Brief Reviews 32
Hollywood Parties . Edith Guynn 13 Readers, Inc. 34

Cover: Color portrait of Debbie Reynolds, currently starring in M-G-M’s “Hit the Deck!”. By Howell Content. Other color picture credits on page 121

**EDITORIAL STAFF**

Ann Higginbotham—Editor .................................. Rena Firth—Associate Editor
Ann Mosher—Supervising Editor ........................... Janet Graves—Contributing Editor
Evelyn Savidge Pain—Managing Editor ................. Margery Sayre—Assistant Editor

**ART STAFF**

Ron Taylor—Art Director ................................. Lillian Lang—Fashion Director
Norman Schoenfeld—Assistant Art Director ............. Hermine Cantor—Fashion Editor

**HOLLYWOOD**

Sylvia Wallace—Editor .................................... Joan Radabaugh—Assistant West Coast Editor
Contributing Editors: Maxine Arnold, Asher Ruth Waterbury
Photographer: Phil Stern

---

A screenful of romance, music, spectacle. Leslie Caron excels her famed "Lili" performance in her new love story!

IN RADIANT COLOR!

The Glass Slipper

You'll be dancing and romancing to "The Glass Slipper" Song - "Take My Love".

Starring

Leslie Caron • Michael Wilding • Redman Wynn • Estelle Winwood • Elsa Lanchester • Barry Jones

Written by Sam Shaw • Ballet by Roland Petit • Billed by Charles Walters • Photographed in Technicolor • Produced by Edwin H. Knopf
What good is a pretty hat...

if you don't have pretty hair?

Helene Curtis makes even the dullest, driest hair sparkle . . . with a conditioner for hair and scalp that brings you up to 10 times more absorbable lanolin!

Those new Spring hats are showing a lot of hair.

So maybe it's time Helene Curtis lanolin discovery showed up on your dressing table. It brings you 100% absorbable lanolin which returns to your hair the same kind of natural oil that was lost by heat, wind or water.

Actually, it's up to 10 times more effective than any other hair conditioner and beautifier because it contains up to 10 times more lanolin. And there are no "filler" oils to grease your hair or make you lose your wave.

Just spray. Brush. Then watch. A before-and-after picture happens in your mirror!

• And we'll bet you get more compliments on your hair than you do on your hats.

Helene Curtis lanolin discovery
the breath of life for lifeless looking hair!

Regular size $1.25  New large economy size $1.89

BY FLORABEL MUIR

HOLLYWOOD WHISPERS

Piper Laurie's rapidly blossoming romance, and her closest pals would not be at all amazed at a Yuletide wedding for these two, with David due to doff his Army uniform for civvies come November . . . How Johnnie Ray, having called it a day but for sure with Marilyn Monroe, promptly latched on to Fran Bennett . . . The growing suspicion that Marlon Brando and Josanne Marieni-Berenger never will become Mr. and Mrs. though they do get around.

•

About how the annual Photoplay Awards party at the Beverly Hills Hotel, always the top event of the pre-Oscar season, provided a rich showcase for the hitherto hidden talents of Sue Carson, who's been on a real career kick ever since . . . About Rock Hudson's determination revealed in strictest confidence to a pal that he will surely not marry until he's thirty, nearly two years from now, which seems to put Phyllis Gates, pretty secretary to Henry Willson, out of the running. And the growing conviction that the Gates gossip is merely to keep designing females away from Rock.

•

The way a couple of screen newcomers, Jayne Mansfield and Leigh Snowden have elbowed into the columns by sheer startling loveliness and charm. Both girls have the personality and intelligence to make the big grade . . . And about Race Gentry's indicated preference for Leigh's company, a departure for him because he's been playing the field with a vengeance . . . Jayne's steadiest boy friend's devotion to her, and that's something of a surprise since the b.f. is Steve Cochran.
Now for the first time...
the limitless range of

**VISTAVISION**
MOTION PICTURE HIGH-FIDELITY
presents the matchless true grandeur of the west!

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

There is a time to fight... and a time to...

**RUN FOR COVER**

starring

JAMES CAGNEY
as the man who teaches
VIVECA LINDFORS
JOHN DEREK
that there is a time to fight...
and a time to run for cover!

with JEAN HERSHOLT - GRANT WITHERS - Produced by WILLIAM H. PINE and WILLIAM C. THOMAS - Directed by NICHOLAS RAY - Screenplay by WINSTON MILLER

From a story by Harriet Frank, Jr. and Irving Ravetch - A PARAMOUNT PICTURE
Your hair won’t go wild when it’s washed with Halo!

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

When you “just can’t do anything” with your hair, use Halo! Whether it’s dry, oily or normal, your hair will be softer, springier, look pretty as a picture—right after shampooing!

The secret is Halo’s exclusive ingredient that leaves hair silkier, faster to set, easier to comb and manage. What’s more, Halo’s own special glorifier whisks away loose dandruff...removes the dullness that hides the natural beauty of your hair...lets it shine with far brighter sparkle! So, when your hair is hard to manage or simply won’t “stay put”...you’ll find it just loves to behave after a Halo Shampoo!

* Halo
the shampoo that glorifies your hair!
for dry, oily, normal hair

It seemed an unwise time, under the circumstances, to ask Susan what her next husband would be like. But I had read somewhere that Susan Hayward felt inclined, if she ever married again, to marry a writer. I had asked her about that statement and she had explained: “Actually I don’t really know what my next husband’s profession will be simply because I don’t know who my next husband will be!

“But I do know what kind of man he will be.

“He will be the kind of man for whom I will give up the acting profession. Yes, I intend to quit acting. But only when I get married again, and I won’t marry for at least a year. My divorce won’t be final till the fall.

“I intend to quit acting because there are so many other things I want to do—have more children, for instance, and travel. I have been working since I was seventeen years old.”

I thought of Susan’s career: from a third-floor walkup flat on Church Avenue in Brooklyn to Hollywood stardom and a lovely home in California.

“It all ties in, doesn’t it?” she asked. “Wanting a change, I mean. Things always work out for the better, don’t they? And now I want them to work out again so that the man I marry will figure very, very importantly. He will love me for myself. He, like myself, will want a long engagement. What do I mean by long? Well, it will probably be much longer than my first engagement, which was for six months. It may be for two years. On the other hand, it may be for only two months! After all, when the time comes two months may seem like a long time, too long a time. It will depend on the man.”

I thought of Jeff Chandler, Richard Egan, Ned Marin and the others with whom Susan has been linked.

“There’s no one—yet,” she repeated. “When will there be one—the right one? I would guess anywhere from a year to three years.”

“And that’s when you’ll give up acting?” I asked.

“Look, I love acting,” the radiant little redhead replied. “But there are other things in life, too—children, to repeat, and traveling. I’ve found I can’t combine them all. I’ve also found that I like the old-fashioned idea of the man in the family being the boss of the family.

“He would also be a perfect father for the twins. And he would want more children. I’ve always wanted more.”

As for Susan’s social life: “My social life is very limited and, I suppose, will continue that way. I’ve just finished ‘Soldier of Fortune’ with Clark Gable for 20th and the spare time I have I like to spend with the twins. I like doing things with Greg and Timothy and I love a home life with them and a few friends.

“There are no romantic involvements at the moment. It’s so nice and peaceful for a change!”
How could Rork drive her out of town—when he couldn’t even get her out of his heart?

IT’S A BLAZE OF EXCITEMENT THAT NEVER LETS UP WHEN THAT LOVELY LADY LETS HER RED HAIR DOWN!

WARNER BROS.
PRESENT

"Strange Lady in Town"

CINEMASCOPE
WARNERCOLOR • STEREOPHONIC SOUND

PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY MERVYN LEROY

STARRING GREER GARSON DANA ANDREWS
CAMERON MITCHELL LOIS SMITH • WALTER HAMPDEN • GONZALEZ GONZALEZ

Hear the voice of FRANKIE LAINE singing 'Strange Lady in Town'

Story and Screen Play by FRANK BUTLER
Music composed and conducted by DANA TOWN
I don't think Debbie Reynolds, June Allyson, Ann Blyth, representatives of the girl-next-door type, have to change their style because Hollywood is on a glamour kick. Yvonne De Carlo's pet poodle, Billy, sleeps in bed with her. Many actresses have told me they like to go for a walk alone in the rain but I don't know who has. Terry Moore is rather quiet these days—or maybe I shouldn't have opened my big typewriter. Suggestion for Gregory Peck: The book, "The Day Lincoln Was Shot," would make a great movie. A meal tastes better to me when I'm in a red-upholstered booth at Chasen's. Lana Turner is looking more like Lana Turner these days and nights. As for George Gobel, it was Marian Todd who described him best: "He doesn't look like someone appearing on TV. He looks like somebody who's watching it." Vic Damone is ticklish and doesn't Pier Angeli know it! There's no actress as frank as Shelley Winters. Recently she told me: "The only way I'll get to be a lady is to marry a Lord." Newlywed Vera-Ellen is learning, because she said: "No matter how many ash trays I leave around, I still have to empty the carpet."

Janet Leigh, who's lending her name to a line of dresses, is the nicest advertisement for a form-fitting dress I know. I sat next to Janet and Tony Curtis at the Photoplay Awards Dinner. And Tony won his Popularity Award as far as I was concerned because he allowed Janet to be with me. Many newcomers were honored at this awards dinner, but an unknown, Sue Carson, who performed, will soon be on this magazine's popularity poll. Four studios tried to sign Sue the next day. It was a great audition for a veteran night-club performer who could never get any attention from the movie-talent scout. I like the way Frank Sinatra appreciates a great performer. Frankie almost fell off his chair laughing at Sue Carson impression of Jo Stafford.

I'm not against Grace Kelly as man people, including Grace, believe. I thin she's beautiful, shrewd and just beginnin to develop. A few years from now I probably go for her. No one can fer worse seeing a bad Marilyn Monroe movi than Marilyn Monroe. Aldo Ray has sex appeal in "Battle Cry," which is some thing Jeff Donnell has been shouting for years. I miss bumping into Ava around town. I like Howard Keel's new cre cut. Of all the actors I know, Marlo Brando is the toughest to get to talk abot himself. Marlon says: "Either my wor speaks for me or I have nothing to say, and he sincerely means it. . . . Shirley Booth: Come Back, Little Shirley. It about time we had another good movi with this great actress! . . . Piper Laurie curls up when she sleeps and wakes u hugging the pillow. . . . It was starlet Joa Tyler who told another starlet: "If yo think you don't have a worry, brother-do you need to see a psychiatrist?"

Most "request movies" are the kind of movi I'd never request. Don't her as much about Elaine Stewart as I use to. Wonder why? John Wayne doesn favor routine and likes to eat and drin when he feels like it and keep going unt real tired. My favorite character Mike Curtiz, giving advice to an actor g ing to Italy: "When in Rome, do as the Romans do."

I like to dine at Romanoff's because its stock company, starring Humphrey Bogart, Paul Douglas, Pamela Mason at the Prince, himself. They've got script for Jane Russell which has a scot in which she masquerades as a boy. Jane is able to do this, she'll win an Award. John Kerr, stage actor, commenting on his movie debut in "Cobweb": "You sit around and sit around and s around and then you work for ten minute It's harder on your bottom than your top That's Hollywood for You.
A LIQUID SHAMPOO
THAT'S EXTRA RICH!

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

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

IT'S LIQUID PRELL
FOR Radiantly Alive Hair

Something to sing about—wonderful, emerald-clear Liquid Prell!

No other shampoo has this unique, extra-rich new formula—and how you'll
love it! Bursts instantly into luxurious, extra-rich lather... rinses
in a twinkle... is so mild you could shampoo every day. And Liquid Prell
leaves your hair caressably soft, a dream to manage—looking excitingly
'Radiantly Alive.' Try new Liquid Prell today, won't you? It's fabulous!

PRELL—for 'Radiantly Alive' Hair—now available 2 ways!

The exciting, new extra-rich liquid in
the handsome, easy-grip bottle!

And the famous, handy tube that's
ideal for the whole family. Won't
spill, drip, or break. It's concentrated
ounce for ounce it goes further!
Babies have That Ivory Look . . .
why shouldn’t you? Do you know the milder your beauty soap, the prettier your skin? More doctors advise mild, pure Ivory for baby’s skin and yours than any other soap. Better trust Ivory!

You can have That Ivory Look . . .
under your Spring bonnet, too!
Simply start now cleansing your skin regularly with mild, pure Ivory Soap. And in only 7 days—my, you’re pretty!
You’ve got That Ivory Look!

99.98% pure . . . it floats

It’s like getting one FREE! 4 cakes of Personal Size Ivory cost about the same as 3 cakes of other leading toilet soaps. It all adds up . . .

Personal Size Ivory is your best beauty buy!
Why be just a part-time charmer?

Humphrey Bogart's young son, Steven, watched, without much interest as his mother, Lauren Bacall, emoted in a scene for "Woman's World" with June Allyson, Van Heflin, Cornel Wilde, Arlene Dahl, Clifton Webb and Fred MacMurray.

Between takes, Lauren whispered to Steven: "I know this is dull, dear, but someday I'll do a movie with Roy Rogers and you'll be proud of me."

On a night-club tour, Billy Barty did a burlesque of Liberace. But in one town Liberace wasn't known—no television. "Everyone," says Billy, "thought it was Jimmy Boyd imitating Gorgeous George."

Art Todd overheard a babe tell her night-club playmate: "I think I'll have another drink. It makes you so witty."

Joe E. Lewis is singing it a new way: "There's No Business Like Win, Place and Show Business."

Overheard: "He has an impediment in his speech. Every time he opens his mouth—his wife interrupts."

Zsa Zsa Gabor and Porfirio Rubirosa, walked into a Westwood store.
"Look," said a salesgirl, "there's Zsa Zsa with Portfolio."

Red Skelton in the Brown Derby: "I've been seeing so many Westerns on TV I have to sit facing the door."

A weary prop man drawled it to Rod Cameron when the film company was still shooting at 9 p.m. after a long and busy day:
"About this time of night your shoes get awful full of feet."

Casting dancing cuties for a filmusical, a producer sent down orders about their qualifications, height, weight, color of hair, etc. Then he added:
"They must put a strain on a sweater—but none on the imagination."

Name of a speedboat used for movie water-skiing scenes at Balboa Bay:
"FANNY DUNKER."

Overheard: "Fat? Why, she's fat in places where most girls don't have places."

Tab Hunter, about his first movie love scene with Dorothy Malone in "Battle Cry":
"I had a horse in one picture and a radio in another. I'm glad to get a girl in a picture for a change."

Mad TV show idea:
"You Bet Your Wife."

*See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local TV station

Wear MIDNIGHT by Tussy morning, noon and night!

CHARM everyone with the scent of Midnight Dusting Powder! Super-fine, with a luxury puff. $1.25.

DRAMATIZE your glamour with the Midnight Glamour Set. Cologne plus Hand and Body Lotion. $1.

DISCOVER the delights of a Midnight Bubble Bath! 16 envelopes of frothy fragrance... only $1.

CHOOSE color and fragrance of matching drama! Midnight Lipstick-Perfume Combination. $1.

prices plus tax

*See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local TV station
she's got

(you can have it, too!)

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

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

Comfortable, long-lasting and very, very vivid.
Dick Powell saw wife June get top femme award at GM dinner

Jane Wyman was honored for her performance in "Magnificent Obsession"

A brilliant comeback last year earned Van Johnson a special bronze plaque

HOLLYWOOD PARTY LINE

PHOTOPLAY's Gold Medal Awards Dinner will keep me dwelling on the dolls and guys whose glamour duds or quips furnished ewes during the hours they, and a few hundred famous others, pent cocktailling and dining in the Crystal Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel. No gal in any room could have topped PHOTOPLAY's top femme award winner, June Allyson, for sheer chic and simplicity, proving again, these two adjectives usually go hand-in-hand. June's chalk-white gown of crisp satin, billowed out from a wallpaper waistline, was tight-bodiced, very decollete and held aloft with tiny shoulder straps. A roll-back cuff of the white satin, about two inches wide, finished off the bodice cross the bustline and at the sides. But where bodice met houlder straps in the back, the narrow cuff became flame-red velvet, widening slightly as it slanted down center-back and then became a hanging wide red sash from waistline to hem. No trimmings, no junk jewelry for Junie, just striking smartness.

Jane Wyman was simply done up, too, in her semitailored dinner dress of creamy satin; its shortish skirt a mass of fullness. And, oh, that tiny waistline! Ann Blyth was sporting a new hair-do that was half Italian bob in front, half a large bun in back. Ann's gown was of iridescent blue taffeta. Another Anne—meaning Anne Francis—was in black, a real smart job, too . . . Vera-Ellen gets lots of kidding about usually wearing too much of everything, but she's a doll and doesn't give a dern. Vera and her bridegroom, Vic Rothschild, held hands all through dinner and the amusing entertainment. Vera was in black lace, and she was wearing her blonde hair in a huge bun at the nape of her neck. Around the bun were entwined rhinestones. She also wore a big rhinestone necklace and enormous long drop earrings of rhinestones. If Vera was also wearing flowers pinned to her shoulder or to her bag or gloves, I was just too dern dazzled to note!

Continued
JACK LEMMON PICKS UP HIS AWARD FROM PHOTOPHOTO'S EDITOR, ANN HIGGINBOTTOM

JANE POWELL AND DR. MCNULTY WERE ON HAND TO SHARE WITH ANN BLYTH HER CITATION

Jane Powell, with a cute new short, short haircut (not the messy kind!) wore a very, very sophisticated full-length red satin gown; Lori Nelson, even purtier than usual, was in seafoam green lace and taffeta, draped tightly around her slim shape, and its skirt Featuring a huge bustle-type bow... Barbara Rush looked more sophisticated than one is used to seeing her, in an Irish original. Jack Lemmon shone in a plaid dinner jacket.

Jane Russell was in red with a stunning black fox cape stole thrown over her shoulders. However, the fur neither hid the low, low neckline of Jane's dress nor the startling effect of her completely shorn locks! Extra-startling because Jane for years has been a holdout on cutting her flowing locks. Said Jane, whose coif has a pompadour effect over the forehead but is shingled in back, "I look like a female Tony Curtis!"... Kim Novak almost went Jane one better in the low-necked department in her tight-fitting, long gown of pink-mauve lace, cut to an inch below the waistline in back! That's where her wide shoulder straps disappeared. Kim was with Kerwin Matthews only because her real feller, Mac Krim, was out of town. Dick Powell, looking over Kim's sexy getup, killed everyone by cracking from the dais, "Kids that age are so cute"... Dick did such a rib-tickling job as master of ceremonies I have to mention it. Like Frinstance when Ed Purdom's award was announced and Purdom proved to be missing. Dick flipped, "Oh—I know where he is!"

In the glitter crowd that watched both seasoned stars and newcomers get their awards Judy Garland (in a plum-colored velvet maternity dinner dress topped by one of those tiny jeweled lids she loves), June Haver and Fred MacMurray, the Howard Keels (he sporting the craziest crew-cut in town!), Anne Jeffreys and Bob Sterling, a dream couple off tv as well as on! Also Jeanne Crain, with her new inky black hair and wearing a watermelon pink, full-skirted floor-length gown. And Janet Leigh in a coral to orange Continued
Something special in everyone's reach . . .

The world's most precious silverplate

You know your future will be shiny bright the minute you're all set with Holmes & Edwards. It's not only the loveliest . . . it's the only silverplate with an extra helping of precious sterling *inlaid* at backs of bowls and handles of most-used pieces. It costs a little more . . . but think of the extra *years* of silver beauty. 52-piece set for 8, and chest, $84.50.

Two blocks of sterling *inlaid* at backs of bowls and handles promise longer, lovelier silver life.

HOLMES & EDWARDS
STERLING *INALD* SILVERPLATE
MADE ONLY BY THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY
Delight in this fragrant protection that keeps you lovely to be near.

Stop perspiration odor!
Keep underarms dry!
Delightfully fragrant!

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER
Good for Limited Time Only!

2 for only $1
(reg. $1.50 value)

BOURJOIS — Created in France . . . Made in U.S.A.

NEW
Evening in Paris
DEODORANT STICKS

floor-length number of Jersey and net, so tight-fitting from its high neckline to hip that it revealed more of Janet than a Bikini could! And she looked good.

Cute Sue Carson, an hilarious singing-comedienne long neglected by Hollywood, got raves for herself at Photoplay's dinner when the Tinseltowners brought her back for encore galore. She not only wowed with her delivery, but was deliciously dressed in decollete sheath of simple white. Result: Sue was positively deluged next day with picture offers from the many studio execs who were present that night!

Well, I've used so much space on the above that I'll turn into “quickies” a few affairs that oughta be longies. (Wanna keep you up-to-date on everything partyish in Hollywood, y'know?) Now then:

There was the offly chic soiree preceding the regular opening of the new gorgeous Persian Room—also at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Don Loper, plus $80,000, managed to transform the old Palm Terrace into a “modern miracle” in a mere eighteen days. Ogling with delight the elegant decor were some of the best-dressed gals in town (lots of 'em dressed by Don too) and they included Ann Miller with Bill O'Connor, Merle Oberon and Rex Ross, Joan Crawford, Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman, Irene Dunne, Sonja Henie and Alfie de la Vega and lots of local socialites.

Jack Warner took over the Rodeo Room to entertain for General O. P. Wayland, who was of such help in the filming of Alan Ladd's “The McConnell Story,” Gary Cooper, June Allyson and Dick Powell, the Jean Hersholt's, Virginia Mayo and Mike O'Shea, Terry Moore, the Tommy Noonans, Dana Andrews, cute Rosemarie Bowe (pining for Bob Stack who was in Japan shooting “Bamboo Curtain”), Karen Sharpe with Bill Guthrie, Diana Lynn, Doe Avedon and Georgie Jessel were in the crowd. . . . There was a star turnout for Marguerite Piazza's bow at the Coconaut Grove. She scored a smash hit with such ringsiders as the Van Johnsons, Lana Turner and Lex Barker, Piper Laurie, who was dating David Schine (he raised you-know-what with

Jane Russell, with Bob Waterfield, stopped the show with her low, low neckline and short hair-do

Still at the hand-holding stage were Vera-Ellen, aglitler with rhinestones, groom Vic Rothschild
Softly feminine hairstyles like these are yours with a Bobbi—the special pin-curl permanent for soft, natural curls

If you dread most permanents because you definitely don't want tight, fussy curls, Bobbi is just right for you. This easy pin-curl permanent is specially designed for today's newest softly feminine hairstyles.

Bobbi gives a curl where you want it, the way you want it—always soft, natural, and vastly becoming! It has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair.

You pin-curl your hair just once. Apply Bobbi's special Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water. Let dry, brush out... immediately you'll be happy with your hair. And the soft, natural look lasts week after week. If you like softly feminine hairstyles, you'll love a Bobbi.

New 20-Page Hairstyle Booklet! Colorful collection of new softly feminine hairstyles. Easy-to-follow setting instructions. Hints! Tips! Send now for “Set-It-Yourself Hairstyles.” Your name, address, 10c in coin to: Bobbi, Box 3600, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill.
There was a “Youth Night” premiere at the Iris Theater in Hollywood for “White Feather,” which boasts a lot of younger players. Debra Paget, in pastel pink, strapless gown with full skirt of net, topped by a beaded long-waist bodice, was with Hugh O’Brian. Debra was wearing the biggest, longest, widest, chandelier earrings yet eyes—and a new semi-short soft hair-do. Virginia Leith, Jeff Hunter and Edward Franz also helped host scads of high-school boys and gals for the occasion. The way those gals and fellas respond to the pic, there’s all good reason to believe that “White Feather” will be a hit, which should make Jeff and Debra and Hugh happy about what’s ahead for them in their careers. They all did a very good job along with Bob Wagner, who’s in “White Feather,” too.

And now we get to what should be called “The Henie Does It Again Party!” She sure did! Sonja took over all Ciro’s for her enormous Circus Party and believe you me, traffic on the Sunset Strip was jammed up before, during and after the affair! Wot with Sonja arriving on an elephant, a loudly playing calliope and a bunch of snake charmers performing with live reptiles in front of the place, it’s no wonder! Guests were routed from the usual cafe entrance so that they had to climb steps and pass a big animal cage (containing a live hippopotamus, among other things) on the way in. The bar and main room were transformed to a replica of “the big top” with trapeze and other circus artists performing during dinner.

Sonja was a doll in her bareback rider costume and handed out lavish prizes for the most original getups etc. Mrs. Reggie Gardiner got one for her fantastic costume that “transformed” her into a trained seal! Authentic in every way—even to the black flippers over her arms and a golden ball on her head—anchored to the black sheath that covered her from tip to toe. She also had bits of cellophane pasted to her face to make her look wet!

Judy Garland wasn’t in costume, was rollickingly gay and saying she always feels her best when she’s pregnant. Vera-Ellen was a fortune-teller Cesa Romero a Gaucho, Jane Withers a tramp clown; ditto Edgar Bergen whose Frances came as a snake charmer. Susie Hayward was an elephant trainer. Zsa Zsa Gabor, in black robes—long black wig, dead white face and four-inch fingernails, came as Vampira; Peggy Lee came as a Tattooed Lady; Jon Hall as Ramar of the Jungle—natch! Roy Calhoun was a Ring master. His cute fraulein, Lita, and I was as twin bearded ladies. James Mason wore a big false nose that lighted up—and nobody recognized him. Johnny Ray, Jeanne Crain, the Van Heffins Janie Powell were others I glimpsed tangled up among millions of yards of paper streamers in the wee hours. Hun dreds danced and danced to the tune of three bands that played constantly into the wee wee hours of the morning, and enjoyed the delicious and exotic refreshments.
Introducing
the first girdle to give you
That French Look
and
the Freedom you love

NEW
PLAYTEX
High Style
GIRDLE

The chic lines of Paris—in carefree American comfort—are yours with this newest Playtex Girdle! We call it High Style...you'll call it wonderful! World's only girdle to give all three: miracle-slimming latex outside, cloud-soft fabric inside—and a new non-roll top. Trims you sleekly, leaves you free... no matter what your size! Playtex High Style washes in seconds—and you can practically watch it dry.

Look for the Playtex High Style Girdle in the SLIM tube...$5.95
Other Playtex Girdles from $3.50. At department stores and better specialty shops everywhere.

©1955 International Latex Corp'n. . . . PLAYTEX PARK . . . Dover Del ★ In Canada: Playtex Ltd. . . .

PLAYTEX PARK . . . Arnprior, Ont.
East of Eden

An age-old theme, full of meaning for every human creature, is at the heart of this striking drama. It is the near-for love, and it twists the life of a youth played by James Dean, here making an arresting movie debut. His wild mood puzzling to his father (Raymond Massey), rise from a longing for his father's affection. The boy is jealous of his sun-natured brother (Richard Davalos), envious of the brother-romance with Julie Harris. Julie, in her second film appearance, scores as a girl who has felt a lack of love in her own childhood—so can understand Dean's situation. As the boys' supposedly dead mother, Jo Van Fleet combines emotion and pathos. Directed by Elia Kazan (who made "On the Waterfront"), the film beautifully re-creates California town and countryside of 1917.

Deeply troubled, James Dean is comforted by Julie Harris.

Marty

Wonderfully warm and funny and sympathetic, the movie does a more everyday treatment of the same theme. It's a love story linking average, unglamorous people. Ernest Borgnine, whose stockade sergeant in "From Here to Eternity" brought him more sadistic-villain roles, suddenly convinces you that he's a thoroughly goodhearted guy. He plays a New York butcher, a solid citizen hoping to buy a shop where he works. A 34-year-old bachelor, who thinks himself as "fat and ugly," he spends evenings seeking entertainment with his Bronx cronies. He finds what he's really looking for when he meets a shy schoolteacher, lonely as he is—but complications arise. Betsy Blair joins in making these scenes deeply affecting. Accents and back grounds are New York, but the emotions are universal.

With each other, Ernest Borgnine and Betsy Blair find each other.

Blackboard Jungle

As an underpaid, sorely tried big-city schoolteacher, Glenn Ford faces shocking problems torn right out of today's headlines. A knowledgeable war veteran, he begins his teaching career at a boys' high school in a slum section (apparently on New York's Lower East Side). Greeted with sulky or jeering defiance by his class, he tries doggedly to get through to the boys, even after he's been subjected to a alley beating. Though it comes to a smashing climax, the story seems more like an article than a piece of fiction; it bursting with controversial ideas and crusading indignation. Glenn gets able support from Vic Morrow, as a frighten young hoodlum, Sidney Poitier, as the most promising student, Richard Kiley, as an idealistic teacher. But Ann Francis looks too youthful as Glenn's wife.

Glenn finally has a showdown with troublemaker Vic Morrow.
Attractive Modern Chest in blond oak. Equipped with Lane’s convenient self-lifting tray. Model #3132. $59.95*

For the girl with future plans... or the wife with storage problems

Whether you’re dreaming of marriage, a career, or both, someday you’re going to want to furnish a home of your own.

It’s easier—and lots more fun—to gather towels, sheets and all of the lovely things you’ll need a little at a time. And the best place to keep them is in the fragrant safety of a Lane Cedar Chest.

If you’re already married, a Lane will solve your storage problems, keeping precious blankets and woolens clean and fresh—safe from moths and dust—as no other storage method can.

Also makers of Lane Tables

Lane is the ONLY pressure-tested, aromatight cedar chest. Made of ¾-inch red cedar in accordance with U. S. Government recommendations with a free moth-protection guarantee, underwritten by one of the world’s largest insurance companies, issued upon proper application. Helpful hints for storing are in each chest. The Lane Company, Inc., Dept. P, Altavista, Va. In Canada: Knechtels, Ltd., Hanover, Ontario.

*$5.00 higher in the West due to greater freight costs—and higher in Canada.

Modern Lowboy in blond oak. Opens at top; drawer in base. Model #25920. $79.95*

Handsome 18th-Century Chest in mahogany with self-lifting tray. Model #2601. $59.95*

Space-Saver Chest in blond oak. Cabinet opens at top, drawer in base. Model #3100. $59.95*

Smart Modern Chest in blond oak. Has convenient self-lifting tray. Model #3127. $49.95*

Lane Cedar Chests Many as low as $49.95* Easy terms
Shades of Scheherazade! I'm soaring over the shifting sands... higher than the minaret spires... and the only magic word I need is Maidenform!

I'm shaped so beautifully... molded so divinely...

I'm the loveliest figure in 1001 Nights of dreaming...

* in my Maidenform bra

The dream of a bra, Maidenform's Etude* in white nylon taffeta or broadcloth; A, B, and C cups... from 2.80; AA cups for teen figures, 1.75. Send for free style booklet.

The soldiers cheered themselves hoarse and the sound of their applause was like an artillery barrage. They whistled, screamed and stamped in a demonstration such as the ancient hills of Korea had never witnessed. Every one of them was fully armed, with a loaded camera. "Hey, wait a minute...," they shouted. "Just one more snapshot," they pleaded.

The girl who had provoked the frenzy was exhausted. Weary from the grind of motion-picture production in Hollywood, fatigued from the long trans-Pacific plane trip and spent from the mad, whirling merry-go-round of appearances before service personnel, she stood and smiled. Each photo, she thought to herself, is a small payment on a big debt that can never be marked "Paid in Full." Her love for the Army went 'way back. And as she posed and waved and smiled, her thoughts drifted back in time... She was fifteen years old. Life, up to that point, was something you lived every day, but found little joy in doing. You ate, you slept, you lived—if you cared to call it living. You awoke each morning and you knew that the new day would be like hundreds that had preceded it, with neither excitement nor love, only insecurity.

Then, one day, the girl's guardian had suggested she find a job, to supplement the meager income of the household. The guardian worked in a factory that made remote-controlled target planes for the Army, planes invented by the former movie star Reginald Denny. She applied for a job there and got one and she accepted her new duties as she did everything else—as a matter of course. Her job, however, was strict-

Continued
Nothing draws a man to a woman like Crushed Rose. You smooth it on, and suddenly love is just a kiss away! Fresh new color plucked from garden and crushed to unbelievable brilliance! (And that brilliance will last, for this is Max Factor's Color-fast lipstick.) Crushed Rose . . . you can wear it tonight. $1.10 plus tax.

Fashion's magnetic new color in Max Factor's Color-fast lipstick.
Yes, Cyd Charisse uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo. It’s the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

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

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

Hollywood’s favorite Lustre-Creme Shampoo

*Never Dries—*

*it Beautifies!*

---

**THE HOLLYWOOD STORY continued**

It always pays to know a good friend—especially one who is a major Hollywood star! For Cyd Charisse never toils, never toil, but is often called upon to help pack parachutes for the planes. She had learned all there was to know about the job in two days and then it, like her life, dulled into endless repetition.

An Army photographer came around one day to take some photos of the factory operation. He hadn’t planned to use any people in the shots, but when he saw the girl he changed his mind. At fifteen, still immature, she gave promise of the breath-taking beauty she would become. She posed willingly—any break in her routine was appreciated.

That was how it all began. The Army man’s photos led to a modeling job and the modeling assignments soon stirred the long-dormant dreams of becoming an actress. The next few years were filled with hopes and heartbreaks as she was signed, and dropped, by two major studios. She was close to her great goal—and yet so far. Well, she finally made it and the fruits of success were all the sweeter for having been denied her so long . . .

“Thanks a lot,” the soldiers were saying. “It sure was swell of you.” She left the wooden platform set in the bare desolate hills of the strange, foreign land and headed for the waiting car and another appearance. She turned to the soldiers. “Thank you,” she said—and she meant it. Thank you, she repeated to herself—for giving me the start on the road up, for helping me to discover the world is not a loveless cage. The car sped away in the growing darkness, carrying Marilyn Monroe.

---

Listen to Shirley Thomas from Hollywood on NBC Radio to the Pacific coast area at 3:10 a.m., EST Sundays. Also to Shirley Thomas Reports on Sunday, 3-5 a.m., EST Sundays, over NBC Radio. Consult newspapers for time and station.
The Glass Slipper

MG-M, EASTMAN COLOR

WWW Like Leslie Caron’s much-loved “Lili,” her new film is a romance with a fairy-tale flavor, but not actually a fantasy. Leslie’s a little slavey scorned by her stepmother and step-sisters; but, thanks to a mysterious old lady, she does go to the royal ball; and she wins the heart of the prince. Yes, it’s the classic Cinderella story, done in a mythical-kingdom setting, with dances including a dream ballet. Michael Wilding makes a dashing prince; Elsa Lanchester, a snippy stepmother. But chief plaudits belong to Estelle Winwood, as Leslie’s benefactress, more witchlike than godmotherly. She ends a touch of earthy humor to the proceedings, producing her ball gown and the famous coach with light-fingered ease. Though the picture hasn’t the airy grace or the wistful appeal of “Lili,” it casts a spell of its own.

In first meeting, Leslie doesn’t know who Michael really is.

Life in the Balance

WWW Brilliant Mexican backgrounds and a genuine feeling or human character lift this thriller above the usual suspense film. Ricardo Montalban, able and attractive, is an unemployed musician, a widower with a small son (Jose Perez). When a feminine acquaintance of Ricardo is murdered, he is suspected of being the maniac who has terrorized the city. Unaware of his plight, Ricardo pursues a romance with pretty Anne Bancroft, a girl who’s also out of a job. Parallel to these gay scenes run the adventures of little Jose, who has seen the real killer, turns sleuth to clear his father—and is captured by the madman. As portrayed by Lee Marvin, even this ogre seems pitifully real, sick of soul. The final chase scene, though impressively tense, is ackneyed, but locales come to the rescue.

Their search ended, Anne and Ricardo see a cornered killer.

Ian Without a Star

UG, TECHNICOLOR

WWW A good, lusty Western casts Kirk Douglas as a rover who flees one range war only to run into another. The storyarks back to the days when the open range was being gradually fenced in with barbed wire. Scarred from battles over his development, Kirk drifts north and on his way acquires a protegé. This is young William Campbell, doing an admirable job with his first important role. A green kid, Bill learns that the differences between the veteran gunfighter are too well. The go to work on a ranch owned by Jeanne Crain, an ascupulous woman ready to buck all the decent local teachers and graze her cattle anywhere she pleases, even at the risk of gunplay. Richard Boone’s appropriately tough as gunman; Claire Trevor’s a likable fancy lady; Myrna Lansel pulls Bill toward respectability.

With Kirk coaching, William Campbell learns ranch skills.

REVIEWS ON NEXT PAGE • BRIEF REVIEWS OF CURRENT FILMS ON PAGE 32 • FOR COMPLETE CASTS OF NEW FILMS SEE PAGE 28
White Feather

In a substantial Western sympathetic to the Indians’ lost cause, Bob Wagner is a surveyor trying to keep peace with the Cheyennes. He’s involved in their plight through his hazardously achieved friendship with Jeffrey Hunter, the chief’s son—and through love for Debra Paget, Jeff’s sister. John Lund is the Army officer trying to negotiate a treaty with the Cheyennes against the objections of the fiery younger braves. Though Jeff, leader of this faction, doesn’t look too much like an Indian, his performance suggests the called-for fierceness and pride. Scenes in the Cheyennes’ camp show good detail, vividly picturing a vanished way of life.

Cinerama Holiday by ROCHON; CINERAMA, TECHNICOLOR

The second film made in this spectacular process presents another exciting travelogue on the vast triple screen. It has only the slightest of story lines, following two young couples as the Swiss pair travels along the United States and their American counterparts see Europe. Highlights include magnificent views of the Alps, a dizzying bobsled ride and a take-off and landing in a carrier-based jet. The four young honeymooners (not actors) are appealingly natural.

Run for Cover

By PARAMOUNT; VISTA-VISION, TECHNICOLOR

James Cagney’s solid acting assurance and offbeat performance by John Derek give extra interest to an engaging horse opera. Chance acquaintances on the trail, Jimmy and John are mistaken for bandits and nearly lynched. The younger man emerges from the brawl with a crippled leg that leaves him in a state of bitterness and self-pity. When the townspeople appoint Jimmy sheriff (by way of apology for the mob’s error), he tries to rehabilitate Derek by making him deputy. A second attack by bandits leads to some surprising plot developments and an action finish. Cagney and Viveca Lindfors, as a gentle Swedish settler, share the quiet love interest.

Untamed

20th; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

With Susan Hayward as a sort of bush-league Scarlett O’Hara and Tyrone Power as a frontier adventurer, here’s an epic of South Africa’s pioneering days. Susan’s an aggressive Irish lady who, with husband John Justin, joins the Dutch settlers’ Great Trek into the interior. Justin is killed when the wagon train is attacked by Zulus. But Susan’s undiscouraged, for she’s had her sights set on Ty all along. He, however, has dedicated his life to founding a Dutch Free State in South Africa. A contender for Susan is brutal Richard Egan. The story leaps from plot to plot, and there’s some fine, ripe old dialogue. But the emotion-loaded scenes are set against the magnificent vistas a camera crew brought back from Africa.

Stranger on Horseback

For most of its length, this Western is suspenseful and pleasantly humorous. As a circuit-court judge, ready to try law-enforcement officer if necessary, J. C. McCreary arrives in a small town ruthless dominated by John McIntire and his family. Joel finds that McIntire’s arago son (Kevin McCarthy) has literally gone away with murder. So the judge set about the dangerous business of finding enough evidence to make an arrest, a killer’s sister, Mirosolva falls in love with Joel, and her allegiance wavers. Unfortunately, the story comes to a rather flat and listless ending.

It Came From Beneath the Sea

Another science-fiction monster movie in humanity in this amusing thriller. Ships sailing the Pacific suddenly disappear without trace. A clue to the mystery is found when an atomic bomb under Kenneth Tobey’s command ramps an unspecified sea creature in the depths. Shrugs off its flesh, clinging to the hull, are brought back for analysis by Faith Domergue, scientist who looks about as scientific this movie. Her verdict is that the monster is a huge octopus, driven upward from natural home as a result of H-bomb experiments. She’s proved right when octopus, which has somehow acquired taste for people, launches an attack on San Francisco waterfront.

Land of Fury

The wild landscapes of New Zealand are the chief asset of this British-made pioneering story. Early in the 19th century, Jack Hawkins brings back Glynis Johns from England to settle in the unexplored land down under. He’s made friends with the local Maori chief, but the friendship is threatened when the chief’s seductive wife lures Hawkins into a misstep. Fights between Maori tribes and the settlers’ desperate stand against hostile Maoris provide lively action. But the movie is handicapped by a disguised script, that keeps wandering into puzzling blind alleys.

Escape to Burma

Both experienced hands at melodrama, Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Ryan co-star in a tale of danger and romance. Ryan is a fugitive accused of murdering the son of a Burmese ruler. Without revealing his background, finds refuge at Barbara’s remote plantation, becomes her overseer and lover. The idyl is rudely interrupted when David Farrar, as a British security officer, comes to arrest Ryan. Then the plot goes into a pattern of chases, captures and escapes through the jungle. Though scenes were filmed on location, many of the sets and backgrounds are handson with plenty of wild life.
For the Easiest Permanent of Your Life...

New Easier, Faster CASUAL PIN-CURL PERMANENT

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

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

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

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

takes just 15 minutes more than setting your hair!
$1.50 PLUS TAX
Let this visiting teen be a lesson—she who’s taken over the family easy chair and favorite “funnies!” Can’t blame her for staying on and on, though. After all, her hostess didn’t specify how long. Be definite, time-wise, in inviting house guests; both as to their arrival and exit—say when! Saves uncertainty, embarrassment all around. And when “that” time arrives, don’t be vague about sanitary protection. Say Kotex*, and get absorbency that doesn’t fail ... the trustworthy kind of protection you need!

If you play the coquette, can you—

☐ Lose lover boy
☐ Join the school band
☐ Triple your bookings

Ever think you could soup up his interest by being unpredictable? Playing games—like breaking dates at the 11th hour? Make no mistake—such tricks will zoom you into social oblivion! Just be yourself. And never let your calendar trick you into date breaking; not when there’s Kotex to give you chafe-free softness that holds its shape. And you just can’t make a mistake—because Kotex can be worn on either side, safely.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

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

When inviting a house guest, should you—

☐ Limit her stay
☐ Leave the departure date open
☐ Say when

Casts of Current Pictures

BLACKBOARD JUNGLE—M-G-M. Directed by Richard Brooks; Richard Donner, Gloria Ford; An Dager, Anne Francis; Jim Murdock, Louis Calhern, Lois Jacky Hammond, Margaret Hayes; Mr. Wac he, John Hoyt; Joshua J. Edwards, Richard Killey, Mr. Halloran, Emile Meyer; Dr. Bradley, Warm Anderson; Prof. A. R. Kralj, Basil Radosad; George W. Miller, Sidney Poitier; Artie West, Vic Morrow; Bela, Dan Terranova; Pete V. Moraites, Rafa Campos; Emmanuel Stoker, Paul Mazursky; Detectives, Horace McManus; Sontin; Jameel Faris De Leo, Danny Dennis.

CINERAMA HOLIDAY—De Rochemont. Directed by Robert Bendick and Philippe de Lacy; Betty an John Marsh (of Kansas City, U.S.A.) and Beatrice and Fred Toller (of Zurich, Switzerland).

EAST OF EDEN—Warners. Directed by Elia Kazan: Abra, Julie Harris, Cal Trask, James Dean, Adam Trask, Raymond Massey, Sam, Burt Ives: Aaron Trask, Richard Davalos; Kate, Jo Van Fleet, Will, Albert Dekker, Ann, Lois Smith; Mr. Abrech, Harold Gordon; Joe, Timothy Carey; Pheasant, Mar silette; Ray, Ronn Chapman, Rontani, Nik Denni.

ESCAPE TO BURMA—RKO. Directed by Al Dwan; Gwen Moore, Barbara Stanwyck, Jon Deacon, Robert Ryan; Cardigan, David Farrar, Made Murvyn Vye; Andora, Lila Montell; Saba, Robe Warwick; Commissar, Regional Denny; Capt. G. Guard, Peter Cce; Donato, Alex Montoya; Kanna Robert Calab; Kasha, Anthony Numkena; Poo Ke Lala Chand Mehra.

GLASS SLIPPER, THE—M-G-M. Directed by Charles Walters: Ella, Leslie Caron; Prince Charles, Michael Wilding; Kors, Keenan Wynn; Mrs. Tquot; Estelle Winwood; Widow Sanders, Els La cher; Duke, Barry Jones; Birdana, Amanda Blake, Sarafova, Lisa Daniels; Commodore, Lurene Ti tle; Tehora, Liliane Montevecchi; Ballet de Pari.

IT CAME FROM BENEATH THE SEA—Col omia. Directed by Robert Gordon; Pete Mathews, Kenneth Tabey; Leslie Joyce, Faith Domergue; Jad Carter, Donald Curtis; Admiral Burns, Ian Keith; Admiral Norman, Dean Madox, Jr.; Griffith, Lt. J.G.; Griffith, U.S.N.; Bill Nash, Harry Lauter; Cay Stacy, Capt. R. Peterson, U.S.N.; Asst. Secretary Robert Chase, Del Courtray; Natty Interno, T Avery; Reporter, Ray Storey; Hall, Rudy Patek; Aston, Jack Littlefield; McLeod, Ed Fisher; Jim Jules Irving.

LAND OF FURY—U-I. Directed by Ken Annals Philip Wayne, Jack Hawkins; Marion Southe Glynis Johns, Barry Clarke, Noel Purcell; Moon Lady Raki; Houni Tepe, Ima Te Wata; Anna W对阵 Patrick Warbrick; Peter Wistark, Kenneth William Rampion, Tony Eristich; Toroa, Edward Baker.

LIFE IN THE BALANCE, A—20th. Directed by Harry Horner: Antonio, Ricardo Montalban; Paco, Jose Perez; Micaela, Anne Bancroft; Carlo, Eric Calvo; Soldana, Carlos Musquiz, The Killer, L. Marvin.

* T.M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
9500 Skin Tests Prove

Palmolive Soap Is Mildest!
Better for Complexion Care!

BETTER THAN ANY LEADING TOILET SOAP...
FLOATING SOAP... EVEN COLD CREAM

Palmolive's gentle complexion care
leans thoroughly without irritation!

There's nothing women envy more... or men admire so much...
as that lovely "schoolgirl complexion look." And you too, can
have a younger looking, far lovelier complexion just by changing to
proper care with gentle Palmolive. It does so much to help you
have a cleaner, fresher skin—leaves it so wonderfully soft!

Skin specialists agree that a really mild soap means less irrita-
tion, more gentle cleansing. Milder Palmolive brings you these
benefits—so important for a softer, smoother, brighter skin. You'll
find no other leading soap gets skin thoroughly clean as gently as
Palmolive Soap. Yes, Palmolive is mildest of them all!

Skin Specialists Say: "MILDER CLEANSING IS BETTER FOR YOUR COMPLEXION!"

Palmolive Is Proved
Milder than Any Other Leading
Beauty Soap or Castile Soap!

Palmolive Is Proved
Milder than Leading White
Floating Soaps or Deodorant Soaps!

Palmolive Is Proved
Even Milder than America's Leading
Cold Creams!

PALMOLIVE SOAP HELPS YOU GUARD THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION LOOK!
Perfect Fit
any way you look at it!

New Playtex living Bra
OF ELASTIC AND NYLON

"Custom-contoured" to flatter, feel and fit as if fashioned for you alone... no matter what size or in-between size you are! The secret is in the bias cut elastic-side panel that self-adjusts to your measurements. The drama is in the nylon cups that lift and lunge into the high, round look of Paris. The magic is the Playtex Living Bra... the most fitting, most beautifying, fastest selling bra in America! See it—you'll want it! Wear it—you'll love it!

Only Playtex Living Bra has this exclusive self-adjusting bias cut elastic-side panel* that gives perfect fit, prevents gaping!

*Pat. Pend.

Look for the PLAYTEX! LIVING! BRA* in the heavenly blue package at department stores and specialty shops everywhere.

In gleaming WHITE, wonderfully washable—without ironing!

Sizes 32A-40C $3.95

©1962 International Latex Corporation...PLAYTEX PARK...Dover Del.
In Canada: Playtex Ltd...PLAYTEX PARK...Arnprior, Ont.

MAN WITHOUT A STAR—U.S.—Directed by K. Vidor: Denison Rae, Kirk Douglas; Reed Bonden; Jeanne Crain; Idene, Claire Trevor; Jeff Jimm Williams Campbell; Steve Miles, Richard Boone; Maria Mary, Mara Corday; Tessa Castilla, My. Hansen; Strap Davis, Jay C. Flippen; Bill Cast Eddy C. Walker; Little Voice, Frank Chase; She Olson, Roy Barcroft; Box Car Alice, Millicent I. rick; Hammer, Casey MacGregor; Jessup, Jack gram; Johnson, Ewing Mitchell.

MARTY—U.S.A. Directed by Delbert Mann: Melv Ernest Borgnine; Clara, Betsy Blair; Mrs. Pyle, Esther Mincott; Catherine, Augusta Colli; Ann Joe Mantell; Virgina, Karen Steele; Thomas, James; New York, Raphael, Frank Sutton; The Kid, Walter Kel Joe, Robin Morse.

RUN FOR COVER—Paramount. Directed by Niel las Ray: Mat Dow, James Cagney; Helga Stenz Viveca Lindfors; Davey Bishop, John Derek; J. Stryker, Jean Hersholt; Gentry, Grant White Larson, Jack Lambert; Morgan, Ernest Borgni Sheriff, Ray Teal; Scotty, Irving Bacon; Paula Trevor Bardette; Mayor Walsh, John Miljan; J. Ridgeway, Gus Schilling; Horsey, Denver}; Banister, Emerson Treacy; Andrews, Phil Chamber Dever, Harold Kennedy; Miller, Joe Havor Torsen, Henry Wells; Rocky Shahan, Bob Full son, Jack Montgomery, Frank Cordell, Fred Bai Howard Joslin.

STRANGER ON HORSEBACK—U.S.A.—Directed by Jacques Tourneur: Rick Thorne, Joel McCr Amy Lee Bannerman, Miroslava; Tom Bannerm Kevin McCarthy, John McInti Caroline Webb, Nancy Gates; Colonel Streete, Ji Carradine; Sheriff, Nat Bell, Emile Mover, Ava Hammer, Robert Cornthwaite; Vince Webb, Jax Bell; Paula Moritz, Jaclynne Greene.

UNTAMED—20th. Directed by Henry King: P Van Riebeck, Tyrone Power; Katie O'Neill, Su Hayward; Kurt, Richard Egan; Shawn Kildare, Je Justin; Agnes, Agnes Moorehead; Jolla, Rita More Maria De Groot, Hope Emerson; Christian, B Dexter; Susie O'Neill, Henry O'Neill; Tash Paul Thompson; Jan, Alexander D. Havens Joubert, Lona Mercier; Jostie, Emmett Smith Sinon, Jack Mac; Mace, Jenbert, Trude Wyl Bent Lohan; Call, Philip Brown; Marie's Children, Br Corcoran, Linda Lowell, Tina Thompson, Gary S. Bobb Diamond; Grandfather Joubert, Edw. Mundy; Miss Joubert, Catherine Pasques; Jen Jenbert, Christian Pasques; Yer, Robert Alc Capt, Richard Eaton, John Dodsworth; Driver-B Street, Alberto Morin; Schuman, Philip Van Zan Young Paul, Kevin Corcoran; Sir George Gr Charles Evans; Cornelius, John Carlyle; Lady V non, Eleanor Audley.

WHITE FEATHER—20th. Directed by Robert Jacks: Josh Tower, Robert Wagner; Colonel Li say, John Lund; Appearing Day, Debra Paget; L Kay, Jeffrey Hunter; Chief Broken Hand, Edw Fraz; Lt. Ferguson, Noah Beery; Ane Moyer Virginia Leoth; Magruder, Emile Meyer; American Horse, Hugh O'Brian; Commissioner Trenton, N burn Stone.
You feel so very sure of yourself...after a **White Rain** Shampoo!

You're confident you look your loveliest...your hair soft as a cloud...sunshine bright...every shimmering strand in place. That's the glorious feeling you have after using White Rain, the lotion shampoo that gives you results like softest rainwater. Try it and see how wonderful you feel.

*Use New *White Rain Shampoo tonight and tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!*
PERIODIC PAIN

Menstruation is natural and necessary but menstrual suffering is not. Just take a Midol tablet, Mary, and go your way in comfort. Midol brings faster relief from menstrual pain—it relieves cramps, eases headache and chasing the "blues."

“WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW!”
A 24 page booklet explaining menstruation is yours. FREE. Write Dept. B-55, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

Mary's BRIGHT WITH MIDOL

Mary’s BRIGHT WITH MIDOL

All Drugstores have Midol

BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for months indicated. For this month’s full reviews, see page 20.

★★★★ EXCELLENT  ★★★★ VERY GOOD  ★★★ GOOD  ★★★ FAIR  A-ADULTS  F—FAMILY

★★★★ AMERICANO, THE—RKO. Eastman Color: Lively Western. Texas rancher Glenn Ford delivers prize bulls to Brazil, gets into a range war, with Frank Lovejoy and Ursula Thiess on opposing sides. Vivid location shots. (F) March

★★★★ BAD DAY AT BLACK ROCK—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: In an offbeat mystery, Spencer Tracy finds a small Western town is covering up a past crime, at Robert Ryan’s command. With Anne Francis. (F) March

★★★★ BATTLE CRY—Warners; CinemaScope, WarnerColor: Simple, well-acted story of carrier-based jet over Korea. William Holden’s a pilot; Grace Kelly, his wife; Fredric March, an admiral; Mickey Rooney, a ‘copter pilot. (F) March

★★★★ CAPTAIN LIGHTFOOT—U-I; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Filmed in Ireland, this engaging swashbuckler casts Rock Hudson as a 19th century rebel against England’s rule. Jeff Morrow is his leader; Barbara Rush, his love. (F) April

★★★★ CARMEN JONES—U-I; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Brilliant, unusual musical set in America’s South. Dorothy Dandridge, as the temptress, and Harry Belafonte, as the soldier she ruins, head an all-Negro cast. (A) January

★★★★ CHIEF CRAZY HORSE—U-I; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Victor Mature is the great Sioux warrior; Susan Ball, his wife. The story’s substance and Dakota’s weirdly beautiful Black Hills counterbalance routine handling. (F) April

★★★★ COUNTRY GIRL, THE—Paramount: Strong theme, intelligent acting, Bing Crosby fights alcoholism to try a stage comeback, aided by wife Grace Kelly and Bill Holden. (A) January

★★★★ DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE—Rank, Republic; Technicolor: Funny, rambling, irreverent tale of students working or trying to bluff their way through medical school. British-made, with Dirk Bogarde, Kenneth More. (A) March

★★★★ FAR COUNTRY, THE—U-I, Technicolor: Voracious, skillfully made Western. In old-time Alaska, hard-bitten James Stewart is stranded in a town terrorized by hoodlums. Corinne Calvet’s a tomboy; Ruth Roman, an adventures. (F) March

★★★★ GREEN FIRE—M-G-M: CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Robust, good-natured adventure movie, about a search for emeralds in Colombia. Stewart Granger, Paul Douglas are bickering partners; Grace Kelly, a proud heroine. (F) February

★★★★ HIT THE DECK—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Lively musical comedy gets Navy men Vic Damone, Russ Tamblyn and Tony Martin into amusing jams on a Frisco leave. The girls of their hearts are Jane Powell, Debbie Reynolds, Ann Miller. (F) April

★★★★ INTERRUPTED MELODY—M-G-M, CinemaScope, Eastman Color: The life of opera star Marjorie Lawrence—her career, her marriage, her bouts with polio—makes an imposing music-drama, acted with great skill and charm by Eleanor Parker and Glenn Ford. (F) April

★★★★ JUPITER’S DARLING—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Sprawling, lavish musical presents Howard Keel as the conqueror Hannibal, Esther Williams as a Roman lady trying to save her city. With the Champions. (F) April

★★★★ LONG GRAY LINE, THE—Columbia; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Ty Power stars in the true, warmly sentimental, humorous story of a boy who becomes an Air Force pilot at Point for fifty years. Maureen O’Hara’s his wife; Bob Francis, one of the cadets Ty counsels. (F) April

★★★★ PRINCE OF PLAYERS—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Richard Burton’s fine as Edwin Booth, great 19th century actor beset by offstage tragedy. Maggie McNamara’s opposite him; John Derek is John Wilkes Booth. (F) April

★★★★ PURPLE PLAIN, THE—Rank, U-A; Technicolor: Action; gentle romance, vivid war scenes combine in a story set in Burma, but shot in Ceylon. Gregory Peck, neurotic RAF flyer, finds healing in a Burmese girl’s love. (F) February

★★★★ RACERS, THE—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Against varied European backdrops, Kirk Douglas plays a ruthless auto-racer, with no regard for other drivers and little for his girl (Bella Darvi). Plenty of action. (A) April

★★★★ SILVER CHALICE, THE—Warners; CinemaScope, WarnerColor: Pageant of the Roman Empire, with handsome sets. Sculptor Paul Newman weds a Christian girl (Pier Angeli), remains infatuated with Virginia Mayo, assistant to a power-mad magician (Jack Palance). (F) March

★★★★ SIX BRIDGES TO CROSS—U-I; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Victor Mature is the great Sioux warrior; Susan Ball, his wife. The story’s substance and Dakota’s weirdly beautiful Black Hills counterbalance routine handling. (F) April

★★★★ SMOKE SIGNAL—U-I, Technicolor: Dana Andrews, under arrest as a traitor, and Piper Laurie are among whites fleeing Indians on a risky river voyage through a canyon. (F) April

★★★★ THREE RING CIRCUS—Wallis, Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Martin and Lewis create a fair number of laughs in a vaguely plotted tale of the big top. (F) January

★★★★ 20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA—Disney; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Splendid, eye-filling science-fiction adventure. Brooding James Mason captains a 19th century submarine, captures Kirk Douglas and others. (F) March

★★★★ UNCHAINED—Warners: Earnest, moving close-up of an honor prison designed to rehabilitate inmates. Chester Morris is the warden; Elroy Hirsch, a rebellious convict. (F) January

★★★★ UNDERWATER! —RKO; SuperScope, Technicolor: Humorous, excitement-filled treasure hunt tale, Jane Russell, husband Richard Egan, pal Gilbert Roland borrow Lori Nelson’s yacht to seek a galleon sunk in the Caribbean. (F) March

★★★★ WAGES OF FEAR, THE—Filmsonor: Unbearably suspenseful French film (dialogue in both French and English). Derelicts volunteer to drive truckloads of high explosive over rough roads to a Central American oil field. (A) April
LOVE... OR A HIDING PLACE...
WHICH DID HE WANT?

It all takes place in
the hot green hell
of the Burma jungle!

BARBARA STANWYCK
ROBERT RYAN • DAVID FARRAR

in

ESCAPE TO BURMA

Print by
TECHNICOLOR

THE NEW ANAMORPHIC PROCESS
SUPERSCOPE
ON THE GIANT WIDE SCREEN

with
MURVYN VYE • LISA MONTELL
ROBERT WARWICK • REGINALD DENNY

Directed by ALLAN DWAN • Screenplay by TALBOT JENNINGS and HOBART DONAVAN • Produced by BENEDICT BOGEAUS
SOAP BOX:

Hollywood is overlooking something. I have just seen "Barefoot Contessa" and I am wondering how Hollywood has overlooked such a gem. I congratulate Miss Maria Montez, who gave a top performance, even though her part was not big, that kept him right up with the stars of the picture. His quiet, forceful appeal is of a new type, and I think he should be given a chance to demonstrate his acting ability. I hope your magazine will help him along.

SHIRLEY MCNEMAC
Lima, Ohio

Why, oh why, is there never an article about my favorite star George Nader? His pictures are successful, he’s handsome, talented, and, on top of that, a really “swell” person.

ROSE MARIE ANTONOW
Rochester, New York

I saw Vittorio Gassman in his American picture, “Rhapsody,” and I think he is the greatest performer of the year. I was astonished to see that you didn’t put his name in the list of “favorite stars.” We like him very much in Egypt, and we hope that some day you, too, will appreciate his great talent.

MALAK RANY
Helopolis-Cairo, Egypt

I note with pleasure that you do features on newcomers as well as well-established celebrities. It is with this thought that I bring up the name of Todd Markham. I first saw him in “Give a Girl a Break.” I almost forgot about him and then found out he was in “Jubilee Trail.” Both performances were worthy of some attention. I’m not sure if Mr. Markham is currently making any movies or not, but I’m sure many people besides me would love to see a feature on this handsome, versatile young actor.

ROBERT HARRISON
Dravosburg, Pennsylvania

CASTING:

Here are some casting ideas for books I think should make excellent movies: Marcia Daywport’s My Brother’s Keeper, starring Marlon Brando as the older brother and Montgomery Clift as the younger; William E. Barrett’s Shadows of the Images, starring Greg Peck as Tom Logan, Richard Burton as Paul Logan, Marilyn Monroe as Beverly Colter and Jean Peters as Vicky Leighton.

DEBRA SNYDER
Detroit, Michigan

I have just finished reading Star Money by Kathleen Winsor. A wonderful book—magnificent—and would equally make a wonderful emotional, dramatic picture with cast as follows: Mara Corday as Shireen Delany; George Nader as Edward Farrell; Lance Fuller as Johnny Keegan; Lana Turner as Georgia Marsh; Elton Hirsch as Mike Callahan; Greg Palmer as Phillip Thayer; Hugh Marlowe as Mickey McDonald; Steve Rowland as Paul Worth and Paul Picerni as Dallas Cavanaugh.

MARVIN TERRY FORBES
Farber, Missouri

I have just finished reading The Dark River, by Nordhoff and Hale, I am sure that if this picture was made with Jean Simmons and Edmund Purdom as Vaia and Abu, Hollywood (and 20th Century-Fox) would have a great picture on its hands.

BLANCHE CZERWINSKI
Detroit, Michigan

Why don’t they make a movie about Michael Shayne, the private detective? I think the cast should be as follows: Mike Shayne—Charlton Heston, Lucy Hamilton—Jean Peters or Jean Simmons, Chief of Police—Hill Center, Ward Bond or William Conrad, Tim O’Toole—Frank Sinatra or Keefe Brasselle, Peter Painter—Phil Carey or Russell Johnson.

DOROTHY OLSON
Hempstead, Texas

An offbeat Western story that would make a top-notch movie is Max Brand’s The Night Horseman, I would like to see it made with the following cast: Guy Madison as “Whistling Dan” Barry, Richard Widmark as Buck Daniels, Harry Morgan as Dr. Byrne, Steve Cochran as Mac Strang and Terry Moore as Kate Cumberland.

ARTHUR STOCKMAN
Longmont, Colorado

I hope that someday Hollywood will make a picture of Arduth Kelly’s book Good Morning, Young Lady, a story of wonderful young love, with stars Debbie Reynolds as Dorne Leaf, Bob Wagner as Butch Cassidy, Ben Cooper as Leigh Desmond, and Debra Paget as Crystal.

SHIRLEY GARRANT
Astoria, Oregon

I have recently read a sensational magazine novel. The story was entitled “That Evil Woman,” written by Gertrude Schweitzer. The authors cleverly concealed the identity of the guilty person. I think it would make a terrific movie with all its mystery and emotion. The portrayal of the fictional characters by the following actors and actresses would be exciting: Jack Rock Hudson, Wade—Jeff Richards or George Nader, Carla—Grace Kelly, Green—Debra Paget.

BETTY LYNCH
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I have just read The Black Spearman, written by Pitt L. Fitzgerald, which I reckon would make a mighty different, wonderful movie. Ghost of a coolie was be for Bert Lancaster to act out. Man Upon a Fox by Jeff Chandler Long Panther for Maurice Jara, Jane MacDon aid for Old Star, Bert Roberts for Swift Bear, Rockudson for The Swims and Eugene Eiegas for Spotted Bull.

MELBA ATKINSON
Wainwright, Alberta, Canada

I think a boxoffice hit would be the movie version of the wonderful book by Mary Deans, The Cornish Affair, with Marlon Brando as Joe and Jean Simmons as Lacey.

NORMA JALEE
Dallas, Texas

If Tallulah Bankhead’s life story is ever brought to the screen, I choose Ann Sheridan and Elizabeth Scott as the actresses best qualified for the title role. Miss Sheridan bears a striking resemblance to the fabulous Tallulah, and certainly has the necessary acting ability to play the part.

FAY BURGESS
Alabama City, Alabama

I recently read a book called Hot Rod. It is by Gregory Henry Felson. I think Tony Curtis would be the perfect actor to play the title role.

TOMI PAT MARINCELL
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Why hasn’t anyone thought of making this book, The Bishop’s Manne, into a movie? I am sure it would be a terrific hit with that wonderful actor Charlton Heston as Hilary Laurent and pretty May Wynn as Alexa, his wife.

DIANE INGRAM
Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada

I have just finished reading Irving Stone’s Love Is Eternal, and I think it could be made into an unusually great motion picture starring Olivia de Havilland as Mary Todd Lincoln, and Michael Rennie as Abraham Lincoln.

BECNICE ELLIS
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

I’d Rather Be Kissed, by F. Hugh Herbert, is one of the most delightful books I have ever read. I think it would make a delightful comedy starring Debbie Reynolds as Dolores, Ta Hunter as Terry, Clifton Webb as Mr. Dale, Mike O’Shea as Mr. Keith and Maurice O’Hara as Mrs. Keith.

SUSAN LULIC
Newark, New Jersey

QUESTION BOX:

My friend and I are having an argument about Edmund Purdom. I say he is married and my friend says he’s not. Who is right? Where can I write to him, and may I have some statistics on him, please?

SALLY CURRIER
Washington, D. C.

Edmund Purdom was born in Welwyn Garden City, England, on December 19, 1926. He
acted on stage, radio, tv. He's 6'1½" tall, has brown hair, brown eyes. He married dancer Anita (Tita) Phillips in January 1951, is now suing for divorce. They have two daughters. Ed's next are "The Prodigal" and "The King's Thief" for his studio, M-G-M.—ED.

Can you set me straight on something? I read that Elaine Stewart was 6'2" tall and my girl friend read she was 5'6". Which is right? Jeannette Moore Alhambra, California

Elaine is 5'6½" tall.—ED.

In one magazine I read that Montgomery Clift's birthday is October 17, 1920. In another place I read it was November 17, 1920. Could you please tell me which is correct and where he was born? I would also like to know when and where Marlon Brando was born. Could you please tell me?

Lila Stencel
Brookfield, Wisconsin

Monty was born October 17, 1920; Marlon April 3, 1924, both in Omaha, Nebraska.—ED.

Would you please tell me who played the part of Ed Perkins in "Athena," and give some information about him, too?

Norma Carter
Beaumont, Texas

Steve Reeves, Mr. Universe of 1950.—ED.

We'd like nothing better than to answer every single letter we receive asking for information and addresses of the stars. We can't! Each week hundreds of letters are received. We can only answer a limited number in Readers Inc. each month. We suggest, therefore, that if you want to start a fan club or write your favorite stars, address them at their studios. And if you're collecting photographs, a good bet is to investigate the commercial organizations that have pictures for sale, etc.

There's debate on Elaine's height

A playful pink . . . but it's strictly for grown-ups! There's nothing little-girl about the kiss-me-quick look it gives your lips. This bright new shade of Cashmere Bouquet Lipstick does its good work discreetly, too—Pink-A-Boo stays on you, stays off everyone else!

7 Cover-Girl Colors 49¢plus tax

Conover girls pick Cashmere Bouquet

"Have a lipstick wardrobe: a blue-red, an orange-red and a definite pink. All three cost less than $2 when, like our Conover girls, you choose Cashmere Bouquet!"

Candy Jones

cashmere bouquet

Indelible-Type Lipstick Super-Creamed to Keep Your Lips Like Velvet
YOUR SKIN WILL LOVE
Camay's Caressing Care!

“There’s nothing like it,” says Mrs. Charles J. Gusner, a radiant Camay Bride. “Cold cream Camay is the perfect beauty soap as far as I’m concerned. It’s so mild and gentle on my skin. And so delightfully fragrant!”

No other Beauty Soap pampers your skin like Camay!

New millions have tried it! New millions love it! Your precious complexion, too, deserves Camay’s Caressing Care. With that famous skin-pampering mildness, luxurious lather, and exclusive fragrance, it’s no wonder cold cream Camay is the beauty secret of so many exquisite brides. Let its gentle touch caress your skin to new loveliness. Change to regular care... use Camay alone. Your skin will become softer, smoother with your first cake. And remember, you get the added luxury of fine cold cream in Camay at no extra cost. For your beauty and your bath, there’s no finer soap in all the world!
photoplay recommends

**"EAST OF EDEN"**

- "East of Eden" is one of the most wonderful stories ever filmed. It is beautifully acted. It is beautifully photographed. It merits all the superlatives one has come to attach to a fine motion picture.

  Director Elia Kazan, in our opinion, has heightened the intensity of Steinbeck's fine story, *East of Eden*, by ignoring name stars in favor of players who are relatively unknown to motion-picture audiences. James Dean, who plays one of the twins, Cal, is from TV and the stage. His portrayal is likely to make him an Academy Award contender. Richard Davalos, the other twin, has never had his name on a motion-picture theatre marquee before. Stage personalities Julie Harris, the girl Abra whose vital force finally brings father and son together, and Raymond Massey, the father, bring fresh acting techniques to the screen. All these performances put together make "East of Eden" fairly scream authenticity.

  Darken your television screen, take along a handkerchief—your emotions will be deeply touched—and let your favorite motion-picture theatre bring you the kind of entertainment that can make you happy you're a moviegoer.

  **Ann Higginbotham**
  Editor

A bitter Cal tells Aron truth about Kate (Jo Van Fleet)
Mitzi Gaynor, who wants to be a model wife, models the latest in nightwear—a bloomer-nightie.

Jane Powell cooks like a dream, but who wouldn't get breakfast for a girl who looks like this!

Who would believe that this vision in satin—Kim Novak—once thought she wasn't pretty!

Rita Moreno's a red pajama girl, even wears tailored models on the set. But a green chiffon waltz-length gown sends pretty Piper Laurie whirling into bed.
Nighttime Belles

Mitzi Gaynor’s bloomer-nightie from Bullock’s Westwood  •  Piper Laurie’s waltz-length gown by Joel Park  •  Kim Novak’s gown and peignoir by Joel Park

Short story: Debra Paget likes shortie gowns and TV. There are 9 sets in Debra’s 26-room house!

Nighttime Belles: Piper Laurie, who is an unusual girl, gave herself an “unusual” (for Hollywood!) 23rd birthday party at Ciro’s. The important names on her guest list were her mother, father, grandfather, sister, brother-in-law and the Lee Scotts—he created Piper’s exciting choreography in “Ain’t Misbehavin’” . . . Debra Paget, however, is a stay-at-home-with-her-family-girl these nights. In her 26-room house there are ten people who watch nine TV sets! To quote Debbie’s Mom: “We keep a running account with Vic Mature!” . . .

On her recent trip to New York, Kim Novak tasted her first hollow victory since success. With eager anticipation she stopped off in Chicago for a reunion with hometown friends. Instead of a royal welcome, they were cooler than that proverbial cucumber. Now why pull a stunt like this on a sweet, unspoiled gal like Kim? . . . Rita Moreno has such a passion for red pajamas, she even wears tailored models on the set when she’s rehearsing in “The Vagabond King” . . . And Martha Hyer is responsible for a new and fancy fashion in the boudoir. A fan in Hawaii sent her one of those colorful native muumuus, which the blond beauty uses to sleep in! . . . Mitzi Gaynor wants to be a model wife, so she’s taking cooking lessons from a model chef. Jane Powell’s (Continued on page 102)
Tony's enthusiasm, genuine liking for people, willingness to slave long hours in perfecting himself for a role, have endeared him to other actors. Above, with Gene Nelson, right, with June Allyson, Jeff Chandler. In Boston, below, for "Six Bridges to Cross," he proved that Curtis charms children, too!

Tony Curtis came bounding into the big U-I commissary, took a quick, impulsive leap and landed gracefully with a flourish and deep bow alongside the table where a group of his friends were eating lunch. The flourish and motions were distinctly theatrical and could have been part of a scene from "The Black Shield."

"Look at that guy," said Jeff Chandler, who was eating at another table close by. "He gets a tremendous thump out of everything. Such enthusiasm I've never seen."

A round of applause went up and Tony offered a card trick. "See this five of hearts?" he asked, producing the deck with a gallant swish. "I place it in the pack, so, right in the middle; cut three times and there's your card on top. Good, hey? Now watch this one..."

"Tony's got the greatest gift of enthusiasm I've ever seen," Jeff said warmly. "Hollywood never gets to be an old story, neither does life. Every day's a new adventure to Tony. The kid really likes people and the amazing thing is that with all his popularity none of it has spoiled him. He just gets along with everybody. Look at that grin," Jeff added as Tony walked over to his table, all smiles. (Continued on page 135)

Life is for kicks—and a lot of people are getting more of a kick out of life since Tony Curtis moved to Hollywood
ALIVE!
The engagement period is romantic, but as Debbie and Eddie learned,
Getting in Step for Marriage

BY MAXINE BLOCK

"Eddie and I know just what we want in a house, now," Debbie Reynolds declared, as she fitted her ninety-eight pounds into a snug position on the sofa in her dressing room. On her pert, pixie face was the secret glow that only comes to a girl deeply in love. She was chewing away at her gum and had already kicked off her ballerina slippers—a necessary preliminary to conversation for Debbie. Conversation with Debbie these days always centers around such nice topics as—brides, weddings, getting prepared for marriage and love. There's no doubt, when you listen to Debbie talk, she's been giving some mighty serious thinking to the subject of marriage.

"We want English architecture with contemporary furniture," she continued seriously. "And light wood paneling, three bedrooms, a little garden in front, a swimming pool and barbecue, big trees, but not too much ground to take care of. And we want it in Beverly Hills. But we'll have to give up a view, because a view out here means a hillside far from neighbors. I'm a sugar-borrower, you know. I love having folks close by. When I'm by myself, I get a spooky feeling. You know, I've never really spent a night alone in a house!"

"Eddie and (Continued on page 123)"

Two happy mothers will see Deb and Eddie married on June 17

Forgetfulness of self is a bond. With Keenan Wynn, they spent Xmas with troops

"When you're engaged ... so many things to straighten out"

"I would have been sorry if I'd had my way about my ring"

"I'm a sugar-borrower," so new home will have near neighbors

it's also the time to fall in love—for keeps
I'm in Love with a Wonderful Mom

By Tab Hunter

Soap in my mouth—giving it to me straight when I was lousy. And oh, these daily reminders! Salt and spice and sweetness—that was Mom. She still is

It's funny how you can remember little things from 'way back when you were just a kid. I don't think I'll ever forget one autumn morning that my brother Walt and I waited for mother to come home from a trip. It was one of those cold San Francisco autumn mornings; the kind of morning you hate to get out of bed. But this day both Walt and I were up and dressed early. I remember I had on my best pair of pants. They were brown corduroy and every time I crossed the room to watch out the window for Mom, they swished and made a funny sound. I also had on a tie. Walt and I didn't usually wear ties, but today was important. We hadn't seen Mom for almost a month. She was working on a steamship line as a physiotherapist and was away a great deal. Not seeing Mom each day was hard on Walt and me—there was an emptiness, a kind of aloneness. We didn't talk about it much, Walt and I, but it was there. Like the feeling I had when the teacher told me, "Take this slip home and have your mother sign it." But Mom wasn't home. Or like the time Walt tore his pants, but (Continued on page 114)

Tab and his mother. "I've always been able to talk with her. A woman like this is not only a mother but a friend"

"My love of sports, which are clean things, stems from Mom's maxim 'Soap and water are cheap, don't forget that.'"

"They say mothers resent it when their kids want a place of their own. Not Mom—she helped me find an apartment"
There are some things inside of you that you can’t tell because you can’t really express them — something that, deep down, is your own. . . . JANET LEIGH

Janet Leigh says, “Though I risk the wrath of that body corporate known as husbands, I say wives should have secrets, but they should never be the kind that are in any way vital.

“By anything vital, I mean secrets concerning your past (assuming you have one), or money you’ve spent and perhaps shouldn’t have, work problems that come up, family problems, or anything concerning your health. These are the secrets you should not have. These are the vital ones and you cannot build a good, enduring relationship if you are secretive with your husband about such important matters as these.

“In the less important, trivial things a wife should have her secrets. Why not? I have mine,” Janet confessed.

“One of them, a silly one, is that unknown to Tony I use a special bath oil. ‘Gee,’ he’ll say, ‘you smell good. So I just let him think,’ Janet smiles mischievously, “that it’s my own
Complete sharing of deed and thought, work and play is the only way to insure a complete marriage. . . . DORIS DAY

A lot of married girls are more concerned with trying to make their husbands believe their curly hair and flawless make-up is the way nature made them than they are about the real fundamental factors in their marriages—like companionship and keeping the budget (Continued on page 111)
The fiery temper’s still there. But it no longer blisters like it did. Somebody took the growl out of Granger. The question is—whodunit?

BY JOHN MAYNARD

One momentous day last summer the “Moonfleet” company was on location and an important scene was being shot of Stewart Granger. The day was momentous not for this reason but because that night Rocky Marciano, heavyweight boxing champion of the world, was scheduled to defend his title against an oddly persistent challenger named Ezard Charles. The bout was to be televised on closed circuits to theatres only, and Granger had purchased a 70-seat bloc in a nearby house for himself, his wife and members of the movie’s crew.

That was nice of him, yes—and not altogether compatible with a Stewart Granger of a slightly earlier time. But wait a minute. It’s not the whole story. Time dragged and staggered and fell all over itself that afternoon, and soon it became evident that while Granger would be free to go, the crew wouldn’t. Even after shooting, they’d have to stay around to strike the set and stow the gear. Tough.

Now Granger’s a red-hot man on matters pugilistic and he’d been looking forward to this fight for a long time. But
The temper’s under control—until someone hints at trouble between him and his wife!

Jean and Stewart co-star in "Rebound"

he declined to press his advantage, which again seemed a trifle out of character when viewed against the backdrop of the man who used to be. Instead, deeply pained by the stunned disappointment of the crewmen, he stayed with them, later hosting a large buffet in his motel suite.

It may be that heaven chose to take a benign view of this deed. The fight was rained out and (Continued on page 127)

The old Granger would never have admitted Jean knew best about role he objected to
It's Ricky, the tease, not Pam, who keeps June Allyson hopping!

Leslie had to grow a bit before Bacall would go back to work!

Just a toddler, but Mary Catherine has Mom Ginny Mayo hustling cool—about that first hairs...
Life begins, for these Hollywood mothers, when they open the door to their homes and hear excited voices calling, “Mommy’s home!” For Jeanne Crain, mother of three big boys and a little girl, it usually means chaos—and she loves it. For there’s magic in kissing away bruises, in chubby arms reaching for a warm hug or, as June Allyson ruefully admits, “having to paddle ’em occasionally!” Lauren Bacall was so busy being wife and mother of two she delayed going back to her movie career. And Mary Catherine’s nurse knows it’s time to disappear when Mom Ginny Mayo comes home! The stars can’t spend as much time with their children as most mothers. But what counts is the way they are bringing them up—the love and happiness that shines from the faces of the little boys and girls who call these glamour girls, “Mother.”
What happened in one day could only happen to a guy who's tall, dark and single—and has just become the owner of a house without a wife!

Rock borrowed bed until eight-foot, custom-built bunk's ready

- At eight o'clock the alarm clock rang, two wonderful hours later than usual, but Rock Hudson opened his eyes reluctantly, then sat up in surprise. He was in a strange room in a strange bed. Then, smiling sheepishly, he stretched out again—all six foot four of him—until his bare feet stuck out from under the covers. He'd forgotten! Of course! He was in his new home. There was his jacket hanging over the new wardrobe unit he'd just bought yesterday and his slacks flung over the packing cases that had yet to be emptied.

Since he was a kid he'd looked forward to having a house of his own. It sure felt good.

Last night was the first he'd spent in his new palace. The gang had come over for an impromptu housewarming that lasted until after three and he didn't get much work done. There wasn't much that could be done though, he rationalized. The bed still belonged to the furniture company; it was only a loan until they finished (Continued on page 117)

Rock and new date, Phyllis Gates. Usually voluble, he now clams up about dates, switches conversation to his new house!
Jeff Chandler's encounter with those boys on his block taught him looks can be deceiving.

After some mighty lean years, John Derek began to wonder if he hadn't acted on impulse!

His ego took a beating—and so did Bob Francis. But he's grateful to his brother, today...
OOPS! YOUR ERROR?

Ever pull a boner that makes you want to crawl into a hole? Then move over, kids—you've got star company!

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

Standing in an easily accessible corner in Jane Powell's bedroom is a big, all-inclusive copy of the dictionary with heavily fingered pages. Jane's a word looker-upper, which goes back to one day when she was still in school.

"I was called upon to read an essay I'd written," Janie says. "I mispronounced a simple word. I don't remember what word it was, but there were snickers from several of my classmates. Our teacher, a wise and wonderful woman, interrupted my reading, asked me to sit down, then said to the class: 'I want everyone in this room who has never made a mistake to stand up.' There was complete silence—no one stood up."

Continued
Which just goes to show, we're all born equal—at least in the mistake business—for when it comes to making errors, seems nobody's immune. Like Janie, haven't you found yourself blushing after mispronouncing a common word? Well, it's okay so long as you follow Janie to the dictionary and make it your new friend.

And how many times has someone told you not to do something but you felt you knew better—like taking math or typing instead of another study session—but you knew the easy way. Then months later, you painfully discover you can't get into college because you need another year of math or didn't get that job because you couldn't type. Sound familiar, huh? Well, don't despair, you've lots of famous company.

Grace Kelly, for one. No matter how much pleading Gracie got from mother to study her math, her thoughts were always with the latest venture of the local amateur dramatic group. Came time for Grace to take her college entrance exams for Bennington and she flunked. She failed to pass math. Which brings up another point worth remembering. Not all mistakes are tragic, for Grace went on to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts and from there to modeling and on to become Hollywood's darling—a girl who could stand up with Academy Award winners.

There's hope for you, too, so take advantage of an error.

John Wayne's what you'd call a pretty clever and astute businessman. After
all, he’s been Mr. Boxoffice for so many years we’ve lost track of the number. He’s not only top movie hero but is now producing, through his own company Wayne-Fellows, such popular hits as “The High and the Mighty.” Would you believe that Duke says he wasted his first ten years in the movie business because he didn’t listen to good advice? Seems Duke was working in pictures but from behind the cameras, not in front. He was doing pretty well, working as a grip. (Continued on page 125)

Was it a mistake when Marilyn Monroe cut herself off from husband Joe DiMaggio? Is Marilyn wondering?

John Wayne wouldn’t listen to friends—and his debut in “The Big Trail” left, became his biggest flop!

Madison was a disillusioned guy. Now he’s Photo’s star of the year—and Sheila’s happy husband
Doesn't need a cue to talk about son Chris

It Should Happen to a LEMMON!

Jack Lemmon is in "Three for the Show" and "Mister Roberts."

A talented guy, Jack plays several musical instruments, sings, dances, composes.

He looks like a young executive, lives like an average Joe.

Hollywood has never met anyone like Jack Lemmon, that comedian from Harvard.
When Jack and Cynthia moved to Hollywood they passed up a swimming pool for a garden. Jack's become an expert on roses.

From the dimmed sidelines of the stage, an eager young actor, in the costume and make-up of a middle-aged English bobby, stood alerted and anxious as he waited for his cue. It came in the last few crucial moments of the last act of “Angel Street,” just in time for him to enter and arrest Francis Lederer, the husband with murder in his heart.

The young actor admitted he was nervous. After all, it was his first role with a real star like Lederer. True, he didn’t have a word to say—but he had action. And his role was tricky. After all, he didn’t get a spoken cue. Nope, he had to count his entrance—from the time Lederer turned his back and started walking off the stage towards the door. Timing was all-important—poor timing could ruin the scene. Awfully important, he mumbled to himself as he kept his eyes glued on Lederer. There, he’s turning his back, get ready.

The young man made his entrance and timed it to the split second—perfectly. Then, in his enthusiasm, he jerked his head sharply and the bucket-like hat slipped down over his eyes. He couldn’t see a thing and he couldn’t budge the jammed hat. All he could do was grope—and listen to the howling of the audience. Finally, the fleeing Lederer, for plot purposes, saved whatever was left of the scene by running smack into his arms instead of out the door. And the audience, which was supposed to be screaming with suspense, applauded in good-natured glee.

Today, Jack Lemmon still insists “that was the biggest laugh I’ve ever had in my life,” despite (Continued on page 129)
THAT

DO OR DIE

DOLL
Spunky, temperamental, needing love but fearing it, Shelley Winters dares life to defeat her.

In her early days in Hollywood, Shelley Winters made a discovery. If you want to be a star, you better have personality. She hired a press agent. Three days later she made page one of every morning newspaper in town—a feat not to be underestimated in the publicity-conscious town of Hollywood.

That morning thousands of readers saw a picture of an unknown starlet named Shelley Winters being dragged away from an exclusive party by two burly members of the local police force. By the time the afternoon editions hit the stands, that unknown starlet had already been nicknamed the Blond Bombshell and was well on her way to becoming Hollywood’s most colorful glamour girl. Very few readers stopped to read the corrections in the later editions—the corrections that explained Miss Winters was merely being escorted to the local Police Benefit where she entertained. It was a press agent’s stunt and it worked. From that day forward, Shelley Winters was a star.

Since then, Shelley has had her share of (Continued on page 131)
He lost his shirt and became a star

He was a swellhead.
Until he reached for success and lost weight around the waist—and changed that head line

BY RUTH WATERBURY

• "The toughest thing a guy can learn when he's twenty," Richard Egan said, "is that he's not as brilliant as he thought he was when he was sixteen. It's still tougher, when a few years later, he has to face the fact that maybe instead of being the biggest success in his field, he may end up being its least-known flop.

"And that's just the state I was in a few years ago. It was the absolute low point in my ambitious life up till then. I certainly wasn’t the boy wonder any longer. In fact, I began to wonder if I were even an actor. It was then that I decided to give up all thoughts of acting and go back home to my folks in San Francisco and try something easier.

"Back home I tried to forget acting—for all of five minutes. But I ultimately came back to Hollywood. I had to. Acting has always been my goal, it always will be. And I knew that while I faced lean years (Continued on page 121)
She's a magic sprite with a wistful face, a modern Cinderella in ballet slippers. She's restless when she's loafing, enchanting when she's dancing, is that gay ballerina Leslie Caron.

**PIXIE FROM**

**BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE**

- She never wears jewelry of any kind. She hates the smell of a cigar. She is fond of all dogs, strong-smelling cheeses and roaming about department stores.

- She wore a bikini bathing suit on the occasion of her first visit to a Hollywood swimming pool when she first arrived here. "I noticed everyone eyeing me strangely, and I came home and told my mother, and she said: 'Yes, of course, people in this country have different ideas about swimming wear.' I have never worn it since."

- She is shy in the presence of strangers, and her mother, Margaret Petit Caron, born in Topeka, Kansas, was formerly premiere danseuse with the Greenwich Village Follies.

- She was baptized Leslie Claire Margaret Caron. She hates beets and turnips. She wears out more than one hundred pairs of ballet shoes each year.

- She doesn't believe in hunches, plays no musical instrument and is unable to practice economy.

- She adores clothes, prefers black, would like to appear on the stage as well as in movies. After she completes "Daddy Long Legs," she will play in "Orvet," which Jean Renoir wrote for her.

- She weighs 110 pounds.

(Continued on page 106)
He forgets his wife's name, won't be serious when he should, admits he's a regular flirt.

A real crazy guy, this Mr. Burton
Richard Burton, looking as unlike a Hollywood star as possible in baggy corduroys, a well-worn tweed jacket and with bits of grease paint still clinging to his forehead, put down the newspaper clipping with a sigh and turned to the man behind the well-worn oak bar in the murky London pub.

"Another pint of mild-and-bitter, please," he said, and then, picking up the dog-eared bit of paper, turned to his companion.

"How do you like this?" he said, and in an exaggeration of the majestic Shakespearean tones that were thrilling patrons of the Old Vic Theatre nightly (and at matinees on Thursdays and Saturdays), he read the gossip of a London society writer: Richard Burton has been titillating his English friends at all the fashionable soirees in the better drawing rooms of London with his hilarious accounts of the fantastic life in Hollywood.

Burton glanced around the drab, smoky interior of The Olive Branch, a nondescript public house in a squalid part of London. A pub as far removed in appearance as in distance from the glamour and bright lights of the West End night clubs usually frequented by visiting Hollywood stars. A pub whose "regulars" are, for (Continued on page 108)
Wisdom, humor and love—these are the coins that Ann and Jim deposit daily in their mutual marriage fund

BY ROBERT EMMETT

ANN BLYTH'S
LOVE BANK

Ann Blyth is in "The King's Thief"

• Ann Blyth, being a very sensible and bright young girl, knew even before her wedding that marriage called for some adjusting, some give and take. She knew that just as most young couples make a down payment on a house, move in and must continue to make payments to a bank in order to make that house a long-lasting possession, so must regular payments be made to the invisible bank of love in order to maintain a solvent marriage. Ann knew an emotional shelter against the storms of daily living and marriage have to be planned for in advance. That they must be built day by day upon the cornerstone of devotion with a hundred and one little deeds of confidence, consideration, understanding and respect. Without these, a young couple cannot build a working partnership.

"I was prepared—or thought I was—" laughs Ann today, "to make some adjustments in my habits and schedule and to accept the little tensions and strains that might come from our separate careers or from minor domestic problems. But I didn't realize the adjustments would start so soon.

"When we returned from our honeymoon, we unpacked, opened the (Continued on page 119)
A journey to the stars that will make your vacation seem like a trip to Paradise

- In search of romance? Romance of a thousand different varieties? Romance of sun and sea, of mountains and timeless desert? Romance of seeing with your own eyes the glamorous world of movieland? For all these pleasures and more, a Hollywood vacation is the answer.

If sports are your greatest thrill, you'll find it easy to swim, sail, water ski. Or you may prefer to have a go at tennis, horseback riding, hiking, volleyball, handball, or standard golf.

There are miles of window-shop for the gift-buyer. Or you may be enchanted to investigate and buy some California's own styles for yourself.

In Hollywood you may exercise curiosity by seeing motion-picture in the flesh, by watching radio and broadcasts, by visiting airplane stories, the Griffith Park planetarium, and the nearby Mount Wilson Observ
Hunter, Joanne Gilbert at 'i at the Beach, Santa Mon-
popular seaside restaurant

Mitzi Gaynor and Jack Bean at Luau's, one of many restaurants
that cater to gourmet tastes

If you have time, visit fabu-
rous Las Vegas, mingle with stars
like June Powell at Desert Inn

At colorful San Pedro you'll see
Jeff Richards, others, with their
boats, see famed fishing fleet

If you yearn for culture, your fun
lie in seeing a play at Pasadena
Community Playhouse, the Huntington
Theatre, the Players' Ring or
other legitimate theatres. You may, if
you desire, prowl miles of art galleries
and museums. You may hear sym-
phonies under the stars at the Holly-
wood Bowl.

Dining out is an international matter
in Hollywood. You may dine in Sweden
Scandia, in (Continued on page 96)

end of text due to page constraints
WIN A
HOLLYWOOD
HOLIDAY

FIRST PRIZE
Round-trip transportation for two to Hollywood and return—winner to have choice of traveling via either of the following:

- Greyhound "Scenicruiser" Bus
- Trailways Bus

(Winner must start trip from nearest available embarkation point to his or her home town on either of the above-mentioned bus lines.)

PLUS—a beauty bonus for the winner. A special Hollywood beauty treatment by famed Max Factor of Hollywood, on arrival in California. In addition, a Max Factor treasure chest of cosmetics suited to the winner's type and coloring. Also a "Pretty Polka" print swimsuit by Catalina and the "Damask Rose" swimsuit by Rose Marie Reid.

SECOND PRIZE
Complete travel wardrobe, in winner's size, selected from the fashions featured in this issue's fashion section. These fashions originate from the following brand-name manufacturers:


THIRD PRIZE
Shoes: Wardrobe of three pairs of Grace Walker (Connie) shoes, in winner's size, as follows: One pair of casual shoes • One pair of dressy shoes • One pair of "little heel" shoes (not illustrated on fashion pages). Swimsuit: Sea Fashions cross-stitch print cotton bloomer style.

FOURTH PRIZE
Three Clifton leather handbags.

FIFTH PRIZE
Swimsuits: "Gingerbread Man" print by Catalina • Lastex print boy short suit by Maurice Handler of California • "Staccato" sheath by Rose Marie Reid.

SIXTH PRIZE
A Meeker leather handbag.

Six exciting prizes to be awarded to the six winners in this Photoplay vacation contest

Put your dreams on paper and you may be the winner in Photoplay's exciting new contest. All you have to do is tell us, in a hundred words or less, why you want to go to Hollywood. If you win the grand prize, you and your traveling companion will be given a round-trip ticket for two to that magic movie-land of your dreams. Plus—a bonus beauty treatment for one by famous Max Factor of Hollywood on arrival in California. For the next five winners there are other exciting prizes described on this page. It's a magic chance to solve that summer holiday problem. So don't let this opportunity go by. The rules, given below, are simple. And the prizes, out of this world, GOOD LUCK!

CONTEST RULES
1. Write or print on plain letterhead, in one hundred words or less, why you want to win a Hollywood Holiday. Be sure to give your complete name and address and mail your entry to: Win a Hollywood Holiday, Box 1505, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. Each entrant agrees to accept the decisions of the judges as final.

2. All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, May 15, 1955.

Anyone living in the continental United States and Canada may enter this contest except employees of Macfadden Publications and their advertising agencies.

4. Each entry must be the original work of the contestant and submitted in his or her name. Joint entries will not be accepted.

5. Entries will be judged for originality, interest and aptness of thought by the editors of Photoplay magazine.

6. All entries become the property of Macfadden Publications and may be used as they see fit. No entries will be returned.

7. The winner will be announced in the August 1955 issue of Photoplay. The winner will be advised by wire no later than May 30, 1955. This contest is subject to all federal and state regulations.

8. Should the winner of the first prize be a minor, such winner will have to be accompanied on the trip by an adult of the winner's family. In such event, the person accompanying a minor shall be in lieu of a guest and be identified as the traveling companion entitled to accompany the winner on the round-trip ticket for two, to Hollywood.
SEE NEXT PAGE FOR
FASHION INFORMATION

iio matter how you go,
you’re off on a Hollywood
holiday with Photoplay’s
own travel wardrobe

Lovely Barbara Rush stars in U-I’s “Captain Lightfoot”

Photoplay’s own travel wardrobe

TWA’s Super Constellation
AWAY YOU GO—TRAVELING LIGHT IN COTTON


For Where to Buy these cottons turn to pages 104 and 107
Any girl who wears a Catalina swimsuit is apt to be singled out for special attention by Mr. Cupid. That’s because Catalina swimsuits not only shimmer with high fashion—they are engineered to flatter specific figure types. The Glamour Guide at right shows which Catalina swimsuits will do the nicest things for you. Why not take this chart with you when you shop?
Gingham Gal... Justin McCarty's daisy-fresh crease resistant two-piece gingham check, with crisp pique collar accented with a velvet bow... the skirt's slimness released with a kick-pleat in back. Green, turquoise, black, brown. Sizes 6 to 18... $17.95

Write for store nearest you.

JUSTIN McCARTY • DALLAS, TEXAS
Hollywood Stars

AND
SMART
WOMEN
EVERYWHERE...

Wear Playtex swim caps...

THE SWIM CAP OF THE STARS

You've never worn a more comfortable swim cap! The exclusive “contour-molding” and wonderful stretchability means there's no binding or pressure with Playtex Swim Caps. Yet special watertight seals give maximum protection to ears and hair-do. Good looking, too... designed with an eye to fashion in three different colors — white, red, blue. Only $1.00 at drug stores everywhere!

PLAYTEX® SWIM CAPS

©1955 International Latex Corp'n. PLAYTEX PARK, Dover Del. * In Canada: Playtex Ltd., Arnprior, Ontario
Get your man and keep him with Sea Nymph — the best man-bait yet to win your kind of fella now and forever.

Left: Shirred sheath, tempting in or out of the water. $11
Right: Little boy shorts, decidedly feminine, gets him every time.

In run and fade resistant Celaperm® lastex.
Perfected built-in boned bra in all Sea Nymph suits plays up your best curves.
Misses 32-38, juniors 9-15, teens 10-16.
Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies.

Write Penny Lewis for your free copy of Sea Nymph's Guide to Summer Glamour
JORDAN manufacturing corp., 1410 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.
Sea Nymph of Canada, 425 River St., Montreal.
AWAY YOU GO - TRAVELING LIGHT IN COTTON

continued


Continued

For Where to Buy travel fashions turn to pages 104 and 107

Every gal becomes a long-stemmed beauty in this dramatic faille lastex confection by Maurice Handler, designed for Junior figures only.
No wonder it brings out the siren in you... and the glint in a fella's eye!
Ingenious boned bra, concealed 'neath fly-away wings. Under $13
Aqua, brown or black with pink, lilac with lavender. Sizes 9 to 15.

MAURICE HANDLER OF CALIFORNIA
846 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.
MARY MURPHY
costarring
in Paramount's
"Hell's Island"
Filmed in VistaVision
Color by Technicolor

Terry Moore stars in 20th Century-Fox's "Daddy Long Legs"

The beloved velvet-collared Chesterfield jacket goes casual in a new checked cotton and rayon homespun fabric, crease-resistant, water-repellent and a traveler's delight. Terry Moore wears it with great chic over playclothes or late-day cottons. Black, avocado, peacock with white, cocoa with beige, 7-15, 8-16. By Wilroy. About $12.95

Continued
I'm buying this... with what I saved —
on my TRAILWAYS HOLIDAY TOUR

It's like getting a new dress for free, whether you buy it in your home town or, like me, in glamorous Beverly Hills. This year make your holiday tour by TRAILWAYS and enjoy scenery level luxury travel for less! Trailways Tours, including hotel accommodations and sightseeing, are available to all of the vacation areas in this country, Canada, Mexico and Alaska... and even overseas. Write today for your FREE copies of colorful illustrated folders describing TRAILWAYS 1955 tours.
Joan Fetherston, lovely young dancer and TV actress, says: “It’s such wholesome beauty care for my dry skin! I never knew any soap could do so much so gently until Candy taught me to beauty-wash twice every day with mild Cashmere Bouquet. I just cream that fluffy, fragrant lather over my face with my fingertips. It leaves my skin looking wonderful — smoother, softer, with a lovely, fresh glow!”

P.S. “Scatter a few cakes of Cashmere Bouquet through your lingerie and handkerchief drawers. Leaves a lovely, flowery fragrance, much more subtle than sachet!”

Joan Fetherston
(Mrs. Harry Conover)
CONOVER SCHOOL BEAUTY DIRECTOR
“Our Conover girls know what it can do for every type of complexion — dry, oily or normal!”

Complexion and big bath sizes

P.S. "Scatter a few cakes of Cashmere Bouquet through your lingerie and handkerchief drawers. Leaves a lovely, flowery fragrance, much more subtle than sachet!"
Fashion-wise Rosemarie Bowe travels in a cool, cool sleeveless version of the new Paris-inspired overblouse fashion. It stars a rounded collar, cutaway shirt bottom in the best man-tailored tradition and added self belt that forever cinches your waist.

In an Everglaze rose'n'chair cotton fun print of red, blue or maize on white ground.

Sizes 30-38. By New Era. Price about $3.98

Rosemarie Bowe's in "The Big Bluff," a W. Lee Wilder production

The ever-ready blouse with real talent for looking crisp whether under your travel suit or fancy-free with your shorts. In wash-easy Sanforized cotton broadcloth, the soft Baby Doll look's pointed up by the pretty sleeve puffs and spanning white rosebud embroidered collar. Colors are delectable pink, blue or yellow, all with neat white collar. Sizes 30-38. New Era. About $3.98

Continued
Pack it all...Take it all in one case!

**New Samsonite Hang-It-All!**

Look!
It carries everything!

It can be separated into 2 compartments

- The hang-up top—it holds up to 8 dresses...
- The bottom lies flat for packing accessories, cosmetics and shoes...

Put them together, they spell HANG-IT-ALL—the lightest way to carry everything for your vacation in one case!

**LOOK AT ALL YOU GET for only $25**

This firm yet light case separates, the top attaches to any door (with its removable hang-hook). Hang-It-All carries up to 8 dresses on its own non-snag hangers. A special fold-bar holds your clothes neatly, wrinkle-free.

Bottom lies flat for packing accessories, toiletries, shoes. Elasticized cover-curtains on both top and bottom keep all your things neatly in place. Put the top and bottom together...snap shut the streamlined, non-tarnishing brass locks...and Samsonite's tongue-and-groove construction makes the case moisture- and dust-proof. All in all, Hang-It-All is the best lightweight carry-all case ever made!

---

*Streamlite Samsonite flight-proven luggage*

**Featured:**
- Bermuda Green

...in 6 beautiful better-than-leather finishes that wipe clean with a damp cloth.

**.streamlite Samsonite flight-proven luggage**

**Look! It carries everything!**

It can be separated into 2 compartments

- The hang-up top—it holds up to 8 dresses...
- The bottom lies flat for packing accessories, cosmetics and shoes...

Put them together, they spell HANG-IT-ALL—the lightest way to carry everything for your vacation in one case!

**LOOK AT ALL YOU GET for only $25**

This firm yet light case separates, the top attaches to any door (with its removable hang-hook). Hang-It-All carries up to 8 dresses on its own non-snag hangers. A special fold-bar holds your clothes neatly, wrinkle-free.

Bottom lies flat for packing accessories, toiletries, shoes. Elasticized cover-curtains on both top and bottom keep all your things neatly in place. Put the top and bottom together...snap shut the streamlined, non-tarnishing brass locks...and Samsonite's tongue-and-groove construction makes the case moisture- and dust-proof. All in all, Hang-It-All is the best lightweight carry-all case ever made!
FASHION ARRIVAL—SWITCHABOUT SEPARATES

To stretch the summer budget, show off your fashion know-how, a quartet of coordinated separates designed by Stella Landré of Ilene Ricky. Marjorie Hellen, above, wears a smart sleeveless beach coat with triple string ties. The surprise fabric, familiar striped cotton ticking, newly flower embroidered. About $13. It's lined in same gold polished cotton of the flattering princess swimsuit, back-zipped down to its drawstring bloomer. Under $18

More double take-alongs for the scene of your Hollywood Holiday. The shiny gold polished cotton blouse with flattering side-swept boat neckline ending in shoulder ties, about $5.95. It tucks into Marjorie's full stand-out skirt of unpressed pleats in the same embroidered ticking, with a bonus in added gold cotton belt. About $14.95. Teamed, these go sunning or dancing with the greatest fashion ease. All sizes 7-15. By Ilene Ricky

Continued

For Where to Buy switchabout separates turn to pages 104 and 107

ASK
Mary Gordon
OF TWA
HOW TO GET
TO HOLLYWOOD

"Fly TWA"—that's what Mary Gordon will tell you. Just step aboard one of TWA's fast, comfortable planes... and before you know it, you're stepping out in the heart of the motion-picture world (feeling like a star yourself!). When you fly TWA, you add extra hours, extra days to your dream trip.

TWA's bargain fares will make you think they were planned with a career girl in mind. And not only does TWA offer low rates, but flying TWA saves you heavy expenses en route... gives you more money to spend on vacation fun.

TWA's Time Pay Plan is the perfect plan for a budget-minded girl! The smallest down payment sends you on your Hollywood holiday. You pay the balance in monthly installments... spread over as long as 20 months.

Ask about TWA's Western Tour. It's made to order if you'd like to include many places and pack as much fun as possible into your two weeks' vacation. Spend 14 wonderful days in Los Angeles, Hollywood, Yosemite, San Francisco, Las Vegas. For more details, visit your travel agent or local TWA office, or mail the coupon below to Mary Gordon of TWA.

Fly the finest...FLY TWA
TRANS WORLD AIRLINES

FILL OUT AND MAIL
Mary Gordon of TWA, Dept. P55
Trans World Airlines
380 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.
I am interested in information on a trip from

to Hollywood on or about ___________________________

Also, please send me details on:
□ Time Pay Plan □ How to Tour the West in 2 Weeks

Name _____________________________
Address ___________________________
City & State _______________________

PLEASE PRINT.
YOU'RE IN


THE HOLIDAY SWIM

Right, Fox's lovely Marjorie Hellen spends her day in the sun in Rose Marie Reid's Staccato, an elasticized faille sheath, with shirred front panel for a dreamboat figure. White split bra top has touch of embroidery. Sizes 10-18. Fashion colors. About $15.95

Below, capturing the beach scene, Rosemarie Bowe in a sleek red princess-line sheath suit, with a plus in the snow-capping lingerie touch. Triple ruffle of white nylon eyelet lace adorns Pellon-reinforced bra, intensifies your tan. 32-38. By Sea Nymph. About $11

Rosemarie Bowe, below, in Damask Rose, a bengaline glamour sheath topped with bewitching black lace. Sheer overlay of wispy black net has embroidery of Shocking pink flowers. All in the famed hourglass silhouette. 10-16. Rose Marie Reid. About $35

Continued
Carry a classic Clifton-it goes everywhere with everything!

Here's the one fine accessory that gives you so much for your spring fashion dollar! The secret? Classic lines, sculptured hand-tooling. It's distinctively right... wherever you go... whatever you wear. Wouldn't a classic Clifton bag be a wise spring purchase for you?

Shoulder or underarm models in rust, dark brown, oxblood, tan, and natural russet. Full grain saddle leather with leather lining and compartments; zipper, leather, and brass closures. Retail from $2.98 to $21.75.

At Fine Stores Coast-to-Coast

For our upcoming season in the sun, lovely Taina Elg, left, spotlights sparkling white in a sharkskin lomex suit with figure-conforming shirred side panels, a flange bra bedecked with tiers of red and white checked Chromspun ruching. $10.95. Right, Lisa Montal in new long torso bloomer silhouette. Bright styled cotton print has petal bra, peek-a-boo inset. Guaranteed lock-stitching insures long wear. Under $8. Both sizes 32-38. Swimplay suits by Lee

For Where to Buy holiday swimsuits turn to pages 104 and 107
High as the sky in smartness and comfort—that’s Grace Walker!
And the millions of style-conscious women, who already know, now welcome the 1000 stewardesses of American Airlines who have adopted Grace Walkers as their approved shoe! Choose the shoes they voted tops for style and fit. And, while you’re looking, check the other smart shoes in the beautiful Grace Walker line. You’ll be glad, glad, glad!

"SNY-WALKERS"
Official “In-Flight” casual in blue or tan. Also red and black.

"STAR-SPECS"
Official tan and white spectator. Also in blue, "STAR-STEPERS", as modeled by Miss Marilyn Cape, a typical American Airlines Stewardess.

Patterns illustrated: $9.95
(Other styles $6.95 to $10.95)

"ENCHANT"
In avocado, blue, black, or white.

"BLAINE"
In avocado, red, blue, black, or white.
be a Meeker Peeeker...

Alexis Smith
now starring in Republic's
"THE ADMIRAL HOSKINS STORY"

See what's inside Alexis Smith's
meeker
HANDBAG

...and it all fits neatly!... because this handbag features
SEVEN roomy POCKETS. Meekers are famous for their
many compartments... their rich hand-tooled designs in
hand-colored steerhide. Styles also in smooth saddle leather
... at fine stores. $15 to $35 plus tax.

THE MEEKER CO., Joplin, Mo., New York Office: 347 Fifth Avenue

TO KEEP YOUR SUMMER HAIR-DO NEAT AND SWEET...
Taina Elg retains the well-groomed look despite sun, wind or weather with Helene Curtis Spray Net, a must for any vacation. Keeps hair softly in place all day, sets in a wink. Regular or new Super Soft (no lacquer), in aerosol containers. $1.25 plus tax.
Sunning in style, Taino Elg loves the slimming boy short look, this one sporting a print of festive dancing figures in the bright sealed-in color of Celaperm laces. Winged bra detail points up reverse-side color print, shadow-proof when wet. Red, blue, green or white. 9-15, 8-16. Handler of California. $14.95. Veau mont pixie hot

Left, Taino in the “Pin Money” cotton sheath we’ve fallen in love with. Dotted fabric’s osscatter with a print of gold safety pins, and a for-real pin shines at the bra cuff. Elasticized back, shirred front for good figure control. Red or aqua with gold-piped bra and leg cuffs. Sizes S, M, L. By Maurice Handler of California. About $8.95

Continued

Adventures of FRAN, the Formfit Gal, or

How to Pick a Dilly in London

Who’d think my unassuming wiles
Would roll ’em in the British Isles!

But there I was in London town,
Just turning traffic upside-down;

Where everything, normally, stops for tea,
It stopped, all right . . . for ’lil’ ol’ me!

On seeing me, a foreign power,
Big Ben forgot to strike the hour.

The blokes around Trafalgar Square?
Oi ‘ad ’em in a fog, for fair!

A Baron viewed me through a spyglass,
And one old Dukey dropped his eyeglass.

(They said, by diplomatic courier,
That I made Merrie England merrier!)

The reason? Rumor has it so:
My Formfit outfit,* don’t y’know!

*skippies PANTIES • LIFE BRA

skippies

BY FORMFIT

Fran wears a slimming-and-smoothing Skippies Pantie Girdle
#843 . . . . of nylon elastic net, with satin elastic front and back panels. Small, Medium, L. $2.50. Her bra is the new Life Romance #566. 32A to 38C. $2.00.

Prices slightly higher in Canada

For Where to Buy holiday swimwear
turn to pages 104 and 107

THE FORMFIT COMPANY • CHICAGO • NEW YORK • TORONTO
COTTON COORDINATE

A floral spray skirt in polished cotton... broadcloth belt in soft shrimp... about $8.
Coordinate shrimp broadcloth blouse... about $5.
Sizes 7 to 15.

YOU'RE IN THE HOLIDAY SWIM

continued


For Where to Buy holiday swimsuits turn to pages 104 and 107
Helene Curtis sponsors the
Pretty Soft Look

Helene Curtis SPRAY NET* keeps your hair prettily in place all day, but with a bewitching softness.

How should your topknot look this season? Grimly lacquered into place? Wildly waving in the breeze?

Never! This season the look is soft and shining hair that stays put in the prettiest way.

For Helene Curtis dipped deep into a chemist's tube and came up with a delightfully different hair spray. A hair spray so silky... so soft it couldn't possibly make hair dry or stiff or brittle. Yet it held each curly straggler in place. Waves behaved despite humidity. Flyaway hair tamed down nicely. In a word—it worked! And softly, prettily!

So here, from Helene Curtis to you, with flattery in every swoosh, is SPRAY NET. The ladylike-way, the pretty soft-way to curb your curls and hold your wayward waves!

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

Set your pin curls in a hurry. Just roll them up, make large loose curls on top, smaller ones at your neckline, then spray with SPRAY NET. They'll dry in minutes, they'll look soft and pretty.

Use SPRAY NET every day, as often as you like, for it contains exclusive Spray-On Lanolin Lotion. Keeps your topknot soft and silky.

Now there are two types of Helene Curtis SPRAY NET
Let your hair be the judge. If it's "baby-fine" or you like the casual look, the new Super Soft SPRAY NET, without lacquer, will be beautifully right. For hair that's thick, harder-to-manage, for elaborate hair-dos, use Regular SPRAY NET... already the favorite of millions.

Giant Economy Size $1.89
Plus tax.
SUPER SOFT OR REGULAR

Change your hair style without a bit of trouble, for SPRAY NET brushes out instantly. It doesn't flake or ever get the tiniest bit sticky.

No drooping curls on rainy days. With SPRAY NET your hair pays no mind to dampness or humidity. Curls and waves stay in, weather or no.
PIR STREE
^Sleek-as-a-seal petal sheath over a satin stripe top and bottom.
Of color-locked Chromspun lastex faille in red, turquoise, royal, black, sizes 32-38.
The specially-designed bra will work wonders with your figure!
about 8.95

GO-EVERYWH ACCESSORIE

1. For travel-toting in style, a tooled design leather shoulder bag with inner pockets, adjustable strap. By Clifton. $15.95 plus tax.

2. Spark your trip with a new sandal in black newly textured in blue and white tweed effect, pateau and trim. Grace Walker.

3. To resort partying go in a kid sandal with braided pings. Prettiest in pastel pink! Design by Wohl.


5. Our Star Fashion Award shoe in creamy glove leather. Sporting Mexican hat tip pancake wedge. By Huskie.

6. Grace Walker's sleek pump suit-able wear on the go. Heeled polar bear calf ankle by brown saw-tooth trim.

7. Touch of holiday glamour trumped pink lustre calf sandal, its open back design clinging. Jacqueline by Wohl.

8. Shoe with nine lives, open and sling-backed in cloud calf, beaded winged bow, in ion colors. Grace Walker.


For Where to Buy turn to pages 104 and 105.

More fashions on next p...
Go the Fun way!

ride El Capitan

only all-chair streamliner daily
between Chicago and Los Angeles

enjoy

- "Stretch Out" reclining chairs
- "Big Dome" viewing of the colorful Indian Country
- Delicious Fred Harvey Food

only $55 44

One Way from Chicago to Los Angeles, San Diego or San Francisco. Round Trip $90.15 (Tax extra).
Transportation Costs For Your Hollywood Holiday

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>To Hollywood: Round-Trip Fares From and Returning To:</th>
<th>Via Greyhound or Trailways</th>
<th>Via Rail (Lower Berth)</th>
<th>Via Rail (Chaircar)</th>
<th>Via Air 1st Class</th>
<th>Via Air Coach</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Atlanta</td>
<td>$86.74</td>
<td>$209.79</td>
<td>$119.63</td>
<td>$264.88</td>
<td>$193.38 via Dallas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boston</td>
<td>117.54</td>
<td>301.52</td>
<td>166.19</td>
<td>350.24</td>
<td>233.20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chicago</td>
<td>77.94</td>
<td>185.30</td>
<td>99.17</td>
<td>239.91</td>
<td>167.20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dallas</td>
<td>55.28</td>
<td>127.88</td>
<td>63.80</td>
<td>161.59</td>
<td>125.40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Denver</td>
<td>43.89</td>
<td>122.60</td>
<td>66.66</td>
<td>126.94</td>
<td>94.60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Detroit</td>
<td>90.81</td>
<td>219.67</td>
<td>119.68</td>
<td>271.70</td>
<td>189.82</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Minneapolis via Kansas City rail</td>
<td>75.46</td>
<td>181.94</td>
<td>99.17</td>
<td>230.89</td>
<td>182.82</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New York</td>
<td>112.31</td>
<td>287.68</td>
<td>158.84</td>
<td>332.09</td>
<td>217.80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Louis</td>
<td>72.77</td>
<td>175.94</td>
<td>94.11</td>
<td>217.36</td>
<td>160.60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>San Francisco</td>
<td>11.83</td>
<td>48.84</td>
<td>19.03</td>
<td>46.09</td>
<td>29.70</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(Federal Transportation Tax of 10%—5% less than last year—Included in all quotations)

(Continued from page 71)

Paris at Perino’s, in Hawaii at Luau, in Italy at Villa Nova, in the good old USA at Captain’s Table, Jack’s at the Beach, Barney’s Beanery, or the Brown Derby.

Part of the fun of a Hollywood vacation is the trip itself. You have your choice of traveling by plane, train or streamlined bus.

Since last year almost all transportation companies have arranged budget plans permitting you to make a small down payment on a trip, take the trip, finish paying for it in comfortable monthly installments. If you live in a big city, consult a good travel agency about these plans. If you live in a small city, talk to the local representative of the rail, bus or airline company, or inquire through PhotoPLAY’s own service which is noted on page 98.

Next problem: What shall I take along? There are a number of general hints on what you’ll need for a Hollywood vacation. California nights are cool and days are usually hot. Thus you’ll be happier with a wardrobe of light cool dresses for daytime wear, with a topper for evening use. In addition, one simple dark suit and one simple and one dressy blouse will take you almost anywhere. A basic dark dress and a pair of comfortable shoes round out the essentials.

Aside from the clothes you take with you, you may also wish to buy other clothes in California. Its sports clothing is world famous, and you may wish to buy bathing suits, casual cottons or party separates after you arrive. The shopping is all part of the fun here, too.

Upon arriving in Los Angeles, the first thing to do is secure a map of Southern California. If you are driving, get a map from any service station. If you have arrived by bus, train or plane, your hotel will undoubtedly have a guide book available.

The second move for a quick survey of the city is to take a Gray Line Bus Tour, or two or three. These tours are arranged so that you get the most enjoyable experience at the least possible expenditure of time and money.

The Gray Line collects travelers from each of the major hotels (Ambassador, Beverly Hills, Beverly Wilshire, Roosevelt, Knickerbocker, Billmore, etc.) and returns them to the same hotel or the route-point of their choice.

Tour #5 sets out daily (excepting Sundays & holidays) at 9 A.M. or at 2 P.M. It takes three hours and costs $4.39, including tax. You are whisked past Angeles Temple, founded by the celebrated evangelist, Aimee Semple McPherson, and now presided over by her son, Dr. Rolf McPherson. You go through Griffith Park, past the River- side Ranch, the Walt Disney Studios, the Toluca Lake homes of such stars as Bob Hope and Dana Andrews. Lakeside Golf Course is also on the route. You also go through Universal-International Studios, where it is likely (if you’re on the morning tour) that you will see Rock Hudson, Piper Laurie, Rory Calhoun, Jane Wyman, Joan Crawford or any of a dozen other stars on their way to luncheon at the commissary. On your return, you will go past the world-famed Hollywood Bowl.

Gray Line Tour #2 leaves at 9 A.M. or at 2 P.M. daily the year around. It costs $3.35 and it takes three hours. You see the historic Brown Derby Restaurant (built in a hat shape). You will see Hollywood Boulevard and you pause in the foreground of Grauman’s Chinese Theatre to see the footprints of celebrities left on concrete. You will visit the campus of UCLA (University of California at Los Angeles). Also, along the way, you will glimpse the baronial all that Southern California is not only a hotel. And as your bus reaches the coastal highway, you will see the Pacific in all its beauty.

Gray Line Tour #6 leaves daily at 9:30 A.M. and 2:30 P.M. It takes three hours and costs $3.10. This trip takes you to Forest Lawn, said to be the world’s most beautiful memorial park. Located in Forest Lawn are the celebrated “Little Church of the Flowers” in which Virginia Mayo and Michael O’Shea were married, the “Annie Laurie” church “Wee Kirk o’ the Heather” and the “Church of the Recessional.” In the mausoleum there are hundreds of pieces of sculpture, the stained glass window depicting “The Last Supper” and the Hall of the Crucifixion where you will see Jan Styka’s masterpiece “The Crucifixion,” a painting 195 feet by 45 feet.

Note: Those making this trip should dress appropriately and wear a hat. Forest Lawn is a allowed place.

Gray Line Tour #8 is scheduled for 9 A.M. daily except Saturdays, Sundays and holidays, costs $2.65 and takes four hours. On this trip you visit St. Sophia Cathedral (Greek Orthodox Catholic faith) whose most celebrated layman was the late Charles Skouras. After that you will drive through MacArthur Park, and then to a radio or tv broadcast, depending upon what is most exciting on that day. Afterward you will be taken to the Farmers Market for luncheon (not included in the tour price).

Tanner Gray Line Tour #1 sets out daily (excepting Mondays) at 2 P.M. and costs $3.10, employing three and a half hours to do it. Even if you are driving your own car, this tour would be an advantage over personal driving from an economy and enjoyment point of view. You are taken through the Los Angeles Civic Center, and in the old days this was known as “Millionaire Row” and the Wrigley mansion was one of the great show places. You will see the Rose Bowl, the California Institute of Technology and finally you will reach Huntington Library. Here you will want to see the art galleries, with Gainsborough’s famous “The Blue Boy” and other noted paintings. The historical manuscripts are world-famous, and include a remarkable 14th century illuminated volume of Chaucer’s works. From the Huntington Library, Tour #1 will take you to San Gabriel Mission (35¢ admission is charged so that the grounds and the building may be maintained) to give you another insight into California history.

Gray Line Tour #9 is a night tour, starting every evening at 7 P.M. It takes three hours and costs $3.10 for transportation. Naturally, any purchases you make on route are extra. This tour takes you through Olvera Street.

Olvera Street is shabby in the re-
moroseless light of day, but at night it takes on all the romance of the candle-lighted long ago; Mexican mariachi stroll the main street, offering scented candles, handmade laces, handmade sarapes and huaraches. And in the restaurants, you may sample the Mexican hot chocolate made with vanilla and cinnamon.

On Gray Line Tour #9, you will also see China Town—and drive on past the Mulholland fountain, the Griffith Park Observatory, and along Hollywood and Wilshire Boulevards—in the heart of Movieland.

Having polished off the short trips around Los Angeles, avowed adventurer should think out on some excursions requiring more time. All of these field trips are recommended for families traveling with children, but adults will enjoy them just as much as the small fry do.

SOUTHWEST MUSEUM: 234 Museum Drive, Capitol 1-1338. (Highland Park). This is the towering cream-colored structure visible to the northwest from the Arroyo Seco (Pasadena Freeway). The easiest way to reach it is to follow, or take, a novelty trip to Museum Drive. (There are signs on the right pointing to Museum Drive.) If you aren’t sure where to catch the W-line car, call Prospect 7211 and ask for Information.

Southwest Museum (admission free) offers to those interested in Indian lore a fascinating history of the Red Man throughout the United States.

The Museum is closed on Mondays, otherwise it is open daily from one until five in the afternoon.

KNOTT’S BERRY FARM is located two miles south of Buena Park on Highway 39. Buena Park is reached by driving east on Manchester Boulevard, which becomes Firestone Boulevard, which is literally Route 101. If you aren’t driving, the Tanner Gray Line offers a fine Knott’s Berry Farm excursion. The year around, buses leave at 2 p.m. and return at 8 p.m. Cost, exclusive of food, is $3.35. From June 15 to September 16, the Gray Line offers a full day’s excursion on Sundays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays. A 3:30 A.M. and providing sight of Hollywood Park Race Track, the Beach cities from Hermosa to San Pedro, Port MacArthur, Los Angeles Harbor, the Long Beach and Signal Hill oil fields (forests of derricks), and Knott’s. The price, exclusive of food, is $5.50.

What are the charms of Knott’s? First of all, food. Prices are moderate and the food delicious.

The Ghost Town at Knott’s is its second great attraction. The town is open from 12:30 P.M. until 9:30 P.M. daily and has a saloon that serves soft drinks; a newspaper office that will turn out the story of your trip; and you can take a stagecoach ride or tour part of the grounds on a handcar railway.

There is a “working” gold mine, a theatre, a rickety hotel transplanted from a ghost town board by board, an assay office, etc.

There is a medicine man who plays banjo and sells boysenberry juice, a top-hatted gambler dealing Faro, and a music hall populated by ancient music boxes collected by Mr. Knott over the years.

In the evening, in a rustic amphitheatre surrounded by authentic prairie schooners which actually crossed the plains, Western entertainments are given—the music, the costumes, the dances are drawn from the last century. Knott’s is also a good place to buy gifts for the folks back home.

CATALINA ISLAND: It is still advertised, "In all the world, no trip like this." The Catalina "season" actually starts with the Memorial Day weekend and terminates Labor Day weekend. During the season steamers make a daily trip, leaving Wilmington at 10 A.M., arriving at Avalon at noon, leaving at 4 P.M. and returning to Wilmington at 6 P.M. During the non-summer months the trip is made by motorboat.

If you don’t care to drive to Wilmington, a boat train leaves the Pacific Electric Station (6th and Main Streets) at 9 A.M. and returns at 7 P.M. Round-trip L.A. to harbor fare is $1.04. Round-trip steamer or motorboat fare is $6.42 for adults; children under twelve years of age pay half fare.

If you prefer to fly, there are two amphibious departures daily, one at 9:30 A.M. and one at 4:30 P.M. from Long Beach Municipal Airport. Round-trip fare is $13.16, and the flight takes twenty minutes each way. During 1955, for the first time in years, most of the usual Catalina Island activities will be continued each month of the calendar. The glass-bottom boat trip takes forty minutes and costs $1.50; the mountain rim trip in open buses takes fifty minutes and costs $1.15. The bird farm is free and fun. And if you love to swim, you will be able to rent whatever equipment you need. During the "season" months there is nightly dancing at the Casino to the music of name bands, and if you wish to remain overnight on the Island, accommodations will cost from $4 to $8 for two.

For reservations and information, call the Catalina Island Company, 5555 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood 9-2111.

MARINEFAR: This is a new fun foundation, situated in one of the loveliest of settings and guaranteed to become more beautiful as the months go by, the oyster beds and the oyster beds and other vegetation flourishes. To reach Marine- land, drive south on Pacific Coast Highway until it turns inland, just south of Redondo Beach; turn right onto the Palos Verdes Estates road and continue along the two-lane highway which works its way around the perimeter of this scenic peninsula. Marine- land lies on the southwest elevation of the promontory, almost directly opposite the usually clear line of Catalina Island.

The Oceanarium at Marineland consists of two mammoth four-story ocean tanks, 358 large underwater viewing windows, an octopus grotto, and a coral reef tank situated where viewing ramps. Within the diameter of the Oceanarium is an open amphitheatre seating 1500 visitors who fall in love with the purposes as they leap for their food. From this vantage point there is a breath-taking view of the mountains, the coastline, a section of ocean traffic lanes, and the beach.

MarineLand is open from 10 A.M. until 5:20 P.M. during the months of brief daylight, but during the summer it will be open until sunset. Admission: Adults $2.00; Juniors (13-17) $1.00; Children (7-12) $0.50. Children under seven, free.

MARINELAND RESTAURANT: In addition to the Oceanarium, there is a
beautiful restaurant which serves luncheon daily from 11 A.M. until 3:30 P.M., serves dinner from 5 P.M. until 10:30 Sunday through Thursday, but remains open Friday and Saturday nights until midnight.

Prices are reasonable. Dinner for two may be had from $3.00. Reservations are advisable, especially on weekends—call Frontier 7-1547.

There is also a very pleasant hotel at Marineland, so motorists can spend several days here.

DISNEYLAND: One hundred sixty acres and nine million dollars' worth of pure heaven for children of all ages will be open in July. Disneyland is situated near the city of Anaheim, just off the Santa Ana Freeway and large signs will make it impossible to miss.

At the entrance there will be an American town as it looked in 1900; a frontier town filled with cowboys and Indians; there will be a paddle-wheeler to take passengers along the rivers of America; there will be Fantasy Land with a moat-surrounded castle housing Sleeping Beauty, Donald Duck, Pluto, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs and Peter Pan's pirate ship. At this date, hours of operation or costs are not yet set.

Restaurants:

To know the romance of a city or a country, you must know its restaurants. Good food is important, but when traveling the good food should be enjoyed in romantic surroundings. Atmosphere with the antipasto, music with the meringue glace—such combinations provide memories to keep forever.

One of the unique charms of Southern California restaurants is that you may be sitting in the next banquet or at the next table to a famous star.

(Prices do NOT include cost of alcoholic beverages.)

Romanoff's, 140 South Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills, CRestview 4-2105. Open weekdays from noon until midnight. Closed on Sundays. Reservations essential. Dress: your prettiest afternoon dress or tailored suit at luncheon; your best cocktail suit at night. This is the most famous restaurant west of New York City, the food is stupendous, and the prices are in proportion. Plan to spend $6 for two for luncheon plus 15% tip; $10 up for two for dinner, plus tip.

La Rue, 8633 Sunset Blvd. (on the Sunset Strip), BRadshaw 2-7333. Closed Mondays. Open for dinner from 5 until midnight. One of the colony's favorites. $10 up for two.

Perino's, 4101 Wilshire Blvd., DUnkirk 3-1221. Wilshire District. Noon to midnight, daily. Perino's cuisine is chiefly French but steaks are good! Reservations essential. $12 up for two.

Dave Chasen's, 9039 Beverly Blvd., CRestview 1-2168. Closed Mondays.

Other days 6 P.M. until 1 A.M. Go with red leather upholstery and no hogany paneling, Chasen's is always crowded, gay. A suit will take you here at any time. Dinner for two is $10 and up. (Their mixed grill is tops.)

Sportsman's Lodge, 12833 Ventura Blvd. (in the Valley), STanley 3035. Sundays 4 until 2 A.M., wed days 5 P.M. until 2 A.M. One of Jo Crawford's favorites when she is making a picture in the Valley. You may fish for your own trout if you like to. $12 up for two.

Scandia, 9131 Sunset Blvd. (on t Strip), BRadshaw 2-3959. Closed Mondays. Other days noon to midnight. Small, cozy room with fireplace—reservations essential. Cuisin is Scandinavian. Try Kalf-fillet Oska Afpul cake. Dinner for two, $13 up.

Villa Nova, 9015 Sunset Blvd. (on t Strip). CRestview 5-9431. Daily P.M. until 2 A.M. Specialty is Italian food; restaurant is romantic, intimate. $7 up for dinner for two.

Captain's Table, 301 S. La Cienega Blvd., BRadshaw 2-1267. Daily from 5 P.M. until 2 A.M. Specialty: lobster and oysters. Two for $8.

Planning a Hollywood Holiday

You may secure free, authentic travel information by mailing this coupon.

photo play travel dept.
221 N. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.

□ Please send free travel literature about costs, routes, etc., right from my home city.

□ I would be interested in details of an escorted tour to Hollywood.

I am planning to go to Hollywood about

Date

There will be

Your name

Address

(please print)

Phone

(This offer expires after Dec. 31, 1955)
Tail of the Cock, two locations: 477 S. La Cienega, BRadshaw 2-2214, and 12950 Ventura Blvd. (in the Valley), STanley 7-1914. Both open 11:30 A.M. to 2 A.M. daily. Southern cooking and the best service in Los Angeles. The Valley Tail of the Cock, especially, is a favorite of picture people. $6 up for two.

Bamton Cock, 643 N. La Cienega, CRestview 6-8608. Daily 4 P.M. until midnight. This intimate rendezvous combines superior food with charming decor. $8 up for two.

The Brown Derby, five locations: The restaurant at the corner of Crenshaw and Stocker streets is new this year, and it is open twenty-four hours a day. A boon to the traveler arriving in town at an odd hour. The original hat-shaped Brown Derby is at 3377 Wilshire Blvd., DUnkirk 4-5151, open 8 A.M. to midnight. Hollywood Derby, 1628 N. Vine, HOLLYWOOD 9-5151, coffee shop open from 7 A.M. until midnight. Main dining room, noon until 11 P.M. Beverly Derby is at 9357 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, CRestview 6-2311, 11 A.M. until 10 P.M. Los Feliz Derby, 4500 Los Feliz Blvd., NOrmandy 4-2913, coffee shop, 7 A.M. until midnight. Dining room open noon until 10 P.M. All coffee shops feature moderate prices, excellent food. Dining room rates around $6 up for two.

Barclay’s Kitchen, 8438 West Third St., WEst LA 7143. Open daily from 5 until midnight. This restaurant is locked. You should have a key to admit yourself after having telephoned for reservations. Write in advance to secure your key. Deposit is $1. This dining room is of modest size, but food and beverages are out of this world. Dinner from $6 up for two.


The Trots, 6501 S. Sepulveda Blvd., ORchard 1-1622. Being completely remodeled as this is written. Telephone for information about hours.

Nickodell, 1600 N. Argyle Ave., HOLLYWOOD 7-3557. Daily 10:30 A.M. until 2 A.M. Radio and studio hangout. Reservations a must. $5 up for two.

Frasscati’s, two locations: 8117 Sunset Blvd., HOLLYWOOD 5-4346 (delightful

CALENDAR OF CALIFORNIA EVENTS
WORTH ANY CAMERA ENTHUSIAST’S ATTENTION

JANUARY: Pasadena’s Tournament of Roses • The Rose Bowl Game • Opening of Santa Anita Park in Arcadia—the giddyaps go! • Los Angeles Open Golf Tournament, usually at Riviera Country Club.

FEBRUARY: National Date Festival at Indio, featuring such exotic events as camel races, Arabian Nights Pageant, Arabian horse show, and scads of exhibits. Everyone dresses like Aladdin or Scheherazade and hums Rimsk-Korsakov.

MARCH: National Orange Show at San Bernardino • California International Flower Show at Hollywood Park in Inglewood.

APRIL: The Ramona Pageant at Hemet (usually the last weekend in April and the first weekend in May); the life of Ramona and her ill-starred Indian husband is re-enacted in the Helen Hunt Jackson country • The Easter Sunrise Services.

MAY: Rancheros Visitadores Ride; only those invited may participate, but the cavalcade can be seen at many of its encampments—one of the most romantic of early California observances • Opening of the Hollywood Park Racing Season.

JUNE: Beaumont Cherry Festival.

JULY: Hollywood Bowl Concerts • Laguna Art Festival (if you’ve ever bought a picture, don’t miss this).

AUGUST: Danish Days at Solvang, which is just over the hill from Santa Barbara • Old Spanish Days at Santa Barbara when the moon is full. This year a pageant (budgeted at $70,000) is to be added for the first time. Fiesta days for 1955 are August 10 through 14; there will be the usual parades, the Spanish Fair in De la Guerra Plaza, concerts, parties, and the Fiesta in the Santa Barbara Bowl. Everyone wears appropriate costume—everyone has fun • Huntington Beach has an unique celebration: Twins Day. Prizes are given to the youngest and oldest twins present, the most alike, the most unalike, tallest, shortest, etc.

SEPTEMBER: Los Angeles County Fair at Pomona—stupendous, colossal, gigantic • The Fishermen’s Fiesta at San Pedro when the fishing fleet is blessed. There is a parade of decorated boats, there are two days of nautical contests, feasting, dancing, and romancing.

OCTOBER: Opening of the Palm Springs season with Western Week. The desert season begins around October 15, ends with the Memorial Day weekend • Anaheim’s Halloween festival in which both adults and children mask, enter into various revelries.

NOVEMBER: All-Western Band Review at Long Beach • Western Livestock Show at Union Stockyards (of interest to stockmen and steak eaters) • Los Angeles Motorama during which you can dream about a Jaguar.

DECEMBER: Santa Claus Parade down Hollywood Boulevard nightly (not as elaborate as in the old days, but still colorful).
These soft little true mocs will take you everywhere—from barbecue to beach party! In bright, wonderful colors.

The Luau, 421 N. Rodeo Dr., Beverly Hills, BRadshaw 2-8484. 4 P.M. to 2 A.M. daily. Fine romantic spot. Food and beverages are Island (Cantonese cookery, rum libations) and the place a paradise. Dinner $10 up for two.

The Beachcomber, 1727 N. McCadden Pl. (half block N. Hollywood Blvd., near Highland Ave.), Hllywood 9-3968. Reservations absolutely necessary. Daily, 4 P.M. until midnight. South Seas magic, rain on the roof, exotic food. $12 up for two.

Holiday House, 27400 Pacific Coast Highway, Malibu, GLENwood 7-2521. Closed Mondays. Luncheon served from noon until 4 P.M. Dinner, 5 P.M. until 10 P.M. Reservations wise. Dinner will be $12 up for two.

Moulin Rouge, 6230 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 9-6333. Reservations advised. Decor attractive. Ticket costing $5.70 each entitles patron to dinner, dancing and gala revue.

Mocambo, 8588 Sunset Blvd. (Sunset Strip), BRadshaw 2-3443. One of Los Angeles' great night clubs, serving good food. Reservations essential. Dress in short cocktail gown, men in dark suits. $15 up for two.

Ciro's, 8433 Sunset (on the Strip), Hllywood 2-7211. Tops in atmosphere, entertainment and food. One of the great night clubs. $15 up for two. Reservations essential.

Cocoon Grove, in the Ambassador Hotel, 3400 Wilshire Blvd., DUnkirk 7-7011. World famous niterie. Tuesday is Hawaiian night. Reservations always advisable. $15 up for two.

Gotham, 7050 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 9-1438. Daily 10 A.M. until 2 A.M. Typical delicatessen. The younger film crowd (Calhouns, Madi- sons, etc.) like to drop in late. $3 for two will do it.

Barney's Beanery, 8447 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood 4-9908. Daily 5 P.M. until about 5 A.M. Legend has it that if you sit in Barney's long enough, you'll see all of Hollywood.

The Patio, 3077 Wilshire Blvd. (opposite Bullock's Wilshire), DUnkirk 2-9474. Hamburger is 75¢, ham sandwich $1. Cafe Melange 35¢. Unpretentious, but not to be missed. Open 11 A.M. until 4 P.M. only.

These are the sights you should see in order to consider yourself a successful visitor in Southern California:

- A motion-picture studio
  (Best managed by taking a Tanner Gray Line Tour.)

- A radio or television broadcast
  (Send for tickets to your favorite show; at least two months in advance of your visit.)

- The Huntington Library in San Marino
  (Closed during the month of October. Open every day except Monday.)

- Forest Lawn Memorial Park at Glendale
  (Tanner Gray Line Tour is excellent method of seeing the treasures in that Park.)

- Several of the Missions:
  In, around, and near Los Angeles are the San Gabriel Mission, San Fernando Mission, San Juan Capistrano Mission, Riveside Mission, Ventura Mission, San Barbara Mission.

- The Farmers Market
- Olvera Street
- China Town
- Hollywood Bowl
- The Rose Bowl in Pasadena

Wilshire Boulevard
from its birth at Grand Avenue to its terminus at the sea.

- The Sunset Strip
  from Schwab's to the beginning of the bridle path.

- Grauman's Chinese Theatre
- Pasadena Community Playhouse

- Knott's Berry Farm
- Marine Land
  at Palos Verdes and the glass church at Portuguese Bend.

- Disneyland
- Catalina Island

CHECK CHART
WHERE TO STAY
Listed here are the glamorous, the mantic hotels; the wise traveler will be in one, visit the others, many of which boast fascinating restaurants and shops. Reservations essential.

WELL AND DIVERTING

The Beverly Hilton opening in July, located in Wilshire Blvd.-Santa Monica Blvd. triangle, Beverly Hills—Trader Vic's a hi-lite, plus shops, pool—$15. per couple, up, up.

The Bi-Tower, Figueroa, 7th & Wilshire, Madison 9-4321. $10. for 2; up; modern decor, downtown location. Cafe Rouge and Terrace Room popular.


The Hollywood House, 5547 W. Century Blvd. Ornhard 2-9141, double $10. up. Catty-cornered (NE) from Int. Airport, this is spanking new, paint fresh. Owned by Ginny Sims' "Ex," it is first of chain of airport hotel-restaurants. All rooms have lanai.

Mayland—Hotel planned; may not be ready until fall of 1955.

STANDBYS:

Ambassador, 3400 Wilshire Blvd. DUnkirk 7-7011; $15. double, up. Home of Cocoanut Grove and scene of great events. Pool, tennis courts, pitch & put course, movie theatre, Dalzell Hatfield art gallery, shops.


Hollywood:


The Ackerbokker, 1714 Ivar Avenue, Hollywood 5-3177; $8. double, up. 2 locks from Holly-Pantages, 2 from Brown Derby-Vine.

The Two, 5137 N. Vine St., Hollywood 5-131; $8. double, up. Opp. Holly Brown Derby; block from NBC, 2 from CBS, also near studios.

The Duke, 6724 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 9-2241; $5 double, up. Small hotel on "the boulevard"—convenient lodgings, near everything.


BEVERLY HILLS AREA:


GIFT SHOPPING

Come to Hollywood with empty luggage; take home your trip in tangible form to remember each time you wear a California garment or glance at a home memento. Listed below are shops of particular interest.

Farmers Market, 3rd & Fairfax. World's wares in a city block—everything from Guatemalan hand-loomed skirts to Philippine lace. Antique china beside free form jewelry, Brazilian leather & Mexican silver. Have luncheon, progressive style.

Patsy Brogan, 444 N. Camden Dr. BH. CREsview 5-7126, sells couturiere garments at trifling sums; stock supplied by picture stars who can't be seen in same garment more than two or three times at most; star's receipts all go to charity.

Dear John, 459 N. Canon Dr. BH. See it to believe it: gadgets for your powder room, gifts for your gayest friend with a sense of the absurd.

Artificial Flower Studio, 6781 1/2 S. Vermont Ave. DUnkirk 8-2653; roses smellable in their fake perfection. Lilies, poppies, tropical leaves—desert foliage at sensible prices.

Bullock's Wilshire, 3050 Wilshire Blvd. DUnkirk 2-6161—One of the most beautiful women's specialty shops (men's department, too) in U. S.

Matthews, 9669 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills. BRadshaw 2-6655—Where stars buy sports clothing. Sharp, smart, expensive and worth it.

Patio Shop, 321 N. Beverly Dr., Beverly Hills. CREsview 1-5271—unique lamps, bric-a-brac—visit it for thrills.

There are wonderful ladies' gifts of every description—make sure your wife is present when you shop.
(Continued from page 39)

teaching Mitzi how to cook her steak and be able to eat it, too.

**Ladies In Waiting:** Susan Hayward broke right out in front of everyone on the “Sol-
dier of Fortune” set and planted a big 
bite on Noni, Robert Mitchum. But not for 
a single news hound found out from the 
set. Only one hostess did manage to snare him for a 
Saturday night party. Marlon worked late 
and was the last to arrive. The room 
was filled with aspiring young actors—all try-
ing to look like you-know-who in leather 
jackets and dungarees. The original one 
and only walked in wearing a white shirt, 
black tie and a beautiful charocal gray 
suit!

**Our Town:** Ever since he hit Hollywood 
again, perfectionist Marlon Brando has been 
rehearsing like a demon for his songs and 
dances for “Gone, Arreal.” He went to 
his M-G-M contract because he felt he was 
“Elizabeth Taylor’s husband” on that lot.

**Young At Heart:** Debbie Reynolds was 
newly visiting Eddie Fisher when Lori 
Nelson called her from Hollywood 
and introduced Robert Francis over 
the telephone. Bob was flying East for 
personal appearances and Lori didn’t want 
her brother to get caught up in the 
big city! And reporters flipped when 
Terry Moore leased a cottage for two for 
Jack Sernas. It will be occupied by 
the handsome Frenchman, who returned to 
England to be with his mother, in this 
country… Rusty Tamblyn carries Luana 
Lee’s scripts instead of her school books 
these days. She’s a beautiful studio 
model, guest star who now-owned his 
magnetic clases. Object: eventual stardom.

**Father’s Day:** The day before Charlton 
Heston’s wife gave birth to a 7 pound 
14 ounce baby (the second named him Fraser 
which he won’t say), the anxious Joe Ferrer 
took several runs to St. John’s Hospital 
before Rosemary Clooney presented him 
with a son and he named Miguel Jose. . . But father’s- no novelty to Rob- 
ert Mitchum. He welcomed Kaely, who’s never 
aspired to become a cheeseake 
queen, may sue the parties responsible 
for putting her head on a curavable body. 
Object: “Green Fire” advertising! . . That 
Man, Wilding obtained his release from the 
hospital where he’s been recovering from 
wounding while filming on “The 
Waves” in N. Y. According to his 
account, his wife, Joanne, his 
partner, was the one who first noticed 
the presence of his high-spirited teenage 
daughter Ellen (her mother is Joan 
Blondell) who now makes her home with them. 
That rapport was quite good and 
Lucas had a plan to keep things 
under wraps. . . And Doris Day finally asked for her 
first autographed photograph. She had 
never picked out a worthier subject—Jimmy 
Stewart.

**Cal Salutes:** William Holden whose 
house in Beverly Hills has been 
full of visitors the past month with 
millions to Hollywood. Recently all the 
Holdens appeared on Edward R. Murrow’s “Person to Person” tv show. For 
days fifty men were in and out moving 
their personal furniture, setting up four cameras 
for the telecast on his hold house for sound, 
the visiting guests, and the doctors. After the telecast 
opened up his bar for the men and women who came to 
see the show. Bill told him how painless it all had been, 
because of his great crew. Those head 
actors who gave the town a black eye 
should observe Bill Holden and learn 
a real star operates.

**Optimistic Type:** Looks like Marilyn 
Monroe’s buying a permanent residence 
in Connecticut and with Joe DiMaggio back 
from the war, she’s ready to throw a party 
and draw your own conclusions. Speaking of 
the blond bombshell, remember Cal 
Taylor who she’d formed her own “Marilyn Monroe Creations” and directed her agents at the same time. She sent 
out all the parties concerned with a wire and 
they wished her—A Happy New Year!

**City Sleekers:** When Debbie Reynolds 
visited Eddie Fisher recently, she fell in 
love with New York. “After we’re married,” 
she confesses, “I’d love to live in the East 
when I’m not working.” Bet M-G-M 
will replace her with someone else. 
Tony Curtis blew into the big city 
and met the press, they held quiet conferences 
with important playwrights. The popular 
actor is just panting to face a live au-
thentic experience in real life. Tab 
Huston, who had an odd experience during his 
stayover in New York en route to Europe 
(Iona) My, “Tootsie!” (used for ice skating) out of his back 
or he just hopes he fits.

**Funnies:** In surgery for two hours for 
removal of a kidney stone, Bing Crosby 
came through like a blockbuster and F. Scott 
Fitzgerald was heard to say when 
asked if “Will I live?” “I’ll know when I find out.” His own 
wife, Alva, thought he might be “fat 
and slim” and “I need to find more uranium in Bing’s kidney stone”! 
After waiting a year (on salary) She 
North finally replaced Marilyn Monroe 
(Mr. and Mrs. Nelson) and said, “They’re 
To Be Very, Very, Popular.” Hearing 
news, sizzling Sheree cracked: “If I married now, with my luck, I’d probably 
be pregnant.” . . And some sentiment 
from Ava Gardner, “I’d like to name the one, 
entitled: ‘Barefoot Contessa, Where Are 
your Shoes?’”

**Wee Ones:** Because her baby had to 
have a name in the section and she could 
name the date, Elizabeth Taylor switched 
to the day to February 27th and on her 
forty-twenty-third birthday, Liz gave birth 
to a 5 pound 12 ounce boy, whom the 
Wee Ones have named Christopher Edward.
Each time you wash your face... your skin "dies" a little

There are 1- to 3-hour periods each day, dermatologists say, when your skin cannot defend itself against these dreaded complexion problems:

A shriveled look... cracking...

large pores... coarseness.

The vulnerable periods begin the moment after you have washed your face. When you wash away dirt, you also remove the skin’s natural protectors. Nature takes 1 to 3 hours to restore these vital protectors. During these hours of "un-balance"—your defenseless skin "dies" a little.

After each washing—"re-balance" your skin

From your teens through the "maturing years," your skin is open to this problem of "un-balance" after washing.

A shiny, "skinned" look... a taut feel

Flaky roughness... blotchy color

Don't ignore these small warnings—for in the 1 to 3 hours Nature takes to re-protect skin, much worse problems often begin. Inside moisture evaporates, skin "shrivels." Dry lines deepen. Secretions harden in pore-openings—cause large pores, blackheads.

Should you stop washing your face? "No," skin doctors say, "but always re-balance your skin at once after washing."

Don't leave your skin un-protected an instant! Follow each face washing with a light touch of Pond's Cold Cream. This swift-acting cream "re-balances" your skin in 1 minute—at least 60 times faster than Nature does. It promptly combats dryness. Keeps pore-openings cleared, keeps skin texture fine and smooth.

A vitalizing clearing at bedtime

Besides "re-balancings" after each washing, your skin needs a thorough clearing at night. Pond's Cold Cream dislodges water-resistant dirt from the pores. Keeps your skin radiant. Today begin this complete beauty care with Pond's Cold Cream. Soon, it will be such a satisfying habit, you will want to keep it—and your lovely "new" complexion, always.

Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont

A recent camera study of the charming Mrs. du Pont, on the sweeping lawns of Ridgely, the du Pont country house outside Wilmington. Mrs. du Pont is known for her animated, champagne-toned beauty... her clear, clear complexion. Since her debutante days, she has been a devoted user of Pond's. She finds quick daytime "re-balancings" after washing and a thorough clearing with Pond's Cold Cream each night the simplest, yet most effective skin care. "Nothing clears and smooths my skin like Pond's Cold Cream," Mrs. du Pont says.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>MANUFACTURER</th>
<th>CODE NUMBER</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bullock Hosiery</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Catalina, &quot;Swingswings&quot;</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clifton Handbags</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fornells</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grace Walker Shoes</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. &amp; S. Jewelry</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hamler of California</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hanover Shoes</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hess Kelly Sportswear</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. A. R. M.</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Staff</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stadlerform</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morten Bax</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Taylors Slips</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thayer Bros. &amp; Girdles</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rose Marie Reid</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sarnoff</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sea Fashions</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sea Nymphs</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sport Net (by Helene Curtis)</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

"Where-to-Buy," the Hollywood Holiday fashions shown in this issue. Each manufacturer is identified with a code number as listed below. Use that number to check stores who have fashions in your city.
The Towle Touch

In every piece of Towle Sterling... evidence of the extra care and skill... the conscious pride of true sterling craftsmanship.

A JEWELER CAN TELL A TOWLE FORK AT A GLANCE... and so can you! Just look for such details as these: center tine space set back for added design symmetry... a tiny notch between tines for easier washing... extra hand-polishing on all inside surfaces and tine points for utmost cleanliness.

THERE ARE NO "SHORT CUTS" in the making of a Towle knife. Towle uses only solid metal—never cement or rosin—to seal blade and handle permanently together. You'll hear no strange rattles in a Towle handle—be annoyed by no loose blade—nor can water leak in! This knife is Towle's King Richard.

THE TOWLE TOUCH IN DESIGN

Each Towle pattern is designed “tip-toe”... and not merely from here-to-here...

The distinction achieved by “tip-toe” design can be seen clearly in famous Towle serving pieces like the Towle Craftsman pierced tablespoon and the Silver Flutes pie-server illustrated here.

Yes, The Towle Touch is truly the sterling touch... yet Towle Sterling is priced no higher than regular brands. See Towle patterns soon, at selected stores everywhere.

When in New England... see the Towle craftsmen at work... just 35 miles north of Boston. Towle of Newburyport, Massachusetts.
Ask

You know someone who uses Tampax internal sanitary protection — of course you do!

Ask her about it. Ask her all the questions in the whole, wide world. Ask her everything that’s been puzzling you, keeping you back from using the really modern form of protection.

Ask her if it isn’t as comfortable as everyone says. Ask her if she doesn’t find Tampax easy to insert, change and dispose of. Ask her about absorbency. Ask her if she doesn’t honestly feel freer now that she’s using Tampax. Listen when she tells you what it’s like to get rid of the belt-pin-hair, never, ever, worry again about chafing or irritation.

Tampax is willing to rest its entire case on what other women tell you. If you want to ask your doctor — fine! Just remember: Tampax was invented by a doctor. Millions of women have used billions of Tampax! Why should you have any doubts about it? ... At drug or notion counters in choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Month’s supply goes into purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

(Continued from page 64)

She does not like drive-in movies and drive-in restaurants. She is an incurable ash-tray stealer. Her favorite picture is “Lili.”

She dotes on desserts and does not think that happiness is a matter of money. She smokes about ten cigarettes a day.

She was born in a three-story house that her grandparents had built outside of Paris, at Neuilly; as a child she used to rollerskate on its paved roof.

She hates oysters, clams or any kind of raw sea food.

She is an excellent listener when it is rewarding, but when it is dull she cannot repress her boredom. She is right-handed, five feet three and one half inches tall.

She is very fond of snails: “Mmm, yes, You mean Escargots à la Bourguignonne? Wonderful!”

She is very nostalgic for Paris.

She started studying dancing at the age of ten, and her mother’s pet names for her were either Minnie Mouse or Betty Boop. She is very fond of flowers and likes them everywhere.

She wore dental braces as a child. “I went to the dentist once every single week.”

She is not orderly or systematic. She has no allergy and has never seen a boxing or wrestling match: “But recently I went to a motorcycle race and I was quite overcome by the spectacle. The public watching it seemed to me more professional than the people on the motorcycles. They wore leather jackets, brought large seats to sit on—ladies as well as men—and they looked tougher than the racers. When the races were over, they all got on their own machines and rode away. It was the strangest sight, very different from a ballet or movie audience, though perhaps only because they were all sun-tanned and wind-burned and all seemingly clad in leather.”

She has a better memory for faces than names.

She loves having breakfast in bed: “But I don’t get a chance to any more.”

Her father is a manufacturing chemist and once had a pharmacy in Paris.

Her joy about appearing in 20th Century-Fox’s “Daddy Long Legs” is because at last she dances with Fred Astaire.

She likes hot dogs and would like some day to play St. Joan.

She wishes she could go dancing in night clubs “like other people,” but her strenuous schedule precludes it. She gives little parties and she studied ballet for two years at the National Conservatory of France, where Roland Petit discovered her and immediately placed her in professional ballets.

She dislikes golf. “It is for poops.”

She values most in people their enthusiasm and honesty, and ever since she was a child, she has wished she could ride a horse.

She believes in luck.

Her hobby is painting imaginary portraits.

She has no superstitions.

Her parents now live in the Virgin Islands. Her biggest thrill came on her nineteenth birthday, her first in the United States. Gene Kelly had heard of it on the set and invited her to his home that evening: “When I move in I try for thirty of the most important people in Hollywood, singing happy birthday to me. I could have cried.”

Leslie Caron is sick of playing the perpetual child. “Enough is enough.”

She enjoys Western films now much more than she did as a child: “As a child I was very high-brow. I couldn’t stand all the shooting and riding. Now I love them. She sleeps at least nine hours every night.

She abhors the color green.

She had all the usual childhood illnesses.

She hates wine with dinner and the acto and actresses she admires particularly are Anna Magnani, Marlon Brando, Julie Garland, Gerard Philipe and Laurene Olivier.

Her apartment is furnished with antiques and furniture. Her favorite ballet is “The Sphinx” and whenever she travels she sets up an in-vetere tourist, doing everything that she has ever done.

She was born in Paris on July 1, 1932.

She is bad at business matters.

She loves to bake chocolate mocha cake often goes barefooted in the privacy of her apartment and has a great longing to sail Italy someday. She gets restless when loafing.

Her voice is best described as contralto and when she was a little girl she preferred boys to girls: “I had a rather secluded childhood due to my dancing lessons, but whenever I played it was always with boy rather than girls. I was a tomboy. I didn’t like girls. I followed my brother around and when you saw a gang of boys in the street playing marbles, playing war, roller skating, anything—I was the only girl there.”

She cannot abide electric guitars or electric organs.

She places no credence in fortune-telling or astrology: “... but they amuse me.”

She is a good cook, and her father who was once a famous mayor of Paris.

She wants someday to be fluent in Italian and she has no prejudices about a man after marriage. “It depends on the man that’s wearing it, rather than on what he wears.”

She doesn’t like garlic.

She is crazy about shoes: “I am not afraid shoes, fancy ones.”

She was a good girl, and at sixteen joined the Ballet des Champs Elysees touring all Europe and giving command performances before the King of Egypt at the Queen of England. She has no plans now.

She adores Dior, admires The Soil, By Emile Zola and feels she learns from watching the work of great artists on the screen. She BAMBOOZLES her way into an affair. I saw Marlon Brando in ‘On the Waterfront,’ I was very moved. Also, when I saw Judy Garland in ‘A Star Is Born.’

She is characterized by simplicity as a good cook for beauty. She cooks with instinct and taste, not by measurement.

She dislikes highly spiced food.

She loves to put on a record at home and move to the music. “I rarely watch TV.”

You don’t have to watch your technique, just let yourself go; just dancing to the music is wonderful!”

Her first act in the United States, in tweens, in New York, was to order a double banana split.

She has a small nose and startling blue eyes, and as a little girl she changed ido with every movie she saw! “When I was Vivian Leigh I spent every spare moment trying to make my round mouth look like her little one.”

She is very tender towards close friends, distant with mere acquaintances.

She cannot resist her childhood anemia by eating two and a half pounds of meat daily on doctor’s orders, and her favorite lunch is two man-sized steaks.

She earned her first money at the age of fourteen, acting and dancing in a children’s show, for which she was paid five francs—about fifty cents. She never cash...
at check, saving it as a souvenir, but it is been mislaid and she cannot find it. She is affected by military processions: get a big bump in my throat. It doesn’t alter what nationality it is.” She thinks Holland a beautiful country.

She prefers more formal type clothes for daytime and evening, and laments an inability to see more plays and concerts. She favors French Impressionist artists and hopes someday to collect eir work. A performance has to be honestly moving make her cry. She loves parlor games: “Especially noisy games. It is fun because everyone gets so dignified trying to act out things without making it too easy, giving it away.”

Her favorite colors are blue, pink, orange, yellow and black. She is very fond of cats: “As a matter of fact. I have had many cats even in age. Of mixed breeds always, never pedigree.” She has read a French child’s book called “Que se faîte-t-on” six or seven times: “In once, when a child is naughty, he is reprimanded that he will be given to ‘Que se faîte-t-on’, who looks very ugly but really very nice and kind to children, particularly the unwanted ones. I think this ok would make a lovely picture, but I fold only see the late Len Chaney in the part.” She treasures old Roman coins dated before Christ, which she herself dug up a trip to North Africa. She has a very sentimental attachment for the theatre in ris where she made her bow as a ballina. She was a frequenter of her father’s armory where she “borrowed” all kinds make-up with which she would try for bird effects. Her favorite composers are Bach, Wagner, Stravinsky and Gershwin.

Leslie Caron likes most to stroll on the Champs Elysées, London’s Piccadilly Circus, New York’s Times Square and Fifth Avenue, and Hollywood’s Sunset Strip: “I even drive to the sea at Santa Monica.”

The End

HOLLYWOOD HOLIDAY
PHOTOPLAY TRAVEL FASHIONS

SEE ALL
HOLLYWOOD HOLIDAY
FASHIONS DISPLAYED
AT THESE STORES:

Chicago, Ill. ....... Mondel Brothers
Los Angeles, Calif. .... W. A. Green Co.
New York, N. Y. .... Demeny’s, Inc.
Minneapolis, Minn. .... Wm. H. Black Co.
Baltimore, Md. ....... Charnoff’s
New Orleans, La. ...... Dumas Dress Shop
Los Angeles, Calif. ...... McSorley’s
San Francisco, Calif. ...... Marks
Boston, Mass. ......... Jos. F. Block Co.
New York, N. Y. ......... Saks, Inc.
San Francisco, Calif. ...... Palace
San Francisco, Calif. ...... Saks, Inc.

Running, walking, standing, sitting, your wonderful, comfortable “Perma-lift”* MAGIC OVAL CROTCH PANTIE

CAN’T RIDE UP-EVER

Also enjoy the lasting uplift of a “Perma-lift” Bra. America’s favorite, with the Lift that never lets you down. Bras from $1.50 to $12.50. “Perma-lift” Magic Oval Panties from $5.00 to $10.00. See them at your favorite store today.

*“Perma-lift” is a trade mark of Stein & Company—Chicago—New York—Los Angeles—(U.S. Pat. Off.)
Denise Darcel makes a Wearable, Washable Wonder Coat

To top a wardrobe of smartly versatile clothes for her many demand appearances, glamorous French star Denise Darcel selected this go-everywhere shortcoat with chic flared lines. Completely tubbable, it's made in a luxurious 52" deep-pile Orlon fleece called "Wandalon" that's restocked to its fluffy pastel beauty after each bath, needs no pressing. About $8 a yard, Insuring complete washability, lining is a crisp, light 45" Orlon taffeta dyed to match the fleece. About $1.79 a yard. Both by Hanora Fabrics. To complete her outfit, Denise selected a stolll-slim skirt with back pleat (Advance Pattern No. 6677) made in a new tweddy flocked pastel version of famous Lorette, a happy blend of Orlon and wool that takes mightily to sudding, too.

About $4 a yard. By Milliken. Shortcoat is Advance Pattern No. 6676, sizes 12-20, 50¢. Size 14 requires about 2-1/2 yards each of the fleece and lining fabric.

---

ADVANCE PATTERN CO., INC.  
P.O. Box No. 21, MURRAY HILL STATION  
NEW YORK 16, NEW YORK

Please send me Denise Darcel's shortcoat pattern No. 6676, as seen in Photoplay, in size ________ Enclosed is 50¢ in cash.

Name ___________ Address ___________

City _______ Zone _______ State _______


The Welsh Rare Bit

(Continued from page 67)

The most part, dock workers, railway hands (it's a stone's throw from Waterloo Station) and neighborhood folk, with a smattering of the players from the famous Old Vic, directly across the street.

"Well, friends," he called, "if this is the fashionable London soiree, I'd better set 'em up. One all round, Joe. And then—back to rehearsal."

Small wonder that Burton was amused at the report. It was either that or become very, very angry—and typical of his wry sense of humor, he chose to laugh.

"What chance have I had to attend any soirees, fashionable or otherwise?" he grinned, as he downed his pint of beer.

"Since I arrived back in England last July I've spent every day from 10:30 in the morning until past midnight at the theatre, rehearsing next week's play while appearing in the current one. And, in case you think I'm complaining of overwork, I've loved every minute of it."

The item in question, nevertheless, was only one of many that have served to build up a false picture of Richard Burton, and the time seems ripe to debunk the legend of Burton the debunker. Burton the stingy, Burton the indifferent, Burton the flirt. Rich is the first to admit he has his faults. But he can't quite go along with the gang that he's as bad as some of the stories have pictured him, if for no other reason than the simplicity and honesty of his approach to life.

It probably all goes back to his boyhood in the bleak, treeless valley in South Wales in the tiny mining village of Ponthrydyfen, where he was born. There were thirteen in his family and his name was Richard Jenkins then. His father and six brothers were all miners and Richard readily admits they lived in a slum neighborhood. Work, work, and more work was the order of the day, but when each day's work was over, those Welsh miners who were Burton's grandfather, father and brothers relaxed in the only way they knew—by playing just as hard as they had toiled in the pits. And always with a laugh and a melodious Welsh voice raised in song to forget the rigors of the day.

"When I was a kid," Rich recalls, "whenever I ran into difficulties, and there were plenty of them in the town where we lived, the only answer seemed to be to work harder—and to laugh while we were doing it. Then, too, we're a very knowledgeable family about the Bible and likely to quote reams of it on all possible occasions. The combination of the two can't be beat. The one passage that has probably been the greatest influence in my life is the one from Ecclesiastes that goes:

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest."

"Mother used to throw this at me when I refused to cut the sticks to make the fire. I can't remember when I didn't know it and I carry it always with me encraved on a tag on my key ring. I've always believed the same, when I was eight and eighteen and now at twenty-eight. What do I do, with all my might, and I'm only sorry if my enthusiasm is often misunderstood." As else why the reporter who wrote of Burton's titillating accounts of life in Hollywood.

Rich might have grown up and gone into the mines like his father and brothers if it were not for a wonderful teacher named Philip Burton who taught Rich in high school. Philip Burton got Rich interested in acting, taught him how to speak English without a Welsh accent and helped promote
his scholarship to Oxford. He even paid for his clothes while he was at the University. Today, Rich calls him "my second father" and took his name when he became a professional actor.

Since Rich was only sixteen when he won his scholarship, he could not enter Oxford for a year. During this interim, he answered a newspaper advertisement of Emlyn Williams, famed author of The Corn Is Green, who wanted someone who could speak Welsh and looked twenty-two. Sixteen-year-old Mr. Richard Jenkins went up for a reading before Williams and came out with a role in "The Druid's Rest." The play ran for a year, just long enough to permit Rich to enter Oxford right on schedule.

With the war on, Richard joined the Royal Air Force after his first year at Oxford and was sent to Canada to train as a navigator. At the end of the war, with eight cents in his pocket, he went to New York. While there, he sang Welsh songs for his supper, did his sleeping in the subways and on the post office steps. When he finally returned to London, his luck changed and he found immediate stardom.

Richard Burton's American film career began in 1952 when Daphne DuMaurier herself requested him for the lead in "My Cousin Rachel." Recently he finished his fourth picture for 20th, "Prince of Players." While Rich knew adversity as a youngster, his stage success was not the result of years of discouragement. And just as he was taught to laugh at adversity when he was a youngster, so today, Rich prefers not to be serious when he can be otherwise. His capacity for humor is as great as his capacity for work.

"Sure I've told a few friends some amusing experiences I had in Hollywood," he grins, "but aside from not attending any fashionable soirees, I'm not even sure what "itililate" means."

It wasn't the first time Rich found himself misquoted, thanks to this lack of seriousness. When reporters who met his plane asked the obvious question, "What do you think of Hollywood?" Rich, his face perfectly straight, delivered his reply in the best possible "bop" language. "Hollywood," he deadpanned, "is a real crazy town; the people there are real nervous." As anyone familiar with bop jargon knows, Rich was only being complimentary. Or thought he was, until he picked up next morning's paper. "Richard Burton," columned one of London's leading columnists, "says Hollywood is insane, and that everyone connected with the motion-picture industry is extremely nervous."

Now take those stories you've undoubtedly read about Burton being stingy. About his indifference to clothes, his living with friends to escape hotel bills, his failure to show up regularly at Ciro's and Mocambo. Richard will readily admit that he does count his pennies. He's done it all his life. He knows how much he has coming in each month, and despite what has been printed about his financial "take," his contractual obligations, his income taxes leave him with far less than the fabulous salary reported in the papers. He will also tell you that when he and his wife first arrived in Hollywood they moved into a $750 a month apartment engaged for them by some British friends. Their car was a Cadillac at another $350 per month. Their restaurant bills at all the suggested places ran into a phenomenal figure. Pretty soon the Burtons found, even as you and I, that they were spending far more than they were earning. So they began to cut down. Back went the Cadillac; instead the Burtons began driving a Ford. A modest apartment replaced the glamorous pent-

How confident you feel! There's an air of freshness about you always when you use Fresh Cream Deodorant.

Underarms are dry...and they stay dry.
No worry about stains that spoil clothes.
No offensive odor. Fresh contains the most effective perspiration-checking ingredient now known to science.
You'll love using Fresh, too. It's a pure white cream, with a soft, subtle scent. And Fresh has a fluffy, whipped-cream texture...never sticky or greasy. So kind to your skin, too.

For an air of freshness, use Fresh Cream Deodorant every day—be sure you are lovely to love, always.

"Fresh" girl is always lovely to love
house. A quiet, unpublicized restaurant was found instead of expensive Romanoff's or La Rue. Out of this, the myth that Richard Burton was stingy.

Yet when an English girl, a former technician in one of the British studios, fell ill during her vacation in Hollywood, only one member of the British colony, most of whom knew her, found his way to her bedside: Richard Burton.

Mae he heard his dad saying, "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, it with thy might." Maybe he didn't. At any rate, it was only Richard Burton who went to see her in the hospital, and it was only Richard Burton who said:

"Look, sweetie. I know it’s tough to get money out of England these days. Don’t worry. I’ll find a way. You just concentrate on getting well."

And with that, although he could ill afford it, he quietly slipped an endorsed check into her hand—the amount left blank.

When his business manager broke her in an automobile accident, Richard was completely at her service. And it was more than monetary aid. Realizing the desperation of her situation, he sat day after day in her darkened room, gently holding her hand and softly reciting come-a-long passages from her favorite books.

Those words must have reached into her subconscious mind, yet she recalls it was a laugh at Burton's expense that brought her back to normalcy. Her nurse approached her one morning with a message from a director's wife who was a patient in the next room. "I don't know who your friend is who recites from the Bible," was the message, "but whoever he is, he should certainly try Shakespeare."

Burton is the first to admit that he has had a dreadfully memory for names, and suggests that this may be the reason he has been branded conceited and arrogant. "Maybe it's because I'm concentrating too hard on remembering my parts (I'm playing five, alternately, at the Old Vic), but I simply draw a blank when it comes to recalling names. Do you know, I once forgot my wife's name? I started to introduce her, and for the life of me I couldn't think of it. In desperation, I presented her as Phyllis, and her name is Sybil! Brother, if looks could kill, I wouldn't be telling this now."

"And then there was the afternoon," he continued, "when the doorman at the theatre informed me there was a Mrs. Aherne to see me. 'Mr. Aherne? I said. 'I don't know any Mr. Aherne.' The gentleman is quite insistent, the doorman went on. I was just as insistent that I didn't know who Mr. Aherne was, but I was finally persuaded to go to the stage entrance. There was my greatest buddy from my RAF days. A hearty Irishman I'd merely shared room and plane with for four years!"

You may also have read that Richard Burton does not grant interviews. In a sense that's true. He does not "grant" them. As Burton says, "Grant is a pretty lordly term for a simple Welshman like myself. I'm grateful when a newspaper person wants to interview me. But I guess I must learn to stop saying exactly what I think, for I've found that can get me in nothing but trouble."

Like the woman from the small Middle Western paper who was one of many to interview Burton during the filming of "The Robe."

"She asked all the routine questions," Richard recalls, "including the inevitable one about 'What are you afraid of?' Well, I can honestly say I'm not afraid of anything. Not afraid, at least, to the point where I won't tackle it and at least have the guts to do it but, then, that's exactly what I told her, and added, 'I'm just a little apprehensive of death.' Imagine my surprise when the studio publicity man showed me the clipping a couple of weeks later. There, in bold black type, was the headline: Richard Burton Fears Death."

Burton's driving ambition, sparked, no doubt, by that same Biblical passage, has led to further misquotations. Asked what his aim in life is, Richard replied: "To be the best in my field. I hope to be the finest actor under thirty-five on the stage or screen." So out came the reporter, unused, to such disarming frankness, saying, "Richard Burton says he's the finest actor on the stage or screen."

Burton is quite sure if he ever does have any delusions of grandeur, all he need do is visit his eighty-two-year-old father in Wales. Dad, in fact, has difficulty in remembering which of his seven sons is which, and often gets Richard confused with his brother Will, who went to sea when Rich visited his family before starting his stint at the Old Vic, his father asked where he had been.

"In Hollywood, Dad," was Burton's reply. "There was a long pause. "I knew, was father's only comment, in broad, rolling Welsh, 'you should never have gone off on that sailing ship.'"

The writer who said that Richard Burton was the only man who could play a woman and stand outside the Old Vic some evening in the chilly London dusk. British Shakespearean fans are much the same as American movie fans. They flock to see the one actor with the most part: the sovereign of the Bard who are eager to offer their opinion. Burton accepts their comments very seriously and admits that a "Better than Barrymore, old boy," from which Rich first sighted "Hamlet" gave him more of a lift than any of the glowing reports in next day's paper.

After the opening of "Coriolanus," an indignant elderly fan cornered Burton at the stage door to berate him soundly for failing to take a curtain call. "Just because you've been to 'ollwydd, lad,' is no cause for you to be big-headed," said the fan, "why don't you have a little respect, taking a bow with the rest of 'em? You mayn't have been the star, but you might have given us a smile and a bow."

"It took three pints of beer at The Olive Bar," Burton responded, "to convince my newfound friend that my absence from the final curtain was unavoidable. You see, my last scene called for me to take only a bow. Dad, and I ended up with the violent nose bleed! Surely that's one time I shouldn't have 'done it with my might.'"

Burton personally answers almost every fan letter. Of all, his favorite is almost his one reservation. He refuses to reply to gushing nonsensities of adolescent, hero-worshiping girls who he feels, should not be encouraged. But, if their letters are critical or complaining about his acting, every comment not only is answered but appreciated.

Of all the accusations that have been made against him, Burton confesses that one is the best. "I adore women in general," he explains, with disarming honesty, and I like being in their company. The prettiest girl at a party is the one I want to sit next to or dance with, so in order to make sure, I just watch her."

"I can watch Rich be just as charming to a seven-year-old girl or an eighty-year-old woman as he is to the reigning beauty of London or Hollywood," she smiles. "And as long as he keeps it up, it's all right with me."

"After all, I'm Welsh, too," and was brought up on the same motto: 'Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.' So I guess I can watch Rich be just as charming to a seven-year-old and old with the same intensity that he puts into everything else he tacks—that is, if he continues to keep it that way."

The End
Some Wives Have Secrets

(Continued from page 47)
balanced and running the house well. I'd just as soon Tony wouldn't see me shaming my hair or plucking my eyebrows, just because he does it, but because I don't look especially attractive doing them. When I'm curling my eyelashes (I have very long eyelashes but straight as strings and I like to curl them so they curl rather than lie flat) or plucking the hairs around my ears, I wouldn't around. I don't like him to see me in the in-between stages. But if he sees me without make-up (and he often does) he might think that fact Tony thinks it is appealing at times.

"The way I feel, it's not what you do in the glamour department that should be kept secret from your husband, it's how you do bring that other—" was Tony saying, but I cut him off.

"That's different," Tony adds. "What I think is important is money, and money makes it possible to keep your husband from knowing when you've been doing something wrong with your face, he won't be able to keep his mouth shut about it. What is important is to keep his mouth shut, and that's what I want to do."

Tony looks at me, and then he looks down at the floor.

"But if I don't have many secrets from Tony regarding my make-up tricks, I do have others which are equally feminine, such as the way I get my own way. Every woman has a special way of getting her way, and I can't help liking mine. Me, too! Take the problem of going to parties. In the Curtis household this is a problem on account of I'm a girl who likes to go to parties, but I have no one to go with to any of those parties. He always says he doesn't want to go but, once he gets there he plays ball.

"I'm on to this quirk in Tony and the method I use when there's a party coming up is this:

On the day the invitation arrives: "Darling," I say, casually, 'we're invited to a party this Saturday night.

"Tony: 'You're perfectly right—let's not.'

"Come Saturday p.m. and we're all set: in for a crazy evening at home, me stretched out on the davenport, Tony playing records. Along around 8:30, 'What's the deal?' Tony asks, restless.

"Me: 'Let's call Marge and Gower Champion, ask them over. Oh, shucks, I forget.

"Tony: 'How about Patti and Jerry Lewis?—might drop in on them, huh?'

"Me: 'Good idea—oh, heck, they're going to the party, too. Patti mentioned it on the phone to me yesterday.

"Tony: 'Well, why don't we go?'

"Me: (yawning, stretching, getting slowly to my feet, a life-size portrait of the glad—do bewildering)—'Well, all right dear, if you really want to.'

"We go to the party and, since it was his idea we have a wonderful time. The wife who makes her husband believe that every place they go, everything they have, everything they do is his idea makes of her marriage (this is my secret) a perpetual bed of roses!

"It takes a bit of doing, but take it from me," Janet grinned, "it can be done!

"I don't know whether this belongs in the category of keeping a secret but often, for Tony's own sake, I postpone telling him something I want to say to him, everything he does, I wonder what he would do if I told him what I wanted him to do."

In other words, a wife, the way I see it, should keep secret anything that might annoy or worry her husband—always pro-
any secrets from the readers of Photoplay magazine or any secrets from my husband!

At lunch in The Green Room on the Warner Brothers lot where she'd just finished "Young at Heart," Doris ordered a trencherman's meal of hot soup, rare steak, vegetable, salad, milk, apple pie à la mode, remarking as she did so, "Marty says I'm happiest when I'm at dinner or right after it. But beware the Day, Marty cautions the unwary, 'when she's hungry.'"

After her pans of hunger had been assuaged, Doris answered the question put to her: Should a wife have secrets of any kind, or for any reason, from her husband? "I'm afraid she kinda knows this, mind you," Doris admonished. "I'm not speaking objectively; I'm just speaking for myself and, what's more, about myself. I haven't got a secret of any sort or kind from Marty. I tell him everything. I make not the least attempt to hide from him anything I do, or think, or am. Concerning my own personal affairs, I certainly have no secrets from him—he knows I lighten my hair. He knows very well what I look like without make-up—and he likes me best," Doris said, happily, "in the early morning, hair tousled, no make-up. I don't know that I'd get to the point," she laughed, "of wearing a chin strap in front of him, but if ever I do, he'll get hysterical! Marty and I can laugh at, as well as with, each other, and speaking of secrets, this is the book I've always wanted to write of a happy marriage. Actually I don't know what kind of beauty secrets you can keep from your husband, if you have (and we haven't) separate quarters.

Or what kind of secrets a wife can keep from her husband, if she shares, as I do with Marty, not only living quarters but hearts as well.

"The importance (and the comfort) of sharing everything with Marty began, 'I said,' Doris confided, 'the night before we were married when Marty came around to take me out to dinner and found me appetiteless. All the steak and fish and salad and vegetables were plopped down in front of me. Marty, then eight, had got into a fist with another boy and I was shocked, I managed to pry them apart, went after the stakes with a sledge hammer. When Marty arrived and I, all aquiver, told him what had happened, he just looked at me. 'Well,' I said, 'you're pret-

"'Dear,' you're going to have to learn, said Marty, 'that little boys are not little girls. You may not have had fist fights when you were young, but I had them. My Uncle Abe, you know, always be aghast at the things little boys do. I didn't understand Terry at all—until I married Marty. Nor, for that matter, did I understand myself. I used to be so intense about everything. In a business conference, if I was going to do, or not do, about a certain picture used to tie me up in knots! I've never liked anything unsettled, hanging. The well, we'll know next week, a week after routine practically unhinged me! Now, since I've had Marty to talk things over with, I am completely relaxed. Marty helped me learn patience. 'It is to be, or it is not to be,' he would say. 'What can it be, so what?' Now, negotiations for a picture or a contract can take six months and it doesn't unnerve me. 'I don't think a wife should ever keep anything from her husband. If it's something that embarrass her—from her husband, I never do. And self-revelation was something I had to learn. I've never had very much sympathy for the Marty calls 'communication ability.' I had to learn to open up, to keep my mouth, or I didn't, or I couldn't open up either my mouth or my heart easily. Now I talk over with Marty every single thing, no matter how trivial. No fiction writers put it," Doris laughed, "I bare my soul.'"

"For instance," Doris went on, "I don't play theatres or clubs. I just can't. For a long time it worried me, especially when it worried—you both. I don't run to Tony, nor he to me with the little frets that happen to everyone in the course of the day's work, but I'm always having a nervous problem with me and the next thing you know, it spreads. It's a habit of mine, I'm afraid, to keep my mouth shut to keep myself to myself. I don't, or I couldn't open. I enjoy my life and I'm not a very thrifty person. Of course, I've been in pictures I've got away from live audiences. What I go away from is difficult for me to get back to. Until I married Marty, I brooded over what I felt was sitting there, like an intermediary. Once I shared the secret with Marty, it was no longer a fear. 'If you can't,' Marty said, 'you can't. You've got to know and accept what you can, and cannot do. You have to know yourself.'"

"These were wise-words—and revealing ones. I'm now free of the negative thinking about what I cannot do with the leases, and I'm actually thinking about what I can do—and want to do. I just want to make two pictures a year. I want, of course, to keep on recording. I am in two fields and I feel that both are fields enough! The rest of the time I want to enjoy myself."

"When starting a picture I used to tense up. All during the making of the picture I was so tense, that at one point I didn't turn out the way I wanted it to, I ate my heart out, held private post-mor- tems. Now I never have a nervous moment (except during the hairdressing and makeup, which is early in the morning). I still like perfection and am disappointed if the picture isn't what
If you want to
BANISH BAD BREATH AND
BODY ODOR PROBLEMS FOREVER

—Try "ENNDS®" Tablets containing Darotol—the only deodorant that gets to the
source of both problems internally

Neither a shower nor a "dab-on disguise" can assure you of being always free of possible odor offenses. "ENNDS" Tablets, on the other hand, reach the internal cause—do not just disguise or mask external symptoms.

"ENNDS" contain Darotol—one of the most potent essences of Chlorophyll ever extracted from plant life. The Darotol in "ENNDS" acts internally, where odors start and where deodorant sprays, creams, mouthwashes, etc., can't reach. Result: Odor sprays, creams, mouthwashes are checked before they can embarrass you by coming out on your breath or through your pores.

Safe, pleasant-tasting "ENNDS" do not upset the stomach. Trial size at all Drug counters only 49c.

The larger sizes are even more economical. "ENNDS" are also available in Canada.

---

When you feel nervous and "on-edge" during the day, MILES NERVINE calms you. Helps you feel relaxed. Taken at night, MILES NERVINE lets you sleep; doesn't make you sleep! That's why you feel fresher, more rested next morning. Follow the label, avoid excessive use. MILES NERVINE is sold at all drugstores, effervescent tablets and liquid.

EAT YOURself AGAIN! RELAX!

When you feel nervous and "on-edge" during the day, MILES NERVINE calms you. Helps you feel relaxed. Taken at night, MILES NERVINE lets you sleep; doesn't make you sleep! That's why you feel fresher, more rested next morning. Follow the label, avoid excessive use. MILES NERVINE is sold at all drugstores, effervescent tablets and liquid.

---

The End
FUN FOR YOUR NEEDLE

7191—Colorful rickrack and a few simple crochet stitches make the dress, earrings, and pins of this saucy toaster-cover doll. Pattern pieces, transfers, directions. Use No. 30 cotton, rickrack.

708—It's a 19-inch square—perfect for doily or mat. Star-shaped design set off by spider webs is so beautiful. Square, 19 inches in No. 30 cotton. Join four for bridge cloth; nine for lunch cloth.

7301—Just two main pattern parts to this gay, cool maternity top! Make two—the one with embroidery; other with square-style rickrack. Maternity Misses' sizes 12-20. Tissue pattern; transfer. State size.

753—Prop up your full-skirted fashions with pretty petticoats. They're easy to make from remnants. Pattern pieces. Sizes 20-22; 24-26; 28-30 inches. State size.

7112—Add beauty to your living room with this smart chair-set. Simple to crochet—combines pineapple design, chain loops in an attractive light-dark pattern. Directions for chairback, 11 x 17; arm rest 6 x 11 inches.

Wonderful Mom

(Continued from page 45) that didn't much matter because she was happy to reprimand him.

I think maybe not having Mom, all of the reasons I feel so close by today. There's a lot of talk these days about "mom" and "mommy", but the real reason is these are mothers. I don't think this is fair close to my mother—in fact, there are few important things I believe in or do for that aren't in some way wrapped around her. And I'm proud of it. I wouldn't do it any other way. But so many people think it because you're close to your mother, you're tied to her apron string. Well, if I am, they're pretty long strings. "Cause ever since I was a kid, I've always had free rein. I came and went, where I pleased. It's the same now.

To understand this, you've got to know Mom. My Mom's a regular Mom's an amazing woman—a real woman. She's got to go alone almost all of her life, never had any love, yet she never gave anything but love. She's had the kid courage that's a constant inspiration to any boy—to any man, in fact.

Mother was born in Hamburg, Germany, one of a family of four children. She is one sister, two brothers; one brother is my twin. There was little family spirit; warmth, only a rigid firmness. Because of this, Mom brought my brother Walt up to be very close. As a child, Mom missed the warmth and affection of a family life, she missed the fun of Christmas holidays, the pleasant surprise of a birthday party, even the warmth of a girl night kiss and a tucking in at bedtime because of this, Mom made extra sure of these. Even as a teenager, there was no fun for her. Laws in her house were not to be broken. On her first date, she remembers—and she has reason to arrived home five minutes after the few set by her father. The door was locked. That night Mom had to sleep outside the snow, and the next morning she refused breakfast and was rationed to a few pieces of bread crusts. Sounds like Grimm fairy tale, doesn't it? But it's a fact.

When Mother was sixteen, her father brought her to this country and put her out to work, doing housework and other odd jobs, real tough work.

To get away from it all, Mom was soon after. But it was not a happy marriage. The only brightness, she says, was Walt and me. I was born a year after the brother in New York's Bellevue Home. While there, my father came to visit mother once and threw a five-cent candy bar on the bed. This was the gift that brought her. Mother has always told me it was making it sound funny, about the day was bringing me home from the hospital. All the other mothers were proudly off their babies, all dressed up in a new baby finery, and Mother could cry she felt so sad—all she had to was a little shirt and blanket.

I don't remember much about my first one day, when I was very young, he was being my mother and I tried to stop Mom by grabbing at him, but I couldn't hold back.

Mom doesn't talk much about those years in New York. She just keeps on thing on an upper level, always has—she's beautiful and gallant of her. But told us, laughing, how she used to our diapers in a tub by the light of a tale stuck on the edge of the tub. I can't remember her scrubbing and saying to us, over her shoulder, and water was cheap, don't ever do that.
We didn't ever forget it—even as we grew older. What Mom meant was, "Cleanliness is next to godliness," and she didn't just mean bodily cleanliness, either. By doing out for sports, first horses, later on in life, she tried to make us take care of ourselves while Mom was out of the picture. Knowing that her unfortunate illness wasn't going to last, Mom had us enrolled in the Catholic Church where the types (one of them) die when the time comes; we would take time and thought and prayer to our marriages which, as a Catholic, would have to last. My brother's is still going strong—and happy. Mom is hoping for me. Before I marry I'll take time to think and pray to it.

Fortune took its first turn in our favor when Grandfather Gillen, my mother's brother, who was a Captain in the Matson line, and who softened as the years went by, booked passage to San Francisco for me. He got us an apartment and paid two months' rent in advance. In San Francisco, Mom started training for the nursing and physiotherapy work she's been doing ever since.

Things were still pretty rugged, though. I was a woman alone with two boys to raise. Sometimes there weren't any jobs; sometimes the jobs there were didn't pay enough to make ends meet. Mom had a visual handicap to overcome, too. When she had her tonsils out, they'd accidentally cut the vocal chord so that for years she stuttered badly. She had a grief, too.

San Francisco, Mom married a man named Harry Koster. We were all very happy with him. Harry was killed in the second World War.

Everything that can mow a person down opened up to Mom. But she never lost her courage.

"Things aren't too good now," she used to say, "but they'll be better." That's what she always said. It stayed with me, too. A prop. A challenge. I couldn't ever forget or feel sorry for myself—about anything! No, ma'am. Whenever things looked dark, brown, like the two years I spent in Hollywood before I got my break in "Island of Desire," or when I "Returned to Treasure Island," in which the picture was a dud, I'd say to myself, tongue in cheek but from the heart, "Things aren't too good now, but they'll be better."

"Don't ever regret anything that happens to you," is another of Mom's maxims, everything that happens to you is an experience worth having. If you learn from it, you can only learn from experience."

You sure do. You learn by association in a woman like Mom, too. She's never been bitter. With a woman like this, you don't help learning. They're great things, others.

After we'd been in San Francisco awhile, Mom got a job as a trained nurse and physiotherapist on the Matson Line, making the run between San Francisco and Honolulu. This enabled her, between us, to be with us. She'd be in, then out again. We moved a lot, but we were always in the care of friends or stayed in apartment with Mrs. Nelson, the man Mom hired to look after us. Although we never had, properly speaking, a real home, Mom managed somehow to make us feel at home. She, who had little, gave us a most wonderful childhood.

There were never elaborate parties or anything like that, but we knew...
that everything Mom did for us came from the heart. We always had the warm feelings that come from a love you know can never fall—

it was a priceless gift that money couldn’t have bought. Life with Mom taught me that money can’t buy happiness.

Another thing Mom always kept us immaculate. We always wore short pants; I remember our shirts washed and ironed, our shoes shined, all neat and clean. People who knew me, the person, the sense of human dignity, of which I have, come from one of Mom’s many legacies to me. For although between pictures I may, and usually do, hack around in jeans and T-shirts, they are my own, I owe them to Mom. You can’t buy love.

Mom was equally particular about the things we said and did and the friends we made. Whenever she had money and saw anyone unhappy, we used to give us, a better neighborhood, she always did. She couldn’t send us to the best private schools, but she did the best she could—

and always expected us to do the same, too.

“What you learn,” she said to us, over and over again, “no one can take from you, so study hard.”

When we moved to Los Angeles, Mom got a very good job with the Maison Line, she sent us to St. John’s Military Academy where we boarded for two and a half years, which was wonderful training for a job, and Mom did everything from which she might have denied herself. To be truthful I don’t remember her ever having more than one dress—up to a couple of years ago. For Christ’s sake, last year I gave her a tweed suit from England, a camel’s hair coat, charcoal gray skirt from Switzerland, four cashmere sweaters—white, deep yellow, blue and violet and orange, earrings in a jewel box, all gold, all lined in maroon velvet, with a butterfly pressed on the lid which plays, as you open it, a Schubert serenade. A guy, what a kick I got from giving them.

I’ve also given Mom a car (this was after she took over my old apartment and I moved into my own one). This was my only gift, so I was very happy. This year I made a production out of it! I had it driven around to her street in the dead of night. Next morning, early, I phoned her.

“Look out the window,” I said. “What do you see?”

“I see a light-colored car,” said Mom, “a ’fifty-one or ’fifty-two Chevvy, looks like.”

“T’ll be right over,” I told her. “With the keys.”

Well, she flipped. This was the first car that was ever hers, outright, the first one she didn’t have to worry about payments. Mom’s like a kid when you give her the nice things, she twinkles all over. I tell her she’s like a Cocker puppy; she’s a kick all right!

This getting—a-place-of-my—own deal throws another beam of light on Mom and her way of life. You hear so much about how mothers resent it, get all crushed, when their kids want to have places of their own. Not that girl. When I said to her, couple of years ago, “Gee, Mom, can I get an apartment of my own someday,” all she said was, “I’ll help you find one after work—only thing, get a cheery place!”

First time she came to see my new apartment, she said as she walked in; then, looking around her, “It looks like you.” And as she was leaving, “Just one thing,” she said, “your wool socks—I’ll do them for you. You can pay me if you want, but I don’t send them to the laundry, they’ll come out like boards!”

The fact that Mom’s only worry was my wool socks didn’t surprise me. So many parents worry about their children, but in spite of her single-hearted devotion to us, Mom never has. “Thoughts are things” she always says. “If you hold the thought that your son will meet with an accident or is going with fast women, you make it so.”

There’s a lot of salt and spice as well as the sweetness of self-sacrifice in Mom. She’s never sappy. She packs a punch. I remember her saying to smoke (I was twelve). “I want you,” Mom said, advancing upon me, lighted cigarette in hand, “to take a deep, deep puff.” I hadn’t any choice and knew it. I took the cigarette, I took the puff.

I turned green, red and blue. I’d had it!

She’s the first one to tell you when you’re good and when you’re bad. When I first went into the movies, whatever “Mom said, ‘Just every day thank God and don’t you ever forget it.’

I knew what she meant—that the real credit belonged to Someone bigger than she or me. When I got my big break in “Island of Desire.” “You’re going to go far,” she said, “you can’t help it. I’ve always known it.”

She’d paper the wall with the pictures I bet, if she dared to risk the laughs she’d get. She’s always telling me, “I do wish you’d let me know when articles about you come out in the magazine. I get out of bed running.”

But when I made “Return to Treasure Island,” “Did I ever laugh!” she said, looking me over with an appraising eye, “Boy, were you—” she stopped for a word—“lousy, in that! I was really in the aisles” “‘The Cat’ she liked. “The man who did that must have a great soul.” When she met director Bill Wellman, “the man who did it,” “This man,” Mom said, “has a wonderful heart. Everybody.”

As of this moment, she hasn’t seen “Battle Cry.” When she does, she’s going to flip. I can feel it coming. It will be her picture.

“A very important one is the value of friendship. If you can make five friends in life—”

“she’s always said, and we’ve known that what she means is, that you have to give of yourself to friendship, give a lot, so you can’t spread it out too thin.

The number five does it, too, as far as I’m concerned—my brother, whom I’ve been in business with, Dick Clayton, my manager, Ron and Patti Robertson, childhood friends from the days when we were kids together. Lori Nelson, a real good friend. (Friend? Hey, let’s warm it up a little!) I’m nuts about Lori. To me she’s wonderful, a real dream girl. A Sweetheart. Lori’s the type you could bring home and say, “Mom, this The Girl’”—and Mom would just fl

(How about it, Mom, what say?)

Another thing Mom often says a deeply believes is: “Good things happen to good people”—the woman’s a poet.

Mom goes to bed from other of her daily reminders. “Princip are so important,” she says with such earnestness her eyes are wide blue so called integrity is important.”

Mom talks about these daily reminders of her.

“All mothers,” I tell her, “have the same script writer. It’s the principle that believe in. She says it’s lines they all use. “Well, it’s for your own good”—that’s a line they always u’ve heard Lori’s mother use it on. I’ve heard Mrs. Robertson pull it on Pat. Now, Mama, say, ’Just a little bit of water.

Mom say about these daily reminders of hers.

“I’ll keep kidding her. “Now, why do you get married?” I’ll tease just for the kick of hearing her say, “Now who, my age, who would dare marry me back if she’s got other—’ it, so I always call her “Gorgeous Gert” and she hates that worse! I kid her reversing whatever she says to me. Like when she says, “You know, the truth about the kids. “Don’t you think you’ll get someone who won’t be able to pay the bills?”

You know, she always adds, in a sweet whisper, “alcohol numbs the brain. She’s had maybe one cocktail but, “Do you know, Gert, it’s an art to keep your kids from drinking. I’ve always kidded Mom—she’s a gro—a gro—woman’s kid.

I’ve always been able to talk with him able to lay things right on the table and discuss them. “Homely,” I’ll say to her feel blue today” and after talking to I or something, she’s been up and a woman like this, with whom you c just sit down and tell anything is a only a mother but a friend. This is what I think, too. I think it s not enough parents teach their kids the right things. They give their kids the kind that don’t last, but not enough of the things like daily reminders a a friendship, companionship, the things to do. Maybe this is what the writing means when they let loose those blasts at mothers. I wouldn’t know.

I have, and I sure thank God for it, and the space in Parade is the things that has given, and still give me, are the things that last, the right things. The first—rate things. She knows just instinctively, what is first-rate, that’s it. Never anything (or anyone) cheap or vi gar or second-rate for her. She loves go books, good paintings, sports (has alw loved my skating), good music. She’s cr about Mom and the way she always kept Met broadcasts on Saturdays. Her one ambition is to go to the Met and I news for you, Mom, you’re going to there and pretty soon, too. As a matter of fact she loves Fred M. Murray, mad for Gregory Peck, a Bo fan from way back!

She’s got good taste in clothes, too, vi smart, very plain and simple taste. S always dresses fines, always shoes on the street, never goes without a hat. She’s a lady, a real lady.

A real and a great lady and a good woman and a good mother. I could use a little more of the things that Parade isn’t limits. So I’ll just sign off by saying, “Here’s you, Mom—and thanks for everything!”
Bachelor Daze

(Continued from page 53)

During his eight-foot custom-built bunk, there were his phonograph and records, and a few pieces of bric-a-brac collected during the years, and his new wardrobe unit, but other than the few pieces of lawn furniture, the rooms were still empty.

"But as long as we have a roof of our own over us and music, Tucker," Rock joked earnestly to his dog, "we've no worries." Flipping through the FM set, he tuned in on some music.

Usually, Rock shaved and bathed with the radio blaring. This morning he decided to moderate and went to brew himself some coffee. No need for efficiency his morning: he had lost to the Going Clear late on the 37th. He was due for a rare ten o'clock scheduling. Double-checking his appointment calendar brought good news. He had only one shot today, which meant he'd have the afternoon free for furniture shopping, that is, after the interview set up by a publicity department for lunch. Interviews always gave Rock a momentary spasm; he still feels a little uneasy bringing them.

An hour later, Rock drove his yellow Lincoln convertible to the back lot of Universal-International, snapped off the ignition and radio, paused to jot down a few records he wanted to buy on a note pad on the dashboard. He drove his way to his new dressing room, where fifteen minutes later, there emerged a tall, slender figure, a fleece-lined macintosh, heavy overboots and woodsman's cap, he exuded into the bright, hot California sunshine.

The day was prematurely warm for the ring, but the "All That Heaven Allows" company was scheduled to work in the nude. In camera range, June Wyman, a long-clipped beaver coat, boots minus and hood, was picking her way down a "icy" street. Rock grinned sympathetically at her and presented himself to director Douglas Sirk.

"Be another half an hour before we need you," he was told.

"Good," grinned Rock, stripping off his overclothes. "I'll have a snooze." And feeling lazy in the warm sun, he stretched out on the grass in the grateful shade of a spreading tree.

But no snooze.

Just when he was getting comfortable, electricity came by to remind Rock of his promise to autograph a half-dozen portraits for his nieces and nephews back in Italy. Publicity had sent down the ones at Rock's prodding. He borrowed clip board from the script girl and a pen from a visiting newspaperman -- and signed.

The company's still photographer moved next. He'd have a great shot, he begged Rock would pose running the snow machine. The machine was used to turn the California summer-like grove into a wintry New England by spraying white powder like snow.

Climbing back into his winter garb, Rock sweated in the heat and glare of the white spray as he had his picture taken making snow -- several pictures.

At last, shooting over and over, Rock stripped his shirt and slacks, stretched out in the shade. A front-office luminary drove up and disgorged a party of radio visitors from Australia. An intermediary made it clear Rock they'd just love to have their tuxes taken with U-I's fastest rising, tall, dark and handsome star. Rock posed peacefully. He smiled and shook hands, was autographed. He escaped finally -- just

STOP PAIN INSTANTLY
COMBAT INFECTION
PROMOTE HEALING
WITH STAINLESS
Campho-Phenique

(PRONOUNCED CAM-FOE-FIN-EK)

WHEN USED ON PIMPLES-ACNE
CAMPHO-PHENIQUE HELPS PREVENT THEIR SPREAD AND RE-INFECTION.

It's wonderful, too, for fever blisters, cold sores, gum boils, cuts and scratches, minor burns caused by book matches, hot cooking utensils, hot water or steam. Campho-Phenique relieves itching of insect bites, poison ivy, etc. Just apply Campho-Phenique next time and see how fast this pain-relieving antiseptic goes to work. And it doesn't stain the skin! Get a bottle today.

OLD LEG TROUBLE

Easy to use Viscose Applications may heal many old leg sores due to venous congestion of varicose veins, leg swelling or injuries. Send today for a FREE BOOK "How to Treat Varicose Veins" R. G. VICOSIE COMPANY 140 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago 3, Illinois

Be a Hotel Hostess

LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOL
Sta. AE-116-01, Washington 7, D. C. 39th Year

HIGH SCHOOL COURSE
at Home

Many Finish in 2 Years

Subscriptions Agents Division
MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS
205 E. 42 St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

Amazing Opportunity To Earn Spare-Time Cash!

Rush name and address today for free money-making information:

TALLS! FREE Fashion Folder!

Your shopping problems are over! Now you can have high fashion and perfect fit without alterations. Specials designed for tall 5' 8" and over.

TALL FLAIR, Gen'l Post Office, Box 1005, N. Y. 1, N. Y., Dept. P

FREE Fashion Folder

Name

Address

City

State

P

Do a Tall friend a favor, send us her name and address, too.

117
He also collects, as it turned out, restaurants. We would lunch, he announced, emerging crisp and clean from the shower, at Le Petit Trianon, "a little French place, very authentic. The food is great, and they'll take me like this." This meaning in faded blue jeans, plaid cotton shirt and no tie.

Rock has been digging out little authentic restaurants as a hobby since he came home from his first trip to Europe—and first taste of exotic cooking—a year ago.

Rock's girl friends—or friend, if the rumors are true—who used to pick up the phone to hear him say, "How would you like to run down to the record store with me and pick out a few new records," are more likely today to have him in shape for an invitation to "try a little Italian restaurant I've discovered."

Restaurant collectors will have to take Rock's word on Le Petit Trianon. It was closed. But Scandia, up Sunset Boulevard a few blocks, would have Rock and his guests, and with no remarks, as it turned out, about his informal attire.

There's nothing like ice water, or music or quaint restaurants to steam up Rock Hudson's enthusiasm. It was then made clear—unless it's food.

It was almost three o'clock in the afternoon by then and he was famished. First a heavy split pea soup with Rye Crisp and three pats of butter.

"Butter is fattening, but the Rye Crisp are thinning. You come out even."

Then a cheese souffle with a rash of bacon, hot rolls with three more pats of butter, and—at last—coffee!

Rock felt better.

Lounging back comfortably in the upholstered booth, his long legs stretched comfortably out into the aisle, he looked directly at his inquisitor and asked a question of his own.

"How old are you?"

He got his answer, no ground rules having been established for such an emergency.

"Good," he said. "Now I can relax. It's a little test I always make. I ask lady her age and she says it isn't any of my business, I know I have to be careful. If she tells the truth, then I know she'll level with me all along the line. So what do you want to know?"

"Are you going to marry?"

"It's getting stuffy in here," Rock replied. "Want to see my new house?"

To reach Rock, you drive practically straight up, from Sunset, ma, a half-dozen hairpins turns which, with Rock at the wheel, is an adventure, a there it is, a quaint red house perched on a precipice over the ocean—curiously decorated by a grove of ancient spruce trees.

It's a little house, but expandable. Present, it has only the big living room kitchen and bath, but it has room for a pool in front and a delightfully private redwood terrace off the larger bedroom. There a horde of charming extras. Rock's cooking in a built-in brick barbecue the kitchen.

"I'm going to have a copper stove," Rock declared. "And a fourteen-feet copula."

"Fifteen feet. Hey, is that an awful lot of ice box?"

Rock's mother was there that afternoon, unpacking dishes and proving against the day when the kitchen would be ready. She had pictures of photographs of the stove and ice box Rock had ordered. The "kitchen man" had it left.

Definitely no decorator would work his house. Rock made that clear. I would do his decorating himself.

"A house done by a professional de-

"A house done by a professional de-

But at the moment, Rock leans toward the old world period. True, Early America would come closer to the vintage of his house itself, but Rock thinks, "Ear American has had it. I don't like to copy it."

He was going shopping later that day for a deep-piled, rust-colored carpet, a starting-point for the living room.

And he had an idea for a round dining table. He would expand with circular leaves. Maybe a friend of his, a furnitu craftsman, "could work it out."

"And I'll have to have a desk. Got a drawer of love letters in it."

And "I'd like a baby grand piano," said, almost wistfully, "if I could get financed."

He added immediately knowing he is struggling, "but don't get the idea I'm rich."

The real-estate man had scoffed a few days before when Rock told his asking price for the house was more than Rock could afford. Mr. Hudson obviously had fallen in love with the plan, Why should he haggle?

"If I had your money," the realtor said huffily.

"Huh," snorted Rock, remembering, "probably could buy and sell me."

Still all, for a guy who was driven a month with personality, Rock should have been more than nine pictures ago, he is doing all rig and Rock, rich or not, would be the first to admit it.

It may be a while before he can have the living room, but he can always fall back on his old upright player piano with the five hundred rolls of music to go with it. An evening at Rock's house is always filled with that conversation even when there's no furniture—and as yet no food.

"We're going to make the garage in the pool house—after we get the pool."

"There's the "we" of Tucker," Rock explains, smiling blandly, "me, and the neighborhood cats."

Okay, Rock, have it your way. B. invite us to the wedding.
Ann Blyth's Love Bank

(Continued from page 69)

additional wedding gifts that had come; checked in with the studio and the hospital and called our relatives and friends. Then wrote a few urgent thank-you notes and answered some pressing invitations—finally, at midnight, we tumbled into bed, exhausted.

Ann slept with the concentration of an honest rock when she was sent, suddenly, spinning into uplifted wakefulness by the explosion of the telephone. Dr. Jim, gifted with wonderful coordination and general amiability with having his teeth rattled in a twenty-four-hour basis—answered at once. A patient announced that she was positive the stork was about to catch her. Dr. Jim asked a series of questions, suggested that she return to bed. Everything was all right, he assured her; she was not to worry and if there were any further developments to call him back.

He hung up, burrowed into his pillow and ten seconds later was breathing regularly in the manner of a happily sleeping man with a healthy conscience.

Mrs. Jim lay quivering in her bed, worrying about the expectant mother, about the possibility of Dr. Jim's having to get up and make a mad rush to her bedside, about whether he would make it in time.

To some people, awakening in the middle of the night is filled with a thousand nameless anxieties and horrors. Ann has always been one of those people. She has tried to conquer the trouble, blaming it in some forgotten childhood experience which a sensible adult should outgrow.

At last she talked herself into a state of mind and was floating through the first louds of unconsciousness when—diluting—there went the telephone again. A glance at her new luminous clock indicated that twenty minutes had elapsed since the previous call.

Dr. Jim answered again, again placated his patient, again asked a series of questions. "No," he said in his reassuring voice. "You have plenty of time, yet. Relax, take a glass of warm milk and get some sleep."

Well, this business went on hourly until Dr. Jim left for the hospital to meet his patient at 6 a.m. (Incidentally, at nine that evening, Dr. Jim telephoned Ann to announce the arrival of the patient's first son, nine pounds, nine ounces.)

A single such isolated night would soon seem funny in retrospect, but the life of doctor's wife is made up of many such nights.

"During those first few months I was tired all the time," remembers Ann. "I was sleepy during the day, but at night I couldn't sleep."

Late that summer Ann had to go on location for "Rose Marie." While there, she discovered that, although the mountain lights at Mammoth Lakes were devoid of telephone jingles, she still awakened periodically. The difference was that she was able to convince herself that nothing catastrophic had happened and could return immediately to sleep. Apparently anticipation of the next ringing of the telephone was as much to blame for her restlessness at home as the actual disturbances. When he returned home she talked this problem over with Dr. Jim, who gave her some helpful hints.

He explained that a doctor sleeps in slips, deeply, and probably gets more rest than a sleeper who tosses and turns for eight or nine hours. He added that each night call had to be regarded as unusual and not to be repeated within an hour or two. "Don't let yourself think, now I'm going to have a terrible time getting back to sleep," Remember that...
sleep is deepest during the first hour or two after you've fallen off to sleep, so think, 'Now I'm going to relax into another wonderful hour or two of rest.'

Dr. Jim says: "Nothing is as good as in law, with the other McNulty wives, and she might not have made it her business to keep Dr. Jim's parents informed of the small but

preciously important daily happenings in their son's life.

The chief reason given for the recent bust-up of a widely known Hollywood couple was their inability to relax and live as they pleased, to the distress of their friends; she had nothing in common with his. He found her profession... the problems of their children and the adjustment within a doctor's home. It was made possible because she had the courage to discuss her problem.

Ann established what she called "Our Quiet Hour." During each day, she and Dr. Jim take whatever moments are possible in the midst of their bustling life to shut out the rest of the world. Usually this pause in the day's occupation comes comfortably, however, and because the McNultys even the happenings of the day so that the other knows what victories or vexations have occurred.

Ann says, "In that way I began to know something about his work and he began to know about mine. Nowadays, if anything has gone wrong for either of us, the other knows exactly what. It seems to me that many family difficulties are caused by the idea that we can all live happily ever after, and treat when things get too hectic. Anyone living with such a person might think that he had made some big mistake, and having so said, and found it clear, might become silent and accustatory, too."

The in-law problem gets a mild-to-major airing almost every time a divorce case comes to trial. Ann believes that one of her most important accomplishments can make in their matrimonial future is to come to an understanding about in-law problems before they make appearance.

Luckily, Ann's wonderful aunt and uncle married a month before the McNultys, and they were with them at once. However, feelings can always be hurt—usually over minor circumstances—so Ann felt that advance arrangements would be in order. One way of giving dinner is enjoyed with Ann's people: the next year it's shared with the McNulty's. And Dr. Jim spent Christmas of 1953 with the McNultys, then dropped in to stay for the New Year. Christmas of 1954 was spent with Ann's kinfolk and an evening call was paid on the McNulty clan.

Naturally, Ann is imbued with clan spirit, and she has a wisdom that penetrates more deeply than an emotional bias toward the Irish. She believes that every bride should get to know her husband's people well, and this is especially true of the McNultys, because there are seven living children in her husband were inherited from or taught by his family, Ann refutes to find it remarkable that she has become a McNulty in spirit as well as in name "because the McNultys are well informed people."

Those who know both Ann and the McNultys say that it would have been easy for the McNultys to be jealous of the devotion of the McNultys, and to seek an unspoken but determined barrier between her husband and his relatives.

Another girl might not have become a significant part of the McNulty family as well as in law, with the other McNulty wives, and she might not have made it her business to keep Dr. Jim's parents informed of the small but
He Became a Star

(Continued from page 63)

ahead, I felt that maybe I'd have a chance, during those lovely, frustrating months, to sweat off some of the fat around my waistline and a little more off my big head.

"When I came back to Hollywood, I returned humble and eager. I was anxious to take any part offered me, no matter how small it was, no matter how unimportant. All I hoped for was that I might be able to stick around so I could learn enough to be worth something. I knuckled down to work. For a long time it was all work and no play, but it was worth the effort; it paid off.

Dick's sports paid off well. In "Underwater!" he has his real big bid for stardom, his first big opportunity to show what he can really do. Fantastic as it seems—considering Dick's six feet two of rugged masculinity, and his dark, deep blue eyes, superb speaking voice and strong rugged features—"Underwater!" is Dick's twenty-first picture. Yet so crazy a place is Hollywood that nobody discovered him until he took off his shirt.

It was as the leading loin-clothed gladiator in "Demetrius and the Gladiators" that Dick made this important exposure of his talent and started a new trend in his career, one that accents his physical prowess. As a result, the mail immediately poured in on him and he got his first straight lead in "Wicked Redhead, the Wicked Woman" did no great shakes at the box-office but it wasn't because of Dick. His talents were recognized and he went into "Gog," then into the lead in "Khyber Patrol" with Dawn Addams. When Bob Mitchum decided not to go into "Underwater!" with Jane Russell, Dick was tapped for it. He got the male lead as Jane Russell's husband, which he didn't feel he'd have to take.

At the end of the two first weeks of shooting on "Underwater!" the whisper was already around Hollywood on him, and 20th Century-Fox got him on the dotted line, with plans that are super-Cinema-Scope colossal. Now all the carefully contrived machinery of Hollywood fame is being geared for him, the interviews, the photographs, the publicity trips here and there to meet fans and influence audiences. In this capacity, Dick should have no trouble; he's been influencing people ever since he was born in San Francisco, July 29, 1921.

As a youngster Dick went to Jefferson Grammar School and St. Ignatius Prep in San Francisco. It was while attending Jefferson that he got his first break, the trip to America ("the traveling salesman from America in The Windmills of Holland"). He im
pressed his teacher, Dorothy Bailly, so very much that she encouraged Dick to pursue his newfound interest. In fact, to-day, Dick looks back on Miss Bailly as "the one who launched my career."

Dick's second big role was in an oratorical contest sponsored by the California Crusaders to promote American citizenship. He was second in the nation among contestants. With his distinctive speaking voice and poise, Dick won hands down ("I wasn't impressed, I just thought that the way it would be").

Thinking back on this today, Dick wishes, "If you were only smarter in your teens so you could send yourself a warning signal when things are won too easily. It's a shame you can't see that when things are easy. Instead, you just sort of think that every miraculous thing that happens to you is merely your due."

"I remember thinking that I knew every last word on the subject of citizenship. I wasn't a bit surprised when they announced I was better than fourteen thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine other contestants. The Chief Justice of the State Supreme Court addressed us at the finals and I remember thinking, he's pretty good, too. As a prize, I won a trip to Honolulu and eleven dollars, but I declined the trip to take my mother along. From that moment on, the ham really boiled in me."

At St. Ignatius I started my drama studies, and at the time, in my humble opinion, I was as good as Edwin Booth. By the time I went to the University of San Francisco to continue my drama studies and major in English, I was my own Laurence Olivier. My whole life was bound up with the theatre. And it was not until 1942, when I graduated from college, that I did the first thing in fifteen years that didn't involve the hamming it up in the Army—despite a strong inclination to believe I was heaven's gift to the American drama. After doing a four-year bit, I was discharged.

What Rich never points out is that he went into the Army a private, served in the Philippines and emerged a captain—and a judo expert. This is part of his modesty—an attitude that he has had to learn the hard way. Dick's now modest about everything, like the fact that he has his M.A. in theatre history and dramatic literature, and there aren't too many actors around Hollywood who don't really have a Ph.D. for wall; the fact that he's taught speech at the University of San Francisco and is just as familiarly acquainted with Stendahl and Shakespeare as he is with Steinbeck and Shellabarger. About these things, Rich feels he has too much more to learn to worry about what he's already mastered. Such feelings, he says, are the result of his experiences after the war.

"When I got out of the service, Solly Biano, Warners' talent scout, saw me at Stanford where I was working on my master's and acting, and he pegged me. I thought this was merely very smart of Hollywood. After all, in college I had played Othello, Lennie in 'Of Mice and Men,' Buckingham in 'Richard III,' and many other roles. There was no place for me to go but straight to Hollywood."

"I came down from San Francisco with assurance and no worry about my screen test. When I arrived, Warners was in a layoff, this was back in 'forty-nine, and the test was canceled. But M-G-M was offered the opportunity to test me and they did.

"I gave out for M-G-M with a scene that would have stumped Spencer Tracy. Not that knowing this would have stopped me if anybody had pointed it out. I was Egan. Who was Tracy? The ham really boiled in me.

"Well, the results of the test were so good that M-G-M didn't even bother to say they'd call me. They just said No. Later, with Solly's influence, I got tested at U-I, then at 20th, finally at Warners. There was no doubt about my talent—all three studios said No."

"I'll never in my whole life forget the disappointment, the letdown and bewilderment I felt. The first harsh shock was painful, but I had enough energy to feel that the studios could be wrong. I still had that much confidence. But as the weeks dragged by, I had to face the awful truth—for the first time in my life, it occurred to me that I might not be as good as I thought I was. It's a real blow to take. You've got to get used to considering yourself in one way; it's difficult to think you might have been kidding yourself."

"Everything seemed to come to an end at once and I had nothing to but go back home—which in the long run was the best thing I could have done. I went back and talked to my brother Willis, who is a Jesuit priest. Willis has been a big influence in my life and I've always admired and respected him. If he'd told me to quit acting, I think I would have done it. Instead, he told me to go back and do something I really wanted to do. And he asked me. I came back to Hollywood to try again. I just couldn't accept a No; I had to find out why."

"In time I was able to analyze my problem. In studying drama, one tries always to be aware of the author's concept of the character, to interpret what kind of personality the author intended and from this create your own concept of the character. Every part I played I tried to recreate the character as I believed the author intended. As a result, in all the screen tests, the Egan personality never came through—what was shown was something of a pose. Instead, I just became part of the play's props. I soon began to realize that motion pictures are a completely different medium, and that this medium has to project his own personality and play the role from his own personality."

"I've learned to be much more relaxed in my acting. I've also learned to be much more relaxed in my life. You've got to know your lines to project your personality. And I see that integrity was the integrity of acting and of your own personality."

"Making movies was a great way but I gradually got into other things. They were all quickies and I rarely played anything that held the camera more than a few minutes—but the learning.

"And gradually people were wonderful to me. Crawford helped me tremendously that second picture. A good agent finally agreed to handle me. And three years to the day from the time M-G-M turned me down, they sent me to Europe for 'Devil Makes Three.' The trip was great.

"When the day came that my mother and father could call and say I was an actor, I was within the house, in my own room, with a nice TV set and I was free to keep house for me—the wonderful reveries of taking those checks from them—and when I secured my 20th contract as the result of this picture, 'Underwater World,' he spread his big hands and grinned.

"There's nothing lacking in Dick's won- derful life but a girl. Not too many people know there was a girl very important in Rich's life since he been in Hollywood—but it couldn't work out, he being the devout Catholic he is, an Irish Catholic.

And, technically, you'd never get him to mention it, it makes him uncomfortable to be in the Hollywood "unattached" eligible male position he is, so that he telephone rings and night. He'd like to do his own pursuing.

Besides, with his parents anticipating him every wish for comfort, he has as much domestic life as he likes. And what he's in love with, for the time being anyhow is his career. He never swam in a serious way until he was cast for "Underwater whereupon he took lessons for two hours daily for two months. How he ever made it is still rather out of the question."

"Khyber Patrol' made that necessary, so he rode five hours a day for month, getting ready.

Nevertheless, he gets quite a gleam in his eye when asked about his director—"Khyber Patrol"—Bianco. And as for the girls around him—brother

Bailly, Miss"
Getting in Step for Marriage

(Continued from page 43)

I finally decided to buy a lot and build. All the English-style houses were so big—five and six bedroom and baths. And we couldn’t find any house with nearly enough closet space either.

“I’ve always dreamed of having enough closet space, and I suppose it’s part of my work and I’ve always thought, what a heavenly day when I can have everything in place.”

And Eddie has me got clothes! He needs so many changes for his work. But he isn’t as hipped on closet space as I am. What he dreams of are plenty of bathrooms. He recently bought his mother a house that has four. That’s because when he was a youngster there were seven kids that had to get ready for school and there was only one bathroom. I suppose he’ll get used to the business arrangement I’ve made. But I’ve only been in love a short time and ...”

While Eddie was in New York it seems Debbie saw a house and immediately decided it “was the most.” It was a 14-room English house, next door to where Alan Ladd’s daughter Carol and Dick Anderson were building. Debbie felt it was a real bargain: there were kitchenettes not to sell until Eddie could come out to see it.

When Eddie saw it, all he could say was, “We don’t put romantic things in the house.” Then, rather quickly, he pointed out, too, that the house needed extensive repairs as well as a staff to maintain.

“I realized I’d made a mistake,” Debbie admitted. “But I’d never have found each other in that house, and it taught me that one shouldn’t make snap decisions on important things. We plan to live in the house a long time and we want it right, a place to bring up our children.”

“Earlier, I’d almost made another mistake, too—one that I’m sure I’d have come to regret. Once, when Eddie told me he wanted to buy me an engagement ring, I suddenly got very practical and suggested that he use the money as a down payment on our house instead. Eddie is wiser than I am and he knew there is a place for sentiment and a place for practicality, so he didn’t pay any attention to my thought of a ring. Honestly, when he put it on my finger while I was broiling steaks out of the pool, instead of beaming with happiness, I burst into tears and ran into my bedroom and threw a tantrum. I was bewildered and hurt. Then I explained how happy I was and how glad I was that he didn’t listen to me. I’m real sentimental, and I wish he’d hate to have missed that wonder moment.

“When I thought over those two bad decisions—I was thinking. When you get engaged there are so many new things to straighten out in your mind—things a girl never bothers to consider—like planning a house or buying furniture. Before, I always had to decide whether to buy this scarf or belt or have a strawberry or chocolate malted.

“Am I mature enough for marriage?” I’ve asked myself plenty of times. Sometimes I’m a little scared. When I talked to my mother about this, she smiled and said all girls feel like that when suddenly confronted with marriage.”

Like many girls, face to face with the most important step in adult life, Debbie knows that successful marriage is not something that just happens full-blown to a young person with a romantic impulse. Marriage is a partnership, a creative achievement, out of which you get only what you’ve put into it. It demands effort, sound knowledge and advance planning.

The coming of her first real love has indeed changed Debbie. And it’s not merely that her face shines these days. Love has given her a thoughtful, softer, more pondering quality and made her less likely to laugh and given her greater depth and understanding—an emerging maturity. In a few short months she has leapt the considerable distance from girlhood into womanhood.

Those who knew Debbie in the “pre-Eddie” period can certainly see the change. Formerly a merry madcap, a junior-grade Betty Hutton who made with the world, today Debbie is a more gentle, more serious girl who, if at all possible, lives even less now by the glamour standards of the town. Debbie’s chief value is her sense of values—the ones her mother instilled in her. Most girls who have made good in the movies grow away from their home community, in the two years of use of Debbie; she invited her neighbors in Burbank to the star-studded engagement party given her and Eddie by Eddie Cantor.

When a girl becomes engaged,” Debbie explained, “so far as the family is concerned it’s the whirlwind, full of the fun and excitement of planning a wedding, going to parties and showers. Her time is spent in talking about where to spend the honeymoon and planning the home and her trousseau. Then suddenly you find there’s another kind of trousseau, too—a mental one. And if you hope to be a conscientious wife, it requires taking stock before one marries. If a good marriage were simple—something that just comes naturally, there would be no need for pre-marriage courses and for marital counselors.”

Naturally Debbie knows that all life is, in a sense, a preparation—good or bad—for marriage. She couldn’t wish for any couple to have a better marriage than that of her parents. So, having grown up in the warmth and love of a happy home, Debbie feels she’s predisposed to follow in the same secure pattern. Eddie, on the other hand, is the son of divorced parents (his mother has remarried) and for him there might be a different type of adjustment.

The engagement period is the time for adjusting, for becoming better acquainted, for resolving inevitable differences of opinion on important matters, such as the husband’s right to a comfortable, well-looked home; the question of budgets and money; getting along with in-laws; plans for bringing up children. This is the time for finding out if one is emotionally free from the parents and can be independent of them; for exploring each other’s personality and background; building up interests in common; deciding whether a wife will continue to work or not; also deciding on the length of the engagement period itself.

One of the few times that Debbie and Eddie found themselves with a difference of opinion was on the question of a long or short engagement. Eddie felt, “We know we are in love now; so why wait?
"No, it isn’t money that has a place in Debbie’s mensal troussseau these days. Rather, it’s how to arrange their work schedules together. Eddie and Debbie cross-country commitments kept them flitting from engagement to engagement while Debbie’s career is solidly grounded in Hollywood.

"The marriage and I,” she says, “have seen too many Hollywood marriages reach the divorce courts because of just this problem. So we’re planning to live in Hollywood six months of the year and the rest of the time in Philadelphia. Eddie won’t be a gypsy-like life, but the important thing is that we’re together. Eddie will teleview some of his shows from the Coast while I appear in films. This brings us together to New York. If a film I’m working on should run a few weeks longer and Eddie has to be in New York, we wouldn’t mind that separation. But months of separation, that’s murder for any marriage.

"I know it’s the thing for engaged actresses to toss off, ’ll give up my career in a flash if it meant being separated from my man.’ Personally I don’t think that’s necessary, and I don’t intend to give up my work—not that I think I’m God’s gift to acting. It’s just that ever since I was sixteen I’ve worked hard to get where I am, and I wouldn’t be in it. Just the same I feel that it is the husband’s career that’s most important in any family. And that if conception is a problem, it’s up to a wife to make them. The trick, though, is to work things out so that both have to make adjustments but neither one has to make a sacrifice.

"We’re planning to be both in a demanding and complicated profession that requires lots of understanding on both sides. I thought I was in a time-consuming business with a fourteen-hour day, but Eddie’s is worse. He has rehearsals, recordings and performances for his tv weekly show; music arrangers and conductors, manager, agent, business and legal advisers to confer with. In addition, he may be asked to travel to publicize his songs with disc jockeys, personal appearances, benefits and press interviews. He has a secretary to help him with fan mail and correspondence. The two going together is like two jockeys, Eddie tends to overwork himself; I want to help him all I can, to see to his comfort and health. With a full-time career of my own I know that I must plan on the possibility that we may have to have charge of housekeeping and cooking.

"About the cooking, according to Mother, it’s probably just as well. When I point out that we haven’t got too much band left from the Girl Scouts for cooking she says they must have been looking the other way when they gave them to me. Anyway, I plan to watch Mother’s way when I’m at home. He has reheasals, recordings and performances for his tv weekly show; music arrangers and conductors, manager, agent, business and legal advisers to confer with. In addition, he may be asked to travel to publicize his songs with disc jockeys, personal appearances, benefits and press interviews. He has a secretary to help him with fan mail and correspondence. The two going together is like two jockeys, Eddie tends to overwork himself; I want to help him all I can, to see to his comfort and health. With a full-time career of my own I know that I must plan on the possibility that we may have to have charge of housekeeping and cooking.

="The problem, according to Mother, is probably just as well. When I point out that we haven’t got too much band left from the Girl Scouts for cooking she says they must have been looking the other way when they gave them to me. Anyway, I plan to watch Mother’s way when I’m at home. He has rehearsals, recordings and performances for his tv weekly show; music arrangers and conductors, manager, agent, business and legal advisers to confer with. In addition, he may be asked to travel to publicize his songs with disc jockeys, personal appearances, benefits and press interviews. He has a secretary to help him with fan mail and correspondence. The two going together is like two jockeys, Eddie tends to overwork himself; I want to help him all I can, to see to his comfort and health. With a full-time career of my own I know that I must plan on the possibility that we may have to have charge of housekeeping and cooking.

"About the cooking, according to Mother, it’s probably just as well. When I point out that we haven’t got too much band left from the Girl Scouts for cooking she says they must have been looking the other way when they gave them to me. Anyway, I plan to watch Mother’s way when I’m at home. He has rehearsals, recordings and performances for his tv weekly show; music arrangers and conductors, manager, agent, business and legal advisers to confer with. In addition, he may be asked to travel to publicize his songs with disc jockeys, personal appearances, benefits and press interviews. He has a secretary to help him with fan mail and correspondence. The two going together is like two jockeys, Eddie tends to overwork himself; I want to help him all I can, to see to his comfort and health. With a full-time career of my own I know that I must plan on the possibility that we may have to have charge of housekeeping and cooking.

"About the cooking, according to Mother, it’s probably just as well. When I point out that we haven’t got too much band left from the Girl Scouts for cooking she says they must have been looking the other way when they gave them to me. Anyway, I plan to watch Mother’s way when I’m at home. He has rehearsals, recordings and performances for his tv weekly show; music arrangers and conductors, manager, agent, business and legal advisers to confer with. In addition, he may be asked to travel to publicize his songs with disc jockeys, personal appearances, benefits and press interviews. He has a secretary to help him with fan mail and correspondence. The two going together is like two jockeys, Eddie tends to overwork himself; I want to help him all I can, to see to his comfort and health. With a full-time career of my own I know that I must plan on the possibility that we may have to have charge of housekeeping and cooking.
for me. Four long years went by—not all filled with fun either—and now that Pier's married she wonders why she missed all the happiness that could have been hers with Vic. Maybe Pier made an error in judgment—then again, maybe she had always been growing up to do before she could appreciate her present contentment and happiness.

Jeff Chandler's six feet four, weighs 210 pounds and wears a shoe sized at 12—an impressive hulk of strength. Yet Jeff has the heart of a poet, the sensitivity of a composer and the gentleness of a surgeon, taking pride when you consider his hulk and the rough-and-tough neighborhood he grew up in. But Jeff never was a toughie. In fact, he remembers (smiling now) how when he was a youngsters there lived across the street from him five young men—all brothers and all from the "we're tough" school. Each day, as he came home from school, Jeff would cross the street when he approached their house. Then an afternoon after having made friends with his opponents, Jeff discovered they weren't so tough; in fact, the way they told it, for months they'd been crossing the street to avoid "tough-looking" Jeff.

How many times have you avoided the girl who moved in next door because she was so snooty? That is, until you got to know her and she became your best friend. Sometimes, if you're in doubt, it's best to give the other guy or gal the break.

Have you an affinity for losing your housekey, letting the bathtub overflow, or burning the porch light all night? If it helps at all, so does Rock Hudson. Recently, having a special invitation for the weekend, Rock got up early, turned on the favorite Chopin LP and went into the bath and shave. He then packed his small bag, ate a hearty breakfast and checked all the windows in the house to make sure they were locked, double-gassed and made tight before leaving. Two days later, after a weekend of relaxation, he returned home to find an eerie music-filled house. It didn't belong to the house that was forgotten to turn off the record-player. What was left scratching, not even Chopin could have recognized.

How many miserable times have you looked in the mirror, wrinkled your brow in disgust and turned away, moaning, "Oh, if I could only look like Liz Taylor." Yet Liz, who has been looking at that same face for 23 years, until recently paid little attention to it. One thing that can be said about Liz, she's never been impressed with her own beauty, hardly seems aware of the adoration it provokes. She rarely carries on or allows her companions to come and go until she has a chance just as soon make-up once at eight before going out for an evening and forget about her face for the rest of the night. But her young Michael Wilding arrived, Liz discovered sensitively, that she'd been taking her good looks for granted. For even Liz recognized something had happened to the reflection in the mirror. Her hair looked healthy, her skin was smoother, her make-up was fewer, eyes were a bit more lively, daintier and more subdued—sensitivity of a serving of zonite's powerful tonic. The mirror's fairy Godmother, Liz, had been growing up to do before she could appreciate her present contentment and happiness.

And if you're really discouraged about the way you look, Audrey Hepburn has a lesson for all of us. Audrey for years had

NURSES suggest DOUCHING with ZONITE for feminine hygiene

Brides-to-Be and Married Women Should Know These Intimate Facts

Every well-informed woman who values her health, physical charm and married happiness, knows how necessary a cleansing, deodorizing douche is for intimate feminine cleanliness and after monthly periods. Douching has become such an essential practice in the modern way of life, another survey showed that of the married women asked—83.3% douche after monthly periods and 86.5% at other times.

It's a great assurance for women to know that ZONITE is so highly thought of among these nurses. Scientific tests proved no other type liquid anti-septic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is so powerfully effective yet so safe to body tissues.

ZONITE's Many Advantages

ZONITE is a powerful anti-septic-germicide and is positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. You can use it as often as needed without the slightest risk of injury. A ZONITE douche immediately washes away germs and waste deposits. It effectively deodorizes and leaves you with a wonderful sense of well-being and confidence—so refreshed and dainty. Inexpensive—ZONITE costs only a few pennies per douche. Use as directed.

ZONITE—the Ideal 'ALL-PURPOSE' Antiseptic-Germicide

SURVEY SHOWS ANSWERS FROM 9 of 10

ANSWERS FROM 9 of 10

FROM ANNUAL QUESTIONNAIRE

18-20 million

6 per household

125
been mirror-shy. Every time she saw those busy eyebrows and over-sized eyes and wide mouth and un-Hollywood teeth, she’d flood herself with a feeling of inferiority and bemoan the very things that were to bring her renown and stage stardom, the qualities that were to be copied by adoring teenagers the world over. Lucky for Audrey, she was too honest to have Hollywood change them when it offered.

But May Wynn wasn’t so lucky, for lovely May was determined to do something about her delicate, well-balanced looks. She wanted ‘character’, so after landing a job at the Copa night club, the boss cut off her long black hair into something termed a crew cut. What was left, she dyed a bright carrot red. Can you imagine her dismay, when, on opening night, the boss came ‘round looking for that lovely girl with the long black hair? May almost fell through the floor as he berated her new look and threatened to fire her. “You were hired because of your natural beauty and what do you do? You go and make yourself look like every other dame walking up and down Broadway.” Lucky for May, and her fans, she learned early in her career to be her own pretty self.

Guy Madison had to go through a lot of heartbreak and disillusionment before he discovered that you can’t fool everybody all of the time—especially yourself. When Guy first arrived on the Hollywood scene, he was a reserved, honest, outspoken young man. Then with his staggering hit in “Since You Went Away,” his overwhelming publicity and following, his new business and social demands, Guy found himself too busy to think and plan, too grateful to refuse. He dressed up formally, attended social functions no matter how tired or how much he disliked them. He played roles that he felt “were not right for me” because he had to repay the people who helped him. When the telephone stopped ringing and the parties failed to come in, Guy Madison had lots of time to think, and he realized that to succeed at anything you had to be yourself. You couldn’t conform, remodel yourself to other people’s liking because if you did you ended up never quite knowing what you were, what right and what was wrong for you. Guy made up his mind to be Guy Madison, to do roles that he could hold in, to live his own life the way he felt was right. It was the right decision—this year photo play readers voted Guy Madison the most promising star of 1955; he found himself a loving wife because he was preparing a family future. What does it prove? Simply this, it’s your life; seriously consider how you want to live it, then forget about the Joneses, the professional advice-givers, the temporary social climbers.

Did you ever feel yourself stiffening up when you had to enter a room full of strange people? Or, if a sudden you seem all hands and your tongue’s tied so tightly that even saying “Pleased to meetcha” becomes an overwhelming challenge. It’s much simpler, let it go. But not in the case of Mickey and Kim Novak. Janet learned to be a charming listener; Van started wearing red socks so he’d have something to chat about and Kim, before she pried loose her tongue, had to remodel her form and change her name.

Born Marilyn Novak in Detroit, Kim later added a middle name “Ann” at confirmation, but her initials then added up to MAN. Although Kim was aware of men at an early age, men seemed unaware of Kim at a much later age, which did nothing to add to this girl’s social talents. Kim, who was still Marilyn, fumbled through school and graduated with top honors as the girl with the biggest inferiority complex. Modeling and learning to dress well helped Kim stouter; getting into the movies did even more. She had her name changed from Marilyn to Kim, her hair shortened and curled and her humiliating husky voice developed into a soprano “whiff.” After nineteen years of mistaking her talents, Kim’s finally discovered how to make the best of what she has—a lesson for all of us. Her remake, Mickey Rooney once lived so high that when he visited New York, he didn’t rent a mere hotel suite, he rented two entire floors. And the Mick didn’t hire one car to drive around, he hired five Cadillacs. He didn’t marry one girl, but three of them, at different times of course. He spent money as though it were going out of style. Then for him it did.

Two years ago, at the age of thirty-two, Mickey was considered through, washed up. He didn’t have a studio contract, he had a hard time getting jobs in “B” pictures, he was out of money and he didn’t even have a wife.

That’s all changed today. Now Mickey’s starring in good movies like “The Bridges at Toko-Ri,” he has his own television series—“Mickey Rooney in Studio One”—in fact, he’s doing so much and so well he’s had to incorporate and is now “Mickey Rooney Enterprises.”

Rooney’s mistakes are in the past, he hopes, but without them he couldn’t have attained his present stature. “I guess I’m calmer, more tolerant, wiser than I used to be. I hope so,” he told me at lunch time today. “And I’m not sorry for the thing I did. Brother, what I learned from that would fill a library. And the best of those early mistakes taught me to be patient.’”

Mickey, married for the fourth time, sincerely believes this marriage is keeps. His wife Elaine somewhat resists being dubbed number #1, unlike Ava, Elaine has a head for business. She has taken his finances in hand, paid off all of his debts, makes sure he sees his money and sees that he keeps up with old friends and new too of matrimonial predecessors. “She’s good me,” Mick says, “real good.”

Marilyn Monroe’s make her mistress, too, to her marriage she’d remarried or her fight with her studio, 20th Century Fox. Marilyn has strong ideas on what to do on the screen. She said recently, “I want to play roles with a heart, that are honest, not the flamboyant, showy, cliche’ woman on the screen. My fan can scare me. I get a lot of hit from men, they’re as nice as can be. But women are the ones he hates me; I’m sure because of the roles I’ve played. Women didn’t hate Jean Harlow and she was pretty sensational with the men. I want to do the kind of things Jean did.”

Mick is ever so grateful to tell all this to Mr. Zanuck, her boss? He’s always will listen, and what’s more, he’s always want to please Marilyn. Let’s hope not to late for them to get together again.

Mick and Kim were married, he cut herself loose from Joe and for nearly everybody else in Hollywood, who wrote all those with whom she had been associated—her lawyer, her agents, etc. They have been married for years made an, told me, “You just don’t fire lawyers better.” Maybe Marilyn is sorry now. (thing’s certain, the Monroe seems to thinking the wrong thing was one friend she should have let go.

It’s happened to the best of us. We doing our job, doing it pretty well, we’re always ready to please; we’re work hard for advancement; we’re work and able for more important work; what happens? Nobody seems to notice—or our efforts. That night in the din- table, we give forth on our frustrating endings, we tell them what to with that job."

John Derek and Terry Moore felt the way, too—once. John was a hit in “Knight Moves” and Terry was gold in “Anastasia.” Then what happened? Within two years, not another good picture. He fumed and Pati listened patiently about, “I could do better on my own.” Finally, she said, I had wanted freedom from his studio, go ahead and ask. John did; he got it; and the next few years were mighty lean ones. Was it the right thing? Maybe. John’s is rated high on the Hollywood talent market today and he’s learned patience and to accept responsibility.

Terry Moore’s been away from screen for almost a year now, and her have been screaming for a glimpse of ever since “King of the Khyber Rifles” the young Miss Moore kept turning down roles that might help her career until “Daddy Long Legs.” In meantime, has staying away from the f. helped Terry’s career? Sometimes, better to keep working and learning you. Terry Moore knows though? Many a mistake has been turned into a blessing by a smart-minded woman. So if you’re presently living in a house over a boner you’ve pulled, come on; there’s always hope, besides you’ve got good company!
Look Who's Smiling!

(Continued from page 49)
granger later did get to see it. But that is over 200 miles in the point is that three years two years, maybe even one year ago, Granger would have done what he did.

His failing would not have been due to the loss of necessary faculties—selfishness, nor even thoughtlessness. But the whole gesture, which once would have struck him as a somewhat gaudy one, would have been represented to him an ingratitude on his part he had termed "in-}

"Everybody loves you," Granger said one day testily to his long-time friend Deborah Taylor, as Jerry Bartlett, the lawyer who had to be asked for?" Miss Kerr, who also has acknowledged a queasy sensation in Granger's presence that he is planning to cuff irily on the backside, replied that she thought it was pleasant than vice versa. But Granger, huddling within a protective shell of fierce independence, would have little truck in those days with such sentiments. "Why, it wasn't a protective shell. Maybe, as some of his friends remonstrously testify, Granger wanted no putation that he was "bucking for a rift badge."

Whatever the case, he got back what he soured. And Granger was not widely liked. He was, some quarters, rather intensely disad. And in all quarters, he was insensitively respected. The greatest hostility he felt, the more belligerent he became.

Indeed the only sensation—if sensation can be called—that Granger did not cause was indifference. There were people who liked him who didn't like him, and people who didn't know him. Yet the respect he inevitably exacted was well-earned. On the Metro lot one day, Granger encountered a bit player who obviously was not enjoying a flush period. In two shook hands briefly, in fact, only, and when the bit player went to his pay, he was palming a twenty dollar bill, little something Granger had left there without a change of expression.

"Now, why," asked a friend of Granger, "had caught the transaction, "did you do that? The guy's never done a thing for you put you on the pan. Who's bucking for a merit badge now?"

"I know, old man," said Granger. "But where's freedom of opinion, isn't there? Furthermore, his opinion, it might make him any less hungry? And besides, he added thoughtfully, "he may be a lot of there."

Thus it may be fair to ask at this point, was the change in Granger? Why this

improves acne... OFTEN IN

24 hours!

ON the job—or on a date—don't let unsightly acne rob your confidence, now that TRICIN can rescue you! Hateful eruptions can be concealed instantly—can be improved, often in 24 hours! TRICIN relieves over-active oil glands and thickening pores. It discourages bacterial growth, thus preventing further infection. Get TRICIN right away! It's 3 ways better! A $1.29 tube can save a lot of heartbeat!

Also use TRICIN Blue Foam first, the mildest cleansing foam designed for cleansing sensitive skins. 89¢ Both products available at druggists.

*Editor's Note: This text was originally printed in a magazine and contains advertising content. The content is not relevant to the main narrative and has been omitted for the sake of clarity.

© 1955, Zotez Pharmaceutical Co., Inc.
count of an old rib accident. A water buffalo had cracked two of them. Then again, there had been the incident of the night before. After the Bogarts had left.

Tell him about the tree, a bystander ad infinitum.

“What tree?”

“You know. Last night.”

“Oh, that tree. You tell him, old man. I’m not going to bother the reading public any more than I have to.”

The tree, duly corroborated by Granger, went like this. Granger had bought a tree, a birch. Paid seven hundred dollars, including the replanting of life, but it had stuck in the ground. Two days later in the witching hours of the night, the winds had come—with near-hurricane velocity. A peculiar sound awke Mrs. Granger. It was the tree being un-transplanted. Rapidly, too. She shouted for Mr. G. And while she called for help, Mr. Granger stood locked in mortal combat with the tree. For hours, Mr. Granger was going with it—a fall of possibly 3000 feet. When help got there, the combatants were right on the lip of nothing. But the tree was still present and accounted for.

"You mean to say," said Mrs. Granger, too, in excultivating. Now if it had been a mountain lion..."

In trying to explain to Granger, who is this. He wanted to act—unitably. He was amenable to being an actor, but never did he court celebrity. If in the very beginning he enjoyed fame he has lost it since, we believe."

"The happiness I've got," he has said, "has been from the work, from the feeling of rightness. I've sometimes got from it. I can get this feeling in a screening room with only two other people in it, in a day's shooting. But when it's time for the premiere and the crowds and the lights—then it's all behind me and my real plane is home. Do you want to know that? There must be a dreadful malnutrition of the spirit to have to take nourishment from celebrity. All that, you know—it's not an ambition, it's a dream. I've been known in music in the work, in doing as well as you can the thing you happen to know how to do. The nourishment comes from within, or it doesn't come. That's not my place, and I'll tell you that, you don't know peace. Forgive me if I sound pompous, but it's true."

Granger is in truth a zealous perfectionist. Making "King Solomon's Mines" in Africa, he declined to speak a Nairobi dialect because the location was two-hundred miles north of Nairobi. He'd been bitten, he says, by a ruddy cleaver in firing an elephant gun. "Those things kick your shoulder off. Now it's going to buck any harder than a squirrel rifle and I'm going to go about it like a ruddy person and believe in putting punch-es in screen fights, and once continued firing a gun that was back-flaming painfully into his face. "It might really have done it, you know. The scene had guts to it."

All this combines into an admirable craftsman's quality, but they don't make Grangers. The horse-crazy one works with on a screen in Hollywood."

On the other hand, Granger's facade away from work has thawed immeasurably, and his scope of social activity with proportionately in the last twelve months. That is why his friends are so sure that the inner peace and confidence he finally found have been therapeutic measures otherwise.

Granger still has the remnants of what he describes as a "flabby temper," but now in the very well informed. Granger takes time to time, not with the old virulescence—and with a considered understanding of the rights of others, not to mention their feelings, and still erupts violently over rumors of to the contempt for talebearers dilutes the r and diverts it to a healthier channel.

His pride in his own theatricals, the other actor, is undeniable, because you ought to one in a sixteenth. As for singing, that's a power and resonance to the Granger voice, but not to another.

Granger did pretty well on the British stage before being tapped for pictures, even better with the Black Watch Regiment in World War II before an ulcer him out of business. After an honest real hot in films, was dragooned to Hollywood by no great fort on the part of the local dragon became top boxoffice, incurred enmity and made friends—all in something. Now, Granger feels that "new" Stewart Granger, whatever he may be in the language of psychology is the real one and the here to stay. He Mr. Granger, who seems to be in conclusion that he, like everyone one has had to make do with the face that is that and while strikingly some, it is not the sort of face which exotically. His is the kind that grows on you. The lower lip is full and drooping, the nose almost aggra- vatingly Barrymore. As the will give you a peep of old world hauter, will, don't stick Granger with it. "Give back my eye-pouches and my wrinkles!" screamed once at the Metro art gallery after the the retouched some of his."

"It's pictures, the red bars for the Art. That's a ham talking! It assuredly is."

And in sum, the 1954 model Stewart Granger will look like the old Granger, it's what's behind the facade he is watching.

This Year's Best Screen Stories

Get your copy of the June issue of PHOTOPLAY and read: Pier Angeli's first magazine story. What Brando's teachers and fans have to say about Marlon. Joan Powell—"The little girl no longer lost"

ON THE STANDS MAY
It Should Happen to a Lemmon!

(Continued from page 89)

He fact that in one brief year of moviemaking he's won the reputation of a great comic is something that few people have in mind, but it is true. I was there when it happened. It was a surprise to him, too, but he handled it with the same aplomb as always.

He's become a star in Hollywood, but he's still the same old Jack. He's still the same old Jack that I've known for years. He's still the same old Jack that I've known for years. He's still the same old Jack that I've known for years.

He's still the same old Jack that I've known for years. He's still the same old Jack that I've known for years. He's still the same old Jack that I've known for years.

He's still the same old Jack that I've known for years. He's still the same old Jack that I've known for years. He's still the same old Jack that I've known for years.

He's still the same old Jack that I've known for years. He's still the same old Jack that I've known for years. He's still the same old Jack that I've known for years.

He's still the same old Jack that I've known for years. He's still the same old Jack that I've known for years. He's still the same old Jack that I've known for years.
me for two years, so finally I married her,” is Jack’s reverse way of describing his courtship of his adored Cyn. Cynthia was a successful radio actress and coach Jack on microphone techni- que. Soon Jack was working regularly in soap operas. Quite by chance, Jack and Cynthia were cast opposite each other in one of these and worked together for twenty weeks. They were married in Peoria on May 7, 1930. For seven months shortly after that, they did “The Couple Next Door” on ABC-TV.

The ambitious young couple next incorporated legally as Jacyn Productions and sold their own packaged TV show “Heaven for Betsy” to Lever Brothers on CBS. They still own the property.

“But actors shouldn’t try to handle finances which you have to do on a package deal. It’s too much of a headache. I’ll never try it again,” vows Jack who produced as well as starred in the series. Jack and Cynthia were on a fishing trip in the wilderness a hundred miles north of Montreal when they were summoned back to New York because their show was sold by their agent.

Jack and Cynthia still love fishing, and store a little of a lake when a voice from shore called ‘Jacques LeMonde.’ It seemed fantastic, being placed that way. At the lodge we managed to understand, with our smattering of French, that I was to go to La Berriére, Quebec, to the nearest phone—ten miles—and call New York. The operator there spoke only French and she didn’t seem to understand my French at all. It was the most fantastic relay you ever heard until I reached the William Morris office in New York. Then our agent merely said, ‘Come Home!’

Jack and Cynthia still love fishing, someday hope to buy a shanty in the High Sierras as a base of piscatorial operations. Today they live in a white colonial house in Brentwood, which Cynthia has decorated with charming warmth and taste. There is a happy blend of contemporary and traditional, with fine antiques and gleaming silver. Jack has a baby grand piano. The dining room is especially attractive, with French mural wallpaper depicting scenes in Paris. In place of a large dining table there are three small glass-topped tables, giving the effect of a sidewalk cafe markets for doughnuts Europe. Did you know doughnuts a going big there now?"

Obviously Jack has inherited his father’s keen eye for style, a dedication to the work of his choice. Jack, you can bet yet best spring bonnet that John Uhler Lemen III will always find romance in his work of getting laughs.

The End
Shelley's mother was a beautiful, talented woman, deeply sensitive, emotional and assessing a heavenly operatic voice. She was bred and balm to the boisterous yet artistic family of which Shelley was the victim. As Shelley, She indulged her completely. If Mother had not been a fruited actress, would Shelley's iron will and inner resolve into her channels? Did the complete lack of seipil help mold the colorless character of the child who could wear everybody down, indulged in temper tantrums, but didn't turn the slides on the playground, walked two-story balcony railing at dancing hour when four, told the teachers what do, was a tomboy and a show-off and into enough trouble to send Mother to school for "talks" with teacher at least once a week? Or was it Mother's beauty that t a deep wound that still festers? For as early and ever so Shelley de- declared she was not pretty.

Her impressionable mind fastened like bulldog on the humiliating inability to e up to Mother's beauty. She felt un-loved by girls who had been run over by a tomboy. She was comfortable and at me with boys; there was no reminder of her lack of beauty. It would be years before full beauty is nothing with—she, too, could and would be beautiful when she wanted to dicky she learned to observe the exaggeration of her warm and generous nature. Shelley found a face, and a changed mind. So, inevitably, the bitter battle of al natures planted the seeds of insecurity, fear and restlessness in the turbulently soul of an intelligent, quicksilverid.

The shell of brass and flambouyance hardened when Mother went to work when she was twelve. She stayed on the streets till midnight, right through rain and snow, experiencing the rough night life of a neighborhood not too safe in daytime. She tried to hate housework, for she had been a great worker in cooking meals at cleaning, and she loathed it.

She was thirteen, a discerning music teacher, Vi Speers, saw through her hollowness, play-playing and trouble making. Miss Speers was a stern woman with an amazing conception. Having had acting aspirations self, she recognized Shelley's refusal to do up and perform as a serious-featured shygirl that could hide. So she sold all for all Shelley's drives and wild conceptions found release in a creative chan-

Miss Speers suddenly commanded, and wrote to the entire as-

bly program for two weeks from Fri-

"You're on your own—do what you want to."

"Shelley wrote a one act musical, "Come of the Kite" and the next day, the boys panned, dish mop, and teakettle. She sed her cast and rehearsed them like an pro. She wrote new lyrics for popular songs, and even taught as the dish mop fell in love with the tap. Girls who made the costumes and supervised anything, even the sweeping of the floor.

She forgot just one thing—Mr. Rosenberg, teacher, had handed her the score of her vocal at dress rehearsal with instructions of, "ten bars of this, and verse and chorus of 'Hold Tight,' and a few bars of incidental music for the teakettle number."

Mr. Rosenberg almost had apoplexy.

Somehow she convinced him that he could do it and the next day, before a thousand kids, Shelley felt the first thrill of the theatre in the applause and approval. She felt that intangible magnet that exists between performer and audience.

The school principal made a speech after the show, "This is the most unusual and engaging assembly we've ever had," he announced and turned to the writer-directing-producer: "Her eyes filled with tears as he pinned the coveted music pin on the black tie. Shelley fell in love—with music, acting and the very essence of the theatre—and something to advertise openly—and safely.

Vi Speers taught Shelley many things. She gave her free music lessons. She eased, in part, Shelley's fear of not being perfect, and took her home for dinner and became her friend and staunchest fan. She even showed her how math and music were alike—turning an indifferent student into an avidly-pursuer of studies.

Shelley played the lead in "Good News" that year and by the time she was ready for high school was taking the first steps toward self-confidence.

The summer before high school, she started working in a five-and-ten. While eating lunch with a couple of other clerks, the discussion turned to the beauty contest which was the big thing of the day. One of the girls taunted Shelley about entering. The other girl picked it up. They rode her until she was in a rage. "All right, I'll enter it and I'll win it."

She flew out the cafe, but the tips had been kept. After gathering sixty dollars, and marched into a beauty shop, "You make me beautiful—sixty bucks worth," she demanded. They cut, shaped, and slopped her in red gloss. She put on her eyebrows and her make-up. She bought a white satin bathing suit (a very new style at that time) on credit, picked up a pair of falsies to fill out her childish bust, borrowed her mother's high-heels. But she didn't take a chance on winning. She rounded up the Boy Scout Troop that was parallel to her Girl Scout Troop. On the eventful day, the first of May, the Boy Scouts assembled into one brass band. When the lifeguard—chairman held his hand over Shelley's head, a cacophony of instruments, drum and trombones filled the air. Shelley won the boys' contest. She still covets the first-prize cup ... and wonders if she might have won without the insurance of a brass band.

In high school the pattern of her love life took shape. A shape that stood in the shadow of her first love, acting. Feeling her personal magnetism, learning how to dress and accentuate her assets had taken the edge off her desire to be popular. She was popular, so there was no field to conquer. Once she knew she could date, she lost interest in dating for her sake. Out to be in the spotlight, the basketball team in the gym one day, she happened to pass the tryout room for "The Mikado." She was quite taken by the basketball captain and had been dating him a lot, but when the teacher asked if she'd try out, she couldn't resist a shot at Kitisha, the villainess. She got the part. She lost the boy. She worked hard and the opening night was determined and ready. The high school was so large they had two orchestras of one hundred each. They combined for the opening of "The Mikado" in the auditorium that seated six thousand. When the conductor suddenly became ill that night, a student conductor took over. As Shelley started her main song the orchestra started off wrong. For a few bars she tried anyway. Then Shelley raised her arms and stopped the orchestra.
Shrinks Hemorrhoids  
New Way Without Surgery

Science Finds Healing Substance That Relieves Pain—Shrinks Hemorrhoids

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain — without surgery.

Most amazing of all — results were so high 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.

Now this new healing substance is offered in ointment form under the name of Preparation H. * Ask for it at all drugstores — money back guarantee.

---

**IF YOU SUFFER PAIN**

**Headache**

**Neuralgia**

**Neuritis**

the way thousands of physicians and dentists recommend.

*HERE'S WHY... Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a combination of medically proved active ingredients. No other product gives faster, longer-lasting relief from pain of headache, neuralgia, neuritis than Anacin tablets. Buy Anacin® today!*  

---

**INGROWN NAIL**

**Hurtig You?**

**Immediate Relief!**

A few drops of OUTRO® bring blessed relief from tormenting pain of ingrown nail. OUTRO® toughens the skin underneath the nail, allowing the nail to be cut and thus prevents further pain and discomfort. OUTRO® is available at all drug counters.

---

**Play Right Away!**

Now it's easy to learn ANY INSTRUMENT—even if you've never held a guitar, harmonica, banjo, or fiddle! For play delightful gleams RIGHT AWAY—even very first lesson. Privacy—no noise. Instructed at home, in spare time, without teacher. Only few cents per lesson. 90c, 6c, 3c.

**FREE BOOK**

Shows how easy it is to learn music for all instruments. Write for FREE BOOK to:  

**PENTAGON SCHOOL**  

Pentagon School of Music, 14 East 47 Street, New York, N. Y. (50th successful year).

---

She strode to the footlights, "We will start again," she said forcefully. The orchestra struck up "More than three," quoth Kirtla and the tune was off the ground and falling beautifully on the ears of the delighted audience. Shelley was a hit.

That same bravado pushed down her deeply embedded insecurity in her last year of high school. She decided to get out of the five-and-dime and model. By this time her figure needed no trace hems.

Designer Teddy Shaw wanted junior models for his Kalman and Morris Evening Gowns. Shelley stifled her inner misgivings and applied. "Can you model?"

"Oh, sure," said the manager, and replaced the girdle in a Schiaparelli copy and awkward off-balance in high-heeled shoes, Miss Winters stood poised at the top of the stairs, staring down into the faces of the buyers. She took one graceful step and promptly fell down the stairs. Inadvertently she stumbled into the field of comedy. The house was sold with laughter—but no one thought of a Schiaparelli copy on her dishevelled back.

Morris wanted to fire her, but Kalman liked her spunk, so Shelley became a stock girl, because there was nothing she could do but to model. She was allowing a free modeling course, which she carefully took full advantage of. Working all summer at twenty-five dollars a week, she balked at finishing high school in the fall. Her father "was too good of a man," and will always be remembered the decision. Shelley learned to put on her make-up with the rumble of the subway train at 6:30 A.M. She arrived at her modeling work at 7:30 A.M. After a full day, she went on to class.

The jumbled montage of the next two years had a definite pattern. Full of insatiable curiosity and driving ambition, she started her habit of doing at least four modeling jobs a day. The dresses were modeled for fifty dollars a week; at night she filled herself with theatre at Piscatore's Dramatic School. Suddenly aware of the world she wanted, her every free moment was spent at the modern art museum, concerts, reading voraciously on politics and philosophy, listening with hungry ears to good music and sneaking into movie houses to see what the dear old days were doing. She wanted to be an actress, but she shaped her mind as an actress and decided to do acting on the stage. She located her with a theatrel restaurant and was sent down to see a way to get some feathers for a hat. The International Ladies Garment Workers Union was holding auditions for a new play, for members only, of course.

"Are you are a sewing machine operator?"

The bulletlike retort was becoming typical, "Sure, I'm sure, I'm Sonya Epstein."

She was offered the part of any of the 'warm-up' roles, "the union card . . . marriage and the wonderful boy were a thing of the past.

Somehow Blanche, her sister, and Mother managed to keep her dramatic aspirations from Dad even during his time at home. She spent her free months while she toured the Catskill mountains in the summer theatres. It was Blanche who loaned her the money to join Equity and who got her a job in "Conquest" in April with Henry Hull. The show stopped in Delaware and never made Broadway. But it was a time of decision for Shelley. She became a dedicated actress.

With that decision she faced Dad. The fight could be heard in the upper reaches of Brownsville, "I am literally threw time out of the house." Threw her into sharing one room with two other girls for fourteen dollars a week. Forced her into a weary but illuminating friendship with who she had never trusted—girls. Who would offer her anything back food the others after a day or two and be row your best, love and warmth through. Slowly human relations became understandable. There she found a desire for fame. Shelley decided. And it was from that room that she went out one afternoon to leave a lasting impression on Charles Martin.

On the way to a dock party and with amazement as a tore through her d'oeuvres like a true driver at a free lunch counter. "Why don't I call down and order you a steak?" she remarked.

"Why don't you?" was the quick answer. He did. She ate. Then they went to dinner. "How about a steak?"

"From the dinner and two chocolate parfaits."

After the theatre they went to El M. rocco. "Would you like something eat?" grinned Charles. "Now the dinner?" "I don't recommend it. I could a steak—on the dinner and . . ."

"I know, I know," sighed the unbeliging Martin, "and two chocolate parfaits?"

She asked if she didn't go to Paris forever. Slowly off-Broadway she started coming her way. She worked with Elia Kazan's Actors Studio. She works in musicals. Hating them, she seemed always remember that she never cometo doing a solo in the chorus in I was always two steps behind to out in front.

Just after taking a tour of "Meet the People" that mature love hit Shelley. They met Detroit. He was of the theatre. They talked the same language, were stimulated beyond talks and the impulsive, catskills. She was quite in the moment. Cohen, Columbia Pictures, saw her perform and she she with a contract. Her first picture was to be "Cover Girl."

Immediately after that, her wonder young man enlisted. Shelley's choice was instinctive and complete. They were married. She spent the next two months a different kind of tour. She followed the husband to stay at South Dakota while he learned of B-17's. While had Cohen tried to locate his new contract was leaving the beauty of her height, she says, "I thought of Cohen. She Cohen, Columbia Pictures, saw her perform and signed her to a contract. Her first picture was to be "Cover Girl."

Hollywood was a completely new kind of world. For the first time Shelley she to conform. She let them redo her hair, line, fit her with long eyelashes, style her hair. She was a miserable and bewilderment imitation Rita Hayworth. After a year and a half Columbia dropped her contract. She was ashes, but with hope he returned they were perfect strange. They had nothing to say to each other. After an attempt at annulment, she's sad.

---

If you want a walking carbon copy. She was uncanny. The individual personality she used for over a year. The shrewd little girl from Brownsville returned to owned and made her important discovery. "It's not by talent but personality that you become a star. And you have to be so before they'll let you be an actress." I planned to exploit her own individual p
herself.

uneasiness both.
The i'lease 'ne role, huge the previous.

that built jy/ukor end hand disease.

loney, -some mtract ie queen aelley, audience.

Shelley had conquered a world, the saga of Shelley's own voice to make things happen," early publicity, which made her a character before she could prove otherwise, and the press itself taking for granted she was the Bombshell without checking her ou personally, all had a hand in creating the Saga of Shelley.

She learned a lot in those years. She was the busiest actress on the sound stage. Her curiosity had her questioning the sets, cutting, musical scores, dialogue, directors and eventually production. "I'd even sweep the floor of the stage if I could learn something," she admitted. She also learned that it was a mistake to act in a picture for "Frenchy" she had been by her father's grave. The actress in her automatically went to work to make it a moving scene, which was so moving (and out of context with the rest of the Western) that she embarrassed the audience. "It was a mistake," she said bluntly. Occasionally she landed a role that she could believe in. Between pictures like "Phone Call from a Stranger" and "A Place in the Sun," the unpredictable Shelley would suddenly appear in a little theatre version of "Of Mice and Men," or in the role of a Named Desire. Other actresses were appalled that she could take such a chance with her career. But the restless need for perfection and creative work forced Shelley to seek variety on the stage, while she played the same part over and over on the screen.

In her personal life she was still full of uneasiness with anyone outside of theatre. She still found it extremely difficult to get second or third choice in the personnel of her companionship, "I prefer friends to lovers," she said glibly. But behind the quip her sensitive nature was using the safety of friendship to shield feeling the uneasy fear of love. She met a wonderful man and the surge of all her responsive love went out to him. Then she decided he didn't want an actress for a wife. She had the ability to turn her feelings off. At the time she convinced herself that "the first love of my life is theatre."

She also took a flyer in gracious living. High in the Hollywood Hills she found a driveway covered with a magnificent tree, a place, picture windows framed a magnificent view and a huge living room. She fell in love again and became the epitome of femininity. Her emotions took over and conquered the driving aggression. She, who had always been so casual clotheswise, became the picture of allure in that lace lugging pajamas. Their only problem was waiting. His divorce wasn't final. Eagerly anticipating the day he would be free, she gave herself the rich joy of being courted. This heady wine lasted until the day she became free. In private, Shelley flew to San Francisco, blindly husbando herself and skipped the whole episode. She drove it ruthlessy from her mind.

She continued to take her love out on friends. Everyone who has become her friends is a friend for life. She is generous and giving to a fault. She has driven directors to distraction pushing them for jobs for her actor friends. She uses her

Why hundreds of doctors prefer

Cuticura for

Teen Age

Blemishes*

Fast Relief—often
in 7 days! When you use Cuticura Soap and Ointment unsightly blackheads, "ex- ternum" blemishes, pimpls, flaky dryness, oily shine are usually relieved in record time.

See New Softness, new freshness, radiant new complexion too! Cuticura Soap and Ointment are the most effective cleansing agents on the market. They help to keep skin fresh and clean, and prevent skin irritations and blemishes. Keep them on hand at all times to help you control skin eruptions and maintain fresh, clean skin.

Make Big Money Fast!

Send me your name and address today on a postcard. I will send you FREE INFORMATION telling you how to make BIG MONEY from spare time by helping us take orders for magazine subscriptions in your neighborhood. Send name and address to:

PHOTOPLAY, 205 East 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.

After Every Meal...

Brush teeth 3 times a day—home or away! Help prevent tooth decay—refreshes breath. Carry toothbrush kit in pocket, purse, keep in desk. Ideal for travel. Full-size pocket toothbrush, tube of Peppermint, in plastic case ("cigarette-pack" size). At Dept.

Drug stores.

Beauty shops.

Tote-Brush Inc., Chicago 14

Cuticura

MAKE BIG MONEY FAST!

送信する名前と住所を今日のポストカードに送ってください。私たちはあなたに自由時間で大金を稼ぐ方法を教える無料のインフォメーションを送ります。地域の郵便局で雑誌を購入する会員を取る。送信する名前と住所を次の通り。

PHOTOPLAY, 205 East 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.

After Every Meal...

毎食後に...

歯を3回洗う—いつでもどこでも! 歯を腐らすのを防ぐし、口を新鮮にする。ポケットの歯ブラシキットを携帯し、机に入れる。旅行で便利。フルサイズのポケットの歯ブラシと、ペパーミントのチューブが入ったプラスチックのケース("シガレットパック"サイズ)。デパートで販売。

薬局。

ビューティーショップ。
directness and strength with the same enthusiasm for someone she believes in as she does for herself. She was delighted with Vittorio Gassman, the young Italian actor who had been her friend, co-starred in "Behave Yourself." They were given two round-trip tickets to Rome by the producer, Howard Hughes, as a "thank you" when they finished.

They flew to Rome and Shelley was home to good friends. She didn’t know that Italian husbands come home at noon for lunch and spend three or four hours with their wife and then expect to go out to a favorite bistro at night, talking business with friends while the wife sits home. He didn’t know that in America the complete sharing of a life together on all levels is the basis for happy marriage. They knew that love wouldn’t conquer all, and so they were married.

Shelley gave herself completely to the role of wife. She learned to cook spaghetti fifteen different ways, became a devoted sponge, absorbing his every mood, and acting ambitions became second to her desire to see that Vittorio’s great talent was recognized in Hollywood. But when they were in Italy, Shelley felt uneasy and away from home. When they went to Hollywood, Vittorio was the one to feel rootless. The delight they had found in discovering that each was the owner of a tremendous temperament turned to dismay as they discovered the limits where we are tied to each other. The thrill of discovering that Shelley was going to have a child brought them close together again for a while, but the obsession continued.

Shelley was ill all during her pregnancy. She was watching television one night with Jerry Paris, one of her closest and best friends. They were making plans for a date the next week. "I’ve been feeling so well," said Shelley, "I’m thinking of the "Wild One" the next day. Suddenly, right then the pains began. It was eleven o’clock that night of February the twelfth in Hollywood. It was much later than that in Italy when Shelley was told by "Hamlet." Jerry bundled Shelley into the car for the hurried trip to the hospital.

In the elevator she suddenly turned and said, "What do you think about Valentine’s Day?" For the first time, her iron will and sentimentality touched and blended into one sweet purpose. She lay quietly alone through that night and all of the next day. Then, when the doctor was amazed, "I’ve delivered a lot of babies. I’ve never seen a woman decide when she’ll have her baby by sheer strength of will."

Shelley needed that in the months to follow. She faced the failure of her marriage and decided to get a divorce. Both tried to control their trigger-tight tempers, but bitterness and anger through the stress had a field day. Foreign correspondents misquoted Shelley and the monster snowball of recriminations took place. It took months for the anger to subside both and hurt to dissolve, but a firm basis for friendship and sharing parenthood. Now they have a mature understanding of each other’s virtues and a disregard for faults that once took his pen instead of lovers.

The baby changed her perspective completely. "I can’t be depressed. Every decision I make now involves someone else. The responsibility is sometimes frightening. I’m learning to face a new world of looking into the future." Shelley has found another love to be adored openly—and safely. Hers are two loves now, Gina first, then acting.

Even while startling the industry as a public as well as a suddenly brilliant actress, entertaining at a Las Vegas Club, she thought of her daughter and the future. She was a smash hit with her big maneuver to get back in the public eye. She knew she could always make a living in clothes, she again sat down and analyzed her position. She wanted very much to instill the values for which she had been so generously paid. But in any other business the one you get, the more experience, the more valuable you are. In this business it just isn’t true. I still want to prove myself an actress. I want to do my own picture and ‘no’ to the right one. Every time you’re dishonest you hurt something inside yourself. These observations roused a new spirit in Shelley. WithUno, Ben handling the business end, Shelby went into production of "Cash on D Livery" in England. She plays the part of a Jersey City canary. John Gregson a magnificent cast. Fun. In the picture, Shelley looks lovely. When如期, she quickly started to explain, "It’s those wonderful English cameramen they can make," she stopped and with a charming smile, "Thank you. I think I looked terrific too."

Continuing to prove herself, she took role of "Willa," a "high-class of the Hunter," of Robert Mitchum. Both of them under the spell of Charles Laughton’s wonderful direction. In intricate, high-key roles that no one had probably given the best performances to. When she raps and admires her director, Shelley as pliable as putty. It was obviously mutual admiration. Laughton gave her picture sitting in with John Engstead for Christmas present.

Impatient to fill the year with as many good roles as possible, she flew back England to play the German girl in "I Am a Monster." She acquired accents, puffed, heels, dark hair and raced insects through the part so she could get back Gina by Christmas.

She made the date and vanished never leave but she was so blue, England, missing her. While I was go, she named herself Tordy. I missed part her growing up. Wherever I go, she go from now on. Tordy once a minute, new to Shelley’s and we long girl talks there. Not yet Tordy is an intelligent, lovely child who an amazing knowledge of what’s been done, and a strong affection on her to more than make up the lack of parent. She has also changed Shelley’s attitude toward men. Now’s looks at her dates with that extra awareness—next to father? She hasn’t really conquered her fear of me but with pretty Tordy as a daily outlet I love it will be easier.

The inner driving force of Shelley changed. I’ve learned to be tacit, if not, I’m, going to put aside as over my mouth. I know I’ve found self-confidence. Now I understand succinct is simply femininity. I’ve learned to talk things, I’ve learned that maturity is a very tough thing to achieve; it is not respect of us I am to be. I love acting, but I don’t want to become a home wife. I think there’s a husband (who is maybe in the business, but not an actor) and I want to joy my child.

"You know it’s never truly too late," she added.

No! It isn’t when Shelley, you'll most of the way.

The End
Man Alive

(Continued from page 40)

I’ve got something to show you, he announced dramatically, and then, pulling out for you to hold, turned, took out a long envelope from his pocket and waved it under Jeff’s nose. “This’ll move me a success.”

Jeff took the envelope, opened it and threw out a card. “What’s this for?”

“It’s a royalty check, my lad. Remember the record I made with Gloria Dehaw—The Two of Us—the song I was singing in ‘Somebody Loves Me’? It’s my first royalty check. Get away from me, boy! I can’t associate with you now, his voice a suddenly serious, and the verbal barrage of friendly insult began. And then Tony finally left, everyone at the table was laughing.

...clutching the envelope, Tony looked on that rock pile as a challenge.

One afternoon he tried climbing it, and after much scrambling and many near deaths, Tony reached the top. Sitting there for a time, he contemplated his victory and then started down. Then, in terror, he discovered that it was much easier to climb than it had been. The almost toppled over but saved himself by clutching the jagged end of a concrete slab that cut him and they started to bleed. He gasped anxiously at a leaning telephone pole close by, but the concrete arm was beyond his grasp. He began to cry.

Suddenly a window in a nearby tenement building opened and out leaped a considerably older than Tony, leaned out and looked at him thoughtfully. A few moments later, he came and stood staring up at the marooned youngster. Then, quite casually, he began climbing that leaning telephone pole that swung dangerously as he reached the crossarm. Edging his way forward, he leaned out and grasped Tony’s hand, swinging him safely.

“He held me with one arm while he inched his way down that teetering pole,” Tony said. “Then he set me on my feet, gave me a pat on the shoulder and walked away without a word. I never saw him again, but I’ll never forget that act of kindness. If I were left alone, I would have gotten down somehow, but that boy’s act meant a great deal to me—and it still does.”

Tony also remembers a man by the name of Paul Schwartz. He’ll never be able to think of Paul Schwartz without a feeling of fondness and gratitude. For when he was eleven and belonged to one of the toughest gangs in the section, Paul took him from the streets and away from them. Tony, who was also a kid, had the chip of stubbornness off Tony’s shoulder by talking to him in the language of the street, the only language he could understand. What’s more, Paul Schwartz do this? For no other reason than his faith in humanity, his belief in human kindness,” Tony says.

There were also unkindnesses in Tony’s childhood. Like the woman who owned the apartment which Tony’s family rented. “I hated her,” Tony admits today. “She put us out in the middle of the period when money for our family was hard to come by. For months I roamed over how I could get even. I realize now that I was too ignorant then to know that hate never helped anybody. Even that kind of hate, I’ll bet, hard and ruthless as she was, must have had some good quality in her if only I knew how to search for...
it. From her I learned something important after I got a bit older. You can hate qualities in people but you mustn't hate people themselves, no matter what. 'No man is an Island, entire of itself.' When you realize this, you find humility.

'Found humility as a kid. The first time I went off to Hollywood was when I was running around with a gang of young East Side kids. By that time I had a pretty good opinion of myself. I was a rough-and-tumble fighter and had a good deal of prestige in our part of the district. I had a girl that I liked of sorts and she gave me the brush. When she dumped me for another guy, a little bigger and maybe a little tougher than I was, I thought, "What did she do that for?" I kept asking myself. 'What's he got?' It took me a long time to get it through my thick head that no matter how good you think you're doing, you're always somebody's just a little bit better. It taught me humility. To this day, I know that if ever let my opinion of myself get lopsided, there'll always be somebody out there somewhere who knows better.

On the one occasion in Hollywood when Tony needed to have his hands pinned back he was able to do his own pinning. When he first came to Hollywood, what he really needed was a certain amount of publicity. Tony, it says, 'Some of us thought Tony was becoming aloof, that the initial successes he had were affecting him adversely, that he was losing his heart. But I believe this is untrue, and very false. We needn't have worried. Instead of getting a swelled head, Tony was brooding over what he considered his lack of experience. He became interested in becoming part of the more cooperative, the more willing he was to exhaust himself in slugging work. Not long ago we had to call off all activity and send him to the desert for a rest. Not long after, he came back from the desert looking and talking as though he had been making, which was 'Flesh and Fury.' They were terrific. They gave me a test and asked me what I thought of the picture. I told them how perfect it was in the picture. He came through beautifully and I got a terrific lift out of his success. You know, I really realized that true happiness comes in doing the deeds you're good at and doing them well for others. For days after, I walked around with a warm glow. I thought I was helping Harry, which I was, but I did a lot more for myself.'

"Sometimes you can try to help people and bungle it by letting your ego get in the way. This happened to me once. There's another young fellow like me, in New York—let's call him Al. Things hadn't been going well with him and I came and asked him if I could help him get a job in a show. I was lucky and found him a job. I feel the guy got along pretty well in Hollywood—and for a while Al did all right. But when the show folded he couldn't get on again and I heard he was going around putting the rup on me, saying the only reason I was on top was I had the gift of gab and got all the breaks. I kept my mouth shut and didn't say anything. Then one day he called and said, "Look, Tony,' he said, 'I'm in a spot. Could you maybe say a word in the right place?'"

"So again, through sheer luck, I was able to help him land a part in a new TV show. Later I saw him in it and thought he was pretty good.

"Well, when that program was finished, he moved to New York. I saw him a second time, and once again I heard he was knitting me. This time I burned, but I didn't put the finger on him—more because I was too busy than for any other reason. One night I met him at a party.

"'Tone,' he said, 'I just can't get going. Do you know of anything—'"

"Tony blowed up before he had a chance to finish. 'Look, you so-and-so,' I said burn-
Beautiful Hair

There are three Breck Shampoos for three different hair conditions. When you buy a shampoo, keep in mind one thought – the condition of your hair. It is either dry, oily or normal. There is a Breck Shampoo for each of these hair conditions. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. A Breck Shampoo is not drying to the hair, yet it cleans thoroughly. The Breck Shampoo for your individual hair condition leaves your hair soft, fragrant and lustrous.

The Three Breck Shampoos are available at Beauty Shops, Drug Stores, Department Stores and wherever cosmetics are sold.

Copyright 1955 by John H. Breck Inc.
Great day in the morning! **Flavor** in a filter cigarette!

**WINSTON** tastes good—like a cigarette should!

Winston brings flavor back to filter smoking!

- No wonder Winston has changed America's mind about filter cigarettes! Winston tastes good—like a cigarette should! It's got real flavor—the full, rich flavor real smokers want. You're sure to enjoy Winston's finer flavor!

- Winston also introduced a finer filter that works so effectively, yet doesn't "thin" the taste. The fine tobacco flavor comes clean thru to you because Winstons are easy-drawing. You'll really appreciate Winston's finer filter!

Smoke **WINSTON** the easy-drawing filter cigarette!
PHOTOPLAY

AMERICA'S LARGEST-SELLING MOVIE MAGAZINE

DORIS DAY
ATOM BLONDE!

BING CROSBY
DARES AN EXPOSE'

JANE RUSSELL
LOVABLE ZANY

NEW!
MITZI GAYNOR • PIER ANGELI
GEORGE NADER • ALDO RAY
KIRK DOUGLAS
20¢
NEW MILLIONS HAVE TRIED IT! NEW MILLIONS LOVE IT!

Have you discovered Camay’s Caressing Care?

"New cold cream Camay is my idea of the perfect beauty soap," says Mrs. Jess Altman, an enchanting Camay Bride. "It's so mild and gentle, I just love the feel of it on my skin. And I love the way it keeps my complexion looking its best, too."

“New cold cream Camay is my idea of the perfect beauty soap,” says Mrs. Jess Altman, an enchanting Camay Bride. “It’s so mild and gentle, I just love the feel of it on my skin. And I love the way it keeps my complexion looking its best, too.”

Yes, gentle, luxurious Camay with its caressing care can be the best friend your complexion ever had! With its skin-pampering mildness, velvety lather, and exclusive fragrance, it’s the beauty secret of so many exquisite brides. Let it caress your skin to new loveliness, too. Just change to regular care...use Camay and Camay alone.

You’ll see your skin become fresher, more radiant, softer with your first satinsmooth cake. And remember, there's precious cold cream in Camay—added luxury at no extra cost. For your beauty and your bath, there's no finer soap in all the world.

No other Beauty Soap pampers your skin like Camay!

Let it help you to a fresher, clearer, more radiant complexion!
No wonder families see eye-to-eye on NEW IPANA!

(It's the best-tasting way to fight decay)

Once your family tries new-formula Ipana, we're sure you'll all agree with the enthusiastic users above. Because Ipana's wonderful new minty flavor makes brushing teeth a pleasure.

In fact, new Ipana tastes so good it beat all three other leading tooth pastes hands down—after nearly four thousand "hidden-name" home taste tests.

**Destroys decay and bad-breath bacteria with WD-9**

Even more important is the way wonder-ingredient WD-9 in new-formula Ipana fights tooth decay—stops bad breath all day. It destroys most mouth bacteria with every brushing, even bacteria your tooth brush can't reach.

So enjoy new Ipana... and trust your family's precious teeth to it. At all toiletry counters in the familiar yellow and red-striped carton.

New-Formula IPANA®

WITH BACTERIA-DESTRUCTOR WD-9

Special introductory combination

Here's how to make your own taste test of new Ipana—and save 25¢ in the bargain. Look for this special combination package...two giant-size tubes for only 69¢.

*Products of Bristol-Myers*

Ipana A/C Tooth Paste (Ammoniated Chlorophyll) also contains bacteria-destroyer WD-9 (Sodium Lauryl Sulphate).
Why are more and more business girls using Tampax?

Ask the company doctor or the staff nurse. They're very apt to tell you that the Tampax user is much more likely to take "those days" in her stride. But the girls themselves are still most impressed by the freedom and assurance that doctor-invented Tampax gives. Here are some of the things they say:

"I can’t be bothered with all that other rigmarole; Tampax is quick and easy to change."...

"I must have protection that prevents odor."...

"No telltale bulges for me; not, of all places, in the office!"...

"Tampax is so comfortable, I almost forget it’s ‘time-of-the-month.’"

Girls starting work often decide on Tampax because of admiration for some older, perfectly poised woman in the organization who uses it. From its daintiness of handling to its ease of disposalability, Tampax seems made for the woman who has to be on the go all the time, who has to meet people with charm and assurance under any circumstances.

The druggist or notion counter in your neighborhood carries Tampax in all three absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Month's supply goes into purse or tucks in the back of a drawer. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.
This is the story of The Prodigal Son who left his father's house for the fleshpots of sin-ridden Damascus! M-G-M's mighty love-drama...spectacularly presented! The Biggest Picture Ever Filmed in Hollywood! Two years in the making! A fortune to produce!

Woman's beauty and man's temptation in the City of Sin!

Starring
LANA TURNER · EDMUND PURDOM

LOUIS CALHERN with AUDREY DALTON · JAMES MITCHELL · NEVILLE BRAND
WALTER HAMPDEN · TAINA ELG · FRANCIS L. SULLIVAN · JOSEPH WISEMAN · SANDRA DESCHER

Adaptation From the Bible Story by
Screen Play by MAURICE ZIMM JOE BRENN, JR., and SAMUEL JAMES LARSEN Photographed in EASTMAN COLOR
Directed by RICHARD THORPE Produced by CHARLES SCHNEE An M-G-M Picture
It's egg-stra good for your hair!

Helene Curtis

shampoo plus egg

WITH HAIR-CONDITIONING ACTION

2% fresh whole egg

See how exciting this new luxury lather makes your hair! Glowing clean, silky... so manageable! Conditions any hair. That's the magic touch of SHAMPOO PLUS EGG! Try it! 29¢, 59¢, $1.

BY EDITH GWYNN

Just friends, say Rhonda Fleming and Har Karl as they congratulate Jeff Chandl on his benefit performance at the Mocambo.

Two weeks of the past month will go down in Hollywood history—that's for sure! I'm speaking, of course, about the celebrity sessions at Mocambo which were staged to bolster its owner, popular Charlie Morrison, who'd been stricken by a stroke and confined to a wheel chair. There were more stars performing than there's room to kudo or mention, taking their turns night by night and drawing crowds that bulged the bistro's walls!

Dan Dailey and cute Joanne Gilbert played to a packed house as did Abbott and Costello, Jeff Chandler, Van Johnson and Eileen Barton, Danny Thomas and Dinah Shore, Kay Thompson, Bob Hope and others. Dan interrupted his honeymoon with Gwen O'Connor to go on. Bob Hope, bless him, turned down fifty thousand dollars a few months ago to play a Las Vegas spot for three days, but he went on at Mocambo for free—and it was the first café appearance of his life.

Hope was only grrrrreat! Hollywood got its first squint at the act Van Johnson did in Vegas and in the East last year—and his charming song and dance stuff slayed 'em! Zsa Zsa Gabor ringsided with Franchot Tone on Van night; and Kim Novak (poured into a slinky dress again) was with Dr Ernest Wilder. The Gary Coopers Frankie Sinatra with Peggy Connolly Shirley Jones and Johnny Anderson Lana and Lex Barker, also on hand. . . . Night Bob Hope, Kay Thompson and Don Loper went on I spotted Rock Hudson with Phyllis Gates, Ann Miller and Bill O'Connor and scads more. Scads of stars applauded like crazy for Dinah Shore and her wonderful act the night she, Danny Thomas and Alar Jones (happily reconciled with Irene Hervey) took over. Lana and Lex made a foursome with Joan Caulfield and Frank Ross. Both these blond dolls were in simple, sheath-type black gowns; Joan's only adornment being a . . .

HOLLYWOOD PARTY LINE
THOSE "GLENN MILLER STORY"
SWEETHEARTS CATCH FIRE AGAIN!

JAMES JUNE
STEWARD and ALLOYSON

It’s the great human drama of the men who guard our skies and the women who wait and wonder and sometimes weep!

Strategic Air Command
The picture with a striking force second to none!

Color by TECHNICOLOR

FRANK ALEX BARRY BRUCE
LOVEJOY · NICOL · SULLIVAN · BENNETT

Produced by SAMUEL J. BRISKIN • Directed by ANTHONY MANN • Screenplay by VALENTINE DAVIES and BEIRNE LAY, Jr. • Story by Beirne Lay, Jr.
A Paramount Picture
sunburst diamond pin plus diamond earrings, and Lana sported mucho pearls—several short strands of large pearls at her throat, and pearl earrings. They were stunners!

Topping off the series of special occasions at the Mo was the birthday party Harry Karl tossed himself. He had about a hundred guests—and Rhonda Fleming, in black lace and her hair dyed flaming red, hostessed the hoe-down for Harry, Evie and Van Johnson. Sonja Henie with Lee Liberace, Jeff Chandler and his Marge, the Ronald Reagans, Esther Williams, the Dean Martins, Judy Garland and Sid Luft, Barbara Hutton and Hal Hayes—were just a few on Karl’s party.

Only one important opening occurred during the past semester—and it was a dilly! Hollywood finally got its gander at “The Caine Mutiny Court Martial” when it debuted at the Huntington Hartford theater with the Broadway company including Lloyd Nolan, Barry Sullivan and John Hodiak. All three gents were promptly bombarded with praise and picture offers. Saw Terry Moore with producer Paul Gregory and the Charles Laughtons; Sheree North with Tony Craig; John Wayne and his tiny Pilar Palette, she in a fabulous silver-blue mink coat. Also Eleanor Parker and Paul Clemens, Jean Simmons, a standout because she did not wear mink, but sheared beaver!

Something different was the party Maureen O’Sullivan staged for her friend, Sybil Connolly, the famed Irish dress designer visiting Hollywood. Maureen O’Hara modeled some of Sybil’s Irish linen dresses, fancy petticoats, coats and shawls—all hand-woven on cottage looms—and then O’Hara and her Ma gave out with a bunch of Irish songs. Enjoying it, among others, were the Bob Hopes, Joan Fontaine and Collier Young, the Van Johnsons, the Dan O’Herlihys, and Gracie Allen and George Burte.

The Frank Loessers (he’s the composer and lyricist of “Guys and Dolls y’know”) tossed one for lovely Lili Renaud, the Franch chantoozie “d’covered” in Paris by Bob Hope coup of months ago. At the Loessers’, heard Bill Holden talking sports—stuff with a couple of people for how He’s nutz on the subject. Among t’two hundred or more guests were t’Charles Boyers, Jane Wyman (all alo—and wearing a cream-colored, blue belted, cocktail dress of chiffon), t’Alfred Hitchcocks, Vivian Blaine (s in black chiffon), Greta Peck with Stefan Arnsten, Vernon Duke, an Gracie Allen.

At another soiree, Jan Sterling, us—ally suavely clothed, was going t’ingenue route with a pale pink, oh, fluffy dress. And Katy Jurado was g’ing Kim Novak some competition in t’“how tight can a dress get” department. Kim, in a slick white lace gown gave out with lots of Marilyn Monroe type wiggles every time she danced walked across the room. Vivid Ka didn’t wiggle but she wore a low-c form-fitting gown of white satin, beautifully draped where the drap counted most—you’d have thought s was wiggling anyway. Her charms we not lost on Marlon Brando (immaculately done up in Tux) or Jeff Richur and the other gents present.

The party rounds recently hear o Don Loper’s “prediction” that spri fashion would have a new spring in i if you’ll podden the pun. Most of t gals seem to look taller and slimm with the longer, leaner torso lines, i dented at the waist—natch—and a lea smimmer to slimmer skirts, especially i daytime wear. Don’s new collection full of dresses with straighter-tha usual lines—and usually with matchi coats of light wool. And there w hardly a black outfit in sight!

HOLLYWOOD PARTY LINE continued

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

When you “just can’t do anything” with your hair, use Halo! Whether it’s dry, oily or normal, your hair will be softer, springier, look pretty as a picture—right after shampooing!

The secret is Halo’s exclusive ingred- dient that leaves hair silkier, faster to set, easier to comb and manage. What’s more, Halo’s own special glorifier whisks away loose dandruff... removes the dullness that hides the natural beauty of your hair... lets it shine with far brighter sparkle! So, when your hair is hard to manage or simply won’t “stay put”... you’ll find it just loves to be-have after a Halo Shampoo!

* Halo

the shampoo that glorifies your hair!

for dry, oily, normal hair

Seeing how things look from the au-dience view are Howard Keel and mis-sus. Obviously Howard’s enjoying it all

Holding hands in complete oblivion anything but the shoe are Lana Turner Lex Barker who deny trouble at hot
Across 26,000 miles of terror-swept ocean from Pom Pom Galli to the North Sea he ran and hit, and ran again! The mighty sea hunt for the man turned renegade by a girl whose tempting lips half-the-world wanted to keep shut!
Facing a future without the other, realizing how much they'd had, decided Marge and Jeff. "We know what we have now—we're going to hold on to it this time."

They kissed and made up

Love has finally found the way to bring Jeff and Marge together. This time, they are sure, for keeps

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

"I'll be loving you—always . . ." Jeff Chandler sang across a crowded room, straight into the eyes of a girl whose radiance gave her own heart away. A lovely redhead named, naturally, Marge.

All of show business was taking a nostalgic turn at the mike of the Mocambo. Tonight Jeff Chandler was heading the show. But for these two, Jeff and Marge, it was more than a show; more than a song. It was a pledge as sacred in its way as those wedding vows they had
NOW--be a Pin-up Girl with the Pin-up Curl!

PIN-IT

WONDERFUL NEW EASY-TO-DO PIN-CURL PERMANENT

NEW! For today's softer hair styles!
Gives that picture-perfect look!

NEW! No ammonia! Leaves no odor!

NEW! Exclusive hair styles in every kit!

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

BRECK

THERE ARE THREE BRECK SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS

A Breck Shampoo helps bring out the soft, natural beauty of your hair. There are three Breck Shampoos. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. A Breck Shampoo is mild and gentle in action and not drying to the hair. The Breck Shampoo for your hair condition leaves your hair soft, lustrous and fragrant.

The Three Breck Shampoos are available at Beauty Shops, Drug Stores, Department Stores and wherever cosmetics are sold.
already twice exchanged in good faith.

Jeff sang to the twinkling accompaniment of a kingdom of lights below, a kingdom founded on love stories. And although they did not know it, the crowd was applauding the happy ending of another love story that had as many conflicts as any one Hollywood ever filmed. The love story of two fine people for whom even then, so many were saying a small prayer.

Sparked by his own happiness, Jeff's was an inspired performance this night. But it was Marge who revealed, too, that for them this was more than just an enchanted evening. "You must be very proud of him tonight," a friend remarked to her. "I certainly am proud of him." Marge beamed, adding, quietly and significantly, ". . . and I always have been."

Marge's and Jeff's reconciliation wasn't as sudden as it may seem to outsiders. As Jeff says now, "We'd been talking about it for six weeks, seeing each other, going out together—and talking. That night at the Mocambo, we just about knew then. . ."

"We think—we know—this time it's going to stick," he says slowly, savoring every word. "This is going to be it." And he adds quite unnecessarily, "We're both very happy now."

Happy? You could set lyrics to Jeff's voice today and to Marge's radiance. But then, they were still in love when they parted a year and a half ago. When they gave Photoplay's reporter their exclusive story, saying with sad resignation, It just seems there's no other way."

Marge had one concern about talking then. "You must talk to Jeff. You really should talk to Jeff—"

Jeff had one concern. "Be sure Marge sees this."

Perry Como's record of a beautiful love song was sweeping the country. A song that summed them up so well that we included it in their story, "No Other Love Have I." Certainly no other love had Jeff, and no other love had Marge. Nor was either ever likely to have.

Jeff was then on location way out in the San Fernando Valley making "Yankee Pasha" when we took the finished story to him to read. It was about sundown when we found him. Jeff was heavy-voiced and feeling very six o'clock. He looked at the title. He read their own words. Words which brought back too many vivid memories, including those of his daughter, Jamie, who asked the question neither of them could answer. "Daddy—why aren't you living at home?" He turned and walked away. With the director, his co-star and all the company waiting, Jeff Chandler cried. He had one parting word. "Marge will see this," he said.

That night we took their story to Marge—to the house they'd shared on a quiet, tree-lined street in Hollywood. A house with all its lights blazing bravely away—to hide its emptiness. Marge looked at the story. "Jeff called me," she said finally, "and told me about 'No Other Love Have I.' I went out and bought the record."

This was a break-up?

How long, we wondered, would it take love to find the way to get our heavy-hearted friend and this lovely, lonely girl in a house so ablaze with light—back together again?

It would take almost too long.

They were missing happiness together by so little—yet, seemingly, by too much to bridge. As Jeff said sadly then, you could call theirs a near-miss. "That's what it's been really. We just couldn't quite make it. But it's been in many ways very near. And we have great rapport still—in so many things."

Jeff was sure Marge would be happier without him. "I'm just not equipped to give Marge what she wants, to be what she wants as a person. What I have to offer just isn't sufficient for what her happiness demands—temperamentally, personality-wise or emotionally. It's like a baseball player trying to make the major league with bush-league qualifications. I'm just not right for her."

Marge, on the other hand, was equally sure Jeff was happier living away from her. Being able to wrap himself in his work and his worries and silent moods—without feeling any need of sharing them with her. Now when he came to the house to see her and the children—they could talk like good friends. All the tension was gone. "Jeff's much happier this way— I'm sure."

And Marge summed up not only their own feelings, but those of all who know them with, "It's the saddest thing in the world. Two people who are in love with each other—but who still can't live together. Also, we thought, two who belonged together as few in this world ever do, two whose love had already survived so much—and two who still loved so much.

There was no third party involved. For either of them. During the months they were separated, both of them dated casually. Jeff's name was linked with various screen glamour girls, and more recently, with Betty Abbott, Universal-International script girl. (Continued on page 105)
All the Fun of Life is in it!

STEP OUT with Fred and his loveliest entertainment date!

It's all enchantment... and pure delight... because "Lili's" in love with Daddy Long Legs... all the way from Paris to the Waldorf.

Oh Daddy! What Songs!
SOMETHING’S GOTTA GIVE - DREAM HISTORY OF THE BEAT - SWEETFOOT WELCOME EGGHEAD C-A-T SPELLS CAT

Terry Moore - Thelma Ritter
All the Joy of Love is in it!

It's the whole world dancing to the music in your heart!

Fred Astaire Leslie Caron

Starring in 20th CENTURY-FOX'S

Daddy Long Legs

America's best-loved story becomes its most enchanting musical in CINEMASCOPE

Color by De Luxe

PRODUCED BY Samuel G. Engel · DIRECTED BY Jean Negulesco · SCREEN PLAY BY Phoebe and Henry Ephron

FROM THE NOVEL BY JEAN WEBSTER · BALLET BY ROLAND PETIT
A Man Called Peter 20th: Cinemascope, De Luxe Color

Richard Todd's vigorous performance, full of heat and fire, is the mainstay of an inspirational drama drawn from fact. Todd plays the late Peter Marshall, Scottish-born minister who eventually becomes chaplain of the U.S. Senate. In his native country, he feels a sudden, powerful call to enter the ministry. With the conviction that God intends him to serve in America, he emigrates. From his first church, in a small Southern town, he goes to Atlanta and then to Washington, D.C. In a movie with few elements of conflict, the narration by Jean Peters (sympathetic as Todd's wife) helps to give shape to the story. But the highlights are actually the sermons. Here Todd expresses faith that is strong, hap and deeply personal, so that you understand why he portrays filled churches to overflowing.

Jean's long illness sorely tries her faith—and Richard's.

The Prodigal M-G-M: Cinemascope, Eastman Color

With Edmund Purdom as the Prodigal Son, the simple outline of the parable has been expanded into a spectacle of ancient times. Son of a prosperous Jewish farmer (Walter Hampden), Purdom is about to become engaged to a gentile girl of his own faith (Audrey Dalton), when a violent in fatuation leads him to desert her and his home. His beloved is Lana Turner, alluring in the scanty garments of a pagan priestess. Though her duties include offering herself to all men who will present gifts to the goddess Astarte, though Purdom's love for her ends in ruin, she isn't a figure of pure evil—rather a woman who believes sincerely in her baric religion. Louis Calhern handles the real villainy, a priest of the god Baal. The film strays somewhat from the spirit of the gospel story, but just as melodrama it carries force.

Lana's beauty baits the trap that Calhern sets for Purdon.

Cell 2455, Death Row Columbia

In its cool and merciless detachment, this close-up of a youthful criminal approaches the manner of a documentary. And William Campbell's acting is thoroughly in key—forthright, realistic, with no begging for sympathy. The picture is based on Caryl Chessman's autobiography, written in a California death cell, as the convicted man repeatedly won reprieves through legal knowledge gained in prison studies. There the story starts, with Campbell looking back over the wreckage of his young life. Robert Campbell, Bill's brother, appears in teenage sequences as a kid who begins by stealing food, then steals cars and becomes leader of a gang. Bill takes over as the adult criminal, intelligent but lacking in moral sense and the capacity to love anyone but himself. Marian Carr plays the minor role of his girl.

A word of distrust from Marian Carr enrages Bill Campbell.
Most of the girls of her set were married ... but not Eleanor. It was beginning to look, too, as if she never would be. True, men were attracted to her, but their interest quickly turned to indifference. Poor girl! She hadn't the remotest idea why they dropped her so quickly ... and even her best friend wouldn't tell her.

Why risk the stigma of halitosis (bad breath) when Listerine Antiseptic stops it so easily ... so quickly.

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

Listerine does what no tooth paste does—instantly kills bacteria, by millions—stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end. Bacterial fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth is by far the most common cause of bad breath. Research shows that breath stays sweeter longer depending on the degree to which you reduce germs in the mouth.

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

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

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

A Product of The Lambert Company

**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC STOPS BAD BREATH**

4 times better than any tooth paste
The End of the Affair

COLUMBIA

Thanks to Deborah Kerr and Van Johnson, this thoughtful movie has marked appeal as a love story. However, its religious aspect is not presented so clearly. Deborah is the wife of a dignified British government official (Peter Cushing), whose affection is hidden behind stiff reserve. She and Van, a writer, fall desperately in love. But Van's doubting and jealous nature drives them apart. Through flashbacks that add to the complexity of the story, it is revealed that Deborah has been searching her beliefs, as well as her heart.

Tight Spot

COLUMBIA

Ginger Rogers does an admirable job in this neat little crime thriller. With both humor and credible emotion, she plays a tough, pert convict who is temporarily released from jail and given a taste of luxurious hotel living. Her testimony can doom a racket boss—if she chooses to give it and if some hired gunman doesn’t silence her first. Both federal attorney Edward G. Robinson and detective Brian Keith try to persuade her to talk—Keith with a romantic approach.

To Paris with Love

RANK, TECHNICOLOR

In an airy farce with lovely Paris backgrounds, Alec Guinness plays another of his stuffy British gentlemen, forever getting into uneasily situations. A widower, he takes son Vernon Gray on a holiday in France. Each thinks the other is too little experienced with women. So Alec plots to get Vernon together with a piquant young salesgirl, while her mature and charming boss is Vernon’s choice for Alec. But the ladies have other ideas about how to pair off. The mix-up gets unscrambled at leisure, with some giddy slapstick interludes.

An Annapolis Story

A.A., TECHNICOLOR

Life at the U. S. Naval Academy gets a thorough survey in the absorbing, unpretentious account of two brothers’ training there. John Derek is a brash youngster; Kevin McCarthy, the older and more serious-minded. Devoted at first, they become estranged after John’s sudden romance with Kevin’s fiancée (Diana Lynn). There’s an actionful climax as the brothers fly jets over Korea.

Family Umberto D.

HARRISON AND DAVIDSON

Heartbreaking and beautifully made, this Italian film focuses on a tragedy too common in big cities. In the title role, Carlo Battisti is an old man utterly alone in the world, trying hopelessly to get by on his small government pension. A young serving girl in the house where he rooms is kind to him; but it is only his devotion to his little dog, his dearest friend, that gives him an incentive to go on living. (Italian dialogue, English titles.)

Family Canyon Crossroads

U.A.

Here’s a brisk Western with engagingly up-to-date trimmings. Richard Basehart and Phyllis Kirk make a rich uranium strike, only to find that claim jumpers are still a threat, as in the old days of gold. And a hero’s situation is even tougher when the villain cunning for him is mounted on a helicopter instead of a horse.

Family Jump into Hell

WARNERS

Though a tribute to the defenders of Dienbienphu is a worthy project, this war film doesn’t do full justice to its theme. The characters are too lightly sketched to win interest as individuals. Among the Frenchmen volunteering to serve in Indochina are Kurt Kasznar, hefty and good-humored, and Jack Sernas, a young man in love with the wife of a fellow officer. Peter Van Eyck plays a Foreign Legionnaire who once served under Rommel; Arnold Moss is the commander.

Family Shotgun

A.A.

In a tough, straightforward chase story, Sterling Hayden’s a deputy seeking the killer of a U. S. marshal. He acquires unexpected company on the trail: Yvonne DeCarlo, an embittered woman who’s been traveling with the outlaw’s gang; Zachary Scott, a debonair “bounty hunter,” making a living by killing wanted men to collect the reward. At the windup, the murderer is found—in an Apache camp. And it’s the Indians who call the ground rules for the finish fight.

Family Maubo

PARAMOUNT

An ornament to many Italian movies, Silvana Mangano doesn’t come off too well in this English-language film, shot in Venice. She’s hampered by unbecoming make-up and an undistinguished story.

As a young girl fighting poverty, she tries three escapes: a career with the Katherine Dunham dance troupe; life with a unscrupulous lover (Vittorio Gassman); marriage to a wealthy nobleman (Micha Rennie). Shelley Winters has a comparatively brief role as the dancers’ manager, fervently ambitious for Silvana.

The Wayward Wife

L.B.

Italy’s luscious Gina Lollobrigida decorates a drama that’s generally effective, in spite of its garish emphasis on sex and its confusing flashback technique. When Gina’s romance with an aristocrat is shockingly cut short, she marries young scientist (Gabriele Ferzetti). Unable to love her quiet husband, she draws into a shabby affair through machinations of a middle-aged adventurer (Alda Mangini, doing a frightening portrayal of sheer wickedness). Inevitably, Gina becomes a blackmail victim. Her dialogue’s in English, dubbed with unusual smoothness and skill.

Gina Lollobrigida’s vacation is over, but she happily believes it has brought her real love.

Cult of the Cobra

Moviegoers who aren’t feeling skeletal will get a satisfactory quant of chills from this creepy fantasy. Richard Long, Marshall Thompson and four other GI’s, somewhere in Asia, invade the temple of a snake-worshiping cult—an thereby draw a curse on themselves. On is promptly killed; vengeance pursues others even to New York and civilian life. Agent of the cult is Faith Domergue, who has the useful ability to turn herself into a deadly cobra. But even the snakewoman isn’t immune to love.
DOCTORS PROVE A ONE-MINUTE MASSAGE WITH Palmolive Soap Can Give You A Cleaner, Fresher Complexion...Today!

GETS HIDDEN DIRT THAT ORDINARY CLEANSING METHODS MISS!

See the difference with your own eyes!

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

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

Only a Soap This Mild CAN WORK SO THOROUGHLY YET SO GENTLY! PALMOLIVE BEAUTY CARE CLEANS CLEANER, CLEANS DEEPER, WITHOUT IRRITATION!

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

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. It lets you massage a full minute without irritation.

Try mild Palmolive Soap today. In just 60 seconds, you'll be on your way toward new complexion beauty!
You can see your shining future in the world's most precious silverplate

Like love, Holmes & Edwards has a glow that lasts! It's the only silverplate with extra sterling inlaid at backs of bowls and handles of most-used pieces... for extra years of silver beauty. 52-piece set for 8 in chest, $34.50.

Two blocks of sterling inlaid at backs of bowls and handles promise longer, lovelier silver life.

HOLMES & EDWARDS STERLING INLAID SILVERPLATE MADE ONLY BY THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY
Innocent — as dynamite!

Dress by Anne Fogarty—matched to Courtin' Red

Rich in lip-softening lanolin!

This is it! . . . the most dazzling color ever to make a man's heart thump, thump! . . . Pond's "Lips" in teasing bright, clear red, tempting true red. Creamiest, smoothest, stay-on-longest color! Never any "hard" look, any parched patchiness. Pond's "Lips" is rich in lip-softening lanolin! Tonight, wear Courtin' Red—and look as innocent as—dynamite! Only 29¢ . . . and in smart new golden swivel case, only 59¢. Prices plus tax.

Pond's Lips —stay on...and on...and on!
Perfect Fit
any way you look at it!

Excluise, elastic-side panels give with your every motion

Crest-cross elastic
front dips low,
divides divinely!

Elastic back
sets lower
and stays lower!

New Playtex living Bra
OF ELASTIC AND NYLON

"Custom-contoured" to flatter, feel and fit as if fashioned for you alone... no matter what size or in-between size you are! The secret is in the bias cut elastic-side panel that self-adjusts to your measurements. The drama is in the nylon cups that lift and lure into the high, round look of Paris. The magic is the Playtex Living Bra... the most fitting, most beautifying, fastest selling bra in America! See it—you'll want it! Wear it—you'll love it!

Only Playtex Living Bra has this exclusive self-adjusting bias cut elastic-side panel that gives perfect fit, prevents gaping!

Look for the PLAYTEX! LIVING! BRA® in the heavenly blue package at department stores and specialty shops everywhere. In gleaming WHITE, wonderfully washable—without ironing! Sizes 32A-40C $3.95

©1955 International Latex Corporation... PLAYTEX PARK... Dover Del... In Canada: Playtex Ltd... PLAYTEX PARK... Arnprior, Ont.

PREMIER

THE HOLLYWOOD STORY

BY SHIRLEY THOMAS
NBC's Hollywood Correspondent

EARLY IN WORLD WAR II, in the town of Arnhem, Holland, a young girl, twelve years old, hesitantly made her way down one of the side streets.

This is the way this story begins, and it is more like a play, a drama, the product of a writer's imagination than it is like life. Yet it is a true story.

War is a little word to describe a big disaster. Everything about it is big. Millions of men in uniform, hundreds of thousands wounded, thousands dying. Billions of dollars, thousands of planes and tanks and ships, tons of food and ammunition and supplies. Off the front pages and in the heart and mind of a small girl, war is many things—all of them personal.

Food so scarce that hunger pains are a constant companion. Half a loaf of bread and a pound of potatoes—a week's menu for the girl and her mother. Jewish playmates rounded up by Nazi soldiers, herded into trucks as you watched with terror, driven away to... Yes, where to? The unforgettable sight of a brother taken away by force, to slave in a labor camp. A cousin, a member of the royal court, killed. An uncle, one of the best-known lawyers in the country and one of her best-loved relatives, stood up in front of a firing squad with other hostages, and slain—as a warning to other citizens not to work for the Underground.

Despite the dangers and pitfalls, possibilities of capture and death, the girl did what she could. She distributed anti-Nazi literature for the Underground. She helped to gather food and, at great personal risk, to take it to Allied pilots who were in hiding until their passage to England could be arranged. On her way to and from school, Continued
For trousseau collecting...or blanket protecting
...a Lane is a girl's best friend!

Gathering a trousseau is more fun when you do it a little at a time. Your lovely things stay fresh in a Lane, and friends and relatives have plenty of chance to add to the collection.

After you're married, a Lane Cedar Chest keeps blankets and woolens clean and fragrant—safe from moths and dust—as no other storage method can.

Lane Chests are sold at most leading furniture and department stores—and just one nice garment saved from moths can pay for your Lane!

Also makers of Lane Tables

Lane is the ONLY pressure-tested, aroma-tight cedar chest. Made of 3/4-inch red cedar in accordance with U.S. Government recommendations with a free moth-protection guarantee, underwritten by one of the world's largest insurance companies, issued upon proper application. Helpful hints for storing are in each chest. The Lane Company, Inc., Dept. P, Altavista, Va. In Canada: Knechtels, Ltd., Hanover, Ontario.

* $5.00 higher in the West due to greater freight costs—and higher in Canada.

Lane Cedar Chests

Many as low as $49.95*

Easy terms
"Watch your skin thrive on Cashmere Bouquet Soap!"

**Beauty Director of New York's Noted Conover School**

Countless Conover Students have proved this wholesome beauty care!

"The Conover School teaches ambitious girls how to improve their personal appearance for top careers in every field," says Candy Jones. "Since an eye-catching complexion is a 'must', I urge our students to use gentle Cashmere Bouquet Soap. I know from years of experience that any kind of skin—dry, normal or oily—thrives on this wholesome beauty care. The 'beauty-wash' method we teach at Conover's can produce the same exciting results for you that it does for Conover Career girls. Twice a day cream Cashmere Bouquet's fluffly, fragrant lather over your face with your fingertips. Rinse and pat dry. Then see how quickly this regular care brings you that fresh, glowing Conover-Girl Complexion!"

**P.S.**

Getting your picture taken? Make the most of your Cashmere Bouquet complexion by using medium—never dark—lipstick, slightly darker powder than normal, and moderate eye make-up.

---

**THE HOLLYWOOD STORY continued**

she frequently carried messages for the Underground workers in her shoes.

To help raise money for the Underground, the girl took part in "Black Performances"—secret concerts held in private homes. Wearing costumes her mother fashioned from old curtains, the girl danced her versions of the classic ballets to the piano accompaniment of a friend. And always, as she whirled and pirouetted, she strained to hear, above the music, the knock of the secret police at the door.

It never came, fortunately. Her luck held for years—and then, suddenly, it happened. Two months before liberation, with the smell of freedom in the air, the German police began to round up women to work in their military kitchens. The girl and a dozen others were picked right off the street. On the march to headquarters her guards stopped to corral a few more. Taking a long chance, the girl turned and ran. She stayed in hiding, in a damp, dark cellar, for a month.

Finally, the war came to an end and people picked up the shattered pieces of their lives. As if to make up for the years of horror, Dame Fortune showered good fortune upon the young girl. Her first Broadway play a great success! Her first motion picture, one of the triumphs of the year, also won her an Academy Award as Hollywood's best actress. And, to top it all, marriage to the man she loved. The courageous little girl?—Audrey Hepburn.

*Listen to Shirley Thomas from Hollywood on NBC Radio in the Pacific coast area at 3:30 p.m., PDT, Sundays. Also to Shirley Thomas Reports on Weekend, 3:30 p.m., EDT Sundays, over NBC Radio. Consult newspapers for time and station.*
Only Bobbi is specially designed to give the softly feminine wave needed for this new "Bewitching" hairdo. No nightly settings necessary.

Only softly feminine hairstyles here because these hairdos were made with Bobbi, the special pin-curl permanent—never tight, never fussy

These pictures show—better than we can tell—the softly feminine curls and waves you get with a Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. A Bobbi specially designed to look soft and natural from the very first day.

A Bobbi gives your hair the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. Your curls and waves are exactly where you want them. And they stay there week after week after week. Just put your hair in pin-curls. Apply Bobbi's Special Creme Oil Lotion. A little later, rinse with water. Let dry, brush out...that's all.

If you love softly feminine hairdos, then Bobbi is the pin-curl permanent for you.


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

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

Bobbi is made especially to give young, free and easy hairstyles like this "Rosebud" hairdo. And the curl is there to stay—in all kinds of weather.

Soft, Natural right from the start...that's the "Sea Breeze" hairstyle after an easy Bobbi. A Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is so easy, no help is needed.
THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

I'm stubborn about this minor matter: I'm still waiting for anyone to show me in print the Academy Award called Oscar before March 16, 1934 when I first used the name. Just goes to show you can't judge an actor from his screen personality: Brando picked up his Oscar in a full-dress suit and gave thanks in complete, full-length sentences. Grace Kelly, the cold unemotional lady of the screen, broke down in front of everybody and accepted her Oscar bawling, while Eva Marie Saint, the quiet, shy girl of "Waterfront," stole the show and won everyone's heart as she bubbled and exclaimed enthusiastically, "I'm so excited — I may have the baby right now!" (Which she did three days later — a boy.)

Frank Sinatra often makes it tough for people who sincerely like him to like him. I'm looking forward to "Guys and Dolls," and I hope Sam Goldwyn doesn't give it too much class. Would Rock Hudson really let them name him Rock if he had to do it all over again? Whenever I hear the song "Down the Old Ox Road," I think of Bing Crosby. As Noel Coward put it: How potent cheap music can be! Why do most actresses think it's sexier to close their eyes during a screen kiss? I'm not disputing, only asking. I can be convinced either way.

Mr. Sandman, add to my list of dream girls Shirley MacLaine. Sunset Blvd. is the longest of Hollywood's thoroughfares and on it you can see fire stations designed to look like mansions. Hollywood is a great town and even Oscar Levant likes it when he complains: "I'm lazy enough without the interference of tropical weather." At Jean Simmons' party an unemployed starlet told a working starlet: "The coat looks lovely. You'll wear it a long time. They say it has nine lives."

Audrey Hepburn, who flourishes with charm, does a great impersonation of Jerry Lewis in semi-privaciness. I'd still match Ava Gardner with any silent movie siren. "The past," as Finley Peter Dunne put it, "always looks better than it was; it's only pleasant because it isn't here." For a today character to match with Yesteryear's give me Shelley Winters, who told me she liked her performance in a certain movie and "every time I see the picture I get better."

Marlon Brando is courteous and considerate. I can only judge people and tell you about them as I find them. I also find Anne Baxter much sexier off the screen than on, because off she's herself and isn't trying to act sexy. This makes me remember Anne Baxter's first movie, "The Great Profile," with, of course, John Barrymore. After doing a scene with overzealous Anne, John commented: "Must she swim, too." ... Hollywood is the kind of town where the penthouse is on the fourth floor of the apartment building. Don't be afraid of failure, I often tell the newcomers as we sit and chat in Schwab's. Go through the careers of John Wayne or Jeff Chandler, Debbie Reynolds or Mitzi Gaynor and you'll find failure. But no one remembers the failures, only the successes. Everyone can tell you that. ... Mamie Van Doren claims she doesn't wear anything beneath her evening gowns because there isn't any room to put anything. Whenever I watch a foreign movie with English subtitles I get as well as I do when I watch a tennis match. A studio executive objected to the demands of a new contract by a new popular actress by shouting: "A hundred grand a picture and fifty percent of the gross for — for not as much as Jane Russell!"

Judy Holliday is no phony. She does all her acting for the camera. And I wish they'd get her back here in front of movie camera soon. Liberace used to play the piano in saloons. Then, belittled it or not, his name and billing were Bus Keys. Edmund Purdom had this sign on his portable dressing room door: "Not Enter Without Knocking. Do Not Even Knock." ... Groucho Marx discoursing a ball player: "He didn't hit hard enough to be a wife beater." ... We that's Hollywood for you!
HE: "Get out of that shower!"

SHE: "Lay one fat hand on my person, you cop, and the D.A. will hear about it!"

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

GINGER ROGERS · EDWARD G. ROBINSON
BRIAN KEITH
in the "sleeper" of the year
"TIGHT SPOT"

Screen Play by WILLIAM BOWERS · Produced by LEWIS J. RACHMIL · Directed by PHIL NARKSON
Cute Marisa Pavan is now the reason why Arthur Loew, Jr. is walking on air.

With Edmund Purdom and Linda Christian it's now a matter of when and where?

Greg's frank statement settles all rumors about Peck's and Passani's plans.

BY FLORABEL MUIR

THE WAITING GAME being adroitly played by all the principals of the Linda Christian-Tita Purdom and Edmund Purdom triangle, while Tyrone Power watches from afar in New York with both Mary Roblee, John Ford's pretty niece, and Annabella, his ex. to console him. Though talking pretty big, Edmund has been appearing Tita with half his grand-a-week paycheck while Linda, her nest already well feathered by Ty, has those diamonds valued at $132,000 given to her by an over-ardent suitor who'd neglected to pay Van Cleef & Arpels for 'em, safely stashed away in Mexico—a nice pockful of mad money? Whispers getting pretty loud that Linda and Edmund will wed when and if feasible.

Jane Withers' budding new romance with Jake Ehrlich, Jr., son of a top San Francisco attorney. . . . Rhonda Fleming's planned Mexico divorce and the way she's playing the field with a vengeance, with shoe man Harry Karl only serving as a blind for more serious philanderings. . . . How Martha Hyer had to move her make-up kit from Paramount to Universal-International before she discovered George Nader and vice versa, leaving her Texas oil millionaire high and dry.

The way Eartha Kitt revealed that she was really socked where it hurt from the collapse of her romance with Arthur Loew, Jr., who apparently has taken up seriously with Marisa Pava of Pier Angeli's sister.

Whether Marlon Brando and Rita Moreno really mean anything to each other. . . . Gregory Peck's fiancée that Veronique Passani, the French chick, is to become the stepmother of his three sons and chatelair of his Pacific Palisades mansion—no her quietly voiced insistence that the attachment had nothing whatever to do with his estrangement from Greta because he and Veronique did not mean until long after his marriage had soured for good. . . . What goes with Debbie Reynolds and Edd Fisher, who've now postponed the marriage until midsummer, with Edd too occupied with New York and London singing engagements. . . . The continued squabbling of attorneys over the Victor Mature divorce settlement with his wife—and her demands keep getting larger.
Hair's so satiny after a Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo it irresistibly calls for a love-pat! You can't always wear a satin dancing dress for the man in your life—but now, with Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo he'll see the satiny beauty of your hair every day! You'll find that never before in your shampoo experience has your hair had so much shimmer, so much softness.

**Double Lanolin Is The Reason**

**Enriches Your Hair With Beauty Instead of Drying It!**

Lanolin Lotion was purposely formulated with twice as much lanolin as ordinary shampoos. That means double the lanolin protection against dryness...double the lanolin polish and beauty for your hair. For even problem hair—that's had its beauty oils dried away...washed away...bleached away...benefits astonishingly from this double-lanolin lather. It not only feels twice as rich—it actually is twice as rich. Don't confuse this utterly new Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo with any so-called "lotion" or "lanolin" shampoo you've ever tried before.

**Billows of Fleecy Foam**

Leave Hair Shimmering, Obedient, "Lanolin-Lovely"

You'll discover an amazing difference the moment this revolutionary shampoo touches your hair. For never before has any shampoo burst into such mountains of lovely lanolin lather—lather that actually POLISHES hair clean. Because only Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo brings you this foaming magic. No old-fashioned "lazy-lather" shampoo can shine your hair like this—'til it shimmers like satin in the moonlight!

The radiance of your hair shampooed this new way will be instantly visible to everyone— but you, yourself, are the best judge of results. So after you've brushed your Lanolin Lotion shampooed hair, take your hand mirror and stand in a strong light. You'll see how much more brilliance dances in your hair!

And this shampoo is so good for hair...for there's twice the lanolin in it! It can't dry your hair or leave it harsh, brittle and hard to handle. Instead, it leaves your hair in superb condition—supple, temptingly soft, far easier to manage. Tangles slip away at the touch of your comb! Your waves come rippling back deeper, firmer, and more pliantly lovely than ever before.

So let this sensational shampoo discovery bring out the thrilling beauty hidden in your hair! All the vibrant, glowing tone...the natural softness. Treat your hair to Helene Curtis Lanolin Lotion Shampoo—29¢, 59¢ or $1. On sale everywhere!
Replies From Survey Reveal:

9 OUT OF 10 NURSES SUGGEST DOUCHING WITH ZONITE
FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

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

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

Douching has become such a part of the modern way of life an additional survey showed that of the married women who replied:

83.3% douche after monthly periods.
86.5% at other times.

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

ZONITE’s Many Advantages

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

ZONITE—The Ideal "ALL-PURPOSE" Antiseptic-Germicide

Mike Connolly with Pier Angeli corner Debbie Reynolds and try to make her own up and confess

BY MIKE CONNOLLY

IMPERTINENT INTERVIEW

"Wh..." I asked Debbie Reynolds, Eddie Fisher’s fiancée, “is your favorite singer in the whole world?”

Miss Effervescence thought it over, then tactfully replied: “I like music—all kinds of music!”

Debbie hedged some more. “I probably shouldn’t say this—single out only a few—but I’m very fond of Judy Garland’s singing, always have been.

“I also love Doris Day’s forthright singing style. And Peggy King’s. Peggy was under contract with the rest of us here at M-G-M for a whole year, and she and I got to know each other real well.”

I interrupted: “You’re side-stepping, Debbie.”

“Hear me out on Peggy,” she said. “I love Peg’s singing for the heart she puts into it and the way she makes her personality shine through—even through a tomato-sauce plug!”

“I also love to listen to Mae Barnes, who was with Shirley Booth in ‘By the Beautiful Sea’ on Broadway. Then there’s Pearl Bailey; and that wonderful free-style singer, Frances Fay. And . . .”

I interrupted again. “You’ve dodged the subject long enough—who’s your favorite male singer?”

Without batting an eye, Eddie Fisher’s fiancée replied, “I like all of them! Oh, I’ll admit that occasionally one of the boy singers makes a record that’s better than any of the others.”

“Such as?”

“Such as, ‘How Do You Speak to an Angel?’ Eddie recorded that one. He made it long before I knew him.”

“When you hear it today, do you imagine Eddie’s singing it directly to you?” I asked.

“Oh, now really! I don’t think of myself as an angel, if that’s what you mean! I think of it as being dedicated to people in love everywhere—and also to people who love that kind of song. My mother, for example, she, too, thinks it’s the best recording Eddie has ever made. I will admit though, that when I first heard Eddie sing it, I thought to myself, I’d like to know that boy.”

I asked her about “Fanny,” Eddie’s version of the song from the Broadway show of the same name. “When Eddie sings ‘Fanny,’ I pointed out, ‘it seems to me I can distinctly hear him change a word here and there.”

“You’re right, he does change a word He changes it from ‘Fanny’ to ‘Franny,’ ever so slightly. He thinks no one else catches it but me. My real name isn’t Debbie, as you know, but Mary Frances. And my nickname is Franny. So that’s the way he signals to me. It was one of our secrets.”

“Any other favorites?”

“Frank Sinatra is one of my all-time favorites. He, like Frances Fay, sing great old standards, like ‘Someone to Watch Over Me’ and ‘Something to Remember You By’—and no matter what mood I’m in I can always find Sinatra record to match it.”

“Bing Crosby is another great in my book. And so’s Vic Damone—and Pie Angeli agrees with me about Vic! And so’s Nat ‘King’ Cole—as a matter of fact, the ‘King’ is just about the greatest, isn’t he?”

“I’m the reporter,” I said. “I only ask the questions, you answer them. What do you think?”

“Well, I guess maybe not, after all I guess Eddie Fisher is still the greatest.”

“Prejudice, thy middle name is Del bie. And thank you, Franny.”

Which closed our interview.
How to make your life a bed of roses...

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

cashmere bouquet
Talcum Powder

Cashmere Bouquet
Talcum Powder

59¢
29¢
Plus Tax
SOAP BOX:

Answering Margaret Overby’s letter in the April issue: It is regrettable to read a letter such as yours. It portrays our youth of today as greedy, irresponsible and certainly not in accordance with our democracy that each man may think for himself. I do not believe that Eddie Fisher’s career depends upon whether he chooses to marry or not, but upon the respect and admiration he has earned by his dignity, wholesomeness and undeniable talent as a vocalist and performer. Most of us, whatever our age, want those we hold dear to be happy, and I do not choose to think you are typical of Eddie’s (or anyone’s) fan-club members, for that would only confirm the misguided opinion of a lot of us older folks that fan clubs are silly and serve no good or lasting purpose.

According to your standards, Eddie will lose either way. If he marries, he loses the support of possessive little girls like you, and if he does not marry the girl he chooses, he loses the respect of his many fans of all ages (and his own self respect), because, by the latter, he will deny what his personality implies when he visits our homes via TV—integrity, responsibility and wholehearted service to us all. Eddie is building a good life and future, the American way. Let us help him.

Mrs. F. Burns
New Albany, Indiana

I bought the March issue of Photoplay today and eagerly scanned it for a mention of Bill Campbell, who is one of my favorite screen actors. I saw him this past week in “Battle Cry” and he did a tremendous job as Ski. Surely now, I thought, Photoplay will have at least a small picture of him. Nope, no small picture, and not even a mention of him. I trust that within the foreseeable months, Photoplay will feature Bill Campbell.

Merlin F. Ted
Brooklyn, New York

Why do everyone keep making remarks about James Dean? In my opinion, he is the greatest actor in the field of television and will be second to none in movies. He is frequently compared to Marlon Brando, as being “odd” and “different.” The only comparison between the two is in the acting department, where they share top honors.

I saw Mr. Dean at the premieres of “Sabrina” and “A Star Is Born.” One time I called to him to sign my program and he not only did so, but he took the time to autograph it especially to me. He is a perfect gentleman and a very nice person.

I think he’s the greatest and will one day be as famous as he deserves to be.

BARRABRA ELEN
Downey, California

CASTING:

I have just read the book “Pray Love, Remember” by Mary Stolz and I think it would make a wonderful movie, with Lori Nelson as Dody and Guy Madison as Ben. Also with Shirley Booth and Marlon Brando.

DOROTHY PEMBERTON
Broadus, Montana

I have just read the book “River of the Wolves,” written by Stephen W. Meader, and I think it would be a wonderful movie with the following cast: David Foster, Tab Hunter; Nancy Morrison, Debbie Reynolds; Jed Foster, Chill Wills; Maria Foster, Marjorie Main; Nequannis, Vince Edwards; Captain Tucker, Percy Kilbride.

Rene Salinas
McAllen, Texas

Quite recently Columbia announced that it intended to film D. H. Lawrence’s “Sons and Lovers.” This is an excellent idea and it would make a truly brilliant movie with Richard Burton as Paul Morel, Claire Bloom as Miriam, Grace Kelly as Clara and Judith Evelyn as Gertrude Morel.

Fred Zinnemann, who did a really terrific job on “From Here to Eternity,” should direct.

FRANKLIN EVANS
New York, New York

QUESTION BOX:

Could you please tell me who played Amy in “Young at Heart” and who is playing laurey in “Oklahoma!” with Gordon MacRae?

SANDRA HOLMBERG
Chicago, Illinois

Elizabeth Fraser played Amy. Shirley Jones will play Laurey.—ED.

I would like to know who played the roles of Curt and Arthur in the film “Track of the Cat”?

ROBERT RAY
Atoka, Oklahoma

Curt, Robert Mitchum; Arthur, William Hopper.—ED.

In the movie “Passion,” starring Cornel Wilde and Yvonne DeCarlo, did Miss DeCarlo play the parts of both Rosa and her sister? If not, who played the parts?

SUE FARLEY
New Matamoras, Ohio

Yes, Yvonne DeCarlo played both Rosa and her younger sister Tonya.—ED.

I have just seen “Battle Cry” and I thought it was wonderful. Please tell me who played Hodge, Andy, Ski, Danny and Spanish Joe.

GERALD KATZ
New Orleans, La.

Hodge, John Lupino; Andy, Aldo Ray; Ski, William Campbell; Danny, Tab Hunter; Spanish Joe, Perry Lopez.—ED.

Please tell me who played Tony Curtis (Jerry Florea) as a teenager in “Six Bridges to Cross.”

NANCY MUSKINIS
Forest Hills, New York

TV actor Sal Mineo.—ED.

Could you please tell me why Harry Belafonte didn’t do his own singing in the picture “Carmen Jones”? I’ve heard he has a very good voice.

SANDY SESSIONS
Boulder Creek, California

Quite right, Harry Belafonte is a night-club singer. But Le Vern Hutcheson sang this part, which required an operatic voice.—ED.

I would like to know Scott Brady’s real age. He has been twenty-nine for the past two or three years.

JUNE SPJAKOWSKI
Buffalo, New York

Scott was born September 13, 1924. That makes him thirty years old.—ED.
I dreamed I was a designing woman

in my maidenform bra

The dream of a bra: Maidenform's Chansonette® in nylon taffeta,
acetate satin, cotton broadcloth, dacron cotton batiste... from 2.00

©1955 MAIDEN FORM BRASIERE CO. INC. COSTUME ARNOLD OCKERT, CATHY BY SENNER
BY ERSKINE JOHNSON

LAUGHING STOCK

Picking up atmosphere for his role of a detective in a movie, Frank Lovejoy went on a couple of raids with the L.A. police department juvenile squad. At a roundup of juvenile suspects by plainclothesmen, one bright hood snapped at the star:

“You look more like an actor than a cop, chum.”

Studio executive, talking to his press agent:

“Now let’s be fair about this picture. Just say it’s terrific.”

Dorothy Shay claims her accompanist Eddie O’Neal has gone Liberace one better. He has a piano shaped like a swimming pool.

When a Civil War movie, “The Siege at Red River,” played in a Memphis, Tenn., theatre, the manager put these words on his marquee:

“See the Confederate Officer outwit the Yankee.”

Actor, arguing with his agent: “I don’t care what my salary is, so long as it’s exorbitant.”

Jimmy Nelson’s description of a summer resort:

“A place on a lake with a girl on the make.”

Mimic Will Jordan said it:

“Destiny shapes people’s ends, but destiny was really inspired when it shaped Marilyn Monroe’s.”

Humphrey Bogart after warbling a Christmas Carol for a scene in “We’re No Angels”:

“This could be the end of my fan mail from Alcatraz.”

Pinky Lee soothed a jittery TV actor who complained he was so nervous he’d eaten all his fingernails.

“Don’t worry,” said Pinky, “They’re only seventy-five calories.”

A rodeo gal, it’s being told, was sent to a vocal coach by a studio executive who thought she had the makings of a star.

All day long, the sage-brush beauty went around muttering:

“How now bronco.”

Barbara Stanwyck expected an answer of tradition or dedication when she asked a nineteen-year-old Blackfoot Brave on the “Cattle Queen” set the “why?” of his long braids.

“Dunno,” he replied, “except they just keep growin’.”

*See Erskine Johnson’s “Hollywood Reel” on your local TV station.
Both of Mrs. Louis Sturtevant’s hands were soaked in detergents. Only the right hand was treated with Jergens Lotion. Compare the two! This photograph is unretouched.

Exciting Proof: Jergens Lotion stops "Detergent Hands"

A national research laboratory* proves Jergens Lotion more effective than any other lotion tested for stopping detergent damage.

Your hardworking hands can be beautiful hands. If you’re having the old, familiar trouble with everyday detergents (rough, red hands), listen to this!

Under supervision, 447 women soaked both hands in detergents. After each soaking, Jergens Lotion was applied to the right hand. Left hands were untreated.

In 3 or 4 days untreated hands were roughened and reddened. The Jergens Lotion hands were soft, smooth and lovely.

Of all the lotions tested this way, not one proved as effective as Jergens Lotion. In addition, Jergens was never sticky or greasy.

Jergens Lotion has been steadily perfected for 50 years. You’ll find it’s just as good for wind and weather chapping as for "Detergent Hands," and it takes just seconds to use.

Get a bottle of Jergens Lotion today. Notice how much heavier and creamier it is—with a delightful new fragrance. And still only 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.

---

*Notice to doctors and dermatologists. For a summary of this report, write to The Andrew Jergens Co., Cinn., O.
EXTRA REASON TO LOVE AMERICA'S NO. 1 BEAUTY SOAP!

Because you love value . . .
You've made
Personal Size Ivory
America's No. 1
Beauty Soap!

like getting this extra one free!

4 FOR THE PRICE OF 3!

4 cakes of pure, mild Personal Size Ivory cost about the same as 3 cakes of other leading toilet soaps!

Extra savings—and in the bargain—the wonderful purity and famous mildness of Ivory! And remember, the milder your beauty soap, the prettier your skin. More doctors recommend pure, mild Ivory for baby’s skin—and yours—than any other soap. So, add it up: extra soap for your money . . . extra beauty for you—a radiant freshness America calls “That Ivory Look!”

PERSONAL SIZE IVORY IS YOUR BEST BEAUTY BUY!
Coming out of the movie theatre last evening the tall blond fellow with the crew cut walking in front of us suddenly stopped, leaned over to the pretty girl by his side and kissed her on the forehead. "That's because I'm glad I have you," he whispered. "Me, too," she answered back and held onto his arm a little tighter. You can put the blame on Marty, for that's how he affects you, provided, of course, you've ever wished upon a star for someone special of your own, felt lonely even in a crowd or looked in the mirror and despised of finding romance—for this is the story of Marty—and of all unloved ones—of a man and a girl and their heart-tugging search for love.

Lectured by his mother to marry, Marty Piletti (Ernest Borgnine) explains girls don't like him.

Finally meeting a girl (Betsy Blair), Marty tells her his dreams, is hurt when she refuses his kiss.
Like a gypsy in the sun, Mona Freeman, at Del Capri, tops off natty knee pants, shirt, with hat sporting own earrings!

Donna Reed’s “Dalmatian” swimsuit, matching towel caused quite a ripple among swim set at the Del Capri pool.

Hard-working Janet Leigh relaxes at the Palm Springs Racquet Club in shirred lastex with flared cuffs at the bosom line.

For sunning by apartment house pool, Mitzi Gaynor wears terry cloth bloomersuit, sweater to match midriff bands.

Wonderful view, at Malibu! Elaine Stewart prefers the ocean to a pool, wears red lastex with bands of white.
A day to remember at the Palm Springs Racquet Club was the day Janet Leigh came down for a brief vacation between pictures and graced the giant pool with her imposing form. The whistles could be heard coming from all directions—although the rumor is, the loudest were from husband Tony. And no wonder, he was the one (lucky man) who gifted Janet with her tame flame pink lastex swimsuit that caused such a run on pink suits in the vicinity. Because Mr. Curtis is partial to one-piece swim wear with straps, that's the kind his loving wife always wears. Incidentally, Janet's one of the busiest of Hollywood's young lovelies. She's just finished "My Sister Eileen," and goes right into Jack Webb's "Pete Kelly's Blues." No wonder this month's PhotoPlay cover girl took a rest.

The one thing the young newlyweds, Mitzi Gaynor and Jack Bean, are searching for while house-hunting is a pool. And it will be worth all the trouble for a pool is central social headquarters for all activity for the Beans and friends. Swimming is Mitzi's favorite way of keeping her 5'6" frame down to its trim 112. As you can see, Mitzi favors bloomer suits—and bloomer suits favor Mitzi!

Ever since "From Here to Eternity," fans and friends have been noticing a new blossoming in Donna Reed, gaining her a reputation of not only being one of Hollywood's top dramatic actresses but also one of the colony's loveliest glamour girls. For years, Donna nixed all pinup pictures, which was Hollywood's loss, judging from the fanfare she received when she showed up at the Hotel Del Capri in Westwood recently in a black and white "Dalmatian" suit. Everyone had spots and a star before their eyes.

Not everybody has to go in the water, feels Mona Freeman, who spent the day at the Hotel Del Capri and not once got her feet wet. But Mona had lots of fun watching the others, and the others had lots of fun watching Mona. She had a Golden Earrings hat on that was white and red with a wide, wide sun-shading brim, smooth-fitting black knee pants and a fiery print shirt. Mona, incidentally, is still Bing Crosby's number-one gal.

Elaine Stewart is one lass who will never be caught near a pool! Elaine likes the ocean—so much so this smart young one bought herself a small bungalow at Malibu. At the present, though, Elaine's not doing much water-wading; she's still recuperating from the ruptured appendix that sent her to the hospital during a recent good-will tour to Rio de Janeiro.

Of all places, Robert Wagner spent his twentieth birthday in a lonely hotel room in Wichita, Kansas! Near-zero weather grounded all planes and Bob, tub-thumping for "White Feather," not only missed three parties in his honor, he couldn't even get through to friends or family on the telephone. Facing casting problems, Bob's "Lord Vanity" doesn't start now until June, so his parents wanted him to accompany them to Europe and it was okay with his studio—but not Bob! He loves his work, Hollywood and the many friends he's made here. He preferred to remain close to home.

Lovely Anna Maria (Continued on page 85)
Doris Day’s explosion of sunshine lights up everyone around her. But it’s no shallow glow. For behind it is the heart of a girl who had to struggle for the happiness she shares.
atom blonde!

It was a spring day, and the bedroom seemed cozy and warm as the late afternoon sun came into the room. And the little blond-haired girl, who sat quietly by the window watching the flock of birds singing on the large oak tree outside her window, forgot all about the cast on her leg and the many months she'd spent in bed.

It was spring and the birds were singing. She liked all kinds of songs and all kinds of music, even more so since she became ill. And slowly, unaware, she began humming softly to herself, "Embrace me, my sweet embraceable you. . . ." Before long she was singing the words softly, hardly above a whisper, so her father wouldn't hear her. He didn't approve of such music.

And yet, somehow when she sang, everything seemed better. Not that she didn't see her father's point of view. There wasn't much music in such a song, at least not the kind of music a conservatory teacher with the name of Wilhelm Kapplehoff, who loved Bach and Beethoven and Brahms, would like.

But then, her father wasn't in his teens; he probably couldn't even remember how it was to be young. And how could he know how it was to be unable to walk, not to go outdoors, not to go to school? Perhaps love songs didn't mean anything when you got older, but when you're in your teens, love's important. She hadn't forgotten love even though she'd been cooped-up for ten long months waiting for her broken leg to heal. She couldn't explain to her dad how singing these love songs made her forget the nightmares which haunted her sleep. She'd go to sleep, then start up, screaming, dreaming that. once again, she saw that freight (Continued on page 80)
There’s a reason for all that sighing.
And it isn’t ’cause it’s spring.
It’s that new man, Nader

HE’S GEORGE!

BY DON ALLEN

When George Nader was still a youngster living in the heart of Los Angeles, within a bus ride of a half-dozen major movie studios, he came to a very important conclusion.

“All actors are jerks,” said the young Mr. Nader.

And this was not the last time these dogmatic words were heard coming from George’s direction. He was heard repeating them in high school; in his first year at college he pronounced them often and emphatically. For if old George knew anything, he told himself, he knew one thing—all actors were dopes.

But that was years ago. . . . When asked recently, while planting a tender kiss on lovely Maureen O’Hara’s lips on the U-I set of “Lady Godiva of Coventry,” what his present views were on actors, George grinned broadly and reneged. “Work like this is a pleasure,” he said, rather happily, too, considering he was currently employed as an actor.

This was just one of many occasions in which Mr. Nader had to eat those famous last words. And from the looks of things, George is going to have to do a lot more word-eating, because the boy seems destined for a long and successful career as an actor.

Having now appeared in seven pictures, getting his big break in “Six Bridges to Cross,” his talents are thoroughly appreciated by moviemakers and widely recognized by his bosses at Universal-International, who candidly admit, “George is headed right for the top.” They’ve backed their judgment (Continued on page 107)
The Crystal Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel glowed like an animated rainbow. It was the night of the Gold Medal Awards—but it seemed more like a fashion show. Jane Powell, vivid in American Beauty satin and Spanish coat of plum-colored silk... Jane Wyman, exquisite in creamy satin... jewels, furs, gleaming against the black dinner jackets of the men... making this Photoplay Gold Medal Dinner party one of the most glamorous nights of the year.

GLAMOUR GIRLS

Janet Leigh An eye-catching figure in silk-jersey and red tulle, Janet’s gown makes news with its torso-length top, demure neckline that dips to deep V in back!

Kim Novak Sheathed in mauve lace, with allover design in beads and sequins, Kim turned all heads when she turned—to reveal pink sash at dipped-to-waistline back!

June Allyson A graceful figure in shimmering satin, our Gold Medal winner tops her waltz-length gown with pert bellboy red velvet jack lined with white satin

Barbara's evening gown is an original by Sybil Connolly, top designer of Ireland

Barbara Rush in gown she bought when she made "Captain Lightfoot." Blouse is pleated Irish linen. For contrast, Babs added red velvet ribbon at neck
What are angels made of?

Being a little wacky
and a little wonderful.

Being brave, and wise
about love. That's
what makes Pier Angeli
the angel Vic adores

BY MAXINE BLOCK

- At Pier Angeli's beautiful and impressive wedding ceremony to Vic Damone last November at St. Timothy's Church, many of her friends wondered why Marisa, her maid of honor, carried two bouquets down the aisle to the altar. They watched as Pier took one of them from Marisa and placed it at the feet of the Virgin Mary. Pier later explained, "That was to ask her to bless our marriage and to make it fruitful."

It was with great concern that Pier's family, friends and fans learned that after a turbulent plane trip from Los Angeles she was hospitalized in Palm Springs, suffering from a broken pelvis, shock and a cut above the eye which required stitches, after being thrown against the walls of the powder room on the plane.

What heightened everyone's concern was that Pier and Vic were expecting a baby in September. In a telephone message, Vic broke the bad news; the X-rays disclosed much more severe injuries than were first thought. "Pier will be hospitalized for a month and the doctors cannot be sure until later whether she will lose the baby," he explained, distraught. "I pray that all goes well. It's hard to think straight at a time like this. I've been trying to keep up Pier's spirits, but when I enter her room and see her lying there so tiny and still, my heart sinks and she looks at my face and it's she that begins to comfort me! Pier has such courage. 'You must not worry,' she keeps saying. 'You must go to Milwaukee for your engagement. Everything will be all right.' She's an angel.

"But how could I go? I'm (Continued on page 95)"
Funny what fate can do to a guy. A campaign speech won him a job as an actor. And lost Aldo Ray the chance to run for president!

This is a story about a boy, a little boy who swallowed a dream. And this is where the story begins . . . where it ends, nobody knows.

It was a bright, clear day and the sand on the beach was hot and sun-soaked. The little boy clowned about the edge of the water and talked merrily to himself for he was alone. As he stumbled, picking up broken crab shells, a giant wave rolled in and carried him out towards the sea. By the time the boy collected his balance, the shore seemed forever away. He began to swim back and, somehow, while he floated and kicked and struggled against the Pacific, as he fought back the ocean and coughed up the salt water, things became confused. But all the time, he knew he wasn't going to drown. When, at last, he stumbled onto the beach, seven-year-old Aldo Ray knew why he was spared. He had swallowed the ocean and fought the waves—and he had found his dream. Filled with overpowering victory, he (Continued on page 77)
• “I’ve got a surprise parked outside for you, honey,” said the man, casually tinkering with his watch, more to hide his apprehension than from any interest in the battered, ten-year-old timepiece. “Come on, see what it is.”

The little girl looked up from her piano playing and smiled a little quizically, a small forced smile. “Oh, Daddy, you didn’t. You shouldn’t have bought me another present. You really didn’t...”

“You bet I did,” he answered hopefully. “Come on, give it a look.”

She smiled back at him, carefully pushed the stool back, making sure she didn’t kick the legs, and just as carefully arranged the music on a pile before she ran over to the window. Looking at her, a stranger would have guessed her to be twelve, maybe just thirteen, but she was already fifteen; she was fifteen last April 1st.


“It’s like the one you always wanted when you were back home, didn’t you want it? he answered, as though proud of the fact that he still remembered. Then, as if he weren’t sure, he asked hesitantly, “It does make you happy, honey, doesn’t it?”

She started to say something, then hesitated, and, instead, gave her father a hug. “Of course it does, Dad. It really does. I can hardly wait to try it out.”

“Well, go on—go on try it,” he beamed. “You can always finish practicing after supper. Try it out now while it’s still light out.”

She ran down the steps, two at a time, and climbing onto the bicycle waved to her father at the window and pushed off, in what she hoped seemed enthusiasm. Not until she rounded the corner, did she break down and let the sobs and tears come out. Slipping off her bike, she leaned against a building and tried wiping away her tears, thankful that Pico Boulevard was a busy Los Angeles street and no one would notice her. For how could she ever explain how she felt about the bike she

Continued
She'd wanted to be like other girls growing up in Portland. Instead, she landed in Hollywood. It was to be a long time before Jane Powell got the wish that brought her happiness.

Jane Powell is in "Hit the Deck"

Pat's love of art, books, has opened a new world for Jane—contributed to new maturity
Lost, she may have been, but never lost was determination to give GA and baby Sis a normal childhood.

Today Jane knows that if she had grown up in Portland she'd not have mistaken crushes for love.

Never wanting fame, she clung to original dream of happiness with a husband, a home and children.

used to want at home . . . about the way things used to be in Portland . . . about the way they were now.

It all seemed so strange, being fifteen, having a big studio like M-G-M sign you up, all this talk about her being a movie star. Any other girl in the world would be wild with delight. Suzanne Burce, so tiny and pretty with such a bright future, knew she should be the happiest, yet she wasn't. She didn't want to be renamed Jane Powell; she didn't care to be a movie star; and what's more, she didn't even want to live in Hollywood.

The one thing in the world she wanted most was to go back to Portland, Oregon, where she had always lived and go on with her class into Grant High.

She had to admit Hollywood was fun—for a while. She'd met Clark Gable the other day and Mr. Pasternak, her producer, introduced her to Walter Pidgeon, who'd given her a quick kiss on the forehead. No one could be nicer. But still, when you're fifteen, you would rather see Larry Karsen, the first boy who'd ever written you a note, saying, "I love you," or Jack Smith, the first date who had ever taken you to a show, and David Lee, who escorted you to your first formal. David had worn white gloves with his dark blue suit. She was thrilled. The only boy she'd met here in Hollywood was Peter Lawford and he was twenty-five. She didn't know any girls her own age out here either. She had to go to school.
In the years of disappointment, Jane has matured into a lively intelligent woman who adores Pat. 

Suzanne didn't tell him that Gaye Stephan was her last summer's name. Her newest name was Jane Powell. Neither did she tell him that she wished she could be just plain Suzanne Burce from Portland. But she was polite. "Yes, I am. And I'm fine now," she answered. "I'll just wait here another minute and then I know I can ride home all right."

Home now meant Hollywood. Home was different when it was Portland. It was in Portland that her parents happened to go to a show one Friday night when she was three and, seeing Shirley Temple who was also three, made their decision.

It was 1932 and the depression was on, and they lived in a house so small that it had only one bedroom and she had to sleep in the living room, but just the same her parents found the money to let her take dancing lessons. Four years later they'd managed to scrape up money enough for her to begin singing lessons, despite the fact that the depression was worse and money scarcer for them in 1936. It was happy-making that at seven she got on a local Portland radio show, and it was positively thrilling when, at eleven, she had her own show over station KOIN. Then the war began and she was made Portland's Victory Girl, which was an important responsibility to her. She (Continued on page 101)
There's many a quip about a HONEYMOON TRIP

BY Sheilah Graham
A marriage ceremony that began with a speed ticket . . . a honeymoon with four hundred people. No wonder Cupid had the jitters before the honeymoon was over!

“The funniest thing happened to me on the way from the altar,” is the only way Dan Dailey’s brand-new wife, the former Gwen O’Connor, can tell the story of the first ten minutes of their married life. She got hit by a blackjack. The blackjack was in the hand of a Las Vegas card dealer, but here’s how it happened.

After a two-year, rough-and-tumble courtship featured by more fights than have been seen in Madison Square Garden, Dan and Gwen tied the knot in a hurry. Dan’s agent was going to Vegas to see another client, so they went along for the ride, and once having arrived, marriage seemed a sensible idea.

When Gwen finished saying, “I do,” she excused herself and started for the powder room. Her path lead through the Sahara Hotel’s gambling casino, so she stopped for just a minute at a “21” table to try her luck. Ten minutes later, when the frantic Dan started a search for his bride, he found her still at the table—minus $700.

“So I won a wife and lost some money, but I still came out ahead,” Dan told me.

Well, at least Dan and Gwen were alone on their honeymoon. Guy Madison had to share the first four days of wedded bliss with Sheila Connolly, with four hundred conventioneers and the entire University of Miami football team.

As you know, Guy and Sheila were married in Juarez, Mexico, then hopped a plane immediately for Miami, Florida, where Guy was

Continued

The hotel accommodations were fine—except for one thing. That’s why Lita and Rory Calhoun spent their wedding night—sleeping on the hotel room floor!
due to make personal appearances for the sponsor of his "Wild Bill Hickok" tv series.

They were never alone a minute—well almost never, anyway. The entire Kellogg's sales force was there with them, and if three's a crowd, four hundred is ridiculous. And as if that wasn't bad enough, the Miami football team was quartered at the same hotel while waiting to play Fordham University. Whenever Guy and Sheila could get away for a walk, they'd be followed by whistles and catcalls from that group of huskies who knew how to take advantage of honeymooners. Guy was really a "wild Bill" by the time he got away from Miami.

Audie Murphy almost shot a man on his honeymoon. He and Pam had gone to the "77" Ranch Motel in Dallas, Texas, to spend their wedding night. They were both asleep when there came a scraping at the window. Audie woke with a start. He had learned to be alert to danger when he was earning his title of the "most decorated war hero." He reached under his pillow for his gun (he always sleeps with it), then cautioned Pam, who had awakened by this time, to be quiet. The scraping at the window continued, and in the moonlight outside, they could see the shadow of a man. Audie raised his gun, took careful aim, but as the burglar started to raise the window, Pam could hold back no longer.

"Audie, don't shoot, please," she pleaded in a voice loud enough for the burglar to hear. Before Audie could get out of bed, the man made a swift and definite disappearance.

When the first fright had left her, Pam laughed and said: "Is that what they mean by a shotgun wedding?"

After his Connecticut marriage to Janet Leigh, Tony Curtis went to Niagara Falls, the traditional honeymoon resort, with Piper Laurie.

At the time, both Janet and Tony were in the East on picture-plugging stints for their respective studios. They knew they wouldn't have much time together, but for two people so in love, any time is better than none at all. So they were married in haste, spent two wonderful days together and then were separated for the next six weeks. Janet returned to Hollywood and Tony joined Piper at Niagara where she was waiting for him to continue their tour for "The Prince Who Was a Thief."

"Someday I'm going to have to take
Janet there,” Tony said recently. “It hardly seems right to marry one girl and then go to Niagara Falls with another.”

A mistaken identity gag that would have done justice to an Abbott and Costello comedy preceded the Robert Taylor-Ursula Thiess nuptials. Bob and his bride-to-be had flown to Jackson Hole, Wyoming, for the occasion. On their arrival at the airport, they were met by one of Bob’s fishing friends, Jess Wort, who had with him another man, a stranger. Bob assumed he was the airport porter and asked him to carry his bags to the car. Bob offered him a tip, which was refused. He should have known something was amiss there, because what porter ever refused a tip! It wasn’t until he was about to be married that (Continued on page 114)
BING-GOES
Everybody knew Bing Crosby. At least we thought we did. We all believed in the comfortable myth of the casual crooner with the bland blue eyes, the inhibited horses and the uninhibited shirts. Why, he was about the most familiar personality in the world, the nonchalant fellow whose rhythm for living was set to the easy swing of a golf club or the wigwagging of an itchy foot following the beat.

Bing was simply giving his best performance off-screen, underplaying himself. Probably, he would have liked to go right on hiding safely behind the great Crosby myth. But it's too late now, and that's his own fault. He has turned himself inside out for the whole world to see, revealing a man with rare emotional depth and sensitivity, with almost incredible strength.

The revelation began one night, in a projection room on an otherwise deserted studio lot, while a rough cut of "The Country Girl" was being shown to a very chosen few. Among these was a fellow artist of Bing's, his oldest son. When the lights came on at the end, there was a loud hush. Everybody sat there without a word. Finally, near tears with admiration and the emotional impact of the picture, Gary Crosby said, "I . . . I didn't know Dad could do that."

His dad hadn't known it, either, any more than the rest of us—except for the close friends of many years, who could always see behind the myth. William Perlberg, producer of "The Country Girl," says, "Bing's emotions are hidden deep inside. But these are the people who have the most. The fellow who wears his heart on his sleeve is usually lacking in heart."

Bing could hardly have foreseen the far-reaching personal effect of that offbeat role. George Seaton, director of the film, recalls, "Quite a lot of pressure was put on him not to play the part. After all, he'd made tremendous strides in the business already. He'd taken every character and made it into his own image—the most enchanting personality the screen has ever known. With a huge following like Bing's, he could have stayed in the same groove forever. But he didn't. It took plenty of courage to jump into something like 'Country Girl.'"

Actually, challenge has always been Bing's meat. There never was any such person as the easygoing character of the Crosby legend. As a kid, back in Spokane, he

BY
MAXINE ARNOLD

Continued
BING—GOES THAT CROSBY MYTH

Continued

smothered the opposition in an elocution contest with a spirited delivery of “Horatius at the Bridge.” One summer, against odds and a lot of brotherly hoots, he entered the city swimming meet against champs who’d all had special training. Young Harry Lillis Crosby came home late that evening tired but triumphant—with eleven medals in his wet, hot hand.

The “lazy” Crosby believes firmly in the character-building value of sports. Years ago, this reporter (then working for the home-town paper) was rounding up stars’ advice to young hopefuls Hollywood bound. Pursued to the Lakeside Golf Club, Bing came out of the golf shop whistling, posed genially for the Brownie and gave this advice to kids: “Excel in some kind of sport.” Shouldn’t they learn to sing? No, said Bing good-humoredly (a very patient man). Make a name in sports and you’d be in anywhere. More important, you’d acquire a spirit of good sportsmanship, an ability to face competition, a will to win that would help you find success in any field.

For all his offhanded manner, Bing has a solid sense of integrity; merely winning isn’t enough. On the wall of his dad’s office, next to Bing’s own, are the framed words: When the One Great Scorer comes to write against your name—He marks not that you won or lost—but how you played the game.” Pop’s gone now, but Bing still treasures the words he loved.

Twenty-five years ago, when Bing was hardly known as one of the most responsible characters in show business, William Perlberg saw through the carefree air. Bing was one of Paul Whiteman’s Rhythm Boys, a boy in a striped blazer, with a captivating croon and an ingratiating way with the ladies. Then an agent, Perlberg was impressed by “an unusual attractiveness about his personality. As a young man, he had a tremendous, warm appeal, which has naturally increased in stature through the years.”

Heading back to Hollywood from a very unprofitable tour, Bing wrote his agent a letter including these plaintive remarks: “It has occurred to me you may possibly be able to line up a couple of parties—giving us some work until something more definite pops. Marion Davies or some other . . .”

Perlberg booked the singing trio into Eddie Brandstatter’s Montmartre, then Hollywood’s (Continued on page 110)
With Linny, Gary and the twins. Of their dad's acting, Gary says "'Little Boy Lost' was the warm-up—but 'Country Girl'... I didn't know he had it in him. That was the big show!"

"Going My Way," for which he and Barry Fitzgerald won Oscars, was different from his carefree "Road" films, but Bing was still being himself.

He could have stayed in his casual groove. But challenge has always been Bing's meat. Yet even he could not foresee the far-reaching personal effect of roles in "Little Boy Lost," left, with Christian Fourcade, and "Country Girl," with Bill Holden, above. No longer could Bing hide safely behind the great Crosby myth!
Pandemonium Reigned In Paradise

Mitzi Gaynor is in "You're the Top"
The bride forgot the ring, they had to be married twice. The sun forgot to shine, the newlyweds were homeless. But to Mitzi and Jack—married life was wonderful.

BY ROBERT EMMETT

- The warm months of 1954 were made notable in Hollywood social circles by a new parlor game entitled "When Will Mitzi Marry Jack?" Any number could play and no theory was considered too fantastic. One romance expert was willing to bet her food freezer that the Gaynor-Bean amour had long since chilled, was being reheated for publicity purposes. Another was coaxing along a hothouse full of orchids in preparation for white satin nuptials, and a third was positive that the love affair would end in a surprise flight to Las Vegas with Mitzi marrying someone other than Jack, and vice versa.

It is only fair to point out that Mitzi and Jack, too, were playing the game and with just as much concentration. However, they had one advantage. They knew what they (Continued on page 98)
A CHARACTER—
BUT STILL
BRANDO

What do people see in Marlon?
Here are two points of view
that suggest maybe it takes a
woman to understand this man

BY ERNST JACOBI

- Scrambling along a jagged rock ledge in New
  York's Central Park, a well-dressed young man in a
  blue-gray business suit, super-white shirt with but-
  ton-down collar and subdued knit tie turned sharply
to the three girls running after him and yelled,
"Come on, the view's terrific."

Even a few blase New Yorkers turned and
chuckled as they saw the enthusiastic young man
perched high on a rock pile. He looked as though
he had just achieved the remarkable feat of climb-
ing Mount Everest.

Other folk may have recognized him to be Mar-
lon Brando, and said to themselves, "that guy
Brando's a character." This is hardly so to the
people who know him, like the three fans who
scurried after him in the park. To them, he was a
great actor, kind of a hero—and a friend—and they
joined (at his request) in his plot to work off some
energy with just as much enthusiasm.

"Now that you come to think of it, we might
have looked a little funny," says Philomena Ignelzi,
who is president of the Marlon Brando Charity Fan
Club. "But it was a beautiful afternoon and it just
seemed like the natural (Continued on page 89)
Kirk Douglas is in "The Indian Fighter," "Ulysses," "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" and "The Racers"
BY FREDDA DUDLEY BALLING

The man in the bathing trunks, the aqua-lung and the goggles, with the snorkel breathing tube in his mouth, was so excited he shivered, even in the tropical waters off Nassau. He had never tried skin-diving before and—like everything else he undertook for the first time—he considered it the greatest.

The water was so clear, the sand at sea bottom so white, the marine grottos so lovely and the fish so exotic that the skin-diver was impelled to comment on it all. What he said was, “What a sensation—what beauty—what mystery. . . .” To the few curious fish about, it sounded like nothing. Then Kirk Douglas lost his snorkel tube, took on a load of limpid sea water and had to be hauled to the surface.

Afterward he confessed sheepishly, “I was so at home in the water that I forgot I didn’t have gills.”

His embarrassment was unnecessary because the incident was a capsule story of his life: normally he plunges into an alien situation, is delighted by it, identifies himself with it and, having merged with the medium, he comes up triumphant and refreshed.

Zestful is the word for Kirk. He has a dynamism that belonged to the strapping, hard-muscled heroes of long ago: men like Beowulf of the north and Ulysses of the south, whose life, incidentally, Kirk recently helped to put on film.

During the past two years, Kirk has covered around 50,000 miles. In rolling up this mileage Kirk has worked and/or vacationed in Israel, France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Nassau and Jamaica. Usually he has known where he was, but he had an uncomfortable moment in Rome. He was having dinner at the Excelsior Hotel one night when he heard a musical cry fall from the public address system, as follows, (Continued on page 93)

She was an angel in a bright red coat and she brought him down to earth. To a place where home and a family are Kirk’s idea of bliss!
BE CRAZY!

DO CRAZY!

TALK CRAZY!

SAYS THIS LOVABLE ZANY

MOVE OVER

Jane is in "Foxfire" and "Gentlemen Harry Brunettes"
A few months ago, on a late Sunday afternoon news telecast, a commentator announced that it had, indeed, been a confusing week. The public could take the anxiety over the postponement of the Nevada atomic tests; it could stand the strain of the recent flareup in north Africa and tolerate the difficulties in the Formosa Strait, but could it be asked to beat up under the confusion of who's body Jane Russell was wearing in the advertisement for "Underwater!"?

To those who know old Jane best, namely the studio people who work with her, there was nothing out of the ordinary in Jane becoming a news incident. Ever since "The Outlaw," she's left behind her a string of small explosions that can be attributed in part to publicity, in the main to her inherent talent for being the lovable, strong-willed, fun-loving, unchangeable zany that she is. Like, for instance, the time Jane went barreling off to Las Vegas for the premiere of her picture, "The Las Vegas Story." The evening before the premiere she was flitting around town having a ball, completely ignoring the high wind that had blown up—and in the wintertime that high desert wind is pretty potent. So she bounces out of the car, let's go of the door handle, the sixty-mile-an-hour gale smashes the door right smack in her face, and there is the glamorous Jane Russell the night before a premiere with a black eye. At the same time, a hundred of the press were being flown up from Los Angeles to cover the premiere. So ulcers, ice packs, sedatives and (Continued on page 86)
TERRY MOORE'S DESIGNS FOR FUN

Hollywood glamour's not all beyond your reach. Take a gander at these time-off-for-fun clothes that predict a magic summer ahead.

Summertime, and the livin' is easy, especially in fresh fashions like these from Terry Moore's new wardrobe. Here is the news in 1955 fashion, from the easy overblouse to the well-put-together costume look of a trim swimsuit with its own beachcoat. Shown, too, how to wear your man-tailored shirts tossed over separates for a jacketed look. Look for wearable, washable fabrics like poplin and sailcloth and slim pants everywhere, every length, from very brief to ankle coverage. There's news in knits—the bulkier the better. Note our versatile featured jacket. We show you more new sun clothes on following pages. Here's to a wonderful summer!

For Where to Buy turn to page 86

Photographs by Bert & Stan Rockfeld
A Treasure of Silver selected by star newlyweds Suzan Ball and Dick Long

More information on following page
Elegance of line and design in sterling Panton pattern candlestems. 12½ inches high. By Gorham. $37.50

Flint pattern silverplate entertainment set. Tidbit dish with serving spoon. 1847 Rogers Bros. $3.95

Reed & Barton's Silver Sculpture pattern sterling steak set, with finned stainless mirror steel. $18.50

Towle's handsome bowl in Sterling Silver Flutes pattern, fluted edge. $17.50. Matching tray, $8.75

Young moderns' sterling Trend salt and pepper set. Contrast plastic tops and liners. Gorham. $10 pair

Handy sterling pikk line with tray in Silver Flutes pattern. Olive wood handle. By Towle. $20.95 complete

Gorham's sleek-lined, contemporary sterling Trend candlesticks. Use them singly or stacked. $13.75 pair

Handsome Flair silverplate hot beverage pitcher, rattan handle. 10 cups. 1847 Rogers Bros. $41.25

Elegant timekeeper, Gorham's Victorian sterling clock. 7 jewels. 40-hour alarm. Stands 5 inches high. $35

Handsome, shaped sterling bowl in Reed & Barton's Silver Sculpture pattern. 9½ inches in length. $25

A hostess must—covered English vegetable dish in garden-edged silverplate. By International. $47.50

Silver-handled Classic Rose cake knife, in chivalry sword design. 16 inch. By Reed & Barton. $29.75

Exquisite smokers' gift, silver cigarette case, $8, matching ash tray, $3.75. Both by International Sterling

Elegant one-piece hostess, Gorham's Victorian sterling clock. 7 jewels. 40-hour alarm. Stands 5 inches high. $35

For you...
and the one who
makes your
temperature rise...
Catalina look-alike
swimsuits!

Shown here —
a fabulous
Signature Fabric
from the land of
the Pharaohs.
See Catalina
Sweetheart Sets
also in Clansman’s Plaid,
Dalmatian and
other fascinating
patterns.

Ladies’ swimsuit:
Pharaoh’s Darling — $10.95.

Men’s sport set:
Sudan shirt — $6.95;
Sudan 3-row boxer — $4.95.

For name of nearest
store, write: Sweethearts,
Catalina, Inc., 443 So. San Pedro
Los Angeles 13

© Catalina, Inc., a division of
Julius KAYSER & Company
hosiery • lingerie • gloves
1 This year's Bloomer Girl, Anne Francis, wears a gingham-checked all-in-one sunsuit with built-in figure shaping. It features softly padded, wired bra, bodice boning. Back has snug lastex section. Red or black with white. 32A-38B. By Lovable. $5

2 Crisp, clean-looking white sharkskin has returned to the beach scene, shown here in Anne's swimsuit—a sharkskin lastex sheath, paneled princess front, its divided bra and bodice trimmed in navy piping 'n' bows. Sizes 32-40. Sand Piper by Catalina. Under $15

3 Tan-enlivening white again, here in Marjorie Hellen's halter necked swimsuit with the neat cling of little boy's shorts. The white cloque pique is flecked with silver Lurex, V-line bodice, deep pockets both silver cord-edged. Sizes 32-38. Brilliant. About $11
For Where to Buy Star Fashions turn to page 86

Anne Francis stars both in M-G-M's exciting "Blackboard Jungle" and "The Scarlet Coat". Terry Moore and Marjorie Hellen are both in 20th's new musical hit, "Daddy Long Legs."

GATHERING FASHIONS

continued

The costume look's cropped up again, on and off the beach. Anne Francis wears gold cotton satin ruffly camisole, $5.95, with matching man-tailored shirt, about $8. They top eye-stopping pants in striped Sail-tone, about $8. All by Loom-togs. Gustave playshoes. Right, Terry Moore in the new one-piece playsuit, here striped in brown, black, white. About $9. She tops it (inset) with brown sailcloth overblouse, $10.95. Pern Squires for Market Bros.

The Well-Put-Together Look

What goes on here? The most flattering swimsuit ever... striped for drama in figure-molding Chromspun lastex... divinely fashioned with Nanina's Pellon-lined "Adjusta-bra," suit top "Lifeguard Band," dainty, patented "Sani-Crotch." All yours for the most exciting time of your life! Gold and multi-color stripes on white or navy. Sizes 32-38.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

ABRAHAM & STRAUS, Dept. 392
420 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Please send me Nanina swimsuit at $8.95

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY ZONE STATE
BACKGROUND COLOR SIZE
☐ CHECK ☐ MONEY-ORDER ☐ C.O.D.
Please add 25c for postage and handling.

For store nearest you, write
NANINA MANUFACTURING CORP.
1410 Broadway, New York
Guided figure lines
shaping what we wear,
everywhere,
all summer

For making the most of summer, a neat figure is your most important asset. It shapes all the exciting new smooth-lined fashions that star, too, a high bosom look. Accomplishing these feats of shaping, the Playtex High Style bra, cut on the “up,” comfortably lifts as nature intended. Embroidered cotton cups, elastic underband and back. White, 32 A to 40 C. $2.95. With it, Playtex Magic-Controller pantie brief of soft fabric-lined latex. A boneless, smooth-action girdle. White, pink. Extra-S to L. $6.95

Available at fine shops and department stores everywhere
Save now—while savings are plump—while you can afford to modernize every bed in your house with PLAYTEX "HEART REST" PILLOWS. They’re the best buy in the world even at regular prices—a must buy at our May White Sale reductions! Remember, you’re not buying just pillows—you’re buying sleep—deep, cool, restful, healthful sleep...the kind only Playtex knows how to build into a pillow. Every pillow is zipper-covered in extra-fine sanforized cotton with corded edges. Every one is perfect—first quality.
Antibiotics in Your Daily Life

by William I. Fishbein, M.D.

The world hears a great deal of "miracle drugs" and most of them represent years of patient and diligent study in the laboratories and clinics.

For example, in 1931, Rene J. Dubos, then associated with the Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research, discovered tyrothricin. Tyrothricin is one of the most powerful of the antibiotics—stated simply, it is effective because it aids the defenses of the body in battling harmful bacteria. The general use of tyrothricin has been delayed until research has definitely shown that it would cause no harmful effects or reactions. In the forefront of this research have been the pharmaceutical companies, and no company has been more zealous than McKesson & Robbins.

Tyrothricin is effective in preventing perspiration odor by inhibiting the growth of skin bacteria responsible for this condition—and this "magic" antibiotic is equally effective in skin infections, in sinus infections, for wounds, abscesses and burns, and for hemorrhoids or piles. Research also indicated the amount which may be used without causing sensitivity reactions, yet produce the maximum benefit.

Laboratory and clinical research has enabled McKesson and Robbins to announce a series of preparations for the specific uses outlined above. It is to their credit that they have not introduced them until they were convinced that excellent results would be obtained and that there would be no reactions. Tyrothricin used externally is not absorbed into the bloodstream as are certain other antibiotics.

That is just one reason why it is particularly suited for direct application to a localized spot of irritation or inflammation on the skin, nose or throat. McKesson and Robbins have developed special products for use on these portions of the body.

Look for these McKesson Antibiotic Products at Your Drug Store
NEO-AQUA-DRIN LOZENGES—for the relief of minor throat irritations.
NEO-AQUA-DRIN NOSE DROPS—for the relief of congestion due to colds, sinus, etc.
UTOL—for the relief of pimples and minor burns and skin abrasions.
POSITOS—ointment and suppositories for the relief of discomfort due to hemorrhoids.
BORIC ACID OINTMENT AMMONIUM MERCURY OINTMENT ICYTAMOL OINTMENT ZINC OXIDE OINTMENT

Scientific Facts About Harsh, Irritating Chemicals for Underarm Use

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

Scientific Facts About Revolutionary New ANTIBIOTIC Yodora

Only New Yodora contains Pertexol*, the miracle antibiotic that combats bacteria responsible for skin irritations. New Yodora gives longer-lasting protection from perspiration odor because its exclusive antibiotic destroys odor-causing bacteria on contact. New Yodora is guaranteed not to contain harsh chemicals that irritate skin and chemically ruin your clothes.

Imagine a Deodorant Recommended for Shaving!

New Yodora with antibiotic Pertexol* is so mild and gentle we can even recommend shaving with it. No other deodorant would dare suggest this!

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

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

*

NEW YODORA

The First... the Only Deodorant with Miracle Antibiotic Pertexol* for Sensitive Skin!

A McKesson PRODUCT

To Every Woman Who Has Suffered Underarm Burn, Rash...or Worse...

NOW, FOR THE FIRST TIME... THE PROTECTION OF A MIRACLE ANTIBIOTIC IN A DEODORANT!
Aldo Ray

(Continued from page 46)

outed his dream to the sea. "I've lived to be president. I want to be president of the United States. And I thank you for owing me the way."

When you have swallowed a dream, it is not easy to get rid of it, and the dream is still with him ten years later on the end of Saipan. A sailor third class with thing to do in the evenings before the panose bombers came over, he practiced fitting campaign speeches. When the form sounded, he put his paper away and strolled out to look at the sky.

for fifteen nights he stood beneath the fires and watched the planes come over, their exhausts cutting swatches of flame in the midnight sky. The sixteenth night, he kept the same path on a hill that sloped down to the sea below. The first wave of planes took him from the beach and passed over him. The dream flapped a little in his much as he looked down at the beach. The darkness, it looked almost like a California coast. Following an impulse he could not explain, he slid down the cliff.

"I thank you," he said to himself and the ocean, softly, so that no one could hear and laugh. "I thank you for showing me the way..."

And above him, the place where he'd watched for fifteen nights was torn fragments by a bomb. Aldo Ray will most likely never be president of the United States, and he has quite gotten used to this fact yet. It is not to say that he couldn't stand chance to be president if he wanted to, chance and fate have made him a movie actor instead.

The twenty-nine-year-old, frog-voiced non-partisan politician does not know whether to be pleased or angry at fate and chance. "You owe," he says a little wistfully, "I think I could have made a good president." He puts one arm around his wife when they say it, though, as if to remind himself that she is part of this new dream. He does say that meeting Jeff Donnell, knowing her, building her a house overlooking the city is worth anything that he might miss because of it. He does not say it. It is in his eyes.

"He's a good actor, too," Jeff says. "I think he would be good at anything he wanted to do. I think Aldo was born at it."

"Thanks, honey," Aldo says. "A good band, too?"

Jeff deliberates. "You forget to hang up your clothes, and you forget to tell me everyone's invited to a party until three years after the party's over, and you even got to bring money for our marriage license, but..." she smiles at him, "a pretty good husband, too."

They are two mature people, building life together on common knowledge and ears of friendship and love. They waited long time before they got married. For three years, they resisted all the friends who ranged wedding parties for them in Las Vegas and Reno and New York. Then the ends gave up. And Aldo and Jeff smiled and looked at each other and were sure they'd decided last October on a honeymoon in the sea.

And Jeff is right about another thing, too. He's a good actor. With a little more living and a little more time, he will be a very good, a very versatile actor. Some and fate have nothing to do with that. Their job was begun and over with two years ago. And the part they played was that of nonexistent car. It happened because...
Aldo's brother Guido did not have a car. Guido read in the San Francisco newspapers that Columbia was looking for football players to be in "Saturday's Hero." He persuaded Aldo to drive him down. Once there, Aldo decided to be interviewed too.

The man in charge listened to him and laughed. "Come back when you don't have a cold," he said.

"I'll have a cold," Aldo said. "I talk this way."

"Have you ever acted?"

"No."

The man shrugged. "If you can't act..."

"I can act," Aldo said. "Just listen to me." It was a challenge. At that time, at that place, it was the biggest challenge in the world. He had already made a start on his career and he decided on the spot to accept one of the campaign speeches that had elected his constable—a job equivalent to police chief—of Crockett, California. The speech was to be a part of John Derek's roommate. The part was that kind boy from drowning made an older one do something that happens once in a million times, get a good part in a good picture, so he could go to law school and become a actor. That was not luck. It was just something that happens to people who are foolish enough to swallow dreams.

There is something else that has to happen to people. They grow up to be very nice. Intelligent, not overly critical of life or people, their hair turned golden by the sun, they are always bound to their native rain and the sound that they are making is laughter.

There was nothing much for Aldo Roy to laugh about when he was a child. Born September 4, 1925, that was the time when the Depression left men begging for jobs as day laborers at the sugar refinery in Crockett. Silvio da Re, his father, was one of the lucky ones. His job paid $4.50 a day. It was a good job and only came to America nine years earlier, a man who still spoke Italian in his home. By 1937, there was not even a job. There was not much to do. Aldo was not the only one in that state. It was written about in the New York newspapers, so violent that for three months the schools in Crockett were closed.

Silvio and his wife, Maria, and their six children sat home and waited, while goats and scabs from the factory fought in the streets outside. This is Aldo's version of things:

"We didn't have much money, but what did that matter? Every day we looked at the wine that Papa had made the summer before, to be certain it didn't turn sour. Then we went fishing. We fished every day, and there was always fish soup on the stove and fried fish for supper, and Guido and I—we were the oldest—had even moved some money. I was eleven, and Guido was ten, and we collected old scraps of copper. We averaged fifty cents a week from the junkman."

That was not Aldo's only job. When he was eight, he had gotten a job in a grocery store. He worked after school, Saturdays and Sundays. In return, he got five dollars a month and all the fruit and vegetables that were about to spoil. He got a bonus, too. Each week the market held a drawing for free bags of canned food and vegetables, a drawing that was missing. He was the only one who didn't draw anything for a 1955 Ford. And each week, the owner put one of the bags aside for Aldo.

Even now the owner smiles when he thinks of the boy. "He was always laughing, always dreaming, always running very fast as though there was something ahead that he wanted to catch up to and that he was still too young to catch. But this wasn't all. I knew that he would catch up to that goal of his."

Aldo does not think that he became really independent until he was thirteen. That summer, Anglo, a friend of the family, gave him a job. Anglo had forty acres of land where he raised artichokes, and he and Aldo worked the land alone.

Angelo called him "Il Mattie"—the crazy one.

"He was, crazy," Angelo has said. "I take him out to a field—a big field. I tell to him plow it. I leave him. He does not come in to lunch. Then, about two o'clock, he comes back. He is covered with dust, with sweat.

"How much have you done?" I ask him. "How much?" he says. I've finished it." 

Angelo scratched his head. "A field that would take a hired man a day and a half. A field I would plow in a day. And—Il Mattie—he does it in four hours."

For his first job, Aldo got room, board and $60. He took the money home, put fifty dollars in his pocket and went to talk to his father. He went to talk about football. And—Il Mattie—does it in four hours."

He took the fifty dollars out of his pocket. "Papa," he said, "for the doctor, when I broke my leg," Then he smiled.

"Now," he said, "now I can play football again."

The other ten dollars bought two pairs of corduroy pants. Never again did his family pay for his clothes.

"I was the oldest," he has said. "I had to do it."

The next summer his salary was tripled. Angelo felt that his fourteen-year-old helper was worth the money.

What was Aldo doing? Aldo was winning prizes and presidencies. He was an officer of every class from the second grade through the twelfth for at least one semester. The other semester of each year he was such diverse things as Thrift Manager (second grade), Keeper of the Rabbits (third grade), and Commissioner of Boys' Athletics (sophomore year).

He has been characterized as ambitious, determined and determinedly forthright. One of his teachers had reason to remember the last. When he was graduated from high school, Aldo asked the principal for a job, for athletics, the prize for general scholarship, the prize for English, the prize for sportsmanship and the prize for mathematics.

The American Legion Award for all-around student was given to another boy. After the assembly, he walked politely up to the judges and asked why. It seemed to him that if he had won all the other prizes the school offered, he was its all-around student. He still feels this way.

It is not conceit. It is an honesty that is almost brutal and it is still with him both as his greatest asset and his severest fault. It was also the cause of his quarrel with Jeff.

Three years later, he was married three weeks and friends were coming to dinner. J had made hors d'oeuvres and Aldo had been official taster. The hors d'oeuvres was said, the worst thing he had tasted was the hors d'oeuvres.

The rest can be imagined.

Despite his brilliant honesty, he is a diamond in the rough, waiting to be polished. He was president of the California Scholarship Federation at Crockett High School for two years and he was awarded a scholarship to the University of California where he graduated.

But it was 1944 and there was a war going on. So Aldo Ray became Sean Ray and was sent to Saipan. There had been a rumor that they would go to Saipan, the United States, and train for the Pacific, and they all showed up at the edge of the Pacific for the trip.

They were pushed into four lines by a harried commanding officer, told to swim to the coral reef about a mile away sent off at three minute intervals. "You'll all drown," he said, grinning. "I don't think so," thought Aldo. "I'll just thrash around and try to keep from being stepped on."

Finally, one of the officers waded in and pulled them out. Aldo was in the third line. Five hundred yards from shore, he was first. From then on, he and his crew had the privilege of swimming on the coral reef for almost five minutes before the second man panted up.

Aldo and thirteen others were chosen and shipped to Hawaii for training. They trained for Saipan, and Ted Brando, who had himself attached as a replacement to team that was going back to the South Pacific. Their job was to reconnoiter as reported above. After they fell off the point they were dropped off (usual five hundred yards from shore) in to beach. Three days before American assault troops landed, Aldo and his team swam to the beach at Okinawa.

As they did in all their missions, they swam in when it was turning light the early morning. They had no air lungs, no life jackets, and they swam on the surf. But the Japanese shore defense never fired out they were there.

A day before the war, they were dropped off the coast of Japan. Their job was to make sure there were mines, and their mission took them to the beaches of Hiroshima.

After that, the war was ended for Aldo. He traded his swim fins for his old university scholarship. And the old dreg began to dig another again, and looked for a place to start. He decided to run for constable of Crockett. It was a line, but there was one obstacle. Aldo was not a constable but had been doing a good job for fifteen years.

It is almost impossible to dislodge a man who has been doing a good job for fifteen years. It is even more difficult when you consider that he was not even twenty-three years old. But Aldo..."
did it. He was elected town constable.

He is very proud of the year he spent in office.

"We have a jail in Crockett, but I didn't use it. I didn't make one arrest that year. There was no serious crime, and I've always figured that it's senseless to put a black mark on a man's record for a little thing. So when the old pensioner would get drunk and start trying to knife each other, I'd just go down break it up and make the soberest man my deputy.

"Then the two of us would pile the rest in my car. I'd open the windows and take them back to their rooming houses. By the time we'd delivered the last one, my deputy would be sober enough to walk home himself."

He was a good constable. When one of his "boys" got into trouble with the county sheriff and was put in jail because he couldn't pay a $100 fine, Aldo paid the fine.

"He had a wife and a kid," Aldo said.

"I couldn't do anything else. And he paid me back—every bit of it."

It was then—when he was worrying about his final exams and thinking about running for Congress in a year or two—

that his brother Guido needed a car.

After that first picture, he went back to Crockett and bailed out more drunks. Then he got a call to test for the lead opposite Judy Holliday in "The Marrying Kind." (The person who played the test with him was Jeff Donnell, and that was the beginning of that.) When he got the part, he resigned his office and took a house by the ocean in Santa Monica.

There were a few more parts, and then he sat by the ocean and waited. After Jeff's marriage broke up, he learned about Jeff, met her friends, took her son, Mike, to the movies, read her daughter, Sally, fairy tales.

He learned that he and Jeff both liked to cook and he would come over to her house at four in the afternoon, his hands full of difficult recipes and the groceries he'd bought to try to make the recipes. Her first gift to him was a snail tray (for serving cooked snails). His first gift to her was just as practical. It was a gold bracelet with a heart engraved "Happy Birthdays Forever."

"It was engraved that way," Jeff says wryly, "so that he could forget all the rest of my birthdays."

His first gift after their marriage was practical, too. They were honeymooning among the rocky crags of Santa Cruz and his gift was a pair of tennis shoes.

After the waiting came "Battle Cry," in which he plays Andy and in which he makes the audience leave the theater thinking of Andy more of all. "Battle Cry" and success. High point of the success right now is "The Gentle Wolfhound," which he is making for Columbia and in which he plays his first real romantic lead.

Has he changed? A sunbeam doesn't change. It may grow more confident of its power to shine. It may stop swimming so fast across the sky. It may grow a little older and settle down for a while on a comfortable cloud. But a sunbeam doesn't change.

Neither does a boy who has swallowed a dream. The dream's gone a little bigger perhaps, or even a little smaller. But it still churns around after the last field has been plowed and the last prize won and the last beach unmined.

It causes a queer feeling in the stomach when the last part has been won and the last performance has been the best possible. That is when it pulls you a little faster and heads in another direction.

And when that happens doesn't take any bets that Aldo Ray won't be president of the United States after all. Don't take any bets at all.

The End

---

**EVEN IF YOU BRUSH YOUR TEETH ONLY ONCE A DAY**

**Colgate Dental Cream**

**Gives The Surest Protection All Day Long!**

Brushing For Brushing, It's The Surest Protection

Ever Offered By Any Toothpaste! Because Only Colgate Dental Cream—Of All Leading Toothpastess—Contains Gardol*

To Guard Against Tooth Decay Longer—Stop Bad Breath Instantly!

**ASK YOUR DENTIST HOW OFTEN YOU SHOULD BRUSH YOUR TEETH!**

But remember! Even if you brush only once a day, Colgate Dental Cream gives the surest protection all day long! Stops bad breath instantly in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth! Fights tooth decay 12 hours or more! In fact, clinical tests showed the greatest reduction in tooth decay in toothpaste history!

Gardol, Colgate's wonderful new decay-fighter, forms an invisible shield around your teeth. You can't feel it, taste it, or see it—but Gardol's protection won't rinse off or wear off all day. That's why Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol fights tooth decay 12 hours or more!

Every Time You Use It... New Colgate Dental Cream

**CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT GUARDS YOUR TEETH!**

---

*Colgate's Trademark For Sodium Lauryl Sarcinate."
(Continued from page 39) train bearing down upon the car carrying her and the other three kids. As she screamed, her father would thunder out at her from the next room, "Doke, you go back to sleep." Trembling, she obediently huddle silently under the covers, knowing that presently her mother would steal in to comfort her.

However, she wasn't going to think of this much longer. On this exquisite spring day, she would cheer herself with the sure knowledge that very soon she'd be out again, with the other kids, going down to the ballroom to listen to that wonderful band leader with the curly hair who had played and whom she adored. Or she'd be going out on the scrimmage field to watch the boys try out, and maybe that brown-eyed fellow with the broad shoulders would be there and maybe this time he'd smile at her, even if he was three whole years older than she.

And of course she'd see Jerry Doherty. Why, by June, she and Jerry could certainly go out on the road again, the very day school closed. Five hundred dollar prizes were in Cincinnati they won, too. They were a mere fourteen. But now...

She stopped, electrified with her dream. Hey, now she could sing as well as dance. Just suppose, as she danced, she sang something like this "Embraceable You." And just suppose she taught Jerry to sing something like, well, something like, "I've Got You Under My Skin." Goodness knows, she could teach Jerry to sing what could be simpler? You just controlled your breath a bit, as Grace Raine had taught her. You opened your mouth. You pronounced the words clearly. That was all there was to it.

But in hers and Jerry's act, it would be terrific.

"Wow," said Dorothy Kapplehoff, jumping with excitement then.

It happened then.

The crutches fell away from her. She screamed, as her bad leg gave way beneath her. "Mom," she screamed. The floor seemed to rise up and hit her just as she fainted.

She was a different girl, eight months later, when the doctor finally took that second cast off her leg. Her whole world was different.

Her mother and father had separated. It wasn't one of those friendly things that people talked about in Hollywood. And Pop didn't talk at all. They lived in different parts of Cincinnati now, that was all. And her brother Paul was talking about the possibility of war in Europe and how it might affect all their lives. And her classmates had gone along so far in school without her, she knew she could never overtake them. As for the boys, well Jerry had other interests now, and that man of the world, no longer worked in the drugstore, she couldn't even find trace of him.

"You could have a career," her mother said, when she told her all these sorrances.

"One thing these eight months have done for you, darling, is make your voice better and better.

"But what could I do, limping around." "You don't keep on limping. Besides, who will know on radio? Grace Raine can get you a job down at Station WLW. She's told me so.

"Oh, Mom, can he sing, can she do it? Can I do it? Do you really think I can? Just till I get married, of course"

"Of course, just till you get married," her mother said.

Being on radio was heaven. Just sheer heaven. It almost didn't seem right to Dorothy, taking money for doing something she loved doing so very much. Just standing there, singing, making believe the room in the radio station was a terrific tropical beach on a terrific, warm moonlight night or maybe a room in a New York hotel overlooking the city and rain falling against the windows, while she sat all cozy and warm in front of a glowing fireplace with the man of her dreams.

"Why don't you try making a few records," her mother said to her after a few months.

"But couldn't I, Mom? Maybe I could send them out to some of those big recording agencies or other stations. Maybe they'd want me for something—just till I get married.

"Oh, Mom," said her mother. "Just till you get married.

Dorothy was crazy about all the really big singers. Frankie. Bing. Perry Como. Dinah Shore. She bought all their records, played them constantly, listened to them eternally on radio. But when she got her own finished records, she didn't have enough nerve to send a pressing to any of them. She was afraid to send it to one of her brain, she got the idea of sending one to Bob Crosby. He just sounded so friendly, and his band was so keen.

Her own of what she had recorded was "With the Wind and the Rain in Your Hair." She sent that one to Bob where he was playing, the Blackhawk in Chicago. Her note said, "I love your band. I'd like to sing with you." This was fresh, she knew. She signed the note "Doris Day," the name Barney Rapp had given her before he'd let her sing a bit with his band. Barney had discovered her right there in Cincinnati, through a song plugger who'd come round to the radio station. She'd sung "Day after Day" for him, and Barney had said she was okay, but her name Kapplehoff she'd had to go. Barney had given her "Day" from the song. Her mom had given her "Doris" from Doris Kenyon, Mom's movie favorite, and "Doris Day" was then in business.

But Bob Crosby was big time! Two days later, she got his wire. "Come on up," it said.

She went. Like the radio show, it was heaven, being the canary with the band, the only girl among a lot of fellows. Of course, most of the fellows were very much stronger and fun, too.

Fun, too, learning how to dress. Learning how to travel. One-night stands, the fellows in the band said they got to be a bore after a while, like audiences got to be a bore after a while. But she hadn't hit that point yet. It was all a ball to her. Especially since now both her legs were just fine, like her over-all health. Good shaped legs they were.

Only Bob wanted to get back to California, off the grind for a while. What would she do when the tour ended? Go back to Cincinnati? The kids she knew there would think she was too long gone. But opportunities were still a long way off, but she felt so worldly.

Just then, the call from Les Brown. Les Brown and his Band of Renown—reached her. Golly! Les Brown wanted her. Her, Dorothy Kapplehoff. No, no. She, Doris Day. She accepted in a big, fast flash.

She came in to the first morning's rehearsal call with Les Brown and his Band of Renown and the fellows were all laughing around, just as they did at rehearsals with Bob's band. "Hi," they all said to her. All except one. Name of Al Jordan, that one. He had brown eyes, black hair, beautiful teeth and a Ford converti-
ble car. Brother, that was really keen!

It turned out Al didn't even belong with the band. No, siree, he was really at the top, trombonist with Jimmy Dorsey's band. He'd just turned up that day with the Brown outfit to do a bit of jamming, if somebody had the urge.

Young Miss Day, very aware of the handsome Mr. Jordan, was happily aware that he was happily aware of her. She sang as effortlessly that day as she had sung to the little speckled bird in the tree outside her bedroom window.

Al Jordan said, "You've got style, style in your phrasing, style in your dressing and manner of handling yourself. Have dinner with me, will you?"

They had many dinners. They had much talk, vivid, discovery talk, like her finding out he was a musician's musician, which was the highest praise in their circle. The boys in the band all looked up to him, she soon saw. He was an artist. But he told her he looked up to her, as an artist, too.

Life, to young Miss Day, became a Bowl of Cherries. Life was a song, and she was a pretty girl like a melody and he was the only boy in the world. When he did ask her to marry him, she didn't hesitate for one second.

He did point out to her that he'd have to be on the road. That meant separations. He did point out to her that her recording of "Sentimental Journey," which she'd made with Les' band, had made her a big, big star (as well as a big pile of money). He wasn't so sure that she should give it all up for love.

But she was sure. Love. Marriage. It was all she wanted. She said she wanted to go back to Cincinnati, to be near Mom and her brother Paul. So she got them a house in Cincinnati's Price Hill section, a wonderful spot, and there she expected she'd settle down with Al and live like a dream forever after.

One trouble with dreams, however, is that they are not worth a darn around a kitchen. Doris couldn't cook at all. Sometimes to get around this she started dinner at ten in the morning to get it finished by five in the evening.

Another trouble with dreams is that they make loneliness even lonelier. In Doris', the bride's, dream world Al was always at her side, adoring her. In fact, this was something quite else again.

She knew it wasn't his fault. He honestly did have to be on the road to make a living. When he was with her, it was true, that he was constantly adoring, constantly babying her. But she got notions in between times. Were there other girls? Did he really miss her as much as she missed him? Even the romance of his daily special delivery letters (which inevitably arrived at 3 A.M.) and his almost daily wires didn't quite soothe her.

Once they quarreled so violently, over what he said she just didn't care, that she threw her wedding ring away and said their marriage was over. They hadn't yet been married so much as a year when that happened. Al went angrily out on the road, and he was no sooner gone that she regretted it. When he came back, he had a second wedding ring with him.

"Will you wear this, darling?" he begged.

She melted with happiness. And it wasn't too much later that she discovered motherhood was heading her way and her joy knew no bounds. Both she and Al wanted a son and both of them refused to face the fact that the band business wasn't what it had been. His one-night stands were further and further distances from one another, further and further apart in so far as earning were concerned.

The baby was a boy, and an angel. She named him Terry, and Al was a very proud

Running, walking, standing, sitting, your wonderful, comfortable "Perma-lift"* MAGIC OVAL CROTCH PANTIE CAN'T RIDE UP-EVER

Also enjoy the lasting uplift of a "Perma-lift" Bra, America's favorite, with the Lift that never lets you down. Bras from $1.50 to $12.50. "Perma-lift" Magic Oval Panties from $5.00 to $10.95. See them at your favorite store today.

father. Still the baby didn’t bring the bliss with him all babies are supposed to deliver. This perfect child brought complications with him, the extra feeding, the extra housekeeping, the continual need for extra money.

It just all got to be too much for dreamers, particularly to young dreamers with temperament. Unwise, disheartened, disillusioned, they agreed to divorce.

Dorothy-Doris took the baby home to Mom, took herself down to WLW, her old radio station. “Give me a job,” she asked them.

“But you’re a big shot now,” said the station manager. “I couldn’t afford to pay you anything but the straight fee for singing commercials, $64 a week,” she said. “Please hire me.”

One of the first nights she was back on the air she sang the lullaby her mother had sung to her, as a baby, and which she was now singing to her son, “Go to Sleep, My Baby.” The pain of the sobs she was holding back made her throat ache.

For weeks thereafter the offers from bands poured in to her. She had been singing from her heart and her sorrow, and she hadn’t thought of what the result might be. Now, she reflected from among the offers the Stan Kenton outfit. It meant the road again. It meant leaving her son. But it also meant she could support her son in the manner in which he must be supported in order to be strong and healthy. It meant she could pay Mom’s living costs and her own.

She was twenty-two. Terribly old. She told her father she had no dreams left, no time for dreams. So then she met George Weidler, who was the top saxophone man with Kenton. He was the brother of Virginia Weidler, who had been a kid movie star, and had died in a plane crash.

From the moment of their meeting, she loved him utterly. The emotions she had felt for Al paled, like her high school crushes, like the passions she had once known for her dolls.

She and George talked, talked, talked. They created music, they danced, they talked. The moment they got an engagement, where they settled down for a solid piece of time, they gave themselves time to get married. The place was Mount Vernon, just outside of New York City, where they were playing.

“I’m going to be singing,” Doris told George. “I want to settle down, be a perfect wife and have lots of children.”

“Well, as you know,” said George, “there were seven kids in our family, even if Virginia turned out to be the most talented.”

Actually, it seemed that Doris and George had everything in common including their German ancestry. They had both been brought up in a household dedicated to music. They were both the same age. They both wanted the same things. And they were truly in love.

But, again, things weren’t too good in the band business (they seldom are, but young lovers don’t stop to think of such things). “If I could just get to the Coast,” George said, “I’m sure things would pick up for me. There’s radio work, picture work, recording work. We wouldn’t be forever dependent on this night-club work.”

“All right, darling,” said his adoring wife.

When they hit Hollywood in 1946 they discovered the housing shortage. They’d left Terry back in Cincinnati until they got settled, but it wasn’t too long before they discovered if they were to have a roof over their heads they had to buy it. They didn’t have the price of a house, but they could afford the swankiest trailer you ever saw, so they got that, and had it towed out to a mighty pretty spot which overlooked the mountains and the sea.

Doris adored it. One thing she’d always been in the housewife division was neat as a pin and this was like a game, keeping such a tiny place up. And she had finally learned how to fry a plate of eggs without ruining them, and to boil coffee and of course there were the frozen things really romping into market, which did save their meals.

Doris trotted about in a state of bliss. George loved funny little cafes in out-of-the way places, loved catching different acts on the night-club circuit. Because he loved it, she loved it, too. And because his eyes would be seeing them, she loved making curtains for the trailer windows and planting window boxes of flowers for it.

However, George was discovering that on the Coast he wasn’t so much George Weidler, excellent saxophonist, as he was Virginia Weidler’s young brother. He haunted the booking offices, the agency row. Nothing came up.

But because of her records, Doris got many bids. “I’m retired,” she said to one and all. However, when the offer of a ten-weeks engagement at New York’s Little Club came up, George told her she was out of her mind if she didn’t take it.

“You’ll come with me if I do?” she asked.

“No, doll. I’ll stay here and still hunt some work.”

“If I win’t go.”

“You know we need it for eating money.”

So she let him persuade her. It was midwinter and the night she was due to open, it began snowing. She knew that she shouldn’t be excited. It was actually the swankiest place for a single to go ring, long distance from California, but she excused the fact that it didn’t say, it was because they didn’t have a phone in the trailer and that George had probably told his friends she was getting married.

When she came into the club dressing room, however, she saw the telegram. She pounced on it joyously. While outside, she could hear the orchestra go into its intro. Because of the weather, she’d decided she’d open with “Let It Snow, Let It Snow, Let It Snow.” She tore the telegram open.

It was from George, but she couldn’t believe the words. Even months afterward she could not remember them exactly. Only their meaning. Only their terrible message.

“Don’t come back,” the words screamed out at her. “Don’t come back. As far as I’m concerned it’s all over. George.”

She knew it had to be some dreadful joke. It couldn’t be true. Doris was very dear to George. She was one of his old nightmores coming back to her. If she sat quite still, if she did nothing, she told herself, it would go away. She sat down on her dressing-room door. “You’re on, Miss Day,” a voice told her. Then, presently, “Miss Day, you’re on. There’s your cue music.”

She went out, and through the glass doors, the snow could flutter in the snow falling. Falling on her heart, she thought. She began to sing, and she shivered, from pain, and the tears began falling down her face. She was mad. She was mad. She began to sob. She was acting.

Her second number was “This Love of Mine.” Now she really cried. The audience adored her.

She got through all the numbers, and then she was backstage, telephoning, calling Hollywood, calling all the places George might be. Only he wasn’t at any of them.

She went to the management and begged them to let her out of the engagement. But she was too big a hit. They held her to the letter of her contract.

The next day, she tried telephoning again, and wired and wrote. She didn’t reach George. That day or the next or the next or the ones after.

The next two or three weeks were up, the management begged her to stay longer. She refused. She had only one thought in mind, to reach the Coast at the earliest possible moment.

She had a plane reserved, she drove straight out to the trailer. There it was, right where she had left it. But the flowers in the flower boxes were all dead from lack of water, and the open windows, the curtains blew in a gust, and the dust and the rain.

She unlocked the door and went in. George was not there. No one was there. Plainly, no one had been there for weeks and weeks.

She drove back into town, but none of their friends had seen George. No agent knew whereabouts. She took a room in a small hotel near the station, in the Tower of Hollywood and she started haunting the Boulevard. A dozen times a day she thought she saw him and would turn her head eagerly, her heart beating. Always she was wrong—and disappointed.
Doris knew she had to get work to send money to Mom for her and Terry. Finally, she went in to see her agent, Al Levy. “Sure I can find you something,” Levy said. “You just sit tight, kid, and I’ll phone you every day and you phone me whenever you feel like it. If I’m not in, you talk to my assistant, Marty Melcher.”

She noticed that Mr. Melcher was attractive. Nothing more.

Al Levy made an appointment for her to see Bob Hope. They waited hours, then Hope said he couldn’t see her. “But she’ll be famous one of these days,” Levy argued. “When she is, bring her around,” Hope said.

Her money ran lower. “Say,” said Levy on the phone to her one morning, “I’ve got an appointment for you to see Mike Curtiz. You know, he’d got that picture ‘Romance on the High Seas’ ready to go, but Betty Hutton can’t do it because she’s going to have a baby.”

Doris felt a stab of jealousy. A happy girl going to have a baby. “But I can’t act,” she said to Levy. “And I’m not pretty enough for pictures, anyhow.”

“Let’s go see,” said Levy. “The guys who wrote the songs asked for you, especially.”

It was like the Hope appointment. They waited hours. Finally the great director, Curtiz, came out. He gave Doris one look. It wasn’t a flattering look. He virtually collapsed when in reply to his question about her dramatic experience, she said all she’d ever done was play a duck in a school play.

“Just listen to her sing, Mike, please,” Levy pleaded.

They put a song in front of her, a new song that was to be in the picture. It was called “That’s Magic.” A love song. They played it through for her once and she loved it immediately. A true love song.

She sang it, and at the end, looked up to see the tears in Curtiz eyes.

“With your kind of heart, you can act,” he said.

She called her mother in Cincinnati the next day, after her screen test. “How’s Terry?” she asked. “How are you? Yes, I’m fine.” It wasn’t until she was already ready to hang up that she added, “Oh, Mom, I’m signed to a seven-year contract at Warners.”

It was 1947 and everybody was wonderful to her at Warners. She liked the days, but the evenings, the nights were terrible. She still walked Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street, hoping, searching. Or she sat in her little hotel room and played Perry Como records, especially his “Without a Song” so many times that she wore out four pressings of it.

She was a smash hit in “Romance on the High Seas.” Bob Hope sent for her. “I was crazy,” he said. “Now look what I have to pay for you.” She was made a regular part of his radio show. She made a recording of “It’s Magic.” It sold a million copies.

She was big business. More and more she had to transact things with Levy. More and more Marty Melcher had to handle details for her. She liked and respected him very much and realized never before had she had a male friend. She figured he understood about girl singers because he was married to one, Patti Andrews.

Her income began climbing, a thousand a week, two thousand a week. Her second picture was a smash, too. She said to Warners, “I’d like to make family pictures. About families, Stories about marriages, happy marriages.”

Mom was living with her now in a little house not too far from the studio, and Doris was going through the crazy situation of persuading her six-year-old son that she really was his mother. Crazy-wonderful situation, because he was the

---

Is there an air of freshness about you...always?

...are you really lovely to love?

A sweet, appealing air of freshness...is yours, always...when you use Fresh Cream Deodorant.

Fresh keeps you free from embarrassing underarm odor and stains. Underarms are dry! For Fresh contains the most highly effective perspiration-checking ingredient now known to science.

When you open the Fresh jar you'll discover...its delicate fragrance...its whiteness, its whipped cream smoothness. Not a trace of stickiness. Not a trace of greasiness. Gentle to skin, too.

For an air of freshness use Fresh Cream Deodorant every day—be sure you are lovely to love, always.

FRESH is a registered trademark of Pharma-Craft Corporation. Also manufactured and distributed in Canada

a "FRESH" girl is always lovely to love
mother and daughter make a hit... in dresses dyed-alike with RIT

No need to spend big money to have those appealing mother-and-daughter outfits you see in the stores. Any simple dress of yours can be a twin to "Susie's" when they're dyed to match... with RIT. It's so easy, such fun, lots of mothers are even tinting little slips and panties to match their own Rit-colored nylon underthings!

All Purpose RIT
The finest dye... the high concentrate dye... and only 25¢

Guaranteed for Nylon, All Rayons, Cotton, Silk, Linen, Wool—literally any fabric except glass or mineral fiber.

Also available in Canada
RIT PRODUCTS CORPORATION 1437 W. Morris St., Indianapolis 6

most all-boy small boy she had ever seen. Almost a year and a half had gone by since her Little Club engagement when Do-Dy Day, now the very famous George Weidler coming down the street toward her. As their eyes met, he smiled and held out his hand to her. Because she had dreamed of this moment so long, and had so long given it up as lost, she couldn't think of what to say.

"Let's go get a drink," she said, inadequately.

"What?" they were warm and friendly. "I'll buy you one, Dodo," he said. "But I don't drink any more. Nor smoke, either, for that matter."

He had never been much of a drinking man, any more than she was much of a drinking girl. But still. "What happened? What's happened to you? You look so—well—contented."

"I am," he said. "Don't laugh. What happened to me was wonderful."

They found a restaurant, and over coffee, he told her all about it. It was Christian Science that had brought him such peace of mind. Yes, he knew of her success, and he was very proud of her, and he knew that he had always predicted it for her.

They talked for hours, but when they parted, Doris knew it was all over. Perhaps the source that had brought it manly peace would bring it to her, too, eventually.

So now her life took on a new dimension, work during the week, Mom and Terry during the evenings, church on Sunday. And once in a while, and gradually twice in a while, and after a bit, three times in a while, she and Marty Melcher would consult about business matters in the evening. Finally one night, at dinner at the Melcher house, she said, "I don't think you know how really clever I am here on business matters. I know you don't come to see me, as myself. You just come for Mom's cooking."

She was joking, of course, and he smiled at her, but for once, Dad was interested.

But now he began talking about himself as a little boy from North Adams, Massachusetts, who had never known his father. Who had gone to work at the age of ten. Who loved hogs and shot birds, busi-

ness and personalities—and yet . . .

"And yet," said Marty Melcher, "I've never been able to discover the girl—anyone, for that matter—who wanted to live the kind of life which little boys like me want.

"What kind of a life is that, Marty?"

"Oh, a perfectly simple house, on a perfectly simple street. An early-to-rise, early-to-bed existence. You see, Doris, I've had so much of night clubs, a noisy business, I don't want any part of them as entertainment. During the day I have to meet so many people, phone so many others, I'd like at evening to find a girl who would be content just to be home, watch TV, maybe, or something equally relaxed. But that's selfish of me. No girl who has been cooped up home all day wants to stay put in the evening, too."

"What about a working girl?"

"What kind of a working girl would understand show business?" Marty asked.

"The crazy hours. The crazy demand. I guess I'm stuck with being a semi-detached man, and I don't like it."

It came back to Doris, again and again, that talk, long after the evening she and Marty had had it. She wasn't in love with him. This she assured herself. She wasn't crazy for him as she had been for Al, nor devastatingly overwhelmed as she had been by George.

He was her friend. Her good, good, intelli-
gent friend. But he was good-looking, and he gave her all the small courtesy she had never received from any other man. Foolish things, but delightful, like always pulling out chairs for her, holding doors for her, looking around to be sure she had remembered her gloves, little important things.

Besides, Terry thought he was the great-
est. Terry was openly matchmaking, while Melcher played volleyball with him, helped him fix up a badminton court or swam with him in the near-by pool.

One day she told Marty she thought she should buy a house. He agreed. "I'd like to go hunt one with you, when you start out on it," he said.

She found it, finally, a house on a dead-end street in the Valley, where it would be quiet and far from anyone and where there was room for a pool, where it was quiet as a country lane, yet near the studio, too. She'd be able to go to the studio in jeans from there and nobody would be the wiser. They became engaged, as simply as that, and suddenly everything in life became more beautiful. The shirt of anything ever could be. True, they each had to get their divorces, but there was no strain between them. There was no rush, no buzzing, no fear. They were each other's best friends and presently they would be man and wife.

She had her divorce by June of 1930, but they had to wait until February of '31 for Marty's to be final. In that interval they shopped through the shops of Salem, where there were things. Little things like window curtains, like a plain rug that a husky young boy could swarm on and not harm, things to make into planters. Simple things, but Doris was a little bit of town of Burbank. Even as they drove over for the ceremony, Doris saw some curtain material she wanted in a shop window and they stopped and bought it.

She would never deal with Mom. "What a beautiful package deal I got," Marty said. "You, Mom, Terry and Doris. They were in their house at last."

"Well, you certainly must be somewhere on your honeymoon," said Mom. "You just must. You'll have years to live in this house."

"Oh, gee, must they?" said Terry. "I guess I'll stay home," said Marty.

So he and Doris headed out for Phoenix, only they got lost, and ended in the tiny town of El Centro, California. They couldn't get a room except in a motel. The temperature was 94 degrees and Marty's longest pants did not reach to length of the bed.

Next day they set out for Grand Can-
yon. To Marty's horror, Doris couldn't re-
member whether or not any of her evening clothing had ever been there. So she came up to the rim of the world's greatest view, said, "Noo, never saw it before, Marty, let's go home."

"Forever," said Marty—and they did.

The End.
Inside Stuff

(Continued from page 37)
Alberghetti is now allowed to have unchaperoned escorts and Ben Cooper is her number-one choice. On their first date the captivating couple went to Ciro's for ice cream!

It's the Truth: That Jane Powell's congratulatory wire wasn't the first to reach former husband Gary Steffen when she married singer Anne Sullivan. That Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer finally decided it's much wiser to wait until they've been married longer, before merging as a professional team. . . . That Dale Robertson is impatient for free cars and anxious to marry Mary Murphy (she's weary of waiting!), which is why he filed a cross complaint to his wife's year-old divorce action. That either Victor-Elle or Mitzi Gaynor are expecting the stork and their studios are that relieved!

Talented Tourists: As a surprise for Doris Day, one of those dreamy little cars will be waiting at the dock when she arrives in Europe. Marty Melcher even had it painted Doris' favorite powder blue. . . . And if Tony Curtis ends up with Janet Leigh finishing "Pete Kelly's Blues," they'll take a long trip. Cary Grant gave Tony the name of a slow freighter that only accommodates a handful of passengers. No one has to make polite conversation or dress for dinner. And there are no daily gossip columns to curdle the coffee—this Tony likes best of all!

Personal to Texas: No, you weren’t seeing double! That was Rock Hudson who went along for the ride with director George Stevens who was scouting "Giant" locations—and incidentally, getting better acquainted with his star. When Rock finishes "Pete Kelly's Blues," he's off to the Chicago premiere of "Captain Lightfoot" recently, he wired fan-club president Myron Welge in Missouri (they had never met) and invited him to Chicago. Rock entertained Myron and thirty club members backstage. Back in Hollywood he considerably confided to Cal: "I met a wonderful group of people, but one girl worried me. Her camera wouldn't work and she was so disappointed. Of course I didn’t mind, but on my next trip I'll pose for her specially!" No wonder Hudson rolls along so successfully!

Silver Lining: Rory Calhoun is a happy man! He now has everything, including peace of mind. But by sad and strange coincidence he punished himself unnecessarily for years. It wasn't generally known that Francis Timothy Durgin got into scrapes that landed him in reform school. There were contributing circumstances, and although the callow youth grew into an exemplary citizen, helping countless unfortunate along the way, he still had a guilt complex about his past. Many Hollywood reporters (including Cal) knew Rory's story, but respecting his sensitivity, kept silent. Now comes the blessing in disguise! One of those "expose" magazines has told all. In so doing, instead of hurting Rory, they've actually released him from fear and the nice, deserving guy never has to worry again!

Did You Know: That Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger exchange weekly diaries while he's in India making "Bhovani Junction" and she's in Hollywood in "Guys and Dolls"? That Tab Hunter hasn't missed a Sunday morning in church since his sixteenth birthday? It's a fact.

THE END

WITH YOUR BARGAIN PHOTOCPLAY SUBSCRIPTION!

SAVE 33 1/3% NOW OVER NEWSSTAND PRICE & GET FREE GIFT BESIDES!

Photoplay Magazine has a thrilling gift for you, if you act at once! It's a surprise package of ten exciting candid photos of your favorite movie stars! These exclusive candid shots taken by our Hollywood photographer on his last trip to Hollywood. They are yours free with this offer, that saves you money on your subscription for Photoplay.

Yours FREE!

These exclusive Photoplay shots are not for sale—and you will not be able to buy them anywhere at any price. This unusual gift is for readers who accept our terrific bargain offer. It will be sent to you Free, as a gift!

Why We Make This Amazing Offer!

We know that once you see how much fun it is to subscribe, you will be a regular subscriber always. Simply clip and mail the valuable coupon below. You will receive 15 exciting months of Photoplay for only $2. That means you will be getting your copies for less than 14¢ each. Also, your terrific set of candid photos of the stars will be sent to you immediately, FREE and postalpaid. So mail coupon today.

Your Big Chance While They Last!

Don't miss this rare opportunity, because when these photos are exhausted we will be forced to withdraw this sensational bargain. Make doubly sure of your FREE photos by getting your request in early. Mail coupon today.

Mail Coupon Today and Save!

Mail To: Photoplay, Dept. PP 6-55
205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

Yes! Send me FREE and at once, my set of Candid Photos of the Stars! Also enter my subscription for 15 months of Photoplay for only $2, saving me $1 under newsstand prices.

☐ I enclose $2 ☐ Bill me

☐ New Subscription ☐ Extend my present subscription

Name: ____________________________ (Please Print)

Address: _______________________________________________________

City: _________________________________ Zone: __________ State: ________
by this time half the hotel personnel, all of RKO and the press were flipping.

Jane, weak and wan, just about made the plane that took her back to New York and her kids. Perry Leiber, RKO's director of advertising and public relations, waved goodbye, holding his throbbing head and muttering, "Any other movie star would be demanding I'm Off to Baked Alaska. Ours gets sick on garbage!"

"On stale food," a second studio executive hurriedly corrected. Leiber was in the room, for argument. "Yeah, on stale food," he admitted.

Jane has a good reputation around Hollywood as a girl who can really blow her stack. Such temper tantrums can usually be attributed to oversized hearts. She just can't say No to anyone. She'll take on at least twenty projects at one time, more than any human being could accomplish. Then, when she's caught up in the middle of production, plus extra jobs, she gets completely worn out and eventually blows her stack. The hollowness can be heard far beyond the studio gates.

While she was making "Son of Pale Face," with Bob Hope, Paramount made her home studio make it a habit to let Jane say Yes or No on benefit performances. When the studio representative approached her one evening in her dressing room with a "What do you want to do about the benefit?"—Miss Russell didn't let her get the words out of her mouth before she blew her stack. For five full, healthy minutes, she blew, then collapsed as suddenly into her former position, exhausted. Never glib, she didn't know how to apologize, but the unhappy expression on her face said more than thirty benefits. And once the peps-up emotions were released, Jane accepted the benefit engagement.

WHERE TO BUY

STAR FASHIONS

All silver featured on page 69 available at leading jewelry and department stores across the country.

Bender & Hamburger Dress

Ardmore, Okla.—Jean Lee Shap

Grand Rapids, Mich.—Alice Jane Dow

Peoria, Ill.—Black & Kuhl

Santa Cruz, Cal.—Dora Swink Dress Shop

Brilliant Swimsuit

Bastian, Mass.—file's

Catalina Swimsuit

Bastian, Mass.—Jordan Marsh

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus

Cincinnati, O.—H. & S. Pague

Minneapolis, Minn.—Dayton Co.

New Orleans, La.—Maison Blanche

Portland, Ore.—Meier & Frank

Loomtogs Separates

Pittsburgh, Pa.— Kaufman's

Lovable Sansuit

St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer & Fuller

Sportwirl Separates

At leading stores everywhere

In fact, Jane can rarely turn down a benefit request. Half the time her studio doesn't even know how many she's promised to do. But take the time she promised to do the benefit at Victor's show. A cousin of her sister-in-law was on a committee in Victorville to get some sort of entertainment for a charity benefit. And when she said yes, he informed the studio she was going to do the program. The studio couldn't get any more out of Jane so after two talks with the sister-in-law, three talks with the cousin, bottle of aspirin and five long-distance calls to Victorville, they got the facts. Jane Russell was going to appear in a small movie theatre with a three-piece combo and a couple of another picture from another studio! No question of her right mind would ever think of putting money in the boxoffice for a rival studio. But this was different. This was for Jane's sister-in-law's charity.

Because of her heavily loaded schedule, Jane's impatient, wants things done fast. To get her into wardrobe long enough to get her properly fitted is a job. She's impatient, wants quick results, and then her impatience sets in. She begins to wiggle and squirm and finally, very firmly, brings the fitting to an end with "We've done enough for today." Then, when the designer wants to work up on a personal appearance and it doesn't fit, she'll roar, "Why don't I get called in for fittings? I'd come right over." But then another minute, and the designers admit it's worth all their efforts.

Jane hates to wait, hates delays, hates to waste time. She'll march through a restaurant or down a street in galloping car to get somewhere on time, and then her impatience sets in. She's impatient with chitchat, wouldn't be caught table-hopping. She firmly believes all conversation should be stripped to the bone. Translated (to her co-star) this means everyone except Jane must be clairvoyant at all times. On occasion, she has snapped out, "Tell that shortish, bald-headed man I said No." Since the world is filled with short, bald-headed men, she is not easy on her co-star, who is the messenger delivering the message to the wrong bald man.

Waiting makes her nervous. Recently she was going to a preview at the Fox in Elgin and the street was filled. She hit her brakes within an eighth of an inch of the "Full" sign and tapped impatiently on her horn. Luckily, the driver didn't have to the money—another Russell habit. The attendant merely said, "It's quite all right, Miss Russell, pay us next time," obviously aware from past experience that Jane never hangs around. She blithely says that her husband handles money matters. Absolved of all financial interest and responsibility, she feels no need to carry it.

Not that Jane isn't aware of the worth of money. When she was in Paris and Monte Carlo making "Gentlemen Marry Brunettes," she had a Scottish hairdresser named Pearl. Whenever Jane saw something she liked and poke at the price tag or at the length and leave Pearl to do the bargaining. The result was some mighty good bargains that movie star Jane Russell could never have finagled. Although it might be said that Jane isn't bad at finagling.

For instance, the coat she wore all through Europe last fall. It was a lovely

Move Over for Jane Russell!
NOW! SOFT, GLOWING
HAIR IN 20 SECONDS!

Condition your hair this new non-oily way! New Improved SUAVE—with Helene Curtis greaseless lanolin—relieves dryness and brittleness instantly! Gives dull hair satiny glow—makes it obey the new soft way!

Gives hair healthy-looking glow! SUAVE sparkles hair to a healthy-looking glow! Adds highlights, never oily look—thanks to greaseless lanolin.

Controls hair—makes arranging so easy! SUAVE tames wispies ends and stubborn strands. Perfect hair-dos in a jiffy! And it keeps hair in place so softly.

Hair dry, dull, brittle, abused? Helene Curtis SUAVE brings back softness and lustre instantly, invites hair to wave—and protects your hair, too!

NEW! with amazing greaseless lanolin

Makes hair exciting to touch! SUAVE hairdressing gives you soft, shimmering, perfectly groomed hair. Don't wait—get New Improved Helene Curtis SUAVE today!

HELENE CURTIS
HAIRDRESSING & CONDITIONER

59¢ and $1 (plus tax)

Trade Mark

87

The End
JANE isn't PLAIN anymore

She learned the BEAUTY SECRETS of the famous POWERS MODELS

So can you! Yes, bring out your hidden beauty, be your loveliest, by getting the priceless secrets taught to the Powers Models. Now Gayla offers you these priceless secrets on an exclusive double-faced RCA record by the world's leading beauty authority, John Robert Powers. Listen and have lovely, lustrous hair... achieve the most attractive hair styling... bring out a new you in loveliness and personality. You cannot buy this record anywhere, but Gayla can send it to you.

Remember, Gayla HOLD-BOB is the Bobby pin preferred by the Powers Models... and by millions of women everywhere. Gayla's many patented features enable them to open easier, glide into the hair more smoothly, hold more securely, retain their springiness and holding power longer.

It costs no more to get the best... so insist on Gayla HOLD-BOB Bobby pins... and send for YOUR record today.

offered only by
Gayla HOLD-BOB
World's Largest Selling Bobby Pin

Send today—© 1955 G.P.I.

GAYLORD PRODUCTS, INCORPORATED
1918 Prairie Avenue, Chicago 16, Illinois P-6

Yes, I want the record telling Beauty Secrets of the famous Powers Models. Here's the top of a Gayla HOLD-BOB Bobby pin card or a Gayla Hair Net envelope plus 25¢ (for handling).

Name
Address
City State

USE EXCITING GAYLAMIST SPRAY HAIR NET FOR THE PROFESSIONAL LOOK. IT'S NEW!

BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see PHOTOPLAY for months indicated. For this month's full reviews, see page 14.

★★★★ EXCELLENT  ★★★★ VERY GOOD  ★★★ GOOD  ★★ FAIR  ★ ADULTS  ★ FAMILY

AMERICAN, THE—RKO, Eastman Color: Lively Western. Texas rancher Glenn Ford delivers prize balls to Brazil, gets into a range war, with Frank Lovejoy and Ursula Thiess on opposing sides. Vivid location shots. (F) March

BATTLE CRY—Warner: CinemaScope, WarnerColor: Aldo Ray and Tab Hunter are among young Marine recruits being trained for World War II by Van Hefflin. Emphasis is on love stories, notably Aldo's and Nancy Olson's, Tab's and Mona Freeman's. (A) March

BLACKBOARD JUNGLE—M-G-M: Effective, shocking close-up of a slum-section school. Glenn Ford plays a courageous, dedicated teacher; Anne Francis, his young wife. (F) May

BRIDGES AT TOKO-RI—Paramount, Technicolor: Simple, well-acted story of carrier-jets based over Korea. William Holden's a pilot; Grace Kelly, his wife; Fredric March, an admiral; Mickey Rooney, a 'copter pilot. (F) March

CAPTAIN LIGHTFOOT—U-I: CinemaScope, Technicolor: Filmed in Ireland, this engaging swashbuckler casts Rock Hudson as a 19th century rebel against England's rule. Jeff Morrow's his leader; Barbara Rush, his love. (F) April

CHIEF CRAZY HORSE—U-I: CinemaScope, Technicolor: Victor Mature's the great Sioux warrior; Susan Bell, his wife. The story's substance and Dakota's weirdly beautiful Black Hills counterbalance routine handling. (F) April

COUNTRY GIRL, THE—Paramount: Strong theme, intelligent acting. Bing Crosby fights alcoholism to try a stage comeback, aided by wife Grace Kelly and Bill Holden. (A) January

DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE—Rank, Republic: Technicolor: Funny, rambling, irresistible of students working or trying to bluff their way through medical school. British-made, with Dirk Bogarde, Kenneth More. (A) March

EAST OF EDEN—Warners: CinemaScope, WarnerColor: Brilliant drama, charged with emotion. Moody, youthful James Dean moves fast as a regional leader of the rising California farms. Elizabeth Taylor is his wily and tough wife; James Whitmore, the enigmatic John Steinbeck. (A) May

FAR COUNTRY, THE—U-I: Technicolor: Vigorous, skillfully made Western. In old-time Alaska, hard-bitten James Stewart is stranded in a town terrorized by hoodlums. Corinne Calvet's a tomboy; Ruth Roman, an adventuress. (F) March

GLASS SLIPPER, THE—M-G-M, Eastman Color: Charming musical version of the Cinderella story, with Leslie Caron as the maiden, Michael Wilding as her prince. (F) March

HIT THE DECK—M-G-M, CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Lively musical comedy gets Navy men Vic Damone, Russ Tamblyn and Tony Martin into amusing jams on a Frisco leave. The girls of their hearts are Jane Powell, Debbie Reynolds, Ann Miller. (F) April

JUPITER'S DARLING—M-G-M, CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Sprawling, lavish musical pretends Howard Keel as the conqueror Hymnal, Esther Williams as a Roman lady trying to save her city, With the Champions. (F) April

LIFE IN THE BALANCE, A—20th: Distinctive suspense movie, filmed in Mexico. Ricardo Montalban, unemployed musician, fights a murder charge, romances Anne Bancroft. (F) May

LONG GRAY LINE, THE—Columbia: CinemaScope, Technicolor: Ty Power stars in the true, warmly sentimental, humorous story of a beloved sergeant stationed at West Point for fifty years. Maureen O'Hara's his wife; Bob Francis, one of the cadets Ty counsels. (F) April

MAN WITHOUT A STAR—U-I, Technicolor: Lusty Western. Drifter Kirk Douglas and protege William Campbell get embroiled in rancher Jeanne Crain's battle to rule the range. (F) May

MARTY—U.A.: Wonderfully warm, funny and sympathetic big-city love story. A lonesome backwater Envoy (Ernest Borgnine) and school teacher (Betty Blair) find each other—but family problems come up. (F) May


RACERS, THE—20th: CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Against varied European backgrounds, Kirk Douglas plays a ruthless auto-racer, with no regard for other drivers. (A) April

RUN FOR COVER—Paramount: VistaVision, Technicolor: Engaging horse opera about the results of a near-llynching. James Cagney's an old hand; John Derek, a bitter younger. (F) April

SILVER CHALICE, THE—Warner: CinemaScope, WarnerColor: Pageant of the Roman Empire, with handsome sets, Marlon Brando as a Corinthian Christian (Pier Angeli), remains Initiated woman (Virginia Mayo, assisted to a power-mad magician (Jack Palance). (F) March

SIX BRIDGES TO CROSS—U-I: Rapid-fire cops-and-robbers yarn. Cop George Nader tries to reform Tony Curtis, juvenile delinquent who becomes a master crook. (A) March

SMOKE SIGNAL—U-I, Technicolor: Dana Andrews, under arrest as a traitor, and Piper Laurie are among whites fleeing Indians on a risky river voyage through a canyon. (F) April

UNCHAINED—Warner: Earnest, moving close-up of an honor prison designed to rehabilitate inmates. Chester Morris is the warden; Elroy Hirsch, a rebellious convict. (F) January


UNTAMED—20th: CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Aggressive Susan Hayward and adventurous Ty Power are lovers in a highly colorful epic of South Africa's pioneer days. (A) May

WAGES OF FEAR, THE—Filmsonor: Unbearably suspenseful French film (dialogue in both French and English). Dereel volunteers to drive truckloads of high explosive over rough roads to a Central American oil field. (A) April

WHITE FEATHER—20th: CinemaScope, Technicolor: Substantial Western. Bob Wagner's a sympathetic surveyor; Jeff Hunter, a proud Cheyenne; Debra Paget, an Indian maiden. (F) May
A Character—But Brando

(Continued from page 62)

to do. Which is one of the most wonderful things about Marlon. He always makes you feel special and unique. He knows how to bring you into things and into the fun. And as you can imagine, Gertrude (Heim) and Patricia (Mulqueen) and I were pretty nervous about the whole idea of meeting him.

"It all started one evening last January. I had just gotten home—I had an evening class at Hunter College that night—and Mother had kept some food warm for me. I was just sitting down to eat when she casually said, 'A young man called today and wants you to get in touch with him.'"

"What?" I muttered rather disinterestedly, tired from the long day.

"He says his name is Marlon Brando, Mother answered, trying with all her might to keep calm.

"Marlon Brando!" I screamed. 'You're kidding,' and I couldn't eat another bite. To boot, he left his telephone number for me to call him back!"

"The reason Marlon knew of me was that I'm the president and one of the founders of the Marlon Brando Charity Fan Club, and I'd recently sent him a copy of our first club journal. It took quite a few phone calls back and forth (I was a nervous wreck), but we reached each other. But when we finally did, he was very interested in the work we were doing and asked all about us. He said he liked our journal very much and fully appreciated and approved of the charitable work we were doing on his behalf and in his name. Then he asked, 'I'd like to meet you and some of the other girls in the club. Could you make it?' Of course we'd love to,' I answered. So he suggested we call his secretary and ask her to set a time since he's the one who keeps track of my engagements.'"

"Miss Medwick, Marlon's secretary, made a date for three of us to meet him for lunch at one p.m. the next Saturday at the Russian Tea Room on West Fifty-seventh Street."

"I've been a real ardent Brando fan for fully five years, ever since I saw him in his first movie appearance in 'The Men,' and I've every one of his pictures. In fact, 'Viva Zapata,' my favorite next to 'Waterfront,' I've seen five times. So the thought of finally having lunch with him was exciting beyond measure."

"I had a lot of lunch since before. During the summer of 'fifty-three I traveled to Ivoryton, Connecticut, one weekend to see him in a summer stock performance of Shaw's 'Arms and the Man.' Marlon was playing Sergius (and getting rave reactions). It was a wonderfully funny part, in fact, Shaw had called Sergius 'my comic Hamlet,' and Marlon was terrific. I arrived early and was waiting on the lawn outside the theater when I saw Marlon drive up with a bunch of his friends in one car, get out and go into the small near-by restaurant. While one of the fellows was taking some props out of the trunk of the car, I went over to him—quite timidly—and asked if he could introduce me to Marlon after lunch. He said he'd see what he could do.

"When finally they finished eating and came out of the restaurant, Marlon was immediately surrounded and I figured that was the end of my chance to meet him."

"But I was wrong. While still talking to the group, Marlon looked up and around, then said something to the boy I had talked to. He took me right through the cluster of people and introduced me to Marlon. I was very impressed with Marlon's courtesy, his sincerity and his genuine interest in the people around him.
"Henry Josten, who's the local newspaperman, summed up the local opinion of Brando with 'he's one actor who's completely down to earth. No prima-donna airs about him, no superiority either. He's a few blocks from here and I understand there's quite a bit of talk around here probably have gotten to know the real Marlon Brando better than anyone in Hollywood or even New York.'

The following winter I finally plucked up the courage to go to see Brando and ask him for permission to start a Marlon Brando fan club that would be devoted to charity. His reply in longhand:

Dear Philomena:

To: be plain, I am totally indifferent to fan activity and all that. You mention that there might be some connection between the fan club and charity. If your name could be lent to any (but strictly charitable) work, I happily and willingly donate my name, for whatever it is worth, to establishing an organization devoted to charity. I wish you the most complete success in your plans and future.

Sincerely yours,

[signed] Marlon Brando

"When we finally met Marlon at the Russian Tea Room, as he had suggested, Marlon was a little late. The first words he said to me was "what's up?" at which point his secretary had reserved, were, 'I'm terribly sorry—I was held up. I hope you haven't been waiting long.' (He was a far cry from the jeans and T-shirt type he's accustomed to wear.) His dialect and voice are pure and distinct and he was dressed in a neat gray suit—with tie!

"I introduced myself and Gertie and Pat. We said goodbye, 'the fan club body has a chance to be shy around Marlon for very long. Before you know it, he's asking you questions about where you live and school and family and about your family and about your club work, and you're laughing and kidding, forgetting all about your earlier scares.

"When it came time to order we weren't very hungry. I guess we were too nervous, so we ordered sandwiches. But Marlon wouldn't hear of us eating everyday American food in a Russian restaurant.

"'You don't want to eat a sandwich,' he said, 'I've set 50 at the place at which I believe your family and about your club work, and you're laughing and kidding, forgetting all about your earlier scares."

"What people don't seem to understand about Marlon,' Miss Adler said one afternoon in her school at 50 Central Park West, 'is that he is an actor. When he comes to New York he spends most of his time in rehearsals with the British actor actor."

"Marlon's an actor twenty-four hours a day. I've heard it said that anyone as intense as that must be a schizophrenic, a split personality seeking escape from his maladjusted self. But I don't see Marlon that way. I'm not a psychiatrist, but to me that doesn't make much sense. I believe that most people who have a talent, a vocation in life and who do a job superbly usually feel free to do their job, to help build up society."

"Marlon plays both parts, and both the part of the Borscht."

"Marlon's an actor twenty-four hours a day. I've heard it said that anyone as intense as that must be a schizophrenic, a split personality seeking escape from his maladjusted self. But I don't see Marlon that way. I'm not a psychiatrist, but to me that doesn't make much sense. I believe that most people who have a talent, a vocation in life and who do a job superbly usually feel free to do their job, to help build up society."

"Marlon is an actor twenty-four hours a day, and carries his work with them wherever they go. With Marlon, everything he sees or does, everyone he talks to, every contact is grist for his mill. Marlon says he has the same attitude as Marlon can imitate precisely.

"constantly does. He constantly has. His conscious act for the truth is, Marlon isn't an actor good at any methodological studying. He's like a sponge—he seems to absorb information and knowledge through his pores. I've known Marlon to know, after this, he's never impressed as he being anything, but a perfectly normal, highly talented young man.

"Marlon affectionately won't along with people who say Marlon is eccentric. He's high-spirited and full of fun—perhaps a little reckless at times, true—but he's always been very young and I don't particularly notice any differences from millions of other American boys. He'll go off on a kick—from playing the bongos, boxing, fencing, interpretive dance and riding a motorcycle. When he was on his motorcycle kick I was worried about him because I was afraid he might get hurt, but this is, after all, his own business. After he learned all about motorcycles, he could ride one and have a good outlet for his energy. Marlon can never sit still for any length of time, so he's full of energy, a kind of nervous vitality. But one thing is true, he'll take a chance or a risk if he feels the situation is worthy. I've never seen him—or heard of him—doing anything that might harm someone else. He's always very considerate of others and he lets go out of his way to do a friend a favor."

"Once he went forty miles—way out to Long Island—to surprise me. It was during his motorcycle period, and I'd casually mentioned something about a bakeshop which only seemed to be available at one bakery on the south shore of Long Island. The next time Marlon came up to the house he brought some of that pastry with him, and I paid him $20 to bake a dozen and back just for a dollar and a half purchase.

"Contrary to legend, Marlon is always dressed in his working clothes—T-shirt and baggy pair of pants. When he goes to rehearsals—but then so does everybody else. Also I've never known him to be anything but well-spoken, well-mannered and well-behaved.

"It would be surprising if it were otherwise in view of his fine family background. Marlon's father is a successful Illinois businessman (who is now a professor at home and a very pleasant family life. You'd have to look far before you'd find a nice all-around American family. All the Bran- dons are interested in the arts. Marlon's mother, who passed away a year and a half ago, was at one time an actress with the community playhouse of Omaha, Nebraska, and his brother, who's now in the Army, is an artist. His sis- sister Frances is a painter, and kid sister Jocelyn, also a talented young actress, best remembered for her role in the play 'Mister Roberts.'

"Marlon has always gone to good schools—several of them. I guess Marlon didn't get along any too well in school. At his last one, Shattuck Military Academy in New York, he's been called it), he was caught in a prank and asked to resign shortly before graduation in 1943. During the following summer he worked as a tile fitter for a drainage contractor near where he spent his summers in Libertyville, Illinois. For all I know, he might still be doing that if his father hadn't offered to stake him to a professional education. Marlon decided on acting and came to New York to study with Mr. and Mrs. Josten, who are the founder and president of the American Educational Foundation, and I know, he might still be doing that if his father hadn't offered to stake him to a professional education. Marlon decided on acting and came to New York to study with Mr. and Mrs. Josten, who are the founder and president of the American Educational Foundation,
drive. Success as such doesn’t mean a thing to him. He has no desire to outstrip his competitors. While he appreciates money, it is certainly no end in itself for him. I think Marlon would be a failure if he tried to do anything that doesn’t deeply interest him—or rather, I don’t think he’d make the effort.

“With acting it’s different, of course. He broke through very quickly, and from that moment on acting got under his skin. His performances in the drama workshop of the New School attracted attention from the very first. It wasn’t difficult for a professional to see that he showed a good deal of promise. For one thing there was his great physical beauty—not just good looks, but that rare thing that can only be called beauty. And for another, he had a quality which in the theatre we call ‘visibility.’ It’s a sparkle—a gift of God—there’s no explanation for it. Without doing anything, it made him stand out in any group. The eye would just naturally travel to him and stay there.

“As a drama student—whatever his shortcomings may have been in other schools—Marlon was very easy to get along with. He was disciplined and serious, and if he ever did cut up, it never reached a point where it interfered with our work. I remember one rehearsal when nothing seemed to go right and everybody was becoming irritated and tense. We were doing a scene from ‘Ghost,’ by Ibsen, with Marlon taking the part of the tragic young hero. When he made his entrance, he was wearing the most fantastic putty nose I’ve ever seen. Everybody was in hysterics for about five minutes, which relieved the tension, and afterwards the rehearsal went well.

“In this respect, Marlon is a real ham. He loves to fool around with make-up, putty, false noses, beards and wigs. And he has a wonderful ear for inflections and accents, along with a natural gift for mimicry.

“Marlon has no difficulty at all in imitating all kinds of voices and accents. When my husband and I ran into him in France one summer he surprised us by the beautiful French he spoke. He was easing himself into the language the way he eases himself into a part. He sounded like a Frenchman. He picked up a working knowledge of Spanish in two weeks. He’ll never call up the house without disguising his voice. I confess that after all these years he still succeeds in fooling me each time, whether he puts on a British, Mexican, Italian, or plain Midwestern accent. I think that’s a measure of how good he is.

“I remember how surprised critics were when he spoke with perfect diction as Mark Antony in ‘Julius Caesar.’ They failed to realize that he had to learn to talk like Stanley Kowalski in ‘Streetcar,’ that he did not normally speak that way. After all, one of his earliest parts on the professional stage was Marwhanks, opposite Katherine Cornell in Shaw’s ‘Candida.’ He spoke beautifully.

“Perhaps Marlon’s nicest trait is his loyalty and devotion to his friends. During the twelve years I’ve known him he hasn’t let me down to my knowledge dropped a single one of them—nor has he lost any. Unfortunately, that is not always true of others who have become successful so quickly.

“Another thing which is well-known about Marlon is his gentleness. In the mind of the public Marlon’s become identified with tough parts, implying a degree of brutality that’s entirely foreign to his real character. Actually, he’s a real softie who can’t bear to hurt anyone’s feelings.

“Once I sent him a play written by a young friend of mine. How did you like the script?” I asked him the next time I happened to see Marlon at a friend’s house.

‘Terrific,’ he blurted out, not realizing that the author was standing right next to me.

“Though it had really been my fault for putting him on the spot, Marlon was insensible. He was remorse-stricken for weeks over what he considered his unforgivable lack of tact.

“I can say, though, that there’s one thing Marlon can’t do well. That’s lying. Not too long ago, he came up to the house with a beautiful shiner around his left eye. When I asked him about it, he was ashamed to admit the reason and concocted some cock and bull story instead. I didn’t believe him for one minute and he knew it. We both started to laugh. He can never keep a straight face when he’s lying. Yet he’s marvelous at telling a story, exaggerating and embellishing it for dramatic effect. This is probably where a lot of the Brando stories circulating around can be traced to, but Marlon doesn’t consider this lying, it’s all part of acting, of telling a good story.

“When you’ve known Marlon as long as I have, you can discern between the two and know when he’s pulling your leg. But in the meantime, if you’re trying to puzzle him out, the important thing to remember is that you can’t judge him as you would a businessman, think of him as a Bohemian intellectual or classify him as a matinee idol. He is none of these—by his own admission. Marlon is a great artist. People may call him a character, but he’s still in reality just Brando.”

The End

(Note: The Marlon Brando Charity Fan Club works with fans throughout the world. If you want to know more about the activities of this club, write to Miss Philomena Ignelzi at 149-41 45th Avenue, Flushing 55, New York, sending along a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

---

Now! Easier, surer protection for your most intimate marriage problem

Tested by doctors...proved in hospital clinics

1. Antiseptic (Protective, germicidal action)
   Norforms are now safer and surer than ever! A highly perfected new formula releases its antiseptic and germicidal ingredients right in the vaginal tract. The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful protective film that permits long-lasting action. Will not harm delicate tissues.

2. Deodorant (Protection from odor)
   Norforms were tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything it had ever used. Norforms are powerfully deodorant—they eliminate (rather than cover up) embarrassing odors, yet have no “medicine” or “disinfectant” odor themselves.

3. Convenient (So easy to use)
   Norforms are small vaginal suppositories, so easy and convenient to use. Just insert—no apparatus, no mixing or measuring. They’re greaseless and they keep in any climate. Your druggist has them in boxes of 12 and 24. Also available in Canada.

Mail this coupon today

FREE informative Norforms booklet

Just mail this coupon to: Dept. PH-36 Wickham Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y.

Please send me the new Norforms booklet, in a plain envelope.

Name: ____________________________
Street: ____________________________
City: __________________ Zone: ______ State: ______

---

91
NEEDLE NEWS FOR SUMMER

7064
SIZES
S—10—12
M—14—16
L—18—20

7064—You need little more than a yard of 35-inch fabric for this cool tie-shoulder halter. Trim with easy flower embroidery. Sizes small (10, 12); medium (14, 16); large (18, 20). Pattern, transfer. State size.

584—Protect and beautify your fine furniture. Feathers in a fan shape add interest to chair or buffet. Use No. 30 crochet cotton. Directions included.

7390—Wear this as an apron, jumper or sundress. Belt cinches waist, opens flat for ironing. Tulip pocket. Sizes small (10, 12); medium (14, 16); large (18, 20). Pattern pieces, transfer. State size.

7140—Dress up your home with this easy-to-do doily in pineapple design and spider web stitch combined in a graceful arrangement. Doily 16 x 21 inches in No. 30 cotton: 24 x 32 inches in heavy cotton.

7248—He's a doll—he's a 'Jama Bag! The children pop their p.j.'s into the slit in front. Bunny snoozes on their beds 'til nighttime. Two flat pieces plus round stuffed head. Pattern pieces, transfer.

Send twenty-five cents (in coins) for each pattern to: Photoplay, Needlecraft Service, P. O. Box 123, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send extra twenty-five cents for Needlecraft Catalog...
When a Star Finds Heaven

(Continued from page 65) "Kee-airk Doo-glah, cellphone; Kee-airk Doo-glah, telephones." Idly, he mused that an able song writer could do more with it than could be done with some such sound effect as "Sh-Boom," but dropped the matter there.

Somewhat later, a friend joined Kirk at the table, and asked why Kirk had failed to answer the page. Kirk said nobody had paged him. "In Italy," he said, "you hear 'Kee-airk Doo-glah, get with it.' That's you."

Not only did he fail to recognize his name over the loud-speaker, there were times when he was stranger to the chairwoman whom he observed in the bathroom mirror getting his teeth brushed each morning. The interloper was wearing a curly red-gold beard which was the pride of a local barber.

The barber had taken charge of Kirk's facial hedge when it was as fine and few as a mouse's eyelashes. As the weeks by, the skilled scissors snipped a bit here, a bit there, shaping, coxing, sculpturing. "I began to feel like a French poodle."

Throughout the picture's shooting schedule, Kirk had to return—every few days—to the barber to keep his facial costume in satisfactory Ulysses trim.

Probably the happiest American east of Rothschild's Beverly Hills haircuttery was Kirk the day his load was finished, there would be no retakes, and he could find out if he still had a face under the feathers.

Dropping into the barber chair with a joyous grin, he said, "Off it comes."

The barber took one step backward in an eloquent Latin gesture of shock and managed to shake his head. "No," he said, "I'll brandish a bit of you, you know. So beautiful, so thick, so curly." His hands shaped a beard in the air. "Boys have faces like girls. Men have beards."

The discussion continued with Kirk begging for a shave and the barber begging for the life of his masterpiece. "Let's put it this way," Kirk said finally, "If you won't shave me, I'm going to someone who will."

That was the haymaker. The barber asked for a picture of Kirk wearing the beard, then set to work to destroy what he considered an obvious work of art.

The original Ulysses leaped his ship with odds and ends of merchandise picked up from the shores he touched, including now and then a slave maiden. His Douglas counterpart did okay with the exception of the slave maiden; in that case he secured a stunningly better break. We'll get back to that later.

Not one to collect tangibles ordinarily, "I'm not a personal possessions guy," Kirk broke a rule by having several pairs of alligator shoes handcrafted for him by Cucci of Rome. He bought slacks on the island of Capri, sport shirts in Venice and ash trays made of Arabic bracelets in Jerusalem. These additions to airplane luggage presented no particular problem, but Herr Douglas fixed himself up just fine in Munich.

In one of the mesmerizing top shops he spied an electric train that did everything except sing "On the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe." Kirk once told an interviewer, "No man is completely a man who has lost out of himself all of the boy."

What happened next proves that Kirk is completely a man without having lost the small boy touch. He bought two trains. "Because," he explained quickly, "I have two sons. Can't come home without a present for both."

Also, the trains were impressive bargains.

This Gorgeous Book is Really . . .

HOLLYWOOD IN REVIEW

It's better than ever! It contains more news and pictures about all the stars of Hollywood than ever before. Yes, the exciting, new 1955 edition of PHOTOPLAY ANNUAL is sensational. It's a treasure-trove of information about the stars . . . a real Who's Who in Hollywood. This colorful and glamorous Hollywood yearbook is THE book-of-the-year. Get your copy of this prize book before they are all snatched up. Here is what you get in this great yearbook:

NEWS EVENTS OF THE YEAR—20 exciting pages in pictures and text covering the month-by-month weddings—separations—divorces—births—awards—secrecy.


PERFORMERS OF THE YEAR—Here you get portraits as well as action shots from their big pictures, plus the autographs of Marlon Brando—June Allyson—Van Johnson—Judy Garland—Robert Mitchum—Gary Cooper—Burt Lancaster—Ava Gardner.


ONLY 50¢—WHILE THEY LAST

This sensational Yearbook sells out practically as soon as it is put on sale. Don't be disappointed this year—get your copy at your favorite magazine counter now. Or, if more convenient, mail coupon with 50c TODAY.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

PHOTOPLAY, Dept. PH-655
205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.
Send me postpaid a copy of PHOTOPLAY ANNUAL 1955. I enclose 50c.

NAME__________________________________

Please Print

ADDRESS________________________________

CITY__________________STATE__________
The exchange was to Kirk's advantage and he was spared the import duty which adds levies of 35% to the cost of goods when purchased in the U.S. However, the trains were so heavy that before he had finished paying the overground baggage charges, he found himself at the face of Europe, where he could have bought a diesel unit for the Super Chief with the outlay—"Darned near, anyhow."

Of course, the intangibles that a man brings from faraway places are the things he keeps forever. Kirk has a dream sack full of them.

He reached Venice late one afternoon and was shown to his room in the Gritti Palace Hotel. Struggling to the casement windows a sunny day, with a French ballad, "Tu Ne Peux Pas Te Figurer," (You Can't Imagine) on the flip. (Incidentally, have you picked up a copy of Kirk's Decca pressing of "Whale of a Tale," a golfing polo song? "The Moon Grew Brighter?" Good listening.)

What man who has been to Paris has failed to take away with him something of "the city that is loved as a woman is loved?" Not Kirk. He returned modestly, then scored a grand slam. He loved Paris; everything was great—with one exception. He was having a certain amount of trouble with his American accent.

Like the night he sped out of his hotel, pressed for time, and told the cabby, "Paramount Theatre, s'il vous plaît."

"Comment?"
"Paramount," answered the cabbie.
"—Comment cela?"
"Paramount Theatre," repeated the cabbie.

Kirk shrieked into the back hotel, summoned a bellboy and explained his destination. Said the bellboy to the cabby, "Pah-Ra-Mount TreeyKeyListener?"

Dawn burst over Eiffel Tower. The caby's eyes expanded, his eyebrows leapt upward, and he shrugged as only the Parisian can shrug. "Ah—mais oui—Pah-Ra-Mount TreeyKeyListener?"

Kirk settled himself in the furthest corner of the back seat and revisied, with some frustration, the remnants of his college course in journalism. His only attempt until that moment to master a foreign language. Phrases bubbled to the surface of recollection, things like "Ich liebe Dich," "Du bist ein schönes Mädchen" and other airy phrases. "No, no. I won't use it," Herr Douglas told him glumly.

The only certain thing in life is its uncertainty.

She came on the set for "Act of Love" one day. She was wearing a bright red coat—unusual for the black-loving Parisienne—and Kirk wanted to know who she was. He was told that her name was Anne Budyens (pronounced approximately "Bwe-daw"); that she had been born in Germany. She spoke four languages fluently; French, German, Italian and English.

Madame Budyens and Kirk finally met through their mutual friend, Anan Litvak, who knew Kirk was in need of someone to steer him through French and allied hazards and to serve as press-relations expert.

Kirk explained to Madame Budyens that she had been mentioned glowingly by several persons, Tola Litvak among them, and that it would be deliverance if someone who knew her way around both the motion-picture industry and the continent of Europe would come to his aid.

Madame Budyens thanked Mr. Douglas pleasantly, but she had a dinner engagement.

Then, could he drive her home and discuss it on the way?

That was thoughtful, but she drove her own car.

Kirk gallantly escorted her to same. At the time he was driving a Simca, which is—roughly equal to a Ford. Anne Budyens was back in Paris, in her Porsche, an open car equivalent—roughly—to a Buick.

Trumped again.

The ancient Ulysses lashed himself to the mast in order to avoid bodily injury while listening to the siren song of a belle. His modern counterpart exhibited no such concern for life and limb. When, in the course of conversations overheard at parties attended by both Anne and Kirk, he learned that she was going to Klotzers, Switzerland, for the skiing, he rushed to the resort in advance.

Outfitting himself from cap to boots in what the upright skier should wear, he took a few lessons so as to remain that way. When a few days later Anne appeared at the Klotzers station, there stood the American skier, Kirk Douglas, ready for the snow job of his career.

Quicker than you could say "slalom," a romance developed, and the first thing Kirk knew, he was wandering through gift shops, collecting sweaters, pusses and gloves in Anne's favorite shade of blue.

Back in Paris, she cooked small dinners in her apartment for Kirk. By that time Kirk had begun to take a knowing interest in oils; he fell in love with a Brayer which hung above the apartment fireplace. It recalled a peasant festival, and it was a great delight to the color-loving eye. Long afterward Anne was to say, "I shall never be entirely sure whether Kirk married me for myself or in order to become half owner of the Brayer.

When Kirk had to visit Brussels, he asked Anne to guide him, since she had lived there. She conveyed Kirk through a series of art galleries and restaurants, two of which Kirk spotted an oil by Utrillo—the study of a church and a crowded street under brilliant sunlight—which he coveted. (Not for possible purchase, but for the memory.)

MUCH MOVING

The restaurant was Le Filet de Boeuf, situated on the square (La Grande Place) where it had once been a fine home like others along the street. Its exterior trim was gilt so that in the red sunlight of late afternoon Le Filet and its palazzo of neighbors looked like a picture torn from a child's coloring book. The restaurant's dining room contained only six tables, but there the simplicity ended. The linen, the crystal, the heavy antique silver, as well as the chairs were all to prove to be merely the best Kirk had ever enjoyed in Europe. Kirk told Anne so as she sat opposite him, smiling in the soft candlelight.

Not long after, he traded candlelight in Belgium for sunlight in Jamaica, and set to work in "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea."

He was entranced by the island, by the Round Hill Hotel, by Calypso, by the explosive shirts, by the frenzied native dances. He could have done without the native driving, but even that supplied a small price for each great event turned.

Driving to the airport, a jet process through villages which jumped backward—both man and beast—to make way for the carreging car, the driver was unable to avoid aash for the departed pedestrian, the driver would have charged on if Kirk hadn't intervened. "We'll have to find out who owned the pig and pay for it," he insisted. The driver nodded, "Hey, pig-owner! Pig-owner! Pig-owner!"

No response. After a few more calls the driver flung out his hand in a gesture of dismissal. 'Boss, this pig ain't got no owner' "Well, I'm here," answered Kirk, "thought about it with a wry grin. There in the road lay a fugitive wanderer, having lived his brief, careless life and having ended in the dust without an owner to claim him, to collect his insurance.

Eventually Kirk and Anne Budyens had finally come home after twenty years. Perhaps he wished he had done so earlier. In any case there came a time when one had to admit to various ownerships. Possibly this was the right moment, that of a transition.

So Anne Budyens was invited to California to see whether she liked the country, the people, Kirk's two sons, Mike and Joel, and Mr. Douglas. A three-plus affirmative vote took her to Las Vegas on May 29, '63, storybook wedding. Kirk Douglas and she are planning a new addition to the clan.

In other respects Kirk is sinking roots. Kirk has now gone into business for himself, having established Bryna Productions and made releasing arrangements through Decca Records. The first picture will be "The Indian Fighter."

After two years and fifty thousand miles a man must have absorbed a conviction or two; Kirk admits to one major conviction. "I've learned a real respect for the humble, and a humbly, gratefully, how wonderful it is to have been born in the New World, in the Americas, where opportunity is as real and sustaining as the air we breathe. I've never found a country that has not been good to me, that has helped me, that has strengthened me, that has flashed through my mind as I stood in line at the Command Performance reception, wearing white tie and tails, and awaiting my turn to be presented to Her Royal Highness, the Queen of England."

The Queen murmured a friendly phrase to Kirk, something like, "How nice it is to have you visit us," and afterward reporters besieged Kirk to find out what, exactly, had been the royal words.

Kirk was not going to give up to the page-printer the moment he, himself, could not quite believe. "What Her Highness said is a secret between the two of us," he murmured with quiet dignity.

Wonderful world, huh? / The End
(Continued from page 44)

canceling the show. I just can’t leave Anna now. (Vic calls Pier by her given name, which he pronounces Ah-nah). We’re trying to get somebody to substitute for me. I’ve done it for other people in the past and I hope they will come to my aid now.”

But even if a temporary replacement could be found for this one engagement, Vic, heavily admitted he could not remain by his wife’s side very long for he was booked solid until May. Luckily, Mrs. Pierangeli and Marisa could be with her. All film fans who hoped and prayed with the grieving young crooner shared in his joy when doctors reported later the baby was saved.

A few days before the tragic accident, Pier drove up from Palm Springs (where she and her mother had taken a house for a month while Vic was to be away on tour) and Pier was delighted as she talked about the two who are closest to her—handsome, curly-haired Vic Damone and the anticipated baby. Pier, a creature of moods, was vivacious and charming, bubbling with talk and plans and sheer happiness. Not even morning sickness or a slight automobile accident on the way dimmed her gaiety. “A little white MG came right in front of me; I couldn’t see it—so bang! But the driver is all right and I am all right; only the cars suffered. It is nothing.”

“What I am thinking about now is our house. Vic and I drove for days and days before we were married to look at houses—we wanted to be sure—but it is not perfect. When we decided to marry so soon after we announced our engagement, everybody said we were so impulsive. Now the marriage is three

months old and it is perfect. But the hilltop house we spent so much time finding is not. And I thought we were following Mama’s advice. ‘Before you do anything, think it over three times.’”

The rented house, ultra modern, of glass and stone, is circular in construction and perched, like a boat, in a sea of clouds, high up in a lonely section of Beverly Glen canyon. It would seem to be a perfect setting for Pier, who’s one of the few authentic beauties in the motion-picture colony. In her charming Italian accent, Pier talks at times with the touching wistfulness of a small child; at other times, with the mature wisdom of a woman. Her English has improved; no more does she call a hotdog “a sandwich with the fingers on top” or speak of “homburggers and smashed potatoes” or massacre the bebop phrases which Debbie Reynolds has pains-takingly taught her. As she moves around the room, she has the look of a little gazelle in motion.

The house occupied Pier’s attention. “The rooms are on different floors. Now I cannot walk up steps and steps. Even our maid—she gets exhausted carrying the—how you say—vacuum cleaner up and down.

“But even worse is the loneliness. No houses are near. When Vic and I saw it, we fell in love with it; we thought. How wonderful it is for two lovers to be hidden away where no eyes can see. At night the view from the terrace is divine—the whole city, a blaze of colored lights like a lovely necklace. But Vic must be out singing and rehearsing and recording at night and I haven’t been feeling too well so Vic thinks it better for me no longer to go with him so some nights I stay alone.

Many wives do not mind being alone. But for me, I have never been alone at night before. In the windows I see eyes shining, like tiny electric lights. Bobcats, Vic jokes, And owls ‘whoo’ till your heart feels it will explode! And the thump-thump-thump I hear—I don’t know what it is, but Vic says it is just the branches of trees in the wind.”

“When Vic left to go on a recording session one evening not long ago, I asked him to lock me in the bedroom.” Pier shrugs. “Then I started to read. But in the window are the eyes shining, the thump-thump, the whooo sounds. Our darling little parkakeet suddenly answer and the sound in the still house is like bullets. ‘Anna,’ I say to myself like a stern father, you are not a child any more. You are a grown up married lady. You are going to be a mother.’ But I do not feel at all grown-up. Just then the phone rings. And it is like a scene in a mystery movie before the murder. I jump. It is a friend of Vic’s coming to return his dinner jacket. When he arrives, I make him take me to the recording studio way downtown. I sit on a chair. And I get tired as it is two o’clock, then three. So I stretch out on the floor and sleep a little. When it is six o’clock we go home and I—and we eat breakfast and the sun is shining and we are together and the view is so wonderful from the terrace that I flip. Debbie Reynolds taught me the word ‘flip.’ It is expressive, no?

“Then I say to myself, how can I be so silly and worry Vic so much. But when the blackness comes and I am alone, then it is not silly. So—we must find someone to rent the wonderful honeymoon house. And move where there are neighbors and no

ONLY Stardust GIVES YOU
A
“FREE ACTION” BRA LIKE THIS FOR JUST
$1

Self-adjusting “Free Action” not even achieved by more expensive bras.

Stardust’s slotted cross-over elastic construction means each direction pulls for itself, both work together, to give you a fabulous figure. This bra really lives, moves, breathes with you.

Soft lining for double uplift, gentle chafeprotection. Pre-shrunk cotton in A or B cups, style 333 at just $1.00

Stardust Life-Insured Bra GUARANTEED FOR 1 YEAR

NO IRONING for this bra in dacron and cotton. Clever swing straps, circular stitching, soft inside lining. Non-roll foam insets under cups! Fine pre-shrunk cotton with swing straps. A, B or C cups, style 328, $1.00

ALLURING UPLIFT, no irritation in this fully lined, 4-section beauty. Non-roll foam insets under cups! Fine pre-shrunk cotton with swing straps. A, B or C cups, style 326, $1.00

STARDUST, INC., Empire State Building, New York 1, N. Y.
Oily Skin?
...ashamed of it?

Do this to de-shine your skin now! Use this special treatment to clear away excess oil. It’s recommended by leading skin doctors. It’s quick. It works like a charm!

Every night and morning, after washing your face, briskly pat on cooling Pond’s Vanishing Cream. Leave the Cream on for one minute. The "keratolytic" action of this greaseless cream dissolves off oily dead skin flakes. Excess oil vanishes. Wipe Cream off, and rinse face with cold water. See how glowing-good this daily oil-de-fattening treatment with Pond’s Vanishing Cream makes your skin feel. Girls report happily: "No more greasy look!" "Skin looks so much clearer and fresher!"

WORK, SLEEP, PLAY IN COMFORT

Without Nagging Backache

Nagging backache, loss of energy and vitality, headaches and dizziness may be due to slow-down of kidney function. Doctors say good kidney function is very important to good health. When some everyday condition, such as stress or strain, causes this important function to slow down, many folks suffer nagging backache—feel miserable. Minor bladder irritations due to cold or wrong diet may cause getting up nights or frequent passages.

Don’t neglect your kidneys if these conditions bother you. Try Doan’s Pills—a mild diuretic. Used successfully by millions for over 50 years. It’s amazing how many times Doan’s give happy relief from these discomforts—help the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters flush out waste. Get Doan’s Pills today!

These shenanigans have made the house gay for the youthful pair and have helped Pier forget the discomforts of pregnancy. For Pier hasn’t felt entirely well during her pregnancy. Tired from picture-making, from the demands of a large wedding, from furnishing a house and much travel, the doll-like beauty realizes she needs rest. Her doctor advised her not to travel with Vic during the last months of pregnancy. She might gain more than eighteen pounds. Since Pier is five-feet-one and weighs but one hundred pounds she will continue to look trim. It’s unthinkable that Pier will ever need the scale. She doesn’t walk, she swings along always in a hurry, full ofbounce and vitality.

"Friends," explains Pier, "are worried that Vic and I must be apart so much. But we aren’t worried because we knew this from the start. I’d like to go with Vic, but he’ll be doing six shows a day and I’d be by myself in a hotel room most of the time. It makes me feel loved. If he worries Vic when he has to sing and knows I’m not well. He’s so sweet, so kind, and I don’t want to add to the strain he’s under. As an actress, I know any performer is filled with butterflies when he has to go on stage. Even Tony Martin, after all these years, admitted to me how he feels before each performance. In this life we cannot have everything. This was one of the things I was forced to learn hard to take. But Vic cannot stay in Hollywood all the time; he must move around the country. He’s going to Australia, too. But we hope he’ll be here soon coming back. And when I can, I’ll go with him."

Even so, Pier maintains she could not have married anyone but an actor. For only an actor would understand the demands made on her actress wife. And, in turn, she understands his life. "I work hard," she explains, "and I’m nervous when I’m working. At times I want to be alone. That’s not with Vic. If he should go off by himself I understand and I don’t pout, as I might if I were a non-working wife. As I told Vic, ‘You’re married to two people. I belong to you and Vic belongs to me.’"

At twenty-two, Pier can’t understand why she is thought of as a child bride. She realizes that she looks about fifteen, but in her heart she knows that she is a woman. "It’s sort of a double life," she explains, "that three years ago when I was making ‘Devil Makes Three’ with Gene Kelly, during our love scenes he’d say, ‘Stop looking at the floor, Anna. Look at me. Don’t you know what it is to be in love?’ And I’d shake my head. Three years is a long time in the life of a girl. Now I know how to express love. Because I am in love."

In her picture way, she has drawn up a surprising list of ways by which a wife can maintain a husband’s interest. First off, she lists a change of mood, an unexpected quality, to keep a marriage from growing monotonous. "If you advised him while wrinkling her little nose, ‘I want to eat spaghetti with tomato sauce over and over? But if you serve him with clam sauce, with garlic and oil, with butter and cheese, he’s a lot less tiresome. And when a wife changes her moods she’s treated differently. Sometimes Vic treats me like a baby (he even says I’m spoiled, but I don’t think so); other times he treats..."
me like the woman I believe myself to be. 

And I try to please him. Now, I like my hair long, though the brushing and brushing makes me tired. But when Vic and I saw Doris Day in a movie with short hair, Vic said, "Why don't you cut your hair?" So, when most American actresses are given a big scramble to find a man, I'm an Italian who just got one. And I like it very much for a change.

And, indeed, Pier's chestnut-bronze hair, curled and caught in the most beautiful black scarf, the slim black terradore trousers, the Italian hand-fashioned turtle-neck sweater she wore made a distinctive costume with a huge goatee of tangerine and an oversize smile of carefree, outgoing personality.

"Maybe," she smiled impishly, "I am so interested in the romance of marriage because in the kitchen, the apron, I do not shine."

We ate a king-sized lunch of ravioli and chicken cacciatore—but the smell of the food while I am preparing it takes away my appetite and I can't eat. So Vic is unhappy. But he is a wonderful cook, great company. I make macaroni and cheese to keep peaceful Italian dinners. Even my mother who is herself a great cook compliments Vic on his Vic. And I are a wacky, too, about how we spent the night. We made a mistake: we go to Pepe De Lucio for a big dinner; at odd hours we simply must have a pizza from the Villa Capri. And Mama, knowing how important food is to a husband, trained our maids to make macaroni and cheese without us honeymooning at Las Vegas. But to run a house right I have a lot to learn. Just keep out of the way of the maid," says Mama. She knows I haven't had time to learn how to wash clothes.

What Pier cannot understand is why her adoring bridegroom often insists on believing that she is unable to do the smallest thing for herself. As she puts it, "For instance, when friends ask where I am, I will answer, 'Oh, she's home, washing down the walls of the kitchen.'"

'She's more what,' in the garage giving my Thunderbird to Simonizing. Pier looked down at her delicate, slender balerina fingers and pouted, 'I don't know what Simonizing. But I could learn to do it—if I had to.'

Not as easy, though, is the handling of finances. Vic, who is a thoroughly business- man, is helping to teach Pier the value of budgeting. Presents for other kids. For her kids. "When I get money in my pockets—no—it's gone," Pier cheerfully admits. "But that's changing now. It's Vic's money and I'm learning to be more careful."

Still clothes and shoes—beautiful spiky heeled, handmade Italian and French shoes that make her flip. "If your shoes are beautiful," maintains Pier, "it doesn't matter what else you do. I think that designers would agree with me."

Pier dresses in exquisite taste and has closets of fabulous clothes from Marie Gromoff of Paris, E. Cacciatore, N. S. D'Ambrosia of Rome. It's true that beautiful clothes and shoes make her happy. But that is only a secondary happiness. The main ones come from her husband and the knowledge that children are on the way.

Both Pier and Vic admit that "September Song" is their song. They played it in Germany when they first dated. And they played it again yesterday—expectedly at M-G-M. It's a strange song for young lovers, instead is more suited to those at the twilight of life with its haunting words: "And these few precious hours I have waiting..."

Laughing Pier has a solution. "Just take out the word 'few' and the line is just right for Mr. and Mrs. Vic Damone," she says. "No, ma chere, know Vic and I, that ours will be a long lifetime of moments together."

The END
WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITES?  
Send your votes for the stars you want to see in PHOTOPLAY

In color I want to see:  
ACTOR:  
(1)  
(2)  
(3)  
I want to read stories about:  
(1)  
(2)  
(3)  
(4)  
The features I like best in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are:  
(1)  
(2)  
(3)  
(4)  
(5)  
(6)  
NAME  
ADDRESS

P Paste this ballot on a postal card and send it to Readers' Poll Editor, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, N. Y. 17, N. Y.
Overwhelmed, Mitzi thanked them but explained that time, distance, confusion, families, studio policies and so forth would prove to be terrifying troublemakers. "I wouldn't think of causing you so much difficulty."

Yet, when a wedding seems possible, Mitzi and Jack talked it over and concluded that for true romance, for loving-kindness and for a wedding unmarred by those undertones of antagonism that create problems for the famed, there was but one perfect place: Bill and Clara French's San Francisco living room. Mitzi telephoned to the effect that it was time to kill the fatted calf and set the date as November 18, 1934.

Yvonne Ruby and Bob Rose were asked to serve as witnesses, a few additional close friends and relatives went along and the traditions were observed. As "something old," Mitzi carried the rose point lace handkerchief carried by the mother of Mrs. French on her wedding day; as "something new," Mitzi wore handmade lingerie; for "something borrowed," she caressed 20th Century-Fox into loaning her the pale blue woolen suit adorned with a pale blue fox cape-collar and the matching blue horsehair hat that Mitzi had worn in "Show Business" for "something blue," she wore the traditional blue garter. For luck she wore a penny in her shoe.

Standing before the flower-banked fireplace at 12:35--just past noon as the minute hand of the clock started its lucky upward sweep--Mitzi and Jack exchanged vows and Jack placed the engraved gold band on Mitzi's finger.

At this point the bride uttered a small gasp and murmured in a mildly stricken voice, "But there's another ring. There's one for Jack, too."

The magistrate paused. He considered. "A double ring service, hmmm? Well, we'll have to start again at the beginning."

This incident crowned Mitzi's nuptials with the happy status of the unique in Hollywood. Mercurial as matrimonial habits are supposed to be in the film colony, Mitzi is the first bride ever to take a second husband within thirty seconds of having acquired the first, simultaneously satisfying those who maintain that the only truly happy marriages are the original matings and those who insist that second marriages offer the best chance of contentment.

A champagne breakfast was celebrated at the Garden Court of the Palace Hotel, and that evening Mr. and Mrs. Jack Bean embarked at 9:30 for New York. Observed Mitzi, "When we reach New York, everyone is going to say that—as newlyweds—we came out of the clouds and down to earth in record time."

Come out of the clouds they did: the clouds dumping tons of water onto New York. Mitzi, in her honeymoon suit, was drenched before she could rush from plane to terminal, and during the ensuing week she was to ruin two more of her shining new honeymoon outfits. "It's lucky," she insisted valiantly.

The Beans checked in at The Plaza, a sentimental journey because Mitzi—during her early eastern dancing days—used to yearn over the plush hotel as youngsters will and promise herself that someday, someday, she would be one of the perfumed and befurred golden girls who swept along the Plaza's resplendent corridors.

Before the Beans had ordered iced water, the calls began to come in; flowers and telegrams began to arrive every few moments. It was altogether fabulous. Together Jack and Mitzi read the messages. Among them was a communiqué from Los Angeles explaining that a minor problem had arisen. The house they thought they had leased, having given a check for the first and last months' rent, had been taken off the market. The owner had decided not to lease.

"Oh well—I can always move into your apartment, or you can move into mine," Mitzi said. "Lucky that we planned to leave our belongings in our apartments until we could get home and supervise the moving ourselves—think what a mess if our stuff had been sent to that house."

Jack agreed that a little thing like no future housing should not be allowed to cloud a honeymoon.

The following morning they received a call from Los Angeles. Bob Rose had a scoop for them: Mitzi's landlady had rented her apartment. A very desirable tenant had come along and the landlady was afraid that if she waited until Mitzi returned the tenant would have gone elsewhere.

"It's okay," said Mitzi. "I'll move into Jack's apartment."

Later that day Jack asked dreamily, "Mitz, how many pairs of shoes do you own?"

"Not as many as I did when I left home," said Mitzi, referring to the evening slippers ruined by the New York rain. Both she and Jack knew that her answer was a diversion and that eventually Mitzi's footwear would be stacked like cordwood in the living room of Jack's apartment unless their west-coast living arrangements could be improved.

"Oh well, I can always carry my wardrobe in a carryall bag in my car, I suppose," said Jack.

The following morning there came another call from Los Angeles. Jack's partner wanted to know the name of Jack's automobile insurance carrier. "Nothing serious," he said. Just a little wreck—car

---

They'll Go-Go-Go for you in

WESTMORE
HOLLYWOOD
Kiss-Tested Go-Go-Go Pink lipstick

Many other exciting colors. Westmore Kiss-Tested Lipsticks proved BEST in movie close-ups. Smear-resistant • non-drying. Guaranteed no finer quality at any price. At all variety and drug stores. HOUSE OF WESTMORE, INC., NEW YORK • HOLLYWOOD

Super-Size Swivel Case 59c*
Standard Case 29c*

*Prices plus tax Slightly higher in Canada.
Antizyme stops the major cause of tooth decay continuously, 12 to 24 hours in 9 out of every 10 cases tested. Many people report—not a single cavity in over two years' use—using Antizyme.

This offer of a free tube of Antizyme with a 59¢ PRO Tooth Brush—either tufted or PRO “S9”—may mean new dental health for you. PRO Tooth Brushes massage gums better, polish teeth brighter.
No Longer Lost

(Continued from page 51)

went all over the state on Bond drives. Daddy and Mommy said she mustn’t let any of this go to her head. It was just her good luck and nothing to be concealed about. And she wasn’t. She was terribly, terribly grateful, but what she was really grateful about (though we all thought she had told a soul) was that her being on radio and the Victory girl and all that, did make the boys and girls like her better.

Which was really her real ambition—to have everyone eventually be loved by one special boy. Then she’d love and marry and live happily ever after with him and their children—five, she thought.

If only Daddy had it three-week vacation in the summer and they hadn’t come to Hollywood to sight-see and she hadn’t gone on Hollywood Showcase and sung an aria from “Carmen” and met Janet Gaynor.

Miss Gaynor was the star of Hollywood Showcase and just darling and little. Suzanne had met her first talent scout because of Miss Gaynor’s help, which had led to the Chase and Sanborn show, and then “Song of the Open Road” and “Delightfully Dangerous,” the two pictures in which she’d been known as Gaye Stepham. All that had been fine, because it still was something she could work in during vacation time and didn’t have to leave Portland permanently.

But now all this—a new name, a contract with M-G-M. That meant the end of Portland, the end of all her friendships. . . .

Suzanne wheeled her bike along until she got back to her own street again. Then she climbed up on once more and pedaled furiously up to her house. Daddy was standing on the steps, watching for her.

“Go all right, honey?”

“Just wonderful, Daddy, just perfect.”

“Honey, the studio called while you were out. You’re to come in tomorrow for pre-recordings on ‘Holiday in Mexico.’ That’s all right by you, isn’t it?”

“Why wouldn’t it be?”

“I mean, honey, if you’re not quite happy, I bet we could still get out of this—go home.”

She persuaded her father she was happy. Five and a half years later, Suzanne—turned-fame was to that moment with poignancy. Five years later, as the very newly wed Mrs. Geary Steffen, with five wonderful musical comedies made and released, she received from her father the fantastic news that her mother wanted a divorce.

Her world seemed to rock out of control at that moment. She loved both her parents, but she had to admit that the bond between her and her father was stronger. He had always been her friend, her champion. He’d never once argued with her—except when she told him she was going to marry Geary Steffen. He hadn’t come out and said so, but he had implied she was making a mistake, marrying a boy who didn’t know what he wanted to do with his life.

She leaped joyfully. They. Her temper was fiery, always had been, but she’d seldom ever felt a flash of anger against her father. This time she had. She pointed out that Geary had only recently got out of service. She pointed out that Geary had been a sufficiently expert skater before the war to be in Sonja Henie’s company on tour, but that he didn’t want to go on with skating. She told her father that Geary had many plans, and that they had delayed marrying for several months until he did find some special work, which at the moment was serving as an insurance agent.

No Longer Lost

(Continued from page 51)

went all over the state on Bond drives. Daddy and Mommy said she mustn’t let any of this go to her head. It was just her good luck and nothing to be concealed about. And she wasn’t. She was terribly, terribly grateful, but what she was really grateful about (though we all thought she had told a soul) was that her being on radio and the Victory girl and all that, did make the boys and girls like her better.

Which was really her real ambition—to have everyone eventually be loved by one special boy. Then she’d love and marry and live happily ever after with him and their children—five, she thought.

If only Daddy had it three-week vacation in the summer and they hadn’t come to Hollywood to sight-see and she hadn’t gone on Hollywood Showcase and sung an aria from “Carmen” and met Janet Gaynor.

Miss Gaynor was the star of Hollywood Showcase and just darling and little. Suzanne had met her first talent scout because of Miss Gaynor’s help, which had led to the Chase and Sanborn show, and then “Song of the Open Road” and “Delightfully Dangerous,” the two pictures in which she’d been known as Gaye Stepham. All that had been fine, because it still was something she could work in during vacation time and didn’t have to leave Portland permanently.

But now all this—a new name, a contract with M-G-M. That meant the end of Portland, the end of all her friendships. . . .

Suzanne wheeled her bike along until she got back to her own street again. Then she climbed up on once more and pedaled furiously up to her house. Daddy was standing on the steps, watching for her.

“Go all right, honey?”

“Just wonderful, Daddy, just perfect.”

“Honey, the studio called while you were out. You’re to come in tomorrow for pre-recordings on ‘Holiday in Mexico.’ That’s all right by you, isn’t it?”

“Why wouldn’t it be?”

“I mean, honey, if you’re not quite happy, I bet we could still get out of this—go home.”

She persuaded her father she was happy. Five and a half years later, Suzanne—turned-fame was to that moment with poignancy. Five years later, as the very newly wed Mrs. Geary Steffen, with five wonderful musical comedies made and released, she received from her father the fantastic news that her mother wanted a divorce.

Her world seemed to rock out of control at that moment. She loved both her parents, but she had to admit that the bond between her and her father was stronger. He had always been her friend, her champion. He’d never once argued with her—except when she told him she was going to marry Geary Steffen. He hadn’t come out and said so, but he had implied she was making a mistake, marrying a boy who didn’t know what he wanted to do with his life.

She leaped joyfully. They. Her temper was fiery, always had been, but she’d seldom ever felt a flash of anger against her father. This time she had. She pointed out that Geary had only recently got out of service. She pointed out that Geary had been a sufficiently expert skater before the war to be in Sonja Henie’s company on tour, but that he didn’t want to go on with skating. She told her father that Geary had many plans, and that they had delayed marrying for several months until he did find some special work, which at the moment was serving as an insurance agent.
But now, here was her father in trouble, turning to her for advice and for comfort, as she had turned to him when she was a little girl.

"I'll give your mother her freedom," he said. "It's time she had one."

But I'm all mixed up, honey. Maybe folks never do know just when things in marriage start going wrong."

She had turned quickly as he said that, so abruptly that it was like the moment with the bicycle all over again. She was pretending. She was pretending because she, too, was mixed up. She'd been married less than a year, but already she felt as if she was not quite right.

She kept remembering what Mr. Paternek, her producer, had said to her when she told him about her marriage plans. "You're the youngest twenty-one I ever knew, Geary. Do you really know about life you plan to be ten?"

Yet only a short time later when her mother left California and she'd found an apartment in New York, it was Mr. Paternek, again, who said, "We had hopes for her. She loved the country so much, she forgot all her vagues. She forgot them in discovering a much bigger happiness: She was going to have her first child."

Now began the really blissful days for her. Just as in her little girlhood, Jane skimmed lightly through her singing, dancing and acting; she concentrated all on this common symbol of love about to come into her life.

So what if Geary barely noticed the subtle, well-balanced meals she prepared with such loving care? It didn't matter. She was peaceful, happy, and in love. She ate the first, small honeymoon apartment she and Geary had. They had chosen it because they could share and share alike in it—each paying half the rent, half the utilities. She could do that without them living more lavishly, but then it would be over Geary's depth financially.

Now they bought an Early American house, such a quaint and pretty place, all sparrowing and winking. They changed it into jardinieres and the like. Jane brought her son back there from the hospital at the end of July, 1931. Geary bought a bicycle for her for a short time.

"Oh, darling," she said to Geary, "I want our children to grow up in a home brimming with love, joy and security."

"I do, too," Geary told her. "And you know what? I'm going into the real-estate business. I think there's more security there, more future than in insurance."

It was only a month later that she was offered a series of night-club dates in Florida. She was happy and points earned it. It was tremendous money, but it meant being away from her husband and son.

"Shall I take it?" she asked Geary.

"You're the boss of your career," he said. "If it means something to you.

But who will look after the baby if I go?"

"Look, we've got the best baby's nurse in California. For me, as for me, I can bunk down anywhere. You know that.

She did know that. She didn't notice the small "touche"s of comfort about their house, any more than he noticed the small "touche"s of taste in her meals. It was nothing against Geary, naturally, any more than it was against her. But she did do something, she loved to ski, swim and golf. Except for swimming, she wasn't any good at any of them, try hard as she would.

"Maybe if I appear in night clubs, the studio will get the idea of the kind of work I'm worth already," she told him.

One month later, when GA was just eight weeks old, she flew to Miami and opened at Copa City. She wore the most beautiful dress of her life. She sang opera, jazz, as well as opera and she was a smash. But her loneliness nearly tore her apart.

It didn't help to phone Geary every morning to say, "Do you tell me your mind's not changed already?"

Jane mistook this sharing of mutual problems as love; Geary was positive theirs was a lasting love. Geary moved out of his family homestead; Jane told Geary she was pregnant. Jane went into court and secured her divorce. She got custody of her children and Geary got half the community property. But Jane and Geary never married. Jane had a cold. Geary took her to the American house to a rather stiff colonial affair which was too big, but it had wonderful play space for her babies. She moved into the Astor. Jane was finding a formal house and she, who hated being alone, was alone for the first time in her life.

Her dad came over to see her a lot, but she discovered she didn't have as many days as the others who had been divorced, and that those she had were not the ones she had expected to stick.

It was cruel—but it was real—the way her friends had divided into three groups: those who told her they were happy, the ones who told her they disapproved of her but would see her; and the one who said a word, either of praise or criticism who called her constantly, and had her come. Jane was pleased to see her without ever making a reference to the fact that that was exactly what they were trying to do.

She still faced a fourth group, too—the wolves around Hollywood. Jane shrank from the realization of why they were calling her. This was not what she wanted. It was not what she had ever wanted, any more than she wanted a career. It was still so tragically simple what she wanted—a husband, a home, children. Anything else was incidental.

She could get through the days with short memories of her life as it was before the marriage, and she did. It was hard, though, to write for them to have a normal childhood.

For this, at least, she now knew: If she had gone on to Grant High instead of College, she would have escaped her mistaken love. At Grant High she would have had scores of flirtations. She would have had time to grow up, to know a flirtation for a flirtation. She wouldn't have mistaken it for a great love.

To be adolescent in your teens was the way things should be. But to be put in an adult position in your teens, and then to turn adolescent in your twenties, this was cruel.

She got up after one sleepless night and whispered to her reflection in the mirror, "I'm going to try never to hurt anyone again in my whole life. Because now I know what it's like to hurt.

One night he called her for a date and she accepted. She had known him slightly when he was married to Mona Freeman. She had liked him, even though she was a very quiet person, because he was always there for the Portland who had sponsored her career as a little girl. He had the same unassertive security about him, the samenice authority.

They didn't go to a night club on the first date because the food was superb. Pat didn't even ask her what she wanted to eat. He just ordered it and
it was masterly. He brought her home early and asked if he might call again.

By the end of the week, they'd had three dates. By the end of the second week, he asked her to marry him.

"I'm afraid," Jane said. "I'm afraid even to think of happiness."

They continued to date and she was soon fascinated with his talk of paintings, of which she knew nothing, and of books, of which she knew little.

She began to talk of her interest in music and found she knew as much about it as he did. She had been to the concerts and heard the concerts she went to. She was not a music lover, and this made her feel as if she had a little.

In all this, Pat had to be the one to bring the thought to her. She had never been interested in music, except for the music that they played in the planetarium.

Three nights a week, he was at the automobile agency where they owned the car. This meant they couldn't dine out at any time, and she had to eat at home, and eat the food that they had to cook. She was not a good cook, and she didn't like to eat alone.

She had to live for the week, and they had to eat for the week, and she had to eat the food they had to eat. She was not a good cook, and she didn't like to eat alone.

Yet while she again asked her to marry him, she continued to beg off.

Then the night when she came to his house, she had been to the planetarium, and was wearing a little cotton dress and a big cotton muffler on one hand, for handling the hot griddle for the burgers.

"Hurry out into the kitchen," she said, kissing him on the cheek. He looked her in the face, so suddenly stern. He didn't say things lightly. This she knew. There were her children to think about. There was her career to think about. But there was nothing to think about, she realized, if she lost Pat.

She stood on tiptoe and put her arms around his neck. "I'll be so honored to be your wife!"

A year to the day of their first date they were married in Ojai, California. No accident that, of course. November 8th, 1954 it was, and they were off to Paris and all Europe on a honeymoon right after.

When they got back, they moved into a wonderful modern house. Pat's quite fabulous collection of modern paintings looked terrific in it, but that wasn't their entire reason for choosing it. Jane wanted it because it was up to date. It was not a playground, like Early American or Colonial. It was not fashionable. It was just simply beautiful, practical, livable and a place for growing children.

And for the first time on-screen, too, her studio let her appear, in "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," as a mature, intelligent, live-wire woman who completely adored her husband.

Type-casting in a way—but wonderful.

The End

"Who'd believe I was ever embarrassed by PIMPLES!"

New! Clearasil Medication ‘STARVES’ PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED

HIDES PIMPLES WHILE IT WORKS

Doctors' clinical tests prove this new-type medication especially for pimples really works. In skin specialists' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of 10 cases of pimples were definitely improved while using CLEARASIL.

Amazing starving action, CLEARASIL actually starves pimples because it helps remove the oils that pimples "feed" on. And CLEARASIL's autogenic action stops the growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples. Skin-colored to hide pimples and end embarrassing. Greaseless...staining...pleasant to leave on and mild for uninterrupted medication.

America's largest-selling specific pimple medication...because CLEARASIL has helped so many boys, girls and adults, GUARANTEED to work for you as it did in doctors' tests or money back. 50¢ and 98¢ at all drugstores.

Special offer. Send 15¢ in coins or stamps for generous trial size to Easco, Inc., Box 12EY, White Plains, N. Y. Offer expires July 7, 1955.
They Kissed and Made Up

(Continued from page 11)

But theirs was never a romance, contrary to rumor. Betty, warm, witty and intelligent, was a trusted and faithful friend, helping see Jeff through a troubled time.

Nor, contrary to opinions of the ill-informed, was there ever any dissension between Jeff and Marge over Marge's having a career. The truth of the matter is that as talented an actress as she is, after their marriage, Marge's career couldn't have mattered less to her. Her husband, her family and her home were career enough, she said. After their separation, Marge was determined to restimulate her interest in a career to have some goal, to give life more purpose. There was no need for money, certainly. Jeff provided amply, and the terms of their settlement gave Marge $47,000 a year. But as she has said, "Now I would like to work. I never thought of resuming my career as long as there were more important interests, but now I'd like to get into television or perhaps the theatre. It's up to me to restimulate the drive, the push for a career."

During the past months Marge has appeared in several TV shows. Her agent is also Jeff's agent, Meyer Mishkin, who's equally devoted to both of them and with whom Jeff has shared an office in Beverly Hills for some time. Just the day before their reconciliation was announced officially, Marge was at Warner Brothers discussing an important role in "Rebel without a Cause," starring James Dean.

As she's said, "Jeff never objected to my having a career. And as Jeff said, "I've wanted Marge to work more than she has wanted to. But she felt she had another career. And she finished and during the years her drive diminished." In a happier day he used to say laughingly, "I'd love for her to work in pictures—if only to understand how hard I work."

Basically, their difficulties have stemmed from the same situation prevalent in hundreds of other homes throughout the land, involving his who works and she who stays home. But their situation was intensified by deep and opposing viewpoints. To Marge, love has always meant interdependence and her happiness has been dependent on him. Jeff's security lay in large part in his job.

Just how much Jeff's happiness depended upon her, just how much he needed her, for all his recurrent moods and silence, Marge probably would not have believed then. As a close friend of Jeff's recalls now, "I was with him the day Marge finally entered the decree. He was busted-up, a really upset, a very depressed man. After their separation, it was Marge herself who put a wise and intuitive finger on the source of much of their trouble—even though she felt they had gone beyond the answer then. Both come from divided homes. Jeff's parents separated when he was three. He grew up in Flatbush surrounded by poverty. His mother worked as a manicurist and did odd odd jobs to support them. He worked before and after school. He was poor, but he also knew love. He had his mother's love and that of adoring grandparents who helped raise him besides. His grandfather, a Russian immigrant, brought his family to America where they could have more opportunities. In this wonderland, he would tell a wide-eyed Jeff, you could be whatever you wished to be. Anything could happen.

And from childhood, Jeff enveloped himself in his own tall and beautiful dream—to be an actor. He was ever dedicated to this dream. Undiscouraged by the lean and defeating years when he beat on doors that wouldn't open for him, he was deter-
minded to work all the harder—when finally they did open.

Marge never knew hunger or poverty, but her childhood she knew a lack of love. Her's was a lonely childhood, followed by years in boarding schools. She had an emotional need for reassurance and a great outward expression of love. And as she said, "Jeff always knew a lot of love but he was very conscious from childhood of the need for financial security and his job meant a great deal to him."

"Perhaps," Marge would say, "if I'd been more self-sufficient, as many women apparently can be. Perhaps if I'd been a person who could be absorbed in a career down town, or in other outside interests, then I might be an easier person for Jeff to live with. Perhaps, if I hadn't been so dependent on him—"

Perhaps, Jeff would muse in turn, if as his career developed he hadn't had the tendency to "tie myself up inside and not give as much as I might have" to himself and his home and the interests there.

Perhaps, in the end, they had once been so happy together. As Marge put it apily, they weren't "casual people." They just couldn't go on with the shell of the happiness they had once known together. The happiness was too well-remembered to settle for less.

In the past year and a half they've both had lonely hours to weigh and remember and wonder if perhaps...

They had been so happy when they reconciled before. And Jeff had given domestic projects the full college try. He made himself a workroom and became enveloped in it, he had survived attending and budgeting and illness and all the frustrating days when Jeff couldn't get inside a studio, and had survived a painful seven-month separation.

They had been so happy when they reconciled before. And Jeff had given domestic projects the full college try. He made himself a workroom and became enveloped in it, he had survived attending and budgeting and illness and all the frustrating days when Jeff couldn't get inside a studio, and had survived a painful seven-month separation.

During the months they were separated he worked harder than he's ever worked before. Their increasing unhappiness apart was evident to many who knew them. Marge tried to rekindle enthusiasm for her own career. She kept busy with "Share, Incorporated," a club composed of movie wives who concentrate on neglected charities. She talked of traveling, and they had begun studying French. Jeff added new laurels as a Decca recording artist and song writer. He was on the move constantly. He took an apartment on Wilshire Boulevard. Then he decided to live in his dressing room on the studio lot. Then, restlessly, he moved again. This time to a one-bedroom furnished apartment not too far from to the studio.

But throughout their separation, Jeff and Marge were closer than many knew. As she said in the beginning, "As Hollywood as this sounds, we're still good friends." She was as ready as ever with an encouraging word and all enthusiasm about his talent as a vocalist. When he was cast in "Foxfire," Marge rushed out immediately and bought the book.

And Jeff was a constant visitor in her home. As his mother says now, "Jeff was there every day or evening to see the children—or he would telephone. When he was on location in the East, he called long-distance every night and talked to the three of them. The children and Marge. He was always concerned about them."

Holidays were the heartbreakers for both of them, but these too they shared in part. On Christmas Jeff loaded the car with gifts for their tree. On Thanksgiving Marge took the children by to see him, and just how much the three of them adored Jeff. He was always tender. Lay and misting one the children. Their loving and attention they both could give. Happy-go-lucky Dana took the whole situation in stride. But Jamie's blue eyes were puzzled. She couldn't understand why her father didn't live at home any more. As for Jeff—how can you tell a child why?

Nor, as time went by, could Jeff or Marge tell themselves why. They were separated nine months before Marge filed for divorce and, as the day neared when the decree would become final, they must have known this just could not be. That neither of them could cut the final tie. Pride and envy stubbornness and past difficulties diminished to true size.

Love finally found the way—and just in time, just a month before the final decree. But as Jeff says now, "They'd been talking toward it for over six weeks before they finally reconciled. From their first appearance together there was a jump. Marge to Ciro's to see Sammy Davis, Jr.—they went out in public together various times. Their increasing happiness was pretty apparent."

As a friend of Jeff's observes, "During this time Jeff was working on 'The Spoilers,' and doing added scenes on 'Female on the Beach,' as well as preparing his new concert 'All-peats. Am this, in addition to working on his Las Vegas act for the Riviera Hotel—following Liberace. But in spite of tremendous pressures, he was able to handle it all and was happy doing it. I think he's the happiest he's ever been for preparing for their reconciliation, I wasn't surprised at all by it. I think the past year has been very beneficial to both of them."

They've had a few. "We were missing somewhere," he says slowly now. "I think the time we spent apart has given us each an opportunity to brush up. To learn more about ourselves and about each other. We're more cognizant now, of many things. We've both learned and we're more aware. Just say we've grown up a little bit. That may sound a little juvenile, but it's the right thing."

"We were married now," says he. "And you can grow until you die. And so can love and understanding between two like Jeff and Marge."

Jeff had pondered the thoughts of all who knew them saying, "They belong together, these two. We're all so happy about it. And I'm overjoyed.

Contrary to the rumor that they would never get married again, and for sentimental reasons, Jeff was quick to say, "No, I don't think so. We're married now." Of this there seems no doubt. They're well-married now.

They had three weeks for another honeymoon before Jeff was due to leave for the Caribbean on location for "Away All Boats." They spent part of it with the wife of a producer, and for sentimental reasons, Jeff was quick to say, "No, I don't think so. We're married now." Of this there seems no doubt. They're well-married now.

They had three weeks for another honeymoon before Jeff was due to leave for the Caribbean on location for "Away All Boats." They spent part of it with the wife of a producer, and for sentimental reasons, Jeff was quick to say, "No, I don't think so. We're married now." Of this there seems no doubt. They're well-married now.

As Jeff says now, "It's a beautiful house. And the location's fine. I can go right over the canyon to the studio. But there's just not enough closet space for my things. We're going to do some remodeling. It's going to lead to an extra room in the house and maybe even more closets or find a new house,"

"You can't help it, "It's a wonderful feeling that exists between us now. This is it. I don't want to analyze it. We're doing any more analyzing now. We've done a lot of that already. We figure we're enough. We have to just hold on to this time!"

Perhaps it had to happen this way. Perhaps Marge and Jeff had to face a future together. They're not much as they've always been. Perhaps they had to come within a whisper of losing each other forever to find each other again.

But they know now, Jeff and Marge, that theirs is only an interrupted marriage.
He's George!

(Continued from page 41)

by signing him to a long-term starring contract. It's obvious that the public agrees with this opinion, for mounting piles of mail on George's dressing room door evidence a fan following to rival Tony Curtis, Rock Hudson and Jeff Chandler. And the readers of Photoplay have acclaimed him "one of the ten most promising performers of 1955." While the Foreign Press Association of Hollywood has named him "one of the Stars of Tomorrow."

Despite experience in a variety of roles, from tragedy and classic drama to light comedy and romance, George Nader's future seems surely to be occupied with movies of adventure and romance. He's the romantic type. Tall, well over six feet, he fills the scale's at 185 pounds. His eyes are gray-blue; his hair wavy brown. His teeth are white and perfect; his grin, warm and friendly. Broad shoulders and a well-muscled body will insure him high rating in the Beefcake Department. Like Gregory Peck and Clark Gable, George is not a pretty man. Rather, his features are rugged and lively and interesting—the kind of looks that attract and hold a faithful fan following. In addition, and certainly a point not to be underestimated, he has considerable experience in depicting tender passion.

On TV and in the movies, he's romanced, among others, Loretta Young, Ursula Thiess, Anne Baxter, Jullie Adams and now Maureen O'Hara. And when his interlude with Lady Godiva is completed, he will immediately take up pursuit of Jeanne Cochrane in a connubial love comedy provocatively titled "The Second Greatest Sex."

He will be kept so busy, according to present plans, that he'll have little time for the beach ("I enjoy swimming and going to the beach more than anything") but probably spend more time at the piano ("Playing the piano is the only way to relax, I know"). He has a Kimball grand piano in his San Fernando Valley cottage and when he's particularly tired or tense he sits down and plays some Ravel, Rachmaninoff and Cole Porter.

"I've had the piano ever since I first took lessons," George says. "It's like a real old friend." And of his ability to play, "I'm happier about that than any other thing I've learned!"

But it wasn't always so. Years ago, a small boy stood beside that piano, plucking its fists. "I hate it!" he shouted defiantly through gritted teeth.

"You must practice," Mrs. Alice Nader told her seven-year-old son firmly. "To learn, you must practice."

"No!" he stormed.

"Yes," she said calmly.

One hour of daily practice was the rule. For a good musical groundwork this was not excessive. But to George, it was time that could be spent swimming or reading or just looking at trees and dogs.

However he went to the adult will. Grudgingly, with black-hrowned reluctance, he ran his scales and finger exercises. While a succession of music teachers badgered him with technical commands.

"Make the run like a little string of pearls, George," they told him. "Let each note fall on the ears like raindrops in a pool."

And with his back turned to the teacher, the small boy made a horrible face and kept plodding on the keyboard playing up and down until his arms and fingers ached.

George's father, George Nader, Senior, is a broker and salesman of real-estate and oil property. There are no other actors in our family," George says today, "but Father could have been a good one. He's..."
very personal. He’s a real live-wire.”

The Nader home—Spanish type with a red tile roof—was located right in the heart of Los Angeles, but George had no interest in such things.

School occupied his time. That is, school and music lessons and Christmas and vacations and going to the beach. Happier were the memories of the family beach home at Playa Del Rey, which is on the ocean just south of Santa Monica. “That was where I learned to swim and battle the surf and love the sun.”

A neighboring town, Venice, was a place of wondrous fascination, too. Patterned after the Italian city, it was a labyrinth of man-built canals (unhappily long since filled in) populated by all types of marine craft from punts and canoes to sleek power cruisers. And filled with an excitement of strange sights and wonderful pungent smells.

“The locks where they controlled the water level was one of my favorite haunts,” says George, “I used to hang around there by the hour.

The young man was a romantic. He had a taste for adventure and a yen for derring-do and faraway places. And the librarian at the Venice Public Library knew him well.

“What’ll it be today, George?” she asked him, “mysteries or travel? Or some of both perhaps?”

George grinned. Alternately he squatted and tip-toed in front of the book stacks until he found what he wanted and trudged home with his weekly load of five books, the maximum allowed on one library card.

Sherlock Holmes, Moby Dick and Huckleberry Finn companionsed his daydreams. The works of London, Stevenson, Melville, Twain and dozens of others intrigued his imagination. Tales of the lost tribes of the Incas and Mayas held him wide-eyed. And some of his special favorites was titled “Stowaways in Paradise,” which told of two kids who stowed away on a ship and took a voyage to Hawaii and the islands of the South Seas.

Years later when George sailed there as a Naval officer during the war, he was prepared for disappointment. But his dreams had not failed him. “The islands were exactly as I had imagined them,” he says.

George was an only child, but he was not lonely. “My mother’s family was a large one; she was one of seven children,” he says. “So I had lots of cousins to play with. My grandparents had a big old-fashioned home on Menlo Street and that was where the family usually gathered.

Christmas was a magic time. “Of course we all went to Grandfather Scott’s. He was head of the Cudahy Packing Company, and the table always groaned under the huge roasts of beef and ham and turkey. Grand- ma had spent days in her kitchen baking all sorts of pastries, pies, cookies and fruit cakes. She did it all herself. She wouldn’t let anyone help her. She said it was her job to do the cooking for her family. Of course all of us, especially the kids, stuffed our- selves until we ached.”

But life was not all fun and happy times. George was thin as a fence rail, and he was plagued by a succession of childhood ailments. Chicken pox, mumps, measles, whooping cough, scarlet fever, all of them. Hypodermic needles of vaccine to ward off diphtheria were a special terror and left their mark on his memory as well as his body. To this day he abhors them.

“George, you mustn’t tell anyone you’ve been sick,” his mother said recently. “People will get the idea that we didn’t take care of you properly.”

“Oh, come now, Mother,” he said. “Lots of kids get such illnesses in spite of anything their parents can do.”

As his weight increased, George spent a good deal of time in bed and away from school. But he didn’t fall behind in his studies. His mother had once had a teaching certificate so she tutored him at home. As one extra inducement she bought him a 12-volume set of “The Book of Knowledge.” “They were wonderful books,” he remembers. “They had all sorts of school tests in them and we were fun besides. The pictures were really something.”

Eventually, however, Alice and George Nader decided that the boy needed a complete change. They sent him to a boys’ camp and school in the San Gabriel Mountains back in Azusa, California. There were about a hundred boys there, some of them sickly, many of them suffering with asthma. George was ten years old.

“We practically lived out-of-doors,” he says. “We got as much fresh air and sun- shine as possible. We slept on screened porches. We drank big glasses of milk every midmorning and midafternoon. Except on the very coldest days, we never wore anything more than shoes and a pair of shorts.”

There was an earthquake that year. Everyone ran out of the dormitories to watch.

“Hey, looka the ground! It’s shakin’!”

“Are you scared?”

“Nah! What’s to be scared of?”

“Look out for the boulders comin’ down the hill!”

After a year at the camp, George came home, his health fully recovered. He was brown as a Sioux, and a dozen pounds heavier. Bursting with energy, his blood fired with newly acquired red corpuscles, he moved about with a will.

“Her name was Geraldine,” he says in blissful reminiscence, “and she had long red hair. I was quite mad about her.”

Their romance blossomed on the school grounds. “And there was no one there but the parallel bars where Geraldine excelled at "skin the cat." That year there was a snowfall in Pasadena and the lovers spent happy hours in the snow with Geraldine in love. But nothing ever came of all this.

“I guess it wasn’t meant to be,” George says sadly.

All in all, the world was a good place for George Nader that year. Except for one very dark cloud. The music lessons, postponed during the year at camp, were begun again. And along with them came a new form of “tor- ture” known as the recital.

One day a musical occasion took place at the music teacher’s home. There was an audience of mothers and dads, alternately beaming and nervously ruffling their hair. When the recital was over, the crashing rendition of the William Tell over- ture, performed by a full orchestra complete with wood winds and lots of brass. And two pianos yet, one of them George.

“It was formidable.”

Then another time George was called upon to play a solo. “I played ‘Country Gardens’ by Percy Grainger, and I guess I got through it, but I don’t know how. My fingers got cold and my arms were paralyzed, my mind was a complete blank. I was in a blind panic.”

Despite these agonies, George did man- age to develop a tolerable musical temper- ance and facility. By the time he reached high school he was playing exceedingly well. And when he decided that he wanted to study popular music, his parents readily agreed.

“I studied harmony for about six months,” he says. “I had a good groundwork and the fingering was not too difficult. After that it began to be fun.”

However there had been a turning point before this. While in grammar school, his class had attended a performance of The Yale Puppeteers at Olvera Street, a Mexican show place in downtown Los An- geles. Later, as a class project, they built their own puppet show. George was en- tranced. Within him was born a deep desire to learn more about stagecraft and the theatrical world.

“I got an old piano box and built my own puppet stage in the back yard. Then I made the puppets out of plywood. When I was ready I gave a performance for all the kids in the neighborhood. It was ex- citing and fascinating. I had really been bitten by the theatre bug.”

When he was in Junior High School, George bought his first automobile, a 1932 Ford coupe. He had earned the money him- self, as a summer clerk in a grocery store, and as a messenger for a photostating firm. That year his pride got another boost when his father gave him a key to the family front door.

“You mean I am now to come and go as I please,” he asked.

“Yes, George,” his father said, “You’re old enough now to know what’s right and best. From now on it’s up to you. Your mother and I are not going to worry about you any more.”

The following year, in Glendale High,

$1,000.00 REWARD

... is offered for information leading to the arrest of dangerous "wanted" criminals. Hear details about the $1,000.00 reward on...

TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

Every Sunday Afternoon on MUTUAL Stations

Read "The Tangled Case of the Frightened Coed"—how Greenwich Village police solved the sensational Ann Yarrow murder—in June TRUE DETECTIVE MAGAZINE at newsstands now,

108
School, George fell in love again. Having fully emerged from under the titian spell of Geraldine, the gay inamorato now went into a full spin over Arlene, a corn-silk blond. "She was fabulous!" he says. "The most exotic thing I had ever seen."

What seems to have intrigued him most, and held him in a strange fascination, was the fact that Arlene's blondness was not only self-induced but self-admitted.

"What you do is take a box of Lux and a bottle of peroxide and mix them up together," Arlene explained forthrightly. "Then you use that to wash your hair."

George gazed at the object of his affections with open-mouthed adoration. Following the tradition of lovesick swains, his tongue failed him completely. And in the face of this astounding pronouncement the only thing he could think of to say was, "Gosh!"

However the romance of Arlene and George was of short duration. In fact it never really got started.

"I just worshiped her from afar," he now says. "Actually she was a little too expensive for me. Oh, sure, I had a Ford and a few bucks to spend on dates. But Arlene was a kind of girl who was destined for bigger automobiles and four-letter men."

George's spirit was far from crushed. His real love was the theatre, the mechanical theatre of footlights and flies and painted sets. The Glendale High auditorium was completely equipped with everything a legitimate theatre needed. This was what George had long looked forward to. He immediately enrolled for a course in stagecraft. "It was the only thing I was really interested in."

George makes it very clear that he didn't study dramatics. "I wasn't the least bit interested. And besides I didn't think very highly of actors as a group." He became a member of the regular stage crew, and studied stage design and practical stage management. He started as a helper, and learned to build and paint flats. He learned all about lighting, too. For example, he learned that a dark blue bulb over a stage door can be twice as hot as a white one.

When he grabbed one it sizzled and smoked in his bare fingers.

"I got second degree burns," he says. "The kind where the top flesh peels off. I learned that one the hard way."

That year there was a school production of Gilbert and Sullivan's operetta, "The Gondoliers." For the second act a full back set was hauled into the flies high above the stage. Without counterweights, this was so large it required three stagehands to handle it. But during the first performance George and another equally enthusiastic but unthinking helper tackled it alone. They were outweighed. They teetered the set and it dizzened with a crash, while they soared upward.

"We dangled there like a dowager's lavaliere," says George. "It was pretty embarrassing."

Despite such mishaps, and the added hazard of a stage-crew member named Sandra who "managed to look outstanding even in coveralls," George made rapid progress. In his senior year he was advanced to full stage manager. That year the auditorium was used for a Police Benefit Show and George had his first chance to work with a top-flight movie star. Her name was Judy Garland.

At Occidental College George went on with his stage work. Their theatre-auditorium was called Thorne Hall, and it had a wonderful stage. Everything was almost brand-new. All they lacked was someone to manage it. When they found out I had a lot of experience they seemed very glad about it. They immediately made me stage manager. Naturally I was delighted."

The following year George got his first taste of drama from the actor's point of

---

Exciting results of actual skin tests show the new antibiotic UTOL is the answer pimple sufferers have been waiting for. Wonderful UTOL comes in a true skin color, just like a powder base, and helps to hide ugly pimples while allowing the miracle antibiotic in UTOL to help clear up pimples faster. Amazing UTOL is bringing thousands of boys and girls and adults the help they've longed for — giving them new poise and confidence. Sold at all drug stores on a money back guarantee...there is no product like UTOL for fast pimple relief.

---

Noreen COLOR HAIR RINSE

Ever notice the radiance of young hair? Its sheen says "young." Noreen color rinse gleams in about three minutes and brings out the natural beauty and color without changing your hair so much it causes talk. Noreen is safe, simple-to-use for blending streaks, evening up color, toning grays.

Among the 14 lively but subtle colors there's one for you, to coax golden lights into dull blonde hair, put a glow in brown, make black blacker. So nice, because it's so natural.
training. George became a Naval officer, or as he terms it, "a ninety-day wonder." He served as a communications officer in Hawaii and on Johnston Island in the South Pacific. Then, after his discharge in 1946, he spent three more years learning his theatrical trade at the Pasadena Playhouse. After he graduated with a degree of Bachelor of Fine Arts, he felt that he was ready for Hollywood.

But Hollywood did not seem to be ready for George.

Is there a greater frustration than that of a man who jobs and cannot find it? Surely not, unless it be the pangs of an unrequited love. George's hopes skyrocketed when an agent approached him with happy talk of a movie career. Then they plummeted when the agent failed to produce anything even faintly resembling a job offer. But finally a break came.

Mrs. Loretta Crain—Jeanne's mother—was interested. In Williams' "The Glass Menagerie," Convinced that he was a comer, she got Jeanne interested, too. Together they arranged interviews for George at 20th Century-Fox. As a result he was offered a screen test.

George was jubilant and profoundly grateful to Jeanne and Mrs. Crain. "They really went all out for me," he says. For his "Glass Menagerie," he was offered a starring role as the title character, a role which has been described as "a long-time part of me." He accepted the contract. George was not. It was a blow to him.

"When I got the news I felt miserable. I couldn't have felt worse."

But his spirit was not broken. When they offered him a small part in "Take Care of My Little Girl," he accepted it. He worked exactly two days at a minimum salary of $125 a day. Then a few more minor parts he met a tv casting director named Joe Gail. Joe Gail was a young man; he had an idea for a career really began to roll. He made a top-best seller picture in India and another in Germany, "Carnival Story."

And television viewers saw him many, many times.

When George was offered his contract at Universal-International he still had a commitment for two "Letter to Loretta" films. This might have jampacked things up, but Loretta, and the studio, held him. "It's a fine opportunity. Go and make the best of it," she told him.

"And God bless you."

The picture is assured. Despite Geraldine and Arlene and Sandra, he is still unmarried and apparently heart-whole and fancy-free. But a friend says, "I know he has a great fondness for a girl who lives in Pullman, Wash."

At present, however, aside from relaxing at the beach and playing the piano, George is concentrating on his career—and admitting again that there's more to acting than met his young and enduring eye.

The End
He's also one of the most intelligent human beings I've ever run into. In my opinion, he can play any part Spencer Tracy can play—any part that requires real soul-searching. I knew he could do 'Country Girl.'"

Convincing Bing that he could do it wasn't so easy. From the beginning, producer Paul Benedict and director Seaton had only one actor in mind for Frank Elgin, the irresistible has-been, the pathetic alcoholic, the psychopathic liar of 'The Country Girl.' It wasn't for the critics that made Bing hesitate. As he's said, "I've been impaled before." He just didn't believe he was actor enough. "I don't think I can cut it," he said. And he turned to his old refrain: "You need an actor. I'm a crooner. You need a Fredric March or somebody like that. I just don't think I'm Capable."

"Have a little faith in us," they told him. "All right ..." he said finally. "I'd love to do something like this. If you guys think I can do it—I'm in your hands. I'll do anything you ask me to do."

As soon as actual work began, Bing's doubts lessened. "Actually," he says now, "it turned out to be a very easy picture for me—the easiest I've ever made. It was well-pressed; we rehearsed it aloud for ten days. Everything was so well coordinated we even finished the picture a week early. George had a good tight script—and the one we had at the end of the picture was the same one we started out with. That's different from big musicals—they can get pretty confusing. You try to improve the script as you shoot. You labor and sweat, and all the while you're a slow and down. I'm not an authority on this, but I think a great script plays an actor's part for him.

Bing's as generous with tributes to his co-stars as to his director. "Working with Holden ... well, he pays you. He really brings you up. In a fast league like that, you've got to pick up the pace."

Throughout shooting, Bing knew that he was working as part of a team—including the whole crew. When the cameras stopped rolling one day, Chico, the assistant director, had some announcements to make. On behalf of the crew, he handed out plaques as tokens of appreciation. The one presented to Bing said: "This plaque is with deep affection from the entire crew—so please take good care of it. It cost us a pretty penny."

Seeing these words, Bing stammered, "I think this—is the nicest gift—I have ever received." And he turned away fast—but not quite fast enough. Not before they saw him misting up.

"That El Bing!" Chico says. "I've never seen a man who was so much so over come by such a small thing."

In spite of these reassurances, Bing (he admits now) kept on worrying after shooting ended. He'd been all primed to be a poor man's Barrymore, and he was afraid he hadn't put enough emotion into the role. He had his regrets about that memorable scene in which Elgin, with a bad case of the shadeds, breaks down and cries. "I didn't think I did enough. I could have gone more. I was ready to really tear up the scenery."

Bing's son Gary reacts to that self-criticism with a startled laugh. "The next step would have been seeing elephants, so I'm told. That drunk scene in jail—that killed me. I couldn't believe it. I wasn't home when they were shooting it, but I heard that Dad stayed up all the night before, drinking stale coffee and letting his beard grow. I thought he was great!"

Such an earnest approach to a difficult part certainly wouldn't fit in with the old Crosby myth. But it's typical of Bing himself, and it took its toll in nervous energy. Afterwards, he went to Hayden
Callouses, Tenderness, Pain, Burning at Ball of Foot?

NEW! Dr. Scholl's BALL-O-FOOT Cushion

LOOPS OVER TOE

RUSH IN FOUR COLORS!

You Actually WALK ON CUSHIONS!

1. White
2. Green
3. Gold

It's entirely NEW! Never before anything like it for relieving painful callouses, tenderness, burning at ball of foot! Cushions open to give the shock of each step! Dr. Scholl's BALL-O-FOOT Cushion closes loop over toe. No adhesive, Flash color, Washable. Worn invisibly. $1.00 a pair or 2 for $1.50. Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Store, Dept. 56, Chicago, Ill. (If not obtainable locally, order direct, enclosing $1.00 and state if for woman or man.)

Lake, Idaho, to rest. There an unexpected crisis confronted him, in the shape of a long-distance call from a doctor who had just operated on his friend's mother, Miss Dean. Prompt surgery was imperative. Bing contacted his personal surgeon (the finest), who was out of town but flew home. There was no delay. Surprisingly, three days later, Barney was gone. Gag-man to the last, even in the hospital, he'd given Bob Hope a line that was a classic, printed throughout the land. "What do you want me to do with all these things?"

Bing, too, had talked with Barney, from Idaho. But, under the stress of his emotion, the whole thing was such a haze for him, that he remembers what he said. He'd said, since, "I was pretty much a difficult conversation all the way.

It was a selfless grief that confused Bing—not the fact that he himself was facing the end of the road at the time. Here he was having treatment all through the shooting of "Country Girl," with the hope of stopping off an operation. He treated the prospect so casually that his friends were surprised at his attitude. Of them, "When Bing charters a plane and flies away from a golf tournament—he's sick!"

In the hospital, Bing refused to play the idea that he might lose his voice. "He was the best talker I ever heard," he'd said. And was. But Crosby, before going into surgery, could chat so easily into the recorder about the French switching to milk, about the noble art of truffle-snuffling.

Many people thought that, he kept up his fabulous correspondence from his hospital bed and even maintained a clipping service for a few friends. Rosemary Rockefeller, his secretary, has the message: "Mr. Crosby's sending over some clippings from Australian papers for Frank Sinatra. They're about his tour. He thought Mr. Sinatra might like to have them."

No wonder Van Heusen says, "Bing's a very big man. Everything's about him. There's his correspondence—no man writes more letters than Bing. And, Bing's excellent character. He's got a huge memory. He's a wonderful father. And he can bear pain better than any man I've ever known."" When Bing had to go to the hospital room went clippings to George Scatton, too—hinterland-newspaper reviews of "Country Girl" that Bing thought the director might otherwise miss. But every time a critic made flattering mention of Bing's. The little boy made it a footnote: "Of course, he's really talking about you."

Bing was recuperating at home when the Bing Crosby Show, sponsored by Coca-Cola and announced on television. He watched the show with sons Gary and Linny and with Jimmy Van Heusen. Innately humble as Bing is, he is also too honest to have pretended otherwise. But he thought we might have a chance. I was very gratified. I'm happy we got a movie. But you never know. I thought we had a chance, but I was banking on the picture, that is—and we didn't get it.

Nobody was pulling harder for Crosby to win than his sons were, and nobody sensed more deeply how much it meant to them that Bing was able to taste the bit of the inherited casual air when he offered congratulations on Bing's radio show, saying, "It really thrilled me, Dad—and may I say it hasn't hurt me socially, either."

And Gary says, "I thought Dad was good in 'Going My Way,' but he was still himself. I don't think he thought too much of his own performance. I know he's always said anything he did was there to help."

"Well—it was a war year," but 'Country Girl' really amazed me. It was so different from the carefree hit in the Road pictures and all that. 'Little Boy Lost' was the warm-up—but this was the big show. Disregarding the fact that he's my father—and being as objective as I can—I think Dad did his best performance last year. I wish I'd had a vote. I'd have given it to him."

The devotion that Bing's sons feel for him is a natural return for the affection both they and us have felt for them all their lives. In

Now Bing is taking more than a casual
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. The star usually signs letters to his family, writing to each star individually, e/o Screen Actors Guild, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, Cal.

Allied Artists, 4376 Sunset Drive, Hollywood 27

Columbia Pictures, 1438 N. Gower Street, Hollywood 28

Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 1061 North Formosa Avenue, Los Angeles 46

M-G-M Studios, 10202 West Washington Blvd., Culver City

Paramount Pictures, 5451 Marathom Street, Hollywood 38

RKO Radio Pictures, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood 38

Republic Studios, 4024 Radford Avenue, North Hollywood

20th Century-Fox, 10201 W. Pico Blvd., Los Angeles 35

United Artists, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Los Angeles 46

Universal-International, Universal City

Warner Brothers Pictures, 4000 West Olive Avenue, Burbank

American romantic exploitation that Sin- natra gave him didn’t hurt his international social standing. A little-girl fan of Lin’s, who’d seen him with his father on Ed Murrow’s “Person to Person” show, recently wrote requesting permission to photograph the two Crosbys. Bing finally found one shot, a candid flashed during rehearsal, but he figured it didn’t flatter him. “Not very good,” he said doubtfully. “Not bad of me, Dad,” his son said significantly.

During the past two years, though, the boys’ mother died, Bing has had to carry a great deal of responsibility in their upbringing, and at times it weighs heavily. “The toughest thing about it,” he says, “is trying to control the wrong advice they get. It’s tough trying to beat down that advice from people conniving them, telling them how lucky they are, telling them they should go to New York, telling them how great they are. We’ve always kept the boys on a pretty even keel at home. But there are so many people around here—mostly people who’ve messed up their own lives—who are always ready to give a kid bad advice.”

By contrast, here’s what Bing wants for his sons in the years ahead: “I’d just like for them to do something I can be proud of—something they can be proud of. Have ‘clauses’—for their families, for something worthwhile in the world—whether it’s in science or athletics or whatever. I don’t care what it is—but have a goal of some kind and get there, not as a second or third choice but as something I know they’re living in the shadow of something built up. But they have all the equipment to overcome this.”

About his own show, Bing naturally has more definite ideas: “I’m getting along now to a time of life when it doesn’t look too attractive for me to always be chasing up and down ‘Roads’ or be arch or coy. I don’t plan to try to be a great actor or anything, but I do want to do more sensible things. ‘You’re the Top’ is a big, gay musical, but I play a more settled character. I’d like to do a good comedy like ‘Genevieve’ or ‘It Happened One Night.’ And next I’d like to find a simple, sentimental story with a kid or with a juvenile-delinquency theme. A good, tight story—maybe without a great deal of excitement, but they can take away from the credibility.”

You may wonder: Where can Bing go from here? No matter what he does, can he be top himself? “Oh, I don’t think I’ve done anything exciting,” he laughs. “I’ve just been plugging along . . .”

And typical of Bing’s modish attitude is what he said before the Academy Award’s presentation: “As far as my winning the Oscar is concerned, I don’t see how a performance such as mine can win over Branido, in ‘Waterfront’.”

But he can’t get away with such modesty now. It’s too late. Nobody believes any longer in the good-natured driftier cruising aimlessly along. Bing himself has always maintained that is the result of that which happens when his life touches the lives of others.” He means this as a tribute to those who have helped him when their paths crossed his. But he’s talking in his own words, for Bing Crosby intimately touches more lives than any other human being in the world today. The music he makes—whether in the key of his horsey laugh or charity—is his own unique Oscar, taller than any of the Academy’s golden statues.

Bing’s real beat comes everlastingl from the heart and not just from that rhythm-happy foot. Whether he likes it or not, folks all over the world are rising up to the truth about him, and he’ll never let it down.

The End

Shrinks Hemorrhoids
New Way Without Surgery

Science Finds Healing Substance That Relieves Pain—Shrinks Hemorrhoids

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain—without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

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

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

Now this new healing substance is offered in a kit that for the first time pharmaceutically distributes the healing Power of Preparation H.* Ask for it at all drug stores—money back guarantee.

FREE KIT

Our FREE subscription sales kit helps you earn money. Write for it today: Macfadden Publications, 205 E. 42 St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

YOU’D NEVER KNOW I HAD PSORIASIS

(S. D.)

As many as two-thirds of users of Siroil® have helped them to remove psoriasis crusts and scales on outer layer of skin. Light applications keep condition under control. Siroil® doesn’t stain clothing or bed linens. Offered on two-week satisfaction or money-refunded basis, 22 years of successful results

My thanks to—

SIROIL

AT ALL DRUG STORES

Siroil Laboratories Inc., Dept. M-77, Santa Monica, Calif.

113
he discovered his mistake. The man whom he thought was the porter turned out to be justice of the peace!

Immediately after the ceremony, Bob had to leave for Cleverdale, near San Francisco, the location of his picture, "Many Rivers to Cross." Naturally Ursula accompanied him. Being a wise wife, she knew he was interested in—and one of these is fishing. While he was toiling before the cameras, making love to Eleanor Parker, Ursula was at home with a friend of her husband's, at the art of flying fish. When she thought she'd progressed far enough in her studies, Bob went with one of her nannies to her technique. It didn't quite suit him, so he offered them a course of a quick flick of the wrist," he explained, and with that, he flicked his wrist. The fishing line tangled in the branches of some trees and never was recovered. That was the last time he gave his wife the art of catching fish.

Jane Powell almost didn't make it to her wedding to Pat Nerney, but it wasn't because she didn't try. She also tripped. Having decided on Ojai Valley, a resort not too far from Hollywood, for the ceremony, she sped there in Pat's Thunderbird. The bride was a little overawkward on the back seat before the gas pedal. The cloud-rider was brought to earth suddenly by the familiar sound of a motorcycle siren. Unfortunately, it wasn't Marion Brando on the cycle. Jane explained, in answer to the cop's regulation question, that she wasn't going to a fire, but she was going to a wedding, her own. "Oh, you did well," she said. "Very happy to meet you, m'am," he replied, doting his hat. "My wife and I enjoy your pictures. I won't keep you long." Jane's face lit up. "I'll only take a minute to write out this ticket." Jane's face fell.

Separation rumors have haunted Liz Taylor and hubby Mike Wilding almost since their marriage. In fact beautiful Liz told me: "I guess I'll have to have at least five babies before people will stop saying Mike and I are breaking up."

Well, they aren't separate once, and only a few minutes after their marriage in a London registry office on February 21, 1952. Their dual popularity had attracted a crowd, and they were sworn to justice by an appearance by the Queen. When Liz and Mike left the office to enter their car, they were surrounded by a mob right out of a scene from any DeMille epic war comedy. I asked the mob to stop taking pictures, and I was told they had to drive away and it wasn't until five hours later that they were reunited to each other's arm where they have remained happy ever since.

Las Vegas was also the scene of another more recent and less harried honeymoon, that of Pier Angeli and Vic Damone. The day after their wedding at the little Catholic church on the outskirts of town, the couple was at the Beverly Hills, Pier and Vic drove to Vegas where he was scheduled for a night club engagement. When they arrived, they were met by a mob of photographers. When they arrived at the hotel, they were mobbed by a mob so large that they wouldn't let go of him until he finally slipped it onto Vic's proper finger.

Aldo Ray would win the title of the "most practical husband of the month" if such titles were awarded to newlyweds. When he and his bride, Barbara DeMille, went to Las Vegas for their honeymoon, Ray insisted on taking along a car. After all, he couldn't understand why she chose this particular part from all she had received, but she packed it with her luggage and took it along.

It wasn't long before she found out why. A friend had loaned them a cottage in the Spanish Mountains near Santa Fe, and Jeff tells us: "That Aldo isn't dumb. An electric frying pan is awfully convenient for cooking, and I wound up in the kitchen almost the whole time."

Lana Turner and Lex Barker had a pretty bad beginning to their marriage. When luscious Lana wed Lex in Turin, Italy, she was a brunette, and her dark hair was the effect of a dye job. However, it was a change that didn't take.

It took Bill Holden and Brenda Marshall almost two months to get together after they were married. Thiers was one of the most romantic in Hollywood history, and looking back on it, one of the funniest, although at the time Bill didn't feel like laughing. But let him tell it in his own words.

"I'll try to make it short, Sheila. Ardis (that's Brenda's real name) and I planned to be married at midnight on Saturday in Las Vegas. We left Los Angeles early in the morning and didn't get off until very late in the evening. Through circumstances too gruesome to recall, I got to Vegas at a.m. Ardis had given away our bridal suite, the minister, and there was no telling whether we couldn't get a license. We finally woke everybody up, were married at four in the morning and found a cheap room in which to spend the night. The next morning, we caught a plane back for L.A., and Ardis left for a three weeks' location on picture she was making. Before she'd returned, I had gone on location for a picture. While there I met this overzealous mob and was shipped home packing ice like frozen herring. When I arrived, I was sent directly to a hospital where they had me in a coma for a week. The week before I was to be released, Ardis complained that she had a pain in her side. I told her, 'Honey, that's just a sympathetic pain in your side. But joints, what's wrong I can be?"

A doctor examined her, and she brought the appendix out before you could say it. So there we were, side by side, in hospital beds. What a way to start a honeymoon. It was the end of my honeymoon—but it's been smooth ever since."
Modess ... because Only New Design Modess gives you the luxury of a new whisper-soft fabric covering ... no gauze ... no chafe.
STANDS OUT FROM ALL THE REST

stands out for flavor and is Light and Mild
stands out for effective filtration—draws e-a-s-y
stands out for highest quality tobaccos—low nicotine
L&M has everything!

L&M is America's Best Filter Cigarette!