The Reason For Liz Taylor's May-December Romances

PHOTOPLAY

NEW SCREEN LOVERS

ELVIS PRESLEY
TONY PERKINS
DON MURRAY
who-why-what they are

How JUDY GARLAND Went Broke on $100,000 a Year

TAB HUNTER: Hollywood's Biggest Headache
That Ivory Look
so clear...so fresh...so easily yours

A baby's loveliest gift is That Ivory Look—a look you, too, can have through the magic of Ivory's mildness. You see, the milder your soap, the prettier your complexion. That's why regular care with pure, mild Ivory leaves your skin so clear—fresh—endearingly lovely. It's such a pretty look—That Ivory Look—such an easy look for you to have.

99.5° pure...it floats

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap

Wash your face regularly with pure, mild Ivory. Mild enough for baby's skin—so right for your complexion.
That's when most deodorants fail... but new Mum cream keeps working

You've probably noticed...

... when you're under emotional pressure, your perspiration glands suddenly get more active. That's when deodorants which depend on stopping perspiration let you down, and odor often starts.

New Mum® cream works a completely different way. It is the only leading deodorant that works entirely by stopping odor. Mum keeps on working actively to stop odor 24 hours a day—no matter how active your perspiration glands are.

No wonder Mum is so dependable. Isn't that what you want?

More people depend on Mum than on any other deodorant... it works when others fail
SPECIAL BOOK CONDESDATION
Crack-Up (Judy Garland) ........................................... Joe Hyams 38

ARTICLES AND SPECIAL FEATURES
Photoplay Gold Medal Awards Ballot for 1956-57 ........................................... 12
First Christmas Together (Russ Tamblyn and Venetia Stevenson) .................... 15
Who Will Be Elizabeth Taylor's Next Husband? ......................................... Aline Mosby 17
Good Boy (Don Murray) .................................................... 20
Little Boy (Tony Perkins) ..................................................... 22
Lover Boy (Elvis Presley) ........................................................................ 24
My Daughter Joan (Joan Collins) .................................................................. 26
Religion in Hollywood ..................................................................................... 28
The Whole World Over .................................................................................... 32
Watch Out for Dors (Diana Dors) ................................................................. 34
Why Tab Hunter Has Become Hollywood's Biggest Headache ....................... John Maynard 36
The Rebel and the Lady (Carroll Baker) ......................................................... Gladys Hall 42

NEWS AND REVIEWS
Let's Go to the Movies .................................................... Janet Graves 6 Hollywood for You ...................................................... Sidney Skolsky 56
Cal York's Inside Stuff ................................................................................. 10
Glamour Gab .................................................... Ruth Waterbury 44

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS
Over the Editor's Shoulder .............................................................................. 4
Readers Inc. ............................................................................................... 8

LIVING WITH YOUNG IDEAS
Spring Fashion Forecast .................................................................................. 46
Fair and Sunny ............................................................................................... 51
Heritage of Love ............................................................................................. 52
What's Spinning? ........................................................................................... 56

STARS IN FULL COLOR
Don Murray .................................................... 20
Elvis Presley ....................................................... 24
Dorothy Malone ......................................................................................... 29
Tony Perkins ..................................................... 22
Joan Collins ................................................................................................. 26
Diana Dors ................................................................................................. 35

Your February issue will be on sale at your newsstand on January 3

PHOTOPLAY
FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS
JANUARY, 1957
VOL. 51, NO. 1

ANN HIGGINBOTHAM, Editorial Director
NORMAN SIEGEL, West Coast Editor

ISABEL MOORE, Editor

ELLEN TAUSCH, Managing Editor
JULES SALTMAN, Associate Editor
RON TAYLOR, Art Director
JANET GRAVES, Contributing Editor

HERMINE CANTOR, Fashion Editor
HELEN LIMKE, Assistant West Coast Editor
HARRY MATSKY, Assistant Art Director
ROGER MARSHUTZ, Staff Photogapher

MAXINE ARNOLD, EDITORIAL DIRECTOR
BETH WATERBURY, Contributing West Coast Editors

Maybelline
PROFESSIONAL
EYELASH CURLER
naturally,
$1
it's the best...
gold plated
Molded Cushion refill, only 10¢
You must try the wonderful new
Maybelline
AUTOMATIC
EYEBROW PENCIL
never needs sharpening—spring-locked crayon can't fall out...
Velvet Black, Dark or Light Brown, and now in Dove Grey or Auburn...
39¢ for two last lasting refills

Tweeze with ease—with the new silvery
Maybelline
EYEBROW TWEETERS
designed with a grip that can't slip—straight or slant edge...
29¢
Last but not least—the world-famous
Maybelline
MASCARA
for long, dark, velvety lashes—Solid Form in gorgeous gold-plated vanity case—or Cream Form in smart kit
$25

Maybelline
SPECIALISTS IN EYE BEAUTY

Your February issue will be on sale at your newsstand on January 3
BOB AND KATE! SIMPLY GREAT!
Together for the first time!

M-G-M presents in VISTAVISION and TECHNICOLOR®

BOB HOPE / KATHARINE HEPBURN

in

“THE IRON PETTICOAT”

The story’s about an American aviator and a Russian girl flyer in London. She gets to like our American ways, as taught by Bob. She’s a spy; he’s a spy; so it’s spy-high with hilarity!

with

NOEL MIDDLETON · JAMES ROBERTSON-JUSTICE · ROBERT HELPMANN

Produced by BETTY E. BOX · Directed by RALPH THOMAS
A REMUS FILM · Produced in association with HARRY SALTZMAN
An M-G-M Release
A great man talks about his greatest movie... Previews of exciting features to come

Man with a Mission

If you've been lucky enough to catch an early showing of "The Ten Commandments," you'll surely understand why, when we heard Cecil B. DeMille was in town, we went hurrying off to talk to him. We found Mr. DeMille in a quiet hotel suite high above the roar of Fifth Avenue, and listened, spellbound, to the story of the making of this truly epic film. "The Ten Commandments," said Mr. DeMille gently, "is not a movie, it's a mission. Each of us would like to feel, I believe, that we have made some contribution, no matter how small, to the future of the human race. I like to feel that, with this picture, I have made some slight contribution toward the cause of peace." Mr. DeMille hopes that enough people, not only in this country, but all over the world, will pause to see and ponder on the message that is "The Ten Commandments." "If people adhered to those commandments," said this gentleman of seventy-four summers, whose eyes and mind are as sharp as ever, "which are, after all, natural law, God's law, war and bloodshed, greed and envy would be unheard of."

"The Ten Commandments" is an emotional and spiritual experience from which no audience can go away unmoved. Mr. DeMille refused to take any money for producing it, beyond a regular salary—a salary much smaller than he would usually command. "You cannot have the pleasure of making a contribution," smiled this great man of the movies, "and, at the same time, expect to be paid for it."

We Accept with Pleasure

... And with genuine gratitude the many, many letters that have come in enthusiastically endorsing the idea of book-length condensations. We also appreciate receiving suggestions for future book-lengths. Among the stars proposed by our readers are Frank Sinatra, Natalie Wood and Montgomery Clift. Watch for them in future issues, and don't miss "The Rock Hudson Story" that begins in February. This isn't just another Rock Hudson story. It is the Rock Hudson story, told as Rock lived it. And do let us know how you like this month's full-length story, "Crack-Up."

For Women Only

When the man in your life tries to get out of a date, do you ask suspiciously, "Why? Are you seeing another woman?" If he shows up with a telltale smudge of lipstick on his collar, do you put him through a third degree until he tells you what you don't really want to hear? Then by all means hear Rosanno Brazzi's advice on "How to Have a Love Affair." The romantic star of "Summertime." "The Story of Esther Costello" and the forthcoming "Interlude" is an expert on such things, as you'll find out when you read this startlingly frank story in February Photoplay. We accept no responsibility, however, for what may happen if you let this story fall into the hands of the man in your life!

Our Welcome Wagon

We were kept busy last month welcoming a lot of our Hollywood friends to New York, and we must admit this is one of the nicest parts of our job. Charlton Heston and his lovely wife, Lydia, were in town, and one night over dinner at Sardi's we talked over our future plans for stories on Chuck, while he and Lydia talked over their future plans for their son, Fraser... Kerwin Matthews and Valerie French ("Garment Center" stars) chatted about their future plans over tall, cold drinks in the Rainbow Room... A luncheon with Francis X. Bushman and another with Otto Kruger reminded us that charm knows no years and no seasons, but is perennial. Why aren't we seeing more of Otto Kruger on the screen? "If only," he sighed, "they'd stop insisting that I must be cast as a 'gentleman' and give me some comedy roles. After all, when you've played, successfully, every kind of role from Shakespeare to—" Then he broke off, shrugged, smiled and said, "But then, that's Hollywood. Besides, I'd hate to leave my garden."

Reminder to Mineo Fans

If you still have your December Photoplay and haven't entered the Sal Mineo contest, you have until December 9th to get in your entry blank. Note that the name of Sal's picture has been changed to "Rock, Pretty Baby." You may be the pretty baby to attend its premiere with Sal—if you hurry!

Looking Ahead

The year '57 will be one of the best for you Photoplay readers, with more color, more stories and pictures than ever. In addition to ten full-length feature stories in February, you will find an important beauty article on how to correct your most prominent feature fault. And with Valentine's Day coming up, don't overlook the Elvis Presley charm bracelet that you can order through Photoplay (see page 53). "Til next month.—I.M.
Three lives twisted together in an emotional whirlpool too fierce to be fought!

PARAMOUNT PRESENTS
CHALTON HESTON • BAXTER GILBERT ROLAND

IN
Three Violent People

CO-STARRING
TOM TRYON • FORREST TUCKER • BRUCE BENNETT • ELAINE STRITCH

Produced by Hugh Brown • Directed by Rudolph Mate • Screenplay by James Edward Grant

VISTA VISION
TECHNICOLOR
LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES
WITH JANET GRAVES

The Ten Commandments

No one but Cecil B. DeMille could have made this epic, the story of Moses. The cast is firmly dominated by Charlton Heston, as the great Jewish leader, and Yul Brynner, as the Pharaoh jealous from childhood of the boy raised as foster son of a princess (Nina Foch). Among the vast panoramas and dazzling camera magic, the human element is further strengthened by an array of stars, including: Anne Baxter, as the princess who covets Moses; Yvonne De Carlo, as the shepherd girl who becomes his wife; John Derek, as the brave Joshua; Debra Paget, as his sweetheart; Edward G. Robinson, as a Jewish overseer who helps Egypt persecute his own people, but must go with them on the mighty Exodus.

Around the World in 80 Days

It's colossal!—and it's sheer, wonderful nonsense, never taking itself seriously for a moment. This sparkling version of Jules Verne's classic casts David Niven as the pompous British hero, who bets (back in 1872) that he can circle the globe in eighty days. With him goes Mexico's great comedian Cantinflas, as his resourceful valet. And the party becomes a trio when they rescue Hindu princess Shirley MacLaine from a fiery death. One mad adventure follows another; breathtaking scenes shot all over the world sweep across the huge screen, to rollicking music. But the human scenery's the big surprise. Forty-two top stars of several nations do bit parts with gay good cheer; famous faces keep cropping up casually.

Continued on page 78
ELIA KAZAN'S production of TENNESSEE WILLIAMS' boldest story!

Her name is CARROLL BAKER. She's raw electricity. Here is a very special new star.

She's nineteen. She makes her husband keep away -- she won't let the stranger go away.

FROM WARNER BROS. STARRING KARL MALDEN, CARROLL BAKER, ELI WALLACH

Story and Screen Play by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS - Directed by ELIA KAZAN - A NEWTOWN Production
New! Clearasil Medication

‘STARVES’ PIMPLES
SKIN-COLORED...hides pimples while it works.

At last! Science discovers a new-type medication especially for pimples, that really works. In skin specialists’ tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were completely cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL.

CLEARASIL WORKS FAST TO MAKE PIMPLES DISAPPEAR

1. PENETRATES PIMPLES...keratolytic action softens and dissolves affected skin tissue...permits medication to penetrate down into any infected area.
2. ISOLATES PIMPLES...antiseptic action of this new type medication stops growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples.
3. ‘STARVES’ PIMPLES...CLEARASIL’s famous dry-up action ‘starves’ pimples because it helps to remove the oils that pimples ‘feed’ on.

SKIN CREAMS CAN ‘FEED’ PIMPLES CLEARASIL ‘STARVES’ THEM

Oil in pores helps pimples grow and thrive. So oily skin creams can actually ‘feed’ pimples. Only an oil-absorbing medication...CLEARASIL...helps dry up this oil, ‘starves’ pimples.

‘FLOATS OUT’ BLACKHEADS

CLEARASIL’s penetrating medical action softens and loosens blackheads from underneath, so they ‘Float out’ with normal washing. So why suffer the misery of pimples or blackheads! CLEARASIL is guaranteed to work for you, as in doctors’ tests, or money back.

Only 69¢ at all drug counters (economy size 99¢).

A fan praises Peter Hanson.

I think you have a wonderful magazine, and after reading about Jimmy Dean, I couldn’t resist writing this letter.

I, too, think Jimmy Dean was a wonderful actor and I know many other people agree with me. But I think it is utterly ridiculous to keep on writing stories about him and selling metal charms of him. For heaven’s sake, let the poor boy rest in peace. Many other great stars have died also, but their names have not been carried on and on like Jimmy Dean’s has. After all, he has been dead over a year now, and nothing is going to bring him back.

MARLENE SWAIM
St. Louis, Missouri

The above letter reflects the thinking of thousands of Jimmy Dean’s fans and of your editors. We heartily agree that the many promising young stars coming along should be given this space and attention, and we also feel that, were Jimmy alive to cast his vote, he would feel the same way. Therefore, PHOToplay says its final farewell to Jimmy Dean with the publication of this letter.—Ed.

I wonder if American teenagers get as fanatical in their adoration of favorite stars as do British fans?

I know a 15-year-old Chellentham tyiptick who reckons that five years of being a Doris Day fan has cost her enough pocket money to pay for a trip to America! When Doris Day was in London, this girl obtained three weeks’ leave from her job just to follow her around, and moved into a friend’s London flat. She has 10,000 Doris Day pictures, and has about forty records of the Day singing voice. She saw “Calamity Jane” and “April in Paris” thirty times each. She lost one office job because she took time off to see a Doris Day film.

Then, there’s the young Irishman who is a fan of Marlene Dietrich. He took a week off from work in Dublin, and spent all his savings to go to London to see her. He has more than 1,000 newspaper clippings about her, 700 photographs, and has seen all her available movies more than twenty times.

To be near Johnnie Ray, two girls gave up dancing and going out for six months to save forty pounds. They took a double room for a week at the singer’s hotel in Manchester during their holiday: booked eight pounds worth of tickets to see every show at the theatre where he appeared; and bought him a six-pound box of chocolates specially wrapped to spell out the singer’s name.

H. F. GARDNER
New York City, New York

I have just seen the wonderful movie, “A Kiss Before Dying,” and I thought it was tops. If movie-goers could give Oscars, I would give mine to Bob Wagner. I think he’s a great actor! I hope his part in this picture will mean more good roles for him.

SUE CAROL COOK
Versailles, Kentucky

I address this poem to the older people who don’t like Elvis Presley:

Elvis Presley has made a hit
With every girl, I’ll admit
He’s handsome, too, and friendly, too,
The girls all like him, why don’t you?
Remember when you used to swoon
When Frank Sinatra began to croon?
I'll bet your mothers and grandmothers, too,
Were disgusted with all of you.
But now you're older, and you can't see
What we like about Elvis Presley.
We like him 'cause he sings so well
He makes our hearts just swell and swell;
And what we teenagers want to know
Is why you all dislike him so.

JOAN HOBBS
Byrne City, Michigan

When the movie “Raintree County” was being filmed in Danville, my husband and I drove over one day to watch a scene being filmed. The cast and crew were wonderful and so patient with all the “bother” caused by the many fans who were watching. We saw Rod Taylor, Eva Marie Saint, Monty Clift, Lee Marvin and many others. I just want to say that they were friendly human beings. They posed for pictures, talked to fans, and in general were just the opposite of the rumors that they were “stuck up.”

NELLINA ACEE
Richmond, Kentucky

Continued on page 14
Whatever became of the girl I married?

They say one partner in every marriage is more in love than the other. And in the Millers' case, everyone had thought it was she. Then, almost overnight, her affection seemed to cool. She didn't want his kisses—she avoided his embrace. Poor John! He never even suspected that his breath might be to blame.

Why risk offending? Listerine stops bad breath (halitosis) instantly.

The most common cause of bad breath is germs...Listerine kills germs by millions

By far the most common cause of bad breath is germs—germs that ferment protein always present in the mouth. Research proves that, the more you reduce these germs, the longer your breath stays sweeter. And Listerine Antiseptic kills germs on contact—by millions.

No tooth paste or non-antiseptic mouthwash kills germs the way Listerine does

Non-antiseptic tooth pastes, mouthwashes and "breath fresheners" can't kill germs the way Listerine does. You need an antiseptic to kill germs. Listerine IS an antiseptic—and that's why it stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste.

Gargle with Listerine full-strength to keep breath fresher, longer.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC... stops bad breath 4 times better than tooth paste
Natalie Wood's love life is like a revolving door these days—Nick Adams going out, Presley coming in, and Nat looking to see who's next on her list.

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

**Fortune's Child:** Like Elizabeth Taylor, Natalie Wood seems destined to get everything she wants in life: Beauty, success, beaux and, now, a string of important movies, including "Band of Angels" and the best-selling "Marjorie Morningstar." We wonder whether Natalie ever ponders over the fact that sometimes the unhappiest people in the world are those who do get everything they want, so that finally they find themselves with nothing to wish for, nothing to hope for. All the excitement goes out of life, and you find yourself wishing, not for things you can have, but for things you shouldn't have. And maybe getting them. More and more people are seeing similarities between Natalie and Liz, and more and more of Nat's friends are hoping that she won't, like Liz, insist on growing up too fast.

**Saddest Story of the Year:** Just when Gene Tierney's friends were celebrating her return to work and to Hollywood, she collapsed again and had to return to the Eastern sanatorium where this unhappy and talented young woman has spent so much time during the past two years. Gene's personal tragedies have simply overwhelmed her—her broken romance with Aly Khan, the illness of her younger daughter, the secret dread that, back in pictures, she might no longer be the success she once was. And yet 20th Century-Fox had so much faith in her that they had penciled her in as lead in one of their biggest pictures of 1957, "Wayward Bus." It's the same old story, new again each time it happens: A human being can stand just so much pressure, and Gene Tierney had withstood one blow after another. When she so openly announced her engagement to Aly Khan, who then shifted his attentions elsewhere, it was more than her battered pride and her tortured ego could take. Gene Tierney is not through, either as an actress or a person. When she knows she is not alone, when she realizes how many people are rooting for her, she will, we're sure, make one more struggle to return to the world of work and love and happiness. And this time,
Even at the height of her romance with Aly Khan, Gene Tierney's friends predicted nothing but heartache. But even they didn't foresee tragedy.

Dick Egan's Number One girl is still Pat Hardy, and Cal will be surprised if Dick remains a bachelor through 1957. But then, Pat will be surprised, too.

Fess Parker outlived Davy Crockett, and has some thoughts of his own about the Elvis Presley boom. But that's not what he's telling Ann Tynan about.

The trouble with the Charlton Hestons is that they're just too happy. Hard to believe that people once believed their marriage didn't have a chance!

we are also sure, her triumph will be complete and final.

Right for Each Other: That's what Pat Hardy and Dick Egan are, and no matter how many girls Dick might date, he always ends up with Pat. And our boy really played the jealous lover recently when Bob Neal stopped by at a party to ask Pat for a dance. Dick growled, "Go get your own girl," and refused to let Pat leave the table. When a romance reaches this stage, we say, "Why don't you marry the girl?" Hmmm?

Here Today: It's Elvis Presley's turn now, and he's become a millionaire in one short year. (Continued on page 54)

To what new shore and what new love will Rita Hayworth's wandering take her? What new life and love will Jack Lemmon find to take Cynthia's place?
**PHOTOPLAY GOLD MEDAL AWARDS BALLOT FOR 1956 - 1957**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>STARS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. Adams, Julie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. Adams, Nick</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. Alyson, June</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. Andrews, Dana</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. Angel, Pier</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6. Arden, Eve</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7. Barrie, Glenn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8. Bergman, Ingrid</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9. Bogart, Humphrey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10. Borchers, Cornell</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11. Borgnine, Ernest</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12. Brando, Marlon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13. Bryner, Yul</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14. Burton, Richard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15. Caughey, James</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16. Calhoun, Rory</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17. Campbell, William</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18. Caron, Leslie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19. Cassavetes, John</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20. Chandler, Jeff</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21. Chartisse, Cyril</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22. Collins, Joan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23. Cooper, Ben</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24. Cooper, Gary</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25. Cricht, June</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26. Crawford, Joan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27. Crosby, Bing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28. Curtis, Tony</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29. Dailly, Dan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30. Damone, Vie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31. Danton, Ray</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>32. Davis, Bette</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33. Day, Doris</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34. DeHaven, Gloria</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>35. de Havilland, Olivia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36. Derek, John</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>37. Douglas, Kirk</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38. Egan, Richard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>39. Ekberg, Anita</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>40. Evelyn, Tom</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>41. Farr, Felicia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>42. Ferrer, Mel</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>43. Fisher, Eddie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>44. Fleming, Rhonda</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45. Fondua, Henry</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>46. Ford, George</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>47. Forsterh, John</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>48. Gaynor, Mitzi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>49. Gobin, George</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>50. Grahame, Gloria</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>51. Granger, Stewart</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>52. Griffin, Stephanie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>53. Hayward, Susan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>54. Heflin, Van</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>55. Hepburn, Audrey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>56. Heston, Charlton</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>57. Holdren, William</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>58. Holliday, Judy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>59. Hope, Bob</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>60. Hudson, Rock</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>61. Hunter, Jeffrey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>62. Hunter, Kim</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>63. Hunter, Tab</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>64. Jeannine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>65. Johnson, Van</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>66. Jones, Shirley</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>67. Jourdan, Louis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>68. Kaye, Danny</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>69. Kelly, Grace</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>70. Kerr, Deborah</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>71. Kerr, John</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>72. Labl, Alan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>73. Lancaster, Burt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>74. Leigh, Janet</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>75. Leith, Virginia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>76. Lemmon, Jack</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>77. Lewis, Jerry</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>78. Lollobrigida, Gina</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>79. MacLaine, Shirley</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>80. MacMurray, Fred</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>81. Marce, Gordon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>82. Madison, Gay</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>83. Magnani, Anna</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>84. Malone, Dorothy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>85. Martin, Dean</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>86. Martin, Dewey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>87. Martin, Tony</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>88. Mason, James</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>89. Matrue, Victor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>90. Mayo, Virginia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>91. McGuire, Dorothy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>92. Miles, Vera</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>93. Milland, Ray</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>94. Mineo, Sal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>95. Mitchell, Cameroun</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>96. Mitchum, Robert</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>97. Monroe, Marilyn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>98. Moreno, Rita</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>99. Murphy, Audie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>100. Murray, Don</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>101. Nader, George</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>102. Nelson, Lori</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>103. Newman, Paul</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>104. Nielsen, Leslie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>105. Niven, David</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>106. North, Sheree</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>107. Novak, Kim</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>108. O'Connor, Donald</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>109. O'Hara, Maureen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>110. Olivier, Laurence</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>111. Paget, Debra</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>112. Palance, Jack</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>113. Parker, Eleanor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>114. Parker, Fess</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>115. Payan, Martha</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>116. Perkins, Gregory</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>117. Perkins, Anthony</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>118. Podesta, Rossana</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>119. Power, Tyrone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>120. Presley, Elvis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>121. Reed, Donna</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>122. Reynolds, Debbie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>123. Richards, Jeff</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>124. Rogers, Ginger</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>125. Roman, Ruth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>126. Rush, Barbara</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>127. Russell, Jane</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>128. Russell, Rosalind</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>129. Ryan, Robert</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>130. Saint, Eve Marie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>131. Scott, Martha</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>132. Sernas, Jack</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>133. Shaw, Victoria</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>134. Sheridan, Ann</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>135. Simmons, Jean</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>136. Sinatra, Frank</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>137. Stack, Robert</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>138. Stanwyck, Barbara</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>139. Steiger, Rod</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>140. Stewart, James</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>141. Strasburg, Susan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>142. Sullivan, Barry</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>143. Tamblyn, Russ</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>144. Taylor, Elizabeth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>145. Taylor, Robert</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>146. Todd, Richard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>147. Tracy, Spencer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>148. Turner, Lina</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>149. Vera-Ellen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>150. Wagner, Robert</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>151. Wayne, John</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>152. Wayne, Pat</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>153. Widmark, Richard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>154. Williams, Esther</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>155. Wood, Natalie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>156. Wyman, Jane</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>157. Wynter, Dana</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Hurry! Hurry! This is your last chance
to vote for your favorite stars and movie of 1956.
Mail your Gold Medal ballot today!

MOVIES

1. Alexander the Great
2. All That Heaven Allows
3. Ambassador's Daughter, The
4. Anastasia
5. Anything Goes
6. Around the World in 80 Days
7. Artists and Models
8. Attack!
9. Autumn Leaves
10. Away All Boats
11. Backlash
12. Bad Sister, The
13. Bandolero
14. Barretts of Wimpole Street, The
15. Benny Goodman Story, The
16. Best Things in Life Are Free, The
17. Between Heaven and Hell
18. Beyond a Reasonable Doubt
19. Bhayanak Junction
20. Bigger Than Life
21. Birds and the Bees, The
22. Bold and the Brave, The
23. Bottom of the Bottle, The
24. Band of Joy
25. Barning Hills, The
26. Bus Stop
27. Carousel
28. Catechetical Affair, The
29. Cha-Cha-Cha Boom, The
30. Come Next Spring
31. Conqueror, The
32. Court Jester, The
33. Court-Martial of Billy Mitchell, The
34. Crime in the Streets
35. Cry in the Night, A
36. D-Day the Sixth of June
37. Death of a Scoundrel
38. Diane
39. Earth vs. the Flying Saucers
40. Elia Dukakis Story, The
41. Edge of the City
42. Everything but the Truth
43. Fastest Gun Alive, The
44. First Traveling Saleslady, The
45. Flight to Hong Kong
46. Forbidden Planet
47. Foreign Intrigue
48. Forever, Darling
49. Friendly Persuasion
50. Fary at Gunsight Pass
51. Gaby
52. Giant
53. Glory
54. Goodbye My Lady
55. Great Day in the Morning
56. Great Locomotive Chase, The
57. Golly
58. Harder They Fall, The
59. He Laughed Last
60. He'll (en) Troy
61. Hell on Frisco Bay
62. High Society
63. Hilda Crane
64. Hollywood or Bust
65. Hot Summer Night
66. Houston Story, The
67. Huk!
68. Indian Fighter, The
69. Iron Petticoat, The
70. Jubal
71. Julie
72. Killer Is Loose, The
73. Killing, The
74. King and I, The
75. Kiss Before Dying, A
76. Last Frontier, The
77. Last Hunt, The
78. Last Wagon, The
79. Leather Saint, The
80. Lieutenant Wore Skirts, The
81. Lisbon
82. Living Idol, The
83. Lone Ranger, The
84. Love Me Tender
85. Lust for Life
86. Man in the Gray Flannel Suit, The
87. Man in the Vault
88. Man Who Never Was, The
89. Man Who Knew Too Much, The
90. Man with the Golden Arm, The
91. Meet Me in Las Vegas
92. Miracle in the Rain
93. Moby Dick
94. Mountain, The
95. Never Say Goodbye
96. On the Threshold of Space
97. Opposite Sex, The
98. Our Miss Brooks
99. Pardners
100. Patterns
101. Picnic
102. Pillars of the Sky
103. Port of Afrique
104. Power and the Prize, The
105. Proud and Profane, The
106. Proud Ones, The
107. Public Pigeon No. 1
108. Ransome!
109. Rawhide Years, The
110. Rebel in Town
111. Reprisal!
112. Revolt of Manic Stover, The
113. Richard III
114. Rock Around the Clock
115. Rose Tattoo, The
116. Rumble on the Decks
117. Safari
118. Santiago
119. Searchers, The
120. Serenade
121. Seven Men from Now
122. 7th Cavalry
123. Sharkfighters, The
124. Solid Gold Cadillac, The
125. Somebody Up There Likes Me
126. Spoilers, The
127. Star in the Dust
128. Stranger at My Door
129. Tea and Sympathy
130. Teahouse of the August Moon, The
131. Teenage Rebel
132. Ten Commandments, The
133. Tension at Table Rock
134. That Certain Feeling
135. Toward the Unknown
136. Toy Tiger
137. Tramp
138. Tribute to a Bad Man
139. True Story of Jesse James, The
140. 23 Paces to Baker Street
141. Unguarded Moment, The
142. Vagabond King, The
143. Walk the Proud Land
144. War and Peace
145. Westward Ho the Wagons!
146. While the City Sleeps
147. You Can't Run Away from It
148. Young Stranger, The
149. Yugoslavia
150. Yugoslavia

Vote for your Favorite Stars and Movie of 1956

**BEST MALE PERFORMER**

*List star by number*

1. H. B. Warner
2. Cary Grant
3. Robert Mitchum
4. Robert Ryan
5. Robert Walker

**BEST FEMALE PERFORMER**

*List star by number*

1. Bette Davis
2. Grace Kelly
3. Gail Russell
4. Ingrid Bergman
5. Elizabeth Taylor

**BEST FILM OF 1956**

*List picture by number*

1. *On the Waterfront* (Dir. Elia Kazan)
2. *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance* (Dir. John Ford)
3. *Goddess* (Dir. David Miller)
4. *The Searchers* (Dir. John Ford)
5. *Moby Dick* (Dir. John Huston)

Mail your ballot to PHOTOPLAY GOLD MEDAL AWARDS, Box 1883, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N.Y. Ballots must be received no later than December 31, 1956. You need not sign your name.

**No Other Leading Toothpaste**

**CLEANS CLEANS CLEANS**

**YOUR BREATHE while it GUARDS GUARDS GUARDS**

**YOUR TEETH Like Colgate Dental Cream!**

Because No Other Leading Toothpaste Contains GARDOL TO GIVE YOU LONG-LASTING PROTECTION AGAINST BOTH BAD BREATH AND TOOTH DECAY... With Just One Brushing!

Unlike other leading toothpastes, Colgate's forms an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights decay all day... with just one brushing! Gives you a cleaner, fresher breath all day, too! Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. But remember! No other leading toothpaste cleans your breath while it guards your teeth like Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol!

**SAFE for Children of All Ages!**
To use in All Water Areas! Makes teeth whiter—cannot stain or discolor!
Movies are better than ever! Hollywood has produced Richard Anderson's highly controversial play, "Tea and Sympathy," with deep understanding. Deborah Kerr is outstanding as the sympathetic housemother, and John Kerr is excellent as a sensitive young man who dares to be non-conformist.

Bud Starvas
Flint, Michigan

It has often puzzled me why movies are not filmed on location in Canada. They are filmed in England, Europe and Africa, but rarely in Canada. I saw "Pony Soldier," a while ago with Tyrone Power. It is a picture about Canada, when Indians were roaming the plains of the western provinces. This would give the impression to anyone not knowing Canada that we sleep in dread of Indians scalping us in our beds. I've met people from the United States who have that impression, and it is certainly not true.

I live in Newfoundland, and I have yet to see an Indian or Eskimo. We have some very beautiful spots here and I'm proud of every one of them. Since we are neighbors of the United States, we think it would be nice if Hollywood realized there were very nice locations right next door.

Diane Phelan
Bell Island, Newfoundland, Canada

I have been patiently waiting to see an article and pictures of John Cassavetes in Photoplay. I believe after seeing "Crime, In The Streets" that this young man has great acting ability. Come on, fellow Photoplay readers, what are your opinions of this talented person? Let's start clamoring for his picture and stories about him.

Willowdean Channing Bloomer, Wisconsin

I'll never forget the wonderful picture, "The King and I." I think it is the most amusing musical I have ever seen. Yul Brynner has indelibly stamped himself in my memory. With his eyes snapping in anger, or shining bright with laughter, his head bare and yet characteristic of a Siamese king, his voice, daunt, angry, rebellious, or soft-sounding when happy, he was truly a king, and he held me spellbound.

Karen Zimmerman
Trenton, New Jersey

QUESTION BOX:

My friend and I were talking about the movie "Red River" one day and were debating whether or not John Ireland acted in it. Did he?

R. D. Ward
Naramata, British Columbia, Canada

John Ireland portrayed the part of Cherry in "Red River," which starred John Wayne, Walter Brennan, Montgomery Clift and Joanne Dru.—En.

I would like some information about which studios Tab Hunter and Sal Mineo are connected with. I have tried to get this information from other sources, unsuccessfully, and would appreciate your help.

Marcia Morley
Seattle, Washington

Tab Hunter's studio is Warner Bros.; Sal Mineo's with Columbia Pictures.—En.

I have just seen "The Eddy Duchin Story," and loved it. But I have one question: What has become of his son, Peter Duchin?

Dolores H. Rosen
Festus, Missouri

We understand that Peter Duchin, who is about 20 years of age, attends Yale University.—En.

I would like to know if John Kerr and Deborah Kerr are related.

Frances Berry
Louisville, Kentucky

No, they are not related.—En.

Please tell me the names of the stars who played in "Roman Holiday."

Dorothy B. Brian
Mobile, Alabama

Audrey Hepburn and Gregory Peck starred in "Roman Holiday."—En.

Could you please set me straight on something? I have seen both "Love Me Tender" and "The Reno Brothers," named as Elvis Presley's first movie. Will you please tell me which is correct?

Joyce McCord
Daytona Beach, Florida

They are one and the same picture. It was first titled "The Reno Brothers," but was later changed to "Love Me Tender."—En.

LOOK ALIKES:

In Photoplay's November issue, you published a picture of Stephen Archer of Crowden, New Hampshire, whom you thought looked like Rock Hudson. Well, I think my son Chuck, or "Rock," as his friends call him looks more like Rock Hudson. Here is his picture. Don't you agree?

Mrs. Charles Huntington
Paterson, New Jersey

CASTING:

I have just read One Man Loved by Marguerite Mooers Marshall, and think it would make an excellent movie, with the following cast: Dana Wynter as Joan Perkins; George Nader as Stanley Judd; Van Johnson as Ricky Stewart; Piper Laurie as Nite Stewart; Spring Byington as Dr. Ruth McLeod.

Pat Hogg
Willoughby, Ohio

Come on, Hollywood—you have an Academy Award movie right under your nose—the historical novel by Rubylea Hall called The Great Tide. This is a moving and dramatic story of the fabulous Florida West Coast in the boom days of 1830 to 1840.

Beautiful Elizabeth Taylor would be perfect as the tempestuous and lovely Carolina Cochran; Henry Fonda would do as Douglas Blackwood whom Carolina married without loving him; and Clark Gable could portray Studd Stevens, the irresistible gambler whom she loved without marrying; Cameron Mitchell could do Anderson McQuaige; and Elvis Presley could perfectly portray Tom Burnham, reckless, dark and handsome.

Betsy Anne Bolger
Dunedin, Florida

Let the STARS VISIT YOU
NOW YOU CAN HEAR THE STARS TELL THEIR OWN STORIES, RIGHT IN THE INTIMACY OF YOUR OWN HOME!

AT LAST —
STAR TALK brings you TALKING PHOTOGRAPHS of great show business personalities, telling you, in their own words, the stories of their careers.

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF OUR SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER TODAY!

THRILL to these beautifully designed, colorful, star-shaped talking photos of your favorite stars, personally autographed and backed with more information about your idols. A patented spindle hole on the photograph flairs open for playing and snaps back for a perfect photo. Start your collection NOW . . . get STAR TALK and you will always have the stars in your home, to listen to . . . to see . . . to have with you always.

STAR TALK, INC.
Suite 1396
11 W. 42nd St.,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me the following:

28 RPM STAR TALK PHOTOGRAPHS:

[Check boxes]

[ ] Jane Russell
[ ] Doris Stevens
[ ] Jack Lord
[ ] Sal Mineo
[ ] Cliff Robertson
[ ] Vaughn Monroe
[ ] Janet Leigh
[ ] Johnny Desmond

I have enclosed $______ to cover the Star Talk Photos checked above.

Name_________________________

Address_________________________

City_________________________State_________________________

2 STAR TALK PHOTOS
$1

(Continued from page 14)
First Christmas Together

“What do you want for Christmas?” asked Venetia. “You,” said Russ. So they added a turkey and had a feast of love

Russ was appointed to do the marketing while bride Venetia stayed home to puzzle over mystery of making a dressing like Mother used to make

Russ likes a highly seasoned dressing, but did she add a little too much sage, perhaps?

Russ tackles that California specialty, Caesar salad—guaranteed to be non-fattening

Good food, good health, good luck. Across a candlelit table, a perfect Christmas

Venetia Stevenson is in “The Girl Most Likely”
NOW EVERYONE CAN SEE IT—
AT POPULAR PRICES!

Complete — intact — with every scene, every song of the motion picture that ran a year on Broadway at $3.50!

in the wonder of CINEMASCOPE
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

STARRING
GORDON MACRAE
GLORIA GRAHAM
SHIRLEY JONES
GENE NELSON
CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD
EDDIE ALBERT
JAMES WHITMORE
ROD STEIGER

MUSIC BY
RICHARD RODGERS
BOOK & LYRICS BY
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II

SCREENPLAY BY
SONYA LEVY
AND WILLIAM LOUDIG
DANCES STAGED BY
AGNES DE MILLE

PRODUCED BY
ARTHUR HORNBLow, JR.

DIRECTED BY
FRED ZINNEMANN

A MAGNA PRODUCTION
DISTRIBUTED BY
20th CENTURY-FOX
Who Will Be Elizabeth Taylor's Next Husband?

BY ALINE MOSBY

In October of this year, Elizabeth Taylor finally announced she was leaving for Reno, Nevada, where, after establishing the usual six weeks' residence, she would file suit for a divorce from her second husband, Michael Wilding. Almost in the same breath, she announced that she would sell the beautiful big house in Benedict Canyon where she and Mike and her two sons, Christopher and Michael, Junior, have lived for the past two and a half years.

Close friends of Liz saw in this twin announcement a clear indication of her plans for the future. Then she would marry millionaire sportsman and producer Mike Todd, after all.

Continued

Whether or not it's Mike Todd, chances are he'll be an older man. Here's why
Lost between two worlds, Liz, the child, searches for a father, the woman for a lover

Close friends of Mike Todd's, in New York, were dubious. They cited the difference in ages; they pointed out that until as recently as last September Mike was still using the long-distance telephone regularly to call actress Evelyn Keyes in Europe. But the wife of one of Todd's closest friends said, "On the other hand, when Mike and Liz were here for dinner, they certainly had eyes for no one but each other, and they held hands during the entire evening. If that isn't love, what is it?"

Another friend recalled the fact that Liz bore a striking resemblance to Todd's first wife, Bertha Freshman, from whom he was separated in 1945 after twenty years of marriage and by whom he has a twenty-six-year-old son, Mike, Junior. The entire last year of that marriage was marked by tragedy and quarrels that made the headlines.

Bertha Todd died, under what the newspapers referred to as "mysterious circumstances," after accidentally severing a tendon in her hand while peeling an orange. At the hospital to which she was taken three anesthetics were administered, the last one ether. She died under the anesthetic for reasons that were never made entirely clear.

Although they hadn't lived together for years before their final separation, Mrs. Todd's death, coming as it did under such strange circumstances, was a severe shock to Mike Todd. There was no other woman in his life until his marriage to Joan Blondell in 1947. This marriage ended in divorce in 1950. There were no children.

The next woman to figure importantly in Todd's life was Evelyn Keyes, a very different type from either Todd's first wife, Bertha, his second wife, (Continued on page 72)

First husband Nicky Hilton combined wealth with social position, but Liz's illusions of being taken care of were soon shattered
Two other losers in the Liz Taylor romance sweepstakes—Kevin McClory and Monty Clift—were never more than fill-ins between husbands. Kevin, a gay, amusing escort, was a foil for the Mike Todd romance; Monty "brought out the mother" in Liz.

Mike Todd, five years older than Wilding, again combines a fatherly protectiveness with a love of fun. But there are many reasons why Todd may not be the man.

At 19, her normal hunger to be treated as the child she was found an answer in marriage to Mike Wilding, twice her age but, she said, "just a boy at heart"
EDITOR'S NOTE: Here are the three most talked-about young actors in Hollywood today—Murray, Perkins and Presley. Here is what Hollywood and movie audiences think of them. Here is why each of them is destined to start a whole new trend in movie heroes.

Don Murray is as wholesome as a gust of fresh air sweeping down from the mountains. He'll always be "the good guy"—and that's what he is.  

BY EDWIN HANSON

Don Murray comes to the screen and to Hollywood not like a breath, but like a gust of fresh air, a young man full of good spirits, good sense and good cheer. Less than a year after signing with 20th Century-Fox, Don is known in the trade as a "tough interview," because you can dig all day, talk to anyone who's ever known him, and you won't come up with a single, blessed word that's "gossip," that isn't all in Don's favor. He's clean-cut, wholesome, deeply religious and seems inevitably slated to play manly but unsophisticated screen roles, such as the one in "Bus Stop" which got his screen career off to such a flying start.  

Don's interviews also get off to a flying start—and then come to a dead stop—as a result of the first question ever put to him. "You and Marilyn Monroe both studied at the Actors' Studio," the interviewers invariably point out, "and after all, landing a plum such (Continued on page 66)
But beneath that shy, boyish grin is one of today’s finest talents • BY LAURA LANE

Have you ever watched a small boy sitting impatiently through a long family dinner? Then you know exactly what Tony Perkins is like. He’s a squirmer. He’s a fidgeter. He’s a restless young man whose moods come upon him swiftly and then, almost before you can grasp their meanings, are gone again. In fact, Tony’s moods pass and shift so suddenly that anyone spending an hour or so with him comes away with a feeling of uncertainty. Is he or isn’t he? Did he or didn’t he? You also may come away feeling faintly foolish, certain that you have been playing “straight man” for some subtle jokes which you have taken seriously. And yet, you can’t be sure. (Continued on page 76)
Earl predicts that Presley will be the greatest lover of them all. Elvis got along well with fellow actors, took direction easily, proved capable of producing any variety of emotions.
Hollywood calls him "a natural."
Not since Valentino has an actor had such an appeal for women.

BY EARL WILSON

LOVER
BOY

Say what you want to, I think Elvis Presley will be the 1957 Rudolph Valentino or John Gilbert.

I mean, he can be a colossal screen lover. And this boy is no dope. He's determined to accomplish what he sets out to do, whether it's singing, acting or making a girl.

It's doubtful if the Valentino worshippers adored Rudolph any more than the Presley fans love Elvis. One day in Hollywood some fifteen-year-old girls, with the name "Elvis Presley" stitched on their toreador pants legs and guitars on the backs of their sweaters, waited for him until he went to lunch.

Elvis asked them to come into a luncheonette with him, and he bought them sandwiches.

"Of course, we couldn't eat. We just watched," one (Continued on page 70)
We were waiting for a cab, the slender, dark-haired girl and I. Her large eyes looked at me reproachfully and her voice was an anguished wail. "Do you really want me to go on being a juvenile delinquent, Mummy? Because I’ll do it if you want me to."

My daughter Joan had no idea how the question sounded until it had been said— in Joan's vibrant, dramatic and far-carrying voice. When realization dawned, she gave a little gasp, then began to giggle. I turned around to find every single soul in the vicinity glaring at me as if I were intent on pushing my child into a life of crime. I disappeared as quickly as possible into a taxi, Joan climbing in after me. As the cab pulled away from the indignantly staring people on the street, Joan and I looked at each other and then collapsed in helpless laughter.

What we'd been discussing was her career. Joan, under contract to J. Arthur Rank at the time, had been cast as a delinquent in film after film. She was terribly worried about being typed and wanted to ask to be released from her contract, whereas I had been suggesting that she wait a while. (Continued on page 63)
The off-beat religions, like the off-beat people, make headlines, but what of the others?

"In their daily work," said Bishop Gerald Kennedy of Hollywood’s Methodist Church, "movie people are constantly dealing with strong emotional and dramatic values. And perhaps for this reason, they seem to be more fully aware than the average person of a deep-felt need for divine guidance and spiritual understanding."

In past years, writers and critics have held Hollywood up as an example of much, if not all, that is weak, sinful or carnal in human nature. Hollywood is usually depicted as a land of tinsel and cardboard, built by pagan gold, and peopled by shallow "characters" whose only motivation is a desire for the fast buck. But today the exact opposite is true. Today the citizens of Hollywood are just as serious, hardworking, virtuous, civic-minded and God-fearing as people in any other town or city across the land.

"Hollywood people are human beings," says Rabbi Edgar F. Magnin of the Wilshire Boulevard Jewish Temple. "They have virtues in common with all mankind. They work hard, raise their families, build homes and churches, and worship God. And, just like others, they have their faults, too."

Unfortunately, it is for their non-conformity rather than for their conformity that these golden and glamorous creatures are known. For, as another church leader has pointed out, "Movie people exist in a perpetual spotlight. They live with their shades up. Most other people live with the shades down."

Continued
Undoubtedly there have been times when Hollywood has suffered from the wrong kind of publicity, sometimes deserved, sometimes not. In a community where more than 400 correspondents and 50 photographers constantly elbow each other in their efforts to gather “hot” movie news, this is perhaps understandable. Nevertheless, it is true that most Hollywood people are quite normal in their desires for a home, children, and a reasonable amount of emotional as well as financial security, which means spiritual peace of mind. And while national church membership recently reached a new record high of 60.9% of the total population, the Hollywood figures are slightly higher, showing 61.3% to be affiliated with some church organization.

Hollywood has never been a nightclub town. This is a fact that many visitors discover, to their surprise. In the yellow pages of the telephone book, for example, a total of 58 night clubs are listed. But the same book gives listings for 1,087 churches. A few of these are representative of such lesser-known faiths as the Vedanta Society, The Sky Pilot Revival Center, I Am Accredited Sanctuary, and the Self-Realization Church. But a very large percentage are churches of the major denominations which have many affiliations across the country and throughout the world.

A great number of Hollywood’s churches are imposing in appearance and modern in design. The First Presbyterian Church of Hollywood has the largest congregation of that denomination in the United States. The Wilshire Boulevard Jewish Temple is justifiably proud of a history in Los Angeles that dates back more than 100 years. And the new Mormon Temple, a massive
Mayan-style building standing on twenty-five acres, is the largest and most magnificent of the ten Mormon Temples in the world.

But despite these encouraging figures, the question of divorce and other unconventional behavior in Hollywood is bound to be raised. "How can they be so religious," comes the concerted cry from a thousand Main Streets, "when they're always divorcing people to marry other people?"

Divorce, however, is not peculiar to Hollywood. The percentage of divorces in Hollywood is no larger than in New York. The difference is that in Hollywood the people suing for divorce have names that make news, and so it is that every day's headlines seem to carry some fresh report of one star or another going to Reno, Las Vegas or Mexico.

The really amazing thing that is revealed by a study (Continued on page 83)
TOKYO, JAPAN

Dear Pete,

What a welcome, finding your letter here at the hotel waiting for me! I'll try to answer all your questions. First: What is it like over here?

I think the best way to answer that one is to tell you about a little incident that took place in a museum once. There was a fantastic “painting” there called “White on White.” I stopped to study it, and another man near me did the same.

“What do you think it is?” he asked me.

“I don’t know,” I said. “It looks like a snowstorm to me.”

“No,” he decided. “It looks more like a white building through a fog.”

Another man walked up and scoffed at the painting. “This is a masterpiece?” he said sarcastically. “A blob of white on a piece of white canvas? Anybody can do that.”

“I’m not so sure,” the superintendent of the gallery said, having overheard us. “People come here from all over and study it. They look at it and put their own interpretation on it. ‘White on White’ makes people think, and what they see is the result of their own thoughts.” (Continued on page 57)
Learning to eat strange foods, and familiar foods strangely cooked, was always an interesting though not always successful experience. Glenn came home hungry for one thing Japan couldn't offer in food—hamburgers!

Glenn shopped for gifts for his wife, Eleanor, and his son; went on tours of the ancient city. He found no language barrier. "If you can smile and say 'Thanks' you can get along anywhere, including Japan"
She shocked her parents by being born, shocked her teachers, assorted neighbors and, finally, the world, by splashing into a pool fully clothed. But there are more shocks in store—for you haven’t heard the last of Diana.

Like another famous blonde beauty, Diana Dors has led the kind of life that makes for good copy—and makes people want to find out more about her. What is true and what is false? Is she just “England’s answer to Marilyn Monroe” or is she an actress in her own right, and here to stay?

Six months after arriving in America she made enough headlines to blanket the country. She had earned a reputation as a wit and a sharp cookie. She was also known as a girl who never underestimated the power of a buck. One of her best press agents is her husband, Dennis Hamilton, who, among other things, has described his wife as “the world’s greatest sex-pot.”

Diana has added to the legend of Dors with such remarks as, “I’m a woman in a man’s world.”

By being just that, Diana today collects $75,000 a picture, owns palatial homes in England and Hollywood, as well as three luxury cars, an airplane, a yacht and a mink bikini. Her first American picture, “I Married a Woman” co-stars George Gobel. People who saw the first rushes on it came away vowing that anyone who thinks Dors is just a sex-pot is seriously underestimating her.

“This girl,” they say, “can act. She’s terrific.”

Who is she and how did she get here? Not only to America, but to a position in the acting world where (Continued on page 86)
Why Tab Hunter has become Hollywood's Biggest
Headache

This is the craziest story to come out of Hollywood. Read it, but you still won’t believe it.

At the spot in Los Angeles where the Sunset Strip melts into Hollywood proper, there are two adjacent establishments. One is a drugstore, famed Schwab’s, and the other a restaurant, Googie’s. They have something in common besides being neighbors. They are the gathering places, the hangouts, of Hollywood’s young and aspiring film players. Here the kaffeeklatsch is endless, the talk is nothing but shop talk—some of it meaningless, some of it penetrating, some gay, some bitter, some vicious.

And much of the talk these days is concerned with one of the group’s more distinguished alumni, the fellow Arthur Gelien, whom the young hopefuls, in common with most people, call Tab Hunter.

It is believed, in these rather discerning circles, that Tab Hunter has reached a crucial moment in his career. It is believed that now—or never—he is going onward and upward, and that there is no alternative but professional catastrophe. But there is little agreement on how the dice will fall.

“Tab,” observes a young contemporary who probably can fairly be suspected of malice or even jealousy, “is a freak. Nobody likes him but the people. I’m not kidding you. You talk to producers over at Warners’ and they’ll tell you he’s a headache. Except at the box office, where it counts. They can’t even figure whether he’s got talent or not.”

But this man’s young companion, a girl a little too well-known to want her name associated with anything controversial, takes issue with him. “How,” she says, “can they tag him with that no-talent label when they haven’t given him a chance to use his talent? Believe me, he does have it. I’ve worked with him (Continued on page 65)
CRACK-UP

This is the unforgettable story of the crack-up of one of the greatest talents in show business—told in its entirety and told for the first time. It's the story of how Judy Garland went broke on a hundred thousand dollars a year, lost her faith in family and friends—and found it again when she learned to have faith in herself.

BY JOE HYAMS

- A close friend of Judy Garland's recently described her as a cracked plate, still useful but dangerously near the end of its service. This is the story of the cracks in the plate, of how an exceptionally talented young lady experienced a crack-up of all values, a crack-up she scarcely knew about until long after it occurred.

It is not a pretty story. Some of it has been told before, but no one has ever understood how the gradual building up of tensions, each small within itself, can lead to the crack-up of a great talent.

There is no real beginning because, like the slow, studied dripping of water on stone, tension takes a long time to make an impression. The pressures are always there, because all life is a process of breaking down, but the big blows—the ones that breed nightmares and insomnia and headaches and sessions with psychiatrists—don't show their effects all at once.

The powerful blows are the ones that come from within, like the time Judy was only ten years old and a member of the Gumm Sisters vaudeville act. The family lived in Lancaster, California, a small town where Judy's father managed a movie theatre.

Every weekend Mrs. Gumm gathered up her three girls, took them

Continued
She lived too hard, she worked

"I almost killed myself trying to keep up with Mickey Rooney," says Judy. She turned to food, got so fat her studio said she looked like a monster. Above, Clark Gable, Shirley Temple to Los Angeles and put them on-stage for as little as fifty cents per girl per performance, then brought them back home to Lancaster.

"I always felt like a freak in Lancaster," Judy recalled recently. "We were show folks."

Once, when a major charade was being planned, Lancaster social leaders called on the Gumms, borrowed their professional costumes, admired the girls—but didn't invite them to the party. Show business kids were all right as entertainers but not as social equals.

That was the first time Judy Garland was made aware she was "different." It was not the last.

When she was twelve her mother and father separated. Judy was the baby of the family—she was even called Baby—and the apple of her father's eye. She never understood why he left her.

When she was thirteen Judy enrolled at Hollywood High School. A vice-principal who was to be one of her teachers came over and said, "People like you should not be allowed to go to school with normal children."

In those days Judy was as round as a ball, with just as much bounce. She was pretty, with large brown eyes, a farm-fresh complexion and a puppy-dog personality. She

First divorce was from composer and orchestra leader David Rose after four years. Judy blamed it on "career conflicts" but says, "He was good to me"

Second marriage to director Vincente Minnelli took place one week after divorcing Rose. Six years and one child later she was broke, jobless and ill

First breakdown sent Judy to Peter Bent Brigham Hospital. Judy's studio paid all the bills. Eleven weeks later she went back to work. It was too soon
oo hard. Her breakdowns were inevitable—her comebacks amazing was, she believed, as normal as blueberry pie, certainly as normal as any other little girl of thirteen.

What do you say to a teacher who tells you you're not normal, don't belong with normal children?

Judy said nothing. But she was so upset she never returned to the school. Instead she enrolled at a private school with other "professional children."

Dorothy Gray, a child star in those days and Judy's best friend, remembers her as Baby Gumm, the prettiest girl in her class, popularly conceded to be the most talented.

"Judy and I did all the things little girls like to do, from making fudge to roller skating," Dorothy recalled. "But whenever we went to the movies we had to leave our names at the box office in case we got a studio call."

"There were a lot of things we couldn't do, like take regular vacations or go swimming, because we might miss a film call or catch cold.

"We theatrical kids used to be embarrassed when our pictures were in the paper because the other—normal—kids we knew would tease us. I guess in a way we were robbed of childhood. Only two (Continued on page 60)
Elia Kazan entrusted Carroll with the lead in the controversial "Baby Doll," but husband Jack Garfein (left) discovered her first
Even Carroll Baker isn’t sure which she is, so how can we be? • BY GLADYS HALL

• Whether they like it or not, they’re going to talk about it. Whether they like Carroll Baker or not, they’re going to talk about her. “Baby Doll” is that kind of picture. Carroll Baker is that kind of girl.

Doing her second movie role in a picture that is admittedly going to stir up controversy, a picture that is all hers—with Elia Kazan directing her, and Karl Malden and Eli Wallach working with her—sets Miss Baker right out in front of the female contingent of “the rebels,” “the blue-jean set,” “the Actors’ Studio crowd.” Elia, Karl and Eli are three of the most forceful of Hollywood’s forceful new generation. “Baby Doll” is one of that generation’s most exciting creations. It all adds up to make Carroll a sure bet for notoriety, if not fame.

The question is sure to arise, is she really a blue-jean kind of girl? Is she a feminine version of the leather-jacket, motorcycle-riding boys who have set staid Hollywood on its ear in recent years? Or is she just an actress doing a job? In brief, is she a rebel or a lady? Or is it possible that she’s both?

On the face of it, Carroll is certainly a product of the famed Actors’ Studio in New York. Lee Strasberg, head of the school, gave her private lessons. She was taken straight from there and a few roles on TV and Broadway to “Giant.” She was chosen by George Stevens, as shrewd a judge of talent as there is in Hollywood, to play Elizabeth Taylor’s younger daughter, starting at the age of eleven and progressing through her teens to the point of having a one-sided romance with Jett Rink, played by Jimmy Dean. Stevens, after watching her work, said that she is one of the screen’s great finds. Kazan, choosing her for the taxing, powerful role of Baby Doll, said the same.

In appearance, Carroll has a round-faced prettiness which she deplores. Sometimes she stands in front of a mirror and sucks in her cheeks, hoping it gives her the gaunt, Katharine Hepburn kind of attraction she’d like to have. And she showed up for our interview at one of New York’s fashionable theatrical restaurants—having traveled by subway—wearing a tweed skirt and topcoat, no hat, with scarcely any make-up. As she entered, no heads turned.

(Continued on page 80)
Reflections on a year just finished, predictions for the future.

**Comeback Girl**

With all the current excitement about Jayne Mansfield, even Hollywood seems to have forgotten that she was under contract to Warner Brothers a mere two years ago. Nobody noticed her much then. She was given bit roles to do and sent on press junkets such as the "Underwater!" preview in Florida. Having been on that trip, I can testify that Jayne rated hardly a glance.

How the girl has learned in the meantime! Since starring in "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" on Broadway, Jayne has mastered the art of publicity. In today's Hollywood, even if she is only going to the grocery store, you see her - toged out in a mink coat to her heels, over a dress that fits her tighter than her skin. She is never alone, either. But what a picture she presents, with her little daughter held tight by one hand and the big, dark, muscular former Mr.

**A fine day for a picnic, and a fine year for Doris Day, love-wise, money-wise**

**Billy Pearson and Vincent Price find Terry Moore a changed woman since she became Mrs. McGrath**

**The Lancaster-Borgnine feud soured the year for Burt L.**
of Hollywood

year ahead in the land of stars  BY RUTH WATERBURY

America, Mike Hargitay, held tight with the other. They stop conversation everywhere.

Fishing Poles Outside
Stars in Hollywood are continually “redoing” their houses. June Allyson is the latest to be smitten with this virus, but so far not a stick of the Allyson-Powell furniture is up for sale. June is just moving stuff around in their house—“and that includes me,” says Dick Powell, her doting husband.

June has moved Dick out of his den because, of all things, she has taken a liking to Elizabethan furniture. This style is very heavy, very dark and very powerful, and why little June has an immense crush on it nobody can explain, including herself. But right now she adores it, so to make room for the Tudor chests, chairs and cupboards, Dick has had to give up his den, which was a hobby room, full of guns and fishing poles.

Not So Cheap Lunch
My personal nomination for the most unspoiled girl in the celebrity world is Doris Day. She went home to Cincinnati recently for the preview of her excellent new picture, “Julie,” and she didn’t forget one name. She still sends out fruit cakes, which she bakes herself, as Christmas presents to her friends. She keeps right up with her sandlot baseball playing with her son, Terry, and she’s the only star I know who’ll call you up, apropos of nothing, and say, “Hi! This is Dodo. Let’s have a cheap lunch.” Then you find out her idea of a cheap lunch is Romanoff’s, where if two get out for ten dollars it’s because one of you was dieting.

Beloved Music Man
If everybody in the film colony went to all the parties that are given, there would never be one inch of pictures made. But when an affair like the testimonial dinner for David Rose comes along, it’s so heartwarming there is no resisting it.

Certainly you know David Rose, composer of “Holiday for Strings” and many another lovely tune. But the Dave Rose Hollywood loves is the all-around fine musician and flawless friend. Thus, the whole town came out for his party, with Howard Keel singing for Dave, Red (Continued on page 68)
Blossoming now, fresh new fashions to brighten your January-through-June wardrobe

Cottons are the coming thing—and brightening the season now, Lee Remick's sky blue textured cotton looking for all the world like hopsacking tweed. It shapes a neatly-carved dress with pointed pique collar. Pretty news: the squared-off vest, coindented in white and lace-edged. Also ice cream pink or lemon. Sizes 5-15. By Junior First. About $18. Glovelets by Dawnelle

January refresher: violets blossoming on a snowy background, translated into Valerie Allen’s shirtwaist charmer with shirt-cuff sleeves, a finely-tucked bodice bib. In Everglaze jacquard cotton. Also pink, blue prints. 5-15. By Sue Brett. About $18

First sign of spring—the silk print. Lee Remick's is brilliant red with black tweedy print, the new houndstotop balanced with a gleaming choir boy collar, black velvet bow. Also green, royal with black. Sizes 5-15. By Toni Edwards. Under $30

Delicious for the first sunny day, Norma Moore's full-blown polished cotton dress with the biggest skirt in town. It's splashed with giant blue cabbage roses, has a high square neck dipping low at the back, a lime grosgrain Empire hand ending in long back streamers to tie at will. Sizes 8-16. By Nelly de Grab. About $15

To buy fashions, see stores and information, page 74
SPRING FASHION FORECAST: fair and sunny
NORMA MOORE will be seen in "FEAR STRIKES OUT," PARAMOUNT

SEE LEE REMICK soon in "A FACE IN THE CROWD," a NEWTOWN PRODUCTION for WARNER BROS.

LOOK for VALERIE ALLEN next in PARAMOUNT'S "FUNNY FACE" and "OMAR KHAYYAM"

FASHION PHOTOGRAPHS by BERT AND STAN ROCKFIELD
A Spring's prettiest silhouette—the capelet, here Lee Remick's gentle shoulder-covering version in wool jersey, closed with enormous "pearl" buttons. It's lined with the coral and white silk print of the floating dress with tucked bodice, high cummerbund. Also blue and white. Sizes 5-15. By Toni Edwards. About $35

B Early spring roses scattered on pale blue polished cotton—Norma Moore's dress with a warm-weather air, a cool-weather cover-up. The blue Orion cardigan's handled with matching print, then rhinestone-lit. It stops short above a stand-out skirt of unpressed pleats. Also pink, maize. 10-18. By McKettrick. Under $18

C Good taste at a young price—a lean and willowy sheath in woven silk and cotton. It flatters the figure with handsome graduated stripes, a trim waist, jutting winged pockets. The spark: white linen trim. Lee Remick selects red and white. Also teal, black with white. Sizes 7-15. By Betty Barclay. Under $15

D Valerie Allen chooses satin-striped plaid in sunset colors to warm an early spring evening. It boasts a wide, square neckline, wisps of sleeve, closely crystal-pleated torso above the swirling skirt. Added gleam, a black patent belt. In a batiste blend of Dacron and cotton. Sizes 5-15. By Henley Junior. About $22.95

E Sure-to-dazzle costume that doesn't rush the season. In Herbert Meyer textured cotton, a sheath papering the figure with bold black and white checks, piped at the 'stashed' neck with black. New cover-up: an inky rayon linen bolero, button-trimmed. Also brown, blue with white. Sizes 5-15. By Betty Barclay. Under $18

To buy fashions, see information and stores listed on page 74
Good friends, neighbors, a loving family, and a boy's character is moulded

It was not until after his father's death that Jim MacArthur realized the true worth of the words and memories left to him. • BY EVELYN CARSON

• Under ordinary circumstances, one would expect to find a young movie actor in Hollywood, making—or waiting for the chance to make—movies. As in most phases of life, however, there's always an exception to the rule. In this case the exception is nineteen-year-old James MacArthur, who makes his screen debut in RKO's "The Young Stranger."

Nowadays, Jim is to be found in Boston—on or near the Harvard campus, to be exact, where he is a freshman. If you're in the vicinity, you're apt to catch him hurrying across the quad to a history class... or tinkering with his Thunderbird (his high-school graduation present, which periodically acts up, much to Jim's annoyance)... or lounging in one of the two big easy chairs he and his roommate acquired second-hand... or munching on a snack from the icebox they acquired the same way... or deep in a beer-and-bull session with the boys.

In many ways, Jim is just what you expect a college freshman to be. He has natural, boy-down-the-street good looks. His steady eyes are clear blue, his skin glows with health, and his sandy hair is so crisply crew-cut that only a suspicion of a curl remains. He stands about five-feet-six and has the trim, lithe build of an athlete. He is the kind of fellow any girl would love to date and any guy would like to pal around with.

We'd be the first to agree that Harvard seems about the most incongruous place for a rising young actor to be. But Jim MacArthur would disagree pointedly, and he has his reasons, all of which makes sense. They also make you realize that Jim is an extremely level-headed, farsighted young man. (Continued on page 82)
Lovely Valerie Allen selects music to charm the ear—a dress to charm the man who's sharing it with you. In polished cotton with a satin glow, striped in pink and raspberry, it has a standaway cowl neckline, pearl button closing at front and sleeve. Flattering the waistline: a deep pink leather belt.

In junior sizes 5-15. By Sue Brett. About $17.95.

Playing her sensational new albums, a sleek new consolet phonograph selected as much for its richness of design as for the elegance of its high-fidelity sound. It plays four speeds, has three loudspeakers and provision for stereophonic sound. In a handsome wood case on tubular brass legs. Mark VI by RCA Victor. $139.95 in mahogany.

Weather it be a standard or a classic or a swinging jazz piece, a record is an ideal gift to let those special ones in your life know that you have not forgotten them at this holiday season.

For that very special gift, we suggest the fabulous panorama of the great music that was born and developed in New Orleans, Chicago, San Francisco, and New York, complete in one five-record album. Riverside's "History of Classic Jazz" is the actual original music of the creative titans of classic jazz and includes sixty-plus recordings, capturing for you the full, rich sweep of America's colorful, exciting musical heritage. This unique collection features such all-time greats as Louis Armstrong, Fats Waller, Duke Ellington, Bessie Smith, King Oliver, Muggsy Spanier, Sidney Bechet, Kid Ory, and many others.

For the young guy or gal in your life—if he or she is just plain crazy about folk music—we suggest that you present them with a copy of "The Josh White Stories." This is truly the deserved return to records of the celebrated storyteller with the stool and the ear-held cigarette. Josh has lost some of the fierce intensity of earlier days, and has become the polished showman. But he still underlines deftly the humor and pathos and sorrow in some great folk blues. Instead of the customary type of cover notes, ABC-Paramount has utilized the space to provide the words to all the tunes Josh does. Among them is the slyly funny "Boll Weevil," plus the familiar "Frankie and Johnny," "Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out," and the rocking "What You Gonna Do." It's truly a fine collection.

The noted golfer, Don Cherry—who looked so long for a hit and finally ran into "Band of Gold"—has finally been awarded an LP of his own. And he takes advantage of it, cashing in especially on "For You" and "I Didn't Know About You." Backed by Ray Coniff and his band, "Swing for Two" on the Columbia label is a long-deserved showcase for Don.

"Blue Moon," a new Decca release, is a thoroughly satisfying, touching and re-energizing recital by Carmen McRae. She sings with sweet, flexible strength twelve well-selected numbers including "Lush Life," the too seldom sung "Lilacs in the Rain," "I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket," and such relatively unfamiliar material as "Nowhere" and "Summer Is Gone." Tadd Dameron and his band back Carmen on four of the sides, while Jimmy Mundy leads the orchestra on the others. Carmen always sings as if she feels the lyrics. She is a most welcome artist.
If your heart belongs
to Elvis…and you don’t
care who knows it…

Here’s a bracelet
that shows it!

Wear your heart on your sleeve!
Why not? Especially when it’s on a
beautiful, gold-plated charm bracelet
that’s so right for those sweaters and
skirts you live in these days. Or give
it as a gift to your favorite rock ‘n’
roll friend. A handsome link bracelet
with four charms—a real autographed
photo of Elvis in a frame, a
miniature of his famous guitar, a
broken heart (remember “Heartbreak Hotel”?) and a darling little
hound dog. And, later, more charms
can be added if you like. It arrives
in an attractive clear plastic box
perfect for gift-giving, and it looks
like much, much more than its very
modest price. This bracelet can be
purchased only through this issue of
PhotoPlay. Use the coupon below.

HALOCENE CORP.
PhotoPlay Bracelet Dept.
715 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

Please send me________Elvis Presley bracelets
at $1.10 each, including tax and postage.

I enclose_________check;______money order;______cash

Name______________________________________________________________

Address_____________________________________________________________

City______________________Zone________State_________________________

53
INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 11)

In addition to the fabulous sums he's being paid for TV appearances and moviemaking, his manager, Colonel Parker, runs a right profitable sideline of Presley bracelets, hats, sideburns, ties and velvet shirts.

It doesn't seem so long ago that a young man named Fess Parker had the country and, for that matter, the world, on a Davy Crockett spree that promised to go on forever. Davy Crockett is no more, as far as Fess is concerned, but Fess has completed a trip to Europe and the best movie of his career, "Westward Ho the Wagons!"

He is also a very, very interested observer of the Presley craze as, no doubt, he pondered that old saying, "Here today, gone tomorrow!"

The Year of the Stork: For all those cynics who insist that life in Hollywood is a mad whirl of parties, night clubs, careers and divorce, we offer statistical evidence to the contrary. Never has the stork been so busy. The Gregory Peck, Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh, Debbie and Eddie, Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger, Don Murray and Hope Lange... Pretty soon, we're gonna run out of bassinets out here!

Things We Never Thought We'd See: The break-up of the Paul Newman marriage, which seems headed that way with a "trial separation..." Young Kerwin Matthews, under contract to Columbia Pictures for three long years, finally getting the break he so richly deserves, and his first starring role in "Garment Center." And getting it from Columbia, who turned out to be as loyal to him as he was to them... Bob Stack's consistently good performances being rewarded by a top role in Ernest Hemingway's "The Sun Also Rises" re-make... And Tab Hunter finally announcing himself as highly pleased with his next role, which will be that of the nephew in "Auntie Mame," the best-seller turned Broadway hit... And, last but not least, Susan Hayward wearing a hat.

Evasive Action: When Rod Steiger was asked why a man living alone would take a four-bedroom home in Malibu, in addition to a home in Laurel Canyon, Rod replied casually, "Oh, I guess I'm just impulsive. When I decided I'd like a beach house, I called the real estate agent and told him I wanted one that night. Turned out the only one he had happened to have four bedrooms and a year's lease, s-o-o-"

Any comment on the rumors that linked his name with that of Diana Dors, who co-stars with him in "The Lady and the Prowler"? "Sure," said Rod, "she's a great actress. It does seem, though, like an awful lot of bedrooms for one man.

Falling in Love Again: Looks that way, say friends of Rita Hayworth. Seems Rita always starts throwing things when she feels an emotion coming on—and she usually throws them in the direction of any photographers trying to take her picture. So when she went into action in a Paris night club, grabbing a camera from a photographer's hands and throwing it out the nearest window, people began mumming "April in Paris" and wondering what his name was. Rita has announced that she will live abroad permanently, so it probably isn't an American. Meanwhile, after finishing "Fire Down Below" with Jack Lemmon and Bob Mitchum, Rita next prepared for "Pal Joey," with Frank Sinatra and Kim Novak. It's hard to believe that Rita will play the "older woman" who is Sinatra's love, though.

4660—Add to your wardrobe with these blouses—a thrifty way to lots of smart changes! Misses' sizes 12-20. Size 16 left and center versions takes 1¾ yards, 39-inch fabric; open-collar version takes 2½ yards.

4753—See the pretty backview this dress boasts—soft folds from smooth hipline to hemline, topped by a graceful bow! So flattering, sew-simple! Misses' sizes 10-18. Size 16 takes 3½ yards of 39-inch fabric.

9262—Sew-easy jumper in a lovely "princess" silhouette—to team with its own companion blouse, or all your sweaters and blouses! Misses' sizes 12-20. Size 16 jumper takes 4 yards, 39-inch; blouse 2 yards, 35-inch.

Send thirty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to: PHOTOPLAY Patterns, P. O. Box 133, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N. Y. Add 5¢ per pattern for first-class mailing.

54
Brothers United: When Nick Adams met his brother, Dr. Andrew Adams, for the first time in seven years, his first words were "Blimey, you do look a bit like me." It was a family joke, Nick says, since they don't look a thing alike. It all started when Andrew was in London studying to become a doctor. He went to a movie house to see Nick's first picture, and when Nick's face came on the screen Andrew got so excited he shouted, "That's my brother!" A cockney sitting nearby brought down the house when he lighted a match and, in the flickering light, exclaimed, "Blimey, he does look a bit like ya, guv'nor."

June Bride Coming Up: At this writing, it looks like Joan Collins will be the bride of Arthur Loew, Jr., in June, when her divorce is final. While Joan was in the Caribbean on location for "Seawife," Arthur flew there to visit her; then Joan flew back to Hollywood to visit him before going to Jamaica for "Island in the Sun." Looks like those British Empire girls have the formula for catching hard-to-trap eligible bachelors. South African Dana Wynter led the elusive Greg Bautzner to the altar with the greatest of ease. Unless our eyes tell lies, Joan will do the same with Arthur Loew, Jr., who has successfully eluded the marriage noose since he and Janet Leigh almost walked down the aisle together.

True, True Love: You should be seeing 20th's "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" just about this time, and when you do, watch out for a pretty thing named Virginia McKenna. Behind her there is such a great love story. It goes all the way back to "Mogambo." That is when Hollywood first discovered this sensitive young blonde. Sam Zimbalist, producer of "The Barretts," was also the producer of "Mogambo," and he wanted a light, delicate girl to play contrast to fiery, dark Ava Gardner and the intense, dark Gable in his African epic. He hustled all over America and couldn’t find quite the girl to suit him, so he shipped out to London, saw Miss McKenna, hired her.

Which was all creamy, until he told her she had to go to Africa for months on location. Thereupon, she begged to be let out of the deal. The price was right. The script was slick. She was the girl for the part, so they pressed her for the real reason, and finally she revealed it. She was in love. She was in love with a man who wasn’t free, but she was too much in love to leave him. An actress who is willing to give up her career for love is pretty unique in film experience. Mr. Zimbalist gave in, and hired the girl M-G-M had been wanting him to take all along—an unknown named Grace Kelly. You know that story.

As for Virginia, she still adores this same handsome man and he still isn’t free, so she still won’t leave London. But after "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," we suspect she’ll be in the position of Gina Lollobrigida. Producers will go to her.

Sol’s Sagacity: On a recent trip across the Mexican border, Sal Mineo went into a store to buy his sister some Mexican jewelry. He picked out two bracelets, a pair of earrings, and a necklace. The owner said the price was eight dollars per item. Having been warned before he left Hollywood that prices below the border are jacked up to allow for the customary bargaining, Sal quickly said, "I’ll give you sixteen bucks for the whole kit and caboodle." This started a spirited game of haggling until Sal got so confused and his throat so sore from talking, he gave up. "I still don’t know who got the better of the bargain," says Sal.

Send twenty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to: Photoplay, Needecraft Service, P.O. Box 123, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N. Y. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. An additional twenty-five cents will bring you the Needlecraft Catalog.
I admit that the fact that Elvis Presley was once an amateur boxer was news to me when I read of it in the account of his brawl with the gas station attendants. But it doesn't stop me from continuing to write what I know and believe about Elvis. The latest is that I believe Presley can be a prominent screen actor; if he isn't talked into taking acting lessons. To me, Elvis is a cross between Mitchum and Brando. Marilyn Monroe and Jayne Mansfield are rivals to play Jean Harlow in the celluloid biography of that blonde bombshell. Yet Jean Harlow couldn't equal either of them in the bosom department. In those movie days, bosoms weren't important, imagine that! Whenever I meet the beautiful Patricia Medina, I wonder why she isn't cast in important pictures. Congrats to Debbie and Eddie. Only last year I regarded them as children, now they have a child. I never got the message that Diana Dors was an English actress. She's strictly the U.S.A. type of hip chick—more so than many Hollywood actresses I could list. They're making movies too long, regardless of how good they are. Tony Curtis told me his definition of a drive-in theatre: Where some people will pay money not to see a movie.

I don't understand the so-called controversy concerning Ingrid Bergman. Several of her movies have been playing on TV, with high ratings. No one has objected to having Ingrid in their homes, so why should they object to her in a theater? Kathy Grant has a cigarette case which has Bing Crosby's five Photoplay Gold Medal Awards set in platinum.

I'm pleased Glenn Ford is beginning to receive the praise long overdue him as a performer. I recall Spencer Tracy once telling me that he learned more about acting while working with George M. Cohan than he did from any director or dramatic school. Well, only recently Bob Wagner told me that he learned more about acting while working with Tracy in "The Mountain" than he did from any director or drama coach. I can't account for the various actors who are growing beards because they feel "more comfortable and dignified with a beard." There's Franchot Tone, Henry Fonda, Michael Wilding, to cite a few. Whenever you meet her, Shirley Jones gives the impression of having just emerged from a bath. Add Tab Hunter to the ever-increasing group of players, who, after having achieved stardom, enroll in acting classes. Our good friend Mike Curtiz, during a story conference, was told by a writer that he was wrong. Mike came through with: "Please don't say that. Maybe I don't know when I'm right, but I always know when I'm wrong." Tony Perkins was an excellent chauffeur. Tony Martin is an early riser and explains it this way: "I have a most considerate wife (Cyd Charisse). She totes everything out of the room, right across my face." "Here's something I learned about Hollywood," Kim Novak told me. "Once anyone decides on anything, it's indefinite."

I get along fine with Frank Sinatra. It's not so much that I understand him as that he understands me. Natalie Wood behaves and talks as if she were a graduate of the Actors' Studio. She goes with fellows from that place and some of it must rub off. I find that on a set actors, old and young, will tell you how great Jimmy Cagney is. He represents a pro, a man who knows his craft from every angle. Tom Jenk tells me Hollywood is where half of the people are putting up a front for the other half who are putting up a front for them. That's Hollywood for you.
The Whole World Over

(Continued from page 32)

And that, Pete, is what Japan—what any country or any person, for that matter—is like. To some extent we see our own thoughts, our own reflections, wherever we go. But as long as we question, as long as we think—whether or not we agree—we're learning. So now I'm about to set out to learn about Japan so that I can answer all the questions I hope you'll be asking. Remember, I'll worry the day you stop asking questions. Your pal, Dad

Tokyo, Japan

Dear Pete,

Today down on the "Ginza," which is the Broadway of Tokyo, I saw a Japanese mother in a kimono, with a beautiful, black-eyed baby strapped to her back, staring in a shop window, watching TV. That answers your question about East meeting West. Yes, today the East and West are meeting here wherever you look. You may be surprised to know that the Japanese are very sportsminded. For instance, Sumo wrestling is pretty spiced stuff. The rules state that one of the wrestlers wins when he throws the other bodily out of the ring! And when it comes to rooting—and rhubarb—the Japanese are great baseball fans. The New York Yankeez are even bigger heroes over here than at home.

Tokyo today has all the sounds and rhythms of both the present and the past. You see and hear and feel all around you the softness of Japan. The softness and the music of its voices, the cherry blossoms, the sampans floating silently along the canal. You hear the cry of the noodle vendor, the sound of a flute in the still of the night, the thundering rush of the subway, and the clackety-clack of wooden sandals pulling a rickshaw.

Yes, they still have a few rickshaws here, Pete. But I have no desire to ride in one. I've refused to ride in them or be photographed in them. I don't like to see any man pulling another man. There is a respect for human dignity which we must honor wherever we are, regardless of the "style" of living in any particular land. I hope you'll remember that always. Your pal, Dad

Nara, Japan

Dear Pete,

Age in any form is at home here in Nara, and considering that today is my birthday, and I'm beginning to feel a little antique, this is just the place to be.

Nara is thirteen centuries old, the oldest and the first capital of Japan, and a treasure-house for the country's arts, literature and history. We'll be on location here for "Teahouse" for several weeks. M-G-M has built an Okinawan village right in the middle of a rice paddie about forty minutes drive from town. We're using one hundred of the local people to portray Okinawans—some interpreters working with us. But language is no barrier here. The Japanese are so anxious to help us, so eager to please and to understand. For I have learned in traveling, Pete: There is no actual language barrier between any people away from home. And certainly this is true in Japan. With a pleasant smile and a sincere "Thank you" you can travel anywhere in this world. "Domon Arigato," which means "Thank you very much" in Japanese, is the most important phrase to know here.

Speaking personally, the only time there's any language barrier is when I'm trying to order a hamburger! Don't be surprised if I have nothing but hamburgers to eat for the first few weeks. I come home. I'm so hungry for them! I'm afraid a pleasant smile and a sincere "Thank you" hasn't helped me to explain what I'd like to have. The Japanese tell me it's ground-up meat cooked in the form of a patty—and they cook me a beautiful steak, then very carefully grind it up. I go through the whole bit again another time, I'm so hungry. I've learned to understand—and they cook another steak and then put it through the chopper. I've been getting more hash this way!

But I've sort of gotten used to the exception, rather than the rule. And it hurts them far more than it hurts me. Our Japanese friends are very embarrassed when they can't understand you. They feel that they've failed terribly. If I order a boiled egg at the hotel and our little waitress, Suziko, brings it fried, she's mortified. She laughs, but only because of a complete sense of incompetence, and the laughter is very near tears.

The Japanese are a very sensitive people, Pete, far more sensitive than we have often supposed. They may not, for example, be able to say "Happy birthday" the way we would say it in English, but they know well enough what it means. And what it means to have a birthday far from home.

Today many of the Japanese sent me black-edged cards of sympathy! With their wisdom and sensitivity, they interpreted this not as a happy but as a "sorrowful birthday," because I am so far from my family.

It was very touching and thoughtful of them, and no command of English could express it more fittingly. Your pal, Dad

Nara, Japan

Dear Pete,

Today is "Boys' Day" in Japan. This is an important national holiday, and in my opinion it should be an international one. We have Mother's Day and Father's Day, why not Boys' Day? I'm all for that.

The carp fish, or koi-nobori, as the Japanese call it, symbolizes great courage. And so carp-shaped streamers fly from the rooftops on Boys' Day here to symbolize the strength and courage of all sons, and to encourage manliness and determination in overcoming all of life's difficulties.

At this hour the sky around Nara is alive with carp streamers "swimming" from the bamboo poles. There are big
ones in red and black, and white for the eldest sons, and there are small salmon-colored carp for the younger ones. In some yards there are several carp flying, one for each son.

We Americans are celebrating "Boys' Day," too. Since Danny Mann and Eddie Albert both have their young sons with them, we have two carp streamers flying proudly from the top of the flagpole out in front of our hotel.

I wish I could hoist one for you, but we'll have our "Boys' Day" when I come home. I'm bringing you a whole school of carp, including a fantastic black one. I have no idea how a fifteen-foot black fish will look flying from the yardarm in Benbow Hills, but we'll fly it anyway. We shall probably be taken in for piracy—"Long Glenn Silver" and "Pete the Creep!"

Your pal, Dad

Nara, Japan

Dear Pete,

Tonight I had dinner with my "adopted son." To adopt a member of another family is an old Japanese custom, I find, and I'm not just clear who has adopted whom, but every morning little Harashi Jiro is out on the set of "Teahouse" bright and early, and he spends the entire day with me.

Harashi is eleven years old—just your age—and we're becoming very good friends. He's a fine boy with a shiny round face, bright black diamond-shaped eyes, short-short hair, and he's always smiling. He calls me Ford-san, which is the respectful manner of speaking over here.

Tonight Harashi invited me to have dinner with his family, and I know you would like to hear about this in detail.

When we stopped at the little bamboo and rice-paper house the whole block where Harashi lives turned out to welcome me, each of them bringing me a gift of rice or raw tuna or something like that.

At the door of the hut Harashi's mother asked me to remove my shoes. She set them carefully outside the door and invited me to come on in and sit down—on the floor. As is customary in Japanese houses, the floor is covered with a thick straw mat, called a tatami, and you sit cushioned, called zabuton. You eat on little teakwood tables about a foot-and-a-half off the floor, and it's traditional to look at the table. Each item is prepared on a hot braizer right in front of you, and between courses you give yourself a hot cloth with which to wipe your hands.

First they served green tea and brown rice-cakes wrapped in seaweed. Then came tempura, shrimps of a magnificent size dipped in a batter and fried. With it they served fried vegetables—string beans, squash and sweet potato—all served in a little basket made of grass. The whole basket is dipped in a batter and fried, and when you finish eating the fish you eat the basket, too! Believe it or not, fried grass is quite good.

But we were still not through. They served raw red tuna and a big bowl of steamed white rice. This was followed with sukiyaki, which is thin white slices of beef which you dip in raw eggs. The whole thing is prepared in a chafing dish with bamboo shoots and other green vegetables. For dessert there were mandarin oranges, tiny little things served in sections.

After dinner they played games. While at first sight these games may seem strange to us, they become intriguingly complex and used to them. In Japan they specialize in games which test physical strength or mental coordination, and in one they played tonight a girl balanced a plate with a pipe on it on her head. The game in which your opponent holds two of your fingers and tries to catch your thumb. And there's a wonderful game for two people played with a forty-foot rope. You stand twenty feet apart and try to pull your opponent off-balance. You tighten the rope, then release it suddenly, and the other guy tries to stop you back—you hope.

This is a great game for testing into shape for my job as assistant scoutmaster of your Boy Scout troop.

Incidentally, you are a very honoray member of Scout Troop No. 4 here in Nara, and they've given me a special scroll to present you. At the same meeting of Scouts in this area, they made me an honorary member of the Far Eastern Council of Boy Scouts, which takes in Okinawa and Japan and the Philippines. How about that? Your pal, Dad

Nara, Japan

Dear Pete,

Nara is a national park, and there are hundreds of tame deer roaming around—so tame they come very close and you can feed right out of your hand. The deer are regarded as "divine messengers" here; they're protected by the priests, and every evening a priest comes out and plays the trumpet to call the deer in. It's a colorful sight, with hundreds of deer answering the trumpet, hurrying to their pens.

The Japanese are very religious, Pete, although some of their devout expressions of faith may seem a little strange to us at first because we worship differently.

At the commencement of Buddha's birthday, two Buddha's are displayed in public, and a tea called amacha is poured over them with tiny ladles, to express the devotion of the Japanese. During the famous Hollywood Festival, the leaves of the hollybeks are offered to the gods and goddesses in their shrines.

The Water-Drawing Festival is a time-honored religious rite here too. This begins in the temple at midnight, with the ceremony of the Otzumasu, or Big Torch, during which torches measuring thirty feet are lighted and given to the priests branding them in firebaskets, taking off the burning pieces. The believers rush for the firebaskets, believing them to have magic powers. At two A.M., to the accompaniment of ancient music, the priest draws water from the sacred well.

Every day I see children going to pay homage. They go to the temple, ring a little bell, and give offerings of lotus blossoms to the Great Buddha.

Seeing these things makes me feel more strongly than ever that to believe, to have faith, is of prime importance. Pete, I feel the same faith that moves mountains may move men closer together again. Your pal, Dad

Nara, Japan

Dear Pete,

Today, something happened to me which brings to mind talks you and I have had. Going out from town to the "Teahouse" set, we passed a very old Japanese man who'd fallen by the side of the road. His face was very gray and you could see by looking at him that he was desperately ill. I gave the car and I went over to see about him. But, as he was, something in the old man's eyes stopped me, told me that he needed no help.

The driver said we must leave him alone and drive on. "But we can't just leave him here like this," I said. "At least we can help him, his head, make him more comfortable." But the driver insisted I must do nothing, not even touch him.

You see, to help him was the American way, but not the Japanese way. Pete. Even if he were in a great danger of dying he would not want my help. He would then feel...
indebt to me—a debt he would never be able to repay. This would mean loss of face and to him that would be worse than anything.

Sometimes it’s hard for us to understand another man’s way. Or another nation’s way. Just as it’s sometimes hard for children to understand another child’s way. You and I have talked about how cruel children can be, ridiculing or criticizing some kid who’s different from their own gang, who may dress differently or speak differently. You’ve never done this, and I’m sure you never will.

Human nature being as it is, we are sometimes tempted to ridicule or criticize something we don’t understand, something which is different from our own accepted way. This can be very serious and can lead to intolerance of those who are of a different color, a different religion, or a different economy.

The world is full of all kinds of people, and they aren’t all people like Glenn or Peter Ford. If we want them to respect our way of life, then we must respect theirs. Your pal, Dad

Nara, Japan

Dear Pete,

We’ve been having so much “unusual weather” here that we’re breaking up camp and coming home!

Now that we’ll soon be saying “Sayonara”—which means goodbye in Japanese—I can think of so much I’ll miss.

I’ll miss all the sounds—of the shutters closing at night, the tinkling of the windbells, and the constant clickety-clack of wooden sandals going up and down the cobblestone streets. And I’ll remember all the beauty that is Japan’s.

But most of all I’ll remember the people, their gentleness and their generosity. Our Japanese crew on “Teahouse” cried unashamedly today on the set when we had finished the last scene. We have become very close, working together during all this time. They just stood there looking at us and saying “Sayonara,” with tears in their eyes. I can’t tell you, Pete, how moving it was.

And there’s little Suziko, the waitress at the hotel, who’s been wonderful to us. This morning she handed me a note, very carefully written in English, saying she’d like to see me. “I see you out front,” she said, and darted away.

As I was leaving the hotel, Suziko suddenly appeared from nowhere and handed me a package. “For my Tomo Dachi,” she said, meaning “dear friend.” I opened it, and there was a beautiful geisha doll which must have cost all of 3000 yen. That’s two weeks’ salary, a lot of money for a little girl who’s just fourteen. But you can’t refuse to take it. That would be the worst thing you could do.

Suziko’s concern was what would happen with it. “Where you keep doll?” she wanted to know. I told her that I would put it in a very honored place where I would see it every day. Then she skammed away down the path.

When I’m at the other side of the world, back home with you, Pete, I’ll remember many things. And whenever I think of the gentleness of Japan, I’ll think of a little girl named Suziko, who’s the symbol of all the lovely children over here.

I’ll remember all the scenic splendor of the Orient, the mountains, the temples, the pagodas, the cherry blossoms and the old, old beauty everywhere. But you don’t find the true beauty of this country in travel folders. The beautiful thing you can’t take pictures of is the beautiful heart these people have. See you soon. Your pal, Dad.

Pond’s deep cleansings
make a lovely difference

when you’re close enough
to kiss!

New ultraviolet light tests prove Pond’s Cold Cream removes dirt that other cleansing only “skims over”

1. First, a test patch of ordinary, end-of-the-day dirt and make-up is applied. In photo taken in ultraviolet light, the patch shows up white.

2. Then patch is washed. But even after brisk washing, ultraviolet light shows stubborn dirt still there!

3. Now—see Pond’s cleanse a path right through imbedded dirt. Proof Pond’s cleanses deep.

No other cleanser leaves your skin more deep-down beautiful!

POND’S
Cold Cream

Look for Glenn Ford in “Teahouse of the August Moon.”
Crack-up

(Continued from page 41)

or three of the whole group we grew up with and worked with haven't turned out as drunk, neurotics or bad-check passers. Judy Fabricant, who in 1941 signed by M-G-M. Her mother, Mrs. Gumm, was then put on the studio payroll, and began to use the studio as a disciplinary threat in place of Judy's father, who was a little drunk on Judy's emotional make-up and to color all her later relationships with M-G-M.

"You behave, Judy, or I'll tell the studio on your job," Mrs. Gumm would say. Judy became afraid of "the studio," the place where she spent most of her waking time.

"There were thumb screws inside me every time I walked on the lot," Judy said recently. "I was afraid to look at them."

"The atmosphere at M-G-M was one of terror. My life for a time was full of fear. Going into the studio was like going to a hangman's drop."

What was it like to have a major motion picture studio for a parent? If one incident can be cited as an example of a blow from which she never recovered, it is:

Judy made twelve pictures in her teens. She had to dance, cry and act before the cameras, in addition to singing. Like all professional children under contract to a major studio she had to be in school in six hours of school every day.

The only thing Judy could do that she liked was to eat. At every meal she stuffed food in her face and sometimes vomited afterwards. She gaining 20 pounds in eight months. Finally an M-G-M executive sent for her.

"You're a神经病," he told her. "We love you but you're so fat you look like a monster." Judy tried to smile through the tears, then ran.

At the time she was sixteen, her father was violently in love with Clark Gable.

After this incident a humiliating directive was sent down from the front office. No matter what Judy ordered for lunch she was to go to the studio commissary, sit at a table by herself and order a full meal. The waitress would take the order, then return with a bowl of broth. Judy would smile bravely at the rat's nest and sip her lunch. She always ate alone.

And, while sipping her lunch, Judy more than once would overhear someone in the studio comment on her out of effect little girl they were stuck with when they let Deanna Durbin go.

Judy was a star and the only thing she was miserable. A friend described her as a "toy money machine which could be wound up and set to work in the morning, turned off at night, and put on a shelf when she was not called for."

"It isn't wonderful," said Suzanne. "I'd like my little girl to be a movie star, too," Judy almost screamed at her.

She poured the table and yelled, "I'll break your neck if you ever bring the child to the studio again!"

That was one of the first indications that the pressures were forcing a crack in Judy's emotional make-up. It was the beginning of a long series of fighting sessions, recording sessions, dancing and acting as well as singing. Judy threw herself completely into everything she did. Even in those sessions she was still an emotion and gave it everything she had.

A director who knew her then said, "Judy should have done just one scene a day, then taken an ambulance home." All this was going on and Judy's emotional make-up was almost collapsed. "I'm so tired and I'm so hungry," she gasped to the director. He replied, "Do this routine again and you'll find yourself up in the crack-up!"

Judy got tired from overworking and undereating. To keep herself she started to take a stimulant called Benzedrine. Then she had to take sleeping pills to cure Benzedrine and her sleep, then more pills to wake her up. Judy says of this time, "I lived on bolts and jolts.

"For sleepless nights and hungry days began to have a telling effect on Judy. She became nervous, irritable and ill. One day she didn't show up for work and the entire studio was in an uproar. For the first time Judy's marriage was a source of embarrassment to the studio.

"Thougt annoyed, people really began to pay attention to her, and Judy began to bask in the realization that she was, at long last, important. The studio was keenly aware of the weakening of her physical structure she had discovered a test which enabled her to learn if people really cared for her. Like a child who thinks herself unloved, Judy began to kick up her heels just to assure herself that everyone loved her.

A psychiatrist would call this an infantile regression. Judy knew she was a child as a child. The diagnosis would probably be accurate. After her father's death Judy spent most of her time searching for the affection and attention that the corporate entities which had, to all intents and purposes, become her parents was unable to give her.

The girl was a crack-up. Judy was getting larger.

By the time Judy was sixteen she had become a singing workhorse. She threw herself into every production with her whole heart and body and as a result was burned out after every picture. Between picture jobs she was treated by reading scripts for her next one.

"They never gave me a rest," she complained. "I was working non-stop. It was this that led to the infamous six-month vacation, but after I had been away a week or two they would call me back again."

"I'd start a new picture, then break down. There'd be rows and suspensions. We would try to straighten it out, but when I went back to work the whole thing started over again."

When Judy first went into Judy's studio was faced with the fact that they were dealing with an emotionally sick and exhausted person—one who refused, like the fighter she is, to lie down.

By now, Judy was beginning to realize that her life was no longer her own. Even worse, she earned $5,000 a week, later

$150,000 a picture, but had nothing to show for it. Her mother had been appointed guardian of her money, but most of it was spent as fast as it came in. How much was spent on legitimate living? Absolutely unknown. The studio and the police had been necessary extravagances is something that was later to be investigated through legal proceedings. Meanwhile, all Judy's friends were Weight loss and she had earned was a small trust fund which the courts had insisted be put aside.

Judy exhausted herself trying to keep up with Mickey Rooney, the Whiz Kid of movies. She became a big star herself with "The Wizard of Oz." In 1939, when "Oz" opened in New York, she went with Mickey six years later for a personal appearance at the Capitol Theater.

They broke records doing six and seven shows a day at fourty-five minutes a show. She was ready for Judy and her body might have been unnecessary extravagances is something that was later to be investigated through legal proceedings. Meanwhile, all Judy's friends were Weight loss and she had earned was a small trust fund which the courts had insisted be put aside.

Judy exhausted herself trying to keep up with Mickey Rooney, the Whiz Kid of movies. She became a big star herself with "The Wizard of Oz." In 1939, when "Oz" opened in New York, she went with Mickey six years later for a personal appearance at the Capitol Theater.

They broke records doing six and seven shows a day at forty-five minutes a show. She was ready for Judy and her body might have been unnecessary extravagances is something that was later to be investigated through legal proceedings. Meanwhile, all Judy's friends were Weight loss and she had earned was a small trust fund which the courts had insisted be put aside.

Judy exhausted herself trying to keep up with Mickey Rooney, the Whiz Kid of movies. She became a big star herself with "The Wizard of Oz." In 1939, when "Oz" opened in New York, she went with Mickey six years later for a personal appearance at the Capitol Theater.

They broke records doing six and seven shows a day at forty-five minutes a show. She was ready for Judy and her body might have been unnecessary extravagances is something that was later to be investigated through legal proceedings. Meanwhile, all Judy's friends were Weight loss and she had earned was a small trust fund which the courts had insisted be put aside.

Judy exhausted herself trying to keep up with Mickey Rooney, the Whiz Kid of movies. She became a big star herself with "The Wizard of Oz." In 1939, when "Oz" opened in New York, she went with Mickey six years later for a personal appearance at the Capitol Theater.

They broke records doing six and seven shows a day at forty-five minutes a show. She was ready for Judy and her body might have been unnecessary extravagances is something that was later to be investigated through legal proceedings. Meanwhile, all Judy's friends were Weight loss and she had earned was a small trust fund which the courts had insisted be put aside.

Judy exhausted herself trying to keep up with Mickey Rooney, the Whiz Kid of movies. She became a big star herself with "The Wizard of Oz." In 1939, when "Oz" opened in New York, she went with Mickey six years later for a personal appearance at the Capitol Theater.

They broke records doing six and seven shows a day at forty-five minutes a show. She was ready for Judy and her body might have been unnecessary extravagances is something that was later to be investigated through legal proceedings. Meanwhile, all Judy's friends were Weight loss and she had earned was a small trust fund which the courts had insisted be put aside.

Judy exhausted herself trying to keep up with Mickey Rooney, the Whiz Kid of movies. She became a big star herself with "The Wizard of Oz." In 1939, when "Oz" opened in New York, she went with Mickey six years later for a personal appearance at the Capitol Theater.

They broke records doing six and seven shows a day at forty-five minutes a show. She was ready for Judy and her body might have been unnecessary extravagances is something that was later to be investigated through legal proceedings. Meanwhile, all Judy's friends were Weight loss and she had earned was a small trust fund which the courts had insisted be put aside.
Judy was broke, off salary and jobless. She was convinced nobody cared for her.

She was twenty-six years old when the first big crack appeared. A person can crack in many ways: in the head, in which case the power of decision is taken away from you by others, in the body or in the nerves. It was Judy's nervous reflexes that gave way, the result of too much work and too many tears.

Now the studio once more assumed the role of parent. In August, M-G-M, sent her to Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston and paid the bill. Carlton Alsop, the man Judy calls "Pa," recovered her convalescence; "I used to take out for triple runs to baseball games, to see how she reacted. Then, I'd take her shopping. There was always a car handy, so that if she had a relapse we could rush her back."

While in Boston, Mr. Alsop took Judy to a little summer theatre. When the word got around that she was in the audience, the cast asked her to join them in a farewell party. Judy started out. After the paying customers had gone home the cast serenaded Judy from the stage, then asked her to sing to them. She turned to Mr. Alsop and asked, "Pa, do you think I have any voice?" He told her she still had the best voice in show business. He told her to try singing. She did—and sang for forty minutes. Judy found she hadn't lost her voice; Mr. Alsop recalled, "It was medicine she couldn't get in the hospital."

Judy stayed in the hospital eleven weeks, at last started to sleep regularly, and gained 15 pounds.

Then the studio called her back for "Summer Stock," produced by Judy's old friend, Joe Pasternak. Again she was "too fat," was given no money, and her salary, three years later, was doubled. When the costumed dancing girls won out from Boston to be in readiness on the set "just in case."

Somehow Judy finished "Summer Stock" and, although promised a vacation, went to Hollywood for "Stella Dallas." This one she never finished. One Saturday morning she failed to show up. The studio called four times and was told she was on the way, but she never left home. The studio then announced Jane Powell as her replacement.

In the presence of four friends, including Mr. Alsop and his husband, Vincente Minnelli, Judy tried to cut her throat. It was a feeling she had. But to Judy it represented something.

She said, "All I could see ahead was more confusion. I wanted to black out the future as well as the past. I wanted to stop my mind and my body."

Judy had reached the bottom of her emotional reserve. She had mortgaged herself physically and spiritually. But the response of her fans was amazing. She received hundreds of letters and telegrams from fans wishing her well. The only one she saw was one from Freddie Finkelhoff, the songwriter, who said, "Dear Judy. So you cut yourself. I know all the other girls needed the break."

Mr. Alsop, who received the wire, took it to Judy. She laughed hysterically

at it. "They still love me, don't they," she said to Alsop. Katharine Hepburn came by while Judy was convalescing and delivered a long speech about how important Judy was, not only to herself, but to those to whom she had brought so much pleasure.

Judy listened quietly and then made up her mind to get back on her feet. "I grabbed my daughter, Liza, and moved into a seven-room suite at the Beverly Hills Hotel. But I felt so weak we had been there a few weeks and I thought they might start asking about the bill. I packed a couple of cases, dashed down to the desk and told them I had just been called to New York and would they save my suite for me."

"It was a big bluff, but they never thought to question it. We flew to New York and I did the same thing there. Of course it was mad, but it was the first real fun I had had in my life. I had worked like a dog and I was broke—but I was beginning to be happy. I was free." Judy had found her personality being mended.

In New York Judy did all the things she had never been allowed to do before. She shopped for a dress with food, went to the movies, walked and sat and got up when she pleased.

COMING YOUR WAY IN FEBRUARY PHOTOPLAY:  
★ Clark Gable  
★ Debbie and Eddie  
★ Rory Calhoun  
★ Jayne Mansfield

AT YOUR NEWSSTAND JANUARY 3

The long-term contract with M-G-M was dissolved at Judy's request. This left her alone, separated from her mother, who had left her last and on the verge of divorce from Minnelli.

Her reputation for unpredictable—and expensive—behavior was so widely publicized that no producer wanted to take a chance on her.

Judy tried to run away from herself and Hollywood by going to Europe, where she ate herself into obscurity. When she returned to Hollywood a year later, washed up at the airport, she met Sid Luft at a party. It was Luft who suggested she regain her confidence in herself by opening at the London Palladium.

Judy had been a terrible trudge on the long road back. If there are pressures which can crack, there are also incidents which can heal. Sometimes the person is the stronger for having broken and been put back together.

On the night of April 10, 1951, when Judy Garland opened at the Palladium, she began to patch herself up. Here for the first time is her story of that night. She said:

"The night before the opening I didn't sleep a wink. I was terror-stricken. At daybreak I was pacing up and down my hotel room. I had an overwhelming sense of panic and fear. I kept rushing to the bathroom to vomit. I couldn't eat, I couldn't sleep. I couldn't even sit down.

"When they finally got me to the dressing room, I couldn't move. I hadn't worked at all for almost three months, and had given a show in public barely once or twice since I was a kid.

"There were only minutes left. I had to be there. I had to perform. I felt, 'What's the matter, you dope? If you don't cut this out you won't be able to sing. Don't worry. They won't even notice.'"

"She was as thin as a willow; her hands were cold and her voice was barely audible. She took the stage. She was at first a little unsteady; I thought I could feel herself, 'I was a little unsteady'. Just as I was about to go on, I became paralyzed. My knees locked together and I walked on like a stiff-legged toy soldier. And after a while, without knowing how it had happened, I found myself, not standing on the stage, but sitting on it. It was said I tripped over a wire or a loose board. That's not true. I didn't fall at all, really, I just collapsed.

"The ball happened after I had sung two songs. I was not able to take a bow. I just went 'Ugh' and sat down. I sat there and thought, 'Damn it, this is not up at Sid, who was hanging out at Studio 54, saying, 'You're great, baby, you're great!'

"Somehow I got back on my feet, lurched back to the wings. I remember thinking. That's it. Judy falls on her own and that's the end of Judy."

"I was ready to quit, but my old friend Kay Thompson was sitting at the side of the stage. She screamed, 'Get back there. You love them.' Then she gave me a bottle of Maalox. I uncorked it, and everything I wanted to do came surging out. All the bad years went. It was like being reborn. It was like being given a new life to start all over again."

Later that year, Judy brought vaudeville back to the Palace Theatre in New York. She was overweight again and, naturally, she collapsed from overwork. But she rested a few days and returned to Hollywood. She was on tour a lot. She decided she wanted to do camp, fighting out. Night after night, audiences called out the old refrain, "Judy, we love you."

Sid and Judy brought the show to Los Angeles and another tearful, thrilling triumph. That spring she and Luft were married.

At long last it appeared that Judy had lived up to the words of her most famous song. Somewhere, over the rainbow, she had found happiness. The happiness was short-lived.

Judy's relationship with her mother broke entirely. Her mother had married a man named William Gilmore, whom Judy did not admire. It has also been stated that Judy felt her mother had mishandled her finances.

Mrs. Gilmore went to court to complain that Judy would not support her. She took a job as a sixty-dollar-a-week clerk at Douglas Aircraft. Judy's friends, who recruits, of Judy, Calhoun, a first-rate singing teacher—she taught Judy, among others, that she took the job just to embarrass her daughter. Judy's daughter, Lorna Luft, was born December 8, 1952. Less than a month later Judy's mother fell dead in a Los Angeles parking lot.

Judy, who had thought she was better, cried on a old man's she heard the news. For two years she was "in a sanitarium"—her term for psychiatric treatment. She did no work, saw very few people. When she finally emerged it was to record a Star-Land record.

Hollywood biographer Cameron Shipp notes that she "approached this as fearfully as a child in the dark."

"She was terrified," said Sid Luft. "She hadn't made a record in fifty years. She thought she was through, washed up, all over again. That's why she made that picture so difficult."

And difficult it was. Cary Grant, who was in the film, said, "If I had a man, I would replace him by James Mason; five cameramen and four costume designers walked off or were fired from the job; a musical ar-
ranger left in a huff; the set was closed to the press for most of the shooting; the budget, first estimated at $2,000,000, was more than doubled; and the picture had the longest consistent shooting schedule of any picture in memory of Cukor.

Judy said little other than that she is a perfectionist, George Cukor, the director, is a perfectionist, and so is Sid. "We had to have it right. We had to take time. Of course, we had to have the false floors and friction. There is in every picture that's worth anything. We all did our share, but I was the bull's-eye in the target and everybody aimed straight at me.

When the time for the 1955 Oscars came around, everyone was certain Judy would get the Best Actress award for her performance in "A Star Is Born." She did not. But Sid Kelly won it for her work in "The Country Girl."

A few hours before the award was announced, Judy was in the hospital giving birth to Joseph Luft, her second child by Sid. During the ceremony, Judy and the Oscar would crack her wide open—for once and always.

Surprisingly, it didn't. Somehow Judy had repurchased the spiritual and physical mortgage she had given in exchange for stardom as a child. At last she had inner resources to draw on. One such source?

With mime and words she tells of the hospital scene the night she found out she hadn't won the Oscar.

"Just picture it," says Judy. "There I was, walking through the jungle after the battle to bring Joe into the world. He wasn't in such good shape, either; at that moment doctors didn't give him better than a fifty-fifty chance to live.

"I was lying in bed, trying to get my breath back, when the door burst open and in came a flock of television technicians. I already had a TV set, but they dragged in two more and the hotel asked me if I was there for and said that after I got the award I would have to talk back and forth to Bob Hope, who was emceeing.

"They strung wires all around the room. They put a microphone under my nightgown. They frightened the poor nurse to death when they told her, 'If you open that window while the show is on we'll kill you.'

"Then they built a four-story-high tower outside the hospital, for cameras which were to focus through the window. What with all the excitement and everything, they got me all worked up, too. I was flat on my back and they left me there.

"I was all ready to give a performance. Then Bob Hope came on the screens and said Grace Kelly had won.

"I'll never forget it to my dying day. The night they won't be forgotten. Say, Kelly! Ah," then started lugging all the stuff out again. You should have seen the looks on their faces as they tramped out with all that gear. I really thought I would have hysterics.

Sid had brought three bottles of champagne and a plate of caviar with which to celebrate with Judy after she had won the Oscar. "When the TV men had gone he said, 'How do you feel?'" Judy said, 'Disappointed.'

That night they sat alone, sipping the champagne and eating the caviar. But Judy remembers the night with a smile and a giggle. "It was one of our nicest, not-hurt—shining through.

Judy seems at long last to have learned to live with herself. That doesn't mean she has become people—broken and docile. She still has a need for absolute perfection in everything she does. And, she still needs to know that everyone loves her.

In September, 1955, for example, while she was rehearsing for her first television appearance, the director, Paul Harrison, called all of the technicians into a huddle. He told them about Judy. "She's the only person I know who, after sitting on her nose is shiny she's likely to walk off the set and not go on at all. Be careful of everything you do and say around her, but remember that she's one of the greatest—acting it's been my privilege to work with."

For the next four days keep that in mind and love her. If you do nothing else, make her know you love her.

Despite Judy's efforts for the show were not all smooth. Judy came late, keeping three color-camera crews idle at $1,200 an hour. It took six hours to film two 20-second promotion teasers for the show. Although the shooting had been done in fifteen minutes. Even on the day of dress rehearsal, Judy was forty-five minutes late.

But the ninety-minute Ford Star Jubilee for CBS-TV had the largest viewing audience ever to watch a spectacular. For CBS-TV, the end justified the means. And, to a large extent, is the story of Judy's professional play in Las Vegas for the most elemental reason. She said, "I have to get money to pay off back taxes."

Despite the fact that she is one of the world's greatest entertainers she is almost penniless in a big home, it is virtually unfurnished; for a big star Judy has a remarkably small wardrobe; and she and Sid have no money in the bank. Today, all Judy has to show for her 20 years in the movie psyche, a paid-up $100,000 insurance policy and a pitifully small income from the one investment left over from her childhood.

Besides without material things the lufts seem happy. Their entire home is planned to permit their children—Lorna, 4, Joseph, 21 months, and Liza, 10—to have freedom to play. The extensive outside grounds are enclosed and are equipped for children's and children's and children's and children's and children's needs. There is no swimming pool because it would be a menace to the children.

"We haven't bothered to furnish the house completely, Judy says. "We believe the house should grow with us. We aren't through growing yet and neither is the house. If I have my way (despite docket orders) there'll be a lot more kids around. It's children, not furniture, that make the home."

In her home Judy is as unlike a star as anyone could imagine. On a recent visit to her house for the first time, the children very well adjusted to each other. They seemed at ease with both parents and are all treated equally.

On one occasion, when Liza interrupted a conversation to ask her mother a question, Judy very quietly told her we were talking and would she mind waiting a minute.

A moment later, we finished our conversation. Judy turned to Liza, saying, "Now, darling, what was it you wanted to say to me?"

Then baby Joseph toddled into the room in his pajamas. He clambered up on the bed, tottered to her and asked, "Mommy, why is it time for supper?"

For the next four days keep that in mind and love her. If you do nothing else, make her know you love her.

During the week Judy was rehearsing twelve hours a day for her night-club act in Las Vegas. She would get up at five in the morning, and staying up all night with Joseph, who had a temperature of 104.5° for two days. In the evening she prepared dinner for the family while the nurse rested.

But Judy insists on doing all work related to an audience which pays to see a performance, and Judy knows it. Bleary-eyed and tired, she went on in Las Vegas; and the few shows she missed were probably the result of genuine fatigue.

But on opening night she was surrounded by her entire family, brought in by train for the event. And she seemed happy.

"In the old days I was overworked and exhausted and had no idea of what I was punishing myself for," she said. "I had no place to go and nothing that mattered as much as work.

"Now, when I get through work I'm still exhausted, but I go home at night to my family and forget about everything else. I have a full personal life besides a full professional life. I'm very happy now."

In addition, Judy seems to have a good marriage with Sid Luft, despite occasional quarrels which apparently serve to clear the air between them. However, the cracks in Judy's professional stability are not gone, only temporarily mended. As long as she stays in show business she can expect to be on the receiving end of the strong blows which forced her out in the past.

Recently, Judy returned to the Palace Theater in New York where, again, she emerged as Queen. The superlatives lavished on her are not going. In one of her rare moments of self-analysis she told a friend what it meant to her to be a success, why it was necessary.

"Too many people go on telling you for years that you are washed up, finished, you begin to think maybe they're right," Judy told her friend. "Then you sit down and think that if you once had talent, maybe you still have it.

"So you work, work, work to polish it up again and you try and go on trying. Finally you are as ready as you can be to go before the public again, do things you're sure are crazy. You suffer and you write. You know you are not going to be able to sing a note. You know nobody is going to like you. All those tales about your being not washed up and keeping going through your head and you wonder why you ever got into this again.

"The curtain goes up and you totter on stage, half-stupified with fear that you know you can't do. It isn't until that first applause comes crashing up that you get any relief. They go on clapping and you are so happy you want to scream. Then you think, 'You're not finished. You're still Judy Garland—and they still like you. And you think, like a prayer, God bless all of you, for understanding.'"
My Daughter Joan

(Continued from page 27)

The incident seems to me one of the more perfect examples of something I've been contending for years—that life with Joan could never, under any circumstances, be dull and plodding. Even when the circumstances include a shopping expedition.

Joan's father and I raised our daughter to be the sweet and lovely young lady that she is. It's just that somewhere along the way she developed an absolute genius for the unexpected. For instance, how many parents receive letters like this one? Dear Mummy and Daddy, Sorry for not writing sooner, and this is just to say that all's well. Will get off a long letter within a couple of days, but right now I'm exhausted. Spent the dreariest day in the bathtub, wearing long underwear! Love, Joan.

Unusual? We rather thought so. But then, so was the story she related later. It seems she'd started the famed bathtub sequence for "The Opposite Sex" in a bathing suit, but the scene was a long one and took time to shoot. After three days in the tub, the suit was cut to ribbons and her skin was a combination of shades of black, blue and scarlet. The studio called in a doctor, who took one look at her and announced, "No more water."

Consequently, on the fourth day Joan donned men's underwear, plus a pair of plastic trousers. They placed a wooden board in the tub, a plastic sheet around Joan's waist, then poured in water and soap flakes to give a bubblebath effect at the top. In this way she was able to finish the scene, but she waited to write us the full details until she was able to laugh about them!

If you're thinking that something like this might occur only in the life of a movie star, perhaps you're right. But although most of the things that happen to Joan could happen to anyone, they rarely do. I can vividly recall her account of a swim in Jamaica while on location for "Seawife." While paddling around, she glimpsed two large green things shimmering in the water and swam closer to investigate. Fascinated, she called to some friends swimming near by, "Look! Come see what I've found!"

They came, saw, and left abruptly, taking my bewildered daughter with them. Once safely away, they explained that she'd been rubbing noses with an octopus. The green things were the eyes.

Her friends have found that when they're with Joan, it's best to be prepared for anything. As her mother, I first became aware of the fact in a department store one day when she was three. A floor full of fellow shoppers began to scream with laughter and I glanced around to find the source of amusement. Her name was Miss Collins and she was as busy as could be taking hats off the stands, trying them on, and mimicking the models perfectly.

As you may be gathering, life with Joan is full of surprises. But even when she's predictable the atmosphere is a lively one. In addition to her way with words, our daughter somehow acquired a supply of energy that could put the vitamin-pill industry out of business. With all of the titles she was awarded during her modeling and starlet days, her father and I have often wondered how she missed out on "Miss Perpetual Motion."

When she is sitting down, her fingers tap the arm of the chair, her toes tap the floor. She is constantly reaching for a cigarette. I'd worry about her smoking too much, but her average is approximately two puffs per cigarette and then she puts it out.

When she's home, the record player goes from morning to night, with Joan joining the original Broadway casts in songs from her two favorite albums, "Pajama Game" and "Damn Yankees." I've come to know the scores by heart, although I've never seen the shows.

A full house at the Collins' is a thing to behold, providing you have the strength. There's our ten-year-old son, Bill, who likes to retire to his room with the television set going full blast. There's Jackie, eighteen, who prefers the radio in her room—usually turned up so that she can hear it if she suddenly decides to step into the kitchen. Add Joan, the record player and the telephone and you have something that closely resembles bedlam.

I mention the telephone because it happens to be Joan's lifeline. It rings constantly when she's home. We used to have two of them. However, the extension was taken out when we discovered that Jackie, at an early age, was developing remarkably as a mindreader. Joan would be dressing to go out and I'd ask the name of her escort. Jackie, then too young to date and reticent it mightily, took the greatest pleasure in supplying full details including name, time, occasion, and conversation.

Of course, we occasionally doubt the
Don't Miss It!

ROCK HUDSON'S
Life Story

In February PHOTOPLAY
on sale January 3

wisdom of having settled for the kind of telephone that can be plugged into any room. Now when it rings, there's an eight- room house shouting, "Who talked last—and where?"

Although Joan is on the telephone or on the run from the moment she gets up in the morning until she climbs into bed at night, she has learned to channel her energy as far as her work is concerned. When she's in a picture, that's it. And we can count on it.

When her father visited Hollywood last year, his plane was scheduled to arrive in California at 2 a.m. He landed to find the greeting committee conspicuously absent. He was less than surprised at the note that arrived. "Hi, Joan, I'm so sorry I can't meet you, Daddy," it read. "But I have to be at the studio at six-thirty this morning. Will call you from the set."

Joan's dates are aware of her shooting schedules. During her father's stay, he would pick her up at the studio at six or seven in the evening and drive her home, where she'd bathe and dress. Then Arthur Loew, Jr., would浑身 to end the three of them would go on to dinner. However, by ten o'clock, eleven at the latest, Joan was home again.

The majority of Joan's dates in Hollywood have been with Arthur, and she and her father tell me that he's an awfully nice young man. Whether he and Joan will marry—well, her career has separated them from their usual life during recent months and the future is hard to predict. But I'm certain of one thing: This time Joan will be ready for marriage. Our daughter has matured considerably in her attitude toward marriage and when she gets married again, Mummy," she told me the last time she was home. "But this time I'm going to be really sure that he's the right person."

She's awfully little. People who marry after knowing each other for just four months only think they're in love. They don't really know each other at all."

I wish that we could have spared Joan the heartaches of going the hard way, from her mistake. Joan was never a flirt. Maxwell Reed was her first love. For a while, he was her secret love. She'd casually ask if I would take her to see his film. The first time she did so, I suspected that there was a crush involved. Then his picture appeared in her locker at school, and another beside her bed.

She met Max the night she went to a party with Laurence Harvey. They had dated only a few weeks when she told us that they wanted to marry. Her father and mother were overjoyed. They'd met a short time before, and Joan was only eighteen, entirely too young to take on the responsibilities of marriage.

The discussion went on for days and I was wearied. He sat down beside her and put his arm around her. "All right," he said. "All right."

The wedding took place on Joan's nineteenth birthday. At first everything went well, but when they arrived at the penthouse apartment and Joan tried her hand

at cooking. They bought a boat and spent their weekends sailing. They had their careers in common and started in several plays together. But two years later they overcame their differences, and two years later the marriage was over. "You were right," Joan told her father. "I should have listened to you."

This time, it has to be the one time in my life that I've been able to say, 'I told you so!'" her father replied unhappily.

My next marriage will take a lot of thought. That's the promise Joan says today. However, whenever she and her father have to contend with the fact that she will probably never be domestic. When her father returned from California, I inquired, "Joan, how's she coming with the housekeeping?"

"The maid is doing a beautiful job," she smiled.

It's true that there has always been someone to do things for Joan. It's also true that some people are domestically inclined, others aren't. And Joan did not inherit my love for housework and cooking.

I can so plainly recall the times we were without help during the war. I'd ask her to do this or that in the kitchen and in her dramatic way she'd counter, "You know, Mummy, you're always the one who is the housewife. I didn't. You chose your career. I have chosen mine."

I couldn't very well argue and actually never had to. After she'd made her point she was quite cheerful about taking over the duties that I assigned her.

The principal thought in Joan's mind, however, was to become an actress. We should have been prepared for it, as she comes from a long line of show people. Her grandparents were theatrical folk and her father began his career in 1917. His father ran a company in South Africa and as a boy it was Joan's job to go out and nail handbills on the trees.

Oddly enough, it was because of Will's life in show business that he objected to the idea of Joan getting into it. As a theatrical agent in London, he's always been very well aware of the hardships and heartbreaks involved.

Joan persisted and finally asked if she could take the examination for the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. "I was perfectly well founded to hear him agree immediately. When we were alone, I politely asked him if he'd lost his mind. "Of course not," said he, "if you can find one."

"Will Collins ... after all the years you've been objecting!"

"Don't you see," he explained with the air of a man of logic. "This will be the finish. Let her be 30 and she'll never pass it. It will be the end of it."

There was reason for his optimism. Of the five hundred who apply to the Academy each year, only a small percentage can be accepted.

To bolster Joan's morale and help to soften the blow that I was certain would come, I took our daughter shopping for a special dress. I gave her a stack with his polka dots, and Joan went to the audition feeling as if she had stepped out of Vogue. She chose to do a scene from "Our Town" and a speech from Shaw's "Cleopatra." This was the longest one.

Several weeks later, she received a let-

ter of acceptance. She'd tested the pass with flying colors, and I might add that when the news arrived there was no popular man in the whole of the British sales that one Will Collins has. Of course, his matter of fact, his attitude has yet to change. Today he's official keeper of the scrapbooks and he'll bring out ten of them at the drop of a hat.

Of course, our daughter has changed in some ways since she's been in California, in little ways that I suppose only a mother would notice. There's her habit of leaving half her meal, no matter what she's served. It's a bit worrying, and it worries me a bit. There's the sweater she wears, which swallows her. "I bought it for Arthur, but he didn't care for it," said my daughter, and then there's the almost clinging to her figure. "I couldn't let such a nice sweater go to waste, could I?"

There's her jewelry. "It's real now," she glows. "I stored the costume stuff."

In other ways, Joan has changed very little. Star that she is, she can still join her brother in his Davy Crockett games, keep a protective eye on her younger sister, Jackie, who's now in Hollywood. Friars with her college friends are still close friends. And when she's home, no matter which room I'm in, I can still hear her little-girl-like call, "M-u-m-m-y."

She's as outgoing as ever. She has not only read that the trait might have cost her the role of the nun in "Seawife," if she's persisted. She was in New York when the studio called to tell her that she'd been chosen. If they were calling it "Seawif and Biscuit," Joan began to object. "It sounds," she told them, "like the story of a boat and a dog!"

Actually, it's a tale of five survivors of a shipwreck and it's a magnificent opportunity for her. But as parents, her father and I were especially delighted that some of the film could be shot in London, because it meant that she could be at home with us for a while.

I believe I was reminded most of the old days the night she appeared, ready for a premiere, in an extremely tight-fitting formal gown. "I wonder what would happen if I start breathing," she grinned.

We soon found out. The zipper went. I was taking some hasty stitches when her escort arrived. "Hurry, Mummy. It'll be all right," were her famous last words.

Joan returned last night that evening, wearing her coat and clutching it with both hands. "What happened?" I asked her.

"It was a very funny film," was my daughter's reply. "I laughed and my dress began falling off." Then she let go of the coat and her gown fell to the floor.

It was hectic, but all too brief a visit. Just now Joan is on the "Island in the Sun" location in Jamaica. Consequently, it's a quiet evening as I write this. Bill's in bed and the television set has been tuned to the game. To replace the record albums and there's no dark-haired girl to laugh into the telephone while her father roars, "It's bedlam. Absolute bed-

lam!"

But, however, earlier this evening the same Mr. Collins looked up from his paper and remarked, "Peaceful, isn't it? Nearly drives you crazy, doesn't it, all this peace and quiet?"

I laughed. But tomorrow there should be a letter and that will help. In the meantime, I think I'll join the original Broadway cast in a chorus of "Pajama Game."

The End

YOU'LL LIKE: Joan Collins in "Seawife."

The End
Hollywood's Biggest Headache

(Continued from page 37)
and I know. I've worked more than once.

"You've worked with him and you still say he's good?"

"I certainly do still say it. Furthermore, I mean it.

It goes like that all the time—the admirers vs. the detractors of Tab Hunter.

Right from the start, Tab was a fan magnet. On the other hand, that's not as much of a barometer as you'd imagine. Spencer Tracy is lucky if he gets a postcard, and who's going to throw away Spencer Tracy? Still all, it's something. The truth is Tab had been hyped, gimmicked, blown up to be that big, and that he'd explode like a pricked balloon. But he didn't. He stuck it there. He's sold now. So what do they do now?

And in the middle of all this is Tab Hunter, who really is Arthur Gelen, who perhaps stands off and observes Tab Hunter—as do many others—with a sense of disbelief, a sense of gratitude and of shock. Or disillusionment. Fame has come, and money, but not fulfillment. It is next to impossible to shed tears over the plight of a movie star who is failing to please. Yet it is true that frustration is not confined to the lower deck. It chews on all equally, and in the end it is not so much a matter of who is being a success or failure. A discontented man beside his own swimming pool is still a discontented man, and no amount of expensively piped water is going to wash it away.

I think the only reason to believe that Tab Hunter is a not too happy fellow. The testimony is his own; you are about to read it. One day in early autumn, Tab Hunter followed his much-touted forelock into the commissary of the Warner studio, stopped at a wall table to talk with Natalie Wood, with whom he had lately made "The Girl He Left Behind," and then went to the telephone to talk with his friends. He was saying:

"I've been crying all morning," he said. Not for any personal reason, though. He'd been working on a film for Warner's TV show for which tears were required. He had wept on camera for the scene well. His voice sounded dubious.

"With me," he said, "it can be an ordeal. Studio people are hanging around, and their feeling comes across loud and clear. They're so smart, that they know when you can't act. I know it. Why kid myself? It's part of being Tab Hunter. And, naturally, that shoots my confidence. As a result, this is the only reason I get through the scene well. His voice sounded dubious.

"It's not true," he said in answer to a question. "It's just not enough. For some actors, I know it's enough to have the money and the big deal—celebrity, or whatever you call it. But I'm going to throw a hub-cap one of these days. I can act, I swear I can. If they'd just give me a chance. No, it's not off the record. There's no secret about it. I've been to the brass and done everything but turn purple and roll on the floor, asking for parts. Parts that aren't parts, but parts of a part, or something. It's not just something they've been reading their own publicity about me. Just a chance— it's not so much to ask for.

There was an interlude. Miss Wood came to see him, and they spent an hour dating. After that, it was Tab and James Mason, Presley. Night before, as a matter of fact. "He's intelligent rather than intellectual," she said. "I like the intelligent ones better. And you know something? He has no idea how famous he is. No idea at all." Tab listened glumly. She went away.

"The fame kick again," he said. "You know what I am? Or maybe now I can say was. I'm the phoniest sort of a star. I'm typical of the gimmick where the publicity's a zillion miles ahead of the career."

"Tab," said a studio representative. It was all a while.

"No. I'm not kidding," he said, stubbornly, "and I'm not knocking the pictures I've made. I'm talking about Tab Hunter, whoever he is. All the magazines, all the people, the critics, they've had me and say so. It's not fun. Sometimes I might even say it's not worth it. But I won't ever really say it because I know I'd lose all the talk and all the care about, and sooner or later I'm going to get the chance.

"Incidentally, don't think for a moment I'm putting the rap on publicity or the studio or the industry, God love 'em all. But if Tab Hunter wants to bat his head against a wall, who's got a better right?"

A high Hollywood muck-a-muck had observed only the day before regarding this boy: "Tab Hunter's the ultimate test of whether we're an art or an industry. That's if the faction who says he can't act is right. If he can't act, what's he doing in the screen medium? If the screen medium tolerates him? On the other hand, if it's purely a question of office, then how can you let him go? The boy next door is money in the bank.

On the other hand, Tab now said:

"There's a jerk I could get along without from now on. That's the whole point of what I'm getting at. I've nothing against the boy next door as such. But who is he? He's one of those people that I have to hate. And why is he necessarily Tab Hunter?

You have your features thrown together in a certain way, and someone on the top decides a role is good for you. Of course, audience, says you're the boy next door. And that's it. It's like being branded. I work hard at this business. I'd like to see come my way a psychotic murderer, maybe, or a man who can't stand the egotistical nonsense of that sort. A part, a challenge! Without an occasional tough one, a player can die of spiritual malnutrition. The boy next door once or twice, yes. But please, God, not forever."

It was suggested to Tab that the law of supply and demand had to be a factor in the way he was cast.

He paused thoughtfully, then said, "Wait. I'm going to, I'm going to contradict myself here if I'm not careful. You're talking about the young audience, my age and younger. Hunter is twenty-five, and the general feeling is that his audience is mainly from the junior element."

"All right," he said, after several moments' thought. "If the kids insist, if they insist, then it has to be that way. I mean, God, you know what I mean. I can't be in Nowhereville. But if it has to be the boy next door, can it at least be the boy next door done in depth and with feeling and—well, sensitivity? Look, I don't want to be a nobody. But I want some sort of a level. The star bit's great but it's not enough. You have to do what you can. Have you there?"

He paused again, and, embracing sorrow, with some degree of warmth:

"I told you I'd contradict myself," he said. "I'd be a fool to say no to that. It's rough, but I guess it's wonderful in its own special way. I hope it isn't a fling. Don't forget, I'm not through. Well, I wouldn't settle for feature billing It sounds hammy but it's important. It's not just your vanity, but good business, too. You shouldn't step down till they put them foot in your face. And that could happen."

Suddenly his voice was intense and bit-

ter. "I'm going to tell you something," he said. "You come into this business as a kid and you believe in everyone and everything. Then you change. Something happens to you. And they ask, 'What ever happened to that unpolished, fresh-faced, innocent youngster who came on this lot a few years ago? Why has he changed in the way he has?' Well, don't they know? It's not you that changes, not me! Not from the outward side it's me. And I mean. It's some of the people you meet and the things they do to you along the way! They make the changes and you're the end product!"

That acted like a blow him, helplessly, as if looking for a friend. Then, his search given up, he came back.

"Oh, I'm going to qualify that," he said. "I'm not saying I've changed especially for the worse. And I'm not saying there are a lot of wonderful people in the business along with the others. There are. But I'm not the shiny-faced, trusting kid I was and I'd better not be, for my own good. But my point is, you don't change. Certain people and circumstances change you. It's an outside job."

Yet authorities on Tab Hunter claim that this is really not the case. They cite him as a boy who is not too full of himself, not domitable, with no feeling that he cannot, in the end, confound his detractors and bring his professional stature to the level of his strange publicity—a kind of filling
glassness."

"I'm going to win," he has been quoted as telling a friend. "I'm going to lick it all. I don't know when—this year or the next. But I'm going to keep pitching and fighting for Tab Hunter."

"I'm not going to let them write me off. Wait and see."

Tab, to his credit, wants only the fighting chance that a good role represents. Much cooler to publicity these days than heretofore, he is not yelling for promotion though there are many factors. Our eyes are on the man in the arena—Tab Hunter. The man in the arena is the man who counts. It also helps that the man in the arena has his helpers as well as his hecklers—and when the chips are down Tab Hunter will find out that most of the audience is on his side. Our guess is that Tab Hunter will win. It will be a long while, and that in time this same Hollywood will be proud and happy to acknowledge him as one of the foremost of its people.

The End

WATCH FOR: Tab Hunter in "The Girl He Left Behind."
Good Boy—Don Murray

(Continued from page 21)

as the lead in 'Bus Stop' opposite Marilyn
is quite a bonus at all responsible
for getting you that break?"

When his latest interviewer asked him that,
Don reached for the handle of his young
brown Hol-Daw. They
smiled at each other, exchanging some
silent communication in that
universal language of lovers. Don’s smile
lingered as he turned back and said, ‘Heck, no.
I didn’t even know Marilyn when I got to
Hollywood.”

Then he said, “And now you’re going
to ask me what it was like to work with
her. That’s always the second question,
so I’ll go right on asking it. Work-
ing with Marilyn Monroe was great.
I think she’s a better actress than most
people realize. In fact, she’s a very
good actress.” He finished pleasantly, “Now,
you just ask anything else you’d like to
know and I’ll be glad to tell you.”

He will, too. His life is literally an open
book, with no hidden pages marked “not for
the public.” He doesn’t smoke, he married the first girl he ever
loved and their first child is due to be
born next spring. He also frowns on
profanity as being mostly a form of
mental laziness. He is a man who
believes and bullying, is usually just an outer
show of toughness to cover an inner weak-
ness. Don can afford to admit his lack of
vices because he knows there would be the
mistake of thinking there is anything weak
about him. He’s a rugged, solid, ser-
ious six-foot-two of man, and all man.
He doesn’t have to prove it, for you know it
the minute you meet him.

He’s impulsive, impetuous and impatient.
The only exception to this has been his
courting of Don. He walked up to her,
talking himself hoarse every time they
were together. But Hope, who plays the
same role in the film version of “Bus Stop”
that she played on the stage, is a
practical girl. She knew the hardships that lay ahead. Like Don, she
never doubted that he’d make the grade,
but she felt he would have a better chance
if he traveled alone at first.

They met in March, April, during the
filming of “Bus Stop.” The studio gave
them a few hours off, and they had a quick
civil ceremony that was followed, three
years later, by the beautiful wedding in
New York. Then, before the ink was dry
on the marriage certificate, Don was on
his way back to California to make “Bache-
lor Party.” Hope joined him there just in
time to turn around and head back to
New York for the New York location shots. That
was when they found out that more happiness
was in store for them. Their threesome
was soon to become a threesome.

All in all, he’s an one-year—star-
dom, two movies, marriage, parenthood.
But Don didn’t seem surprised by any of
it. He just goes along, taking it for granted
that good things will happen to him. And,
however, good things always do.

Unlike most of Hollywood’s successful
citizens, Don is a stranger to the psycho-
analyst’s couch, and he probably always
will be. He’s simple, straightward,
outgoing nature to spend time think-
ing about himself or worrying about what’s
going to happen next. He’s much too busy
making it happen.

“I always knew I’d be an actor,” he says
of his swift rise to success. “The thing
that surprised me was finding out that I wasn’t
a comedian, but a serious actor.”

This happened when Don had the part of the
jigling Scotsman in “The Man
Heart.” He was studying at the
Academy of Dramatic Arts at the time
and one of the Academy directors spotted his
dramatic ability. The director
advised Don to get a job in summer stock and the young actor’s early ideas of being a co-
median became a thing of the past.

Don’s career moved swiftly toward the theatre. His
father, Dennis Murray, was and still is, a
well-known director. His mother, Ethel
Cook, was one of the original Ziegfeld
Follies girls. Don was actually born in
Hollywood and, in a sense, his connection
with the Fox studio might be said to have begun
then, too, because his father was
working as a dance director on the Fox
lot when young Don was born.

Despite the fact that he looks like a
Westerner, that there is an aura of the
outdoors about him, Don was raised mostly
in the East. When he was nine months old,
his family moved to Rockaway,
New York, the town
he later would call
his “camp.” As a boy,
Don knew of the
Atlantic Ocean, pausing wherever Mr.
Murray could get work, since the year
was 1929-30 and the Depression was
abroad in the East. When he was born, Don was born inside
Fort Worth and Cleveland, the Murphys—
including Don, an older brother, Bill, and
a young sister—settled in East Rockaway,
on Long Island, where Don distinguished himself in
football and
basketball.

He was an average student who
excelled as a long-distance track runner,
won his letter in football and
played a fast game of basketball. In his freshman
year, he spent almost all
his time taking
classes, and he could find writing and directing scripts.
When he didn’t like the quality of his
classmates’ acting, Don decided to act the
time himself.

He tested for his first screen role at
eighteen, but was considered too young
for the part in “Bright Victory” which the
studio had hoped to sign him for. He
seemed so talented, however, that the
front office offered to sign him to a ten-
year contract, promising to “shape you
into something colossal.”

Don thanked them but said he preferred
staying in the land shaped, born shaped up
in New York. It was while playing the
role of the sailor in the Broadway produc-
tion of “The Rose Tattoo” that Don met
Hope. He was a young actor who had
arranged a double date.

From there on in, Don was determined
to marry no one but Hope. But she was
still monkeying around with some
boyfriend, waiting for her to grow up. While wait-
ing, he received his “Greetings” from
Uncle Sam. Because of his religious con-
victions, he was listed as a conscientious
objector, and spent three years in the
service of European refugee camps.

“I could never be a party to killing
in any form,” Don explains this quite simply.
Don believes in his beliefs, and
always has,

He stayed a year in Kassel, Germany, and
another year and a half in Naples, Italy.
Here he worked at a camp among some
5,000 refugees, who were living in a state
of abject misery behind barbed wire. This
gritted his heart and mind. “Some of the
suffering I saw there was indescribable. I’ll
never forget it, but it will be my
recollection. Some day, somehow, I would return and do
what I could to help those wretchedly un-
happy people.”

Yes, he now, having finished his second picture,
“Bachelors,” Don is in a position to
give important aid in a financial way.
He and Hope plan to travel to Geneva, Swit-
zerland, to work out a relief plan at the
parts of the world where the
refugees live.

Don will also finance other volunteer
workers, who will be sent to Naples, and
will set up a regular program to which
he will contribute in the future.

“Actually,” he says, “it will be a bethe.
I’ll give a regular percentage of my future
earnings for this work, for I think that
a man’s religion is shown by what he does,
not just by what he says.” Besides, he
adds, “I’ve got a mighty lot to be
thank-
ful for. Helping people who haven’t been
so lucky is sort of my way of saying
‘Thanks.’

Yes, all in all, Don Murray will probably
be known as the screen’s “good boy.” He
even has a clause in his contract which
states that he will never endorse a tobacco or
alcohol advertisement. His example on the
core may mean the public the style in
leading men from gloomy young rebels in
blue jeans to the image of a healthy-
mined young man who believes that
you’ll get farther by fighting for what you
want than by rebellion against what you’ve
get.

Maybe that’s what makes you think of
cowboys and mountains and fresh air and
business when Don Murray’s name comes
off the screen. Maybe it’s because he carries with
him a sense of bigness that makes him
genuinely impatient with petty people,
petty situations. He is, in a way, a—170-
bounds of very solid flesh and muscle—
big ideas and big ideals. He’s bound
to make women in the audience sigh and
recall a time when men were really rugged
men and dynamic men.

Don will inevitably be referred to as
“a young Clark Gable,” but he’s not. He’s
a young Don Murray, with an acting style and
an approach all his own.

“Like everyone said of his ‘Bus Stop’ perfor-
mance, ‘When Don Murray tossed a larist
and caught Marilyn Monroe, he also
captured his audience, and held them fast.

That’s why I’m referring to Don Murray,
knowing that he’s going in just one
direction—up.”

SEEN: Don Murray in “Bachelor Party.”

To reach the stars

To reach the stars, in most cases your letters will reach a
star if addressed in care of the
studio. But a star prefers mail at
last picture. If you have no luck there, try
to each star individually, c/o Studio, Holly-
wood Blvd., Hollywood 28, Calif.

Allied Artists, 4376 Sunset Drive, Hollywood 27
Columbia Pictures, 1438 North
Gower Street, Hollywood 28
Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 1048 Olive Avenue, Los Angeles 46
M-G-M Studios, 10202 West
Washington Blvd., Culver City
 Paramount Pictures, 5451 Mar-
 anthon Street, Hollywood 38
RKO Radio Pictures, 780 Gow-
er Street, Hollywood
 Republic Studios, 4024 Radford
Avenue, North Hollywood
20th Century-Fox, 10201 West
Pico Boulevard, Los Angeles 35
United Artists, 1041 North For-
mosa Avenue, Los Angeles 46
Universal - International, Uni-
 verse City
Warner Bros. Pictures, 4000 West Olive Avenue, Burbank
Then they parted. This was after she and Bart had come back to Hollywood together, and he had scored such a very big hit. There were so many beautiful ladies in Hollywood, and Bart was so gallant.

At that time Bart’s best friend, and also his agent, was Nat Wolfe. Nat, in fact, represented practically the whole English colony in films, glamour folk like Ronald Colman and such. Nat wasn’t in the class of handsomeness with his clients—what agent is?—but he had a great heart.

So he fell in love with Edna Best, while he kept on being her ex-husband’s agent. They married and Bart married, and it was all very, very “civilized,” as the current saying is.

Except that Edna Best is now so ill, and so is Bart Marshall, and neither of their careers has amounted to a hill of beans since their parting. “Boots” Marshall, who used to be married to Bill Cagney, looks after Bart with the most complete devotion. Nothing could match it—except Nat Wolfe’s loving care of Edna Best.

Glamour Gab of Hollywood

John’s folks were peasant farmers in Europe, hardworking miners in this country. Anne loved books, highbrow music. John doted on nights on the town, with a bunch of male pals, pub-crawling.

So, finally, after a gallant try on both sides, they divorced and Anne got the custody of their little girl. John, whose career in Hollywood never really bloomed, went to New York. Then last year he died. Meanwhile, Anne met Russ Birdwell.

Here was an ex-newspaperman who could talk books, art, music, movies. Anne became so infatuated with him that she threw over all her old friends. She dismissed her father, who had been her business manager. She dismissed her agent, who was also a very old friend. She insisted upon Birdwell as her director in films. She wouldn’t read a script unless he had read it first, and okayed it.

Maybe if the picture which they made together had been a smash, their love would have stayed intact. Or grown, even—though how Anne’s love could have been any greater than it was is hard to imagine. But the picture, “The Come-On,” was a flop, and now they have parted. Anne’s getting back to her old friends, and using her brains again.

Merry Terry

Marriage to Eugene MacGrath has certainly made a changed woman of Terry Moore, and just might make her into the actress she showed promise of being in “Come Back, Little Sheba.” Gone are the gay shenanigans of ermine bathing suits and disappearing gowns that got her more headlines than acting roles. Thinner than ever since her recent illness, sparkling with fun and happiness, Terry is a wonderful combination of gay gamin and a lovely woman, and the coming year should again prove the truth of the old adage that “there’s a has, gets.” Now that her career is only secondary, it will probably be more successful than ever.

Burt’s Sour Note

In the midst of incredible good fortune, Burt Lancaster’s year was shadowed by his feud with Ernest Borgnine, who sued Hecht-Lancaster for additional sums he said were due him from the picture “ Marty,” the one that earned an Academy

(Continued from page 45)

Skelton clowning, and Don DeFore putting on a skit which killed the people. But the best was when on Broadway and on film with sat down at the piano and began playing, whereupon Dan Dailey jumped up on the speaker’s table, pushed the dishes aside and did a dance routine to the music.

Overseas Mailbag

You need a private plane to keep up with your Hollywood pals these days. All in one mail, this month, I got a letter from Alan Ladd in Greece, from Mel Ferrer in Paris, from Phyllis Kirk in London and from Helmut Dantine in Rome. Said Alan, among other things, “Susie and I flew over to Paris this weekend for the party they gave Gary Cooper and ‘Love in the Afternoon.’” Said Phyllis, “I have always loved London and love it even more this trip. In spite of that and the fact that I think half of California must be here (Jocelyn Crawford, Arlene Dahl, Fernando Lamas and others), I find myself missing Beverly Hills. Anita Ekberg and I are both staying at the same hotel here and we blink rapidly forty times a day, trying to adjust ourselves to being with one another in London and not in the middle of a jungle set on the RKO lot making ‘Back from Eternity,’ as we were a short while ago.”

Tale of Three Leves

Touching is the news coming to Hollywood from the East that Edna Best, the heroine of one of the most unusual and greatest of love stories, has been desperately ill.

It’s possible you do not even remember her name, yet at the time when she was starring on Broadway and on film with Herbert Marshall, she was distinctly the June Allyson of her day. She was married to Marshall, and she loved him so completely that when pictures sought her out before they sought him she ran away from the film she was making, too homesick for her husband to stay in Hollywood without him.
Award for Borgenine. But takes these things pretty and logically, which is understandable. His brand-new home, his five children and his rich life with Norma enables him to regard the ups and downs of life in the film colony in their proper perspective, and with a grin.

Attention-Getter
Shades of the old glamour days! An eye-dazzler is Debra Paget's new car, completely jeweled out and upholstered in pale pink. It was Debbie's present to herself after completing "The Ten Commandments" which she, hopes, will pave the way for her to do the good films. At least, she's bound to get attention.

He's a Good Boy
Remember when Errol Flynn was Hollywood's headline-making bad boy? Well, you'd hardly recognize him these days. He's been living quietly with his wife, Patrice Wymore, and their daughter, paying off his back alimony and other debts, and really paying attention to his career. He just made "The Big Boodle" for United Artists and has two more pictures scheduled, with all his wild oats finally sown. At last, for the time being.

The Happy Calhouns
This should be the most wonderful Christmas ever for Lita Baron and Rory Calhoun, whose first child is expected just about that time. This marriage has seen plenty of stormy days and plenty of rough going when Rory thought his movie career was at an end. Those are the days that try men's souls and the strength of a marriage. But this time through Calhoun and Calhoun's faith in the pessimists who kept saying it wouldn't last. With the birth of their child, I'd say we can mark the Rory-Lita marriage down as one of the Hollywood marriages that "will death do us part" items. After all, just how happy can you be? Surely not happier than these two.

Little Girl Growing Up
The saddest little girl in the world, Margaret O'Brien, will grow up to be a trouble-haunted young woman. All her troubles are career troubles, it's true, but this is serious enough for someone whose life has been as much a part of Hollywood as has Margaret's. Now she is to leave New York to study at the Actors' Studio. But what she really needs is a part that will bring out her poignancy, instead of trying to make her grow up and play a grown girl. Let's hope this year will bring Margaret her heart's dearest wish—a part to put her back on the road to stardom.

Kim's Secret Heart
Kim Novak can't think of much to ask for that she hasn't already got, but whatever she does ask for will undoubtedly be dropped into her lap, gladly, by either her studio or any one of her ardent admirers. And although Kim denies that Frank Sinatra comes under this heading, she was looking very, very misty-eyed as she sat in the audience at Las Vegas and listened to him. But Kim is smart enough to know that Frankie has sung those some love songs so many times that it's probably difficult for him to know himself whether he means them any more. And while Ava Gardner keeps promising to come to Reno to pick up her divorce, the betting is still heavy that she won't divorce Frankie until she's ready to marry again—and the great sign of that on the immediate horizon. So Kim will probably keep right on dating good, reliable Mac Krim, since this particular doll is very sensible and levelheaded bethat lavender hair. The

Shrinks Hemorrhoids
New Way Without Surgery
Science Finds Healing Substance That Relieves Pain—Shrinks Hemorrhoids
For the first time science has found a new weapon to help the suffering ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain—without surgery.

One was of gentle, continually reliving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

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

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

This substance is now available in suppository or ointment form under the name Preparations. Ask for it at all drug counters—money back guarantee. *Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
Lover Boy—Elvis Presley

(Continued from page 25)

little girl said. The sandwiches became souvenirs.

Then off to San Diego in California for hanging knitted dice to swing behind an auto windshield, as many people hang baby shoes. We’ve seen some pictures of your Cadillac, Miss O’Neill, parked leisurely, and your club wrote to Elvis. “We want to present you with some knitted dice for each of your Cadillacs. We have a blue set for the blue Cadillac, a white set for the white Cadillac, and a pink-and-white set for the pink-and-white Cadillac.”

Some of the fans are too worshipful. Elvis thinks a girl in Kansas City made a tape. She was taken in as fat as anybody else ever has or ever will.

“I think I know who it is,” he said.

“I think she got my red sport coat and red shirt off the stage and also my guitar,” he added. “That guitar cost $250, which is a lot of money for a gitter. The one I got now cost about $375.”

The Elvis Presley fans also write angry letters or sometimes threatening letters to newspapers. The Memphis paper talked to him. Minneapolis radio station decided not to play any of his records. It got some letters promising vengeance. A rock was thrown through his front window. An inscription on the rock said, “I’m a teenager. You play Elvis Presley records or we tear up the town.

Elvis, of course, doesn’t encourage or approve of this conduct. But the fans get out of hand.

“This success of mine means too much to me to do anything to foul it up,” he said. “I may be new, but I’m not new to any sort of alcohol. It doesn’t pay off in this business. Anyway, I wouldn’t have time to drink. Five or six hours a night is all the sleep I get, which isn’t enough. When I saw Elvis in Hollywood, he had none of his Cadillacs with him, nor his Messerschmidt, either.

“My daddy’s keeping them up for me downtown in Memphis,” he said. “He helps me with the mail, too.” Elvis pronounced help “hep” in the enchanting way that most Southerners do.

One day, when Elvis was staying at Hollywood’s Knickerbocker, his manager, Colonel Tom Parker, came in to find 230 phone messages waiting for him.

The Colonel—he got his colonelcy from the Governors of Tennessee and Mississippi—had the tedious job of going out the messages to find which were calls from people who weren’t teenage fans.

Despite all this attention and worship, Elvis still has his feet on the ground. He isn’t older than himself either “Mister” or “Sir” or “Ma’am.” Sometimes the “Sir” becomes a soft, pleasing “Suh.”

“What are you going to do with all your money, Colonel?” asked a reporter.

“Suh,” he answered, “I haven’t got my mind settled on that. The Colonel is going to help me decide that. I don’t know too much about business.”

But Elvis had already bought a home for his parents in Tennessee and was also giving them a trip to Hollywood. Not that he expected he’d be able to spend much time at the Colonel’s house.

“I’ve been mostly on the road for two years,” he said. “You name it and I’ve been there.

Elvis wasn’t easy to pin down on the subject of girls. There was a pretty little blonde named Jan Storey in the chorus at Ciro’s who suddenly became a celebrity because of Elvis. I asked to see her.

“Did you date her?” I asked.

“Yeah, I’ve been datin’ a lot of girls,” replied Elvis, evasively.

He surely makes no secret of his interest in the opposite sex. Curiously enough, he met a girl in Texas whose first name is also Elvis. But he didn’t get to know her well enough to remember her last name. If you did, you’d get the name Elvis?” I asked him.

“It was my daddy’s middle name. Where he got it, I don’t know,” he said. He’s an only child. “There’s just Daddy and Mother and me,” he says.

Presley’s fans are as much impressed with his looks as with his voice. He has a sort of soft, sooty look under the eyelids that gives him a dramatic appearance. This is not make-up. It’s just there.

“How did you get sideburns?” I asked.

“I always figured as a little boy that when I grew up I wanted to have sideburns,” he answered. “Soon as I could, I got ‘em.”

At one point, however, when he didn’t have complete confidence in himself as yet, he abandoned them. Then he came under the influence of Colonel-Papa Parker, the Colonel’s spokesman whether they were contemplating any changes in Elvis’s looks.

“Yes,” replied the colonel, “we were talking about your sideburns or your widow’s peak, but the Colonel vetoed that idea. We’d cause riots.

“Why are you such a successful singer?” I asked him at the time he was getting his fourth gold record, presented to mark sales of over a million on his discs.

“Maybe it’s just because I enjoy it so much myself,” he said. “I put my whole heart into it. Maybe people can see that.”

Elvis, always a bit evasive in his manner, said toward his acting, including the love scenes.

“I always wanted to sing,” he said very seriously, “but I didn’t think I could make it. I used to go to all-night singin’s in Memphis. We’d sing very beautiful spirituals and hymns all night long. Some of the songs had beats like a regular rock ’n roll song. That music doesn’t hurt anybody, does it, and makes you feel good. I used to get chills up and down my spine listenin’ to some of those songs.

“But I don’t know a note of music. Some people have warned me not to learn any how to sing good, I’ll be out of business.

“I got my first gitter when I was about eleven,” he remembered. His family was living in Tupelo, Mississippi, Elvis’s birthplace, the time of the common laborer, he said. “He didn’t have any trade, just like I didn’t have.”

Elvis was about thirteen when the Presleys moved to Memphis. He sang a lot at the First Assembly of God Church. In high school he never tried to get into any student plays. When he got out of high school, he found a job driving a truck.

“I was happy,” he told me. “I didn’t have any money or anything. But I was datin’ once in a while.”

At the time other youngsters his age were going to Memphis, he sang some of their voices, just for the fun of it, and Elvis did, too—but not for fun. When Sam Phillips, a local record-maker, didn’t immediately announce that he was a goner, he took his gitter to Phillips’s studio.

“I didn’t even pick up my gitter for a year and a half,” he said. “I just drove my truck.

“Well, the one day I called him,” he said. “I have a song I’d like you to work on. Can you be here by three o’clock?” I was there by the time he hung up the phone.

Sam Phillips had actually been greatly impressed by Elvis the first time he heard him. He proceeded to make Elvis’s first record, “That’s All Right.” Very soon after it had started to sell, Elvis appeared before the Memphis, Tennessee, panel of the Tennessee Education Agency on Oct. 5, 1955, to appear as an “American Idol.”


3. The Illinois bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders who are creditors of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) William E. Archer, 415 S. 22nd Ave., Des Moines, Iowa; John C. Wheat, 522 N. Main St., Beaver, Utah; Bank Farmers Trust Co., Trustee, for Mary MacFadden, 22 William St., New York, N. Y.; Walter C. Flint, Connecticut Trust Co., Trustee, for Mary MacFadden, 818 Massachusetts Ave., Washington, D.C.; Linden Ford, Inc., 70 Park Ave., Atlanta, Georgia; J. N. O’Neill & Co., P.O. Box 28, Wall Street Station, New York N. Y. (Mrs.) Elizabeth J. Gage, O’Dwyer Co., 23 Park Ave., Englewood, N. J.; M. J. O’Neill & Co., P.O. Box 28, Wall Street Station, New York N. Y. (Mrs.) Elizabeth J. Gage, O’Dwyer Co., 23 Park Ave., Englewood, N. J.; J. H. Arnold Mackworth, c/o 14426 Park Ave., Flushing, N. Y.

4. The names of the stockholders, mortgagees, and other security holders who are creditors of the banks, of the directors, of the officers, or of any other fiduciary relation, the name of the corporation or corporation (in which corporation or corporations he is stockholder or officer) and the nature of his interest, the amount of his interest as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company or its subsidiaries hold any interest in the company, and whether such interest is real or personal property.

(Signed) MARY D. WOOLSEY, Secretary-Treasurer

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of September, 1956.

TULLIO MUCCELLI, Notary Public

3. Illinois

Qualified in Brevard Co., Florida

In and for the State of Illinois

Filed in New York Co.

Commission Expires March 30, 1958

THE STAMFORD, NEW YORK

This conversation took place between Elvis and me in his dressing room at Fox during the making of "Love Me Tender." I heard a great deal about him before
I went out to The Ranch, where the shooting was going on, for my first meeting with him. I had a lot of preconceived ideas. As it turned out, I was all wrong.

Nobody is laughing at Presley in Hollywood, although plenty are scared, in a way. Because he has a naturalness which Dick Egan, for one, regards as amazing.

"He must have been born with it," Dick told me that day, "and it's the kind of naturalness it takes fifteen years to get if you're just an actor. I stand there amazed."

Another Hollywood admirer of Presley is Debra Paget. "She's crazy about him," Dick Egan said. "But he's still a kid. He's boyish. He likes to sing harmony with the group. He likes to play. Look at him right now, for instance."

I looked. Presley was practicing lassoing, coiling up a rope and tossing it at the steering wheel of a small truck about ten feet in front of him. He missed the target repeatedly but kept practicing.

"I got to learn how to be a cowboy with this thing," he explained after we'd been introduced. "My trouble is, I can't rope."

He kept on tossing the rope with an underhand pitch while I took time to study him. I was surprised by his gentle manner and good looks. I guess I'd expected to meet a young hoodlum. Instead, a kind of careless glibness clung to him—to his ducktail haircut, which shone even on this dank morning; to his reddish-white shirt, his tight-fitting trousers and his neat-looking black cloth shoes. He looked citified—and yet the long sideburns didn't seem out of place. I was impressed and surprised.

As soon as I could, I told him what Dick Egan had said.

Elvis hauled the lasso back, coiled it up again and made another pitch. "That's real nice of him sayin' that, but this is a complete new racket to me," he said.

"These are some of the nicest folks I ever met. Including Debra Paget. In my opinion she is the most beautiful girl in the world." Elvis' eyes went searching for her around the ranch yard and finally found her, sitting on a porch.

"She'd sure make a pretty picture in a cotton field pickin' cotton," Elvis said, and with that he dropped his lasso, dashed like a wild rabit to the porch where Debbie was and plopped into her lap.

She squealed and shouted a little. But it seemed to be more in delight than in protest. The rocking chair squeaked and groaned under the extra cargo, so Elvis bounced out of Debbie's lap. He hopped back to his lasso and to me.

That was Elvis at play. Well, I had to admire his taste in playmates! And if that was Elvis being natural, I had to admire what comes natural to him.

Elvis has a lot of spirit and independence in his make-up. While he was generally meek and humble to the director and his fellow actors during the making of his first movie, he expressed himself clearly if he thought something was wrong. For instance, he objected to the title of the picture being changed to "Love Me Tender," even though it would seem that this was a good way to plug his big song in the film. Besides, each time the song was heard, it would be plugging the picture. That was the "front office viewpoint"—the commercial way of looking at it. When this was pointed out to him by his manager, Colonel Parker, Elvis saw the wisdom of it. He relaxed and relented.

And, to sum up, I can see the wisdom of Hollywood in putting its money on this boy. Maybe Elvis won't be another Valentino, or at least not the same kind of Great Lover as the passionate Rudolph—though I'm inclined to think he will. But he will go on for a long, long time. The End

Don't dare miss Elvis Presley in "Love Me Tender."

---

Here's the most gorgeous pin up book of all! Here's another exciting album of Hollywood stars in captivating poses, prepared by the editors of PHOTOPLAY Magazine. This great new album is more glamorous than any of the previous editions.

Breath-Taking Pictures

Each thrilling photograph in Photoplay Pinups is reproduced in full-color. Each photograph is a stunning picture of one of your favorite Hollywood stars. Each color photograph is a gem—each picture is so yummy that you will have a difficult time to decide which pictures to pin up in your room.

These breath-taking pictures are printed so that each one can be cut out for framing or pinning up without interfering with any other picture in the book.

Only 35c For Complete Book

The price of this complete book containing color pinups of your favorite stars is only 35c, postpaid. Only PHOTOPLAY Magazine could bring you this prize collection of colorful pictures—printed on heavy paper—at this low, low price of only 35c. You'll be the envy of your friends with this glamorous Pinup book. Hurry! Mail coupon before limited supply is exhausted.

Now—Get Pictures of All These Hollywood Stars in Pin-Up Poses

- Grace Kelly
- Marilyn Monroe
- Virginia Mayo
- Jeanne Crain
- Mara Corday
- Betty Grable
- Anita Ekberg
- Mitzi Gaynor
- Myrna Hansen
- Debra Paget
- Mamie Van Doren
- Corinne Calvet
- Margia Dean
- Rhonda Fleming
- Gloria Gordon
- Mara Lane
- Joy Lansing
- Terry Moore
- Rita Moreno
- Kim Novak

PHOTOPLAY PINUPS No. 5

For the newest and most glamorous pin-up pictures available today, get your copy of PHOTOPLAY Pinups No. 5—now.

MAIL COUPON NOW

PHOTOPLAY
Dept. WG-157
205 E. 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.

Send me postpaid PHOTOPLAY PINUPS No. 5. I enclose 35c.

Name. (Please Print)

Address.______________ State.______________

City.______________

71
Who Will Be Elizabeth Taylor's Next Husband?

(Continued from page 18) Joan Blondell, or Elizabeth Taylor. Evelyn Keyes is sleek, chic, sophisticated. She is smart, both in speech and in appearance, whereas Joan Blondell, Bertha Todd and Elizabeth Taylor all represent the voluptuous, feminine type of woman.

Mike Todd, on his part, is a strange combination of Elizabeth's first husband, Nicky Hilton, and her second husband, Michael Wilding. He is a protective, older man, as Mike was. He is also worldly, self-assured, knowledgeable and Mike. But—and this is an important difference—he has the wealth which Nicky Hilton has and which Elizabeth has been taught, all her life, to regard as the ultimate security.

Elizabeth and Mike Todd each, therefore, would seem to be satisfying a fundamental need in the other. And yet the idea of a young woman marrying a man five years older than the husband many people thought too old for her has its elements of the incongruous. It seems equally incongruous from the point of view. His home base is New York, his friends a combination of New York cafe society and the so-called intelligentsia of writers, artists and millionaire dilettantes.

Elizabeth Taylor's work, friends and interests are all as firmly established in Hollywood as Mike's are in New York.

This is why the announcement that she would sell her home made friends believe, for the first time, that Mike and Todd actually did plan to marry. If she marries Mike Todd, she will have to live in New York. Will she also give up picture-making? Elizabeth has said, not once but many times, when asked why she made movies if she didn't enjoy it, "For money."

But Todd is a showman. He is a man not exactly averse to publicity. He is marrying Elizabeth Taylor, one of the most beautiful women in the world and one of the most important stars in Hollywood. If he is marrying a movie star, while she is marrying in the hope of being able to abandon, even partially, the career that is part of her attraction for him, can the marriage possibly last? Or will it, for that matter, happen at all?

Some of the answers, at least, can be found in the story of their whirlwind courtship.

Like Montgomery Clift, Michael Todd was what is referred to as "a friend of the family." The fast-talking producer and the gay, fun-loving Liz had known each other for years in a breezy, casual, businesslike way. He was a frequent visitor at the Wildings' home whenever business brought him to California. He was in their party, along with another friend of Liz's, Kevin McClory, when the Wildings attended a premiere of "Moby Dick" last July. The fact that Michael Wilding spent the evening table-hopping at the party that followed at the Moombo, while Liz spent it dividing her attention between Mike Todd on one side of her and Kevin McClory on the other, elicited no particular comment. After all, it had been an open secret for almost a year that the Wilding marriage was having rough sledding.

But until that night everyone, perhaps even Liz, thought that her children would quiet the tempestuous restlessness that had made her short-tempered, almost waspish, with everyone she knew, including her immediate family. No one will ever know what words passed between Elizabeth Taylor and her husband on the drive home that night. But everyone knows that the next day, Liz, through her studio, M-G-M, and private plane that she and Michael Wilding were separating.

"There is," each avowed, "no other man and no other woman. No divorce action is planned at this time. We want time to think things over."

Shortly after that announcement, Elizabeth left for Danville, Kentucky, and the filming of "Raintree County." The fact that her friend Montgomery Clift was her leading man did not go unnoticed by the press. Columnists recalled the fact that Clift had been seriously injured when his car rammed a telephone pole as he was driving away from a party at the Wilding home. At that party was another young man with whom Elizabeth's name had been linked, Rock Hudson. The fact that Rock is now happily married to Phyllis Gates didn't mitigate the gossip.

"There," people mused, "was Michael Wilding, charming, debonair, but almost twice the age of his wife and of the two men with whom, rightly or wrongly, her name had been coupled. And these men were not only young, they were also handsome and successful. Knowing in his heart that he and Liz were close to the parting point, I wonder how he felt?"

That, too, is locked away in Mike Wilding's heart and memory. When Montgomery Clift's car smashed into that telephone pole, Liz came racing down the winding path and climbed into the car to hold his head in her lap, cradling it there, murmuring to him as she choked back the sobs until an ambulance came.

So when she left for that "Raintree Country," the question that was on people's minds was whether the public break with Wilding, the old rumors sprang to new life. "Liz Taylor and Montgomery Clift—will he be her next husband?"

But, even then, Elizabeth and Mike Todd had already gone along the trail that was to lead to Reno.

In September, less than a month after Elizabeth had arrived in Danville, Mike Todd announced that he would divorce with her. He arrived, not by train or in an automobile, but in a chartered airplane. The two-motor silver craft glided to the ground at the Lexington airport. Elizabeth Taylor and two companions climbed aboard. Less than two hours later, Liz and Mike Todd were gazing deeply into one another's eyes across a table at an exclusive Chicago restaurant.

The people who saw only the incongruity of this second alliance with a man old enough to be her father forgot or ignored the fact that Mike Todd, by doing such mutualteilings, had purchased a private plane for a luncheon that cost, in all, $820.75, was appealing to the little girl in Liz. The little girl who still hasn't grown up at all, despite two husbands, two children. The same little girl who said, when she saw Niki Hilton at the race tracks a year ago, "No wonder I was so in love with you. You were always so crazy and such fun."

The same little girl who said, when questioned about her then-forthcoming marriage to Mike Wilding, "Age doesn't mean anything. He's just a boy at heart."

The little girl who chased Mike Wilding about their palatial home in a giddy game of bullfight in which he was the bull and she was the matador. The little girl who was a breadwinner at an age when other children are not concerned with anything more financially momentous than their twenty-five-cent-travels-to-the-great-outdoors-and-their-five-cent-travels-to-the-great-outdoors.

Elizabeth, apparently, has found Mike Todd irresistible. They have gifted each other with expensive watches. Invited to dinner parties in New York, Mike would call her name, and whoever he could call "a friend." The friend turned out to be Elizabeth Taylor.

While friends of both waited for the romance to cool off it accelerated. The stocky, nervous, rather heavy-set man with a chin thrust out like a bulldog's and the glamorous movie star became a familiar sight, a familiar gossip-column item. Todd's past was called up as further evidence of the incongruity of this alliance. Mike Todd, born Arrow Hersh Goldbogen of Minneapolis, was self-made. The fact that he had peddled papers in his youth, jerked sodas, taught bricklaying, was not important except as a tribute to his determination to succeed—until people mentioned the fact that one of Mike Wilding's attractions for Elizabeth had been his family, his family silver, his ancient family traditions.

"It's funny," they said. "Elizabeth always seemed—not impressed, perhaps, but aware—certainly—of things like background and tradition. Of course, Mike Todd is supposedly a millionaire, but even so—"

Even so, the story went rolling on toward an end that seemed more and more inevitable—marriage.

Elizabeth gave up an appearance at the Hollywood premiere of her biggest and best picture, "Giant," in order to be on Todd's arm for the New York opening of 

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

In color I want to see: ACTOR:
(1) (1)
(2) (2)

I want to read about stories:
(1) (3)
(2) (4)

The features I like best in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are:
(1) (5)
(2) (6)

NAME:
ADDRESS:
AGE:

Paste this ballot on a postal card and send it to Readers' Poll Editor, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, N. Y. 17, N. Y.
his mighty epic, "Around the World in 80 Days."

The party appeared at a post-premiere party for "Lust for Life" at the home of Ed Pauley, the oil king. Liz, once described as a girl who comes alive only when she's in love, appeared radiant. No matter what the circumstances, the guests had to agree they made a handsome and happy pair. Todd was attentive and affectionate to the screen beauty.

(Wilding, upon being informed of this new duet, remarked, "It isn't this romance that upsets me, it's the one before," but characteristically refused to explain this odd sentence. An M-G-M publicist murmured, "Oh, but Liz asked Wilding first if it was all right if she went out with Todd."

While the activities of this unusual combination were steamying the columns from New York to Hollywood, and back again, the burning question of the day was the usual one—"But Will It Last?"

Hollywoodites, when they had no weightier subjects to discuss, buzzed with arguments pro and con. The beautiful Miss Taylor was sure it would last. After her dates with Todd began to be noticed, she joked to M-G-M friends that she and Todd were just pals. But in private she told a close friend that "I'm really in love with him. When I'm free I hope to marry him."

Many of her friends supported this idea. They felt her friendship with Todd was a step toward her maturity. Furthermore, they pointed out, the couple was not such an odd combination after all.

I talked to one close friend of the star's who likened the Todd-Taylor duo to David Selznick and Jennifer Jones.

"Liz's other husbands have been all wrong for her," the friend insisted. "Todd will guide her career."

"Nicky Hilton was much too young and mixed-up. Mike Wilding was too subtle and sophisticated and not responsible. He was a pixie who liked to drink and have fun. He wasn't exactly rich, either. But Todd is the opposite. He is wealthy and, unlike an actor, always will be. He is funny, but in an open, gay way as Elizabeth is. She is not a sophisticate, but a down-to-earth, fun-loving creature. She likes to pull on a pair of pedal pushers and a sweater and be casual. She is a natural, California-type girl."

"Todd," says one friend, "is dependable. Liz can lean on him. With Wilding she had to do everything—run the house, bring up the children, take care of him. At work on the set she was always worried about what was happening at home. But Todd knows how to get things done. She could feel secure with him. He is a competent, brilliant guy."

Thus, the champions of a Todd-Taylor merger insist that young men bore her. But as late as last October, opponents to the merger said stubbornly that the age factor was the single reason why Liz would never become Mrs. Mike Todd. "If she does," they added, "it won't last."

"She gets those schoolgirl crushes, violent, intense things," says one of her close friends. "And they're usually on older men. She always has any man man over 45 and she flirts."

Elizabeth, these worried pals say, has a common ailment: a father complex. She was a troubled girl who never had a natural home life. To a daughter the father is the most important member of the family; her relationship with him sets the pattern for her relationships with men the rest of her life. Elizabeth scarcely knew her father until recent years. Her friends believe she is attracted to older men because of a desperate search for..."
that father love, never fulfilling a normal
man-woman relationship.

Her closest companion when she was
little was her mother. Mrs. Taylor, the
former Sara Sothern, had been an ac-
tress but gave up her career to marry
art dealer Francis Taylor. The mother
apparently turned her drive for a theatri-
cal career to her beautiful child.

At eight Elizabeth began to act. At
seven she won an M-G-M star, playing a
English girl in "Lassie Come Home." She
did not grow up with other children her
own age. She attended school on the
M-G-M lot and worked for the salary of an
adult.

"Elizabeth was always very much under
her mother's thumb and her mother al-
ways idolized her," one M-G-M worker
told reporters recently.

"At home there were six to twelve pic-
tures of Liz in every room. Posed alone, or
with her mother. You'd never have known
there was a Taylor father or that Liz had a
brother.

Four years of Elizabeth's career formed
a wedge between her parents. They
separated for a time.

"Liz told a friend, 'It was no special loss.
I have felt like a fatherless for years, anyway. I
looked upon my agent and Benny Thau of
M-G-M as my two fathers. I went to them for
help and advice."

About this time Elizabeth, fourteen, had
an unsettling experience that usually hap-
pens to girls at a later age. She grew up
physically. The beautiful brunette with
the face that would have been heavy were
she never to pass through an awkward age.
She developed the curves of a woman. While
other girls were thinking about dates and
buying a brassiere, Elizabeth was being
even more clearly womanized by younger
members of the opposite sex.

She was wise enough to realize her
physical maturity didn't match her emo-
tional outlook.

"I had those emotions of a child but the
body of a woman," she has often and
profusely confessed in interviews.

Elizabeth cared little for schooling. She
gave up her education after high school
and plunged into a series of romantic
uptimes with a teen-age football hero who
was engaged to football hero Glenn Davis
at sixteen and to wealthy William Pawley
at seventeen. Between boyfriends she met
Walter Willinger, a Catholic thirty and flirled
with him. Even then she was fascinated by
older men.

Middle-aged producer Howard Hughes,
who rarely missed a promising beauty,
courted her furiously when she was seven-
teen. But suddenly she fell in love with
someone closer to her age, Nicky Hilton.

Elizabeth denied recently to magazine
writer Eleanor Harris that she married
Hilton to dodge her over-protective mother.
At any rate, the marriage, begun with a
spectacular ceremony arranged by her
studio, ended in divorce.

Elizabeth suffered through her divorce
hearing in tears. I remember when she sat
in the judge's chambers after the
session, her little girl face frightened and
swollen from crying. During the Hilton
marriage she suffered a nervous break-
down. But she always has refused to visit a
psychiatrist to get help.

Married at eighteen, she was divorced
eighteen. She refused to return to her
parents. Most girls her age were living in
college dormitories when Elizabeth took
an apartment with a girlfriend.

She apparently is a girl of impulsive
relationships, who can love one man in
intensely one day but adore another the
next. She was disclosing her relations to
director Stanley Donen when she left
Hollywood for London to work in a
movie. In London she wasentranced to

again meet Michael Wilding. Forgetting
Donen, she proposed to Wilding. He
wanted to wait, thinking this young, emo-
tional girl would change her mind. But
she insisted on a wedding.

Elizabeth was then coldly calm. Liz
had two children and even felt like
giving up her career and staying a house-
wife. But her emotional problems con-
tinued. She suffered constant illnesses,
overwork, and a malaise that made her
complain of back trouble, and a sore knee.

Wilding once said she acts like a little
girl in many ways. She never notices the
time and is constantly late for appoint-
ments. She never learned to cook and
runs her house with great informality,
even carelessness. She is wildly enthu-
siastic about presents and squeals with
joy when someone brings her a gift.

On hindsight, Liz's friends think she and
Wilding split up last July for a number of
reasons. Apparently the dissatisfaction
was on both sides. Their pals say Wilding
was restless to be back with his older,
sophisticated crowd in London, where he
would not be Mr. Elizabeth Taylor and
where his career could be more suc-
cessful. And Liz, they say, was just as
anxious to try out her newfound adult,
freedom and maturity on her own.

"I've developed a complex about Eliza-
thed," Wilding said shortly before their
split-up. "Whenever I thought I'd influence this
trembling little creature and guide her
along life's stoney path. Not at all. Lately
I'm simply told to shut up.

Perhaps her break with Wilding and her
parents was a sign she is seeking a more adult,
satisfactory relationship. But most of the evidence
points to the fact the troubled star still is a child
struggling to grow up and find peace of
mind. This dilemma of the woman and the child.
This, essentially, has always been her problem—and
her dilemma. Whether or not marriage to Mike
Tod will solve it, no one can say. Nor can anyone
say with any certainty that Todd will be
Elizabeth's third husband.

There are several reasons for doubt in
this romantic sweepstakes. For one thing,
Liz had not even filed for divorce at
the time she fell for Todd—her free-
dom was a thing of the future. Some of
her observers believed that by the time she
separated with Todd she would have moved on to other
attachments.

There even are some cynical observers of
the Hollywood scene who suggest Todd's well-meaning
courtesy was partly motivated by the opening of
his picture, "Around the World in 80
Days." Being successful in business, Todd
exercises enough to try a widdly ro-
nance, they say. But Mike Todd issued
the flat statement, "I'm in love with Liz—in
love for the first time in my life."

As for Elizabeth, her one published
statement regarding her feelings for Mike Todd was, "I love him madly—passion-
ately—why not?" At the time, practically
everyone thought she was kidding

But it is safe to say that Elizabeth Tay-
lor is not yet sufficiently adult to be able to
make a choice between the need for
a father and the equally strong need for a
husband-companion. When she mar-
ried again she will place to see her
third husband, as she found in her second
husband, someone who will seem able to
fill both needs. If he can and does, Eliza-
thed Taylor will be a very happy woman.
If he cannot and does not, I fear that Reno
have not seen the last of Elizabeth.

Knowing better now what she wants, the
chances are pretty good that she might get it.

YOU'LL SEE: Elizabeth Taylor in "Giant."

PHOTOGRAPHERS' CREDITS

Color portrait of Don Murray by Powol-
ny; Tony Perkins by Froker; Joan Collins
by Powolny; Dorothy Malone by Mar-
shut; Dione Dors by RKO.
AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER—U.A.; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Delicious romantic comedy, shot in Paris. G1 John Forsythe falls in love with Olivia de Havilland. She's daughter of the U.S. ambassador; he thinks she's a French model. (F) October

ATTACK!—U.A.: Slashing, often horrifying drama of war in Europe. Strong all-male cast is led by Jack Panalee, as a fighting man, and Eddie Albert, as an officer whose cowardice endangers the Gl's. (A) November

BAD SEED, THE—Warners: Deliberate shocker casts Patty McCormack as a child who has inherited homicidal tendencies. Nancy Kelly as the murderer's distraught mother. (A) December

BEST THINGS IN LIFE ARE FREE, THE—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Musical-saga saga of the 1920's. Gordon MacRae, Ernest Borgnine, Dan Dailey are a composing team; Sheree North is Gordon's girl. (F) November

BETWEEN HEAVEN AND HELL—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Bob Wagner draws a juicy role as a spoiled Southerner who's an Army misfit in the Pacific. Terry Moore's seen briefly as his wife; Buddy Ebsen's an Army pal who changes Bob's outlook. (F) November

BUS STOP—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: In a touching comedy of love, Marilyn Monroe does her finest work as a homely-tong gal boisterously pursued by innocent cowboy Don Murray, a welcome new face. (A) November

CHA-CHA-CHA-BOOM!—Columbia: Careless musical, loaded with Latin rhythms, sends promoter Steve Dunne to Cuba to discover Perez Prado and his men. (F) December

DEATH OF A SCOUNDREL—RKO: George Sanders neatly plays the naive rogue, tycoon just asking to be murdered. Among his women: Yvonne De Carlo, Zsa Zsa Gabor. (A) December

FRIENDLY PERSUASION—A.A.; De Luxe Color: Warmth, gentle humor illuminate the story of a Quaker farm family in Civil War days. Gary Cooper, Dorothy McGuire are parents of teenagers Tony Perkins and Phyllis Love and little Dick Eyer. (F) December

JULIE—M-G-M: Taut, hard-driving suspense movie. Fleeting death threats from her insane jealous husband (Louis Jourdan), Doris Day returns to airline-hostess work. Barry Sullivan's her loyal friend. (F) December

LAST WAGON, THE—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: In a cracking good frontier drama, killer Richard Widmark shepherds a group of orphaned teenagers (including Felicia Farr, Nick Adams, Stephanie Griffin) through an Apache- haunted wilderness. (F) October

LUST FOR LIFE—M-G-M; CinemaScope, MetroColor: Beautiful film about the painter Van Gogh's turbulent life. Kirk Douglas gives an impassioned performance in the lead; Tony Quinlan's his excellent as Gauguin. (A) October

MOUNTAIN, THE—Paramount; Vista-Vision, Technicolor: Splendidly forthright duel of character between brothers Spencer Tracy and Bob Wagner, as they climb to reach a wrecked plane in the French Alps. (F) November


PORT AFRIQUE—Columbia, Technicolor: Colorful whodunit, shot in French Morocco. Aided by refugee Pier Angeli, Phil Carey investigates his wife's murder. (A) November


RACK, THE—M-G-M: Deeply understanding close-up of an officer on trial for collaboration in a Korean prison camp. Fine acting by Paul Newman, as the defendant, Walter Pidgeon, his father, Anne Francis, his sister-in-law, Emmond O'Brien, defense attorney. (A) June

SECRETS OF LIFE—Buena Vista, Technicolor: Interesting but patchy documentary of birth and the fight for survival among plant, insects, water creatures. (F) December

SHARKFIGHTERS, THE—U.A.; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Brisk action picture shows Victor Mature leading risky World War II experiments off Cuba, to find a shark-repellent. With Karen Steele, James Olson. (F) December

SILENT WORLD, THE—Columbia, Technicolor: Beautiful, exciting, true adventures of aqua-lung inventor Cousteau and his men, exploring ocean depths. (F) December

SOLID GOLD CADILLAC, THE—Columbia; Laugh-loaded spoof of big business, Small stockholder and Judy Holliday comes into the directors' dealings, (they're crooked), pursues Paul Douglas, the firm's ex-coss. (F) October

TEA AND SYMPATHY—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor: Sensitive and subtly done, this drama casts John Kerr as a college boy accused of being a sissy. For understanding, he turns to the older Deborah Kerr, wife of instructor Leif Erickson. (A) November

TEENAGE REBEL—20th; CinemaScope: Fresh, heart-catching study of a parent-teenager relationship. Wed to Michael Rennie, Ginger Rogers tries to win over Betty Lou Keim, resentful child of her first marriage. (F) November

TENSION AT TABLE ROCK—RKO, Technicolor: In a lively Western, Dick Egan's accused of murder, helps sheriff Cameron Mitchell fight rowdies. (F) December

TOWARD THE UNKNOWN—Warners, WarnerColor: Bill Holden and Lloyd Nolan are first-rate as airmen testing new jets, facing personal problems, vying for Virginia Leith. But the planes steal the show. (F) December

UNGUARDED MOMENT, THE—U.L. Technicolor: Serious, though a bit sensationalized. When schoolteacher Esther Williams accuses student John Saxon of attempted attack, only detective George Nader helps her. (A) December

WEE GEORDIE—GO, Technicolor: Delightful British comedy, with lovely Scottish backdrops. Shy athlete Bill Travers winds up competing in the '56 Olympics. (F) December

YOU CAN'T RUN AWAY FROM IT—Columbia; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Sparkling musical teams runaway rich girl June Allyson with debonair reporter Jack Lemmon, Nice combo of laughs, sentiment, song. (F) December

Get TUMS Ideal Relief... "People-tested" by Grateful Mothers!

While carrying baby, you'll find modern TUMS are such a blessing! Now those acid attacks needn't cause you another minute of distress. Just eat one or two tasty TUMS. They quickly dissolve just right to get to the stomach fast... and neutralize the excess acid that causes your heartburn. And TUMS relief really lasts! Each TUMS scientific formula contains no soda, alkali... nothing to upset your digestion. They're safe, fast, and sure. Used by millions of grateful mothers. Carry TUMS wherever you go!
Little Boy-Tony Perkins

(Continued from page 23)

It's part of his charm, this mercurial, quixotic, puzzled and puzzling approach of Tony's. He is of the great and small. And through it all, he's squirming like the small boy he seems to be beneath the serious, dedicated actor that he is. He twists from side to side during an interview: His fingers snap joyously at the corners of the table in front of him, toying with a fork, drumming soundlessly against the cloth, pushing a plate away and then drawing it back again. He can be a fey fairly young fellow, you subly when he's asked a question: that, for any reason, makes him feel slightly ill at ease or embarrassed.

Later, you do a double-take and realize that Tony is neither case or embarrassed at all, that Tony Perkins has enough poise and humor and intelligence to feel at ease anywhere, with anyone. You realize that it's a game he plays, and once you're into the game his face breaks up into a sheepish and very boyish grin. Now he'll tell the truth and play it straight. He promises. And you believe him. But you shouldn't.

These are the things that make Tony Perkins a fascinating person to be with. You never know where you're at, but you don't really care. The important thing, if you think about it, is that you're with Tony Perkins. As elusive as a beam of sunlight though he is, that ingenious, boyish charm makes him seem not elusive at all. As complicated as the inner workings of an IBM calculating machine could be, his face is the healthy, straightforward way of answering questions makes you sure you know all about him.

It's actually doubtful that even Tony Perkins knows all about Tony Perkins. The first time I met Tony, he had no trace of a Southern accent. Why should he have? He was born, raised and educated in and around New York and Boston.

The second time I met him, after he had just completed "Fear Strikes Out," his Southern accent was so pronounced I had to comment on it. I said, "I didn't know you were born in Tennessee, Tony." He said, "Boy, my boyish smile broke across his thin, serious, brown-eyed face. "Ah don't," he said.

You see what I mean? So you put down in your notes, for later use all these fine, modern words that make Tony Perkins an enigma and you sound stupid. You should know why he said he didn't have when he does have; there is a joke, a special meaning, tucked away in that brief dialogue. You want him to think you got the point of his joke. Later, you think that maybe it wasn't a joke, after all. You resolve that the next time you see him things will be different.

They won't be.

You can't find out about the things you can understand—the solid, real things about Tony Perkins which can be discussed without watching them dissolve like bits of gooseberry.

Here's a sample of his first important picture, "Friendly Persuasion," Tony made the cover of Life magazine. This is a rare honor for any star and almost unheard-of in the case of a brand-new male star. It had never been done before, not even Technicolor, wide-screen, super-colossal epic. "Persuasion" is a modest film, made by Allied Artists and starring Gary Cooper and Joseph Cotten. But, except for a smallish role in "The Actress," a couple of years back, it served to bring Tony Perkins to the screen—and to overnight stardom. He was instantly likened to the late James Dean, although he is as unlike Jimmy as it is possible for anyone to be. The "like-ness" was based mainly on the fact that both were engagingly genuine, good-looking in every woman, young and old. And they yearn to brush back their tumbled hair, to straighten their tie. He has a quality of loneliness, too, such as Jimmy had, but Tony's isn't the loneliness of frustration and rejection. It is the loneliness of a man who is searching within himself for all the answers.

This explains those rapidly shifting moods. Whereas Jimmy Dean's moods settled on him like a black cloud, and stayed there, Tony's are brief, sometimes unconscious moments of absencing himself from the people around him. Apparently, Jimmy was often deliberately rude. Tony is often rude, but doesn't know he's being rude, and is instantly contrite when made aware of it. So or so he says, and you believe him, absolutely. How could you not believe him when he looks up at you with those serious, dark eyes, when he speaks to you in a low voice, as if he says, "I don't know where such stories get started—or," he adds after a minute's reflection, "yes, I do, too. I know where one of them got started, because I made it up myself." And he's really done it. A true, unshakable feeling of the dark head and an expressive gesture made with thin, long-fingered, strong but graceful hands, "I'm surprised. I really am. I mean, how else could I've done it?"

His voice trails off, the dark eyes are lowered, and his entire posture becomes one of defeat. He has been hurt, deeply hurt, by something that is happening to him. But, he can't control his eyes, his bodily motions and expressions have all said so. And you feel as outraged as he. It doesn't occur to you until later to wonder whether there wasn't a moment when you were looking at a young Gary Cooper. There's a hint of a smile hovering about the wide, sensitive mouth.

Was he just acting again, watching his audience's reaction to his different portrayal? Tony Perkins is one of the few who can really make a woman feel that he's a superb actor, make no mistake about that. He can be anything to anyone, at a moment's notice. This is not insincerity. Rather than just a natural gift, this ability to drop one coat and put on another before the audience is even aware that a change has been called for.

That's why Tony only smiles when you ask him what he thinks of being called "a young Gary Cooper." This is sheer nonsense, since Tony's acting range is enormous, whereas Cooper, fine actor though he is, has always been limited in the characters he could portray.

"I think Gary Cooper is a great actor," Tony will tell you. "A very great actor. I studied him every minute of the time we were working together on "Friendly Persuasion." He was an example for me. He showed me how to mimic him and to increase the feeling that I was really his son, but because he's good. He's a much better actor than most people have any idea of. So if people want to talk about a resemblance, that's fine with me."

He knows, of course, that when audiences see him in "The Lonely Man," which co-stars Jack Palance, and "Fear Strikes Out," which is Tony's picture and his star-making picture, the name "a young Gary Cooper" will be forgotten.

In addition to the amazing job of mimicking Gary Tony does in "Friendly Persuasion," the "young Gary Cooper" role of Tony is like Gary (six feet, one and a half inches), and thin. When I last met him he was in New York, trying to get back some of the weight he'd lost; when Tony loses weight, he goes down to skin and bones. And even before he worked with Cooper, Tony had the legend that he was the thin, almost emaciated in high heels, the role of "Lone Star," which is to say, Henry Fonda in a role that all the actors before him had tried. He will go to Italy to make a picture that, so far, is to co-star Silvana Mangano. He has more picture offers than he can even consider, and he is honestly and unashamedly very happy about it.

"After all," he said, referring to those actors who make a point of sneering at everything relating to Hollywood—until...
Tony is carefully making plans, however, that will keep him from settling down permanently in Hollywood. He has bought land on the West Coast. His mother, widow of the late actor, Osgood Perkins, spends every summer. Since Tony has a limited amount of money to spend on real estate (the salaries of young actors aren't nearly so phenomenal as people seem to think), having spent what he had on Eastern real estate automatically prevents him from buying Western real estate.

Like most creative atmospheres in New York much more stimulating than that in Los Angeles. The theatre, the pace, the constantly shifting scenes on any busy New York street, even the change of seasons—Hollywood's endless sunshine, are all evocative of moods—which actors feed on.

Some of Tony's pet dislikes in Hollywood are the ritualistic barbecues, where the whole day is wasted or King is an error that amounts of food that no one really wants and where the talk is nearly always limited to food and cooking. Tony is a man who hates to eat and who is usually too busy or preoccupied to remember to eat. He is on guard, too, against that day which comes to so many actors. Once determined to keep one foot in the theatre, the Broadwayites suddenly find themselves looking about and musing, "After all, what's wrong with just settling down out here in Hollywood? After all, where else could you get all this?"—gesturing to the swimming pool, to the flowers that bloom all year long, to the cloudless blue sky and the lush greenery. "We have everything wonderful here," they say. But Tony, humbly, and not the most wonderful part of all is that we get paid so much money for enjoying it."

There's very little chance that Tony Perkins will fall prey to that kind of thinking. He demands too much of himself, for one thing, and besides, everything in his background is opposed to it. Tony was born in New York in the 1920s. His father, Osgood Perkins, was matinee idol of the Twenties. Tony's mother was a Wellesley College graduate and a socialite. After the death of his father, Tony's education was interrupted when it was discovered that Tony could not qualify for the entrance examinations. Meanwhile he had already indicated a strong preference for the theatre over work of any other sort or for study, or on that matter. He went back to New York, where he enrolled in Columbia University as a history major. During the summers he worked in summer stock. One of his plays was "The Actress."

Tony was a junior at Columbia when M-G-M bought the play. Tony applied for the role he had played on the stage, and, to his surprise, got the role. Even then the movie starred Jean Simmons and Spencer Tracy. Tony hopes you do not recall very much more about it. He prefers that it had never happened.

When Elia Kazan was casting for "East of Eden," Tony went after that role with all his heart, but that other young actor named Jimmy Dean was chosen for the part. Tony ended up back on Broadway playing the part of the young boy in "Tea and Sympathy" which his good friend, John Kerr, had played before and subsequently played in the filmed version. "I haven't been out of work more than a week in years," Tony recalls of his acting career. "When I wasn't on the stage I was getting some good TV roles. Then, with 'Friendly Persuasion,' my movie career really got rolling. I guess I might say I've been uncommonly lucky."

This was not said with false modesty, because Tony pretends no modesty about his career. He's shy, but also knows that he's a good actor even if he drives himself relentlessly to be a much better one. His personal life is singularly free of romantic involvements and possessions. His dates are confined to the young actresses with whom he has made films, namely Elaine Aiken and Norma Moore. He seldom appears at a New York party. When he does, he stays just long enough to make his manners to his host and hostess, then he's gone. His room in the Chateau Marmont, where he lived until he got his first important movie, was bare of all but the absolute necessities of furnishings—a bed, a radio that played constantly, an easy chair, a table. While he was there, he finds that he can get by with one suit, one sport jacket, one pair of slacks, one pair of shoes, a couple of pairs of blue jeans and a few shirts.

"One day I was with him at Sardi's. He was wearing a brown sport jacket and gray slacks. Few heads turned to stare at him, since "Persuasion," his first starring movie, still hadn't been released. But when we got outside half a dozen teenagers came swarming up to ask for his autograph. Tony cheerfully obliged.

"The next time you come to New York," I pressed him, "you'll have to look the part. You can't be able to walk half a dozen steps without autograph hounds on your trail. How will you feel about that?"

Tony's mind deeply into his trousers pockets, ducked his head and looked up at me in that quizzical, humorous way that, before the year is out, he will have made as famous as Dean made his. "I'm walking with pride," he mumbled. "Why?" said Tony Perkins, gently, "I don't know, but the chances are I'll like it just fine." We shook hands and I stood there a minute, watching him go. A young man who looks even taller than he is because he's so thin, who seems to unwind when he stands up, as though he's made a section, who oozes rare gentleness with an equally rare inner strength. Brown-haired and brown-eyed, with a boyishness that's clung to him all his life and had everyone, including his schoolteachers, wondering to mother him. Tony Perkins is going to be this year's romantic blockbuster.

Watch him closely. You haven't seen his like on the screen in a long time. But you'll be seeing him, we promise, for a long time to come.

Don't fail to see: Tony Perkins in "Friendly Persuasion" and "The Lonely Man."
**Giant**

**WARNERS, WARNERCOLOR**

\\\\\\

Broad in scope, serious in purpose, the movie based on Edna Ferber’s novel provides satisfying entertainment. Guided by producer-director George Stevens, Rock Hudson and Elizabeth Taylor do their finest work, while the late James Dean has a fascinating role. Liz arrives in Texas as Rock’s bride and is taken aback by her new home’scrudeness, the submissiveness expected of women, the prejudice against Mexicans. Parallel to the story of her marriage goes Dean’s rise from cowhand to oil millionaire. The grown children of Rock and Liz bring up problems, as Carroll Baker is infatuated with Dean, Dennis Hopper marries a Mexican.  

**FAMILY**

---

**The Teahouse of the August Moon**

**M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, METROCOLOR**

\\\\\\

Quaint charm animates this comedy of American occupation forces and Okinawan natives. Likable in his officer role, Glenn Ford takes command in a small town. He’s greeted by interpreter Marlon Brando (in convincing Oriental make-up). As Glenn prepares to use American know-how, the villagers hand him a variety of presents—including a geisha, exquisite Machiko Kyo. He can’t diplomatically refuse the gift, and his efficient plans go awry. He starts building a teahouse for the geisha, with help from the Army. Then headquarters sends psychiatrist Eddie Albert to find out what’s happened to Glenn.  

**FAMILY**

---

**Anastasia**

**20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR**

When Helen Hayes joins Ingrid Bergman, the screen goes electric with acting power. Though the picture belongs to its feminine stars, Yul Brynner makes an attractive rogue. A member of Paris’ Russian colony, exiled from the Sovietized homeland, Yul helps circulate the rumor that Grand Duchess Anastasia survived the slaughter of the royal family. If he can find a plausible Anastasia, perhaps he can get his hands on the fortune left to her. Ingrid, a haggard derelict with a clouded mind, is groomed for the role and comes to believe in it. But the verdict must be given by Miss Hayes, as the sad, tough-minded old Dowager Empress.  

**FAMILY**

---

**The Girl He Left Behind**

**WARNERS**

\\\\\\

Tab Hunter gets into uniform again, with a role to match his “Battle Cry” hit. And Natalie Wood, his co-star in “The Burning Hills,” now appears more her sprightly self, as a sensible girl who won’t marry Tab until he’s really grown up. Self-assured, thoroughly spoiled by mama Jessie Royce Landis, he flunks out of college into the arms of his draft board. The reluctant GI proves no asset to the peacetime Army. Recognizing that the boy is no coward, his superiors try doggedly to make a soldier out of him. Murray Hamilton draws the best laughs, as a sarcastic sergeant.  

**FAMILY**
The material is familiar, but good details and the imposing presence of Fess Parker give conviction to this pioneering yarn. Fess serves as both director and scriptwriter for the Oregan-bound group, with stalwart Jeff York as his fellow guide. Dealings with hostile Indians take an unusual twist when a chief wants to adopt the blonde kid sister of Kathleen Crowley, who is Fess’s beloved. Her teen-aged brother and a little Sioux boy are also involved in the tense climax, giving the story extra interest for small fry.

Family

Everything but the Truth

Cute kid, able actor, little Tim Hovey gets himself into a pretty fix in an amusing but meaningful comedy of politics. Running for temporary boy mayor of his town, orphan Tim hits civic corruption by repeating an indirect remark of his guardian, who’s given a $10,000 kickback to the town’s real mayor on a real-state deal. All concerned beg Tim to say he lied, but schoolteacher Maureen O’Hara has taught the boy too well. He insists on sticking to the truth, though he’s suspended from school. Enlisting columnist John For-sythe’s aid, Maureen turns Tim’s cause into a national crusade.

Family

The Silken Affair

David Niven makes every meek committer’s dream come true in this gentle worm-that-turns story. Accountant Niven and his equally stuffy wife (Dorothy Al-ison) have been bickering other quietly for years. But after he shares a rainy-day cab with a saucy French model (Genevieve Page), his outlook suddenly changes. Assigned to check the books of two hosiery companies, he decides to juggle their accounts slyly. The failing firm of lovable old Ronald Squire is made to look like a great success; the booming modern outfit of snub Howard Craig is apparently bankrupting. Obviously, Niven’s little adventure is headed for disaster. But it’s fun while it lasts.

Adult

Man in the Vault

As hero of an action yarn, William Campbell has the usual chores: bashing and getting bashed; playing around with a couple of good-looking dames. A skilled young locksmith, Bill has an offer of a shady job from petty racketeer Berry who plans to get at the cash-loaded safety-deposit box Bill has. At first, Bill virtuously refuses the assignment, but he has to give in when sweet-heart Karen Sharpe is threatened. Anita Ekberg slinks in and out of the proceedings, as girl friend of a big shot, and Mike Mazurki’s a strong-arm man.

Reprisal!

Good intentions are the best angle of this Guy Madison vehicle, a Western with solemn solicitude for the Indians’ cause. Arriving in a frontier town to file the deed for nearby ranch land he just bought, Guy finds himself in the middle of a dangerous situation. His neighbors, three murderous brothers, have just been cleared by a prejudiced jury, though everyone knows they lynched two young Indians. Guy refuses to take sides in the following controversy, until his reason is revealed: His mother was an Indian, deserted by her white lover. He conceals his ancestry, because it would prevent him from owning land. In his final choice, he’s influenced by two girls: Felicia Farr, whose allegiances waver; Kathryn Grant, a courageous Indian maiden.

Public Pigeon No. 1

Red Skelton needs all of his demonstrated showmanship and gift for clowning to come with a creative plot. A bright-eyed innocent, he blows his savings (most- ly deposited by fiancée Janet Blair) on phony stock peddled by Allyn Joslyn. Benny Baker and Vivian Blaine. When Red realizes he’s been gyped, he goes after the crooks, but they persuade him that they’re working undercover for the FBI—and draft him as an agent. He even maneuvers into jail, and this development gives rise to a genuinely funny sequence of good- fashioned slapstick, as Red does a jailbreak with the whole-hearted connivance of the law.

Curucu, Beast of the Amazon

Take it as a travelogue, and it’s a feast for the eyes. Filmed in Brazil, it ranges from Sugar Loaf Mountain and the modern magnificence of Rio de Janeiro to the jungles along the remote, seldom-seen waterfalls. As a melodrama, it’s something else again. Plantation owner John Bromfield loses his workers when they flee in superstition terror from a mysterious killer, a clawed and feathered creature that might have come out of some legend. Determined to track the Thing to its updater lair, John sets off with an Indian guide (Tom Payne) and an unwillingly accepted lady partner. This is Beverly Garland; American doctor who is attacked by every menace of the jungle, from headhunters to a boa constrictor.

Family

Man in the Vault

BE YOUR OWN MUSIC TEACHER

Send for Free Book Telling How Easily You Can Learn Piano, Guitar, Accordion.

INSTRUMENT THIS EASY A-B-C Way

NOW IT’S EASY to learn music at home. I’m Satisfied Teacher, just START RIGHT OUT playing melody pieces. Thousands may now have wondered if they could. Our illustrated lessons make it easy at A-B-C level to learn a regular popular selection (any instrument) in a few minutes. On easy-pay plan, only a few cents a lesson. Over 500,000 students have benefited. Mail your order today.

Stop Cheating Yourself of These Joys!


MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOK, Find out who our method can teach you quickly, easily, inexpensively. Write for 30-page illustrated Free Book. No obligation. Identify your favorite instrument. Just mail coupon today! No salesman will call open you.

FREE ENLARGEMENT of Your Favorite Photo

FROM FAMOUS HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS Just to get acquainted, we’ll make your favorite B&W snapshot, 5 x 7 blank, and white enlargement of any snapshot, photo, or painting, also to be sure to include color of hair, eyes, and clothing, and get our Air Mail Bargain Offer for having your photo enlarged with a beautiful hand-colored in oil and mounted frame! Mail us F-307. Offer limited to customers. Please enclose 10c to cover cost of handling and mailing, extra enlarging. Offer good while supplies last. You will pay $10.00 for children’s or adults pictures used in our advertising. Act now! Offer limited to U.S.A. only.

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS, Dept. F-307
7201 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood 38, Calif.

IT’S GREAT TO CLEAR YOUR SKIN OF PSORIASIS

Psoriasis

-the ugly skin trouble

Enjoy the thrill of a smooth clear skin. DERMOL is the DERMOL formula used by doctors, extensively tested and results reported for over 22 years! No matter how long you have suffered, write for Free Book on Psoriasis pain and after' photos of results, and send 1ic for generous trial bottle. Satisfaction in 2 weeks or money back. Sold by all Druggists.

LAKE LABORATORIES, Dept. 2704
Box 3925 Strathmore Station, Detroit 27, Mich.
The Rebel and the Lady

(Continued from page 43)

Carroll, I believe, tends to think her
the volatile, tension-ridden "rebels"
who have invaded Hollywood. In one
of the first interviews she ever gave
she admitted that, like some of the others
of their genre, she had turned to psy-
chiatry. However, she also said that she
does not think of herself as a rebel.

"If we are a bunch of rebels," Carroll
told me, "then I'm the only one who
ought to be aginst [sic] so much the estabished
pattern of living or acting, but, rather,
the temptation to let ourselves be made into
something we aren't."

But, even if they, these so-called
"rebels"? Certainly not glorified juve-
nile delinquents, although Carroll, you
would say, might have been: child of a
broken marriage, brought up in a small
factory town in Pennsylvania by a mother
who had to scrump and toil to keep her
family together. And Carroll began dance-
ing professionally in Florida night clubs
in her early teens. But none of that
explains the special quality of her per-
sonality—and of her acting—which makes her
one with the "rebels.

Jest out of that rugged childhood has come a typical quiet, pretty
girl with good manners, a happy young
wife and mother, one who lets her talent
make its own rules, rather than being
driven by the first burst of publicity, glamour
or money. She has the beauty for
such a pursuit, as could be seen even
with the tweed skirt and the wind-ruffled
hair. Her dark blue eyes, beautifully set,
are surrounded by skin of the clearest
alabaster. "I've never had much trouble
with it, thank goodness," she said. Her
light touch is a mark of modesty. Alas! "Baby Doll." She's short of a mere
eighteen, weighing 113 pounds, but even
that would not keep her from throwing
her weight around as a glamour puff, if
that was the way she was inclined.

But she is not so inclined. She's too
much a lady to make such use of her
name. Her grace is an art rather than her
heaven-sent talent in any unworthy
way. Lady and rebel, she is just a lucky
girl who was gifted with inborn talent, an
honest girl who followed the dictates of the
heart, rather than the dictates of fortune.

The swiftness of Carroll Baker's rise, the
brevity of her apprenticeship for the
demanding Baby Doll role, is also a part
of the "rebel" legend. After the Florida
night clubs she went to New York in 1932,
did a certain amount of television work,
took lessons with Strasberg and made
her Broadway debut in "Eescapeade." Then
she won the role of Ruth in Robert Andert-
on's "All Summer Long," and was hailed by
the critics as "outstanding"—an accolade
not to be underestimated. Then "Giant."

In private life, Miss Baker is the wife
of the well-known playwright-director Jack Garfein. They were married
on April 3, 1955. When we had our
lunchen conversation in New York, she
was just getting through it all.

Dedication to her work is another part
of the legend. Two weeks before the rest
of the "Baby Doll" cast, Carroll arrived
on location in Benoit, Mississippi. She
would have had no purpose for going there
to know the place, drinking in its character
and color, talking to the townsfolk and
acquiring an accent like that of her tem-
perature. Not so. She went there in her role which Elia Kazan invariably recom-
ends; but it was Carroll's talent for ob-
server and mimicry that caused the rest
of the crew to find, on their arrival, the
authentic Baby Doll waiting.
a low ebb, Carroll was offered a wonderful job: a cigarette commercial. "Only I don't smoke!" she wails. She needed the work so badly; she wanted to bluff her way. At the first interview they liked her looks, young, "sort of normal," as she puts it. "They said I 'went well' with the girls who were there to help me with their minds. Then they asked, 'When you smoke, do you inhale deeply?' Oh, of course I do! I said fervently."

They gave her a carton of cigarettes and she went home and smoked and smoked, coughing all the while, and succeeded in making herself deathly sick. At the second interview, they liked the way she read the lines. Then came the moment she had to inhale.

"I took a tremendous draw, and didn't laugh. But tears came to my eyes, splashed over, splashed. The atmosphere chill, the cigarette smoke much, they said, but..." Nevertheless, she gave her honest cigarettes to take home. Again she smoked and coughed herself sick. At the final audition balanced, by bedroom, we have a huge bed and nothing else but that! For our all-white living-room with its salt-and-pepper cotton carpeting, we're burning a drapery material we were given. For five dollars and over the cost, including the making, would be $700, so we said, 'We'll wait a few months.' When the painters made a mistake and pouted Jack's study in her room's cream and would only do one of them over for us, for free, we had only Jack's study done over. The baby will just have to get along as is.

Carroll thinks the members of her group may be a little different. Their drive is toward finding themselves as actors, being in good things, working with good directors, being alive. The characters they portray so that people will forget the player in watching the play.

"Sometimes, I think we are a little too relaxed, knowing about the way we wear, dress," Miss Baker admits. "Uh-huh, the blue jeans. Actually, though, the jeans were an economy measure, a sort of occupational necessity, rather than the dizziness or a wish to be 'characters.' Now that the Actors' Studio has moved to a better building, the blue-jean trend is changing. Not that I, for one, will ever go to another kind of bed."

I'm not too much of a dressmaker in my home. I don't care for the glamour things. Don't care for furs. Just kills me to put money for jewelry. Not crazy about perfume. Especially, perfume doesn't stay around in my house, and good leather purses and shoes, which I love, I'm not very clothes conscious. But I do take time to put on a dress, try to be nice, when I go out. I don't want to be compared with an actor, my best friend.

"I don't suppose that Jack and I will live as simply as we do now, in a lovely but relatively small and inexpensive apartment. As your fame increases, your demands increase. When there is a baby, there has to be someone to watch him. As your career grows, and you start parts, you're too tired to come home, and you can't watch my beautiful wedding dress! A Baker Original!"

Three weeks after the wedding, Carroll received a call from Giant. When she reached Hollywood, she learned on her salary so that Jack could come out, too. It was wonderful for him to watch George Stevens at work and, later, Elia Kazan. While Carroll was at Giant, Jack was with her there, too. "Cheaper for him to fly down than for me to call him every day!"

Then, last summer, Jack got his first break when he directed "End As A Man," starring Julie Wilson and Ben Gazzara, for Columbia. He's preparing now to direct "The Girls of Summer," a new play starring Shelley Winters, which will open after a brief run in London. They have taken a new apartment in New York. "I could write a sonnet to the dishwasher!" says Carroll.

The two youngsters were most prosperous during their "Ill-Matched parade" and "All Summer Long." But play runs just so long, and it was just as their money ran out once more that they decided they wanted to get married. Since this was to be a surprise, it was hard to do it nicely, but how, with no money? Then Lee Strasberg invited them to have the wedding in his midtown apartment.

"I decided to make my own wedding gown," Carroll says. "I bought yards and yards of off-white silk crêpe and a pattern. Then I rented a portable sewing machine and went to work. It was a very intricate pattern, with fusing tucked bodice and a bustle underneath. A long, long skirt, which Jack hemmed up for me. That turned out to be a little too long for my mother, and I'm afraid of the glamour things. Don't care for furs. Just kills me to put money for jewelry. Not crazy about perfume. Especially, perfume doesn't stay around in my house, and good leather purses and shoes, which I love, I'm not very clothes conscious. But I do take time to put on a dress, try to be nice, when I go out. I don't want to be compared with an actor, my best friend.

"I don't suppose that Jack and I will live as simply as we do now, in a lovely but relatively small and inexpensive apartment. As your fame increases, your demands increase. When there is a baby, there has to be someone to watch him. As your career grows, and you start parts, you're too tired to come home, and you can't watch my beautiful wedding dress! A Baker Original!"

Three weeks after the wedding, Carroll received a call from Giant. When she reached Hollywood, she learned on her salary so that Jack could come out, too. It was wonderful for him to watch George Stevens at work and, later, Elia Kazan. While Carroll was at Giant, Jack was with her there, too. "Cheaper for him to fly down than for me to call him every day!"

Then, last summer, Jack got his first break when he directed "End As A Man," starring Julie Wilson and Ben Gazzara.
(Continued from page 51)

"I can take my time with my career," says Jim, with all due modesty. Besides, he's not sure that he wants to be an actor — although he greatly enjoys acting — and either way he is determined to get a well-rounded education as part of his preparation. "The most important thing for an actor is versatility," he feels. He believes that experiences are "like building a pyramid" — the more you add and the higher you get, the closer you come to your goal.

According to Jim, "Harvard's great," and he seems to relish particularly the fact that there are no restrictive rules. He is also pleased to have met many different types of younger men in and around Harvard. "I'm pretty adaptable," he grins, leaving it unsaid that he gets along fine with almost anyone.

Although Jim is putting college before career, don't think that you won't be seeing him for the next four years. On the contrary, he is under contract to RKO to make a picture during each of his next three summer vacations. In addition, he has been approached frequently to work on television and plans to accept roles during vacation times, provided they do not interfere with his studies.

Being in the limelight is not exactly a new experience for Jim. Indirectly, he has been there most of his life, as the son of the famous Marian Halsey, MacArthur Prize-winning playwright and ace reporter, and of the first lady of the American theatre, Helen Hayes.

Jim first bounced into the acting spotlight in the spring of 1955, when he made his TV debut in "Strike a Blow" on Climax! His performance prompted raves from critics and viewers alike and led to his contract with RKO. Since then, "The Young Stranger," he has been hailed in show-business circles as a real "come." Talent-wise, he has again proved to be an exception, displaying a veteran's ability.

"The Young Stranger" is the film version of the award-winning "Strike a Blow." In both, Jim portrays the central figure — a young boy who has to fight for his rights and who wants to be judged for what he is, rather than for what someone has said about him.

This desire to be judged on his own merits is part of the reason Jim wake-up, and thus far it has had rewarding results. Kim Hunter, who portrays Jim's mother in "Stranger," says of him: "It's amazing that a youngster with no formal training can have such a sure-footed knowledge of acting. Heritage is a wonderful thing."

His heritage, indeed, has played a big part in Jim's life and work so far. The main part of it has been a warm, encompassing sense of being loved, with the perhaps special love which goes to an adopted son. Then there is the intensely theatrical background with which he was always surrounded. But equally important have been a strong common sense and a willingness to stand on his own two feet, the seeds of which were planted early in Jim's childhood. These qualities have enabled him, among other things, to look upon his notable background with an appreciation as well as realistic eye. Consequently, Jim regards his famed name as both a glowing asset and a heavy responsibility. While he is grateful that it has brought him opportunities other young men must struggle to find, he has also learned to count its cost. "It's tough, sometimes," he says, "to have everything I do associated with them, but I still think my folks have been the greatest. His reasons for saying this are legion.

Growing up in Nyack, New York, Jim lived in an atmosphere of mutual love and respect. In spite of his parents' notoriety and the many celebrities who constantly visited the rambling Victorian home of the MacArthurs, Jim was allowed to develop normally and to partake in all the usual boyhood activities. He was never rigidly disciplined, nor did he get into any major mischief. "Sure, there were times when my folks didn't want me to do certain things," he shrugs, "but they never absolutely forbade me. And, besides," he grins, obviously thinking of the times he did act against their wishes, "they were always right."

Jim recalls being the recipient of a spanking only once, "when I was about four or five. I crawled out on the roof outside my father's room, and when he told me to come back in, I just laughed and kept going. So my father came out after me, hauled me in and paddled me with a hairbrush." He adds thoughtfully, "I think a talking-to is more effective, myself."

There was always plenty of good talk in the MacArthur household, for the whole family loved to get into what Jim calls "hot discussions," even those "that my father always won the arguments." How come? "Well, we'd be arguing along, then my father would use about five big words in a row that I didn't know and I'd have to go look them up in the dictionary. By that time," he grins, "the discussion had sort of dissolved."

Charles MacArthur was an intensely brilliant man — he was also noted for speaking his mind. Jim was keenly aware of his father's strong personality and, although their relationship was not of the typical father-son type, Jim has his share of fond memories. Oddly enough, in relating them he never refers to "Dad," but always to "my father."

"We would go fishing trips together, or things like that," he says, "but neither of us liked to fish, anyway. Actually, just going someplace with my father was exciting to me. And when I was away at school he'd call me up once a week and tell me about everything that was going on."

Jim also recalls that often, when he was little, his father would approach him fists raised, ready to box. The first few times this happened, Jim just stared back at him. Then his father would say, "You're not ready yet." Later, when Jim began to carrieb himself, his father would tell him not to have "my father would always look at your feet, and keep looking at them. It was very distracting," he says, as if still a little afraid that he could do much," he adds rather sheepishly, "he'd step on my foot and I'd lose my balance."

Many times, Jim remembers, when he had come into a room where his father had been, his father would look up at his son and say, out of the blue, "Whatever you do, don't become an actor." Nor was Helen Hayes anxious to push Jim into the field of dramatics. She didn't try to discourage him from becoming a actor, but she did insist upon his being educated in normal fashion. "That's why she didn't send me to the Frosh School," says Jim and "I'm glad she didn't." Instead, he attended Solebury School in New Hope, Pennsylvania, where he starred in basketball, football and baseball.

If, after college, Jim decides that acting is still for him, he then plans to take dramatic courses. This his mother has strongly advised him to do. In their close mother-son relationship, Helen Hayes has done a great deal toward giving Jim a sound outlook and constructive advice. She has also, "I think, been responsible for all that dramatic training as he has received."

"When my mother was getting ready for a play," Jim recalls, "I would hold the script and read the other people's parts to help her learn her lines. I suppose," he adds, "some of her way of doing a role has sort of rubbed off on me."

Some of the actual atmosphere of the theatre also rubbed off on Jim. Several summers ago, during Helen Hayes festival at the Falmouth Playhouse on Cape Cod, Jim had a few walk-on parts. He also helped the theatre electrician and, in fact, grew so interested that he begged to be allowed to stay on after Miss Hayes' plays had ended. As a result, he lighted the show for Barbara Bel Geddes in "The Hothouse" and for Vivien Leigh in "The Swan." Recalling this, Miss Hayes says with a fondly motherly chuckle, "I'm sure the stars would have died had they known there was only a sixteen-year-old boy on the light set."

Two summers ago, Jim again had the privilege of working with his mother when she headed the company that presented "The Skin of Our Teeth" in Paris. Miss Hayes has long been noted for getting stage-fright before every performance Jim confirms this fact, saying, "She's al-
ways a bundle of nerved before going on, and it's always bedlam backstage."

Although Jim was allowed to absorb a great deal of theatrical atmosphere, both his parents refused to let him be exploited throughout his first engagement. They had contin- 
说道与play and lost their interest, but before long he changed his mind. "They're a swell bunch of guys," he says now. He especially enjoyed playing cards with them, although I lost about half my salary at it!"

Jim has also initiated another phase of Hollywood life—gossip. One morning he was called by a young aspiring item stating that he was engaged to Joyce Bulifant, his school sweetheart. The statement happened to be untrue. He caught advice as to what to do about it, and was advised to go into the Broadway musical. Then he graduated from Harvard. At this point, his life is a road map—there are many routes leading to one destination or another, and a driver is clearly indicated. It is up to the driver to choose which one he will take.

There is no doubt that Jim MacArthur is a competent dancer who has his sights firmly set on a road ahead. Whether he will take a super-highway or a short cut is still up to him, but both routes are prepared for any detours or delays. His abilities have already been tested and found wanting; from all indications, his destination should certainly be reached in the esteemed and enviable manner of his world-famous parents, Helen Hayes and Charles MacArthur. The End

Religion in Hollywood

(Continued from page 31)

of religion in Hollywood is the fact that people who are generally so temperamental and so emotionally unstable, people who have usually come up the hard way and taken enough knocks to drive the love of humanity out of one's heart forever, are actually more deeply emotional than people whose lives are not subjected to these trials. One's power to love and to be loved would seem to indicate that the more

Jeff Chandler is a good example of this. Over at the Wilshire Boulevard Temple they will tell you that Jeff is unstinting in his religious and charity work. "His services are always available," they say. "Whether it is fund-raising events, a charity bazaar, or any other worthy cause."

But, although he does go to Temple on Jewish High Holidays, Jeff is not a regular church member.

"I believe that a man's religion is in the way he lives," says Jeff, "and has nothing to do with the four walls in which we pray. I believe in the sincerity of all forms of worship, I have respect for the other man's religion, and for his right to worship God as he sees fit. My wife, Marge, is a Protestant, and this has never at any time been an issue between us."

For all his wealth, they cannot be summed up in the words that are part of Christ's sermon on the mount: 'Whatso-

Richard Widmark is a man who has worshiped in many churches, but he says that he is not an official member of any congregation or faith. In a devotional mood, one may find him in any church whether it be Presbyterian, Catholic or Mohammedan mosque. Says he, "I think God hears you wherever you care to tarry to think about Him."

Dick admits that he grew up in an atmosphere of mixed religious beliefs. "My father was a Lutheran, my mother a Christian Scientist, and her mother a Catho-

Dick searched for the true religious belief in one church after another without finding a completely satis-

By the way, I think you might find the book "The Bible is Confused" by John P. Shailer Mathews, one of the best books ever written on religious subjects. It will give you a new appreciation of the Bible and its place in American life.

Let me know if you would like to receive a copy of this book or if you have any other questions.

Sincerely,

J. CHAS. McNEIL (A. B. Master of Music)
St. Mary's College, Indiana

DANCING SHOES—SUPPLIES

To 8-75 cts. Sizes 3 to 12. Colors $5.25.

Tie Sets With Toe Tape, To Boys 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12. Single Sale $1.50, Two Sale $2.50.

Send Shoe Size and Foot Outline. Extra 50c. Sample of Outfit. In A.M. Box. Give Full Address. Send check or Money Order. In A.M. Box. 10c For Package.

While MacArthur footpads, 92.9c postpaid
SHOE SHINGLES—Complete Colorful Gift
QUINCON DANCE SUPPLIES
7 FOSTER ST., DEPT. P, QUINCY 60, ILL.

MONEY IN VALENTINES

Send for Samples for Valentines.

Midwest Card Co., 1113 W. Washington Ave, Dept. 114-1-2, St. Louis 1, Mo.

CORN REMOVER

GOODY, GOODY, DADDY'S HOME
... even after a tough day at work

Breath-winning worries sometimes leave you less-than-fun-to-be-with when you get home. No wonder you feel impatient and restless. That's when NERVINE can be such a help. You don't want something to make you listless. You want NERVINE—a genuine relaxant that simply relaxes you, soothes your nerves, helps you keep good-natured. Follow the label, avoid excessive use. Buy NERVINE—effervescent tablets or liquid—at your drugstore.
For many years there has never been a night when, as my head touches the pillow, I have not turned to prayer.

Rock Hudson, too, has a deep and abiding spiritual faith without being a member of any particular church. Rock is a very spiritual man, and at times he is quite introspective. He is constantly searching within himself, and seeking for true spiritual meanings. Rock and I have had many talks of a serious nature. I'll always remember one remark he made in a moment of thoughtfulness. Said Rock, "I cannot understand how it is possible for anyone to look at a flower and still deny the presence of God."

Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis are not members of any formal religious group, yet they are truly devout in their attitudes and philosophies. Says Tony, "I try to reflect my religious principles in the way I live and do my daily work."

Says Janet, when Tony was studying, "To me, God represents a search I must make, not a goal I have achieved."

Janet was born into a Presbyterian family. She has studied and been stimulated in the Church. She has read Christian Science with deep devotion. She has found inspiration in all three of these, but not the final answers. Says she, "I must always go on seeking." And, as most people know, Tony grew up in the temperance districts of New York, and was confirmed in the Orthodox Jewish faith.

Have the differences in their religious backgrounds ever been a problem in their marriage? "Not once," says Tony, shaking his head seriously. "Janet and I have always tried to live with tolerance for the rights and privileges of each other. And this goes for religion as well as for every other phase of our married life. To me, the whole thing boils down to a matter of honesty. When you are completely honest with yourself and the other person, then there can be no room for the least bit of religious intolerance."

This liberal attitude is reflected in other Hollywood marriages, mixed religious, such as with Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher, and Patti and Jerry Lewis. Some have said that Debbie and Eddie's marriage was long ago, because of religious differences, but those who are close to them vow that there is not an ounce of truth in this. Perhaps for this reason both Debbie and Eddie have been reluctant to discuss religion in any way. To one reporter who recently pressed the question Debbie would only say, "Both Eddie and I believe in God."

Both of these divas come from religious families. Debbie has attended the Protestant Church of the Nazarene, while Eddie is of the Orthodox Jewish faith. While Debbie was growing up she attended Sunday school regularly, and she has a deeply religious turn of mind. Later, when she was older, she used to go to Sunday schools and other churches just to learn how others worship God. Before she and Eddie were married, Debbie went to services at a Jewish Temple with him. "I found it a beautiful and deeply moving experience," says she.

In the past, Debbie has said that religion could never be a problem in her marriage. "I have no prejudices against any religion," said she. "I have been brought up to feel that in the eyes of God we are all equal." Now there is a strong possibility Debbie will accept her husband's faith for her children. To Patti Lewis, who is Catholic, and Jerry, who is Jewish, their religions, though different, have become a joyous daily experience. Just as everything else in their lives, these two share their religions with each other and with their sons. Sometimes we take our boys to one church," says Jerry, "and sometimes to the other. Sunday, when they grow up, they can choose which church they will belong to. But for the present, when they are asked, they simply say, 'We are Catholic and Jewish.'"

In this spirit of sharing, Jerry always wears a Catholic St. Anthony medal around his neck. This was given to him by Patti when he prayed to him often, "St. Anthony is Patti's patron saint," Jerry explains. And then adds with a twinkle in his eye, "Patti lends him to me sometimes."

To me, religious belief that God wants us all to have as much happiness as we can find, and He does not expect us to be perfect. "Most of all," says Jerry, "He understands us in all our faults and imperfections."

With the twinkle still in his eye, Jerry tells of an incident that occurred on a Sunday morning not long ago. "I had been in one of my mean moods," he says, "this way I can be sometimes. And so Patti and I had a few sharp words between us. When Patti returned from church I said to her, 'Well, did you talk to the Lord and did you tell Him about me?' "Yes,' said Patti, 'I did.'"

"And did you tell Him that I was mean and despicable?"

"Yes, I did that," said Patti. "But He told me He's got great patience with you, and then she added softly, 'And I guess I should, too.'"

In Hollywood, as elsewhere throughout the civilized world, many have turned to religion for comfort, inspiration and peace of mind. Joan Crawford, Ginger Rogers, Rock Hudson, Debbie Reynolds, Marie Wilson and Doris Day are among the stars who have studied the teachings of Christian Science. And some of them have found here the religious answers they were seeking. After a long, hard and stormy life, Northern took instruction and became a Catholic. Jane Wyman, too, after the unhappiness of her marriage, has turned to Catholicism and found in it the means "so at peace with herself," a friend said recently. "She seems to have found real happiness."

There are other stars whose religious convictions were formed at an early age, and grew with them into adulthood. Ann Blyth, a Catholic, is one of these. "I was born into my religion," says she. "And it has been with me through my nights and days. It has been as much a source of strength and comfort to me through every illness in my family, and through every stressing moment of my life."

Dorothy also says that Catholicism has solved every problem she has ever had. "Papa's very strict in his daily life. It has helped me meet many problems and crises. This doesn't mean that my prayers are automatically and quickly answered. Maybe the answer is a long time coming. And I've had to work very, very hard for it. But in the end, if I worked hard enough and prayed hard enough, it usually turned out right."

And it is a very personal thing. I have built my life around it, and I believe in living up to my religious tenets. For my religion embodies what I think and what I believe in. Thus I am against divorce for myself. For others, who believe in it, perhaps it is the right thing. But I believe that marriage should be a one-time, all-time contract that involves the important words, 'Until death do us part.'"

Kim Novak's attitude toward her religion is a combination of blind faith and intelligent curiosity. She is asking, "Why, why, why?" says she. "And I still do. In a religious sense I still have much to learn. Much to understand."

Kim was born of a Catholic mother and father, and she has no association with her church. But she says that she didn't gain any real religious appreciation until she was in her teens. "I think I was fascinated by the beauty of the church, and perhaps a little awed by the pageantry of it all. But I didn't really understand it."

"I particularly remember my first communion. It was the most beautiful. My dear grandmother had made my dress for me, all of embroidery and white lace, and I made it feel akin to the angels. But it wasn't until after my confirmation when I was sixteen, that I really became aware of the glories that can be found in a nearness to God."

"At that age I started to use my questions in my prayers for answers. For me, Connors of the Church of the Blessed Sacra-

The text appears incomplete and is not legible.
book his head. He said it was very serious, and my brother would probably lose the sight of his eye. We knew then it was all in the hands of our loving Father, and so we prayed constantly after that. Two days later we had our answer when our doctor told us my brother’s sight would be saved. That was a moment of thanks and spiritual rejoicing for a family that numbers 9.

Russ says a daily prayer “for strength.” He is convinced that these have helped him “many, many times” in his work.

“But this doesn’t mean,” says Russ, “that I always get everything I pray for. I don’t. However, when this happens, I believe that what I prayed for was not right for me, or else God would have given it to me then. I can and I am going to work toward other goals without wasting time feeling sorry for myself.”

Jane Russell is one of the most honest and forthright stars in Hollywood, but these days of a girl who has a lot of her religion she is inclined to be noncommittal. She feels that the story of her spiritual life has been told too many times. Says Jane, “I don’t want to get the idea that I am using God for publicity purposes.”

Jane’s religion has been more or less a family affair. They all attend Friday night prayer meetings at the Russell family chapel in North Hollywood. The chapel’s a simple, unpretentious building and was hand-built by Jane and her four brothers. It stands in a cloister-like glade of eucalyptus trees on eight acres of jointly-owned Russell property, surrounded by the homes of Mom Russell and each of her four sons.

At prayer meetings, a solid family nucleus is formed by the Russell boys—Tom, Ken, Jim, and Bud. Bud’s wife, Nola, Lois, Pam and Mary Lou. Plus their fourteen children, Valerie, Garry, Heidii, Geraldine, Gregg, Ty, Daniel, Robin, Christopher, Pand, Doug Thomas, Bruce, and Jody. Plus Jane and her three, Thomas, Tracy and Buck. Plus an assortment of overlapping relatives, friends, neighbors and visiting clerget before the occasion—Russ has found a place anywhere from fifty to a hundred.

The main chapel room is about sixty feet long. The walls and carpet are a soft green, with gray. Many of those who attend sit on low cushions grouped around the cross-shaped lectern. On the wall is the “Prayer Board,” a blackboard where those in trouble list their needs for the prayers to be said. As each problem is solved, the person steps forward and says, “Thanks. I’m fine now. You can take my name off the board.”

Mom Russell usually conducts the meetings of hymn-singing and Bible-reading. But in her absence Jamie or one of the other boys takes over. And afterwards everyone goes up in the recreation room called the “Eagle’s Nest.” Here the discussions, usually religious in nature, can go on for hours. For as Mom Russell points out, this is not a church meeting or a substitute for church. It is a Bible study group, whose beliefs are clearly stated in these written words: “We Believe in the Holy Book.”

Jane has been constantly criticized for being insincere in her religious beliefs. Nothing could be further from the truth, nor does anything get Jane angrier than such criticism. In explaining how she can play the sexy roles she has made famous and still be deeply religious, Jane will tell you, “I think that life is sort of like a tapestry. To get the right pattern, you have to use all of different color threads. Well, people are the same way. Each of us is given a job to do and told to do it in our own way. And if we do the job right, He sends us all the threads finally make a tapestry that can bring beauty and comfort to everyone.”

But whether it’s a Friday night service at the Chapel in the Hills, with its green walls and carpet and other fitting architectural decor, or the joint meetings conducted by Jane’s mother and brothers; or whether it’s a Solemn High Mass on Sunday morning at the church of St. Margaret of Antioch, or a Saturday at the Jewish Temple on Wilshire Boulevard, or services in the Mormon Church at Pacific Palisades, or in the Presbyterian or Episcopal houses of worship, they all have one thing in common. The people who worship, the people who worship God, the people who pray and serve.

Hollywood will still make headlines because the people who live in Hollywood are the ones who make the headlines. Behind the headlines, behind the tall hedges of the wealthy or the stucco plaster walls of the less luxurious apartment houses, on one or a week or a day of the week, have one thing in common with the rest of the world. And on this Christmas as on any other Christmas, when the bells toll and visions of sugar plums dance on earth, good will toward men, Hollywood, too, joins the pilgrimage to God that begins with the words of that lovely old hymn, "Oh, come all ye faithful, joyous and triumphant . . ."

For it has always been true that the more man gains of this world, the more hunger he feels and needs the peace found only in the world of the spirit. The Exo
Watch Out for Dors

(Continued from page 34) she could command one of the highest prices ever paid an actress for a single picture? After all, Marilyn Monroe was earning only $1,500 a week when she made "The Seven Year Itch."—and she was the nation's boxoffice draw. When Hollywood beckoned Diana Dors across the seas, they offered her $40,000 per movie. Diana settled for nearly twice that amount.

"I'm not coming to Hollywood for fame and fortune," Diana announced while she waited for the movie moguls to make up their minds about meeting her offer.

And, indeed, she didn't have to. Fame and fortune had been part and parcel of Diana's career for five years before she came to America. Since arriving in Hollywood, this trend in her life has continued unabated. The girl who posed in the nude for a camera club when she was fourteen, became the favorite pin-up girl of Britain's GIs during the war and almost fell out of her dress when she made her bow before English royalty, was the same girl who eight years later went plummeting into a swimming pool, fully clothed, to make headlines heard 'round the world. To cries of, "A publicity stunt," Diana retorted, "I think I've injured my back during the making of a movie for a publicity stunt?"

Who knows? Who really knows Diana? Diana insists she was pushed, and her burly, ex-prizefighter husband promptly pushed the pusher, a newspaper photographer, hard enough to send the gentleman to the hospital.

In quick succession, there was talk of Dennis Hamilton being sued by the man he slugged, followed by word that the photographer and the Hamiltons had decided to forgive and forget. Then, out of the blue, Dennis suddenly packed up and flew back to London, while rumors spread that lovely Diana was having a gay flir-tation with a leading Hollywood actor.

"It's not true," Dennis flatly denied. '"I came home to check up on a real estate project.'

Dennis was telling me this right in the huge living room of the Hamilton-Dors mansion in Maidenhead, England. To prove his point, the bushy-haired Mr. Hamilton strode to the telephone, called the airlines and made a reservation to fly to Hollywood that afternoon. As he left, there was a last-day separation from Diana—and all gossip.

"They're very happily married," Diana's housekeeper, Mrs. Frances Sholl, put it. "I never saw Miss Dors in a temper. I think it's just that Hollywood resents anyone so beautiful and talented."

"What about Diana's father?" I asked.

"Did he meet Hamilton at the airport?"

"Mrs. Sholl looked a little uncomfortable.

"No."

"Did Hamilton phone Diana's father to say hello?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Sholl. "But," she added quickly, "Miss Dors' father was here for a visit this summer."

"This summer, when Diana and Dennis were in California?"

"Mrs. Sholl paled. "Yes."

Amidst all of these confusing facts, rumors and conjectures, how is one to know the real Diana Dors?

There was only one way, I decided. I had to go down to Swindon, the little railroad junction about 100 miles west of London, where Diana was born. I had to talk to the two people who know her better than anyone else.

"A different sort of baby, that's what she was," said the tall, very British Albert Fluck, Diana's dad. "And talked incessantly, in grown-up language, from the age of two," added her aunt, Mrs. Katharine Evans.

We were sitting in the sunny living room of the Fluck house in Swindon, the house in which Diana was brought up. The house where she performed her first tap dance, recited her first poem, changed her name from Fluck to Dors and sallied forth on her rose-strewn path to stardom.

"Of course," said her father, "Diana was a complete shock to us from the start. My wife, Winifred, and I had been married thirteen years. We'd given up any hope of having a child. Then, one day, Winifred had suspicions. Even the doctor thought she was mistaken. But she wasn't. To our delight, Diana was born."

The date was October 23rd, 1931. Place, the Haven Nursing Home. The astonished parents were Albert Fluck, railways office employee, and wife Winifred, former postal clerk.

One surprise after another—what's that Diana gave her proud, middle-aged parents. She never cried at night, she ate everything they fed her and she smiled most of the time.

Diana knew her bedtime stories by heart. She had a remarkable memory for a tiny tyke, a talent that was to startle her classmates and teachers. In fact, both teachers and her neighbors were shocked when, at the tender age of three years and eight months, Diana was sent to school.

The opinion in the neighborhood was that she was entirely too young, that the proper place for a three-year-old was in a nursery, not in a classroom with much older children. In fact, Diana announced that when she was nearly seven she was going to be an artist. "I'm going to sell my pictures to the till," she declared. "I'm going to be rich."

But in the room next door . . .

SCANDAL!

If you listen to the radio program "My True Story," sooner or later you'll hear a story that might easily be about your own neighbors. That's because this program presents actual stories from the files of True Story Magazine. Each one puts a magnifying glass on an intimate part of someone's life. In this way, "My True Story" helps you to understand your own difficult problems. So be sure to listen.

Tune in Every Morning to "MY TRUE STORY"

American Broadcasting Stations

"I'd never owned a necklace—and this one was so pretty." Read "Tired Of Doing Without" in January TRUE STORY magazine now at all newsstands.

86

Meticulous was the word for Diana. If she had even the tiniest smudge on her
dress, she would come running to her mother, screaming, “Dirty! Dirty!” She spoke at a rapid pace, using an adult vocabulary.

One rainy day, Aunt Kit came back with a tea tray and added a few more memories. “Diana wasn’t finicky about food,” Aunt Kit revealed. “But she did have some peculiar favorites. She loved bananas and cream and baked beans on toast. That was her breakfast.”

“At lunch and dinner, Diana poured tons of vinegar on everything,” her dad joked. “We have to buy some ice cream and candy. We never could figure it out. And another thing,” he went on, “she’d pass up her mother’s delicious roast for immense helpings of bread and gravy. As a matter of fact, I think nothing better than bread dipped in gravy.”

One day, Albert Fluck, an excellent pianist, decided it was time to teach his young daughter the keyboard. “All right, Daddy,” agreed Diana, but without much enthusiasm. There followed a series of evening lessons, but alas, our Diana made little progress.

“Maybe,” said Albert to Mrs. Fluck, “it’s a case of a father not being able to teach his own daughter. I’ll send her to a friend of mine.”

Twice a week, Diana trotted off to another piano teacher. At the end of three months, Albert Fluck received a note from his friend. “Better stop teaching and save my money,” wrote the teacher. “Your daughter just hasn’t got it!”

That was the finish of the piano lessons. Another letter marked the beginning of the end of school days at Selwood House. Diana was not a popular student, hated homework and was good in only one subject—English composition. One afternoon, she came home and told her mother, “Mother, my French teacher said something awful today.”

“What was it, dear?” asked Mrs. Fluck. Making a face, Diana replied, “She said, ‘Oh, hell!’”

That evening, Mrs. Fluck mentioned the matter to Mr. Fluck. “Well,” frowned Diana’s father, “I believe we ought to let the teacher know.”

Diana’s principal indignantly phoned Mrs. Fluck and came and discussed the problem. The next afternoon, tall, stately Winifred Fluck, daughter in hand, marched into the office. An argument ensued. While Selwood House would never use such a crude word as “expelled,” it seems that’s exactly what happened to our little heroine, now ten.

Around Selwood House today, Albert Fluck said, the teachers still talk about the “fortunate” incident. They also remember Diana as a strong-willed youngster, with a flair for the dramatic. She often wore a cape to school, a red cape.

When she got angry, she slammed doors and stamped her feet. But when she appeared in a school pageant, she was as sweet as an angel. And if you had any doubt, one of the teachers confirmed it to my dad years later, “that your daughter would go far. She had that rare combination of sensitivity, intelligence and fire.” They might have added, “And a rare talent for getting herself into the midst of things when they start to happen.”

One of the things which had started at Selwood House and which Diana promptly put herself in the thick of was an article as a course in elocution. She had begun taking lessons from a Selwood instructor, Mrs. Leason. When Diana enrolled in another Swindon school, Colville House, she continued to study elocution. She learned to recite and declaim and entered one elocution contest after another. “Always walking off with first prize,” Daddy Fluck added proudly.

Screws, too, were becoming important to Diana about this time. At least twice a week, Mummy and Diana would spend an afternoon at the local picture house. When they got home, Mrs. Fluck would rush into the kitchen to prepare dinner. Diana would trot upstairs to her mother’s bedroom. One evening Fluck came home round seven and asked, “Where’s Diana?”

“In my bedroom,” Mummy replied. “I don’t know. She might even be ‘expelled.’”

“Do you think?” asked Diana. “I don’t even suspect.”

However, curiosity got the better of Albert Fluck, and he trotted upstairs to peek through the keyhole. There he saw his young offspring, perched up on her mother’s high heels, a flowery bonnet on her head and a heavy fur piece wound around her waist, pacing about the floor and moaning in throaty tones to imaginary characters: “Oh, I’ve suffered! The world knows how I’ve suffered! But I’ve got two children now and all I have left. If it means their happiness, I’ll go on suffering! (Here a sob or two.)”

Screwing... suffering...

This was Diana’s forte. Things, age eleven.

Boyfriends? “There weren’t many,” said Albert Fluck. “She had the usual dates any young girl has. But no one special. However, when she was about thirteen, a lot of American soldiers were billeted here in Swindon. Diana was fascinated by them.”

Diana and her father used to walk down the street, gazing at the GIs in their strange uniforms. “Daddy,” Diana would whisper, “can’t we invite some of them home?”

Finally Daddy agreed, and from then on, while some of the neighbors, especially when it was going-on, the Fluck house was filled with Americans almost every night. They played the piano and sang songs, recalled Fluck. “We served them teas whenever rationing permitted. Mostly was the other way around. The Americans brought us chocolate bars and cigarettes, and we were most grateful.”

By now, Diana was an expert dancer. With her mother as chaperone, she spent many an evening at a Swindon dance hall, called Bradley Hall. Mummy would sit in the gallery and watch. Diana quickly became a favorite of the GIs who had paid their three shillings to get into the hall. She picked up the Big Apple dance steps and the delighted soldiers argued among themselves as to who was to be Diana’s partner. But promptly at ten o’clock Mummy would come downstairs, curl a finger at her daughter, and then the soldiers would make their departure. After all, Diana wasn’t fourteen and there was school the next day.

Aunt Kit poured another round of tea and finished a game of bridge. All the girls at Colville House were asked to do a composition on “What I’d Like To Be When I Grow Up.” Diana, as usual, had no doubts about what she wanted out of life. “Most of the pupils wrote ‘I’d Like To Be a Nurse’ or ‘I’d Like To Be a Beauty Operator,’” declared Aunt Kit. “But not our Diana! Her composition was called—"
"I Am Going To Be an Actress." And she went even further. She said, 'I am going to have a big, beautiful house with a swimming pool and a cream-colored telephone.' Today," concluded Aunt Kit. "Diana's home in Maidenhead, just outside of London, is a country estate with a huge swimming pool and a cream-colored telephone!"

In the last year at Colville, Diana was being criticized for lightening her brown hair with a rinse and entering elocution contests like mad. "One day," recalled Daddy Fluck, "Diana and I took the train to a nearby town where she was competing. The train was late and we rushed into the auditorium, hoping we still make it. When we arrived, it was exactly the moment for Diana to go on the stage. Calm as a veteran, Diana took off her coat and hat, walked on and recited her piece. When she was through, the contest manager shook Diana's hand."

"Thank you, Miss Fluck. Thank you very much!" he babbled enthusiastically. "Then he turned to me. Why don't you give this girl a chance?" he demanded. "She's not only walked off with first prize but she has ten times the talent of most of the others in the contest."

When Albert Fluck got home that evening, he told his wife what the manager had said, "Maybe we ought to give her a chance," he finished thoughtfully.

"Send her to London to the Academy," asked Winifred Fluck.

"Yes," replied Dad. "After all, we brought Diana into the world. She didn't ask to come. Now that she's here and appears to be so gifted, the best we can do is give her the chance." He sighed a little sadly. "We'll have to let her go, Mummy."

So Mummy and Diana went to London to arrange for Diana's admission into the Academy of Dramatic Art, which is something like New York's Actors' Studio. They were told Diana would have to pass an examination before she could be admitted. This examination would consist primarily of reading poetry and enacting small scenes from plays. A date was set and Diana and Mummy went back to Swindon to prepare for the big day.

"She used to practice on the family," reminisced Aunt Kit. "And she had quite a repertoire. One of her poems was called 'Daffodil.' Then there was a very tragic one—I've forgotten the name—but it had us all in tears. Even Diana's burly uncles were getting out their handkerchiefs and wiping their eyes. Diana, she said the uncles, "if you can move us, you'll certainly pass the test!"

A few days later, Diana went to London and did pass the exam. But because she couldn't get a room at the YWCA, and her mother wouldn't think of allowing her fourteen-year-old daughter to stay anywhere else in the big city, Diana attended the Academy only part-time during her first term.

However, by the time the second term rolled around, a new Y had opened and Diana found accommodations. She would take an early morning train Monday from Swindon and return home Friday night. "Our daughter was gradually going in forLng of our lives," reflected Daddy Fluck. "But she was happy. And that's all we wanted."

At the London Academy, examinations are held periodically. If a fledgling passes the first test, or she is awarded a bronze medal. For the second examination, it is a silver medal; for the third, gold. Diana easily collected her bronze medal and, at the age of fifteen, was up for the silver trophy. One of the judges was Mr. L'Epine Smith, a film executive. After congratulating Diana, he asked:

"How old are you, Diana?"

"Fifteen," she replied.

Smith shuddered. "Fifteen!" He drew a long breath. "Look, if you'll tell people you're eighteen and change your name to something besides Fluck, I can get you a film job."

Diana promptly adopted her grandmother's maiden name, Dors, and began applying make-up (she used only pale lipstick until then). A couple of weeks later, L'Epine Smith took her to the office of George King, a producer. Smith sat himself on the arm of Diana's chair, holding tightly to her wrist.

One of the first questions King asked was: "Diana, how old are you?"

Diana squeezed Diana's wrist hard. Diana stuttered, "1—1—I'm eighteen!"

She was hired. Her first movie job was a bit part in a now-forgotten film. She received about forty dollars for her work, which lasted a week.

"The next thing we knew," recalled Daddy Fluck, "Diana had herself an agent. One Saturday, the agent phoned Diana here in Swindon and asked, 'Can you jitterbug?'

"Oh, yes!" Diana promptly answered. 'I used to jitterbug with the GIs at Bradford Hall.'"

---

Here's a busy person's best news bet—

KRAFT FIVE-STAR NEWS

Mondays through Saturdays—five editions per day on the MUTUAL NETWORK station. Broadcasters are FRANK SINGER
HOLLAND ENGLE
LES HIGBIE
SAM HAYES
CEDRIC FOSTER

They present brief, concise, fast-paced headline reports that permit busy people to keep pace with world events.
You're Prettier than you think you are!
...and you can prove it with a Palmolive bar!

Here's Proof Mild and Gentle Palmolive Care Cleans Deeper!

1. Hidden dirt is a beauty thief! After ordinary, casual cleansing with your regular soap or face cream, rub your face hard with a cotton pad. Smudge on pad is hidden dirt you've left behind. It hides your natural prettiness.

2. Beautifully clean after 60-second Palmolive facial! Test again after washing the Palmolive way. Pad stays snowy-white...proving that mild and gentle Palmolive care cleans cleaner, deeper...without irritation!

New complexion beauty in just one minute? Yes, fair lady, yes! Because Palmolive care removes beauty-robber hidden dirt that casual cleansing misses. And only a soap as mild as Palmolive can cleanse so deeply without irritation. Start Palmolive care today, and see your true complexion beauty come through!
Beautiful Hair

BRECK

There are three BRECK Shampoos for three different hair conditions

The Breck Shampoo for your individual hair condition helps bring out the natural beauty and lustre of your hair. There are Three Breck Shampoos for three different hair conditions. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. A Breck Shampoo leaves your hair soft, lustrous and beautiful.

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

Copyright 1956 by John H. Breck Inc.
How It Can Be Told! Why EDDIE and DEBBIE Almost Didn’t Wed

PHOTOPLAY

Book-Length Bonus Feature

ROCK HUDSON’S Life Story

ANITA EKBERG: Red Hot Iceberg

ROSSANO BRAZZI TELLS: How to have a love affair”
That Ivory Look
so clear...so fresh...so easily yours

Snow cutie—this adorable tot is all a-sparkle with That Ivory Look. Your complexion can have it, too. Remember—the milder your soap, the prettier your skin. And Ivory has a mildness all its own. More doctors advise it for a baby’s skin, and yours, than any other soap.

Winter beauty—That Ivory Look is fresh and clear as a frosty day. And the magic of mildness can so easily make it yours. Simply start using pure, mild Ivory regularly—see how radiant it leaves your skin. You add such a lovely sparkle to every day when you have That Ivory Look!

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap...
Nothing can come between them now. Polly was heartbroken when Bruce stopped dating her... it took her weeks to discover why he did. That's the sad thing about halitosis (bad breath). You can offend... and never know. Luckily, Listerine stops bad breath instantly.

Germs often cause bad breath—no tooth paste kills germs like Listerine

The most common cause of bad breath is germs. No tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine does, because no tooth paste is antiseptic. Listerine kills germs by millions... stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste. Gargle Listerine full-strength morning, night, before every date.

LISTERINE
ANTISEPTIC... stops bad breath 4 times better than tooth paste
Get TUMS Ideal Relief... "People-tested" by Grateful Mothers!

While carrying baby, you'll find modern TUMS are such a blessing!
Now those acid attacks needn't cause you another minute of distress. Just eat one or two tasty TUMS. They quickly dissolve just right to get to the stomach fast ...and neutralize the excess acid that causes your heartburn. And TUMS relief really lasts! TUMS scientific formula contains no soda, no alkalinizers ...nothing to upset your digestion. They're safe, fast, and sure. Used by millions of grateful mothers. Carry TUMS wherever you go!

FOR THE TUMMY

FOR ACID INDIGESTION

FOR ACID INDIGESTION

FOR ACID INDIGESTION

FOR ACID INDIGESTION

FOR ACID INDIGESTION

FOR ACID INDIGESTION

FOR ACID INDIGESTION

FOR ACID INDIGESTION

FOR ACID INDIGESTION

FOR ACID INDIGESTION

FOR ACID INDIGESTION

FOR ACID INDIGESTION

FOR ACID INDIGESTION

FOR ACID INDIGESTION

FOR ACID INDIGESTION
A GREAT LOVE STORY

The "Many Splendored" star more beautiful and romantic than ever!

Oh, Robert do you know what you've done for me? I wanted to live eagerly, desperately, passionately—but only because life meant you...you! The sight of your face, the sound of your voice and the touch of your hand. Oh and so much more than that. Elizabeth.

M-G-M presents
JENNIFER JONES
JOHN GIELGUD
BILL TRAVERS • VIRGINIA McKENNA

IN
THE BARRETTS
OF
WIMPOLE STREET

M-G-M's NEW CINEMASCOPE AND METROCOLOR PRODUCTION

Screen Play by JOHN DIGHTON • From the Play by Rudolf Besier • Directed by SIDNEY FRANKLIN • Produced by SAM ZIMBALIST
AN M-G-M PICTURE
over the Editor's shoulder...

The stars can escape Hollywood but they can't escape our roving reporters, as you'll see.

Exclusively Yours

... And exclusively ours—is not only a new gossip column (see page 60) but a new kind of gossip column. And because you'll be hearing from its author, Radie Harris, regularly in the months to come, we would like to tell you a little about her. Miss Harris is a small, blonde and vibrant young woman who, any day in the week, can be seen hurrying off to Sardi's or the Colony or some equally smart restaurant in New York for a luncheon interview with a star. In her charming apartment overlooking Central Park she can be heard, at almost any hour of the day or night, talking to Tyrone Power in London or Ingrid Bergman in France or Elizabeth Taylor in Hollywood. Radie not only knows all these people professionally, she knows them personally, so that when a story is breaking she can get the facts at first hand. Nothing upsets Radie Harris so much as the flood of misinformation contained in many gossip columns. In fact, she was expounding on this very theme over a luncheon at Michael's Pub one day. We said, "You're absolutely right. We've often thought that if we could find someone who could give us not only the gossip items, but the real story behind the gossip—"

... And then we stopped. A special kind of look had come over Radie's face, and our own brightened considerably as we said, "You will! Great! Let's start it with the February issue!" And that, gentle reader, is how "Exclusively Yours" came to be born. We think it will live on a ripe old age. What do you think? Do write and tell us how you like it.

Our Roving Reporters

Readers often write in to ask whether our writers and editors really know the people they're writing about. Well, one answer is these snapshots of our West Coast Editor. Norman Siegel, chatting with Elvis Presley on the Twentieth lot and with Tony Perkins (along with Sid Skolsky) at Paramount. The second was taken right after writer Joe Hyams had seen Tony for a Photoplay story (coming soon!). Another answer is a glimpse of the travel expense vouchers submitted by our writers for just one month. Patty de Roulif hurried from Rome to London to talk to Ros-sano Brazzi about "How to Have a Love Affair." The author of "Red Hot Iceberg" chased her subject from Paris to London, while perennial favorite Alan Ladd and newcomer Sophia Loren were interviewed aboard Alan's hired yacht, The Dolphin, off the coast of Greece. This is Sue and Alan's present home. Then we had Howard Eisenberg on a plane for California to talk to his good friends, Eddie and Debbie, about their wonderfully happy marriage, as another of our writers, Richard Gehman, was winging East with the first part of one of the most exciting, and most tragic, tales ever to come out of Hollywood. This is the life story of Montgomery Clift, told in its entirety. It begins in the March issue, and we predict it will be one of the most talked-about stories of the year. So you see, we really don't spare any pains or expense to get the best stories.

Something New Added

As of the March issue, you'll find we have more pages of color. Since we already carry more up-to-the-minute reading matter than any other fan magazine, this means that Photoplay is really the best and biggest buy on the newsstands today!

Undercover Stuff

That's what our March "Living with Young Ideas" section is specializing in, beginning with an article by Hollywood beauty expert Terry Hunt, who tells you how to have the bustline you want. Terry is responsible for those perfect bust measurements of many a Hollywood star, and he has some valuable tips on exercises for teenagers to improve your bustline. Also, while you're working on your exercises, we'll have pages and pages of bright young ideas in girdles and bras that are specially designed for a lithe young figure.

Up-and-Coming Thrills

Our readers write us that one of the many nice things about Photoplay is our interest in the new, up-and-coming young stars. One reader says, "First, I read about Don Murray in your November issue. Then I began to talk about him to my friends. When his picture, 'Bus Stop,' arrived in town, we all felt as though, in a way, we'd helped discover him. So please do go on giving lots of space to the young stars." That we will, ma'am, and to prove we're as good as our word, we bring you another young player, Rod Taylor, in our March issue. You'll see Rod in M-G-M's "Rain-tree County," and you'll see him right here again next month.—J.M.
"LEAVE THEM ALONE, SON!
Your sister's got to have her minute
of happiness—with him
talkin' quiet and his hand
touchin' her face! And if you
go out there and shorten the
time they have together—I swear I'll
come after you with a whip!"

Suddenly... happiness
floated through her!

ANOTHER TRIUMPH FOR HAL WALLIS,
PRODUCER OF "THE ROSE TATTOO"
AND "COME BACK, LITTLE SHEBA!"

BURT LANCASTER - KATHARINE HEPBURN

... Introducing Earl Holliman—
new star sensation!
Address your letters to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters not published in this column. If you want to start a fan club or write to favorite stars, address them at their studios.

For list of studio addresses, see page 92.—Ed.

READERS INC...

SOAP BOX:

I have just seen that wonderful movie, "The Opposite Sex," and liked it so much I went back to see it again. I adored June Allyson, Ann Sheridan, Ann Miller, Agnes Moorehead and Charlotte Greenwood. But I really went back the second time because of that wonderful Leslie Nielsen. He not only has talent, but looks, too.

Photoplay has been my favorite for a long time, and now I hope you will give about him that I feel as if I've known him for quite a long time, and that he's my real friend.

I'm a senior in high school, and I'd like to study dramatics at a good school. I suppose every girl or boy, sometime in her or his life, has hoped to be an actor or actress. I think I know every movie actress and actor from A to Z, including Liberace, but TAB is still tops on my list. If you've seen as many movies as I have in which TAB Hunter has starred, you'll realize what a fine actor he is.

And girls, don't you agree he's the handsomest man you have ever seen?

MARY DEAN KEITH
Oconto Falls, Wisconsin

I just bought the December issue of Photoplay and the picture of Jayne Mansfield on page 8 was the most disgusting picture I have ever seen. All the magazines have been criticizing Elvis Presley, but they should start criticizing these girls who have their pictures taken while half-nude. The majority of the writers who criticize Elvis are men, but they never seem to have anything to say about these women. I am thirteen years of age, and I'd like to know how other teenagers feel about this type of picture.

HARRETT HOBROECK
Jersey City, New Jersey

When will someone produce more motion pictures which include the casting of a Chinese girl? The pictures, "Three Stripes in the Sun," "Japanese War Bride," "The Purple Plain," and now "The Teahouse of the August Moon" all starred a Japanese girl. Oh, I must give credit to "Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing" which had a portrayal of a Chinese or Eurasian girl.

SANDY LEE
Victoria, British Columbia

I have an issue of Photoplay published in 1953 in which Kathleen Crowley was an award winner for most promising newcomer. I have seen her on many TV shows since your prediction, and I really think you picked a winner. As you know, Walt Disney picked her to star in his first Western, "Westward Ho the Wagons!" Now that this picture has been released, the whole country should join me in congratulations to Photoplay for selecting her as a promising young actress.

MOLLIE MOORE
San Diego, California

I'm in love with TAB Hunter! I know there are about 2,000 other girls who say the same thing, so I'm speaking for them as well as myself. I have never met Tab, but hope to someday. He is my favorite movie actor and I've read so many stories

Leslie brings them back again

us some stories on this wonderful actor, and some full-page colored pictures. I will be a fan of his for life!

DOROTHY A. HARBAUGH
Arlington, Virginia

I want to thank you for the article on Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis, "Once Upon a Time," in the December issue of Photoplay. It touched me deeply. I know how they must feel about their daughter Kelly because I have a son who was born in July, and feel exactly the way Janet does. My husband and I are so much closer since our baby arrived. I think a baby is the most wonderful gift God ever presented to a woman.

May Janet and Tony be blessed with the family they deserve.

MRS. DICK WOOLUMS
Hillsboro, Ohio

I think "Giant" is the most remarkable screen achievement since "Gone with the Wind!" I believe that Rock Hudson and Elizabeth Taylor emerge as the top artists in Hollywood because of their parts in this picture. Liz certainly deserves an award, I also believe that James Dean's performance as Jett Rink is his most sensitive.

Fifteen or twenty years from now, critics are bound to compare other outstanding screen accomplishments with "Giant."

MRS. L. HERBERT PASADENA
Texas

I recently read in your column that a girl was thrilled upon receiving a letter from a star. Well, I also received a letter from a star—Kim Novak. Wasn't it thoughtful of Kim to take time out to write me? I met her when she was on a personal appearance tour in Dallas, and found her to be one of the sweetest people I've ever met. Incidentally, I think she is much prettier off the screen than on her.

JILL LEVY
Brooklyn, New York
For the first time Alfred Hitchcock goes to real life for his thrills! It's all true and all suspense -- the all-'round biggest Hitchcock hit ever to hit the screen! Warner Bros. present HENRY FONDA, VERA MILES and the exciting city of New York in ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S

The Wrong Man

Somewhere... somewhere... there must be the right man!

also starring ANTHONY QUAYLE • Screen Play by Maxwell Anderson and Angus MacPhail
MUSIC BY BERNARD HERRMANN • Directed by ALFRED HITCHCOCK

CHALLENGE! If you don't believe that this weird and unusual story actually happened, see the records of Queens County Court, N.Y., Apr. 21, 1953 Indictment #271/53, "The Balestrero Case"
That's when most deodorants fail... but new Mum cream keeps working

You've probably noticed...

...when you're under emotional pressure, your perspiration glands suddenly get more active. That's when deodorants which depend on stopping perspiration let you down, and odor often starts.

New Mum® cream works a completely different way. It is the only leading deodorant that works entirely by stopping odor. Mum keeps on working actively to stop odor 24 hours a day—no matter how active your perspiration glands are.

No wonder Mum is so dependable. Isn't that what you want?

More people depend on Mum than on any other deodorant...it works when others fail
Breck Hair Set Mist

A GENTLE, FRAGRANT SPRAY THAT HOLDS HAIR SOFTLY, BEAUTIFULLY IN PLACE FOR HOURS

Breck Hair Set Mist is a fragrant spray which delicately holds your hair softly in place for hours. After combing, a few brief sprays keep the hair beautifully arranged. When freshening, a damp comb renewes your waves – no respraying is necessary. Breck Hair Set Mist also provides a quick, easy way to make lasting pin curls. Fragrant as a bouquet, Breck Hair Set Mist contains lanolin, which leaves the hair soft to touch and brings out the natural lustre and beauty of your hair.

Available at Beauty Shops, Drug Stores, Department Stores and wherever cosmetics are sold. 4 1/2 oz. $1.25; 11 oz. $2.00. Plus tax.
Give your complexion
Look lovely all day long with ‘Love-Pat’
...never cakes, never turns orange-y!

‘Love-Pat’ is pressed powder plus foundation, with Revlon’s own skin-softening Lanolite. And its lovely, natural-looking bloom lasts...never changes color.

Here’s the reason! ‘Love-Pat’ contains up to 3 times as much beautifying oil as other compact makeups.

You’ll love ‘Love-Pat’! It can’t spill as loose powder does. Get some today! It comes in nine skin-matching shades.

Test it yourself...as seen on “The $64,000 Question.”

Let cold cream act the part of oils in your skin. Smooth two streaks of cream on your hand.
\[\text{On one, puff your present powder or compact makeup.} \]
\[\text{On other streak, puff ‘Love-Pat’.} \]
No changing color here!

Revlon

‘LOVE-PAT’
Compact Makeup with Lanolite
Hair with the fresh young HALO look is softer, brighter.

Whistle Clean
— for clear, liquid Halo
...unlike most shampoos...contains no greasy oils or soap. Nothing to interfere with cleaning action or dull your hair with heavy, dirt-catching film.
Mild, gentle Halo leaves hair softer, brighter...whistle clean!

READERS INC.
Continued

The publisher was so impressed that he sent duplicates of the photographs to a Hollywood agent and, after a few months later, John was in Hollywood. He made his screen debut in U.F.'s "Running Wild." He has dark brown hair and eyes to match, is 5' 10 1/2" tall, and weighs 165 pounds. Born August 5, 1935. He is interested in sports and is an expert archer. He's also done a lot of horseback riding and swimming. As an indoor hobby, he practices on bongo drums, likes Calypso rhythms and classical music. His taste in literature leans toward the serious.—Ed.

Can you give me the name of the studio responsible for the production of a movie which was released about 1951, entitled "A Place in the Sun." I am part of a research group and information regarding this movie can be of valuable assistance in a project which we are currently working on.

JANET DE CLAIRE
Detroit, Michigan

Paramount produced "A Place in the Sun."—Ed.

I just saw "The Opposite Sex", and we would like to know the leading man dancer and singer who appeared in the "The Banana Tree" number. He is a very good dancer and singer, and he's neat! My girlfriend and I thought he would also be splendid in a non-dancing role. We recommend him very highly for some other dancing pictures or singing.

RITA EMERY
La Crosse, Wisconsin

His name is Jerry Antes and his studio is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Ed.

CASTING:

Since Natalie Wood and Tab Hunter seem to be the most promising new team in Hollywood, I am convinced that they would be perfect for the roles of Josai Sakai and Alena Kennedy respectively, in a film version of Pearl Buck's The Hidden Flower. I hope that Warner Brothers will think of this when teaming these two in the future.

ANN FULLAGAR
Catasauqua, Pennsylvania

I just finished reading Pierre la Mure's wonderful novel based on the life of Felix Mendelssohn: Beyond Desire. I think it would make a terrific movie with Tyrone Power as Felix Mendelssohn, Elizabeth Taylor as Cecile Jeanrenaud, his wife, Gina Lollobrigida as the Italian prima donna, Maria Salle, Jean Pierre Aumont as Frederic Chopin, and Cliff Robertson as Robert Schumann.

DEAN MANUEL
Jersey City, New Jersey

I have just finished reading the most marvelous book, A Thing of Beauty, by Dr. A. J. Cronin. It was a novel about a young artist who believed in "art for art's sake," and all the things he did to defend his belief. I, as well as many of my friends, think it would make a wonderful motion picture, with a cast like the following: Stephen Desmond, Laurence Harvey; Jenny Dill, Jean Simmons or Debbie Reynolds; Emlyn Bennett, Janet Collins; Richard Glyn, Bill Travers; Harry Chester, Kenneth More; Papa Peyrat, Peter Ustinov; Claire, Dinah Washington; and Bertram Desmond, James Robertson Justice.

ANONYMOUS
Lawton, Oklahoma
The way to a man's heart

Norma Moore believes a girl should have one good dress and a meal one good dish

The first time we met pert and pretty Norma Moore, was in Hollywood, where she was making “Fear Strikes Out” with Tony Perkins. Over a commissary luncheon, we found out that Norma, a so-so cook, would like to be able to serve up at least one “good dish.” So when we heard Norma was in New York, we made a date to have her meet Bruno, who owns the “Pen and Pencil,” a favorite restaurant of visiting Hollywood stars. We explained Norma’s problem and Bruno promised a quick solution. Norma came over with Jimmy Sisco, young dancer in Broadway’s “New Faces,” and in less time than it took to eat it, Norma had her specialty, Bruno’s own Caesar Salad: Romaine, broken, not cut; one-minute eggs; croutons; grated parmesan cheese; and anchovies. Toss well!

It’s a good cook who can eat her own cooking, but Norma finds no trouble at all in sampling her Caesar Salad

Norma decides her own “good dish” will be the Hollywood favorite, a Caesar Salad; Bruno is her teacher

After white of egg is skillfully added, Norma drops in the anchovies. Jimmy Sisco stands by with croutons

The genial owner of New York’s “Pen and Pencil” restaurant oversees final touch of adding dressing
A WONDERFUL INTRODUCTORY BARGAIN OFFER TO

ANY

NEW BEST-SELLERS • DELUXE BOOKS

Your Only Obligation: to buy as few as 6 new best-selling novels (at only $1 each) out of 24 to be offered within a year.

TAKE advantage of this wonderful new introductory offer from the famous Dollar Book Club! Join now and receive the biggest bargain ever offered to new members.

Select any 3 of the big-value books shown for only $1. Choose from best-sellers by top authors... beautiful library volumes... big illustrated books... many newly selected for this special offer! Just think—a total value of up to $22.95 in publishers' editions for just $1.

As a Member, You Save up to 75% on New Books!

Imagine—best-seller selections costing up to $3.95 in publishers' editions come to Club members for only $1 each! Over the years the biggest hits by Ernest Hemingway, W. Somerset Maugham, Thomas B. Costain, Daphne du Maurier, Frank Yerby and others, have come to Club members at this low $1 price. Occasionally, extra-value selections at $1.49 are offered. All are full-size, hard-bound books. Other desirable volumes, too, are offered at savings up to 75%! But you buy only the books you want—and you don’t have to take one every month. Take as few as six $1 selections a year!

Send No Money—Mail Coupon!

Receive any 3 books in this offer 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 the Club's Bulletin, which describes forthcoming selections.

No-Risk Guarantee: If not delighted with your introductory Three-Book bargain package, return all books and membership will be cancelled. Act now to accept this wonderful offer!

DOUBLEDAY ONE DOLLAR BOOK CLUB, GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK
Sensational Best-Seller! The Story of a "Nice Girl" Who Dreamed of Fame... and the Ideal Man!

NEW MEMBERS OF AMERICA'S BIGGEST BOOK CLUB!

3 FOR $1

ILLUSTRATED EDITIONS—EVEN BIG TWO-VOLUME SETS!

Up to $22.95 Total Value in Publishers' Editions

MAIL THIS COUPON—CHOOSE ANY 3 BOOKS FOR ONLY $1

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Book Title</th>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Description</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>THE LIVING LOTUS</td>
<td>Ethel Mannin</td>
<td>Epic of America's past, meet army scout Steve Nason, a wildcat named Mare, and lovely Phoneo, girl of the frontier! (100)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Send No Money! Doubleday One Dollar Book Club, Dept. 275G, Garden City, New York

Enroll me as a Dollar Book Club member. Send me at once my gift books and first selection the 3 books checked at the left and bill me only $1 FOR ALL 3, plus a small shipping charge.

Also send me my first issue of The Bulletin, telling me about the new forthcoming one-dollar bargain 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).

NO-RISK GUARANTEE: If not delighted, return all books in 7 days, and membership will be cancelled.

Please Print

Mr. [ ] Mrs. [ ] Miss [ ]

Address [ ]

City [ ] State [ ]

In Canada, selection price $1.10 plus shipping. Address Doubleday Book Club, 105 Island St., Toronto 1. Offer good in U. S. & Canada only.
"Is Tampax really that comfortable?"

JOAN: "It certainly is! I'm not even aware I'm wearing Tampax. It's so comfortable, so convenient, that I simply couldn't ever imagine using anything else!"

PAM: "Jane told me she almost forgets about 'her time'!"

JOAN: "I do, too! Why, I'm hardly conscious of a difference in days of the month! Tampax gives so much freedom! Poise! Confidence! It's so modern. Really wonderful... ."

PAM: (laughing) "All right! I'm sold, I'll try it this very month!"

Only by actually trying doctor-invented Tampax* internal sanitary protection, can you discover all its many advantages. Joan might have added... Tampax is made of surgical cotton, in disposable applicators. Easy to insert. Hands need never touch the Tampax. No chance of odor forming. It's convenient to carry "extras." Tampax comes in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Sold at all drug and notion counters. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.


---

Dennis Hopper learned, in Hollywood you grow up fast—or else

"In this business," Dennis Hopper says seriously, "there's no margin for error. You have to grow up all of a sudden." Even at the rate Dennis has moved, he has. Only twenty, the blond newcomer is being cheered for his work as Rock Hudson's son in "Giant." Yet Dennis once seemed a kid with his head in the clouds. He was the eager movie fan, haunting Saturday matinees back home in Dodge City, Kansas. Hardly into his teens, he began acting in school plays, won contests by declaiming scenes from Shakespeare and O'Neill. "My parents thought I was going to grow up to be a bum," he grins, "writing poetry and stuff like that." They accused him of a tendency to laziness.

But it wasn't a lazy life that Dennis had in mind. The summer he was seventeen, he proved that by slaving as a twenty-five-dollar-a-week apprentice at La Jolla Playhouse in California, sometimes going sleepless for forty-eight hours at a stretch. The next year, La Jolla's John Swope suggested that Dennis try his luck with movies or TV. The boy was game, if not exactly bursting with self-confidence. "When I arrived in Hollywood," he says, "I had the bad luck to see Bel Air first. I looked at all those big houses, and I thought, I'll never make it!"

He made it—and in short order. Inside two months, he scored a dramatic hit on TV that brought him a Warners' contract. He did a small role in "I Died a Thousand Times," a better one in "Rebel Without Cause," then "Giant." Next are Paramount's big "Gunfight at the OK Corral" and Warners' "The Story of Mankind."

Dennis hasn't built up to a Bel Air mansion yet; he's perfectly content with a one-room apartment. "I go on kicks," he says. "I'll shut myself up there for a while, reading or painting." But he's no solitary; he has formed friendships with other young players, as earnest and career-conscious as he is. There's Susan Kohner, fellow apprentice of La Jolla days. He met Nick Adams while making "Rebel," Natalie Wood before that, while testing for the picture. Dennis and Nat dated for a time, are now just friends.

Nat, too, has grown up in a rush, as Dennis says teenagers must in show business. "When I went back to Kansas for my grandparents' fiftieth wedding anniversary," he recalls, "I was shocked to learn that all the friends I had gone to school with were married and had children. I was so occupied with movie work that this part of life had passed me by.

"I sometimes wonder if I'll ever be ready to get married. I'm so intensely involved with my career that I'm irresponsible where everything else is concerned."
because you are the very air he breathes...

Aren't you glad you're a girl? Isn't it a fabulous feeling... to know he'd rather be close to you than anyone else in the wide, wide world? Don't let anything mar this moment. Double check your charm every day with VETO... the deodorant that drives away odor... dries away perspiration worries. (Remember, if you're nice-to-be-next to... next to nothing is impossible!)

VETO is for you in more ways than one

Veto deodorant dries away perspiration worries!
INSIDE STUFF

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

Ann Vickers helped Ben Cooper get over the shock of receiving his "greetings"

Jeff Chandler's a hard man to get along with, but Marge is winning the fight

If Dani Grayne thinks George Nader is marriage-minded, we have news for her

Nick Adams doesn't like what they're saying but Lili Gentle likes Nick
The George Nader Story: We stand ready to post a small reward for anyone who can write this story—or even explain it. Here is a genial, handsome, apparently completely uncomplicated guy who is actually so complicated that no one, including George Nader, can figure him out. While Brando, Montgomery Clift and Johnny-come-latelys to the rebel clan like Scott Marlowe do what the head-shrinkers call “acting out their hostilities,” Nader goes breezing along, calm and unruffled, stuffing all his emotional problems away inside himself. As a result, girls like Dani Crayne, Barbara Rush and Martha Hyer find that attentions from Nader build up to an awful let-down. Dani, especially, was all tagged as the future Mrs. George Nader. As the marriage rumors began, the romance ended. When the rumors ended, the romance resumed. Career-wise, George is equally contradictory. Perfectly willing to admit he’ll probably never win an Academy Award, he writes inwardly when an interviewer says something like, “After all, you’re fairly typical of the actor who’s pretty much made by the studio, wouldn’t you say?” Nader is one of the most likable guys in town. He’s getting better and better roles. But, we think, he still likes his cats better than he likes most people. On the other hand, maybe he’s got a point there. Cats, after all, can’t talk back the way too many people can.

something new when the letter came. So he tucked his best girl’s hand under his arm and, again, did what any other young boy would do—had one last fling, complete with black tie and steak for dinner, before packing his bag and heading for the barracks and reveille of an Army training camp. But he’ll be back!

Don’t Count on It: When you see Jeff and Marge Chandler looking so in love that you almost feel embarrassed at being a witness to it, take it with a grain of salt. Maybe their remarriage will last forever, and everyone hopes it does. But Jeff’s moods with can be attested to by countless interviewers and would-be interviewers, and the fact that the resultant loss of publicity hasn’t helped his career does not faze him in the least. Well, we’re all for independent characters and God bless them. But, like elephants, they’re usually nicer to look at than to live with. The success of “Durango,”

Two nice people, Milly and John Ericson, found their own brand of happiness

Greetings from the President: Ben Cooper read his draft notice with the same reaction any boy would have. Sure, he wants to go and sure, he wants to do his duty, but gee whiz, did it have to happen now? Ben’s latest picture for United Artists was “His Father’s Gun” and he was all set to start

are so unpredictable and his temper so swift and stormy that anything can happen. It’s true that Jeff was pretty miserable during their separation, and that he missed his children even more, perhaps, than most fathers, being a singularly solitary soul. But that Jeff is a hard man to get along

which Jeff just made for United Artists, may give him a happier outlook.

Tag Along: That’s what they’ve been calling Nick Adams lately, pointing to his constant attendance upon Elvis Presley and remembering a similar devotion that sparked his friendships with Natalie Wood, the late James Dean and Kim Novak. As Nick himself has said, he’s too good an actor and has much too much potential in his own right to exist merely as a celebrity’s shadow. But methinks Nick protests too much about his friendship with Elvis. Instead of denying that he’s riding on Presley’s coattails, the best thing for Nick to do would be to settle down and make another picture, one in which he can do as competent a job as he did in “The Last Wagon.” (Continued on page 26)
LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES
WITH JANET GRAVES

EXCELLENT
GOOD
FAIR

Written on the Wind

Though Rock Hudson and Lauren Bacall lend balance as two likably normal people, it is Robert Stack's performance that gives conviction to this flamboyant drama. As the irresponsible son of oil millionaire Robert Keith, he meets secretary Lauren on a trip to New York, wins her in a quick courtship. In Texas as his bride, she's plunged into a hopelessly involved situation. Jealousy is mingled with Bob's friendly devotion to Rock, for his father relies on the steadier man in running the firm. As Bob's sister, Dorothy Malone is addicted to drinking and man-chasing. And Rock has trouble concealing his love for Lauren. In the violence that inevitably explodes, Bob remains a believable person.

Three Brave Men

Ernest Borgnine, Ray Milland and other able players add warmth and humanity to a near-documentary treatment of the "security risk" problem. Suggested by a real-life case, the suspenseful story casts Borgnine as a long-time civilian employee of the Navy. Suddenly, he is called a security risk and suspended from his job. His plight also brings tragedy to his wife (Virginia Christine), his teen-age children (Diane Jergens, Warren Berlinger) and even to little Sandy Descher. Lawyer Milland takes on the touchy assignment of defending Borgnine; Navy officers Frank Lovejoy and Nina Foch are thoughtful investigators; Dean Jagger is the third "brave man" of the title.

Continued on page 23
PROOF: JERGENS LOTION STOPS "DETERGENT HANDS"

You can SEE the difference!
This unretouched photo was taken — so you can see for yourself how well Jergens Lotion cares for hands.

447 women took this test*
They soaked both hands in a detergent three times a day. They applied Jergens to their right hands only. In a few days, their untreated left hands were rough and red. Their righthands, treated with Jergens, were soft and white. No other lotion similarly tested proved so effective.

Penetrates deep down!
Jergens doesn’t just "glove" hands with a greasy film, but penetrates deep down where the hurt begins. That’s why it’s so much more effective than lotions that merely coat the skin. Stops chapping, weather damage, too!

Creamy — never sticky
Jergens Lotion feels luxurious on the skin... is instantly absorbed. No wonder more people use it than any other hand care in the world! And it’s still only 10¢ to $1.

* Notice to doctors and dermatologists—for a summary of test, write The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, Ohio
Now... end dandruff problems

this pleasant easy shampoo way!

new Helene Curtis **ENDEN**—the first proven medical treatment in shampoo form! **No prescription needed... 99% effective!**

Quickly ends itching, flaking, excess oiliness—without messy salves, ointments or separate lotions—Here at last is an amazingly effective treatment and a rich-sudsing shampoo all in one. You have never used anything as simple, as pleasant and as easy. **ENDEN** get results even after other methods have failed. While you shampoo, it penetrates to the trouble spots. Between shampoos, it actually inhibits bacteria growth. Use **ENDEN** regularly and your dandruff problems will be over.

**Proved 99% effective in 2-year doctor-supervised clinical tests**—Dermatologists and skin specialists have proved **ENDEN**'s basic ingredients. Clinical tests showed 99% of patients enjoyed positive benefits. While **ENDEN**'s medications have been medically approved for years, science was unable to combine them in a pleasant shampoo until now.

**A wonderful shampoo for the whole family**— **ENDEN** is especially good for adolescent dandruff. Even children can use **ENDEN** safely, for it is a superior shampoo as well as a treatment that prevents dandruff problems from starting. **ENDEN** helps make hair look "alive" and healthy—leaves it shining. And you'll discover **ENDEN** makes your scalp feel so fresh—far cleaner than with your favorite ordinary shampoo. To end dandruff problems and prevent their return, switch to **ENDEN**.

**use **ENDEN** instead of your regular shampoo—ends itching scalp and dandruff problems and prevents their return!**

**Guaranteed to end dandruff problems**

Developed after years of laboratory tests by Helene Curtis, foremost authority on hair care,
As Anne and Rudy listen, Tom fumbles with "the facts of life"
LET’S GO TO THE MOVIES

Continued

“Lysol” Brand Disinfectant

Also available in Canada

BADGERED BEYOND ENDURANCE, Dick is ready to strike Mary, who seems weakly resigned.

Finger of Guilt

Here’s an ingenious mystery that puts the moviegoer right into the eyes of a scandal involving a woman. Dick expertly plays a talented movie producer, exiled from Hollywood because of the girl he loves. He’s finally married to the boss’s daughter (Faith Brook). But a series of letters threaten his future. They’re from a girl begging for his love and claiming that she has been his mistress. Blackmail? No. This Dick realizes when he meets the writer—sweet-faced, straightforward—err, straight face—? Mary Murphy, doing her best work so far, as an American actress in England. Though Dick is sure he’s never seen her before, her story and her manner are so convincing that he begins to doubt his own sanity. It’s a neat puzzle.

Marcelino

A beautiful Spanish film (with titles in English) quietly captures the atmosphere of Spain’s countryside and the religious feeling of its people. Told as a sort of legend, the story centers on a small boy (enthrallingly portrayed by Pablo Calvo) brought up by a group of Franciscan friars. As a baby, he is left outside their monastery. Since his parents cannot be found, the brothers decide to adopt him. Surrounded by love and understanding, he grows into a delightfully normal, mischievous boy. Each of the friars is presented as a distinctive personality, so the movie is rich in character.

The Magnificent Seven

Like most of the important Japanese films brought to this country, this sturdy tale of action pictures the Japan of centuries ago in one exquisite shot after another. The seven men of the title are all samurai, but they aren’t the splen-

didly attired, mighty warriors that the term suggests. They are indeed tired, tough professional soldiers. Like Kipling’s Tommy Atkins or the peacetime GIs of “From Here to Eternity,” they are neglected or distrusted by the civilians—until their fighting strength is needed. These seven are brought together through a frightened appeal from a village threatened by bandits.

Two Loves Had

Opera-lovers will find moments of interest in this Italian-made music-film (dialogue in English) based on the life of Puccini. Portrayed by Gabriele Ferretti, the composer of “La Bohème” and “Madame Butterfly” is seen first as a brash unknown storming the musical citadel of Milan. Success comes quickly, overshadowing his personal affairs. Marta Toren is lovely and wistful as the sweetheart who bears him a child before he’s gotten around to marrying her. Hers is a life of lonely waiting, but Puccini’s heart remains with her, in spite of his brief fling with prima donna Nadia Gray. While artists from La Scala are heard in excerpts from the operas, the picture could have used more music.

Rumble on the Docks

The junior version of “On the Waterfront” is notable chiefly as the debut of James Darren, a good-looking youth who shows some acting promise. As leader of a teen-age gang that’s constantly attacked by rougher rivals, he has traits of decency and responsibility. But with his crippled, crusading father (Edgar Barrier) makes young Jim easy prey for the persuasions of union racketeer Michael Granger. Even his gentle girlfriend (Laurie Carroll) can’t make the boy see that he’s lined up on the wrong side. There’s plenty of action and tension, and a vigorous rock’n’roll number is contributed by Freddie Bell and his Bellboys.

On crime-ravaged Brooklyn docks, Laurie Carroll and James Darren long for peace.

Went into action, Jerry (Laurie Anderson) makes for Mary, who seems weakly resigned.

It’s astounding in these modern times how many women have to be told, by a friend or doctor, how a douche answers a woman’s special needs for complete cleanliness.

Ignorance is no excuse. Baths and showers, perfumes and deodorants are fine—but none of them get at the cause of “embarrassing odor”—and who wants to be guilty of such an offense?

“Lysol” solves this problem. Rapidly, on contact, “Lysol” kills the very bacteria that would cause odor—before it can start. A teaspoonful of “Lysol” brand disinfectant in your douche spreads this desirable action into folds and crevices...assures you of complete internal cleanliness.

Try “Lysol”. Enjoy that wonderful “clean-all-over” feeling. For the sure knowledge that you are at your sweetest and freshest, use new, mild-formula “Lysol” regularly in your douche...Write for free booklet on medically-approved methods of douching. (Sent in plain envelope.) Send name and address to “Lysol”, Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. PP-572.

...about the need for regular douching?
Eddie and Debbie
IN THEIR FIRST MOVIE TOGETHER!

Eddie sings 6 wonderful NEW SONGS
...and wait 'til you see them DANCE!

RKO Radio Pictures presents
EDDIE FISHER \ DEBBIE REYNOLDS
in BUNDLE OF JOY

HEAR EDDIE SING
"Lullaby In Blue"
"Worry About Tomorrow, Tomorrow"
"All About Love"
"Some Day Soon"
"I Never Felt This Way Before"
"Bundle Of Joy"

Co-starring
ADOLPHE MENJOU
TOMMY NOONAN
with NITA TALBOT • UNA MERKEL • MELVILLE COOPER
BILL GOODWIN • HOWARD McNEAR
Produced by EDMUND GRAINGER • Screen Play by NORMAN KRAHNA
ROBERT CARSON and ARTHUR SHEEKEN
Story by FELIX JACKSON • Directed by NORMAN TAUROG
Musical Numbers and Dances Staged by NICK CASTLE
Lyrics by MACK GORDON • Music by JOSEF MYROW

TECHNICOLOR®
INSIDE STUFF  Continued from page 19

If at First: Cliff Robertson and Felicia Farr are two young people who would seem to have had much too much of the wrong thing, picture-wise. Felicia is a very good actress whose career somehow never got off the ground, and Cliff Robertson started his Hollywood career with a bang in "Picnic," then seemed to have ended it with a whimper in "Autumn Leaves." Cliff is now making "The Girl Most Likely" with Jane Powell, and Columbia is giving Felicia a big build-up for "Three-Ten to Yuma."

Local Doings: The newest feud is the one between Eddie Fisher and his longtime friend and manager, Milton Blackstone. Since Eddie's Coca-Cola hour was cancelled, he seems to be getting the career jitters. Good reviews on his RKO movie "Bundle of Joy" may put the light back in his eyes, but things are a bit tense. Of course, during the Debbie and Eddie romance Blackstone was charged with being the heavy who didn't want the lovers to wed. This was not true, but it is true that

We think in Cliff's case he has tried too hard to pretend that success didn't matter. He's given everyone else the same idea. Wanting success is nothing for which to apologize, and neither is Cliff Robertson, who has the makings of a very fine performer. Lately, he relented enough to be willing to be seen here and there with the proper date, at the proper places, though he's still a confirmed bachelor and a confirmed commuter to New York and his tiny Greenwich Village apartment. But maybe he and Felicia will both disprove the old Hollywood adage that "If at first you don't succeed, you don't succeed, period."

Thou Shalt Not: Charlton Heston long ago chalked up the most important "thou shalt not" in his own life when he made up his mind that a man who cheats on his marriage, even lightly and unimportantly, is headed for trouble. "It's just not worth it," said Heston, shaking his handsome head for emphasis. "You lose your wife, lose your home and, sometimes, even your career." Lydia was Chuck's first girl and it looks as though she'll also be his last and best. Chuck's performance in "The Ten Commandments" made us glad that he's as sensible as he is talented. Because he's right: A good many careers have been washed down the drain when personal lives got out of control. This is the value of Heston's private "Code of Conduct."

Milton felt it would be a mistake for Eddie to marry at that time. The fact that the young singer's popularity has waned so sharply seems to prove Blackstone might have had a point... Cesar Romero keeps going 'round and 'round. Now he's dating Anne Baxter, who's making a career comeback thanks to her performance in "Ten Commandments."... Elizabeth Taylor is here today, gone tomorrow, and no one, including Liz, seems really sure what she's going to do next. Incidentally, Miss Taylor is reported as being less than flattered at hearing Natalie Wood described as a

Dana Wynter changed her career plans after marrying Greg Bautzer

Continued
No Other Leading Toothpaste

Cleans • Cleans • Cleans

Your Breath

While It

Guards • Guards • Guards

Your Teeth

Like Colgate Dental Cream!

Because No Other Leading Toothpaste

Contains GARDOL

To Give You Long-Lasting

Protection Against Both

Bad Breath and Tooth Decay

...With Just One Brushing!

Unlike other leading toothpastes, Colgate's forms an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights decay all day... with just one brushing! Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. But remember! One Colgate brushing fights decay-causing bacteria 12 hours—or more!

Colgate's with Gardol helps stop bad breath all day for most people with just one brushing! Instantly sweeps away bacteria that cause bad breath originating in the mouth! No other leading toothpaste* cleans your breath while it guards your teeth like Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol!

SAFE for Children of All Ages! to Use in All Water Areas!

MAKES TEETH WHITER—CANNOT STAIN OR DISCOLOR!

Cleans Your Breath While It Guards Your Teeth
INSIDE STUFF
Continued

"young Liz Taylor." . . The whole town
is pleased that the Jimmy Dean hysteria
has finally died down and that his fans
are at last willing to let the lad rest in
peace. . . . The people charged with trans-
lating the Elvis Presley rage into box-
office receipts at the movie houses have a
special problem. Hookey-playing teens
crowd the theatres at first. So what hap-
pens when they go back to school on a
non-holiday?

The Happiness Boys: John Ericson may
not have fulfilled the early hopes M-G-M
had for him, but his marriage to Milly
is so happy it's enough to make up for al-
most any disappointment. The happy-
thought-marrieds in the film colony include
the Bill Campbells. Rock Hudson, the
newlywed Greg Bautzers, Don Murrays
(Oooh! so happy, these two!) and the
back-together-again Jeff Richards. The
success that brings some unhappiness
seems to have acted in reverse with Jeff.
He and his bride of less than a year broke
up when his career was limping, got back
together when success showed its face.

"Character" Actor: We're happy to hear
that Marlon Brando hasn't really settled
down to being as polite and neatly dressed
as was reported. Latest Brando story to
come our way tells of Marlon having din-
ner with the Mel Ferrers and the King of
Belgium. While Mel and the King con-
versed loftily in French, Brando chattered
happily away in jive talk (which he never
uses). When Audrey refused to be amused
or to take her eyes off her husband, who sat
across the table, Marlon spotted a slight
rip in her dress, yelled happily down the
table, "Hey, Audrey, your dress is torn." Ruined the whole effect.

Happy Hunters: Tab Hunter's spirits are
slightly on the rise since they've inked
him in for "Lafayette Escadrille" and Jeff
Hunter seems to have settled down nicely
into bachelorhood, with fewer and fewer
people thinking he and Barbara Rush will
re-wed, despite their mutual devotion for
their son. Tab's another young man who
seems to think the best things in life are
more easily had if pursued all alone.

Baby Daze: That's what Jean Simmons
and Stewart Granger have been in ever
since the arrival of daughter Tracy. The
name confused newsmen, who wired their
editors that the Grangers had just acquired
a son! Neither Jean nor Stewart cared
which they got as long as it was healthy.
Happily she's also pretty.

News Item: All his hundreds of friends
were saddened to read that Humphrey Bo-
gart had to check back into the hospital.
But maybe it isn't as serious as people
fear. . . . Kim Novak still can't seem to
stay very far away from Frank Sinatra.
while Ava Gardner, staying far, far away,
lets it be known she still isn't thinking of
going a divorce. . . . Jeanne Crain and
Paul Brinkman are now looking very lover-
like, so friends expect they'll reconcile.
Marriages end in Hollywood, but some-
times they're made there, too—or remade.
$6360.00 IN CASH PRIZES
(NOW ON DEPOSIT)

FIRST PRIZE $2,000 including $500 bonus for promptness (see rule 2)
Second Prize ........... $1000.00 9th to 13th Prize, each .... $100.00
Third Prize .............. $500.00 14th to 18th Prize, each ... $50.00
Fourth Prize ............ $350.00 19th to 44th Prize, each ... $25.00
5th to 8th Prize, each ... $200.00 45th to 75th Prize, each ... $10.00

—HERE ARE THE RULES—

1. This is entirely a contest of numbers, strictly a Game of Skill. Add together the numbers that make up the drawing of the Robin and get the SUM TOTAL of the figures. The picture is made up of single digits: 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8 and 9. There are no sixes, no ones, no zeros. There are no double numbers like "22", etc. Just add 2 plus 3 plus 5, etc., and get the SUM TOTAL. There are no tricks to this puzzle, just a problem in addition. It is not so easy but if you are careful you may get it exactly right. Only persons sending a $5.00 contribution to our Scholarships Program are eligible for these Cash Prizes. No additional donation will be required at any time during the contest. Checks and Money Orders should be made payable to 'SCHOLARSHIPS, INC.' Send cash if you prefer. Write us for additional puzzle sheets if you need them.

2. First prize is $1,500. If you send your contribution before the date printed on the entry blank you will qualify for the $500 Promptness Bonus, making the total First Prize $2,000. The Promptness Bonus will be added to the first prize only.

3. You should check and recheck your solution carefully before mailing. Once it has been sent it may not be changed or withdrawn. A contestant may submit an additional entry in this contest with an improved score provided each such entry is accompanied by the required $5.00 contribution. We will acknowledge receipt of your entry and contribution promptly.

4. This contest is confined to persons living in the United States, its territories and possessions including Alaska, Hawaiian Islands, Guam, Canal Zone, Puerto Rico and Virgin Islands. Persons directly connected with Scholarships, Inc., their advertising agency and members of their immediate families are ineligible.

5. Entries will be accepted from January 1 to April 10, 1957. Entries postmarked April 10 will be accepted.

6. In case of ties on this Robin Puzzle the winners will be decided by a tiebreaker number puzzle consisting of drawing a path across a chart of numbers to arrive at a high total. The contestant's position in the winning list will be determined by the best scores submitted; the best answer will receive First Prize, the second best answer will receive Second Prize, etc. In case of ties on the tiebreaker puzzle, prizes will be reserved for the positions of tied contestants and their final order of finish determined by additional tiebreaker puzzles until a definite winner for each prize is chosen. Seven days will be allowed for working the first tiebreaker puzzle and three days for each subsequent tiebreaker. If ties remain after seven tiebreaker puzzles, duplicate prizes will be paid.

7. It is permissible for any contestant to receive help from their relatives or friends but ONLY ONE SOLUTION may be submitted to the tiebreaker puzzle by any group working together, and any solution known to have been submitted in violation of this rule will be rejected.

8. A complete report of this contest including the names of all winners will be mailed to every contestant just as soon as the winners have been decided. The sponsors of this contest reserve the right to decide any questions that may arise during the contest and persons who enter agree to accept these decisions as final.

C. L. KITTLE, Manager

Mail to SCHOLARSHIPS, INC., Box 241, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

There are __________ feathers on the Robin.

Type your name and address if possible. If not print by hand.

Name ___________________________________________________________

Address _________________________________________________________

City _____________________________________ Zone State _____________

Donations mailed before FEBRUARY 20, 1957, qualify for Promptness Bonus.
Meet the girl who will meet Sal Mineo and have him all to herself for a day that even Cinderella would envy!

THE PRIZE — and THE

In the December, 1956, issue of Photoplay we offered to "give Sal Mineo away" for one whole day to the girl who wrote the most interesting letter on how she would plan to spend her time with him. In addition, a great deal of stress was laid on the fact that Sal Mineo's visit must be connected with some civic undertaking or civic fund-raising which could be benefited by the presence of a Hollywood star.

On the opposite page, you see the winner—Miss Nancy Donaldson of Pontiac, Michigan. Nancy convinced us—and Sal—that the erection of a civic auditorium and recreation center for young people would be enormously helped by his presence in her town.

Because of this, lucky Nancy will have, as the high point of her date with Sal Mineo, the thrill of attending the actual premiere of Sal's new movie, "Rock, Pretty Baby." This is a teen-age picture that does not present the rock 'n' roll set as a group of mixed-up kids, but as normal, healthy youngsters.

Sal Mineo is pretty thoroughly and firmly entrenched as a teen-age idol, and he has earned his following in every way. He was always a boy who knew what he wanted. His drama coach, Claudia Franck, says of him, "I had never been willing to work with children before, but Sal had such intensity, such determination, that I took him on. Needless to say, I've never regretted it."

Sal was playing the part of one of the children in the Broadway production "The King and I" at the time.

A beautifully-mannered young boy with velvety dark eyes and an irresistible sense of humor, he's far from the playboy type. In fact, it was just a year ago, when he was in New York for TV work, that he appeared at a well-known dance studio and signed up for dancing lessons! His only vice is liking two helpings of the biggest and gooeyest desserts on the menu; his hobby is tinkering with cars, taking them apart and putting them back together again. He

"Rock, Pretty Baby" will be premiered in Nancy's home town, Pontiac, and Sal will be her escort
New sunshine yellow shampoo puts sunny sparkle in hair!

WINNAH!

NANCY DONALDSON expects to enter Columbia this fall, believing a college degree is essential. This is the young man Nancy Donaldson will meet. And now the winner: Nancy is a sophomore at Pontiac High School. She'll be sixteen on April 6. Pretty and popular, she was a class officer in junior high, loves horseback riding, and is an excellent swimmer. Aside from the Dolphins, a girls' swimming club, she's also a member of the Amies sorority. Her talent runs to art. and she's in big demand as a poster-maker for dances and the like; one of her posters won a prize in an American Legion competition. She's not musical or a performer, but she did take part as a “Rockette” in a recent show for the benefit of a local hospital. Like Sal, Nancy was taught to think of others: On Christmas Day two years ago a thirteen-year-old Pontiac lad lost both his legs in a tragic railroad accident. Nancy started a fund for him with a $25 bond; five weeks later the boy had $15,000 in trust to assure him of medical care and a college education! Thousands of letters were received and carefully considered before a winner was chosen, and the editors of Photoplay want to thank each and every one of you who entered the contest. Sal Mineo was deeply touched by your interest and by the realization of how many loyal fans he has.

Brunette? Blonde? Redhead?
You'll thrill when you see how your hair responds to the conditioning benefits of new SHAMPOO PLUS EGG! It's just what your hair needs—for new life and luster, for rich silky softness. You'll love the “feel” of your hair—the way it manages. That's the magic conditioning touch of SHAMPOO PLUS EGG! This new kind of shampoo cleans cleaner, rinses super fast. It's the one really different shampoo . . . from its sunshine yellow color to the lilting sunny sparkle it puts in your hair! Try it once, you'll use it always.

Helene Curtis shampoo plus egg

Economical 29c, 59c, $1.
The true story of Col. Dean Hess, clergyman turned fighter pilot. Told in the heroism of battle's hell... cherished in the hearts of those who loved him... living forever in the happiness of the once-forgotten children of a ravaged land!

What happens to Hollywood's "Discoveries"?

The new "St. Joan" is Jean Seberg; her first stop is England where the movie will be made. And her next?

One day not long ago an enormous party for the press was given by United Artists to celebrate the finding and the signing to a long-term contract of a young girl named Jean Seberg. For months, producer Otto Preminger had been on the search for a young girl who could play the part of Joan in his forthcoming production of "Saint Joan"—Bernard Shaw's play on a theme which has created many great stars. Thirty thousand miles were traveled by Mr. Preminger in his search. Three thousand young girls were interviewed. Out of them came his final selection—a young girl of eighteen, with very little theatrical experience. Jean is five feet, four inches tall, weighs one hundred and eight pounds, and has the ethereal quality plus fire needed for Joan.

This search to find Joan, however,
can’t help but evoke memories of other “searches” and other Hollywood “discoveries.” For some, the stories have ended in happiness and fame. For others, they ended in disillusionment. In wondering how Jean’s story will end, it’s interesting to look back.

Charlotte Henry, for instance. Do you remember her as Alice in “Alice in Wonderland”? A lovely young girl with shoulder-length blonde hair, she was one of thousands seeking the role. Among the other young hopefuls entering that contest was a young actress named Ida Lupino. Miss Lupino did not get the role, but went on to become a successful actress, a star, a producer, and director. Last reports from Charlotte Henry was that she was working as an usher in a neighborhood movie.

Another great “discovery” was Carol Ohmart, and it was less than a year ago that Paramount was inviting members of the press to a party to celebrate the signing of Miss Ohmart to a contract. In fact, so great was the belief that Miss Ohmart would bring back the “old-time glamour and glory of Hollywood” that she was given star billing in her first movie, “The Scarlet Hour.”

The picture was somewhat less than a financial success. But other players—Tony Perkins, for instance, whose first movie was “The Actress”—have gone on to survive bad pictures. Miss Ohmart’s eclipse from the Hollywood scene has been almost total. Why? No one quite knows.

But the sad part of these failures of “discoveries,” of course, is the painful effect they must make to readjust their lives to what it was before glamour and glory touched them. They are taken from obscurity. They are feted and praised, photographed and flattered. If their success then peter out they have to try to find their way back to normalcy, to being just a pretty girl again.

But there’s every reason that Jean Seberg will be one of the lucky ones.

Carol Ohmart found that being “discovered” was no guarantee of film stardom

Pond’s deep cleansings
make a lovely difference

when you’re close enough
to kiss!

New ultraviolet light tests prove Pond’s Cold Cream removes dirt that other cleansing only “skims over”

1. A test patch of ordinary end-of-the-day dirt and makeup is applied. In ultraviolet light photograph, the patch shows up white.

2. Then patch is washed briskly. But even after vigorous washing, ultraviolet light shows dirt still there!

3. Now—see Pond’s clean a clear path right through imbedded dirt. Proof that Pond’s cleanses deep.

No other cleanser
leaves your skin
more deep-down beautiful!

Pond’s Cold Cream
Girls who know the answers use Arrid
—to be sure!

You owe it to yourself to get 100% on this test. It’s a cinch you will, too, if you’re smart enough to use Arrid daily.

For Arrid is the most effective deodorant your money can buy. Doctors prove that Arrid is 11/2 times as effective against perspiration and odor as all leading deodorants tested.

Why? Only Arrid is formulated with the magic new ingredient Perstop.* That’s why more people have used and are using Arrid to protect against odor and perspiration than any other deodorant.

What’s in it for you? Just this!

1 Rub Arrid in—and you rub perspiration and odor out. When the cream vanishes you know you’re safe. And approachable any hour of the day or night. Tropical heat-wave weather included!

2 Arrid protects you against all kinds of unexpected perspiration. It keeps you dry even when anxiety or excitement cause your glands to gush perspiration.

3 Arrid, used daily, keeps your clothes safe from ugly stains. It keeps your underarms so dry, soft and sweet there’s never a hint that the situation’s getting warm. Not even on hot, sticky days.

4 Arrid’s "rubbed-in" protection starts on contact—keeps you shower-bath fragrant up to 24 hours. Rub it in right after your daily bath and you can forget about perspiration and odor. No wonder gals "in the know" are steady Arrid users.

Don’t be half safe.
Be completely safe.
Use Arrid . . .
to be sure.
43¢ plus tax.

*Cartier Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants.

To pamper your budget as well as your hairdo, Breck Hair Set Mist is now available in an economical new 8-oz. size for $1.65.* 41/2-oz. container, $1.25.*

Added Attraction: Cutex sheer lanolin hand cream with silicones now comes in a dainty, lightweight plastic tube convenient for purse or home use. 43¢.*

Charles of the Ritz’s new Foundation Lotion gives oily skin a fine-textured appearance and long-lasting freshness. Comes in four shades. 4 oz., $2.00.*

Always on hand: Mennen Skin Magic for Adults now offers a purse-size, refillable pink plastic squeeze bottle, free with regular 4-oz., $1.00* size.

For playing with fire: "Flambeau," Faberge’s fiery perfume, newly arrived from France. $10.50* to $110.* Velvet-cased purse flacon (shown), $5.50.* *plus tax
Casts of Current Pictures

BABY DOLL—Warner. Directed by Elia Kazan: Archie, Karl Malden; Baby Doll, Carroll Baker; Steve Vascro, Eli Wallach; Mildred Dunnock; Rock, Louna Chapman; Toot Marshal, Eades Hogue; Deputy, Noah Williamson.

FINGER OF GUILT—RKO. Directed by Alec Snowden: Reggie Wilton, Richard Basehart; Evelyn Stewart; Mary Murphy; Kay Walker, Constance Cummings; Benn Cash. Roger Livesey; Leslie Williams, Faith Brooks; Ernest Chaple, Mervyn Johns.

GREAT AMERICAN PASTIME, THE—M-G-M. Directed by Herman Hoffman: Bruce Hallerton, Tom Ewell; Betty Hallerton, Annie Francis; Mr. Davis Patterson, Ann Miller; Buck Rivers, Dean Jones; Dennis Hallerton, Rudy Lee; Ed Ryder, Julian Piani; George Carothers, Raymond Bailey; Mr. Dawson, Willard Knapp; Mr. O’Keefe, Bob Jellison; Man Mountains O’Keefe, Todd Ferrell; Herbie Patterson, Raymond Winston; Foster Carothers, Paul English; Mr. George Carothers, Ann Morrison. Samuel J. Gannaway, Gene O’Donnell.

LOVE ME TENDER—20th. Directed by Robert D. Webb: Vance, Richard Egan; Cathy, Debra Paget; Clint, Elvis Presley; Squirrel, Robert Middleton; Grett, William Campbell; Mite, Gene, Neville Brand; The Mother, Mildred Dunnock; Major Kincaid, Bruce Bennett; Ray Reno, James Drury; Ed Cali, Ross Conway; Kelvin, Ken Clark; Davis, Harry Coe; Jethro, Paul Burns; Train Conductor, Jerry Sheldon; Plemons, L. Q. Jones.

MAGNIFICENT SEVEN, THE—Columbia. Directed by Akira Kurosawa: The First Samurai, Takashi Shimura; The Second Samurai, Yoshio Inaba; The Third Samurai, Isao Amuro; The Fourth Samurai, Seiji Miyaguchi; The Fifth Samurai, Minoru Chiaki; The Sixth Samurai, Daisuke Kato; The Seventh Samurai, Toshiro Mifune; Riki-ishi, Yoshio Tsuchiya; Shino, Ketsu Tushima.

MARCELINO—UMPO. Directed by Laddhao Vajdi: Marcelino, Pablo Calvay; Tanner Seppun, Rafael Ricelies; Brother "Dee," Antonio Vioce; Brother "Cockey," Juan Calvo; Blacksmith, Jose Marco Davo; Brother "Baptista," Antonio Dominger; Brother Giler, Juan Jose Menganos; Brother "Fad," Marisano Azevedo; Brother "Ding Dada," Joaquin Ros; The Mother, Isabel de Pome; Don Limallo, Rafael Calvo; Uncle Roger, Jose Prada; Brother Moderno, Fernando Rey; Civil Guard Commander, Jose Nieto; Affonso, Carmen Carbajal.

ROCK, PRETTY BABY—U-I. Directed by Richard Bartlett: Angelo Beruete, Sal Maceo; Benny Daley, John Saxo; John Bright, Lorna Patten; Thomas Daley, Sr., M.D., Edward C. Platt; Beth Daley, Fay Wray; "Dee" Bradley, Rod McKuen; "Fingers" Porter, John Wilder; "Sax" Lewis, Alon Reed, Jr.; "Pop" Bright, Douglas Fowley; "Half-Nose" Harris, Bob Courtney; Timothy Daley, Shelley Fabares; Carol Saunders, Susan Volkman; Chet Saunders, Carol Volkman; Ray Norton, April Kent; Lori Parker, Sue George; Mr. Reid, Walter Reed; Bruce Carter, Glen Kramer; Johnny Grant, Hinson; Thomas Daley, Jr., George Winslow.

RUMBLE ON THE DOCKS—Columbia. Directed by Fred F. Sears: Tommy Smigielis, James Darren; Delta, Laurie Carroll; Joe Brindis, Michael Granger; Rocky, Jerry Janger; Chuck, Robert Blake; Pete Smigielis, Edgar Barrier; Anna Smigielis, Celia Lovsky; Dan Kevka, David Bond; Frank Mangan, Timothy Carey; Tony Luchino, Dan Terranova; Fanchie, Barty Fron; Wingle, Don Devlin; Lige, Stephen H. Sears; Ferdinand Marchetti, Joseph Vitale; Gubian, David Ovrick; Pete, Larry Blakie; Gil Dance, Robert C. Ross; Sally, Steve Warren; Bo-Bo, Dan Garrett; Felker, Joel Ashley; Fourteen-year-old, Salvatore Anthony.

THREE BRAVE MEN—20th. Directed by Philip Dunne: Joe di Marco, Ray Milland; Byron Goldsmith, Ernest Borgnine; Captain Two-Wolf, Frank Lovejoy; Lieutenant McCoy, Nina Foch; Roger, Dean Jagger; Helen Goldsmith, Virginia Christine; Mayor Jensen, Edward Andrews; Lona Warren, Frank Faylen; Shirley Goldsmith, Diane Jergens; Harry, Warren Berlinger; Browning, Andrew Duggan; Jim Barton, Joseph Wiseman; O'Reilly, James Westerfield; Lt. Horton, Richard Anderson; Miss Scott, Olive Blakemore; Dick, Robert Burton; Sanford, Ray Montgomery; Alice, Sandy Descher; Bank, Patty Ann Gerrity; Gibson, Jonathan Hole; Perry, Jason Wragge, Nurse, Barbara Guild.

TWO LOVES HAD I—Jayson. Directed by Carmine Gallone: Pucece, Gabriele Ferretti; Eletra, Marta Toren; Christo, Nadia Gray; Giacomo, Paolo Stoppa; Delta, Mike Bruni; Riccardo, Sergio Tofano.

WRITTEN ON THE WIND—U-I. Directed by Douglas Sirk: Althea Wayne, Rock Hudson; Lucy Moore Hadley, Lauren Bacall; Kyle Hadley, Robert Stack; Mervelle Hadley, Dorothy Malone; Jasper Hadley, Robert Keith; Bill Miller, Grant Williams; Dan Willits, Robert J. Wilke; Dr. Paul Cebeneau, Edward L. Platt; John Willits, Harry Shannon; Roy Carter, John Larch; R. J. Courteney, Joseph Grubey; June, Roy Glenn; Bertha, Mainie Norman; Reporter, William Shallert; Brunette, Joanne Jordan; Blonde, Dani Crayne; Secretary, Dorothy Porter.

American Modern... Revolutionary idea of freedom in fashion your light and lovely underline...

Skippies

This is the girlie that stated the case for freedom in fashion so beautifully, so very eloquently... that American women voted it their favorite. And small wonder... because Skippies slim and trim with the gentlest touch... never a bit of boning or heavy fabric to hinder or hamper. See what freedom and comfort Skippies will give you... be fitted at your favorite store.

FORMFIT

Dress—Jack Horowitz Censor Collection by Shannon Rodgers; Hat—John Frederick's "Charmers"
The whole wonderful story of today’s tempestuous teen-agers told the way they want it told... with all the excitement of rock and roll, with all the laughter and heartache of growing up!

ROCK, PRETTY BABY!...

Sal Mineo... as great as he was in "Rebel Without a Cause" and "Giant!"

John Saxon... the sensational new star of "THE UNGUARDED MOMENT!"

Luana Patten... the year’s brightest, most exciting new find!

WAITING FOR


What for? A young lady who can make up her mind

Not too long ago, they were “Waiting for Lefty.” More recently, they were “Waiting for Godot.” Now, they are waiting for Ellie Kent. We don’t exactly know why, but we have to take their word for it. And a large part of Hollywood is insisting that Ellie, personally and professionally, is worth waiting for. Since we’re strangers here ourselves, we’ll let you in on the facts as we know them and let you make your own decision.

To begin with, her real name is Elinor Byers. She is the daughter of a civil engineer and a former schoolteacher, and she was born in St. Louis, Missouri, on September 20, 1932. She stands five feet, five and a half inches tall, weighs a neat 118 pounds, and is a blue-eyed blonde.

Ellie’s career got under way when she was eight years old and started to study dancing. A year later, she was one of a small group of girls chosen from 200 to appear in St. Louis’ municipal operatic production of “La Boheme.” That was only the beginning. After applying a few more of her teen-age years to high school studies, Ellie enrolled at the University of Missouri, where for two years she studied more dancing, as well as drama. Next, she joined the noted June Taylor Dancers, toured the country with them, and appeared regularly on Jackie Gleason’s TV show. She also managed to squeeze in a fair share of modeling and night-club engagements before finally setting her sights on Hollywood and a dramatic career.

Since arriving in Movietown, Ellie has appeared in such films as “Rainbow Round My Shoulder,” “The Las Vegas Story,” “He Laughed Last” and “Cha-Cha-Cha-Boom!” She will be seen next with Phil Carey, Betty Garrett and John Barrymore, Jr., in Columbia’s “The Shadow on the Window.”

Now, back to the why and for what “they” are waiting.

It all boils down to the fact that Hollywood can’t figure Ellie out. There she is, bent on an acting career, with studio executives interested in signing her to a
contract—and yet she stubbornly, and gamely, refuses to do what ambitious young actresses are supposed to want to do. Namely: sign on the dotted line.

But Ellie has her reasons for seemingly being so contrary, and they make sense, especially when you realize that she is a very sensible, level-headed gal. "I'm just not ready for it," she explains, her expression turning fittingly somber. "I need more experience, and the kind of self-assurance that comes with it. I've seen too many girls signed up, given walk-on parts—and stick with them. Most of them are never heard of again.

"So," says Ellie firmly, "I'll wait. And when I do sign a contract, it will have a meaning."

Then she adds pleasantly, "Now, is there anything else you would like to know?"

There wasn't. But we thought you'd like to know that Ellie is in private life Mrs. Jonie Taps, very pretty, very happy, and—well, let's say she's worth waiting for.
I'd say Jerry Lewis is out to prove he can be a success alone. Dean Martin isn't. ... Tab Hunter is taller and stronger than he first appears to be. ... Cheesecake: The first performer to whom the label "cheesecake" was applied was Elvira Amazar, a Russian opera singer, when she arrived in this country back in 1915. ... Elia Kazan still a big question whether the name will ever be Kathy Crosby. ... After seeing one of the longie movies, which shall be titleless, Sheree North commented, "Enough is too much."

Rod McKuen is an actor to watch. A word to the wise is supposed to be sufficient. ... I wonder if the prize fighter Rory Calhoun is helping the popularity of the actor Rory Calhoun, or vice versa. ... Cleo Moore said it: "If you want to learn more about men, become a blonde."

I believe Bob Wagner would do better if his insecurity wasn't showing. ... You just know Kim Novak is in the place because she is a loud laughier. ... I'm pleased Shirley MacLaine is in a big hit ("Around the World in 80 Days"). Now I'm waiting for a movie in which Shirley dances and exhibits her legs. ... Anne Baxter is getting sexier. Well, to me anyway. ... Beefcake: First actor to get the coined beefcake label was Tony Curtis. ... Little-known fact: Tony Perkins wears contact lenses. Tony also carries a small recording machine with him to important conferences. ... Regardless of whether they dub in her voice or her singing, they don't have to dub in Anita Ekberg. She's for real. ... By the way, Audrey Hepburn fell in love with Mel Ferrer when she saw him in "Lili." Never underestimate the importance of a good movie. ... Hollywood is an over-populated village trying to act like a city. ... Barbara Nichols' definition of a genuine movie star: "One who's still one when they show his movies on TV."

Doris Day is representative of the All-American girl, and I wish all All-American girls could be as wealthy. ... With very few exceptions, night clubs are a relic of the past. ... My favorite view of Hollywood, despite fog and smog, is from Sunset Boulevard at night: the town is spread out and appears to be miles and miles of vari-colored electric lights, and they don't spell out anything. ... Natalie Wood admits she falls in love too easily. "It's not really love, I guess," explains Natalie, "I guess it's fascination. It's also fun." ... Liz Taylor telling Mike Todd about a certain actress: "She had more money than she could afford."

I don't care what anyone says, Tony Curtis is improving as an actor and as a person. ... I wonder if Gary Cooper has kept count of the number of actors who have been called "another Gary Cooper." ... Rod Steiger is very popular in London, and I don't mean just with Diana Dors. ... After a preview, Mike Curtiz was asked: "Is it possible for this movie to be a hit?" Mike replied: "Nothing is impossible if it's possible." That's Hollywood for You.
For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for the months indicated. Full reviews this month are on page 20.

BRIEF REVIEWS

ANASTASIA—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Brilliant acting by Ingrid Bergman and Helen Hayes enlivens a drama of Russian exiles in Paris. Adventurer Yul Brynner grooms Ingrid to play Grand Duchess. (F) January

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS—Todd; Todd-AO, Eastman Color: Colossal! Yet it's light and entrancing; Stuffy Britisher David Niven does the globe-trotting jaunt on a bet in 1872, with Mexico's great Cantinflas as his valet, big stars in bit parts. (F) January

ATTACK!—U.A.: Slashing, often horrifying drama of war in Europe. Strong all-male cast is led by Jack Palance, as a fighting man, and Eddie Albert, as an officer whose cowardice endangers the GIs. (A) November

BEST THINGS IN LIFE ARE FREE, THE—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Musical success saga of the 1920's; Gordon MacRae, Ernest Borgnine, Dan Dailey are a composing team; Sheree North is Gordon's girl. (F) November

CURUCU, BEAST OF THE AMAZON—U.I., Eastman Color: Vivid Brazilian backgrounds rescue a wobbly melodrama. John Bromfield and Beverly Garland track a "monster." (F) January

DEATH OF A SCOUNDREL—RKO: George Sanders neatly plays the naive rogue, tycoon just asking to be murdered. Among his: Yvonne De Carlo, Zsa Zsa Gabor. (A) December

EVERYTHING BUT THE TRUTH—U.I.: Eastman Color: Amusing but meaningful comedy of politics. Schoolmarm Maureen O'Hara and columnist John Forsythe back little Tim Hovey when the kid's honesty starts a scandal. (F) January

FRIENDLY PERSUASION—A.A., De Luxe Color: Warmth, gentle humor illuminate the story of a Quaker farm family in Civil War days. Gary Cooper, Dorothy McGuire are parents of teenagers Tony Perkins and Phyllis Love and little Dick Eyer. (F) December

GIANT—Warner, WarnerColor: Sweeping tale of a turbulent marriage. Settling in Texas as rancher Rock Hudson's bride, Liz Taylor has trouble adjusting to her new home. Cowhand James Dean strikes it rich in oil. (F) January

GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND, THE—Warner: Sprightly story of today's Army, Mama's boy Tab Hunter is a reluctant draftee; Natalie Wood, his sensible girlfriend. (F) January

IF ALL THE GUYS IN THE WORLD....—Buena Vista: Enthralling, heart-tugging international film (titles in English). "Ham" radio operators and fliers of several nations save fishermen stricken at sea. (F) January

JULIE—M-G-M: Taut, hard-driving suspense movie. Fleeting death threats from her insanely jealous husband (Louis Jourdan), Doris Day returns to airline-hostess work. Barry Sullivan's her loyal friend. (F) December

MAN IN THE VAULT—RKO: Mild action yarn makes locksmith Bill Campbell the unwilling tool of a racketeer in a bank-robting deal, with Karen Sharpe as Bill's girl. (A) January

MOUNTAIN, THE—Paramount: VistaVision, Technicolor: Splendidly forthright duel of character between brothers Spencer Tracy and Bob Wagner, as they climb to reach a wrecked plane in the French Alps. (F) November


VIRGINIA MAYO LOVES LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO never dries—it beautifies thick and creamy... blessed with lanolin! needs no after-rinse! of course, it leaves hair more manageable!
all-new Angel Face has

"Stay-Fresh"

Color!

Ordinary dry pressed powder
"soaks up" moisture from your skin and changes color—just as it "soaks up" these water drops—and discolors.

New "Stay-Fresh" Angel Face
won't "soak up" moisture and darken
because Angel Face is triple creamed—
proofed against moisture discoloration!

New! Won't change color...
won't streak from skin moisture

POND'S

Angel

Face

Triplet creamed powder and foundation in-one!

So radiantly fresh! Hours after you apply new Angel Face, your skin still has a smooth, delicate, almost pore-less look. There's no drying. No discoloring in the "damp pore" areas of your face. In just 5 seconds, Angel Face gives you a complete "Stay-Fresh" make-up. Perfect to carry because unlike loose powder, it can't spill.

New "Date" Case—New "Stay-Fresh" Shades!
The very feminine new pink compact with mirror and puff and your choice of 8 new soft, muted "Stay-Fresh" complexion shades, just $2.96 plus tax.

BRIEF REVIEWS
Continued

PUBLIC PIGEON No. 1—RKO, Technicolor: Red Skelton's showmanship lifts a creaky farce about a timid soul taken in by con-men. Janet Blair's his loyal sweetie. (F) January

RAIL, THE—M-G-M: Deeply understanding close-up of an officer on trial for collaboration in a Korean prison camp. Fine acting by Paul Newman, as the defendant, Walter Pidgeon, his father, Anne Francis, his sister-in-law, Edmond O'Brien, defense attorney. (A) June

REPRISAL!—Columbia, Technicolor: Western with good intentions. Hiding his own Indian ancestry, Gay Madison buys land near a town where Indians are persecuted. (F) January

SECRETS OF LIFE—Buena Vista, Technicolor: Interesting but patchy documentary of birth and fight for survival among plants, insects, water-creatures. (F) December

SHARKFIGHTERS, THE—U.A.; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Brisk action picture shows Victor Mature leading risky World War II experiments off Cuba, to find a shark-repellent, with Karen Steele, James Olson. (F) December

SILENT WORLD, THE—Columbia, Technicolor: Beautiful, exciting, true adventures of aqua-lung inventor Cousteau and his men, exploring ocean depths. (F) December

SILKEN AFFAIR, THE—RKO: In a gentle worm-that-turns story, accountant David Niven creates havoc by juggling the books, led on by French model Genevieve Page. (A) January

SOLID GOLD CADILLAC, THE—Columbia: Laugh-loaded spoof of big business. Small stockholder Judy Holliday snoops into the directors' dealings (they're crooked), pursues Paul Douglas, the firm's ex-boss. (F) October


TEENAGE REBEL—20th, CinemaScope: Fresh, heart-catching study of a parent-teenager relationship. Wed to Michael Rennie, Ginger Rogers tries to win over Betty Lou Keen, resentful child of her first marriage. (F) November

TEN COMMANDMENTS, THE—Paramount: VistaVision, Technicolor: Overwhelming DeMille epic of Biblical times, forcefully acted by Charlton Heston as Moses, Yul Brynner as Pharaoh, many other stars. (F) January

UNGUARDED MOMENT, THE—U.I. Technicolor: Serious, though a bit sensationalized. When schoolteacher Esther Williams accepts student John Saxon of attempted attack, only detective George Nader helps her. (A) December

WEE GEORIDE—Columbia, Technicolor: Delightful British comedy, with lovely Scottish background. Spy athlete Bill Travers winds up competing in the '56 Olympics. (F) December

WESTWARD HO! THE WAGONS!—Buena Vista, CinemaScope, Technicolor: Familiar Western sparkled up by good details, Fess Parker as doctor-son of a wagon train. (F) January

YOU CAN'T RUN AWAY FROM IT—Columbia; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Sparkling musical teams runaway rich girl June Allyson with debonair reporter Jack Lemmon. Nice combo of laughs, sentiment, song. (F) December
"I'm always on camera to someone — and you are, too!" says Jeanne Crain

Then Jeanne Crain adds: "That's why I want my complexion to say 'take a good long look' ... and that's why I use Lux. Simple?"

Isn't it important to face the world with a lovely complexion? One that's fresh, glowing and "alive"? Of course it is and Lux makes it easy. Lux has a wonderful cosmetic action that can help you have a complexion you'll love and he'll love, too. Only Lux ... in all the world, gives you the delightful Lux fragrance, creamy cosmetic lather and the sealed protection of gold foil. Take your cue from the Hollywood stars.

9 out of 10 Hollywood stars count on LUX
new and softest ever

New Kotex with Wondersoft covering
-the most comfortable, most absorbent napkin ever designed

Now Kotex has Wondersoft covering... a new open-mesh covering that's incredibly light and gentle. Only new Kotex napkins with this Wondersoft covering can give you softness you thought you'd never have; complete open-mesh absorption that never fails; and a perfect fit that can't ever pull out of shape.

To complete your comfort, Kotex has created a new sanitary belt. Its soft, flexible clasp ends cutting and chafing... yet is actually stronger than metal.

Buy a new Kotex belt, too!

"It's wonderful"

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

KOTEX and WONDERSOFT are trademarks of Kimberly-Clark Corp.
This is not a "fan magazine" story.
This is the story of a very human being named Roy Fitzgerald,
who also happens to be a movie star.
It's Rock's story, told as he lived it. And, like Rock,
it's not at all as you'd expect it to be
At Lackland Air Force Base in San Antonio, Texas, a WAF sergeant paused while sorting the day’s mail, to shout, “It’s here, girls!” Four WAFS clustered excitedly around to examine the letter she held, then discreetly disappeared while the sergeant delivered it to a tearful recruit lying face down on her cot in the barracks. It took a little while for the girl to realize what the sergeant was trying to tell her, and even longer to believe it. When the message finally got through to her, she sat bolt upright, reached for the proffered letter, and looked, unbelievingly, at the name on the upper left rim of the envelope—Rock Hudson. Still unconvinced, she gently opened the letter and slowly read it. Then she read it again. It was Rock’s response to an “emergency telegram” sent by her barracks-mates, who had wired Rock, “A letter from you would make her feel like a woman again, and not just another soldier.”

The letter served its purpose.

In Boston, Massachusetts, a grateful father recently contributed $200 to the Crippled Children’s League in Rock Hudson’s name, as thanks for an autograph sent to his eleven-year-old daughter who is suffering from leukemia. “My daughter is the happiest girl in the community and the envy of all her friends,” wrote the father. “Your picture worked better than any medicine.”

A thirty-four-year-old woman in Blackburn, England, wrote to Rock Hudson: “I can sew, cook, knit, darn, typewrite, milk certain cows, speak French, dive from low heights, cycle about eighty miles a day without being in practice. (Continued on page 90)
This is the story of how an almost-broken engagement led to one of the happiest marriages in Hollywood and proved the wisdom of waiting for love.

The low black sport car sped smoothly through the star-studded darkness of the desert night toward McCarran Airport in Las Vegas. It was four o’clock in the morning, and the man behind the wheel was Eddie Fisher. He was in town to look over the Tropicana, a new twelve-million-dollar hotel, where he was scheduled to begin an engagement within the next few weeks. He had stayed up late to drive two friends to the airport. But as the car drew up in front of a sign reading, “Parking to unload passengers only,” Eddie fell suddenly silent, as though he were listening for something—or to someone no one else in the car could see. A moment later he broke his strange silence to say abruptly, “I’m going back to Los Angeles with you.”

As the three parked the rented car and climbed out, someone called, “Hey, Eddie!” They turned around to find accordionist Dick Contino running toward them. He was saying goodbye to his striking blonde wife, Leigh Snowden. She was returning to L.A., but he had to stay on for an engagement at a local night club.

“Just the man I want,” Eddie said, when Dick told him this. “Do me a favor, will you? Take this car I came in back to town. I’ve just decided to go back home. This town is no place to be without your wife. And besides,” he grinned, “I think I hear the baby crying.”

This is the marriage that climaxed one of the most talked-about, guessed-about, written-about engagements in history. (Continued on page 88)
Left Debbie Waiting
“LOOK, KID, HOW STUPID CAN YOU BE?”

BY RORY CALHOUN
If Rory's child ever thinks it's smart to break the law, here is what a man who has been on both sides of the fence will have to say about it.

Rory looks forward to being companion to his child, as he has been to his nephew, Billy Cox.

That's what I thought to myself the other day: "How stupid can you be?" I was reading a newspaper story about a teenager who had been arrested for stealing parts from parked cars. "Lots of kids do what I did," this kid was quoted as saying. "The only thing wrong about it was getting caught."

It made me so sore to read that statement made by a kid I didn't even know, that I sat there fuming, wishing I could get my hands on him and shake some sense into him. I wanted to shout at the foolish lad, "How stupid can you be?"

I feel I have a right to talk like that because I was once pretty dumb about such things myself. I was one of those "smart" kids who thought it clever to break the law. But I have news for that youngster, and any others like him. It isn't smart, it's stupid. I found that out the hard way.

I have since had to pay the price for every mistake I ever made. I had to bring shame and suffering to the people who were close to me when I admitted to (Continued on page 104)
All She Wants to Be Is a MOVIE STAR

Granted, it was not a simple wish — but then, Jayne Mansfield is not a simple girl.

Miss Jayne Mansfield, whom you will be seeing in the 20th Century-Fox picture, "The Girl Can't Help It," has always wanted to be a movie star. Ever since she was a very little girl in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, a slightly less little girl in Dallas, Texas, and a spectacularly big girl, first on Broadway, New York, and now in Hollywood, California, she has wanted to be a movie star.

"I could taste it and smell it and live it," she told a friend recently. "First I wanted to be an actress, then I wanted to act, now I want both. But especially to be a star."

Nor did she want this in the approved, simpering manner, known here and there as the Art-Is-All-Money-and-Autographs-Nothing approach. She wanted to be a star in the grand old manner, the nearly forgotten scope for which Hollywood old-timers sigh nostalgically. She wanted — she knew she wanted — a pink Jaguar, a glass house, excursions to Vegas and Palm Springs and Mocambo, a wardrobe of a sort that would turn Joan Crawford frumpy. The pattern (Continued on page 80)
If Rossano has off-screen romances like these on-screen with June Allyson and Joan Crawford, wife Lidia refuses to believe it, merely laughs it off.

"There are," said Rossano Brazzi, "comparatively few unhappy marriages in Italy. I believe the reason is that Italian wives are wise enough to realize that simply because a man is married does not mean he automatically loses all interest in the opposite sex. And if a husband flirts a little now and then—where is the harm in that? Unless, of course, some busybody takes something innocent and blows it into something big. Then someone gets hurt. That is bad. Very bad.

"It is also," Rossano announced flatly and firmly, "foolish and unnecessary."

The place where this conversation occurred was perfect for such talk. It was a comfortably furnished living room in a small (Continued on page 100)
No tears, please—and no scenes. No lipstick-smudged collars and nothing so untidy as divorce. Let Rossano Brazzi tell you how love can be charming
It's the Loneliness That Gets Them

There is one thing against which the head of Hollywood's famed Studio Club warns all newcomers, and that one thing is not the danger of hunger or of failure, but loneliness. "It's the loneliness that gets them," she has said many times. "If a girl has a family who believes in her and who writes her regularly, or friends out here, the chances are she can stand up to the disappointments and the setbacks she's bound to encounter. But without that, a girl has a really difficult time making a go of it." Martha Hyer, rapidly rising young Universal-International player, has been luckier than most. Fame came fairly quickly. She has a family that could afford to send her money while she was getting established and pursuing dramatic studies. She had the poise of a college education. But even for Martha, there were times when she wanted to turn back... to go home. But when you are young, and you have set your foot on a certain path, pride compels you to follow it stubbornly. The loneliness comes with the night. With the dawn, there's a new day in which to hope, to dream and, with luck and hard work, even to achieve. Even in Hollywood.

MARThA HYER IS IN U-J'S "BATTLE HYMN" AND "MISTER CORY"
Audie Murphy won his war on the battlefield. Ten years later he had to win another, secret war, on which his life depended

BY VICKI RILEY

Audie Murphy, who still looks like a baby-faced college boy, is one of the greatest heroes our history will ever know. He is one of the few living recipients of the Congressional Medal of Honor, which was awarded to him when he was just nineteen years old. Rare and wonderful though this kind of courage is, it took even a greater and a rarer courage for Audie to be able to say, as he did recently, “I now know that the failure of my first marriage was largely my failure.” And then to add, “I’ve got a long way to go yet, but I guess I’m beginning to get so I can live with people.”

A strange statement for a young man to make, but no stranger than the struggles and the inner problems this particular young man had to face on the long journey that carried him from nightmare-shattered nights to the inner peace of a man who has learned how to live with himself.

How did it happen? Where did it begin? And why?

Ten years after the war, Audie Murphy was an uncertain, insecure person who was sure of nothing but (Continued on page 83)
RED HOT
She blows hot and cold—carries on torrid love scenes with her husband in public but greets publicity with the icy reserve of royalty.

Which is why Ekberg confounds even Anita

- Imagine a volcano erupting in the middle of a frosty iceberg. Imagine a South Seas island suddenly blanketed with snow. Imagine the most bewildering and unpredictable female this side of the Arctic Circle and you have a fair picture of Sweden's latest contribution to the movie world.

  "I do exactly what I like," stated Anita Ekberg. We were lunching at an English tavern near the Warwick studio, Anita, her new husband, who is Anthony Steel, and I. To prove her statement, Anita passed up the Scotch everybody else was taking and ordered tomato juice.

  "Why should I drink when I don't feel like it?" she demanded, facing me squarely. "Often, I go to a cocktail party and everyone is drinking. I don't want a drink. So I ask for a glass of milk."

  "You don't feel you're offending the hostess?" I inquired.

  "Why?" Anita promptly parried. "Haven't I been invited to enjoy myself? Why shouldn't I do what I please?"

  Anita sat before me, looking very self-assured, a typical Scandinavian trait. She was wearing a powder-blue silk dress, which clung to her well-aligned figure like a wet stocking. (Continued on page 106)
Beginning this month, PHOTOPLAY brings you the latest gossip about the stars, gathered from two continents and written by a woman who is an intimate friend of the fabulous people about whom she writes. If you want to know the truth behind the headlines, here it is.

**Sorry, Wrong Era**

If Elizabeth Taylor had been born in the time of Louis the Fourteenth she'd have felt right at home among the royal splendors and even more royal extravagances of that glorious king. That's one reason I wasn't as surprised as most people when Liz flipped over Mike Todd. Mike may not look like a king, but he certainly spends like one. And Liz was born to be the pampered darling of a daring adventurer—which he is—with all Mike's reckless extravagance. But it was the fact that she has always been a "pampered darling" that precipitated their first quarrel. Liz may wear Mike's 30-carat engagement ring, but he wears the pants! It was this realization, that her future husband would brook no nonsense, that prompted their first serious disagreement and made her stop her impulsive desire to dash off to Mexico for a quick divorce. Instead, she decided to file in California, which gives her a whole year to contemplate a future with—or without—this fabulous man as Husband Number Three.

But knowing Mike, I know two things: he's a reckless, impatient sort of man who wants what he wants when he wants it—and usually winds up getting it. If he has to wait a year for Liz, I don't think there will be a marriage. However, Liz will find this generous, dynamic guy a hard man to get over. For instance, Liz and Mike were dining at the Colony in New York when Liz, who adores jewelry,
happened to admire a beautiful bracelet in the Van Cleef and Arpels window, on display in the lobby of the restaurant. Mike immediately dispatched someone for the key to the window, had it opened, wrote out a check for $2500 and presented the bracelet to Liz then and there! Quite a contrast to quiet, unemotional Mike Wilding and his modest gifts!

To Be or Not To Be

My European correspondent tells me that everyone on the far side of the Atlantic is insisting that Marilyn Monroe is pregnant. Her personal opinion, my friend cables, after sifting all the rumors and this-a and that-a, is that MM is encinte, but she adds, “Remember, this is only my personal opinion.”

About “The Sleeping Prince,” Warner Brothers, who will release this picture, are unhappy, but not about the picture. It’s the title that has them worried. They’re afraid that too many people will think “The Sleeping Prince” implies allowing her fine talent to go wasted? . . . Doesn’t it figure that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Ty Power, who both yearn for a son to carry on a famous family name, have five daughters between them, while Greg Peck, who hoped that Veronica Passani would give him one daughter, has three sons? . . . Nancy Kelly is not only one of the most generous actresses I know, but also the most thoughtful. For my birthday, she sent a masseuse over to my apartment with a gift course of ten treatments! . . . Every time Evie and Van Johnson have a quarrel, he packs his wallet and goes to a double feature!

Famous Fugitives

How would you like to see Marlon Brando, Shelley Winters and new young star Carroll Baker in person? All you have to do is walk over to Central Park West and 73rd Street in New York City and there, in a certain big apartment building, you’ll find all of them dropping in on the Lee Strasbergs and their enchanting daughter Susie, to discuss their classes at the Actors’ Studio. Stroll over a few blocks north, and with any luck you’ll spot Judy Garland and Ethel Merman coming out of the Park Lane: both of them have permanent apartments there. Go over to Sardi’s for lunch and you’ll find half of Hollywood there. You’ll see Fernando Lamas, Thelma Ritter, Judy Holliday, Nancy Kelly, Michael Redgrave — but why go on? New York’s the place to see the stars, all right!

Graceless Grace?

When I was visiting in Monaco last summer Her Grace, the Princess of Monaco, and Prince Rainier were away on a yachting trip, but her secretary was kind enough to arrange a private tour
Gene Tierney's mother wanted only the best for her daughter, as Gene wants only the best for hers, but the end result has left each daughter motherless and alone.

"How far must I travel to be where you are?" This is the love song Ava Gardner sings until, like Walter Chiari, love catches up with her; then she flees. Will she again?

Where will their lonely journeys end?

Each man who has entered Libby Holman's life, including two husbands and son Chris Reynolds, has been touched by the tragedy that seems to follow her. Are good friend Montgomery Clift's recent crack-ups continuing the jinx?
of the palace for me. I wrote a very flattering article about this visit, and when Grace arrived in New York shortly afterward I forwarded a copy of it to her Fifth Avenue apartment. But did she have the “grace” to acknowledge it? No! And should I be surprised at this rudeness? Yes! First of all, she has a personal secretary to help handle her mail, so she can’t plead that she is too busy. Besides, as I discovered a long time ago, the busiest people always have time for everything. And so I am taking this opportunity to chide her and remind her that one of the emblems of royalty is graciousness, as it is of any true lady.

Paris Blues

Our Paris correspondent reports that although she saw John Kerr at St. Tropez and in Paris, they didn’t speak to one another. This was not due to any reluctance on her part, but to the fact that Mr. Kerr was not speaking to any members of the fourth estate, and was, in fact, moody and dispirited. He may have been just homesick, but whatever the cause, Mr. Kerr did not make many friends while filming “The Purple Harvest.” About the nicest thing that the press said about him was that he seemed very, very unhappy about the production, his co-players and life in general . . .

Broken Melody

It is always painful to write about a friend’s illness—especially a mental illness—but there have been so many inquiries about Gene Tierney, and so much wild speculation, that as someone who is deeply fond of her I’d like to assure her countless fans throughout the country that the recent unexpected setback which sent her back to a sanitarium is a temporary one. True, she lost a chance to make “Wayward Bus,” but there will be many other films in the future. In the meantime, how did it happen?

Well, it seems that life, which was so prodigal with gifts to Gene in one hand, took them away with another. She was brought up in a happy, wealthy household with the companionship of sisters and brothers. Success on the stage and screen came to her early and easily. Her life was all smooth sailing. Then her parents were divorced and Gene’s mother, instead of concentrating on her own life, began to live for Gene. Like all mothers, Belle Tierney hoped her daughter, with all her advantages, would make an advantageous marriage. She never really felt that Oleg Cassini was the answer to her prayers. So, when he and Gene were divorced and Aly Khan entered the scene, after his divorce from Rita Hayworth, Belle was sure that here was the real Prince Charming, who had everything to offer Gene—the cosmopolitan life she loved, with a beautiful villa on the Riviera, a town house in Paris. Aly had charm, wit, intelligence and breeding—and great wealth. Gene needed a rich alliance—not for herself but for her daughter Daria. This darling elder child of hers is in need of constant medical care and has been since birth. Gene has carried most of the cost of this care, a tremendous financial burden.

Yes, Aly had everything to offer Gene—everything but marriage! His father, the Aga Khan, is very fond of Gene, but after the Hayworth episode he didn’t want another marriage with an American film star. If only Gene and Belle Tierney had accepted this verdict, how much heartache they might have been spared! But Gene was so hopelessly in love, and her mother so anxious for this wedding, that Gene continued to see Aly anyway.

They met in London, Paris, New York, Hollywood, Mexico—everywhere surrounded by reporters, who pressed them for a wedding announcement. Finally Gene could stand it no more, and they met for the last time. Some people find a release from any personal grief in work, but after her break-up with Aly, Gene found no renewed interest in her career. She became dispirited and anti-social, building an even higher wall around her natural reserve. All her pent-up emotions about Aly—about the tragic plight of the daughter she loved and from whom she must be forever parted—about her younger daughter, Tina, the too-young victim of a broken home—these, and so many other problems, kept spinning around and around in her brain.

At last, unable to face so many problems, her nerves broke entirely and she retreated behind the stone walls of a sanitarium. But she will soon be completely well again. She has made the biggest step on the road to recovery. She faces reality in the open now. She can talk about her psychiatric care and her daughter’s case history, knowing that in helping herself she is also helping others. Until your complete recovery, Gene, this is to let you know we’re all waiting to welcome you “home”—wherever you want to make it.

(Continued on page 97)
WHO NEEDS
"A man," says Yul Brynner, "makes love with his eyes." And women by the million are deserting stars with hair to follow him. • BY ARMY ARCHERD

It is entirely possible that Yul Brynner, singlehandedly, might put the "You, too, can grow a head of hair like this" advertising men out of business. For just as Ezio Pinza proved that older men have their charms, Yul has proved that a lack of hair is no detriment to romance.

"Some men," one of his young female admirers was heard to sigh, "don't need hair—and he's one of them."

Yul's bosses out at 20th Century-Fox and at Paramount are inclined to agree with the young lady, most wholeheartedly. Yul's first major movie, "The King and I," was no sooner released to the general public than the letters started (Continued on page 109)

Above: Cary Grant, Elvis Presley, Tyrone Power, Robert Taylor and Victor Mature—all are well thatched, while Charles Boyer has never appeared before the camera without a toupee.
At a long table set up on the second floor of the Eiffel Tower, in Paris, the cast and crew of Paramount’s “Funny Face,” headed by Audrey Hepburn and Fred Astaire, were having lunch.

When Mrs. Stanley Donen, wife of the director, walked into the room, carrying her baby son in her arms, Donen rose quickly. “We must get another chair,” he said, looking around for one as he relieved his wife of the child. But it was Audrey Hepburn who quietly and inconspicuously left her place at the other end of the table, found a chair, and carried it over to the director’s wife.

Another day, a little French girl, a member of a ten-moppet choir group used in one scene of “Funny Face,” burst into tears as the high-powered klieg lights blinded her unaccustomed eyes. It is doubtful whether

The world of Audrey Hepburn is one into which few people gain admittance—
Mel urged her to do a comedy, but Audrey insists he did not influence her to do “Funny Face” with Fred Astaire.

Many things, including the difference in their ages, made people predict that Audrey’s marriage to Mel would fail.
The nickname "Pappy" sounds like a term of endearment when Kay says it.

"Well," the slim, blonde, suntanned woman asked Barbara Nichols, "what do you think of my old man?"

"Do you really want me to tell you?" asked Barbara.

The woman before her stiffened. Her blue eyes frosted over. "Why, yes," she said, "of course I do."

Barbara Nichols grinned at Clark Gable's wife, Kay. "It's a good thing you're not a jealous woman, because to tell you the truth, I'm mad about the man. I think he's the handsomest, the kindest, the nicest—"

Kay laughingly put up a protesting hand. "All right, all right. I know the rest of it. As a matter of fact," she confided, putting a light, friendly arm about Barbara's shoulders, "I'm afraid I have to agree with you. I feel that way, too. I always have and I always will. I've got it bad—real bad."

It was easy for Barbara Nichols to understand why. After two weeks of working with Gable on location for "A King and Four Queens," Barbara had written home to say that henceforth when she thought about marriage, Gable was her idea of just what a husband should be. And, she added, the Gable-Spreckels marriage was her idea of what a marriage should be.

"Clark calls Kay 'Mom' or 'Ma,' and she calls him, 'My old man' or 'Pappy,'" (Continued on page 86)
On the screen, Barbara Nichols is Clark Gable's un kissed date.

In private life, she's the girl who fell in love with him, but in a way that Kay understood—and forgave • BY FRANCES KISH


To buy fashions and accessories, see information, stores on page 82.
Spring Takes Wing With the Costume Look

Textured straw cloche, deep and elegantly shaped in spring-fresh white, feminized with a fair lady rose. John Frederics Charmer. About $15

Shiny black patent pump, neatly carved with a slender mid-heel, the gilt-rimmed accent a white leather button dotted with jet. Degas. About $15

Lustrous fresh-water pearl pin, gracefully entwined by a network of baguette rhinestones. Pretty make-believe dazzle. By Coro. $5 plus tax

Slim triangle satchel bag, strong black emphasis for your costume look. In glossy patent, gilt disc for monogramming. By M&M. $15 plus tax

Dotted glove, hand-in-hand with the fashion for one bright accessory keynote. These in white cotton stopping short at the wrist. Dawnelle. $4

Elegance afoot, a vanilla kid pump going right to the point with tapered toe, a soaring pencil-slim heel, bronze-bead bow. Trim Tred. About $10

Bird-in-hand gloves that could be your brightest accessory accent. Double-woven nylon, printed with a flock of tiny red lovebirds. Dawnelle. $3

Saucy Breton roller in shiny straw, a pretty shape with lilting brim, encircled with bright coral velvet bows. By Mr. John Jr. About $17

Shoe newly shaped in French plush coffee suede, the winged vamp corded in black faille, on a little carved heel. Sandler of Boston. $13
YOUNG IDEAS:
PHOTOPLAY
STAR
FASHIONS

Spring Takes Wing With the Costume Look  Continued

Far Left:
Black sheer worsted wool shapes Lee Remick's costume, the sheath spiced with a red and white dotted silk bodice. Plunging jacket is snugged to a single button closing. Sizes 5-15. Jerry Greenwald. About $45. Bird perch: Coronet bag

Left:

Right:

CAGED ACCESSORIES

To spark a tailored sleeve, short cotton glove in pale wheat with an extravagantly-sized button set high on its own tab. By Dawnelle. $3.50

Draped reticule bag in lustrous calf, to keep company with any costume. Handsomely shaped, practically sized. By Coronet. $15 plus tax

Casual pump in creamy beige textured leather boasting a stacked heel, giant wood button set with bejeweled gilt wishbone. Degas. About $15

To buy fashions and accessories, see information and stores listed on page 82
"Let's face it," says Gordon Bau, head of Warner Brothers' make-up department, "there are few women with perfect faces. But, more often than not, the illusion of perfection can be created by corrective make-up. In my 25 years of experience as make-up artist for Hollywood movie stars, many tricks have been discovered to conceal slight feature flaws that might appear to be enormous imperfections, seen in wide-screen color close-ups." In Gordon's opinion, the same tricks should be used by the average girl to bring out her best features and disguise those less than perfect. "Light and shadow are what create the illusion," says Gordon, who is president of the Society of Make-Up Artists. "Pale colors, which reflect light, pull out hollow places to make them look even with the rest of the face," he explains. "Dark colors, by absorbing light, subdue a too-prominent area." The highlighting and shading are done with three shades of make-up foundation: 1) an all-over shade in the color most flattering to the complexion; 2) a color three shades lighter; 3) another, three shades darker. Because cake make-up doesn't blend readily at edges, Gordon advises liquid or cream foundation for corrective use. For best results, he suggests choosing all three shades in the same brand. Apply foundation sparingly, all-over shade first, then corrective colors. So that no one will be the wiser, blend colors together at edges and finish with a dusting of your usual shade of face powder. To set make-up and give a natural sheen, pat with a natural sponge, wrung out in ice-cold water. "About lips and eyes," Gordon adds, "they can always be made beautiful with make-up." Sketches and instructions on these and the following pages are to help you prove him right.
Hollywood Face Facts

make-up artist shows how any girl can correct feature flaws with movie make-up tricks

For the girl whose forehead is too high, arched eyebrows will shorten the distance between eyes and hairline, make the entire face appear less large and long. No fancy shaping, please, or hard, skinny pencil lines. Tweeze underneath, only enough to raise brows a little higher above eyes. Heighten curve on top with eyebrow pencil. To make a too-wide forehead seem narrower, arch brows without raising.

To make a long nose appear shorter, apply make-up foundation three shades darker than your usual color under tip of nose and under the nostrils. Blend the two colors together carefully at edges, to make the line of demarcation invisible. No high arched eyebrows for you. The higher your brows start, above the inner corners of your eyes, the longer your nose will appear.

If your problem is a double chin, apply dark shade of foundation in a triangle, starting under your chin and extending outward and downward to middle of throat (left). To make a small chin appear more prominent (not shown), apply light foundation in a triangle with point just below your bottom lip and base extending along jawline from tip of chin halfway to ears. Blend edges carefully.

To give a low or narrow forehead a wider look, keep eyebrows fairly straight (left). In most cases, the natural arch is most becoming: Tweeze only stray hairs across bridge of nose, widening space, if necessary, so that brows start just above inner corners of the eyes. And clean out stragglers above or below the natural curve. Fill in any scanty spots with eyebrow pencil, using short, hairlike strokes.

To give a more slender appearance to a large or wide nose, apply the darker foundation along the sides, from inner corner of eyes straight down over nostrils (left). Or, (not shown) you may use same shade on nose as on rest of face, but apply foundation three shades lighter to cheeks alongside of nose. When applying lipstick, be sure to fill in mouth completely, all the way to corners.

To soften a stubborn jaw, apply dark foundation in two small triangles where bones are most prominent (left). If jawline is fleshy, as well as squarely shaped, apply dark foundation along entire jaw. Usual shade should be applied first over entire face, corrective color tapped on over it with cushion of finger. Blend well at edges to erase line between the two shades of make-up.

DRAWINGS BY FLORENCE KEVESON

BY HARRIET SEGMAN

CONTINUED
In drawing a prettier mouth, the trick is to keep your artwork so natural that no one is the wiser. To erase natural lipline, cover mouth well, first, with make-up foundation and face powder. Before even picking up your lipstick brush, hold a pencil alongside your nose. Fullness should be added only within that area, following the natural lipline out to corners.

To add soft curves to a too thin mouth make points of cupid’s bow higher and closer together and draw center of bottom lip just outside the natural curve. Only a hairline’s difference will change the contour without looking fake. If your natural lipline has a pronounced ridge, make it less apparent by using a darker shade of lipstick to outline. Fill in with your usual color.

If nature was overly generous, don’t try to paint a smaller mouth inside your natural lipline. You’d never get away with it without detection. Instead, give your lips a more delicate shape by spreading points of cupid’s bow more widely apart and drawing center of bottom lip straight across. Use a lipstick brush, always, for a clean outline.

The mouth that is too wide from corner to corner can be brought into better proportion with the rest of the face by raising the center of the upper lip and dropping center of lower lip. Same goes for balancing a long upper lip or long chin: Build up either lip, as described, to shorten the distance between mouth and nose or mouth and chin. In any case, just a hairline change, please.
Deep-set eyes appear smaller than they really are. To bring them forward, lighten lids with make-up foundation and apply eye shadow only under brows. For a really wide-eyed look, draw a fine line above upper lashes with eyebrow pencil or eye liner. Start at center of lid and extend line about \( \frac{1}{4} \) inch beyond outer corner, finishing with a slight upswing. Apply mascara to upper lashes only.

Protruding eyes become less prominent when eye shadow is applied to lids, only, and not blended under brows. For corrective use, choose a shade to match natural shadows in the inner corners of your eyes. If lids are heavy, a fine line drawn above upper lashes from inner to outer corners will eliminate roundness. All eyes should have up-swept lashes, courtesy of nature or an eyelash curler.

To widen space between close-set eyes: Blend shadow from center of lid to outer corner. Draw line along upper lashes from center to \( \frac{1}{4} \) inch beyond corner. Concentrate mascara on outer half of lashes. To make lashes look as long as they really are and twice as thick, powder lightly before mascara. For girls who wear glasses, all make-up is the same—only more so. Apply a little heavier.

A dazzling blonde, whom you'll see in "Shoot-Out at Medicine Bend," Dani Crayne gets lip service from Gordon Bau, head of Warner Brothers' make-up department. "We can't improve on Dani's mouth," says Gordon. "The full curve of her lips balances perfectly with her other features. We need only follow the natural outline."
Why break dates when your face breaks out?

Hide broken-out skin instantly with Tussy Medicare...it helps heal as it conceals! No single cream, salve, or lotion can even begin to cover up (and help clear up) problem skin like Tussy Medicare.

Hide and heal this easy way! First, super-cleanse with Tussy Creamy Masque. It delves deeper than soap; floats out irritating grime. Next use the skin-colored Tussy Medicated Lotion as your make-up base. While it conceals - it helps heal blemishes, because it contains germ-fighting hexachlorophene! Complete Medicare Set, $2.00. No tax.

For handy touch-ups—Tussy Medicare Stick! To look "spotless" all day long, always carry a skin-colored Tussy Medicare Stick. And use it faithfully every two hours to guard your skin from infection. $1. No tax.
So many of you have been writing in for information on the newest rock 'n' roll artists, that we are devoting this month's column to them.

A year ago, Gene Vincent was just "that Vincent boy—the one who sings and plays a guitar," in Norfolk, Virginia. Country Show Time, featured on Station WMGS, introduced Gene to radio audiences. Competing against 200 other contestants on this show, Gene was proclaimed "the one" by unanimous choice of the judges. Next, Capitol records claimed him for their own, and we had "Be-Bop-a-Lula." Now we have Gene singing "Blue Jean Baby Doll." Currently, Gene uses a combination of singing styles, and this could be only the first of a variety of styles he will mix together before producing a final and distinctive Vincent voice.

Fats Domino is the rock 'n' roll recording artist who is continually breaking his own records. Fats hails from New Orleans, and while still in his teens was known throughout Louisiana, Texas, and Arkansas as an entertaining favorite. As you know, one expert tells another, and the distributor of Imperial records told his boss about Fats. They came, they listened and made records. "All by Myself," "Poor Me," "I'm in Love Again" and "Blueberry Hill" are now standard hit records for the personable Fats.

Frankie Lymon, top tenor of The Teenagers and composer of a couple of hit tunes, is only fourteen years old. Frankie started by writing poems in school, one of which was "Why Do Fools Fall in Love?"—and you know what a hit that was. Currently, on the Gee label, Frankie and The Teenagers sing out their "Baby, Baby" and "I'm Not a Juvenile Delinquent."

While still in her teens, Lavern Baker was singing at the Club DeLisa in Chicago. Fletcher Henderson heard her and got her a date to record his "I'm in a Crying Mood." After more club dates Lavern toured with Todd Rhodes and his band. Now she is going great guns with her Atlantic disk, "Tra-La-La," from Alan Freed's new movie, "Rock, Rock, Rock."

Ivorie Joe Hunter has been in music since he was fourteen, when he was singing spirituals in a Port Arthur, Texas, church. Later, Joe learned to play the piano, then joined several jazz groups. He has been leading bands for twenty years. In 1944, Ivorie Joe began making records. His "I Almost Lost My Mind" and "I Need You So" each sold over a million copies. Currently, on the Atlantic label, he sings "Since You Left Me, Baby."

Move over, grower, and make room for Elvis Presley. Actually, he's already in and, as King of rock 'n' roll, he's got ten million loyal fans with him all the way. "Heartbreak Hotel," "Blue Suede Shoes," "I Want You, I Need You," "Love Me" and "Love Me Tender" are the songs his fans love to hear him sing. And his new album, "Elvis," on RCA Victor, is real hot—full of nothin' but Elvis.

For your collection:

1. ABC-Paramount's brightest new star is George Hamilton IV, with "A Rose and a Baby Ruth."
2. A new one on the Roost label: Eddie Cooney and The Dimples sing "Priscilla."
3. Mac Curtis belts out "You Ain't Treatin' Me Right!" on King records.
4. The Three Friends on the Lido label present one of the greatest-selling rock 'n' roll's to come along: "Blanche."
5. Fourteen-year-old Barbara Gaye shows her stuff with "My Boy, Lollipop" (Gee).
8. For Columbia, Guy Mitchell is "Singing the Blues." This one's a real bash.
9. The Big Beat is really carried out by Bill Doggett doing "Honky-Tonk" (King). 10. Last but not least, Elvis Presley singing "Love Me Tender." A great number, for RCA Victor.
YOUNG IDEAS:
PHOTOPLAY PATTERNS

4530—Juniors! This stunning sheath is simple-to-sew. Notice figure-hugging lines. Cover-up is fashion's new back-button bolero! Jr. Miss sizes 9-17. Size 13, 21/8 yds. 35-inch; bolero, 1 1/8 yds.

9183—New sew-easy Printed Pattern! Princess lines shape the dress—little jacket continues same flattering silhouette! Misses' sizes 10-20. Size 16, 3 3/4 yards 39-inch; jacket, 1 1/5 yards.

9356—Sewing ease with this new Printed Pattern! Camisole dress is graceful, fitted and flaring. Bolero is a buttoned-shoulder charmer. Sizes 10-18. Size 16, 4 3/4 yards 35-inch; lining, 1 yd.

Send thirty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to: PHOTOPLAY Patterns, P. O. Box 133, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N. Y. Add 5c per pattern for first-class mailing.

All She Wants to Be

(Continued from page 51) was crystal clear, the determination awesome. In fact, it was inflexible: Today she drives a pink Jaguar, lives in a glass house, dresses like a model who never had time to change to something simple, and may well be in hock up to her ears as a consequence. The trips she had—and has—planned wait only on the completion of her picture. Miss Mansfield is, at last, a movie star.

But there also existed in Jayne Mansfield a geographical confusion. Stardom to her meant Hollywood and only Hollywood, and to be torn away from it for any reason was unthinkable. Hours spent in such nearby outposts as Compton, California, where she lived as a yearning bit player, gave her a sense of time and opportunity fleeting; and certainly it never occurred to her that the straight line from Schwab's drugstore to a film contract ran through Times Square.

Therefore, it was with a mixture of foreboding and indifference that she agreed to audition for a sexy comedy part in a projected Broadway play by George Axelrod called "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?"—the play was, nastily enough, a spoof on fan magazines and their writers. Her indifference was due to the fact she was sure she wouldn't get the role, her foreboding to the wild suspicion that she might.

History, of course, knows the answer. She did. Her agent called her, jubilant with the news. His client placed a hand against the wall to keep from fainting from pure chagrin. "You can't mean it," were her grief-stricken words.

"I can remember my feelings so well," Miss Mansfield has recalled. "New York! It was like going to—oh, to Yankton, South Dakota, or lower Tibet. It was as far from Hollywood as I could imagine. Besides, I didn't want to set Broadway afire, or whatever they call it. I wanted to be a movie star. When the agent said this could be the wedge, I didn't believe him. Can you imagine, it was the second lowest moment of my life!"

And what was the lowest?

"Well, that's part of it. Maybe if the lowest hadn't happened, I wouldn't have gone, no matter how much my agent urged me. But I'd been let out by Warner Brothers. That was the lowest. I wanted to die. Not in any active, suicidal sense, but just in the way you want to stop living when everything is gone, every hope. You have to understand. I want to be only one thing—a movie star—and if I couldn't be that, I didn't want anything.

"Then a friend came over to the apartment, the man I was dating then, and he brought me presents and cheered me up and convinced me this wasn't the end of the world, even though I knew it was. So that made it both the worst night of everything and just a kind of turning point. If I had been alone, I might have quit entirely inside. But he was there and I'll always love him for it. Just being there. There are moments when a person should not have to be alone, and that was one of them."

In point of fact, Jayne's screen career at that moment was not prepossessing. She had appeared for Warners in three pictures: "Illegal," "Pete Kelly's Blues" and "a dreadful thing called 'Female Jungle'". The quote is Miss Mansfield's. And that last is in for a frantic session of re-releases, now that Miss M. is on the verge of becoming a household name.

After her release from Warners, Jayne made an independent with Dan Duryea
If a Movie Star

titled "The Burglar." After that, "Rock Hunter" came into her life.

Actually, there was no formidable reason for Miss Mansfield to dread "Rock Hunter." In the first place, she had had some stage experience in high school and college (where one more semester will get her her degree). She had also worked out with little theatres in Dallas. And finally, she is a young woman of great poise and assurance and belief in her abilities, not at all the dumb if imposing blonde of her professional characterization. Nor did she dread it as a dramatic assignment. What troubled her was simply the sense of isolation from her beloved Hollywood.

But neither did she expect what happened: the brilliant success of the play and New York's amused, uproarious embrace of Jayne Mansfield, of whom it had never heard until then. It happens once every Broadway season, once in a while twice. This time it was Jayne Mansfield.

But how had it happened? Surely not by public acclaim alone.

"Oh, no," said Jayne, who is a forthright girl. "There has to be something else. Well, it all began with the press. Especially the columnists. They were all so wonderful. Then I—well, I did quite a lot of promotion myself. It seemed I was always promoting. Snipping ribbons, shoveling the first dirtful for a building foundation—oh, anything, I guess. You might call it advertising. Not ruthless. I'd never hurt anybody else. But ambitious. I could see then how the play was going to help me be a movie star, and that made everything all right. I was seen in the right night clubs, the Stork and 21 and El Morocco. That was part of it. You see, I'm speaking frankly. This isn't the usual way they talk, is it?"

No, not exactly. But would Miss Mansfield venture to go even a little further and explain the wretched of daring still pictures of her that suddenly inundated the market?"

She laughed delightedly. "Aren't you cute? Well, that was part of it, too. There was more than one market to sell to. The middle-aged women, for instance—you know, they liked me! That would be one kind of Jayne Mansfield. Then for teenagers, another. And for the men, what you just said—the cheesecake."

In New York, when Jayne was not promoting herself vigorously or distracting theatre-goers, she was wandering in Central Park with her daughter Jayne Marie, now six, or haunting her beloved motion picture theatres. The dream within her was as strong as ever.

There were few suggestions of romance, except for inconclusive newspaper accounts involving Mickey Hargitay, a professional strongman then employed in the night-club rhythm of Moe West. Jayne, who on October 23 won an interlocutory decree of divorce from Paul Mansfield, whom she had married in Fort Worth on January 28, 1950, usually declines to comment on Hargitay, explaining only that his presence on the same plane with her when she arrived back in Hollywood was "a coincidence."

"Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" threatened to run forever, but Miss Mansfield finally was pried loose from her contract and landed back at Los Angeles' International Airport in triumph, no longer the obscure blonde who had left via the same runway. The press reception was clamorous, Fox spokesmen were deferential, and Jayne herself, never seeking to be inconspicuous, had on hand a large share of her extensive memorabilia, which

YOUNG IDEAS:

NEEDLE NEWS

7390—Apron, jumper or sundress: Belt cinches waist, opens flat for easy ironing. Tulip pocket, jiffy to do. Small (10, 12); medium (14, 16); large (18, 20). Tissue pattern, transfer. State size.

7311—One-a-day motifs are easy to embroider on kitchen towels. Fun to do, display. Transfer of seven motifs—one for each day. Each is about 5 x 7 inches.

589—Lovely, lacy pineapple design forms this unusual "butterfly" set to pretty and protect your chairs. Easy-to-memorize crochet, use on a buffet, too.

818—"Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep" is the theme of this beautiful embroidered baby quilt, 35½ x 43½ inches. Diagrams and embroidery transfers.

873—Iron motifs in combination of pink, lavender and green on this pretty pinafore. Tissue pattern, directions. Child's sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. State size.

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

PHOTOPLAY

STAR FASHIONS

To buy fashions shown on pages 70.72 and 79, write stores listed below, mentioning PHOTOPLAY. Or write manufacturers for store nearest you, enclosing a clipping of the item you wish.

Donic matador costume, cape costume
ATLANTA, GA.—Rich’s, Inc.
DECEMBER COSTUMES & DOWNS or Write Donic Originals,
1400 Broadway, New York 18, N.Y.

Junior Accent costume
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—Blache’s

Mr. Mort white jacket costume
BOSTON, Mass.—Hochschild, Kohn
HIGHLAND PARK, N. J.—H. Block
PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Kaufman’s

Mr. Mort black jacket costume
Baltimore, MD.—Hochschild, Kohn

Mr. Mort plaid coat costume
Baltimore, MD.—J. P. Allen

Mr. Mort plaid plaid costume
INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Wm. H. Block Co.

Mr. Mort thin plaid costume
ATLANTA, GA.—J. P. Allen

Mr. Mort green plaid costume
Baltimore, MD.—Hochschild, Kohn

Mr. Mort gray plaid costume
INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Wm. H. Block Co.

Mr. Mort gray plaid costume
ATLANTA, GA.—J. P. Allen

Mr. Mort green plaid costume
Baltimore, MD.—Hochschild, Kohn

MM patent saddle
ATLANTA, GA.—Richard Peachtree

MM patent saddle
CHICAGO, III.—Chas. A. Stevens

MM patent saddle
NEW YORK, N. Y.—Lord & Taylor

MM patent saddle
PHILADELPHIA, PA.—John Wamamaker or Write MM Handbags, 1 East 33rd St., New York 16, N. Y.

MM patent saddle
ATLANTA, GA.—Ralphin Peachtree

MM patent saddle
CHICAGO, III.—Chas. A. Stevens

MM patent saddle
NEW YORK, N. Y.—Lord & Taylor

MM patent saddle
PHILADELPHIA, PA.—John Wamamaker or Write MM Handbags, 1 East 33rd St., New York 16, N. Y.

Trim Tred kid pump
At leading stores across country

Mr. John B. hat
PHILADELPHIA, PA.—John Wamamaker or Write Mr. John B. Hats, 53 East 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

Sandler of Boston shoe
DENVER, COLO.—May Co.

Sandler of Boston shoe
PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Gilhels or Write Sandler of Boston, 67 East 34th St., New York 16, N. Y.

Coronet handbag
Write Coronet Handbags, 6 East 33rd St., New York 16, N. Y.

Degas beige leather pump
Write Degas, Inc., 47 West 34th St., New York 1, N. Y.

Kay Junior plaid coat costume
NEW YORK, N. Y.—Steen Bros.

Kay Junior plaid coat costume
1400 Broadway, New York 16, N. Y.

Philadelphia phonograph
At leading stores and phonograph dealers

includes a Great Dane, a Scottie, two Chihuahuas, a toy poodle, three cats and a rabbit. The rabbit couldn’t make it. Jayne was carefully dressed for the occasion, causing television viewers of the arrival to leap from their chairs in amazement. Mr. Hargitay remained more or less in the background.

Jayne went right to work, this time co-starring with Tom Ewell and Edmond O’Brien. For her, the Hollywood air was sweeter than any flower and the heady scent of ultimate victory.

‘Tve had three wonderful breaks,” she recounted the other day over a lunch of fresh orange juice with just a little lemon added. This first was born on April 21. The second was that ‘Underwater!’ junket. The third was ‘Rock Hunter’. You remember the junket, of course?

But Jayne did. The ‘Underwater!’ junket took place in January of 1955. It consisted of a flight of four planes—two from New York, two from Hollywood—to Silver Springs, Florida, on behalf of the stars of the film, ‘Underwater!’ starring Jayne Russell and Richard Egan. A handful of starlets went along to help sell the picture. So did Debbie Reynolds, as well as stars Russell and Egan. Miss Mansfield not only was there, she stole the proceedings.

This Jayne did solely by means of her personal activities plus one prop—a bright red bathing suit apparently a size or two too small for the photographer’s fingers shot until their trigger fingers were numb. The starlets stood around and shielded the art that ensued had national importance for the first time in newspaper and many magazines—and promptly snapped up by a great number of them. After that few people knew who Jayne Mansfield was, perhaps, but everybody knew what she looked like.

As a matter of fact, nobody in the ‘Underwater!’ party knew exactly what Jayne was doing there. She wasn’t in the picture, and she didn’t even work for RKO, which made it.

During much of the flight back to Hollywood, this writer sat beside her. He was impressed at first only as any male would be by the most spectacular femininity. But later there became apparent the sense of urgency that filled her, the almost pathetically ambition—except that it’s not ambition, it was a dedicated drive. If she wasn’t going to do it one way, she was going to do it another—within decent reason. Although fatherly advice of the Why-don’t-you-go-back-to-Dallas-when-you’re-crazy in these circumstances, the writer said nothing. It was too good a guess that she was going to do it. Later, young and adjustable, she slept like a child in her seat while the rest of the party wore themselves out doing nothing.

“And you see I was right,” she said now, sipping at the orange juice with a little bitterness in her voice. “I studied, and nothing happened. So I went to Silver Springs and put on a red bathing suit, which anyone can do, and lots happened.”

They surely did. Agents and studios grew hot under the collar, a few became yaking about it. Warners stepped in. But then, as recounted, stepped out again. And by and by, “Rock Hunter” took over.

Yet Paramount could have had her first. That, by Jayne’s personal account, is only a look at a somewhat bizarre story.

She turned up in Hollywood in September, 1954, without much behind her but the title. Miss Mansfield is a crash of 1932, three years of education at various colleges (Southern Methodist, University of Texas and UCLA), and the burning urge for stardom. She had a baby and a husband and a smattering of invincible gall. “I’m sure,” she remembers now, “and asked if they had any opening for a movie star. They said they already had a movie star. But they were so sweet—I guess staggered—they approached that with the greatest of ease, in fact. They really did. And I took one. Nothing came of it—I didn’t look a bit like Jayne Mansfield then, just a mousy girl. A little girl. A person said he’d give me another test any time. I must have shrugged or something. How should I know he was Samuel Goldwyn?”

No. Did she look especially like Jayne Mansfield, the Jayne Mansfield of “Rock Hunter,” on a Fox stage a few weeks ago? Her features had refined, her waist was willowy and her figure was quite well flattened down in front. But the change was for the better. So was the acting, compared with what had been the Warners and independent days. She played a scene with a boy that formed wistfulness, loneliness, plus a naive and touching lack of knowledge of what physical assets could mean. It was a long scene and intricate. It was hand-some, too.

When it was over a Fox spokesman said: “She’s going to make it. She’s right in the middle of the right kind of wanting—to act and to be an actress, both. Of course, she’d better make it. She’s a gamblers, you know. That silver milk cost of hers cost $20,000. The home in Beverly Hills is all a eyewash. Her wardrobe’s by Oleg Cassini. You think she has kind of money? She runs herself in debt because she’s sure it’ll pay. She’s got a studio has her own for $575,000 this year and naturally that ain’t hay. But you can always drop an option.”

“But she’s going to make it because she’s young and because she wants it so badly. It won’t always be that way. Betty Grable got older and really stopped wanting it. She’d had it all. Marilyn Monroe—well, who knows Marilyn? But this one, I’ll bet my shirt on her.”

“Only this about whom there is precious little more to say, was born Jayne Palmer in Byrrn Mawr on a certain April 19, twenty-three years ago. Her father, Herbert Mansfield, was a child, and her mother later married a man named Harry Peers, a sales manager who moved the family to Dallas. Jayne was six then.

In Dallas, she attended University Park grammar school and Highland Park High. When she was sixteen and still a high school student she married Paul Mansfield, a clamp operator. Jayne Marie was born to them on November 8, 1950.

The Mansfieldes attended together the three colleges mentioned, Jayne maintaining a highly respectable "B" average. She would like to get her B.A. degree, time permitting. One semester will do it.

In 1955, the marriage came to grief. Jayne proposed on a democratic way. She filed suit in Los Angeles Superior Court for separate maintenance. Later she amended this to seek divorce. Mansfield contested both actions, but later withdrew his objections. So Jayne obtained an uncontested divorce.

Our heroine is a fair linguist, speaking Spanish and German. She is something of an athlete, and a musician of interest and competency with the violin. She is an actress, too. But first, last and foremost, she’s a movie star.

That’s the way she planned it. The End

DONT MISS: Jayne Mansfield in 20th Century-Fox’s "The Girl Can’t Help It."
Journey Into Light

(Continued from page 57)

the fact that he didn’t belong. He was out of step with everything. He had most of the things he had once dreamed of having, but none of them was bringing him that feeling of belonging which is the essence of happiness. He was rich. He was successful in a field in which few reach the heights he has reached. He had marriage and fatherhood. But none of it was any good. He was alone, cut-off, afraid without knowing what it was that he feared.

Audie Murphy had known fear before, but not this kind of fear. That other fear, the kind that comes to men in battle, had not left him immobilized. He had been able to function, to make decisions, to do something. This kind of fear left him restless, bored, unable to get along with people. There were the nightmares that brought him to sudden, instant wakefulness and made further sleep impossible.

There were the moods of depression that would send him rushing out of his pleasant home, away from quiet, gentle Pam, his second wife, and their two fine sons.

Because Audie is an exceptionally honest human being, he was honest with himself. He knew that he was letting these moods master him. If he didn’t find some way to bring them under control, they would soon destroy the happiness he had worked so hard to achieve. Audie has always been a harsh judge of himself, and he was a harsh judge now. He made things even worse by telling himself angrily that there was absolutely no excuse for this kind of behavior.

Actually, there was an excuse. There were a dozen excuses, behind which a weaker man would have hidden. To this day, Audie is in almost constant pain from the leg wound he received on that incredible day he earned our nation’s highest honor by holding off, singlehandedly, the advance of six German tanks and their crews. Perhaps you remember the reproduction of this scene in Audie’s autobiographical movie, “To Hell and Back.” All those tank crews were shooting at him, and he was wounded, but he never gave up until the Germans had retreated.

What Audie didn’t let U-I put in the film was his suffering from this wound, plus the pain from the neck wound he received during the Italian campaign. He has hip wounds, too, which he received in southern France. He doesn’t talk about them, nor the real-life nightmares that still haunt him—particularly the one of his closest buddy falling dead upon him and Audie using that dead body to keep himself from being killed.

Audie is also plagued by recurrent nosebleeds, and a tricky stomach that forces him to follow the most restricted diet. He doesn’t drink or smoke, but many of the foods he once dreamed of being able to eat someday, when he had the money to afford them, are, ironically, now forbidden. Audie’s baby face reveals neither his physical suffering nor such necessary self-denial. One of his problems, and one of the things that made it so difficult for him to communicate with others, to feel a part of a group or a family, is his inability to reveal any real feeling. Spec McClure, one of Audie’s closest friends, tells about the one and only time he ever saw Audie give way completely to emotion. It was a couple of summers ago, and he and Audie were back at Holtzwhith, where Audie had held off those six German tanks.

The whole village of about 250 people had come out to greet Audie. Nobody spoke any English and Audie doesn’t speak French, but the children sang, in his

Like the velvety feel of a baby’s hands... Hinds caresses your skin gently... soothingly... puts its own protective Floratex* shield between you and wind and weather and work. Use its gentleness often.

Fingertip Dispenser... free when you buy two bottles of Hinds’ silken lotion. Look for this special two-bottle pack; the free dispenser is available for a limited time only.

Hinds honey and almond fragrance cream

*Like flowers, Hinds contains a special protective ingredient—Floratex
A PRODUCT OF LEHN & FINK

ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA
The change in him began one day when, in the midst of a trivial, fault-finding argument with Pam, Audie stopped, walked away, and asked himself, "Why do I demand so much of people? Who am I to demand—and expect—perfection?"

Who was he, indeed? It was time to stand back and examine himself and his life as though he were a cool, impersonal stranger, called to estimate and evaluate Audie Murphy. He had always been proud of his early struggles. They had made him strong, fiercely self-reliant. But what else had they done to him?

Audie was born the second son of a Texas sharecropper, another seven children being born after him. The year was 1926, which made him seven when the Depression began, but Audie didn't have to wait for any world-wide depression. The depression was always on for the Murphys, and after his father walked out on his mother and her brood, it was only Audie's marksman's eye, an old gun and a bullet a day that kept them eating. By the time he was seventeen he was in the Army, after the Marines and the para-
troopers had turned him down because he was underweight. Within months, he was a decorated hero. Within a year he had put on five inches and twenty-five pounds, under the novelty of three square meals a day for the first time in his life. By nineteen, he was out of the Army and in Hollywood. Nowhere along the way had there been any time for fun, for just plain living. Nowhere had there been time or the opportunity to learn how to live, how to enjoy the good things of life for which he had worked and hungered. So, when they came, like marriage, they found him totally unprepared.

Audie's first wife, Wanda Hendrix, is now Mrs. Jim Stack, and Audie can honestly say, "I hope Wanda is very happy. But the break-up of that marriage, for which neither he nor Wanda was prepared, was another embittering experience, because Audie was at that time far from emotionally mature enough to be able to blame himself and not others for what went wrong with his life.

It was all wrong, their union, from the very day of its beginning. What did an embittered Audie know about giving or sharing love? He didn't. Wanda tried. She tried valiantly, but she knew nothing about keeping a house, less about being anything but a husband. The fact that Audie would go on living after the little apartment they had rented, playing penny poker with his war buddies, was no help.

Within fourteen months, they were divorced. Audie was so hurt and embittered that he gave away every stick of furniture and never went near the apartment again.

Again, he had demanded too much, but he was a long way from being able to see how little he offered in return.

Pam Archer, the pretty airline hostess, whom Audie married in 1951, was as different from Wanda as dawn from dinner. She was, in fact—and she still is—very much like Audie. She's a Texan, an orphan. She's stubborn, and she's sweet, and her one ambition in the world is to make Audie Murphy happy. Just the same, she has no intention of being a martyr about it, or of putting up with more moods than the winds.

And so, naturally, there were quarrels. There were even rumors of an impending divorce. This was during those dark days when Audie felt the forces within him slowly mounting against his control, threatening to destroy everything he loved and valued. He saw his boys being small men, when he wanted them to be so big. But even Pam knew him, and told him for fear of losing their love. There were the hangers-on who either knew too much because he was a star, or ignored him because he wasn't the big star. He would have to cope with any of it, so he didn't even try. He kept to himself more and more.

And then one day, in the midst of this turmoil, something happened that was so small, so trivial, really, that it almost went by unnoticed. And yet it was to change his life.

Audie was out on location shooting for "Fort Petticoat." Going down into the nearby town one evening after the day's work was finished, he saw a man brutally kicking a small sheep dog. Audie walked up to him and told him that if he didn't stop he'd shoot him, and said sullenly, "Why? He's my dog, and if I feel like kicking him, I will."

Audie said, "How much do you want for him?"

"I guess about fifty dollars."

"Fine. You've just sold a dog."

Audie picked up the cringing, quivering animal and put it into his car. When he got back to the location the rest of the crew said, the location crew was quartered some asked him curiously, "With all the dogs you've got at home, Audie, why the devil did you go and buy another one? And who's going to take care of him until you get him back home?"

Audie grinned sheepishly, and patted the dog's head. "Darned if I know," he admitted. "I didn't think of any of those things. Just saw somebody kicking him and I moved in and did something about it."

I moved in and did something about it.

The words, and the impulsive thought behind them, made him. Yes, he found himself thinking, slowly, wonderingly, that's the way it had happened and that's the way it has been during the war, too. That's why the fear hadn't immobilized him. Someone had needed him, and he had been able to overcome his own fear, his own problems, because there wasn't time to think about them. That's the way it has been during the early days, too, when he had had the specter of poverty and hunger to fight—not for himself so much, but for others. Always, all his life, there had been something to fight. And then suddenly, there had been nothing to fight. All the external battles had been fought and won—the war, the fight against poverty, the fight for fame. That's when the fight had turned inward, when he'd begun to feel that he didn't belong anywhere, that no one really needed him, and to set up those impossible standards. Without something to fight, he was lost. And, if he was lost, why should he be to love.

And yet, he loved this small, warm, happily whimpering dog who was nestled down in his lap. He had been able to act quickly, spontaneously, when he saw the animal's need of him. Then why wasn't he able to act that way with his friends, his wife, his children? Why did he hold back, waiting for them to make the first move? Ancient habits of self-control, the question, pinpointing his fear, dragging it out into the open where he could face it—and fight it.
Audie was afraid of being hurt. Not physically hurt. He had enough courage for ten men, and the years had built defenses around physical hurts. He was afraid of the kind of hurts he'd known as a child; the kind he'd suffered which was his first marriage failed. And so he had been demanding proof that people really liked him. "I demand too much of people," he had said, often. But now, for the first time in his life, he had been thinking of Audie Murphy. Audie's father, who had been the only man Audie ever trusted, was her father. He had adopted Audie as a son. But Audie had never known this. His only relationship with his father had been through his mother, who was Audie's stepmother. He had never been able to communicate with her.

He looked at his new-found friend, at his new-found life, and he smiled. That warm, wonderful smile that lights up his whole face and crinkles the corners of his eyes. "Well," he said, speaking aloud, "can we try it, anyway, can't we?"

Eric, as Audie named him, is a full-fledged member of the Murphy family and, like the dozen pairs of mounted longhorns in Audie's garage, Eric is a symbol of the change in Audie Murphy.

Pam Murphy will tell you that those longhorns get in the way of four-year-old Terry Michael Murphy and one-year-old James Shannon Murphy when they want to play. They're also a nuisance and a hazard when Pam or Audie back their cars in or out. Nobody, especially Audie, has any idea of what they might be used for. But he wasn't thinking of anything practical when a fellow he had known in the Army came by his house in San Fernando Valley. The man wasn't any particular friend or buddy of Audie's. He was just someone who had been in Audie's outfit back in 1943, in Sicily. But Audie not only bought all twelve pairs of horns, he sent the man away feeling fine because he had convinced the fellow that the one thing he and Pam needed to make their ranch-type home perfect was twelve pairs of longhorns!

On Audie's personal payroll there is a fine press agent, a friend he made almost the first day he stepped into Hollywood. And on the payroll of Audie's studio, there is a fine writer, another pal Audie has known since his first Hollywood days. The writer is now working on the sequel to "To Hell and Back," and he richly deserves the salary he's earning. But that's not the point. The point is that Audie made it clear—either this writer, or no sequel. Nowadays, as he will tell you, he's much too busy with his wife, his sons, his home, his quarter-horses, his career and his friends to have any time left to worry about a sequel. He's still a creature of moods and always will be, but now the moods are under control and he's found plenty of healthy outlets for them.

One of these outlets is skin diving. In this dangerous sport, he finds the exhilaration and loneliness he sometimes needs. But the thing that really set him free was the realization that the only demands we can be sure of satisfying are the ones we make on ourselves. When he began to demand of himself that he find a place in the world and that he learn to get along with others instead of expecting others to get along with him, Audie found, as millions of people have found before him, that, "Love and understanding can win over anything or anybody." Eric wagged his tail in full agreement.

---

**New! Clearasil Medication**

**‘STARVES’ PIMPLES**

SKIN-COLORED...hides pimples while it works

At last! Science discovers a new-type medication especially for pimples, that really works. In skin specialists' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were completely cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARasil.

CLEARasil WORKS FAST TO MAKE PIMPLES DISAPPEAR

1. **PENETRATES PIMPLES** keratolytic action softens and dissolves affected skin tissue, lets medication penetrate down into any infected area.

2. **ISOLATES PIMPLES** anti-Septic action of this new-type medication stops growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples.

3. **‘STARVES’ PIMPLES** CLEARasil's famous dry-up action 'starves' pimples because it helps to remove the oils that pimples 'feed' on.

Largest-Selling Pimple Medication in America (including Canada)

---

You'll like: Audie Murphy in Columbia's "The Guns of Fort Petticoat."
She Calls Him "Pappy" But She Calls Him "Darling"

(Continued from page 68)
Barbara wrote, "But the way she says it—or maybe it's the way she looks at him when she says it—makes it sound like the most romantic thing you've ever heard. I don't mind admitting I'm in love with him—in a nice, polite, respectful way, of course. But Kay doesn't need to be jealous—I never saw two people more in love."

Not that Mr. and Mrs. Gable show a lot of sentiment in public, but you know it from the way they look at each other, the way Clark puts his arms around her, the way Kay touches his cheek. They laugh a lot together over all kinds of foolish little things, and you can see them look at each other knowingly when they're amused, or when they are touched by something that happens.

Kay Williams Spreckels Gable is the stunning woman Clark married in July, 1955. Even women who don't ordinarily like other women admit that she clicks with them right away. "Maybe," Barbara decided, thinking over her own favorable reaction to Kay, "it's because she has so many of his qualities—humor, naturalness, interest in people."

During the shooting of "A King" at St. George, Utah, Clark and Kay Gable kept house in a rented cottage, while the rest of the cast and crew lived in nearby motels. Barbara and Kay saw quite a lot of each other and Barbara enjoyed being around so happy a couple. Everyone who worked on the picture, and who had a chance to observe Clark Gable in the role of husband, came away with the feeling that he had really met his mate—and his match—at last. It was obvious that he was finding in this, his fifth marriage, all the things which he'd had in his gloriously happy but tragically short marriage to Carole Lombard, and had never found again. Until now.

Clark had married Carole Lombard in 1939, and for three years they were utterly happy together, sharing their love of hunting, riding, fishing and the calm, casual life on their sprawling Encino ranch. In addition to being a beautiful and talented actress, Carole Lombard was an extremely witty and charming woman, always gay, friendly and exuberant. Clark loved her deeply and passionately, with all his heart. Tragedy struck in 1942, when Carole, returning home from a record-breaking bond-selling tour, was killed in a plane crash in Nevada. Her death left Clark a bitter, brokenhearted man, and no amount of friends, fame or money could comfort him. For years, he was unhappy and lonely, a man who found little solace in the fact that he was King of Hollywood. While he went through a series of meaningless romances with such stars as Virginia Grey, Joan Crawford and Paulette Goddard, those closest to him knew he was seeking, but never finding, someone like Carole Lombard.

Then, in 1949, Clark married Sylvia Ashley, whom he had known casually for fifteen years. At the time, everyone rejoiced in the event, saying Clark and Sylvia were perfect for each other. Clark新娘ed the motion by saying, "I've never been happier."

But, although Sylvia Ashley had much of the gay charm and exuberance that had typified Carole Lombard, she did not share Clark's love for sports, or for the quiet, casual life. Within three years, their marriage came to an end. Clark vowed, "I shall never marry again.

By the time another three years had passed, that promise had flown out the window. Clark married Kay Spreckels, whom he had also known casually for some seventeen years. Since then, the twinkle in Clark's eye has been brighter, his smile broader, his mood gayer. And, while Kay is mainly responsible for the change, there are two other important factors—namely, her children, Adolph "Sheckie" Spreckels III, who is seven, and Joan Spreckels, who is five. Clark has always yearned to have children of his own. While this wish has yet to be granted, he is deriving a tremendous pleasure from Kay's youngsters.

Inevitably, the comparison is made between Kay and Carole Lombard. Like Carole, Kay is beautiful, witty, charming, sophisticated. As did Carole, she calls Clark "Pappy." Kay is also a housewife and a sportswoman—as well as a good sport, which is of prime importance to Gable. She willingly goes along with him on anything, and her deep love for him is reflected in all her actions, big and small.

For instance, one day when Barbara Nichols wasn't needed on the set of "The King and Four Queens," Kay showed her how to do needlepoint, putting tiny, meticulous stitches into a pair of slippers for Clark. Barbara, who is twenty-three, remarked that she didn't think she would ever have the patience to do that for anyone. Lifting her smooth, golden head, Kay smiled and said, "I'll admit you have to love someone an awful lot to have this much patience. And yet, I'd hate to think you might go through life without finding that kind of love. I'm sure you will find it someday."

"Sure," Barbara replied, "but where do you find another guy like Gable?"

Although Barbara is hardly the outdoor type, after dinner more often than night clubs and plush surroundings, she said "yes" in a hurry the day Gable asked her to go fishing.

"Can you imagine having Clark Gable as your fishing partner," she exclaimed. "And showing you how to cast a line? I caught two trout—it was thrilling!"

They went fishing, with permission, on private property, and after awhile the owners came down to meet them—with camera in hand. Clark and Kay obligingly posed for pictures, and Clark even posed for one with the mother of the family, putting his arm around her as if she were an old friend. "I don't think they'll ever get over it," Barbara told the other girls later.

On location, the Gables were good mixers, but they both maintained a certain reserve. Kay visited the set only once—during a night shooting—and never interfered in any way with Clark's work. She respects his feeling that wives and children tie a husband down. They had brought along their own cook and were living a quiet, domestic life. Kay went to one big barbecue party, given for the entire company, but when they spoke with garage owners they went hunting and fishing together.

At first, the citizens of St. George were impressed with Clark Gable, the famous movie star. Then, after they got to know him, they were impressed, because he was such a regular guy. Sometimes they went to his house to ask for autographs, not realizing that he was tired out after a long day of shooting and couldn't come with Kay. But Clark was always willing to make an effort and never turned anybody away.

On a night, in making a scene in which Clark had to go into the river, the evening had turned chilly and the water was terribly icy. He came out with his teeth chattering and had to be wrapped in blankets. The young gastards who crowded around him with their autograph books, he laughed and began signing away. All the children in the community adored him and followed him everywhere. Since Barbara had moved from California to Eugene, in Oregon, while in California, Clark and Kay were constantly shopping for little presents to send back to them.

Clark Gable, among other things, is known as a practical joker. As such he had a wonderful time on location, especially with a prankster pal like director Raoul Walsh to help out. One day Walsh gave the Barbra some lines to say that weren't in the script, and certainly couldn't be left in. They caught Clark so by surprise that he laughed all through the rest of the take and ruined it. Another time, Clark provided some additional lines of his own, which caused Barbara to break up. Another scene in the picture called for Clark to dance with each of the four "queens." He kept saying he couldn't dance, that he never had two feet. Actually, Clark is a very good dancer, as he has proved in many of his other films, but like a little boy he is self-conscious and shy about it. The style, as well as the boyishness, came as a surprise to the people who hadn't worked with Clark before.

Barbara discovered that while he is sometimes shy about his own talents, Clark always strives to give others confidence. "I had done a great deal of television in New York," she said, "and had learned to appreciate helpful friendliness from most

WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITES?

Send your votes for the stars you want to see in PHOTOLAY.

In color I want to see: ACTRESS:

[1] [2] [3] [4]

I want to read stories about:


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


NAME:

ADDRESS:

PASTED BALLOT ON A POSTAL CARD AND SEND IT TO READERS' POLL

Editor, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, N. Y. 17, N. Y.
fellow actors and directors, but I really didn't expect that kind of help from a star like Mr. Gable. When one particular scene bothered me, he took me aside and sat down with me, discussed the scene and rehearsed all the lines with me. It was a difficult bit, in which little nuances, conveyed in only a few words and gestures, were all-important.

Everyone said he was giving Barbara all the breaks in their scenes together, and she could see it. Clark coached her on where to look, showed her where he and the ship were. The crew could spot a phony a mile off, and their respect for Gable impressed Barbara, confirming her own first impressions of him.

"How old are you?" he had asked at their first meeting in the studio office. "How old do you want me to be?" Barbara had replied, and everybody laughed. Clark the hardest of all, "I was off the ice then," Barbara said.

She kept thinking, "How sweet he is," knowing it was a word he wouldn't like, but the only one she could think of to describe him. She didn't know the kind of part for which she was being considered or how old she was supposed to be. She just kept hoping she was the right age and the right type, because by that time she wanted that part more than she had ever wanted anything else.

Clark began to explain the kind of girl Barbara would play in "The King and Four Queens," "He made her so real to me," Barbara recalled, "that I began to feel like that girl. He asked what other things I had done. I told him about the role of the burlesque dancer in 'Miracle in the Rain,'" and bigger and more recent part in 'Beyond a Reasonable Doubt,' with Dana Andrews and Joan Fontaine. Mr. Gable listened attentively. Then he asked if I would mind making a test with him. Would I mind?"

She never did have to make the test, because they looked at the rushes of 'Beyond a Reasonable Doubt' and were satisfied that she was right for the part of Birdie. The other "queens" are Eleanor Parker, who co-stars with Gable as Sabrina, Shane, who plays Oralie, and Jean Willes, who plays Ruby.

Barbara and Jean Willes became good friends, and after they both got to know Gable better, they kept telling him how wonderful he was, whereupon he would just grin and look embarrassed. He never seemed to take praise for granted.

Barbara never told him how she had adored him when she was a schoolgirl, but she did tell him that she had seen most of his movies, after which he promised to show her some he had made with Jean Harlow, whom he admired tremendously. Both Clark and his make-up man—who had also worked with Jean Harlow—thought Barbara looked a lot like her.

If there was one complaint Barbara felt it was her right to make, it was the lament with which she finished "The King and Four Queens." "All those love scenes," she waited, "and everybody got to kiss him but me."

More seriously, Barbara added, "To me, Clark Gable is what a movie star should be—and so often isn't. I think any woman who meets him even once could never forget the meeting." She would always remember the things he had said to her, and how she felt about him. Not only about Clark Gable, the actor, but about Clark Gable, the man: The man who is a woman's man as much as a man's man, and who has kept two—and now three—generations of women sighing with adoration. The man Kay Gable adoringly calls "Pappy."

Will you... won't you color your hair? Now that coloring your hair is as socially acceptable as coloring your lips, you need only ask yourself—How will I look? And Noreen has taken the should I... shouldn't I right out of that decision, because Noreen is the rinse you can't regret.

You can try on Noreen as you do other make-up... put it on in just three minutes and take it off in the same short time... and find among the remarkable Noreen colors the ones that are exactly perfect for you. You know all Noreen colors are in the best possible taste, designed by a woman artist with a passion for realism and based on the real colors of beautiful young hair, completely convincing.

And Noreen Color Hair Rinse is so easy to use. You don't have to be an expert... Noreen is the expert. Noreen rinses simply flow on, adding color make-up and creating the difference that makes all the difference. With Noreen, you have everything to gain... try it today!

Send for literature and a free Noreen sample offer. Address postcard to Noreen, Inc. 450 Lincoln Street, Denver 3, Colo. Dept. T-3.

YOU'LL LOVE: Clark Gable in United Artists "A King and Four Queens."
Why Eddie Almost Left Debbie Waiting

(Continued from page 46)

This is, in fact, a marriage that almost didn’t happen, and might not have happened at all, had Eddie not been more cool-headed than most women many times her age. Because midway through their long and stormy engagement period, what Eddie termed a “Normal” had begun to murmur that it looked as though Eddie had changed his mind and wanted to call the whole thing off—he had changed his mind. The reason for changing his mind and why it happened, was that later, a minor relapse back again is the reason why, once married, theirs was destined to be one of the happiest and most durable marriages the world has ever known. But it is also the best possible argument for a long engagement.

What really happened? At the time this tortured indecision was going on in Eddie’s mind, and before he had mentioned it to Debbie, he was reading about himself and the girl he loved almost as though he were reading about two other people. Two strangers who happened to be named Eddie and Debbie, whose romance was far from being the greatest of love-nation-builders in publishing history. They were being called Romeo and Juliet, their forthcoming marriage was being hailed as the greatest love-story of the season. Headlines such as were their marriage.

Then, suddenly, something happened. Their appearances apart became meaningless, and what was happening together. Something seemed to be wrong. One column called it The Big Freeze. Another said the rainbow had collapsed under the weight of the frost. A third went along with that—even quoted Debbie’s brother on Eddie’s being a puppet whose manager had mysteriously pulled the walk-away strings. One blamed religious differences. Another blamed Debbie’s mother, while another blamed Eddie’s. Others laid the rift to career competition.

They were wrong—almost to a man. People had a headline. For instance, they blamed Eddie’s manager, Milton Blackstone, who is respected and admired as a man with one of the highest senses of ethics in the business. He was affecting to everyone but a word as much as a word. Milton had never entered Eddie’s personal life and he did not new. He maintained so complete and honest a Hands Off policy that he could have passed for Venus De Milo. They blamed the future mothers-in-law. But in Philadelphia, Kate Fisher Stupp answered every reporter’s phone call with a polite firm, “I have heard of no break-up. I’d suggest that you contact the children directly.” In Burbank, Mrs. Reynold’s voice rang out candidly when ever she was queried, “I’m afraid I can’t help you. Do you think I’d be good for Eddie?”

They said Eddie and Debbie were headline-hunting. But neither Debbie nor Eddie sought the headlines. “No comment” in their press releases, yet they used the two words as often as possible.

They blamed career competition, but there has never been any career jealousy between these two. Only Debbie’s bubbling enthusiasm for her work. Eddie was as cool-headed as they come. 

Like Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone, George Burns and Gracie Allen, and many other successful mixed-marrieds—a mutually beneficial marriage is the greatest marriage problem,” said Debbie. “We both believe in God. The ‘enourage’—a normal adjustment for their way of life, that voic. When he was a bachelor, naturally both the employees and the favor-seekers spent leisure hours as well as work time with him. When he took unto himself, naturally both their hours would be around less often. And so it was.

Well, then, what did cause the sudden cool-off that looked like the prelude to this life? One reason was that line.

It all began with a cross-country phone call. A cross-country phone call was not unusual in their lives. With Eddie’s TV commitments in the East and Debbie’s movie commitments in the West, their time had been plenty of those. And the chances are that when Debbie crossed the living room of her parents’ home that evening to pick up the phone, to hear his familiar and still endearing voice, “Debbie, it’s Eddie darling,” she had nothing more on her mind than to tell Eddie about a new dress she’d added to her trousseau.

This time, Eddie’s voice sounded hesitant. It sounded ragged and uncertain. “Look—” he said. “I’ve been thinking it over and—”

No one knows the exact content of that phone call. One thing is certain, however, it should. But the reason for it is important because it tells us so much about the kind of wonderful people Debbie and Eddie are. It sounds as though Eddie had been cut out of a headline. All of a sudden, a headline no more nonsensical or goofy than a dozen other headlines that had been written about them. But this particular one hit him the wrong way. That feeling that had been slowly growing inside him—the feeling that he was reading about two people who were total strangers—gripped him, and panicked him. “How do you feel about me now? Do you love me?” he began to ask himself. “How does she know I’m the guy she loves? Maybe we’re just in love with our own publicity—no, with the love story of two people with the same names we have. Maybe we think it’s right because it seems so right. But actually, we don’t know each other at all—do we?”

The gist of that panicky phone call. It is easy to imagine Debbie staring down at the ring on her finger. It is easy to imagine that she may have gazed at it through a sudden misting of tears. If she did, Eddie didn’t know. When she spoke, her voice was firm, even gay. She said that she understood, that perhaps it would be better to wait longer than they had planned, but with the love story of two people the same names we have. Perhaps they should both see other people for a while—not on dates, of course, but in groups—his friends, her friends. The calm, quiet young voice held steadily for days. “If this is supposed to be going on one day...”

What happened after that in the privacy of Debbie’s pretty, feminine bedroom is Debbie’s story. All the world knew was that it looked as though Debbie Reynolds was not to be Eddie Fisher’s bride after all.

But their love, as everyone knows, survived one of the cruelest tests to which a marriage is put out—the test of distance and gossip. Debbie held her head high, kept her own counsel, and waited. There is no doubt but what the courage and faith in him which Debbie displayed during those trying days is one of the things that not only brought Eddie running back to her, but makes his love for her almost worshipful.

That summer, Eddie spent a great deal of time in New York. And when he returned to New York, he realized something. There was a Grand Canyon void in his life. There could be no doubt any longer. Eddie was in love with Debbie.

In October, there was another phone call. And in that same month, a marriage.

Today, Debbie and Eddie are two of Hollywood’s happiest advertisers for marriage. They have fun together. In their bedroom sits a silver-framed first snapshot of their baby daughter, Carrie Frances—truly a round, round, day-old face. Across the phone, Constantine Bannister style, is the comic caption: “Who’s Eddie Fisher?”

They are honest with each other. And even with their insurance company. Recently, when, defectively-wired air conditioning caused a $15,000 fire, Eddie’s clothes were smoke-filled and temporarily unwearable. A friend advised him to claim them as a business loss. But he said, the fire was perfectly allowable. But Eddie couldn’t bring himself to do it. Instead he had them dry cleaned, aired out, and made no claims at all. Debbie’s wardrobe, on the other hand, was almost a total loss. She could have estimated many M-G-M gowns—given to her as a wedding gift—at perfectly legitimate sky-high valuations. Though, it is said, “Hard-to-replace, especially if extremely expensive materials. Instead, she estimated only what a modest replacement would cost her in each case. Busy mums, for example, in Spoon Forman manner, Debbie had no time to buy new clothes. She wore her maternity clothes for the first month after the birth. “I’d better be getting to the store quickly, though,” she said. “Hard-to-replace, “To think I’m expecting a second child already.”

Debbie is an excellent mother. Cook Olivia, who has worked for dozens of members of Hollywood’s milling family, states, “She’s the greatest. ‘The way she coos to that little girl while she’s feeding her. The way she watched her diet during the pregnancy to keep the baby healthy...and the possible—why, she didn’t even have any ice cream! And it sure is a long time since I saw anyone take the time and trouble to nurse her baby—and a long time since I’ve seen a happy baby.”

Eddie is a devoted father. He can’t pass a toy shop window without stopping to make a purchase. Recently he bought a stuffed teddy elephant—priced at $15.

“Either Eddie’s going to have to slow down on the toys,” friend Joey Forman commented, “or they’ll have to move to a bigger house.” He is a perceptive father, too. “The baby will have to eat everything,” he says, “That’s good, but it’s dangerous, too. We’ll have to be mighty careful that she learns to share—so she won’t be spoiled.”

They have devoted friends. For their first anniversary, Eddie bought Debbie an unusual heart-shaped diamond pendant. For the baby’s day of birth, Jennie Grossinger bought a tiny replica of this friend. Every good friend of any baby has been given either the world’s smartest baby—or a most thoughtful friend. On Debbie and Eddie’s first anniversary, a mysterious telegram arrived. "Congratulations," it said. "I’ve got a big surprise for you. Be there in two minutes. I’m at Deadpool and Allen, 0 miles away."

They have learned to compromise. Eddie is not quite as extravagant as he used to be. Debbie need not keep every baby mourning. The compromises go all the way down to such
routine matters as the salad they shared at Chasen’s restaurant on their first night on the town after Carrie’s birth. Because of her nursing, Debbie couldn’t have cucumber in the Caesar Salad they ordered. Eddie told the waiter to omit them. But Chasen’s is up to meeting such problems. The white-coated waiter simply mixed two separate portions—cucumbers for Eddie, none for Debbie.

But they disagree on occasion. Fortunately, without being disagreeable. While house-hunting, they came to one the real estate man had no key to. “We’ll come back some other time,” said Debbie. “No, let’s shiny over the fence,” said adventurous Debbie. Then she had an afterthought. “Oh, papa,” she smiled, “you’re right. I keep forgetting. My fence-climbing days are over. I’m a mama now!”

Both Eddie and Debbie still have the first friends they ever made. A white checked tablecloth on Debbie’s luncheon table tells half the story—in each square is a name you wouldn’t recognize unless you attended Burbank High. Not one name belongs to a star, except Debbie’s own. Two deck chairs out at the swimming pool tell Eddie’s half of the story. Some months back, a reporter visited, asked if there were any truth to the rumors that he was feuding with his two childhood friends, Bernie Rich and Joey Forman—that they were angry at him because they couldn’t get parts in his pictures. Eddie explained that there had been a misunderstanding. The film’s producer had cast Tommy Noonan in the only part that bore any resemblance to Joey—had cast Noonan before Eddie knew about it. “Come on out to the pool,” Eddie invited the reporter. “I’d like you to meet some good friends.” Sunbathing happily were friends Joey and Bernie.

Eddie and Debbie Fisher feel they are two of the world’s luckiest people. And rightfully so. Not only do they have one another, and now a third family member, but they have fans of all ages who do everything from knitting a blanket “with love, in every stitch” (a 70-year-old fan) to volunteering for baby-sitting duty (an entire California club).

So it is that in a second-floor room in a white stuccoed Mediterranean home in Beverly Hills that once belonged to Cary Grant, a baby cries. Short, almost melodic wails that cascade out in quick, sharp splashes of sound.

In an adjoining room off the hallway, two people stand up quickly. One is chestnut-haired, petite, pert in a red jersey shirt and black toreador pants. The other is trim, lithe and black-haired, in corduroy pants which are the sand color of his textured sport shirt.

“Okay, mama, time to feed the baby bird,” the man says. He follows her down the hallway. “Can I pick her up first?” he asks. “Why sure,” she smiles, stretching the second word so that it unmistakably means she and the baby will both be disappointed if he doesn’t.

Graciously, fondly he picks the tiny pink-clad infant out of the yellow bassinet. Supporting the neck, he carefully rests the soft-haired head on his left shoulder.

“Sometimes her cries are like the blue-hued eyes (not color-fast yet—she’s too young) range the room quickly. They are alert, inquisitive, intelligent. They are just beginning to see objects clearly—and they seem to want to make up for the long months of darkness. Suddenly, the lids pucker down. The mouth follows suit. As though an empty stomach has inevitably telegraphed a reminder message, suddenly, the wails begin again.

“Oh—oh,” the man says. “You better take over. I guess I just don’t have it.” He hands the baby back to the mother, carefully, slowly. She takes her up tenderly, begins the feeding. The lines around the baby’s smooth little face relax. She is content now. But the bright eyes continue to roam the room—searching for something.

No one can know what Carrie Frances Fisher’s eyes are searching for. Perhaps the cuddly stuffed toy zebra that felt so warm and good against her cheek earlier today. Perhaps the other nine babies—some crying, some sleeping, some thumping their tiny feet against the sides of their bassinets—with whom she spent four days in the glass-faced nursery at Burbank’s St. Joseph’s Hospital. Perhaps for the white toy poodle, Rock, smaller even than she, who dances into her room several times a day—and is firmly shooed out before he can get a good look at her, or she at him. But more likely, she is searching for an understanding of this new world of security and love that envelops her with more warmth and happiness than a score of the softest, richest blankets.

Carrie has this love already. She senses it now. And Doctor Charles Levy—a general practitioner who tended Debbie from the age of nine and brought Carrie into the world—could add something more.

Carrie is such a good baby. She sleeps so well. She gains so quickly. She cries so little. Indeed, she must have sensed her parents’ love for her long before she was born, a deep love, a love she can trust—and their love for each other, the same deep love, that grew out of storms and doubts, from mutual respect and understanding into something very real and indestructible.

THE END

DON’T DARE MISS: Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher in BKO’s “Bundle of Joy.”
The Rock Hudson Story

(Continued from page 45)
and also do plain, but not fancy, ice-skating. I'd be the perfect wife for you."

The mother of two girls, ages nine and thirteen, wrote from Macomb, Illinois, that she knew she loved Rock Hudson. She is about to burst. "My husband would kill me if he knew," she said. "I am saving money from my shopping budget to buy him a car as a gift.""

And a grandmother in Chattanooga, Tennessee, writes to Rock every morning while having her second cup of coffee to tell him what her children and grandchildren are doing and keep him up to date with the family.

These women have only one thing in common: They are Rock Hudson fans. Most film-star fan mail is unbelievably boring. The fan is usually struck dumb by such personal contact with his idol. In contrast, the eight to ten thousand letters a month sent to Rock Hudson are unique because the writer invariably feels the recipient is a friend.

Unlike Rudolph Valentino, who was the sex-boat of his day, Rock Hudson is not the lover type. He has sex appeal, but his older fans want to mother him. Young girls want to marry him, and men want to emulate him.

He seems to appeal to all ages and types. Moviegoers, asked to analyze Rock from his screen impression, agreed on many points, such as: He gives the appearance of great solidity; he seems well educated and poised; obviously, he comes from a wealthy background; calm good-nature could come only from a well-ordered life; if anything, he appears spoiled—probably had everything easy.

Nothing could be further from the truth. Rock Hudson's life has been complicated and difficult, uncommon only because it was so common. A detailed study of it shows him emerging as a stronger, more complex person than anyone realizes. It dissipates completely the image of "the beautiful hunk of man" which has been built up through years of fan-magazine stories and "beefcake" poses.

Now, when Rock has finally been given a chance, in "Giant," to prove what a competent actor he has become, it is time to strip away the superficial image of Rock Hudson and see him as he really is—a solid, stable, intelligent young man who has built up an almost uncanny ability to take life as it comes and make not only the best but the most of it. By the time of his next two important pictures, "Something of Value" and "Battle Hymn," are released, Rock will have left behind for good the boy-next-door roles, although in real life he is closer to being the "boy next door" than any actor in Hollywood.

The real story of Rock Hudson began at 2 A.M. on the cold, wind-bitten morning of November 17, 1925, when a long, thin and small (5'2' pounds, 22 inches long) baby boy was born to Kay and Roy Scherer of Wheeling, Illinois.

Kay Scherer, Rock's mother, was a handsomely-hair woman with the fun-loving temperament and good humor of the Irish blood which is an English reverence for thrift and industry. Even as a child Rock closely resembles his mother in his habits, though not in looks. He has her habit of closely studying everyone with whom he talks, and he has inherited from his mother her quiet appearance of emotional solidity and stability.

From his German-Swiss father, Rock, who was tagged Junior at birth and later christened Roy, inherited tall, dark good looks and a relaxed and easygoing temperament.

As a child Rock was a shy, almost too-pretty boy with long, dark curls that weren't cut until after his fourth birthday, at the time his parents were divorced. Whether or not this had any traumatic effect on Rock's personal life or his career is something for the psychiatrists to give an opinion on. But it still remains that Rock was scarred by the divorce, and for years, he blamed himself for the fact that his father, with whom he was very close, deserted him and his mother.

"I had to take over then," his mother says. "I always took him with me and tried to be a father as well as a sister and brother.

Mrs. Scherer got a job as a switchboard operator and she and Rock moved in with her parents, who were also sharing their roof with another daughter, her husband and their four children.

Even as a toddler Rock began to learn the meaning of responsibility, and how to assume it cheerfully. He helped his mother clean house and cook. Once when she was ill with a cold, he offered to make orange juice for her. He disappeared into the kitchen. When minutes passed and Rock didn't reappear, his mother went to investigate. She found him squeezing oranges—by the dozen!

"I thought he was trying to get water and pan in the house filled with juice," his mother recalled. "He'd squeezed five dozen and had only one to go. I asked for juice and he was going to give it to me—by the barrelful."

In 1932, when Rock was seven, his mother married Wallace Fitzgerald, a Marine Corps officer who adopted Rock and gave him his legal name, Roy Fitzgerald. But the marriage was a stormy one, destined to end in another divorce.

It's ironic that Rock, who never had a father of his own to look up to and admire, is now considered by many of his fans to be the perfect husband-father type. Rock refuses to discuss his fathers—he has three in all, his own father and two stepfathers—and says simply, "Regardless of what

ever else happened, I knew my mother loved me."

Rock and his mother were poor, but he never went without food or clothing. He learned at an early age, however, that he was the "man of the family" and was therefore expected to contribute. When he was twelve, he started doing odd jobs and worked as a soda jerk, window-washer and messenger. He worked at anything available after school and on Saturdays. Sundays were spent caddying for pay, of course, at the local golf course and country clubs.

Rock's mother, whose name is now Mrs. Olsen, recalls that she rarely spanked him as a child. One incident that sticks out in her memory is when he sat in her car, next to her and he ran ahead and was almost hit by a car coming out of a driveway. She was too angry and frightened to do anything other than say he was very dumb.

"I found that that word hurt him more than any spanking," she said. "Rock was a proud boy, and a good one. He worked hard and I wanted him to have fun just as long as he didn't disgrace his parents. I always taught him to be well-mannered and considerate of other people besides himself, and I think the teaching rubbed off on him."

It was when he was twelve that Rock first decided to become an actor. He and Jim Matteoni went to see Jon Hall in "Hurricane," he sat in the darkened theatre watching Hall dive into the water and swim to Dorothy Lamour's side, he imagined himself as Hall.

The chances are that thousands of young boys seeing that picture—or any picture—imagined themselves as the hero. But Rock kept his imaginary picture alive in his mind and, when he thought of his future as a man, secretly planned to become an actor.

Once he told his mother of his ambition. She accepted his announcement with a smile and an encouraging word. Rock had gone through the policeman, detective and ship-captain stage, and she imagined he would get safely through the acting stage, too.

Thanks to the time spent at his grandparents' home, Rock was never without playmates, although he was lonely for a real family life. Most of his close friends came from the area, the way any good twin to twins, and there is no doubt that Rock secretly envied them.

For example, he spent a great deal of time visiting Jim Matteoni, a stocky youngster of Italian descent who is now a music teacher. The Matteonis gave Rock the family feeling he felt lacking in his own home, and Jim's family became his.

Jim and Rock went to New Trier High School, in Winnetka, along with 700 other North Shore children, most of whom were from wealthy families and enjoyed every luxury. Rock recalls himself as a "typical high school adolescent" and says he was unaware at the time of feeling very much "different" from his financially well-to-do friends.

Dear boys Frederick Kahler of New Trier remembers him as a "nice, quiet boy who never gave anybody cause for concern. He was never in any trouble." But he was not an outstanding student, although his IQ was high Rock didn't like to study, and he was beginning to find out about girls.

Gigi Peterson, who had a Spanish class with Rock, remembers him as a "cute boy" whom she had a crush on. "I was a little
better in Spanish than he was," said Gigi, "so I used to let him copy from my papers. I got As and he got Bs."

Some of the other girls at school remember Rock as good-looking but skinny and awkward. One of them said he was "just around. He never asserted himself."

Rock took a regular non-college curriculum, including three years of various business courses and a year and a half of industrial arts. During his freshman year at New Trier he wanted to be a draftsman, but by his junior year he decided to become a bookkeeper and accountant, although he still nursed his dream of someday being a movie star. However, it was a dream so farfetched as to seem almost fantastic, so Rock mentioned it to no one, except for his mother, while he ground away at mathematics and double entries.

Nancy Gillogly, who was his steady date throughout high school, recalls that he didn't seem to have any particular ambition. Like most young boys his age he was merely "putting in time" until school was finished and he could go out on his own. He didn't consider college because he never believed he would be able to afford it.

He held outside jobs all through high school and was unable to participate in many extra-curricular activities. He played baseball occasionally and swam in inter-class competitions, winning some medals he is still proud of.

For a while during his senior year, Rock worked for an awning company. At the same time Jim Matteoni and another friend were working for a laundry doing home deliveries. The three boys decided to pool their work, the other two helping Rock with his tasks and he in turn helping them with their job. This happy arrangement was shortlived. Rock was fired from the awning job after he forgot to label some awnings, resulting in incredible confusion at the plant.

Rock accepted the news of his dismissal with the same good-natured humor that today seems to characterize him on-screen. Somehow he had learned the magic of laughing at himself—a trick he has never forgotten. He also learned to take things in stride. Rock is and always has been a stranger to worry and anxiety.

He had a reputation through high school as a one-woman guy—Nancy's—and although some of his female classmates say they would like to have dated him, it was generally known that he was "taken."

Usually, he and Jim double-dated. Their pattern of dates was always the same: a drive around town in any automobile that happened to be available, followed by Cokes at the local candy store. Their favorite car was an ancient Model A Ford convertible that originally cost sixteen dollars but had a thirty-dollar top. On weekends they all went to dances at the Winnetka Country Club or at school.

Despite his size—Rock was almost six foot, three inches in high school—he was an excellent and tireless jitterbug dancer. Nancy, who is a petite brunette, recalls that her head used to ache from looking up at him when they danced but, she says nostalgically, "he sure was a dreamy dancer!"

It was Rock's aptitude for dancing that was responsible for his becoming a gigolo before he left high school. As a gag, he and Jim Matteoni answered an ad for young men who wished to earn fifty cents an evening by dancing with young students in a dancing class in Evanston. For four months they commuted to Evanston on weekends regularly, much to the anger of their dates at home.

During free afternoons, Rock and Jim scouted all the record shops searching for bargains in jazz and boogie-woogie records. Even as a child Rock had been interested in music and spent hours picking out tunes on the piano with one finger. Later, he became a good "by ear" pianist. When he reached high school he and Jim invested in a wind-up phonograph.

While the boys were searching for collectors' items they cut a record that is now a collector's item of its own. The record, made in a dingy shop on the South Side of Chicago, features "Jim Matteoni on piano with Jack Fitzgerald." While Jim played the piano Rock talk-sang two stories, one about a racehorse and the other about a baboon.

Now that he finally has the money to indulge his taste, Rock has a fabulous record collection. But he still remembers the days when he had to scrimp and save to buy one record. Only two years ago he told Jim Matteoni that he had finally obtained a record of "Green Gin," by Ernie Andrews, that he had wanted since his teens.

In addition to being fond of records Rock was also fond of food. At the Sweet Shoppe, a high-school hangout in Winnetka, proprietor Peter Poulos remembers Rock as a nice quiet guy who used to come in almost every afternoon for a chicken-salad sandwich and a hot-fudge sundae with pecans—lots of pecans.

Thanks to plenty of food and hard work, Rock developed into a solidly muscled young man who was especially gentle because of his size.

At eighteen, when he was graduated from high school, Rock was drafted into the Navy. For a while he was stationed at Glenview Naval Air Base, just outside Chicago. He was near enough to go home for weekends. On one visit he contracted pleurisy and, in the excitement of his ill-

---

**New Way to Wash Face**

**IMPROVES SKIN AMAZINGLY**

Blemishes gone—baby-soft skin returns in 7 days! For thrilling results later massage twice daily with Cuticura Soap—mildest of all leading soaps by laboratory test—only soap that's superemollient and mildly medicated to maintain the natural moisture and normal, healthy acidity of the skin.

No other soap contains Cuticura's remarkable skin-softening, skin-smoothing ingredients. And besides, Cuticura Soap is fragrant, firm, long lasting, economical.

For problem skin—blackheads, externally caused pimples, flaky dryness—use Cuticura Ointment nightly to soften and stimulate as it has relieve. See exciting new softness, freshness, radiance—often in 7 days!

Send 10¢ (no stamps) to cover mailing for generous trial size Cuticura Soap and Squeeze Bottle Shampoo plus folder on "New Way to Wash Face." Write Cuticura, Dept. TS-72, Malden 48, Mass.
ness, his mother forgot to notify the air base. Rock was officially listed as AWOL until the matter was straightened out.

While Rock was in the service he wrote occasionally to Nancy Gillogly. When he graduated from high school he wired his mother to "buy Nancy a dozen red roses." Mrs. Fitzgerald bought the roses and wrote to Rock that "Nancy Drake loved your gift."

In a panic, Rock wired back that "the wrong Nancy" got the roses and, for heaven’s sake, things were looking up. Mrs. Fitzgerald bought a charm bracelet for the right Nancy, who still has it, along with a picture of Rock in his uniform, inscribed "All My Love, Rock." He was a hula skir, which he learned from Honolulu.

Rock eventually landed in the Philippine Islands, where he worked on fighter planes. When the war was over he was transferred to the States. One morning, while checking out a big bomber, he accelerated both motors on the same side of the plane at once—a near-fatal mistake.

The plane jumped off of the blocks holding it in its cradle and before Rock could bring it to a halt it choppered a smaller plane into kindling. The next day Rock was transferred to the laundry detail.

He asked the transfer with good grace. "It was the best job in the Navy," he says. "The cooks have to wear their clothes white and washed all the time. So you tend to resent good service," he says, "to give you a better ante up the good food. You get it. For taking care of their uniforms, officers give you liquor which you can resell at a neat profit. And you can make an easy forty dollars in a week just by going through the pockets of dirty uniforms."

After two years of service, Rock returned to Winnietta. He was at loose ends. As he was free to loaf around a while, see my friends, date the girls and have a good time.

He drew twenty dollars a week from the government and did as little work as necessary. This lasted going for a year. When his GI allotment ran out he got a job with the post office.

Rock’s postal route took him down West Cherry Street, a pleasant tree-shaded suburban street in a nice residential district. People on the route still recall him. Mrs. Augdahl, whom he called "Mom," had a house on Rock’s route; almost every day he stopped for coffee and doughnuts and to rest his feet. Mrs. Augdahl went to Hollywood for the This Is Your Life TV show featuring Rock and afterwards said, "He hasn’t changed at all. He’s still the same now as he was when he was a postman."

Arthur Kloper, who was postmaster in Winnietta at that time, adds, "When Rock worked for me, he always did his job. He was a very determined fellow. His family wasn’t in a very good way, financially, and he made it on his own."

96 on his Civil Service exam, was eligible for a promotion just a few weeks after he left for California with his mother. The plan originally was for Rock to go to the University of South- ern California. But he changed his mind when his mother emigrated for the telephone company in Pasadena. However, Rock’s high school grades were not high enough for him to enter the University. But he got a sixty-dollar a week job as a truck driver for the Budget Packing Company, delivering dried beans to grocery stores. Meanwhile, he was working toward his secret ambition—to become an actor.

To save money he looked up his father, Roy Scherer, in Long Beach, where he owned an electric appliance store, and stayed with him. Although Rock’s father left his mother, he had remained friendly (in the Hollywood tradition) over the years. Also, Rock spent many summers with his paternal grandparents and he and his Dad regularly corresponded with each other.

One night Rock approached his father on the subject of acting. "Dad grunted like he’d been hit in the stomach," Rock says. "He said not to mention it again. We considered them unreliable and unstable."

He soon moved out of his father’s home and got a room in a family hotel with three other men who had a friend who knew an agent named Henry Willson, who was in charge of talent for David O. Selznick. Rock was offered an interview with Willson and had five pictures of himself taken by a photographer whom he chose from the classified ads. He borrowed twenty-five dollars to pay the photographer and worked three days to repay the loan.

On the day he went to see Willson for the first time, Rock says his "knees were knocking like a pair of maracas and my throat felt like sandpaper."

TO REACH THE STARS


When Willson asked Rock if he could act, Rock told the truth, "No." He figured that this would be the end. "Good," answered Willson, "I think I can do something for you.

Willson saw in Rock the moviemakers’ ideal of a typical American boy. "He had size, looks, a good voice and an unusual neatness that I felt would make him a star like Gable," says the agent. "He has the kind of personal charm that makes you think of something between rating time and spending time with him."

Willson took Rock to leading executives at his studio, none of whom would give him a screen test. "Bring him back when he’s a little bigger," they said. Willson proceeded to get him "ready."

For three hours a week, Rock took lessons from director John Stuart Luster, at twenty dollars a lesson. When Warner Brothers gave them something, then he became "the kid's dream."

"Willson was famous in Hollywood for having discovered—and named—Tab Hunter and John Gentry. He didn’t like the length of these fads and figures, so he turned his attention to Rock. He sent him to Willson, and now, instead of the Hollywood address, there’s an old lady on the ground floor and what I had earlier on."

Rock’s life at Universal-International was far from easy. The studio paid off more than $9,000 invested in him by Willson and Walsh and other investors determined to make him worthwhile. They felt Rock had the raw material stars.
are made of. It was their job to shape
him into a box-office figure.

Every day he would go to the studio
eight and a beginning which he later
said was harder than driving a truck. As
a star student at the studio's drama school
he was coached in everything from acting
to fencing, riding, and literarily pun-
meled, pushed, and punched into shape by
Franie Van, the studio's athletic director.
If he found Rock slouching, Van would
slap him. The boy was so nervous about
being a one-hundred-dollar bill that he could
break Rock's slouch habit. He was deter-
mized to win— and he did.

During the years he was considered
just another actor in Hollywood. The
only magazine cover he appeared on
was a comic book. Finally, after a year
in which he never appeared before a camera,
Rock was loaned out "ready" by drama-
couch Sophie Rosenfield.

He was given bit parts in dozens of
films. But for years he appeared in
more than thirty-five pictures, and at one
time worked for five straight months
without a day off. But he loved it. "I asked
for work when I signed up," he says. "I
got it and it kept me off, so I had nothing
to complain about."

One of the many pictures he worked on
was a Western, and Rock had trouble with his
first scene. His character was a barn
was to roll and he began to ride
his ten-gallon hat fell off. The scene
was tried more than half-a-dozen times. And
each time he got more and more em-
barrassed for him.

The giggle came from blonde Betty
Abbott, who was the script girl on the
picture. When Rock searched her out later he
began a friendship which was to con-
tinue through most of his early years in

As a bachelor Rock was linked roman-
tically with several girls. A first film
studio wanted him to date Younger,
better-known stars in the hope that he
would make the magazines and news-
napers. So for a while he dated Vera-Ellen almost
each day. Vera-Ellen's studio was
studio-inspired at first, then became more
serious, until finally it became a question
of whose career would be more important
in a marriage. Rock didn't want to
give up his and Rock was just starting.
They decided to wait.

We were both serious about marriage for
a while, then decided we weren't ready for
marriage, and broke up. I told Rock, explaining
why the romance ended.

Meanwhile, Rock's career began to
gather momentum and he began to be seen in
the company of the right people. One of these
was Rocky Cooper, Gary's wife, who needed an
escort for an important party. Rock was suggested
and escorted her to a hopsaler to the event on a
Friday night. That was the beginning of the appearance
that was to have important aftermaths for Rock and
was a turning point in his career.

Next month, Joe Hyams continues the
absorbing inside story of Rock Hudson's rise to stardom, of the numerous women
in his life and what they meant to him,
and what effects the many events in his fantastic Hollywood experience have had
on him. Don't miss next month's "The Rock
Hudson Story" in March PHOTOPLAY
On sale February 5
(Continued from page 67)

cloak one's real nature. Not many stars can survive such a test; a few come through with only passing marks.

At the wind-up of "Funny Face" in Paris, not only was the company cheering for Audrey Hepburn in one fervent voice, but most of its male members were a little in love with her. The French crew dug into their faded blue jeans and got a selection to buy her a magnificent bouquet of roses, then proudly went home with autographed pictures of her for each member of their families. "La petite, elle est formidable" ("The little one, she is terrific), one Gallic crewman summed up her fellow workers' sentiments about Audrey.

Simple graciousness and good breeding have always been a part of Audrey Hepburn's nature. But it has been since her marriage to Mel Ferrer, especially, that she has achieved a quiet directness and warmth in her relations with others, with her work and with herself, which is the direct result of the happiness of a woman in love.

Audrey gives of herself and her friendship with caution. A hypersensitive nature, aggravated by her harrowing war experiences, has caused her to shrink shyly from a too casual friendliness. But since her marriage she has learned how to unbend. Although still not a social butterfly, preferring quiet evenings at home with Mel, she can now throw herself into a convivial gathering with zest.

The crew members of "Funny Face" recall, among their most memorable Parisian experiences, the two dinner-dance parties Audrey and Mel gave for them. Audrey, as tireless at festive occasions as she is at work, danced with all the men. When she learned at the first gathering that it was the unit production manager's birthday, she asked the restaurant chef to improvise a birthday cake, and she led the guests, who included Ingrid Bergman, in singing "Happy Birthday."

Her marriage, despite its relaxing effects, has also intensified her taste for seclusion. She needs no outside influences to enhance her happiness when she is alone with Mel. "I've been spending more time being a wife than a star, and I'm very happy about it," she said.

To Audrey, marriage is heaven on earth, and she can't understand the state of bachelorhood at all. "I never really appreciated the joys of being able to share one's precious moments with another person until I was married," she remarked.

Mel, with that exquisite good taste of which he and Audrey both have an abundance, very seldom came to the "Funny Face" parties, but it was never very difficult to know when Audrey was expecting him. Always in a bubbiling good humor, she was truly radiant on those days.

On one particular day, even the sun decided to cooperate. The Sacre Coeur glinted white and gleaming on the Butte de Montmartre, as the company broke for lunch and changed into light cotton slacks and a black high-necked sweater, and her long hair was ribboned into a pony-tail. She sat at a table near the window in the cafe which was serving as the troupe's headquarters. Humming softly under her breath, she kept her eyes glued on the cafe door.

Suddenly, one of those rickety old taxis with the windscreen pushed up, and changed into light cotton slacks and a black high-necked sweater, and her long hair was ribboned into a pony-tail. She sat at a table near the window in the cafe which was serving as the troupe's headquarters. Humming softly under her breath, she kept her eyes glued on the cafe door.

Audrey recounted the morning's events with animation, her words tumbling out in her eagerness and pleasure at seeing him. An unknowing onlooker would have thought they had been separated for weeks rather than a few hours. "And you, what have you been doing, darling?" she finished, and looked up at him tenderly.

Mel took her hand and they strolled slowly into the cafe, while he told her of the set of tennis he had played and of the morning's mail. He greeted the rest of the company with a wave, and then led Audrey to seats at the film unit's long table.

Audrey surveyed the table, which had a spread of salads, recovery for the first course, with a critical eye. Then, beckoning to the waiter, she whispered in his ear.

"What's this?" Mel commented, as the waiter brought another portion of ham.

"You know you don't eat enough," Audrey chided him.

"You're the one who should eat more, not I," Mel answered. "Just think of all the energy you use up with your dancing."

DID HIS KISSES MEAN LOVE?

Vital questions about life and love are answered on radio's "My True Story." For it presents real-life stories taken right from the files of "True Story" Magazine. You hear how people like your friends, your neighbors, your own family have fought with life's most difficult emotional problems—and how they have won happiness. Be sure to listen—for the next thrilling episode may answer your most important question.

TUNE IN

MY TRUE STORY"

American Broadcasting Stations

"Here on this hilltop I dreamed—only to have my dreams torn to shreds."

Read "Forsaken" in February TRUE STORY magazine, now at all newsstands.
only sorcery involved was Audrey's own personal charm, which first startled and then bewitched today's generation of moviegoers, case-hardened to a less discerning school of beauty. Audrey's formula for success was a concoction of hard work, a strong will, and natural talents. There was a generous portion of luck, too, even if even the famed French writer Collette had not found "this treasure on the sands," as she described Audrey, in Monte Carlo and sent her to New York to create the American version of her "Gigi." Destiny would surely have unveiled Miss Hepburn in another guise.

The story of Audrey, war-shattered childhood is a familiar one. After the Germans occupied Arnhem, in the Netherlands, where and her mother were living, and closed the dance conservatory at which Audrey had been studying, she installed a dance bar in an empty room of their home. At an age when most girls are tripping over the polished floor at a school prom, Audrey was giving ballet lessons to youngsters not much younger than herself.

With the few pounds which was the maximum allowed by the post-war Dutch government, Audrey and her mother got to London. The first showman to fall under the spell of Audrey's magic personality was the dance director of the London musical production of "High Button Shoes," who chose her out of three thousand candidates for one of the coveted spots in the front-line chorus. Another musical, "Sauce Picante," brought her to the attention of British film producer Mario Zampi.

The roles that followed were small, but they brought her closer to that bright, sunny afternoon in the lobby of Monte Carlo's Hotel de Paris, when Collette, after watching Audrey intently from the wheelchair she rarely left, cried, "I've found my Gigi!"

And Audrey had found her future.

"Funny Face" is a natural crystallization of Audrey's childhood ambitions and training. Not only does she dance in one solo star number, as well as together with Fred Astaire and Kay Thompson, but she sings. Fred Astaire, who has had some fine dancing partners in his career, calls Audrey "a new human phenomenon." Says he, "She can do anything and do it with spirit and verve. She's a wonderful artist."

Gene Loring, choreographer on the picture, insists Audrey could have become an exceptionally fine ballerina. "She endows every movement with quality and lyrical expression," he states.

"Funny Face" employs the title of a musical Astaire did on Broadway in 1927, incorporates some of Gertrude Lawrence's and some new ones composed by Roger Edens, and has a story inspired by the true-life experiences of fashion photographer Dick Avedon. It recounts photographer's search for a model who embodies elegance, grace, distinction and intelligence. He unearthed her, trains her, and falls in love with her.

Famed Paris designer Hubert de Givenchy, who sketched all Audrey's dresses for "Funny Face" and who designs her personal wardrobe, calls her "the perfect model." Says he, "One always expects from Miss Hepburn when she looks for my own mannequins. She has the ideal face and figure, with her long, slim body and swan-like neck. It's a real pleasure to make clothes for her for."
she must be, but she never mentions it. She makes her changes with amazing rapidity, with never a wasted motion.

Starring in a musical film is, of course, something entirely new for Audrey. But Mel had been urging her to do it for some time. "And so," she sighed, "I suppose this will start all those stories again about Mel directing my career. Of course, he occasionally gives me advice, as does every husband, but I always make the final decision myself." Audrey's delicately-pointed chin tilted defiantly. "I, too, felt that I needed something light and gay to follow my serious role in 'War and Peace'," she continued, "but in my wildest dreams, I never thought I'd have a chance to play opposite Fred Astaire!"

"I was in on the first discussions," Mel said, "After that, I stayed out of it. I said to Audrey, 'I don't want to influence you,' and I walked into the other room. Audrey usually takes about three days to read and consider a script. This one she finished in two hours. She burst into the room where I was working and cried, 'This is it! I don't sing well enough, and I'm not a good enough dancer, but, oh, if I can only do this with Fred Astaire!''

Audrey's passion for perfection tolerated no partial measures. Besides her background in the dance, she attended a ballet school in Paris every day for three months, preparing for 'Funny Face'.

It was Paris' coldest winter in years. The worn-out studio registered sub-zero. The ballet master usually wore three sweaters; the accompanist wore woolen gloves and a heavy coat.

Audrey would arrive scantily clothed in the ballerina's traditional black garb, and enthusiastically begin her work at the bar. She asked for no star treatment. Like all ballet students, she addressed her professor as "Monsieur," and to him she was "Audrey," like any of his other pupils. The only indication of her fame was the nightly inspection of the street outside to see if the coast was clear of photographers.

This same ballet instructor, Monsieur Legrand, had occasion to judge Audrey on qualities other than her ballet skill, particularly her sense of loyalty to those she likes. On her way to the studio one day, Audrey was accosted in the corridor by a dancer who is known for her caustic tongue. "Why do you study with Legrand?" the girl asked Audrey. "I know a much better teacher."

Audrey said nothing. After all, the dancer may have had good reasons for her opinion. But on going to Legrand's studio Audrey learned that the dancer had never seen him work, and, as a matter of fact, had never set foot in his studio. Her remarks stemmed from pure Pettiness.

Audrey was infuriated. She dashed back to the hallway to find the woman and tell her exactly what she thought of her. But she had left. Otherwise, she would have discovered how Audrey's normal composure can melt at any evidence of injustice or prejudice, especially toward a friend or associate.

Audrey is as fierce and intense in her personal relationships as in her work. She is deeply attached to her mother, who lives in London and who often visits Audrey and Mel. Baroness van Heemstra came to Paris several times during the shooting of 'Funny Face'. Her daughter's attachment to her mother is mingled with admiration and respect for the Baroness' great capabilities and her guidance.

Besides Mel, Audrey adores cottage cheese, milk and other dairy foods of which she had been deprived in her formative years. One of her most vivid memories of the Liberation is the seven chocolate bars given her by an English soldier. She ate them all at once, quickly, and was violently ill.

Audrey's obsession for security is another leftover from her turbulent youth, when she witnessed the plunder of her family's fortune by the Nazis. She has invested her earnings in such a way that she can't touch them except in a case of extreme emergency.

"Then if I should ever get sick and can no longer work, or if I decide to retire and raise a family, I won't have to worry about money. And I know that my mother will always be taken care of," Audrey said soberly, as she lit a cigarette. She smokes only moderately. Mel doesn't smoke at all, and neither of them drinks.

Although wrapped up in her career, Audrey will never become a slave to her artistic pursuits at the cost of her marriage. 'We've been rather crafty about arranging our schedules so as to stay together,' she laughcd. When Audrey laughs, she appears to be about fifteen years old.

Their first separation of more than two days since their marriage took place last fall, when they accepted their first commitments to make separate movies. Even then, the work took them no farther apart than different sections of the same country, France. Perhaps future necessities will require wider separations, but when we spoke to her Audrey didn't want to think about the terrible loneliness she will feel during Mel's absences. Although equipped with a fund of resources within herself, Audrey dreads solitude, and happiness, centered on one person, has become a habit. But an hour's flight will
bring them together from wherever they may be, and their love will keep them together in spirit, no matter how far apart, and no matter what the gossips may say about them.

In the meantime, Audrey will go on doing such things as lending her sheepskin-lined ski jacket to the young assistant dance director of "Funny Face," as protection against the rigors of a French winter on location, while Audrey herself went through her outdoor routines, in the flimsy winter garments of her part, without a quiver. And in such a manner she will go on winning the hearts of her associates, big and small. As one French crew member was inspired to comment, "I think we should all work in our shirt sleeves. She's cold; why shouldn't we be?"

Audrey would have blushed with pleasure and incredulity had she heard her fellow workers' heartfelt opinions of her. Success has not hardened her into an indifferent acceptance of kind words.

Her modesty is most apparent when she discusses her work. "I often feel so inadequate," she said. "There is so much more I have to learn about my craft. I want so badly to be a really fine actress."

Destiny has lighted the path and directed Audrey's steps to the top. She is not the type to sit around and wait in idle hope for a further helping hand. The End

**Exclusively Yours**

(Continued from page 63)

This Hollywood story will surely have a happy ending. Of certain others, I'm not so sure.

**Somewhere I'll Find You**

There seems little doubt that Ava Gardner will marry Walter Chiari, her new and, perhaps, real love. When he introduced Ava to his mother, Signora Anni-chiarico in Milan, that was proof enough. In Italy, that is a sure sign. I first learned about them many months ago—weeks before the silly rumor about her and Rubirosa. She was in Paris, trying on clothes at Dior's, and Walter was at her side every night. The story only leaked out when he got a role in the picture, "The Little Hut" (thanks to her intervention). As everyone certainly knows, Chiari, one of Italy's brightest comic stars, used to be madly in love with Lucia Bose, who married Ava's former love, Luis Dominguin. Walter's bold on Ava, it is said, is based on his ability to make her laugh. Chiari is a lean, lanky clown with lots of charm; in fact, he undeniably reminds her of Sinatra, whom he adores to imitate, just for Ava's pleasure. They now travel about quite openly together, and they share the same bodyguard, a husky ex-carabinieri. Incidentally, also, Walter dated Ava several years ago in Rome, but only for a short time, during one of her frequent "mads" with Sinatra. After Boz married Dominguin, and before he found Ava again, Walter dated Elsa Martinelli steadily. They were even rumored secretly married.

**Slow: Danger Ahead**

Has Montgomery Clift the will-power and the determination to lick the emotional problem that is now shaking his nerves and giving him no peace of mind, or is he heading for a crack-up? That's the question that's worrying his friends and I mean worrying. His shattered nerves caused endless delays in shooting...
Are Love and Romance passing you by?

DON'T RUIN YOUR CHANCES because of unsightly teeth. Give your teeth the Hollywood glamour look... with Iodent No. 2. Smoke Smudge and Surface Stains disappear after only a few brushings. See your teeth glow with radiant whiteness. Iodent No. 2 is made by a Dentist. It is guaranteed to be safe and effective by Good Housekeeping. Get a tube today... and start smiling with confidence.

Remember too... your dentist knows that diet and clean teeth are the best decay stoppers.

Tony Franciosa (right above, with Patricia Neal and director Elia Kazan) came up the hard way, but Radie Harris predicts he'll have it easy from here on in "Raintree County" and added millions of dollars to its cost.

What is this problem that is tugging at his emotions, leaving him tired and spent at the ripe old age of thirty-six? Is it a frustrated love for Elizabeth Taylor, as has been hinted out loud in many gossip columns? Definitely not! His relationship with Liz was simply one of great camaraderie. The truth is that, for some strange reason, Monty has always been attracted to older women.

Perhaps it began when, at the impressionable age of twenty, he played his first important Broadway role with Lynn Fontanne in "There Shall Be No Night." What ingenue his own age could be as exciting, stimulating and glamorous as this First Lady of the theatre? It’s pure guesswork on my part, but I should think his interest in older women is conditioned by this early worship of Miss Fontanne. Later, when Monty could have had his pick of the most beautiful women in the world, his favorite companion was a plain-looking unglamorous woman, also his senior by quite a few years, named Mira Rostova, who was also his dramatic coach. This attachment lasted for several years.

The next woman to become important to Monty was Libby Holman. For several years she has been—and is—the dominating influence in his life. Back in 1929, when her rich, throaty voice sang "Moonin' Low" to Clifton Webb in "The Little Show," she was the toast of Broadway. She started her career in 1924, exactly four years after Monty was born, which should give you a rough idea of the wide divergence in their ages. Near-sighted, she wears glasses all the time—and, night or day, they are dark lenses. Though Libby is middle-aged, she has the pencil-slim figure of youth. And though she seems serene, her life has been marked by such violent tragedy that it almost seems as if she had been cursed by some malevolent enemy.

Her first husband was shot shortly after their marriage. Whether it was murder or an accident has never been solved to this day, and a movie, "Written on the Wind," has been built around the mystery. The death of her young husband made Libby a fabulously rich widow. She also left her with a fatherless son who was her whole life until she met tall, blond and handsome film star Phillips Holmes—who, by the way, looked remarkably like Monty. They were inseparable and divinely happy. Then came the war. Phillips enlisted in the Air Corps and was killed in a plane crash. His young brother, Ralph, darkly handsome in contrast to Phil’s blond good looks, wooded and won Libby. This marriage, too, was destined for a shocking final curtain when Ralph committed suicide. Is it significant or merely coincidental that Libby’s three great loves were younger than she, just as Monty is today? She never married again. She lavished all her love on her only son. Then, in the summer of 1950, when he was eighteen, Chris Reynolds went to California to try and scale Mount Whitney. He lost his footing and crashed down the icy slopes to his death.

It is this woman, who has survived personal tragedies any one of which would have "undone" anyone else, who is now trying to help Monty get through the emotional conflict that has been tugging at him for the past year. When he had his motor crash, it was she who rushed to the Coast to help nurse him back to health. During the trying days on location for "Raintree County," when Monty’s nerves seemed at the breaking point, his studio sent for Libby. Her arrival for a ten-day visit calmed him down like a tranquilizer. Her magnificent estate in Greenwich, Connecticut, is his home between pictures. Her seems to be the "mother love" he desperately needs and he, in turn, is the four "sons" she has lost.

Is this relationship the basis for Monty’s emotional torment? Is he trying to escape an inner voice that tells him to break away, and to try to find his personal happiness with a wife, nearer his own age, who can build a future for him and their children? Or is he listening to another voice that assures him the pattern of Libby’s appeal for him was set long ago and that it is useless to fight it? Whatever answer he accepts can bring him at least a modicum of peace, and his friends are hoping he will accept one or the other—now, before it is forever too late and a brilliant talent is destroyed.

Reunion in London

The night before I left London, I dined with one of my dearest and oldest friends—Ty Power. There were just the two of us, and I didn’t know whether to be flattered or insulted that his newest romance, Mai Zetterling, trusted me alone with him! Seriously, though, this “new” romance is liable to be old hat by the time this reaches print, because Ty is thoroughly enjoying being the most eligible bachelor in London, and he refuses to be caught
in the "tender trap" again—at least for quite a while.

I couldn't help wondering whether ex-wife Linda Christie now realizes, when it is much too late, that she never had it so good as when she was Mrs. Tyrone Power. Ironically enough, she is still very much in love with Ty and can't stand the man she broke up two homes for, Edmund Purdom. And, by the way, I wonder what's happened to Purdom? He had a great chance when he went to Hollywood, but it's extremely doubtful that he'll ever be welcomed back there.

**European Merry-Go-Round**

Jean Pierre Aumont won't be in France when his new play, "The Very Happy Angel," has its premiere in Nice, on Christmas Eve, as he will be filming in Hollywood... Olivia de Havilland and her husband, Pierre Galante, have bought a three-story house in Paris' Bois de Boulogne section... On her birthday, Rita Hayworth received a lovely set of diamond clips from daughter Yasmin. But, of course, it was really Yasmin's father, Aly Khan, who went to the jeweler's, picked it out, and paid for it. Rita, now living in Paris, admits she will have a hard time tearing herself away to return to Hollywood for "Pal Joey." She is negotiating to make a picture in Paris nine months from now.

**Keep Your Eye On**

... Tony Franciosa, who will be seen in Elia Kazan's "Face in the Crowd," which Warner Brothers will release at Easter time. A product of the Actors' Studio, Tony is the virile type who looks as if he came up hard way—and he has, holding down every sort of job from welder to busboy in a Beverly Hills cafeteria. He was born in New York, but the theatre never interested him, and he didn't even see his first play until a year after he had begun studying acting. He appeared in two Broadway plays, "Bedding Breakfast" and "A Hatful of Rain," and then Hal Wallis tagged him for Hollywood. He's now on the Coast making "This Could Be The Night!" for Metro, with Jean Simmons, and we predict this young actor will zoom to stardom, fast. He's never been married, and is still in bachelor circulation—a situation that Shelley Winters has been trying to remedy ever since she played opposite each other in "Hatful and continued their love scenes after the curtain rang down! But Tony's strictly a career man, and it's paying off.

**Bighearted Man**

It could only happen to Vic Mature. Two evening dresses were missing from a stack which had been used to make a short to plug Vic's new film, "Zarak," and the Warwick Films company was questioning everyone who had been present at the filming of the short. Everyone, that is, except Vic. It seems that Mature overheard two chorus girls sigh over the dresses and lament how they would like to wear them to a ball they were going to. Mature very generously said, "The dresses are yours. Take them." So, of course, they did take them. After a few days, they heard about the fuss, packed the dresses in a suitcase and left them at Vic's apartment. It seems he just wanted to make a gallant gesture, but forgot to ask the owner's permission. The End
How to Have a Love Affair

(Continued from page 32)

London town house, located almost within the shadow of the Palace of Westminster. The room bore the unmistakable signs of a woman's touch, a woman's occupancy—the richness of the pale blue drapery fabrics at the tall windows, the flowery mahogany piano, the elaborate Venetian glass and crystal that graced table tops and mantel. The woman who was responsible for these touches, however, was nowhere in sight—she was dug back in a deeply upholstered black leather chair. He wore a dark red smoking jacket and black patent leather slippers. He sipped a Scotch and soda in the manner of a "Man of the World." He appeared long and lanky, and deeply on a strong French cigarette—and they are, by the way, the strongest in the world. He was the picture of a truly sophisticated, handsome man.

He also looked happy, contented, at ease. And he was.

"Please understand me," he said, with a trace of anxiety in his low, deep voice, "I've been married and divided my work and looking very sincere, "I am not advocating the double standard. I am not suggesting that married men should flirt. I am only saying that a little woman might not permit her husband to be hurt by his foolishness. Take me, for example. I love my wife. We have been happily married for seventeen years. But..."

He set his drink down with a gesture of repentence, and a note of defiance crept into his voice, "why should I not have the pleasure of looking admirably at another woman—even, on occasion, of taking her to dinner? Should I search a simple thing like taxes? Recriminations? Should it send my wife rushing to the divorce court? Should it ruin our happiness?" He answered his own questions with, "Nonsense!"

I agreed. However, didn't his attitude, while sensible in theory, require a certain amount of trust and understanding on the part of the wife? Any wife?

Rossano nodded. "But," he went on, "actually, I do not believe it is the harmless little flirtation itself to which the wife objects. It is the way in which it is handled. The important thing is to handle it all in such a way that no one is hurt. How does a husband take some other woman out to dinner without a breech of decency? Why, by being careful to see to it that she does not know about it."

And if his wife should happen to ask where her husband was at eleven o'clock that particular night?

"Ah, but that is just it. She doesn't ask. At least," and a fond, warm look came over his handsome Latin face, "my wife doesn't ask. I am a very wise woman. For instance..."

He leaned back, stretched his legs out in front of him, and lit a new cigarette with a small gold monogrammed lighter. His every gesture was smooth, quiet, almost too smooth, too dramatic. Did he really mean these things he was saying, or was he kidding? It didn't really matter. They were just made good listening. Once again, I was making a mental note.

"First," Rossano continued, "let us suppose Lida, my wife, expects me home for dinner at seven o'clock. Let us also suppose that somewhere in the course of my going to a business lunch, who intrigues me—who, for any one of a hundred reasons, I would like to know better. I ask her to dine with me. She promptly says, 'But you're married.' I promptly answer, 'But of course I am married.' She then says—and you would be amazed how consistent women are in their replies to these things!—Then how can you have dinner with me? My reply is always the same: 'My dear,' I assure this young woman, 'I did not ask you to marry me. I merely asked you to dine with me this evening.'"

"And then?"

"And then," smiled Brazi, looking like a cat who has eaten a particularly tempting canary, "I call Lida. I am careful to call her Lida. I am not ruining a meal which she has gone to particular pains to prepare. I am very polite, naturally. And regretful; also naturally. I casually mention a script conference, a rehearsal. I tell her exactly what time I shall be home—and I am always home within half an hour of that time."

And this charming little flirtation is to remain charming, if it is to remain in the memory of both as a delightful interlude, everything must be carefully planned and nothing left to chance. Where, for instance, will they go for dinner?

"Someplace out of doors, if the weather is nice. In Rome," he sighed, remembering, "the weather is almost always nice. Blue skies, whitewashed buildings, a little restaurant atop a hill, perhaps one overlooking the Mediterranean. At such a place," he said, "there is almost no possibility of encountering someone I know who might later tell my wife of, of course, must quite a story out of something so simple as bringing a gentleman unless someone chooses to make it so."

Rossano returned to his drink. He sipped it thoughtfully. "There are many ways of handling these situations, but the best rule always is, quite simply, to use good taste."

Again I had to mention that it seemed to me these arrangements always required cooperation. Granted, Rossano's wife was most cooperative in not asking questions. Now supposing this young woman, with whom he wanted nothing more than a little of talk, a woman who, he should impulsively lean forward, as he was bidding her good night, and leave a smudge of lipstick on his collar? There have ever been times, I mentioned, when women have been known to do such things quite deliberately, in order to disturb exactly the kind of happy and understanding marriage which Rossano Brazi unquestionably enjoys with his Lida.
thing, she leaves such a smudge on my collar. I change my shirt. If necessary, I throw away the shirt I would never come home to my wife with powder on my collar or a blonde hair on my lapel." Instinctively, he reached up and brushed his lapel on this last remark. "And if your wife should ask you, when you get home, whether you had been out with another woman?"

Brazzi's eyebrows shot up abruptly. "Lidia would not dream of doing such a thing. A clever wife—and my wife is very clever—does not ask her husband if he has been seeing some other woman. She might think it, but until he tells her so, she doesn't know it. If she does not ask, he cannot tell her. A wife must trust her husband implicitly, and he must know that she does."

Trust, Brazzi declared gravely and seriously, is the most binding and enduring quality in any marriage. "The very first minute a woman starts doubting her mate, the union is over. And jealousy!" Rossano threw up his hands. "Someday some marriage will be a marriage in one blow. But always remember, it takes two to start jealousy." He leaned back, looking very wise. "A sensible husband never gives his wife a reason to be jealous."

To illustrate his point, Rossano described a typical evening out with his wife. He and Lidia might be dining at a smart restaurant, there would be the usual striking, magnificently dressed beauty at the next table. Brazzi saw her—out of the corner of his eye—but that's all! At all times, he shows the utmost consideration for his wife. He never asks her, "What do you think?"

He raised a forefinger. "That," he declared, "is where my wife is clever. She is the first one to draw my attention to the attraction. She is the first one to comment, 'Isn't she lovely?'" Rossano shrugged. "What can a man say then?"

Rossano said that he met Lidia when they both were sixteen, attending the same school in Florence. At twenty-one, they were married. Rossano studied law and began practicing in Rome. Then one summer he appeared in an amateur theatrical production, a film producer noticed him and signed him to a movie contract, and he has been an actor ever since.

"Suddenly, I was thrust into a business where I saw dozens of exciting women all around me. Naturally, like any really blooded Latin, I was tempted. But Lidia is not, somehow, the kind of wife to whom one is unfaithful. She is too intelligent, too understanding. By giving me the little freedoms she keeps me happy, content. And I think if I were to start my life over again and marry again, I would still choose Lidia."

Why? "Because Lidia is the perfect wife," Brazzi answered promptly. "She manages the home beautifully. My breakfast is ready on time. My shirts, ties, suits are always clean and in order. She takes down my telephone messages, reads my script with me, discusses contracts. She praises me only when I deserve it. She never gushes. She's real. She's honest."

We began comparing the average Italian wife to her American counterpart. We discussed a fact Rossano had brought up earlier, that there are so many more divorces in America than in any country in Europe. Brazzi thought this was so because American husbands and wives, though they loved each other very much, didn't respect one another as European husbands and wives do.

"That is," he said, "they do not respect one another's right to privacy, to having a little part of themselves that belongs to

---

FREE! Art Talent Test

Find out, free, if you have talent that could be trained for a career in advertising art or illustrating. Take this simple Art Talent Test at home in spare time. Test was developed by professional artists to uncover new talent. Mail coupon today for free Talent Test. 

ART INSTRUCTION, INC., STUDIO 1397
500 South 4th Street, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota
Please send me your Talent Test, without cost or obligation. (PLEASE PRINT)

Name
Address
City
State
County
Occupation
no one else. A little room, shall we say, marked, ‘no admittance.’

On the other hand, Rossano said he was sympathetic toward American marital troubles, because he feels the United States, compared with Italy, is still an infant nation. ‘We’ve had centuries of experience,’ he emphasized. ‘Italian men and women are born with a talent to cope with these problems.’

But doesn’t Lidia ever phone to say she won’t be home for dinner? That she’s playing bridge, or, its Italian equivalent, as American wives sometimes do?

‘Never!’ replied Rossano emphatically.

‘Oh, she may do those things during the day—by the hour, in fact—but she’s home in line to prepare a good dinner, at least. Italian house is always in order. Fresh flowers are on the table. When I walk in, I have the feeling she’s waiting for me. That’s one of the most important things in marriage—to know that someone is waiting.’

There are other things, too, in the Bazzini match which make it a happy union—in spite of what Rossano insists on being a slightly roving eye.

Money, for example. Rossano said his wife never has to ask him for enough cash to get through the day. They have a joint bank account, and Lidia writes a check whenever she needs to. He spends what he likes. ‘I make the money,’ he declared. ‘It’s ours.’

And then there is thoughtfulness. If Lidia has stitched up a new slipcover for a chair, Rossano notices it as soon as he enters the room. He remarks about the slipcover, praises his wife, gives her a big hug for making his home more attractive.

‘Anniversaries and birthdays are not forgotten, either,’ Rossano smiled. ‘As a matter of fact, we celebrate our wedding anniversary for a whole week. One night, we have a big party at our house. The next night, we may go to the theatre. The third night, we go to a friend’s home. And finally, on the last night, we have our own private celebration just by ourselves.’

In spite of seventeen years of married life, Rossano said he and Lidia seem to have retained the same romantic feelings they had for one another the first day they met.

‘Above all,’ Rossano admitted with a somewhat sheepish grin, ‘when a man feels he is free to flirt, it is surprising how much of the fun is taken out of it!’

Drawing on his own experience for an example of this, he told about his trip to the United States a couple of years ago.

‘The studio asked me to go over to make personal appearances, publicizing “Summertime,” he recalled. “They wanted me to come alone, feeling I’d make a more romantic impression without my wife.”

Rossano said he discussed the proposed jaunt with Lidia, and she very wisely left the decision up to him. “I decided to make the trip,” the actor continued. “Of course, in the back of my head, I was thinking, ‘Oh, this is going to be great! Traveling all around—a bachelor.’”

Full of anticipation, a gleam in his eye and a selection of natty new suits in his trunk, Rossano boarded a liner for New York. He was going to have himself a ball. It was Friday. Every afternoon, he sipped cocktails with the loveliest ladies on shipboard. Every evening, he dined and danced with a different beauty. He was the charming, beguiling Latin lover, the darling of the female passenger list, the romantic Rossano Brazzi, who left each girl palpitating and breathless. But what happened to Rossano?

‘A week later,’ he declared, “I arrived in New York. Do you know what?” He sighed heavily. ‘I was homesick! I missed Lidia so terribly much, I started phoning her every night.”

And there he was, the well-trained actor responding to a cue, Rossano asked if he’d like to meet Lidia. I instantly said, “By all means, yes!”

He opened the living room door and called upstairs. A pleasant, easy feminine voice called down in Italian to say that she wasn’t properly dressed. Her husband assured her it didn’t matter. This was a friend, and female. In a minute, Lidia appeared, pink and plump and bubbly, in a frothy, lacy negligee. I explained that we’d been discussing her marriage. Naturally, I didn’t want to leave without meeting her. She beamed happily at her husband.

“We have a wonderful life,” she declared.

You could tell at once by her calmness and by her smile that here was a wife who understood her husband thoroughly and enjoyed him thoroughly.

“Mrs. Brazzi, how do you feel about your leading women? Are you ever jealous, say, of your husband’s love scenes with them?”

“Nonsense!” said Lidia, much as her husband had said half an hour before, “I love his leading women. Rossano is working now with Joan Crawford in The Golden Virginia. Miss Crawford is sweet and intelligent. I admire her greatly.”
The next question was such a bold one, I all but trembled when I asked it. "What would you do if you ever found out there was another woman in your husband's life?"

The room was abruptly filled with peal after peal of resounding laughter. "Another woman? Ridiculous!" Lidia was rocking with merriment. "Oh, he looks! What Italian doesn't? But anything serious?" She was still holding her sides. "Oh, no—not Rossano! When a man is happy at home, he stays there. And Rossano is happy—very happy."

"Then your marriage has been successfully?"

"The best!" said Lidia, her hands in the air in a typical Italian gesture. "We are—how you say?—compatible. We have fun. Rossano brings home little presents to surprise me. I cook his favorite dishes. In our apartment in Rome, we are always planning parties. We go motoring in Italy—all over. We enjoy doing everything together."

Rossano was looking a little wistful. "I would hate to think what life would be without my wife," he declared, his voice strangely low. "We have grown together. You might almost say, grown up, together."

"Then there never could be a separation or divorce for the Brazzis?"

Rossano shook his head, not only to make a negative gesture, but to indicate his wonderment, his puzzlement at such a question. "You Americans," he said, "you do not understand love. Maybe, once in a while, I flirt. Maybe, even, with a wink in her direction. "Lidia flirts. What has this to do with a happy marriage? Divorce? Never!"

Rossano drained the last of his drink, as though to toast his pledge—and the woman he married who still acts like a bride. An aromatic scent of tomato sauce and garlic came floating through the living room. I mentioned something about dinertime and said I'd better be leaving.

Rossano Brazzi saw me to the door. "I'd like to ask you something," he said, speaking quickly and quietly. "My studio wants me to come to America on a personal appearance tour. Is it the new picture. Do you think I should go?"

"Without Lidia?"

Rossano nodded. Then he caught my thought, and the hopeful look slowly faded from his face. "I didn't mean it,\n\nI paid the prices. But—we were really making it. We were happy. Then she—she—you have seen her, I suppose."

We shook hands. The door closed softly behind me, and I walked out into the gray, penetrating London fog. Oddly, I felt lonely, for no special reason. It had something to do with the smell of dinner cooking, with a woman's warm, rich, happy laughter, with a feeling I had that, behind that closed door, two people in love had already gone into one another's arms. I somehow knew that at this moment Rossano would be kissing his wife tenderly, laughing softly down into her upturned, worshipped face.

People have said, "How can a woman like Lidia, who is charming, yes, but who makes no effort to be svelte or stylish, continue to hold the love of a man like Brazzi—a man who, as an actor, is constantly exposed to some of the most beautiful women in the world?"

I knew. Lidia knew. She is always there, waiting for him, and he knew it. And, "When a man is happy at home, he stays there.

"You men never learn. But women do. I did."

---

**PLAN TO SEE:** Rossano Brazzi in U-A's "Interlude."
"Look, Kid, How Stupid Can You Be?"

(Continued from page 49) the world that I had a prison record. And when I become a father, I'll have to pay again someday, because I'll have to tell my child the truth about my life, before somebody else does. Children can be cruel, and it's entirely possible that some child may say, with unintentional cruelty, "Your father was a jewel." I don't want my child to be hurt for something I did any more than is absolutely necessary.

My child will have to hear it, but I want him to hear it from me. The toughest part is going to be trying to explain to him why I did the things that landed me in jail. At the time, like any lonely, underprivileged kid, I had a grudge against the world. I was going to get away with all I could. Why not?

My father left home when I was a year old. My mother, a beautiful young woman, had to work as a waitress on a split shift in order to support herself and me. I lived with my mother, uncle and grandfather in Santa Cruz, a small town in the foothills of California.

Sometimes my mother was away during the daytime, sometimes at night. She did the best she could, under the circumstances. But she had so many problems of her own. I never felt I could worry her with mine. Nor did I have much of a companionship with my uncle and grand-father. They lived in a mental world that was far different from mine, one I didn't understand and which therefore didn't interest me.

Like many kids who get into trouble, I was a lone wolf. I seldom associated with the other children in school or elsewhere. I got used to being alone. When my folks had company, they'd give me some money to go out and have dinner. I used to go to the local Chinese restaurant and eat there. After that, I wouldn't know what to do with myself. I knew I was supposed to keep out of the way at home, so I would look for things to do on the street to fill the time.

I've often heard the teen-age children of friends of mine complain about parental supervision. They say, rebelliously, "My mother makes me get home by 11 o'clock every night—even earlier on a school night! It's ridiculous! I feel like a dope when I have to explain to the other kids. Or even worse, to my date!"

That was a problem I never had. Maybe I would have rebelled, too, but I still wish I could make those kids see how wonderful it is to have someone who cares deeply about what happens to them. It's the kids whose parents are too busy or too tired to care when—or even whether—they come home, who get into trouble. In a way, you can't really blame these kids. As I did, they start looking for some way to forget their loneliness, for excitement. Sometimes they find that excitement by learning to steal.

I began to steal things when I was just a youngster. I stole only little things, but it gave me the thrill I needed. I was getting away with something—or so I thought. Actually, the punishment was there, just waiting to catch up with me.

I didn't dare bring the stolen money or things home, for my mother would have raised the roof, and probably would have called the cops. So I also got into the habit of staying away from home more and more. Sometimes, without saying a word to anyone, I would run away from home and go to the Santa Cruz mountains by myself. While other kids were closed up in school rooms, I was hunting for rabbits and fishing for trout.

Those other kids were dumb; I was smart, or so I thought. I didn't mind too much the licking I got when I'd finally return home. I felt it was a small price to pay for all the fun. When I returned to school, I had to bring a note from my mother explaining why I'd been absent. I didn't have the courage to tell my teachers the truth, and my mother, wanting me to take the punishment I deserved—and which might have spared me some of the really tough punishment I deserved and got later on—refused to give me a note. So I wrote my own notes, saying I was sick, and forged my mother's name to them. A habit, a vicious habit, was being formed. The habit of thinking that nothing was forbidden, nothing was wrong—except getting caught at wrongdoing.

What could my parents—what can any parents—do to save their children from making the same mistakes I made? With my own child about to be born, I've done

Here's Millie Considine, who's joining her syndicated columnist-broadcaster husband Bob, as a radio personality.

THE MILLIE CONSIDINE SHOW
12:15 to 12:30 p.m., NYT, over the
MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM

—featuring behind-the-scenes interviews with Hollywood stars and internationally known personalities! Also, be sure to hear that zany duo, BOB AND RAY 5 to 5:45 p.m., NYT, over your local Mutual network station...
plenty of thinking about this, and I believe I know some of the answers.

For one thing, too many parents take their children for granted. At first they cluck and fuss over a newborn baby, then they have to turn back to the everyday problems of earning a living, paying the bills, trying to make ends meet. They want their children to have more than they had. Again and again I hear parents who are too busy to spend time with their children explain this neglect by saying, "But I want to give them things—all the things I didn't have."

If these people ever stopped to ask their kids what they want, chances are the children would say, "I want you!"

Too many parents don't spend much time with their children. They're too tired to play with their children or answer their questions. I've heard my friends say to their youngsters, "Just take my word for it and don't argue. I've been through it and I know a lot more than you do." And then these devoted parents add impatiently, "Now run along and play and let me read my paper."

It isn't enough to tell a youngster that he can take your word for it. You have to explain. You have to respect the child's opinion, too, and listen to it—really listen. You've got to help him make his own decision; you shouldn't ask him to accept yours. When a child is told to "run along!" and is not given what he considers a fair shake, he feels confused—and rebellious. I know. I went through it as a child. It was one of the things that left me with a grudge against the grown-up world. It led their children to do. They'd say, they'd be sorry for brushing me off as though I didn't matter.

Because of the experience I myself have had, I have resolved that, when I become a father, I will spend plenty of time explaining things to my children, showing them why they should do certain things. I know how dangerous it is to set kids free to try out things for themselves, without knowing what the consequences can be.

I never cried as a child. I kept most of my feelings and my problems to myself, because I didn't really think anyone cared about me. It's a lot harder to help a child if he learns to talk out his problems. I want my child to know that he can come to me with any difficulty and tell me about it, no matter what he has or hasn't done. I want him to know that nothing he might do would ever change my love for him. We all make mistakes. Once they're paid for, we can forget them and go on. Nobody thinks less of us because we blundered. All we have to do is own up to it and get straightened out before a mistake becomes a way of life.

I think religion is important, too. Very important. The turning point in my life came when I was nineteen. I was in prison. The authorities of the prison decided to move me; I was a potential troublemaker.

Before I was transferred, the prison chaplain, Father Kanaly, asked me to promise that I'd be a good boy, wherever I went. By then Father Kanaly had won my respect, simply by treating me as a person, a human being. I made that promise, and I kept it.

But I was bitter and despondent, because I hadn't been baptized. It was another part of that hunger to belong to the human race. Father Kanaly understood. He followed me to the Union Depot in Oklahoma City and asked me if I still wanted to be baptized. When I said I did, he baptized me then and there, solemnly and quietly—in the men's room of the railroad station!

As a child, I'd heard about religion and had gone to church and Sunday school...
occasionally. But I was bored by Sunday school. Such teaching does a great deal of good for some children, but others, like myself, must be reached by a different kind of appeal. I feel that religion should start at home. It’s certainly true that parents can live a better sermon than they or anyone else can preach.

I also feel that young people should learn to earn money, even at home. Someday, they’ll have to go out and fend for themselves. If a youngster has had too sheltered a life, he may be afraid to go out and earn his own living. Even though I came from a poor home, I wasn’t given the incentive to work and earn money for the things wanted to have and do, so I began to take

We can all lose money, but we keep our abilities, and they improve with practice. When I have children, I expect to give them a little time to answer the question that they do, such as cutting the lawn. If they get money by earning it, I don’t think they’ll ever be tempted to steal.

The mere fact that their parents are wealthy doesn’t keep children from getting into a jam. Wealthy parents who pay too little attention to what their kids do are just as bad for them as poor parents who find time to answer the questions that they do.

In some wealthy homes that I’ve been in, the children have no one to talk to except maids or nurses.

That’s one thing I wouldn’t want for myself or for my children. I’d hate to leave the entire upbringing of our children to a nurse or a maid. We’ll be thankful for the privilege of raising kids.

Isn’t that significant twice, and has miscarried twice. But I have great faith in God’s wisdom, and I hope and believe that this time their pregnancy will reward us with a little son or daughter. Of course, whether the child’s father is hand or not, and when we say our prayers, we always add, “Thy will be done.”

We know that if

It is right for us to have children. He will send them to us. Then it is up to us to give them the kind of life that will help them develop into people we can be proud of.

The late, great Father Flanagan, of Boys’ Town, once said, “There never was a bad boy.” Children aren’t born wanting to be bad. Sometimes they become that way through too much discipline, sometimes from too little. But mostly they get that way because, somewhere along the line, they’ve been given the feeling, the idea, that nobody wants them, that they’re not important. So they become important by joining gangs, by stealing, by forcing people to notice them.

I never disciplined his son. The boy was all he had and he was afraid of losing his love. The boy became more and more unruly until finally the father, exasperated, seized the child and hauled him. He thought his son would hate him for what he’d done. Instead, the boy came up to him several days later to say, “I thought you weren’t going to like me any more, but I was wrong. What did I do? I was glad when you spanked me the other night. I knew I’d misbehaved, but I thought it made no difference to you.”

There are all sorts of reasons why kids get into trouble. But what we can happen to them is to find out, early in life, that nobody ever really gets away with anything. The smart people “pay up” while the others are small. They admit to, submit to, that they owe a debt to society, and they set about paying it off the same way they’d pay any other debt. But the stupid ones let the debt ride and grow, until finally they’re going to be drawn into a kind of personal bankruptcy that they’ll pay for life—or with their life.

And what’s smart about something like that, hmmm?

The End

BE SURE TO SEE: Rory Calhoun in Columbia’s “Ush Baine.”

Red Hot Iceberg

(Continued from page 59)

Her skin was smooth and white, as a Nordic beauty’s should be. You could see only her pencil on pencil sunglasses she was sporting, although it was October in England and the sky was gray. Her husband—polite, proper and British. Of course, he evidently had had previous experience with his bluntly outspoken wife. He handed her a menu, his motive plainly to get her to change the subject. I helped by inquiring apropos the menu.

“We were married seven months ago,” said dark-haired Tony. "We had the ceremony and our honeymoon in Italy. Of course, it was all on her picture. ‘Interpol,’ most of the time, but we had long weekends to ourselves.”

Anita decided abruptly, as she does everything, to remove the sunglasses. Her eyes were as clear and blue as the Baltic. She leaned forward to join in the conversation. "When we were in Genoa, the reporters and photographers were furious with us," she declared, "because they said we were all for them. We never went downstairs to the dining room or the bar. We never went to restaurants or night clubs. Anita gave me that self-assured look again. But why should we? We were tired. I had been working all day. All I wanted was to have a quiet dinner with my husband in our suite. I don’t care to spend my money on a bar, drinking with a lot of dull people. I may never see again."

This Eckberg woman was turning out to be quite a talker. Sarcely pausing for breath, she ratted on, “I can’t stand boring people. They make me so nervous. I could scream if I wanted to.” Tony was watching, just beside her. "To be honest,” Tony and I were dining out. A man we didn’t even know walked up to our table and had the nerve to sit down and start a conversation. I just told him, ‘Back off, kitty-cop. I have a leave.’"

Lunch was being served and we drifted into a discussion of the young couple’s mutual acquaintances. “I try to be nice to Tony’s friends. But mean always realize he has known them for years and if he wants to see them I feel there’s a reason. So, she concluded matter-of-factly, ‘I put up with them. But how about your friends? ’"

"I never did have many close girl-friends," Anita answered. "Today, I don’t have any. That is, no one whom I keep in touch with. My old friends in Sweden, you or America understand. Marriage hasn’t changed me. I’ve always been like this.”

Anita said that when she first came to Hollywood four years ago, she had a few girl-friends. One of the girls, one of her chums would meet us at a restaurant for lunch. They would chatter and laugh away a good hour. "Then all of a sudden,” Anita recalls, "we would leave the table. I can’t explain it. But I just wanted to go. I’d had enough."

This is the characteristic best described as moodiness. Anita can change, in a split second, from a jolly companion to a brooding, silent cake of ice. Aware of this peculiarity, she has learned to make quick exits the moment the mood strikes.
Sometimes, I just have to get away—far away from everybody and everything," she continued. "In California, I would get into my car and start to drive. All by myself, I never knew where I was going or how long I would stay out. If I saw a country road that looked interesting, I would try it. Maybe I came home in time for dinner, maybe at midnight."

But now that she's married, can Anita Ekberg still do exactly as she pleases? The blonde, Swedish volcano stared thoughtfully, "I try to compromise," she observed at last. "Today, I say to Tony, 'I'd like to take a ride in the country. Will you drive me?'"

"And I always do," smiled Tony.

In the London papers recently there had been some nasty gossip about Anita and Tony slipping each other's faces in public. It was time to ask about this. Tony was the first one to speak up, "It really wasn't anything," he contended, with typical glibness. "Just bad press.

But leave it to Anita to blast out with the truth, "I have a terrible temper," she openly admitted. "And so has Tony. Of course, we clash! We have a good, loud argument—in public or in private. But then, after it's all over, we laugh. Ten minutes later, we forget about it.

"Family fights are nothing," she went on, "I've heard my mother and father arguing fiercely. When I was a child, I sometimes thought the roof was going to blow off. But the fights weren't important. They were just letting off steam. The proof is that my mother and father have been happily married for thirty-five years."

That naturally led into a discussion of marriage. People as explosive as Ekberg are not usually considered good marriage risks. But suddenly Anita was looking very demure and starry-eyed. She said this was her first marriage and Tony's second. She related, a little breathlessly, that she had anticipated for a long time the happy day when she would be someone's wife. "Every girl dreams of having a husband," she said. "Cooking for two instead of one, sorting soiled socks from soiled shirts and managing the house."

"My wife's an excellent cook," Tony mentioned at this point. "We may go to the finest restaurant, where we are served the most elaborate dishes and yet the never taste as good as Anita's cooking."

"I cook by intuition," smiled Ekberg. "I remember watching my mother in the kitchen. She never used recipes. Today, when I prepare a meal, I throw in whatever herbs or spices I want. I enjoy cooking.

The only thing I hate is washing dishes. In California, my maid comes only on weekends. Mrs. Scholls, the woman I'm entertaining Saturday and Sunday. By Monday, there's no a clean fork left in the house!"

Anita stopped and consulted the menu. The fruit cup à la mode sounded most enticing to her. I found myself marvelling that anyone so perfectly proportioned could eat with such abandon. I still didn't know Ekberg. She had changed her mind long before the dessert appeared.

Meanwhile, we wanted to hear more about Mrs. Anthony Steele.

"I love it!" Anita beamted. "The first few weeks, I used to open the closet doors and just stand there, looking at Tony's suits. They made me feel warm and safe. And Tony is so neat. I marvel at how everything is hung up carefully."

"Army training," Tony put in.

"But I'm programmed," he answered Anita. "When I come home, I take off my clothes and throw them around the room as I go. Of course, now that I have Tony, I try to correct myself. But there is a terrific rut I'm always ahead of me. I may leave a sweater on a chair, because I haven't

beautiful Liberty Homes

43 designs ... Only $2376 to $7950

Build it yourself
... or direct its construction

Save thousands of dollars either way on Cape Cod bungalows, ranch homes with 2, 3, 4 bedrooms, large living/dining areas, "dream kitchens". Unique Liberty Home Building Plan outlines every step.

SO EASY TO BUILD ... SO EASY TO INDIVIDUALIZE

Blueprints, working plans are simple, easy to follow. Materials are pre-cut to exact size, numbered. Do all the work yourself. 

4 Attractive Payment Plans

Liberty Homes acceptable for FHA or VA financing. Details in catalog.

Send for colorful

52-page
catalog

Liberty Homes in full color with detailed floor plans, Send 25c.

L I B E R T Y  H O M E S

Lewis Manufacturing Co.

4172 Lafayette Ave.

Bay City, Mich.

Please send me Liberty Homes' Catalog for which I enclose 25c.

NAME

STREET or RFD

CITY

STATE

POEMS WANTED

For musical setting ... send

Poems today. Any subject

and length. CASH Payment.

$1.25 value in yours

FREE!

Sunshine's Exclusive

STUDIO ASSORTMENT

Every Day FREE!

Have Fun—Earn EXTRA CASH!

Get your FREE box today! Sunshine will send the sensational Studio Assortment (16 cay designed free, and other NEW tastefully designed creations on approval. See how the Sunshine Plan can reward you with $1-$1 for every free hour when friends and neighbors see these and other new and beautiful Sunshine cards as bargain basement prices. Write for your FREE box—now!

SUNSHINE ART STUDIOS, Inc. Depl. T-3-2

Springfield 1, Mass.

Pasadena 1, Calif.

TENSE NERVOUS HEADACHES

call for

STRONGER Yet SAFER

ANACIN®

Won't Upset The Stomach

ANACIN® not only gives stronger, faster relief from pain of headache, but is also safer. Won't upset the stomach and has no bad effects. You see, ANACIN is like a doctor's prescription. That is, ANACIN contains not just one but a combination of medically proven, active ingredients. Scientific research has proved no single drug can give such strong yet such safe relief as ANACIN. Buy ANACIN Tablets today!

Callouses

Pain, Tenderness, Burning Are Quickly Relieved

You'll quickly forget you have painful callouses, burning or tender on the bottoms of your feet, when you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. Thin, soft, wonderfully soothing, they are healing, protective. Separate Medications included for quickly removing callouses. Try them!

De-Scholl's Zino-pads

SHEETS, TOASTERS, TOWELS, MIXERS, etc.

GIVEN TO YOU FREE!

Hundreds of famous, nationally advertised products to choose from—furniture, rugs, lamps, slip covers, silverware, china, deserts.

You get $5.00 — $10.00 and more in merchandise just by being Secretary of a Popular Club. You help your friends form. It's easy! It's fun! Nothing to sell, nothing to buy. Write today.

Popular Club Planning, Dept. KV.

1515 North Michigan Ave., Chicago.
decided whether to wear it or not. By the time I've made up my mind, the sweater is gone. Tony has found it and tucked it away in my drawer.

Anita said she loves Hollywood, even though they gave her a pretty rough time when she first went out there. You see, Anita, native of Malmo, Sweden, began her career as a model in America. While still a teenager, she won a "Miss Sweden" beauty contest and a trip to California. But once there Anita failed to land the movie part on which she had set her sights. She went home, slightly embittered. But not for long. That's Nordic stubbornness. Never say die! In less than a year she turned around and struck out for Hollywood again.

"I nearly starved to death," she recalled. "There are a lot of blondes in Hollywood." Anita settled for modeling and became the subject of countless fan magazine pictures. Finally, the breaks came. Two small movie roles. And in 1955, a leading part in "War and Peace." In 1956, at the age of 25, she won the first starring vehicle in "Interpol," with Michael Wilding and Victor Mature.

"I'm going to be a good actress and a famous one," Anita predicted, without the slightest hesitation. This is only the beginning. I have sex appeal and I have talent. Tony and I plan to work in pictures together. We're both going to be tremendous successes.

Tony, who has done very well so far as a British star, smiled quietly. He took a more modest attitude toward their mutual efforts. "We rehearse scenes together now," he remarked. "It helps Anita in 'Interpol'." And when I'm working and she's not, she'll help me, cueing me on lines. It should be a fine combination of careers and marriage.

Without any warning, Anita suddenly stiffened. Her eyes were blazing, the black pupils in the blue orbits enlarging rapidly, like an angry cat's. "Fine. If people would just leave us alone." I gave her a questioning look.

"Reporters and columnists," she stormed away. "They will pick up anything Tony and I say and they'll turn it to our disadvantage."

In the next instant, Anita Ekberg was on her feet. She hadn't touched the fruit cup. "I have a two o'clock call," she announced abruptly. Then, just as abruptly, she was smiling again. Nothing had happened. "I've never been told. My life is not sensational. We are human beings. We have problems. Just leave us alone and we'll solve them."

went back to problems. Anita began thinking hard. "The other night, I got home from the studio late and I was so tired, I just fell into bed," she remarked finally. "Tony was in the room, writing a letter. All I said to him was, 'Hello, darling. Kiss me good night! That's a problem, I guess."

"Why do you ask so many questions?"

"Because I want to know a lot about you."

She gave me that frank, direct look. "I believe," she declared significantly, "you know too much already."

That obviously was a signal to leave. But as I rose, I caught a strange expression on Anita's face.

"Oh," she was saying, almost plaintively, "must you go so soon?"

Unpredictable Anita Ekberg! The En...
Who Needs Hair?

(Continued from page 65)

pouring in. At first, no one could believe it. It wasn’t a genuine phenomenon, they decided. With the bags of fan mail being carried in, it was a fluke. Time has proved them wrong. Letters are still pouring in—and along with the letters, compliments, proposals, love poems and gifts. Yul Brynner and Yul’s equally well-tatched fellow stars are scratching their heads. Everyone knew that Yul Brynner was an actor of tremendous talent, but thought he’d slowed down as he approached the school zone at Carmel, California. It was 3:30 and some of the high school gang were still sitting on the lawn.

“Hey, get a load of this job coming down the street,” one of the guys said.

“What is it?” another one asked lazily.

The car, with its two passengers, passed them, but they didn’t move an inch.

“It’s a—Holy smoke, it’s the King,” one of the girls gasped.

“I mean it’s him, it’s Brynner, It’s Yul Brynner!”

Yul, who was with his wife, the former Virginia Weidler, handsomely, and waved at his young admirers. While he is as surprised as his studio at the way he has caught the public fancy, he is also as pleased and not only does he as a star.

“This king,” however, has had anything but a regal life. Not that he’s complaining, he told us later. But he has worked for his living ever since he was a twobit saloon boy.

And if you’re wondering why, he’s now 36, his birthday’s July 11, and he doesn’t try to bury the figure in interviews. His birthplace is the Russian area of Sakhalin, an island in the northern chain of Japan. His father, though Swiss, was of Mongolian descent. And his mother was a dark-eyed Romany gypsy beauty.

In the tradition of both sides of his family, Yul Brynner had to be on the move almost all of his life. The Brynners, as it was then spelled, left the Far East for France when he was still a boy. He left school in high school and became a part of show business, his talent being made known to the world first by means of his guitar playing and ballad singing. Recently, when Yul returned to Paris, he decided to make use of Yul’s music. Twenty years ago Yul Brynner’s name was well known in the cabaret circuit of Paris. His reputation as a lady-killer was also well known, and when Yul, as bachelor, Yul was never known to depend on restaurants for his dinners. A long list of the loveliest ladies of Paris was his to choose from and every evening as they eagerly named their fanciest foods in the hope of sharing his fascinating company. They also hoped to trap him into matrimony, but no French girl ever succeeded.

Years later, a California girl from the Art Institute became his wife. Brynner is taller than he seems in photographs. He measures six feet. His eyes are a sharp brown and his hair—if he ever lets it grow again—is a deep brown-black.

The teen-aged Yul enjoyed his carefree cabaret existence for several years, then graduated to circus performing and eventually to the legitimate theatre, which last

the commissary when Brynner came in. Jerry and Yul had never met. As soon as Yul was within handshaking distance, they laughed, and both fell to their knees, bowing low like royal Siamese subjects. A gag? Sure it was, and it brought a terrific burst of laughter from the assembled Paramount workers as well as Brynner and Yul. The former laughs, off screen, that is, it is hearty, uncontrolled and honest.

“But you know something,” Jerry told us. “Yul’s talent was never lost even when Brynner was veteranized throughout his entire lunch, “Let’s face it. This man is the king.”

That wasn’t the first time such a comment has been made. One day, Yul’s sauces sport car slowed down as it approached the school zone at Carmel, California. It was 3:30 and some of the high school gang were still sitting on the lawn.

“Hey, get a load of this job coming down the street,” one of the guys said.

“What is it?” another one asked lazily.

The car, with its two passengers, passed them, but they didn’t move an inch.

“It’s a—Holy smoke, it’s the King,” one of the girls gasped.

“I mean it’s him, it’s Brynner, It’s Yul Brynner!”

Yul, who was with his wife, the former Virginia Weidler, handsomely, and waved at his young admirers. While he is as surprised as his studio at the way he has caught the public fancy, he is also as pleased and not only does he as a star.

“This king,” however, has had anything but a regal life. Not that he’s complaining, he told us later. But he has worked for his living ever since he was a twobit saloon boy.

And if you’re wondering why, he’s now 36, his birthday’s July 11, and he doesn’t try to bury the figure in interviews. His birthplace is the Russian area of Sakhalin, an island in the northern chain of Japan. His father, though Swiss, was of Mongolian descent. And his mother was a dark-eyed Romany gypsy beauty.

In the tradition of both sides of his family, Yul Brynner had to be on the move almost all of his life. The Brynners, as it was then spelled, left the Far East for France when he was still a boy. He left school in high school and became a part of show business, his talent being made known to the world first by means of his guitar playing and ballad singing. Recently, when Yul returned to Paris, he decided to make use of Yul’s music. Twenty years ago Yul Brynner’s name was well known in the cabaret circuit of Paris. His reputation as a lady-killer was also well known, and when Yul, as bachelor, Yul was never known to depend on restaurants for his dinners. A long list of the loveliest ladies of Paris was his to choose from and every evening as they eagerly named their fanciest foods in the hope of sharing his fascinating company. They also hoped to trap him into matrimony, but no French girl ever succeeded.

Years later, a California girl from the Art Institute became his wife. Brynner is taller than he seems in photographs. He measures six feet. His eyes are a sharp brown and his hair—if he ever lets it grow again—is a deep brown-black.

The teen-aged Yul enjoyed his carefree cabaret existence for several years, then graduated to circus performing and eventually to the legitimate theatre, which last
whetted his appetite for a good education. As with everything he attacks, Yul pursued the education with a vengeance, ending with a degree from the Sorbonne.

He arrived in America in 1941. But, until his stage triumph in “The King and I” in 1952, few people knew of his existence, despite the fact he made one film, “Port of New York,” back in 1949.

Strangely enough, one of those few who had seen that film and remembered it—particularly Yul—was Debbie Paget. Six years later, she was playing Lilla while he was Rameses in “The Ten Commandments.”

“Yes,” said Debbie, “how well I remember seeing him in ‘Port of New York’! Even then I was aware of his dominating magnetism. Of course, I didn’t really feel his great charm fully until I started to work with him. And I can tell you it is a powerful feeling. He seems to take over everything. When he walks on stage, or even in a room, you don’t watch anyone or anything else. Yet, despite this overpowering impact, he has a great deal of kindness in his eyes.

Virginia Gilmore is one woman who appreciates both his impact and his tenderness, and has ever since they met. They’ve been married eleven years and have a son, Rocky, nine, who looks like his dad.

To understand Brynner’s completely un-actor-like approach to life, we must understand that his ambition is to be a director first, an actor second. Before plunging into the stage version of “The King and I” he had been a highly successful TV director, only occasionally stepping before the cameras himself.

However, he told us that he will continue to act as long as he can portray interesting characters. He will not act just for the sake of acting, and he will not be a leading man.

Yul Brynner, he of the amazing sex appeal, does not like love scenes. At least, not love scenes in the traditional screen manner. While he has played some of the sexiest and most different love scenes ever filmed in his three movies, “The King and I,” “Ten Commandments” and “Anastasia,” opposite Deborah Kerr, Anne Baxter and Ingrid Bergman, the average male in the audience probably didn’t really realize the love scenes were even on screen. But ask any woman!

Yvonne de Carlo, for one, explains: “It’s not what he does but what he does. And also what he says with his eyes. He’s certainly not what I’d call a handsome man, but he has that unknown quality that makes you weak, that makes you want to run away from him.”

We decided that, armed with all this information on what makes Yul so irresistible to women, it was time to ask Yul himself. How did he feel about all this?

“Now that’s a dandy question,” he answered cheerfully, loving every word of it. “Because I can give you the answer in one sentence: I don’t play love scenes. Yes, the secret is in not doing them.”

There is no one who will deny that the “Shall We Dance?” number in “The King and I” is one of the sexiest scenes ever filmed, as well as being one of the most tender. By Yul’s reasoning it was so because it was accomplished without the usual methods.

“When I reached out to ask Deborah to dance,” he explained, “that gesture, without any words or further action, should have explained the completeness of the desire.”

He repeated the motion by slowly extending his right arm to its full length, then turned the palm upward, with the fingers apart and the arm held rigid. Of course, a certain “look” went with it. And we agreed that his motion not only “should have” but did explain the desire. We saw what he meant. We also began to see what the women meant.

“This single, simple gesture,” he said earnestly, “conveys more than ten pages of dialogue.”

But how come no kiss at all?

“That,” explained Yul, “would have spoiled it. The impulse for the desire is the greatest. Once it is fulfilled, that is the end of it. The impulse is the important thing. Besides which, it’s far more realistic.”

Similarly, in “Anastasia,” he has no direct love scenes with Ingrid Bergman. That is, there are no clinches. However, there is no doubt as to the bond of love between them. Unconsciously, or consciously, they love each other.

“It’s the whole attitude one must assume in playing a part. But that attitude, believe me, is not physical, but must come from within. In a way, Yul went on, “I’m lucky, I never play myself. And I’d probably be scared to death if I did. I must have something to portray, a completely different character whom I can study and then deliver.”

He leaned back in his chair, put his arms behind his head, and seemed to think back for a minute: Then he bounced forward, leaned over and said: “Do you know something? In the four years I played the King on stage, every time they gave me ‘thirty minutes to go’ I got nervous. And this happened every night!”

It never showed on stage, we noted.

“After all,” he countered. “But that is the reason: Because when I stepped on stage, I was the king—and the king never gets nervous. I, as Yul Brynner, am limited in what I can do. However, my imagination isn’t. As a matter of fact, no one’s is. Imagination has no inhibitions.”

It is thanks to his imagination, says Yul, that he has been able to play dominating roles in “The King, Pharaoh, and General Bounine.”

He plays all three roles, by the way, with a shaved head. But Yul doubts the appeal of a man with shaved head has anything to do with the attraction for the opposite sex. It is far from planned by him.

“I just try to play each role faithfully. My own personal enthusiasm about each character creates a certain amount of audience enthusiasm, I hope. But the shaved head is part of the realism in each role. The King of Siam and the Pharaoh were required, both by tradition of their royal families. And the Russian regiment to which Bounine belongs always shaved, too.”

Before the King and I,” Yul wore his hair in a very short crewcut, so it was not a shock for either Virginia or Rocky when they took razor in hand. And in case you wondered, he shaves his head when he doesn’t have it on.

He just makes longer strokes with the razor!

Yul says he plans to keep his shaved head.

“Hair is just a prop,” he laughed, “like a uniform, or spear, to play different roles. Besides, I don’t think a man’s looks are important. What he thinks and what he does are what count. Combining hair is a part of his personality and he’s going to stand and to see a man in front of a mirror, arranging his hair like a woman, putting a wave in it. Ugh!”

Frieda V. Bucineer,” in which he portrays Jean Lafitte, Yul will wear a wig and a moustache.

The burning question now is, Will Yul still be as attractive when he wears hair? Will his will his eyes have the same piercing quality when they peer out at you from beneath a wig of thick, dark tresses? Not since Hollywood was shaken by the great debate as to whether or not Marilyn Monroe meant it when she said she wanted to do “The Brothers Karamazov” has a controversy so rocked the studio commissaries.

The King” on stage, every time they gave me “thirty minutes to go” I got nervous. And this happened every night!”

“I promise no love scenes,” he said, but with a Kingly leer in our direction, “I do promise you lots of—what is that word again?­—Oh, yes. SEX!”

He sipped his mug of thick black coffee. His expression took on the distant look of the king who has closed his discussion and waits for the subject to depart. He had one final question.

“Remember,” he said, “there is no secret about love. In real life if a man wants to show his love, it is easy. He should be honest—that is all.”

We had one final question. We asked it wistfully. If there was no secret about love, then perhaps there was not, really, any secret about sex appeal. Perhaps it was something any man could cultivate, with a little patience, and a good razor.

Yul smiled. “That is, of course,” he said, “a secret.”

The End
Modess... because
Now...try a new idea in smoking:

Salem

- menthol fresh
- rich tobacco taste
- most modern filter

Your first puff will tell you SALEM refreshes your taste — you smoke refreshed! Through SALEM's modern, pure white filter flows the freshest taste in cigarettes — rich tobacco taste with a new surprise softness. It's a new idea in smoking...a new experience for every kind of smoker. Try SALEM and smoke refreshed today.

It's delightful to smoke Salem...you'll love 'em
NTY CLIFT'S BREAKDOWNS—The Year's Most Tragic Story

PHOTOPLAY

BLONDE PLOSIONS

Novak Mansfield Monroe

JAYNE MANSFIELD

• Announcing the Gold Medal Award Winners 1956-57
• ROCK HUDSON'S LIFE STORY—Final Instalment
• A HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY EXPERT TELLS HOW TO HAVE THE BUST YOU WANT
New and softest ever

New Kotex with Wondersoft covering
-the most comfortable,
most absorbent napkin ever designed

Now Kotex has Wondersoft covering . . .
a new open-mesh covering that's incredibly light and gentle. Only new Kotex napkins with this Wondersoft covering can give you softness you thought you'd never have; complete open-mesh absorption that never fails; and a perfect fit that can't ever pull out of shape.

To complete your comfort, Kotex has created a new sanitary belt. Its soft, flexible clasp ends cutting and chafing, yet is actually stronger than metal.

Buy a new Kotex belt, too!

"So much better"

KOTEX and WONDERSOFT are trademarks of Kimberly-Clark Corp.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins
because you are the very air he breathes...

Aren't you glad you're a girl? Isn't it a fabulous feeling... to know he'd rather be close to you than anyone else in the wide, wide world? Don't let anything mar this moment. Double check your charm every day with VETO... the deodorant that drives away odor... dries away perspiration worries. (Remember, if you're nice-to-be-next to... next to nothing is impossible!)

VETO is for you in more ways than one

Veto Cream
Veto Spray
Veto Stick
or Mist

Veto deodorant

dries away perspiration worries!
Your April issue will be on sale at your newsstand on March 7
WHAT A GUY WAYNE!

It's understandable that the fans vote John Wayne top favorite of the screen. He's great in this new picture based upon the colorful career of Commander "Spig" Wead ... the daredevil who actually parlayed fourteen dollars, a pair of crutches and a redhead's love into world fame!

M-G-M presents in METROCOLOR

JOHN WAYNE
DAN DAILEY
MAUREEN O'HARA

in
"THE WINGS OF EAGLES"

co-starring
WARD BOND

Screen Play by FRANK FENTON and WILLIAM WISTER HAINES

Based on the Life and Writings of Commander Frank W. "Spig" Wead

Directed by JOHN FORD

Produced by CHARLES SCHNEE

An M-G-M Picture

This is the redhead!
THANKS FOR THE MAIL

A product as personal as Tampax' internal sanitary protection does not draw sacks full of fan mail. But when women are writing us for some other reason—in response to an offer, perhaps, that we have placed in our package—they go out of their way to say the nicest things!

..."I've been using it for 15 years, and never once have I felt the slightest discomfort..."

..."Everything's nice about it... disposal... lack of odor... well, I'm just a Tampax enthusiast!"

..."So I told this friend of mine, 'You're just crazy if you don't use Tampax. Believe me, it's made me practically forget about differences in days of the month!'"

..."You make a product that's really a blessing for women."

Perhaps the opposite side of the coin is equally important; Tampax practically never gets a complaint. So again we say, "Thanks for the mail—thanks for being enthusiastic about Tampax (it's now in 75 countries)—thanks for making Tampax a success, and thanks for letting Tampax give you more poise, assurance, security..."

Tampax is available in 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior) wherever drug products are sold. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.


Regular TAMPAX

Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

INSIDE STUFF

Cal-York's Gossip of Hollywood

Thank You, TV: Both Anna Maria Alberghetti and Piper Laurie are grateful to television for taking them out of the sweet-young-thing roles. When Anna Maria played a gunman's moll and Piper a highly-charged dramatic role Hollywood producers sat up and took notice. Both girls these days are as busy as all get out. Piper, who had planned to go to New York for six months—she had even closed her apartment—was tapped for a lead in a Playhouse 90 TV production and had to unwrap the silver. For Anna Maria, this year looks great. She has just lined up a dozen concert singing engagements commencing with the famous Philadel-

No honeymoon hangover for Mitzi Gaynor, Jack Bean. Theirs goes on and on

Natalie Wood, with an "Elvis" pompadour, still enjoys date with Bob Vaughn

Anna Maria Alberghetti is very happily flanked by two Martins, Dewey and Dean

phantom Orchestra, is weighing several TV offers and to top everything she may appear in a bright new Broadway musical, "East Side Story." These two girls are going places—fast!

Snapshots: A couple who seem to be on a perpetual honeymoon are Mitzi Gaynor and her business manager-husband Jack Bean. Whenever they go out these nights they keep to themselves and usually are discovered sitting in a corner, smiling and holding hands. It's love-ly. . . .

Though Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Fish-

Continued
AN EXCITING, EXPLOSIVE
NEW STAR!

A true story
movingly,
frankly told in the
Saturday Evening Post...
now it’s lived by
TONY PERKINS—
a great new star
of motion pictures,
the most explosive
young actor
in years...
a power-packed
portrayal of a
young man
twisted and trapped
by a world he
never made!

Paramount Presents
FEAR STRIKES OUT

ANTHONY PERKINS • KARL MALDEN

Produced by Alan Pakula
Directed by Robert Mulligan
Screenplay by Ted Berkman and Raphael Blau
Based on a Story by James A. Piersall and Albert S. Hirshberg
PERIODIC PAIN

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

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW": a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dept. B-37, Box 280, New York 18, N.Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

INSIDE STUFF

Principal center of attraction in the Hollywood baby marathon, the new offspring of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Danton (Julie Adams) should give Carrie Frances a run for her money... When Natalie Wood turned up recently at a Hollywood party she was wearing an Elvis Presley pompadour. Now we wonder where she got that idea.

Bring Back the Clinches: Is Yul Brynner destined to suffer the fate of Roy Rogers—never to be allowed to kiss the girl? Maybe we're old-fashioned, but we wish he'd been allowed to give Ingrid Bergman a kiss in "Anastasia." Yul is one man who really knows how to make love, off screen as well as on. Never for a moment does he take his eyes from a girl and he really listens to what she has to say. In a town where most actors are constantly stealing side glances at themselves in the mirror or looking beyond the person they are with to see who else they want to charm, Yul's technique is not only refreshing but positively atomic.

Ad Lib: Nine-year-old Melanie said it when her mother, Deborah Kerr, was presented with a golden medallion in the form of a halved apple by the Hollywood Women's Press Club, for being the year's most cooperative actress: "Will they give you the other half next year, Mummy?" Peter Lorre said it when a friend ran into him early one morning: "I guess it's not fair for anyone to meet me on an empty stomach." A catty friend said it when the Liz Taylor-Mike Todd romance was being discussed: "I remember when she was in love with her pet chipmunk." Meow!
This is the TOUGHEST YOUNG GENERAL IN THE U.S.ARMY!

Why do they call him 'Ironpants'?

Susan Hayward and Kirk Douglas are having a "Top Secret Affair" and it's the laughiest war-of-the-sexes since comedies grew up!

Written by ROLAND KIBBEE and ALLAN SCOTT • Produced by MARTIN RACKIN • MILTON SPERLING Supervising Producer • Directed by H.G. POTTER
That's when most deodorants fail
but new MUM Cream keeps working

You've probably noticed...when you're under emotional pressure, your perspiration glands suddenly get more active. That's when deodorants which depend on stopping perspiration let you down, and odor often starts.

New Mum® Cream works a completely different way. It is the only leading deodorant that works entirely by stopping odor. Mum keeps on working actively to stop odor 24 hours a day—no matter how active your perspiration glands are.

No wonder Mum is so dependable. Isn't that what you want?

More people depend on MUM than on any other deodorant...it works when others fail
“thy fair hair my heart enchained”

Lovely as a poem is your hair...when it's

**trained** with Helene Curtis Spray Net®

Who knows what inspires a man to write poetry about a woman's hair? But this we do know. You'll find a compelling kind of magic in new Helene Curtis SPRAY NET. It alone contains the exclusive "control" ingredient that actually trains your hair. Use SPRAY NET to set longer-lasting pin curls. Use it to hold your wave. Gradually, excitingly, your hair gets the habit of curling... your hairdo remembers its place from shampoo to shampoo. Stiff? Sticky? Never! Your hair stays soft as a whispered sonnet, trained to softest perfection.

TWO FORMULAS: SUPER SOFT trains most hair and hair styles beautifully. REGULAR for hair harder to manage. 69c, Large $1.25, Giant Economy $1.89 plus tax.
NEW

All New... Cutex

Now Better than Ever! You'll Love Cutex Even More Than Before!

Never Such Lasting Wear in Any Nail Polish—At Any Price!

✓ Fabulous new formula... exclusive in Cutex... gives fingertips a beautiful, "jewel-smooth" finish that's completely resistant to chipping, peeling. Made with miracle Enamelon, new Cutex is the longest wearing nail polish ever known!

✓ Applies in a flash! New all-nylon brush applies smoothly, perfectly—instantly!

✓ Priceless protection! Exclusive Spillpruf bottle! Amazing Cutex safety device prevents spilling—protects clothes, furniture, rugs.

✓ Now—brilliant, richer color clarity... flattering as a fine gem! Try new Cutex today.

Cutex

World's Largest Selling Manicure Aids

33¢ and 19¢ Why pay more?

becoming attractions

Fluid Beauty. Tangee's gentle, non-greasy, day-long moisture lotion, is now available in an economical, large-size, spill-proof plastic bottle, 2 1/2 oz., $1.25.*

With XI-7, a new antiseptic ingredient, Woodbury's beauty soap now combats bacteria that cause blemishes and odors. Foil wrap. Face and bath sizes.

This will make your hair curl: Sofstyle Spin Curlers by Toni, for looser yet long-lasting home waves, are now conveniently packaged in cards of five, 29¢.

For the spring cold season: New concentrated Isodine Gargle with PVP: iodine is a gentle but powerful antiseptic. Also a refreshing mouth wash, 98¢.

Lip service: Vaseline Lip-Ice, for quick relief of cold sores and chapping, now contains both protective silicones and a new antiseptic to fight infection. 33¢.

*plus tax
accept no substitute for "postage stamp"

"postage stamp" is no bigger than a glove, acts like a glove on your body, doing an all-over smoothing job besides treating your waist right all day long...is knitted by a patented technique in nylon and Lastex®, weighs practically nothing...only Jantzen can make it... whitest white and lovely pastels...girdle (b-5) or panty-girdle (b-6) 3.95. Jantzen "forever uplift" bras 2.50 to 7.50. (prices in U. S. A.)

Jantzen Inc - Foundations and Brassieres - 261 Madison Avenue - New York
1. Is your feminine daintiness well protected at all times?

2. Can the rush of nervous perspiration be controlled?

3. Is there a sure way to put an end to ugly perspiration stains?

4. Is one bath a day really enough for an active girl like you?

Girls who know the answers use Arvid—to be sure!

You owe it to yourself to get 100% on this test. It's a cinch you will, too, if you're smart enough to use Arvid daily.

For Arvid is the most effective deodorant your money can buy. Doctors prove that Arvid is 1 1/2 times as effective against perspiration and odor as all leading deodorants tested.

Why? Only Arvid is formulated with the magic new ingredient Perstop. That's why more people have used and are using Arvid to protect against odor and perspiration than any other deodorant.

What's in it for you? Just this!

1. Rub Arvid in—and you rub perspiration and odor out. When the cream vanishes you know you're safe. And approachable any hour of the day or night. Tropical heat-wave weather included!

2. Arvid protects you against all kinds of unexpected perspiration. It keeps you dry even when anxiety or excitement cause your glands to gush perspiration.

3. Arvid, used daily, keeps your clothes safe from ugly stains. It keeps your underarms so dry, soft and sweet there's never a hint that the situation's getting warm. Not even on hot, sticky days.

4. Arvid's "rubbed-in" protection starts on contact—keeps you shower-bath fragrant up to 24 hours. Rub it in right after your daily bath and you can forget about perspiration and odor. No wonder gals "in the know" are steady Arvid users.

ARRID
with Perstop

Don't be half safe. Be completely safe. Use Arvid... to be sure.

43c plus tax.

* Carter Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants.
As soon as you take up with make-up you need

Salon Cold Cream

Its balanced emulsifying action gives you the clean skin you need today... to have beautiful skin tomorrow!

This is the fluffy light but determined cleanser developed by the famous Dorothy Gray Salon in New York... to clean your skin cleaner!

Its special formula allows just the right amount of liquid to take its purifying oils deep down into your skin, there to melt and draw to the surface all the old dirt, make-up and hardened secretions that block your pores. You can be sure when you tissue it off that you are removing clogging impurities that could cause blemishes!

Soap doesn't go deep enough to do it. Some liquid cleansers are too watery, others not effective enough to lift out deep-dirt. Oily creams do not have the emulsifying action needed to dislodge embedded grime. You need Salon Cold Cream... to be sure you'll have good clean skin always.

In Canada, too

Big extra: Salon Cold Cream leaves an invisible shield to help guard your skin against dryness!

For beauty the modern way

Dorothy Gray
You feel so secure... never unsure... when you wear Sani-Scants!

They keep you calm, collected, and protected, on "those days." These sleek panties have a moisture-proof panel, pins and tabs inside; they conceal... never reveal! Rayon tricot, $1.35. Others, $1.50 to $2.50. Sanitary Brief (left), has moisture-proof panel, no pins or tabs, $1.75. White or pink; small, medium, large, extra-large.

Prices slightly higher on the West Coast

**BRIEF REVIEWS**

Continued

ancestry, Guy Madison buys land near a town where Indians are persecuted. (F) January

**ROCK, PRETTY BABY**—U-I: Lots of rock ‘n’ roll, attractive young players give interest to a story of teenagers’ problems. John Saxon, encouraged by Luana Patten and Sal Mineo, struggles to put his hand across. (F) February

**RUMBLE ON THE DOCKS**—Columbia: Junior version of “On the Waterfront.” Promising newcomer James Darren, as leader of a teen-age gang, gets involved with a union racketeer, over the objections of his young sweetheart (Laurie Carroll). (F) February

**SECRETS OF LIFE**—Buena Vista, Technicolor: Interesting but patchy documentary of birth and the fight for survival among plants, insects, water creatures. (F) December

**SHARKFIGHTERS, THE**—U.A.; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Brisk action picture shows Victor Mature leading risky World War II experiments off Cuba, to find a shark-repellent. With Karen Steele, James Olson. (F) December

**SILKEN AFFAIR, THE**—RKO; In a gentle worm—that—turns story, accountant David Niven creates havoc by juggling the books, led on by French model Genevieve Page. (A) January

**TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON**—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor: Quaint, charming comedy of U.S. occupation forces in Okinawa. Offer Glenn Ford’s led astray by interpreter Marlon Brando and lovely geisha Machiko Kyo. (F) January

**TEENAGE REBEL**—20th, CinemaScope: Fresh, heart—wrenching study of a parent—teenager relationship. Wel to Michael Rennie, Ginger Rogers tries to win over Betty Lou Keim, resentful child of her first marriage. (F) November

**TEN COMMANDMENTS, THE**—Para—mount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Overwhelming DeMille epic of Biblical times, forcefully acted by Charlton Heston as Moses, Yul Brynner as Phar—soh, many other stars. (F) January

**THREE BRAVE MEN**—20th, Cinema—Scope: Arresting, realistic drama casts Ernest Borgnine as a long—time Navy Department employee suddenly suspended as a “security risk.” Ray Milland is his lawyer. Borgnine’s wife and children are also affected. (F) February

**UNGUILDED MOMENT, THE**—U-I, Technicolor: Serious, though a bit sensationalized, When schoolteacher Esther Williams accuses student John Saxon of attempted attack, only detective George Nader helps her. (A) December

**WESTWARD HO THE WAGONS!**—Buena Vista; CinemaScope, Technicolor; Familiar Western sparked up by good details, Fess Parker as doctor—scout of a wagon train. (F) January

**WRITTEN ON THE WIND**—U-I, Technicolor: Flamboyant close—up of a wealthy Texas family. Bob Stock’s excellent as the irresponsible heir, who marries Lauren Bacall. Rock Hudson plays the steady friend; Dorothy Malone, Bob’s reckless sister. (A) December

**YOU CAN’T RUN AWAY FROM IT**—Columbia: CinemaScope, Technicolor: Sparkling musical teams runaway rich girl June Allyson with debonair reporter Jack Lemmon. Nice combo of laughs, sentiment, song. (F) December
When he's this near to you

...then only a soft, smooth Lux Complexion will do!

"How right you are! That's why I've used Lux since way-back-when!" says:

Rhonda Fleming

There's a world of confidence in a Lux Complexion. Fresh, radiant, "alive"—thanks to rich creamy Cosmetic lather with its beneficial cosmetic action on your skin. Of course, only Lux gives you the delightful Lux fragrance, best-liked soap perfume in the world.

For a complexion you'll love (and he'll love, too) give it the same Lux care the Hollywood stars do.
This photo is unretouched!
You can see with your own eyes what a tremendous difference Jergens Lotion makes to hands.

447 women took this test*
Both hands were soaked in a household detergent three times a day. Jergens Lotion was applied to right hands only. In a few days, the untreated left hands were rough and red. The right hands, treated with Jergens, were soft and white. No other lotion tested this way proved so effective.

Doesn't coat . . . it penetrates
Jergens doesn't just "glove" hands with a sticky film, but penetrates deep down where the hurt begins. That's why it's so much more effective than lotions that merely coat the skin. It halts all chapping — damage from wind and weather, too!

Instantly absorbed
Jergens Lotion is rich and creamy — never leaves a sticky feeling. It's the most popular hand care in the whole world — and it's only 15¢ to $1.

*Notice to doctors and dermatologists — for a summary of this test, write The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, Ohio
Announcing

PHOTOPLAY'S
Award Winners of 1956-'57

It's February 7, 1957. Circle the date in gold, for this is the night of the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal Awards, annual honors given to players and pictures chosen by you, the PHOTOPLAY readers. At the banquet in the Crystal Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel, genial m.c. Ernest Borgnine leads up to the Award presentations. And here they are. Among 1956 movies, the Gold Medal goes to George Stevens' production of Edna Ferber's "Giant," a Warner Brothers release. Rock Hudson, starred in that Texas epic, wins Gold Medal acclaim as male star of the year, his popularity already boomed by his own studio's "All That Heaven Allows" and "Never Say Goodbye." Also for U-I, he's now in "Written on the Wind" and next in "Battle Hymn," then in M-G-M's "Something of Value." Columbia's exquisite Kim Novak is the feminine Gold Medal star, for "Picnic" and "The (Continued on page 82)
New stature wins Rock Hudson a Gold Medal

Kim Novak matches Rock in appeal and skill

Special Awards

BUDDY ADLER: for his foresighted handling of new talent and outstanding use of star talent. The brilliant 20th Century-Fox producer, a winner with the Gold Medal picture of last year, "Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing," proved in 1956 that he has a unique flair for making the most of both established players and newcomers. His "Bus Stop" not only gave Don Murray a striking head start in pictures, but gave Marilyn Monroe a chance to display the tenderness and intuitive knowledge of humanity earlier out-dazzled by her widely famed physical charms.

CECIL B. DEMILLE: for the creation of one of the screen's greatest emotional and religious experiences, "The Ten Commandments" brought to its climax the producer-director's forty-three-year, seventy-film career. As he celebrated his own seventy-fifth birthday, it was Mr. DeMille who provided the finest gift—for motion-picture audiences. To his known mastery of spectacular screen effects and surging action, he added his heartfelt reverence, to make "The Ten Commandments" a deeply personal film translation of the Bible's chapters about Moses and the Exodus.

BARBARA STANWYCK: for meeting with simplicity, honesty and superb craftsmanship the challenges of leading roles in seventy-five films; for having put her film experience to unselfish use, by giving wise, sympathetic counsel to newcomers in the motion-picture industry. Incredible as it seems, Barbara has actually achieved this imposing total of pictures, celebrating her "diamond wedding" to movies last year with "There's Always Tomorrow." Such young players as that film's Gigi Perreau will testify to Barbara's unfailing helpfulness toward all new talent.

MICHAEL TODD: for the development of Todd-AO and his thoroughly delightful use of it in "Around the World in 80 Days." The introduction of the new Todd-AO process in "Oklahoma!" was immediately hailed by audiences across the country. Opening in 1956 and running gaily on into 1957, "Around the World in 80 Days" fills the generous, curved screen with a wealth of beautiful scenes, all telling a continuously amusing story. Once identified mostly with stage presentations, Todd entered the movie medium with fire and with high imagination.

"Many-Splendored Thing," proved in 1956 that he has a unique flair for making the most of both established players and newcomers. His "Bus Stop" not only gave Don Murray a striking head start in pictures, but gave Marilyn Monroe a chance to display the tenderness and intuitive knowledge of humanity earlier out-dazzled by her widely famed physical charms.

CECIL B. DEMILLE: for the creation of one of the screen's greatest emotional and religious experiences, "The Ten Commandments" brought to its climax the producer-director's forty-three-year, seventy-film career. As he celebrated his own seventy-fifth birthday, it was Mr. DeMille who provided the finest gift—for motion-picture audiences. To his known mastery of spectacular screen effects and surging action, he added his heartfelt reverence, to make "The Ten Commandments" a deeply personal film translation of the Bible's chapters about Moses and the Exodus.

BARBARA STANWYCK: for meeting with simplicity, honesty and superb craftsmanship the challenges of leading roles in seventy-five films; for having put her film experience to unselfish use, by giving wise, sympathetic counsel to newcomers in the motion-picture industry. Incredible as it seems, Barbara has actually achieved this imposing total of pictures, celebrating her "diamond wedding" to movies last year with "There's Always Tomorrow." Such young players as that film's Gigi Perreau will testify to Barbara's unfailing helpfulness toward all new talent.

MICHAEL TODD: for the development of Todd-AO and his thoroughly delightful use of it in "Around the World in 80 Days." The introduction of the new Todd-AO process in "Oklahoma!" was immediately hailed by audiences across the country. Opening in 1956 and running gaily on into 1957, "Around the World in 80 Days" fills the generous, curved screen with a wealth of beautiful scenes, all telling a continuously amusing story. Once identified mostly with stage presentations, Todd entered the movie medium with fire and with high imagination.
Now! The loveliest wave in
takes 1/2 the time—
—and the reason is

Only New QUICK
by Richard Hudnut
has this Crystal Clear
penetrating lotion.
And it's lanolized!

Quicker, gentler penetration!
New Quick Home Permanent's Crystal Clear Lotion has none of the cloudy, sticky ingredients that hinder penetration and slow down waving action in ordinary permanents. So it penetrates all through your hair more quickly, yet gently. Gives you the surest, safest wave ever.

Lanolin-care for your hair! New Crystal Clear Lotion is lanolized to give you smoother, springier curls with a healthy shine. Lanolin-soft Quick curls never have that frizzy "new perm" look, even the first day. And yet they won't go limp in dampness or humidity. Last beautifully till you cut them off.
the world
½ the work

Crystal Clear Lotion's fast penetrating action lets you roll more hair on each curler and still get a firm, lasting curl to the very tips of your hair. So just 20 curlers—½ the winding time—½ the waving work—give you a complete, full-bodied new-style wave.

½ the time—½ the work! New Crystal Clear Lotion—a lotion so pure, you can use half, recap, and safely save half for another wave. Only Quick gives you two new-style waves for the price of one ordinary wave. Better get Quick, quick!

2 new-style waves for the price of 1

Only Quick has Crystal Clear Lotion—a lotion so pure, you can use half, recap, and safely save half for another wave. Only Quick gives you two new-style waves for the price of one ordinary wave. Better get Quick, quick!

Quick

RICHARD HUDNUT

NEW! Quick

CUTS WINDING TIME ½

2-wave size, $2.00 plus tax
1-wave size, $1.25 plus tax
Debbie comes out

A nice girl but not glamorous, until…

First, she darkens and silken colorless lashes and brows with a touch of rich Kurlene eyelash cream every night. Kurlene® tube 50¢ jar $1.00* plus tax

Second, Debbie shapes uneven eyebrows. With gentle Twissors®, the only tweezers with scissor handles, she plucks wayward hairs from under brows. (Newcoiffaters eyes and face.) Twissors® 75c

Third, Debbie's undramatic eyes become bright, sparkling. She uses Kurlash eyelash curler to give a bewitching curve to her lashes... new beauty to her eyes. Kurlash® $1.00

See what Debbie's eye beauty plan can do for you! Kurlash products at your local department, drug or variety store.

The Kurlash® Company, Inc., Rochester 4, N.Y. (Also available in Canada)

READERS INC...

SOAP BOX:

Last year I attended a convention at the Hotel Conrad Hilton in Chicago. During my stay there, they were shooting "The Harder They Fall" with Humphrey Bogart. As I walked into the hotel lobby one day, I was asked if I wanted to be in a mob scene. I agreed. We were called for action about five times, and then it was finished. Later I walked over to Mr. Bogart and had a lovely chat with him. He was so friendly and full of personality.

When the picture came to Baltimore I went to see it, and sure enough, there I was, plain as day. I wrote a letter to Humphrey and told him how much I enjoyed watching the film, and how we will miss him. Humphrey was seriously ill at St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica, California. He was happy to hear from me and was anxious for mail from his friends.

Mrs. LILYN FOX Baltimore, Maryland

parents saw them, and maybe a story on what they are doing now. How many of them are still alive?

BEATRICE SEKINS Swanville, Maine

What do you think, readers? Would you like to see stories about movie old-timers? If you agree with Beatrice, let us hear from you about it.—En.

When Victor Mature was making a movie here in Kenya, he said that he stayed in a broken-down old shack of a hotel. For his information, it happens to be one of the most modern in East Africa.

CPL. JACK KING Kenya, East Africa

I think there should be more written about foreign stars in your magazine. I enjoy such people as Brigitte Bardot, Michele Morgan and Eleonora Rossi-Drago, and would like to read stories on them. I am also curious as to what has become of actors like Ricardo Montalban, Elaine Stewart, and Carol Ohmart, who suddenly disappeared into the gloomy Hollywood fog. I hope they emerge soon.

DANIEL CAMINO Lima, Peru

Elizabeth Taylor makes me sick! She changes husbands like the styles of her dresses. She is a child who wants something, and when she gets it she doesn't want it any more. If she isn't mature at twenty-four, with her assorted children and husbands, she never will be.

Naturally we all get tired of marriage at times, but that doesn't mean we should go out and get divorced and find other men to marry. I don't think Liz tries hard enough to make her marriages stick.

M. C. CLEMENTS Beavell, New Mexico

Nearly every time I see a movie about Canada it has to do with people living in log cabins twenty miles from nowhere, and trapping furs for a living. Why doesn't Hollywood take a good look at the Canada of today? There are a few of us who live primitive, as our forefathers (and yours, Continued
New Spray-Set
by the makers of
Lustre-Creme...

SETS HAIR TO STAY
THE SOFTEST WAY!

See lovely MAUREEN O'HARA in M-G-M's
"THE WINGS OF EAGLES" in Color.

SUPER-SOFT
LUSTRE-NET HAIR SPRAY

Loved by Hollywood Stars
because it's non-drying...
contains no lacquer...
mists hair with Lanolin!

Hollywood found it
first...now
it can be yours!

There are 2 types of Lustre-Net.
Super-soft for loose, casual hair-
do's. Regular for hard-to-manage
hair. 5½ oz. can—a full ounce
more! Only $1.25 plus tax.
ENDS DULL DRY
"THIRSTY" HAIR

Q: How do you make your hair so lustrous and shining?

A: By following my hairdresser's advice and using Lanolin Discovery. It's the greaseless hairdressing that replaces natural beauty oils.

Q: What's the difference between Lanolin Discovery and other hairdressings?

A: Ordinary hairdressings "coat" your hair—make it oily.

Lanolin Discovery's misty fine spray is absorbed into every hair right down to your scalp.

To enhance the natural color of your hair—to get a shimmery satiny sheen with deep fascinating highlights, just spray on Lanolin Discovery Hairdressing and brush a little. In just seconds you get the same beautiful results as brushing your hair 100 strokes a day.

Helene Curtis Lanolin Discovery
THE NEW HAIRDRESSING IN SPRAY FORM

$1.25 and $1.89 both plus tax

Used and recommended by leading beauticians. Available wherever cosmetics are sold

READERS INC.
Continued

too) did, but nowadays the average Canadian is just like the average American. Our cities and towns are every bit as nice. We have television just as the United States does. But judging by the movies you would think we all lived in the wild north country and ate raw fish as a daily diet.

Alana L. Wilson
Vancouver, British Columbia

I have always enjoyed Lucy Marlow, but see so little about her. She is a fine actress and is extremely pretty. They tell me that she is married to a Yankee ballplayer. I imagine that their life together is very interesting. Can you picture the Hollywood Bowl and the Yankee Stadium side by side? What a combination!

Miss Lo Franco
New York, New York

There are a few up-and-coming young actors who deserve special mention for their performances and their possibilities as important stars. John Kerr, for instance ("Tea and Sympathy"). And Perry Lopez ("Steel Jungle"). I am also impressed with Phyllis Kirk, John Saxon and John Cassavetes. I think we will be hearing more about them.

Lana Boucher
New York, New York

The guys in our frat recently saw a doll—a real doll—on television and in the pages of a TV magazine. Her name is Judy Busch, and she's been signed by 20th Century-Fox. We flipped. We really flipped. She was the kind of girl you could introduce to your parents with a straight face. Sex appeal was there, but no shouting. A face—beautiful, and a real addition to Hollywood. And she's only about eighteen. Poise she has and talent—we heard her sing. Our frat has voted her The Girl Most Likely to Make the Others Look Sick.

Yum!

Rod Banner
Bill Dennis
Detroit, Michigan

We like Sterling Hayden. He's a wonderful actor, and you guys know it. If you weren't so stubborn you would give him bigger and better roles. We're fed up with movies when you can't tell an excellent actor when you see him. Sure he plays in unfamous pictures. But it's because you won't give him a chance to prove himself. None of you! Give him a real role and try him out. You won't regret it, we promise you. How about it, Photoplay?

Diane Van Lopik
Joan Young
St. Louis, Missouri

We agree with you, Diane and Joan, that Sterling has not had as much of a chance to prove himself in good pictures as some other actors—but Photoplay does not select the stars to play in the movies. We suggest that you write to the studios about Sterling, for they are the only ones who can cast him in the kind of films you want to see.—En.

Some months ago you printed a letter of mine in which I praised Peter Hanson. I thought you would like to know that Mr. Hanson personally called me on the telephone to thank me for my interest. He looked up my number in the directory, and I didn't really believe it was he until I cross-examined him for a full ten minutes about his life and career. When I finally realized that this was actually Peter Han-
my father know me?
big laugh...
the only time I see him
is at the
dinner table—
or when
he wants
to
bawl me
out

seventeen isn't an
age...it's an eternity...
nobody knows you...you
hardly know yourself

THE YOUNG STRANGER

STARRING JAMES MACARTHUR • KIM HUNTER • JAMES DALY
with JAMES GREGORY • WHIT BISSELL • JEFF SILVER
Written by ROBERT DOZIER • Produced by STUART MILLAR • Directed by JOHN FRANKENHEIMER
Cleanses your skin deeper for a new kind of radiance

New Jergens Deep Cleanser deeply cleans your skin—searches out clogging dirt and make-up . . . to reveal the clean, clear sparkle of your true complexion

It starts out with a feeling of instant luxury flowing from your fingertips to your face. Reaching deep . . . deep . . . deep . . . so gently . . . but so insistently.

And suddenly . . . deep, beauty-clogging grime and stubborn make-up are gone. Your face feels as if it had a new kind of clear, clean, almost sparkling radiance. And it does.

Reason: there are 4 times as many cleansing ingredients in new Jergens Deep Cleanser as in traditional cleansing creams. And each is a recognized skin softener as well.

Do you wonder that Jergens Deep Cleanser was preferred 2 to 1 in a recent hidden-name test among hundreds of women? Try it. You love it, too . . . or double your money back. Just 39c and 69c plus tax.

Jergens
Deep Cleanser
FOR A CLEANER CLEARER SKIN

READERS INC.
Continued

son speaking to me, he wasn't at all bothered that I had been doubtful, and completely
amazed that I knew so much about him.
E. B. Bull
North Hollywood, California

Elvis Presley is the most
In my book anyway.
No matter what the critics hoist,
I think he's here to stay.
What better boy would buy his folks
A home with pool and all?
So why make all those nasty jokes?
Let's get on the ball!

His Cadillacs, which cause a rage,
Are one of his life's dreams.
And when he comes upon the stage
The building rocks with screams.
His singing ranks above the rest,
His styling is unique.
His looks are certainly the best,
His career is at a peak.

His sideburns, which distinguish him,
Are romantic, yes indeed.
For all the folks who slander him
Psychiatrists are in need!
A true love yet has he to find,
But when she comes along
He'll keep her only on his mind.
To Elvis she'll belong.

Betty Baker
Divernon, Illinois

I enjoyed the story on Elvis Presley very
much. I haven't laughed so much since he
was last on Ed Sullivan's show. Earl Wilson,
in your article (January, 1957), says,
"Elvis pronounced help 'hep' in the
enchanting way that most Southerners do."
Enchanting! Doesn't he mean illiterate?
English is supposed to be Elvis' favorite
subject.

Another thing: If Elvis were to "plop" in
my lap as he did in Debra Paget's lap, I
would have a few words to say on this boy's
supposed good manners.

Edna King
Lubbock, Texas

Several years ago, when I was fourteen,
and Tab Hunter first began to appear in
movies, I couldn't stand him. I couldn't
stand his name, his looks or his attitude.
Things continued this way until one day,
about a year and a half ago, I went to see
"Battle Cry." It was a great film, but the
biggest surprise was Tab. For the first
time he was acting. He wasn't Tab Hunter,
movie star; he was Denny, the young boy
who got mixed up with an older woman.
I came out of that theatre a Hunter fan for
life, and I waited eagerly for Tab in bigger
and better roles.

So what happens? His studio co-stars
him with Natalie Wood in two so-so movies,
and calls him and Natalie "Hollywood's
Newest Teen-Age Love Team," or some-
thing like that. This, when Tab is all of
twenty-five years old!

Only once, after "Battle Cry," did I see
Tab in a good role, and that was on a televi-
sion. He starred in "The Jim Pierall Story"
on "Climax!" and did a superb job.
His studio is mad, mad, mad not to star
Tab in the movie version of Pierall's life,
I just don't get it. Why are they doing this
to him? He is good: they're blind not to
see it.

A Reader
Pattonburg, Missouri

I have been reading of Debra Paget's
seventeen TV sets and jewel-studded car.
Now... end dandruff problems

this pleasant easy shampoo way!

new Helene Curtis ENDEN*—the first proven medical treatment in shampoo form! *No prescription needed... 99% effective!

Quickly ends itching, flaking, excess oiliness—without messy salves, ointments or separate lotions—Here at last is an amazingly effective treatment and a rich-sudsing shampoo all in one. You have never used anything as simple, as pleasant and as easy. ENDEN get results even after other methods have failed. While you shampoo, it penetrates to the trouble spots. Between shampoos, it actually inhibits bacteria growth. Use ENDEN regularly and your dandruff problems will be over.

Proved 99% effective in 2-year doctor-supervised clinical tests—Dermatologists and skin specialists have proved ENDEN's basic ingredients. Clinical tests showed 99% of patients enjoyed positive benefits. While ENDEN's medications have been medically approved for years, science was unable to combine them in a pleasant shampoo until now.

A wonderful shampoo for the whole family—ENDEN is especially good for teen-age dandruff. Even children can use ENDEN safely, for it is a superior shampoo as well as a treatment that prevents dandruff problems from starting. ENDEN helps make hair look "alive" and healthy—leaves it shining. And you'll discover ENDEN makes your scalp feel so fresh—far cleaner than with your favorite ordinary shampoo. To end dandruff problems and prevent their return, switch to ENDEN.

use ENDEN instead of your regular shampoo—ends itching scalp and dandruff problems and prevents their return!

big jar only $1.50 at drug and cosmetic counters

Guaranteed to end dandruff problems

Developed after years of laboratory tests by Helene Curtis, foremost authority on hair care.
When you're close enough to kiss...

Pond's deep cleansings make a lovely difference

Dramatic proof that Pond's Cold Cream removes dirt other cleansing "skims over"

Ultraviolet test shows end-of-day dirt and make-up patch still remains on skin even after brisk washing.

It's today's new look in beauty—clean, clear, radiantly fresh! Pond's Cold Cream smooths, softens... gives your face a wonderful new feeling of freshness. Discover the refreshing way to a lovelier complexion—Pond's Cold Cream!

Special

Beauty Offer of the Year! Now get a free 19¢ size Pond's deep-softening Dry Skin Cream when you buy the 65¢ size of Pond's Cold Cream. Regular 84¢ value for only 65¢, plus tax.

POND'S Cold Cream

READERS INC. Continued

With so much suffering in the world, I think she would be ashamed. Thank goodness there are stars like Danny Kaye and Eleanor Powell who do charitable work and share their fortune with others.

BARBARA DRAGER
Chippewa, Michigan

QUESTION BOX:

In an old snapshot of Debbie Reynolds, which was given to me, I notice a marking on her neck which looks like a scar. Is this really a scar, or is her neck peculiarly wrinkled?

MARIE KARAGAS
San Francisco, California

Neither. There is nothing wrong with Debbie's neck. What you see may have been a momentary fold or wrinkle, but it is not peculiar.—Ed.

Did Grace Kelly and Celeste Holm do their own singing in "High Society"? Did Rita Moreno do her own singing in "The King and I"?

J. P.
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Yes to all three.—Ed.

I should be happy if you would settle an argument between a friend and me. I say that Stephanie Griffin is British, and has appeared as Clifton Webb's secretary in "The Man Who Never Was." My friend says she is American and is a music-hall entertainer in that film. Which of us is right?

JOSÉ MARÍO CAYCEDO-GARCÉS
Calí, Colombia


My friend says John Kerr's name is pronounced "cur," I say it is pronounced "car." Who is right?

PEGGY SCHOLZ
Newark, New Jersey

You are.—Ed.

How many wives has Lana's husband, Lex Barker, had?

T. DERRICK DENNER
Oxford, England

Two before Lana: Constance Thurlow and Arlene Dahl.—Ed.

Some of my friends saw Elvis Presley in "Love Me Tender." They claim that it was in color, but I saw it in black and white. My friends also say that in the film Elvis died in a train wreck. I saw him die in a gun fight. Were there two versions of the picture or is someone here making a mistake? Were any of the tunes, other than the title song, recorded?

GINGER HUNTER
Kingston, Tennessee

Your friends have made a mistake. There was one version of "Love Me Tender," in black and white, in which Elvis dies in a gun fight. Only the title song was recorded.—Ed.

I have just seen "The Vagabond King" and was very much impressed with the wonderful voice of Oreste. Would you please print some information about him?

D. WESTBROOK
Kenmore, New York

Oreste was born in Hambrun, Malta, on
Who was this Mister Cory... that men feared... or followed?
And what was the secret he had buried, deep in the shadows of Sangamon Street?

A Universal International Picture starring

TONY CURTIS • MARTHA HYER
CHARLES BICKFORD • KATHRYN GRANT

with RUSS MORGAN  Directed by BLAKE EDWARDS  Screenplay by BLAKE EDWARDS  Produced by ROBERT ARTHUR
...IN EXQUISITE FORM

And a very special "you" in Hi-Appeal! It's the bra with the daring satin lattice top... created solely to make you feel your most desirable self at date-time. Its workaday aspects? A lovely lift, elastic side inserts for complete comfort.

See Hi-Appeal, try it today — and you'll always ask for Exquisite Form bras.

A, B, C cups, in white or black nylon lace, satin lattice... style 208 (illus.) $3.50

White embroidered cotton, satin lattice... style 202, $2.50

SMARTLY PACKAGED

—DRESS BY SAMUEL WINS顿

The Lady is You!

Exquisite Form brasieres give you X APPEAL
(X = glamour plus comfort)

READERS INC.
Continued

July 26, 1926. He has sandy hair and blue eyes, is 5'10" and weighs 175 lbs. He unmarried. Oreste now lives in Hollywood but Paramount has no immediate plans for this singer's future films.—Ed.

Would you please set me straight on something—Natalie Wood's real name? I have seen it printed in various forms.

NADINE VIEIRA
Jacksonville, Illinoi

Natalie was born Natasha Gurdin.—Ed.

In reading over the names of the stars listed in the Gold Medal Awards Ballot for 1956-1957, I was unable to find the name of James Dean. Why?

LUCY MIRACLE
Pontiac, Michigan

Photoplay felt that, though Jimmy's performance was excellent in "Giant," this year's Gold Medals should be limited to living players. In recognition of Dean's great contribution to the movie industry, Photoplay awarded him a posthumous Gold Medal for 1955-1956.—Ed.

LOOK ALIKES:

A friend of mine, Nancy Missuk, looks very much like Doris Day. Has her freckle...

Look-alikes: Nancy Missuk and Doris Day

too, and even sings like Doris. Nancy was born on April 3; Doris was also.

LOIS ABRUS
Bridgeton, New Jersey

CASTING:

My eleventh grade English class has just finished "Ethan Frome" by Edith Wharton. We think it would make a great movie with Gregory Peek as Ethan, Kim Novak as Mattie, Betty Davis as Zeena and Do Murray as Ned Hale.

NANCY WELKE
Rockford, Illinois

I understand that "South Pacific" will be filmed in the Todd-AO process. I think that Judy Garland would be perfect in the Mary Martin role.

NANCY WALL
Belleville, Michigan

Some time ago I read the best selling "Lucy Crown," by Irwin Shaw. Now the Hecht-Lancaster has purchased it. I would like to suggest Lana Turner, Ray Milland and Tony Perkins in lead roles.

Lana has been neglected lately. I think that talent such as hers must not be wasted. There are so many excellent stories for fine actresses, and if she gets the right one, she may win the Oscar she missed in "Flame and the Flesh" and her very excellent motion picture, "The Bad and the Beautiful."

JOAN MATH
Bethesda, Maryland
New sunshine yellow shampoo puts sunny sparkle in hair!

silkier... softer... easier to manage

Brunette? Blonde? Redhead? You'll thrill when you see how your hair responds to the conditioning benefits of new SHAMPOO PLUS EGG! It's just what your hair needs—for new life and luster, for rich silky softness. You'll love the "feel" of your hair—the way it manages.

That's the magic conditioning touch of SHAMPOO PLUS EGG! This new kind of shampoo cleans cleaner, rinses super fast. It's the one really different shampoo . . . from its sunshine yellow color to the lilting sunny sparkle it puts in your hair! Try it once, you'll use it always.

Economical 29c, 59c, $1.
By Ernst Jacobi

When Ann Blyth married Dr. James McNulty she joined a large, happy family, to which she has added Timothy Patrick, aged two, and pretty one-year-old Maureen Ann.

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS

- "Timmy is ready to go to sleep, Mrs. McNult," said the nurse.

  Mrs. McNult, alias Ann Blyth, excused herself and left the dinner table. She was having fun, but seeing Timmy into his bed and kissing him good-night was a nightly ritual she wouldn’t miss for the world.

  "Good night, Mummy," the child mumbled. At any rate, the sounds he made were a reasonable facsimile of such words and that’s what Ann interpreted them to mean.

  "Good night, sweet dreams and God bless you, my darling," Ann said, kissing her two-year-old son on the cheek.

  "Give me another scare like you did (Continued on page 112)"
Your dreams are getting better all the time!

NOW YOU CAN

WIN $20,000

maidenform dream contest

Dreams were never this good before! What's the dream you'd most like to see in one of Maidenform's fabulous ads? Quick—write it down, send it in! If your entry is accompanied by the word maidenform cut from the cardboard tag attached to each bra, or cut from the bra package, your winnings are doubled! Yes, your dreams are worth more than ever! Imagine! You can win up to $20,000 for dreaming up a new Maidenform dream. Don't wait...enter today!

242 Prizes! Each can be doubled! First Prize $10,000 cash! Second Prize $3,000 cash! Third Prize $1,000 cash! 4 prizes of $250 each; 10 prizes of $100 each! 25 prizes of $50 each and 200 prizes of $20 each!

Remember, each prize is DOUBLED if you follow rules carefully!

1957 MAIDENFORM DREAM CONTEST—OFFICIAL RULES

1. Send in as many entries as you wish. However, each entry must be submitted with an official entry blank. Additional entry blanks may be picked up at any Maidenform retailer. Each entry must be accompanied by a different statement of twenty-five words or less which completes this sentence: "I prefer Maidenform, world's most popular bra, because..."

2. All entries will be judged by the New York Comptroller Corporation on the basis of originality, aptness and general interest of the dream suggestion and statement which accompanies it. Entries won't count extra. Judges' decisions will be final. All entries become the exclusive property of the sponsor and all rights are given to the contestant, without compensation, for all or any part of his entry in the sponsor's advertising. Duplicate prizes awarded to case of ties. The entry must be the original work of the contestant.

3. Prize awards will be doubled providing the prize winning entry is accompanied by the word maidenform cut from the cardboard tag attached to each bra or cut from the bra package. A sales slip also will qualify if it specifies a Maidenform bra.

4. Any person may enter the contest, except employees, or members of their immediate families, or any business advertising agencies. All members of a family may enter, but only one prize will be awarded to a family. Contest is subject to government regulations.

5. All entries must be postmarked no later than April 15, 1957, and received by April 25, 1957.

6. All winners will be notified by mail within six weeks of closing date. Winners' list will be sent to all who request it with a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Chansonette...the all-time favorite—the bra featured in the now-classic dream ads "I dreamed I was a toreador...", "I dreamed I played Cleopatra...", "I dreamed I was voted best dressed woman..."! You, too, can dream up a dream for this bra! Then look like a dream—wear it!

$2,00, $2.50
You're Prettier than you think you are!
...and you can prove it with a Palmolive bar!

Here's Proof
that Mild and Gentle Palmolive Care
Cleans Cleaner, Deeper, Prettier!

When you wash with your regular soap—in the ordinary, casual way—you leave beauty-robbing hidden dirt behind. But what a glorious difference after a 60-second Palmolive massage! You'll look fresher, lovelier! And to prove that hidden dirt is gone, rub with a tissue. The tissue will stay snowy-white. Proof that Palmolive care cleans cleaner, prettier!

Yes—new complexion beauty is yours in just one minute with Palmolive Soap. Because Palmolive care removes hidden dirt that casual cleansing misses. And only a soap as mild as Palmolive can cleanse so deeply without irritation. Start Palmolive care today, and see your true complexion beauty come through!
Where can a man go when he starts to run from himself?

This begins the tragic, never-before-told story of the reasons for Monty Clift’s mysterious recurring “breakdowns”

**FLIGHT FROM FEAR**

**BY RICHARD GEHMAN**

- At thirty-six, Montgomery Clift is extraordinarily talented, strikingly handsome and, before his recent and latest breakdown, without doubt one of the finest actors in Hollywood. His ability to concentrate, to lose himself in a part and yet maintain an individualism which pervades his acting, is the envy of every performer who has ever worked with him. The intensity he brings to each role is, at times, terrifying to his colleagues, some of whom feel that each part he plays takes a severe toll of his nervous system. He has a rare charm; men and women alike are attracted to him in large numbers. The films he has been in,
What is his torment? Fear that he betrayed his talent?

And lost the "Eternity" Oscar to Frank Sinatra?

Does he wish he'd asked Liz Taylor to marry him?

Does he dread losing friends like Eva Marie Saint?

And brood about his serious attachment to Libby Holman?

Where does flight begin—in the heart or in the head?

including "Red River," "The Search," "A Place in the Sun," and "From Here to Eternity" have mainly made money. Moreover, Clift is one of those people who seem able to relate their actual experience to their creative activity. And despite the fact that some of his roles have had a certain sameness, he appears to be growing. He ought to be approaching the peak of his powers as an actor, and enjoying some of the finest days of his life as a human being.

Yet, for all of that, Montgomery Clift today appears to be a floundering, confused, insecure actor whose inner torment could easily prevail over his talent. He has just finished "Raintree County," M-G-M's extravagantly-produced version of the late Ross Lockridge's best-selling novel, which may well turn out to be the most successful movie in which he has appeared to date. He is soon to begin work on "The Devil's Disciple" for Hecht-Lancaster. But after I interviewed him in Hollywood, and talked to some of the people who worked with him on "Raintree County," and to people who knew him in New York, I came to the inescapable conclusion that Montgomery Clift is a man in danger of losing everything he had worked so hard to attain. He reminded me of a friend of mine, a talented writer who for the past five years, for secret reasons of his own, has hurled himself hell-bent down a road that can only lead to self-destruction.

That impression was borne out by some of the conversations I had with people close to him. "The guy acts as though he's trying to hurt himself," said an acquaintance who worked closely with Clift in "Raintree County," "Somehow, he's convinced that everybody hates him—and I think he hates himself. He appears to be doing all sorts of self-destructive things all the time. I don't like to talk about (Continued on page 108)
EENY, MEENY, MINY, MO,

WHO WILL BE THE FIRST

Watch out—those curves are dangerous! But the three most explosive blondes ever to hit Hollywood might be in danger, too

BY LAURA LANE

Hardly a day goes by without Jayne Mansfield's picture appearing in print. Long before she'd gone back to Hollywood for her second—and successful—try for stardom, she was more talked about and better known than stars with a dozen picture credits to their names. Some of the publicity was good and much of it was bad, but Jayne consulted with her astrologer, decided the stars were in her favor, and posed some more, apparently on the thesis that what the newspapers said about her was unimportant as long as they said it—and preferably on the front page. As a result, the picture that emerges is a somewhat confused one, and a great many people are beginning to take Jayne at her worst instead of her best.

Continued
Marilyn Monroe gambled with Hollywood and won, but her victory might be a temporary one.

On her first try for stardom, Jayne Mansfield lost out. Now she might be trying too hard.

Kim Novak is riding high, but of the three she's the one most apt to trip herself up.
Then one wonders whether the purple haze that hovers around Kim Novak’s pretty blonde tresses doesn’t induce some kind of self-hypnosis when it comes to grading and sorting the men who have played a part in her life. Is it possible that she is more in love with love than with the men who were supposed to arouse this emotion? Which of these is Kim’s ideal? Is it steady, long-admiring Mac Krim, who keeps Kim’s bedside phone ringing around the world? Do such suave types as Aly Khan and Count Bandini really set Kim in a lavender mood, particularly when a rough-and-ready fellow like Frank Sinatra can raise such a rumpus in her life? Is Kim, like a dainty eater confronted by a huge smorgasbord, just nibbling and tasting? Sometimes a person with a hearty appetite goes away hungry.

When Marilyn Monroe wandered out of the Actors Studio and linked arms with highbrow playwright Arthur Miller, her fans began to wonder if she hadn’t gone too far this time. Why doesn’t she leave her mind alone? they asked. She had traveled a long way and made a lot of people happy with a provocative wiggle and her natural charm. Now she was going in for Stanislavsky acting theory and classical music. They pointed an accusing finger at drama coach Natasha Lytess, who, they said, started it all by getting MM interested in Russian literature and highbrow ideas. Now the rumors are hitting head-on—“MM will star in Miller’s next play . . .” “MM will realize she’s met more than her equal in “The Sleeping Prince” with Olivier . . .” “MM is expecting, and a baby may end her film career . . .” If they’re right, Marilyn might find her latest revolt against Hollywood to be her last one.

Jayne, Kim and Marilyn are racing along at top speed on their chosen paths. The chances are that they will be able to sidestep all these stumbling blocks. Yet these are things that have tripped up other promising young stars, and we can only hope that an awareness of the changes ahead will dispel the danger. We want all three of these young women here to stay.
the Things They Might Trip On:

Jayne’s love of PUBLICITY

"Over-exposed!" say Jayne’s critics

"Who says she can act?"

"Is this pose really necessary?"

Mike Hargitay thinks she’s great

Marilyn’s love of ART and the ARTY

Actors Studio was "art"

Arthur Miller was a “brain"

Sir Laurence was opportunity

Natasha Lytess was the needle
The Jack Lemmons were one of the nicest and happiest couples in town. They never “went Hollywood.” What caused the break-up?  • BY RUTH WATERBURY

- Frequently, these evenings in Hollywood, you will see Jack Lemmon and starlet Mona Knox at a small café called the Bantam Cock. If you are a quick conclusion-jumper, you might think this a romance. Jack is in the process of being divorced by his lovely blonde wife, Cynthia, and Mona is pretty, witty and unencumbered.

However, if you watch Jack with Mona, or with any of the other girls he has dated since his separation, you will soon realize there is something awry about the romantic picture. For while Christopher Boyd John Uhler Lemmon III definitely arrives at a café with his girl, and definitely leaves with her, most of the time while he’s at a café he is away from her. Generally he spends the entire evening seated at the piano.

With his debonair charm, his comic young face aglow as he crosses the (Continued on page 80)
Why Liz Taylor’s men also fall for

Our Strangest Triangle: The bereft Michael Wilding is being consoled by Marlene Dietrich over losing Liz Taylor to another Mike named Todd. Behind this simple statement is a story stranger than all of fiction. About seven years ago, when Mike was at the peak of his screen career as Britain’s top leading man, he was borrowed by Alfred Hitchcock to play in a suspense thriller called “Stage Fright.” Appearing opposite him in the role of a “glamorous actress” was a glamorous actress named Marlene Dietrich. In one of the scenes, Marlene, lying sexitacularly on a sofa, smothered in white maribou, confided in rich, sultry tones, “I’m the laziest gal in town!” But once the cameras stopped, there was nothing lazy about her approach to Mike.
Dietrich . . . And Ava Gardner’s the loneliest gal in town, despite Walter Chiari

Before the film had wound up, Mike had asked Marlene to be his wife. Marlene turned down his proposal, not because of the divergence of their ages (she is attracted to men younger than herself) but for the simple reason that she was—and still is—married to Rudolph Sieber, the father of her only daughter, Maria. Although they have been separated for years, no man has come along for whom she has felt it necessary to seek her freedom—except temporarily as a romance. And so, when “Stage Fright” was finished, Marlene sailed back to America, leaving a lonely, unhappy Mike Wilding behind. But no attractive, unattached male, especially a popular film star, is allowed to be unhappy for long.

One night, shortly after Marlene’s departure, Mike was dining at Mayfair’s exclusive Les Ambassadeurs Club, when he suddenly found himself staring into the eyes of a dazzling beauty, as different from Marlene as two beautiful women can be. The inevitable happened and the rest is history. When Liz Taylor eventually asked Mike for a separation, the name lingered on in her life with another Mike—Mike Todd.

Here again was a study in strange contrasts, this time between two men: Wilding, a reserved Brit with a quiet, lazy charm, educated in the best public schools (only in England a public school is private), and Todd, volatile and explosive, a born gambler, recklessly extravagant, self-educated and self-made. And here is still another twist to this amazing story. Before Liz came into his life, Todd had persuaded Marlene to play herself as one of the guest stars in “Around the World in 80 Days.” Marlene had succumbed not only to Mike’s fast-talking salesmanship, but to Mike, himself, especially his generous purse.

While Marlene was in Hollywood, filming “Around the World,” she and Mike were together constantly. On her return to New York, they were seen at all the first nights and other glamour spots in town. Then she left for the Riviera to make “The Monte Carlo Story” with Vittorio De Sica. The picture ran over schedule and Marlene was miserable through most of it. Then she returned to New York for the gala opening of “Around the World,” only to discover that the “hot Toddy” she had left behind hadn’t cooled off. But now he was even hotter about Mrs. Mike Wilding, and it was she who decorated his arm at the premiere and midnight supper party afterward. Marlene was escorted by an old friend, Noel Coward.

Then Marlene had to fly to Hollywood to see Jean Louis about another staggering wardrobe for her third appearance at Las Vegas. On her arrival, she heard that Liz had asked Wilding for a divorce. Call it good timing, call it destiny, or pure accident, or what you will, the fact remains that Marlene and her first Mike caught up with each other again at the precise psychological moment for both of them. Whether this reunion after a seven-year interlude will rekindle their former flame, and

Continued
Glenn Ford loved being in Japan. When he returned, he and his Ellie were tops with these young guests at the "Teahouse" premiere.

The Stewart Grangers confused all and sundry when they named their baby Tracy, had the press reporting their child was a son.

Tony Perkins never stays at a party for very long, but he's always seen in the right places with right people—like Elaine Aiken.

Audrey Hepburn takes being Mrs. Mel Ferrer very seriously. But, more importantly, is she taking her film star status too seriously?

Lana Turner's friends are afraid she's been off the screen too long, but with independently wealthy Lex Barker around, she won't worry.

When Marlene Dietrich visits Hollywood, her first stop is the Van Johnsons' to cook beef stroganoff and exchange the latest gossip.

Audrey Hepburn takes being Mrs. Mel Ferrer very seriously. But, more importantly, is she taking her film star status too seriously?
this time wind up at the altar, is anybody's guess. But if it does, I predict they will have a very good chance of making a go of it.

Mike needs a woman to dominate him. And don't let Marlene's femme fatale trappings fool you. Basically, she has the disciplined mind of a German officer with the soul of a German hausfrau. She is at her happiest when she can "mother" someone—man, woman or child—and she doesn't care whether it takes the form of cooking, nursing, baby-sitting, or giving helpful advice. Some men—and I can name several—have been scared off by Marlene's complete "taking over." But not Mike. He's the type of easygoing Britisher who needs someone like that. His first wife, Kay, now married to actor Douglas Montgomery, was the stronger of the two, and so was Liz Taylor. Only Liz's dominance was in relation to herself. "Let's leave here now," she'd command at a party when she was tired. Marlene, on the other hand, would have whispered, "Darling, you look tired. Let's go home and I'll warm some milk for you." And in all probability, while Mike is sipping his milk, Marlene will be massaging his neck adore, and the security of love that every woman needs. Especially glamorous women like Dietrich, who are the loneliest in the world.

**Footsteps to Glory:** "Relatively" speaking, this is an amazing year. Practically every big Hollywood film and Broadway play can boast some relation of a famous parent who is making good on his or her own. Just consider a few: Tony Perkins, Susan Strasberg, Johnny Kerr, Jim MacArthur, Sidney Chaplin, Jack Merivale and Anna and David Massey. Tony, incidentally, adds to the merry-go-round by dating the daughter of a notable Hollywoodite: Maria Cooper, offspring of Gary. This fact helps to dispel the gloom of some of Tony's fans, who wondered when he would come off his ivory perch for a real date. Perhaps the most notable event of this offspring wave is the great personal success scored by Charlie Chaplin's son, who is making his Broadway debut in the Judy Holliday smash hit musical "Bells Are Ringing." But Sidney's father can take none of the bows for launching this stage career. It was Judy, and Judy alone, who insisted that Sidney be given the audition that finally won him the role of her leading man against competition from established names like Howard Keel and Johnny Johnston. She foresaw what all the drama critics "discovered" after the opening: that Sidney, with his dark good looks, effortless charm and stage poise (won after a long apprenticeship at the Circle Players in Hollywood, where he did everything, including sweeping the stage) would be a matinee heartthrob, younger and handsomer than Yul Brynner, Ezio Pinza and Rex Harrison.

Strangely enough, although he was completely ignored by Hollywood and equally overlooked in London, where he had gone hoping that his father's homeland might give him a break, Sidney has always scored heavily in private life. Three of the loveliest bundles from Britain, Kay Kendall, Claire Bloom and Joan Collins, have fallen victim to his charm in the past. Now Judy Holliday is continuing to hear "bells ringing" after the show's curtain rings down.

That Judy's current romantic interest in her on-stage leading man will lead to the altar doesn't seem likely to their intimates. For one thing, there's the age difference between them, and secondly, Sidney is the type who believes there is safety in numbers. He's playing it safe now as far as all women are concerned, by living as a bachelor but sharing his apartment with Adolph Green, who, with Betty Comden, wrote book and lyrics for "Bells."

**Stop the Press:** How does Lana Turner feel about being off screen for so long? Friends feel she ought to be worried, but when she snuggles up to handsome, wealthy Lex Barker they get the idea that she couldn't care less. . . . Jan Sterling has buckled down to a new diet and the results are a brand-new, lithe figure. Hubby Paul Douglas' eyes, which always light up whenever Jan is around, shine brighter than ever at the sight of the (Continued on page 96)
Roy Fitzgerald came to Hollywood, became Rock Hudson—and went on from there. But on the way there was pain, hope, fear and joy.
To the struggling Rock, Julie Adams offered a gay and sympathetic companionship that he needed very much.

Except for Phyllis, no one in Rock’s life gave him so much warm understanding as script girl Betty Abbott.

Piper Laurie was just one of the girls Rock dated during the period when he was trying to find himself.

What has gone before: Part I of Joe Hyams’ life story of the man legally named Roy Fitzgerald told of his boyhood, his disturbed family life, his early search for a way of life. Rock was a letter carrier on the streets of Winnetka, Illinois, a truck driver in Hollywood and later a bit player.

When a man stands in front of a mirror shaving, there come the days when he stops looking at the whiskers and takes a good look at himself. On one such occasion recently, Rock Hudson looked at his face in wonderment and asked himself—for perhaps the fiftieth time—what am I doing here in this house in Hollywood as a movie star?

Rock has never been able to satisfy himself with an answer. None of his countless biographers have ever been able to draw (Continued on page 104)

STORY

BY JOE HYAMS

Today Rock’s emotional life centers on Phyllis and his work, including Korean orphans of “Battle Hymn”
Neither tears nor jewels are strangers to Debra Paget. Hers is a world of dreams come true.

The mermaid murals are jeweled

In a fabulous story-book house a block off Sunset Boulevard a lovely girl lay on a bed of strawberry velvet and white satin. She was crying, because Fate had been unkind—or so it seemed.

Debra Paget, actress, wept because a role she had been promised had gone to another young star. (Continued on page 100)
Her birds live in cages that are not just gilded, but bespangled!

Her car is like none ever seen before, thanks to a night’s work

siren
HE'LL NEVER WIN AN

Oscar

We didn't say that — and we don’t believe it. But Cary Grant insists he’s having too much fun to worry about being rewarded

- It is a curious and yet undeniable fact that in forty-odd years of show business — the last twenty-four of them in Hollywood — Archibald Alexander Leach has rarely been tabbed “An Actor.” Not in the sense that indicates lofty critical praise. He has been acknowledged to have, and he has, great physical magnetism. It is generally conceded that he is handsome. But in the last definition of the craftsmanship he has sought and in which he has been so long successful, he has been little honored.

It may be said now that this circumstance has not escaped the attention of Mr. Leach — who in 1932 decided (Continued on page 75)
A very successful film was Cary's "Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House." Applause, no Oscar!

His latest film is "The Pride and the Passion" with two-time Oscar winner Sinatra and Sophia Loren.

"None But the Lonely Heart" co-starred Ethel Barrymore, proved Cary's great range as an actor.
“Sorry, No Casting Today...”

- The telephone is what Hollywood lives by. At the other end of it is fame and fortune or despair and hunger. Every actor has an answering service. Even if he has to paste cardboard in the soles of his shoes and sleep until late afternoon so that he only needs one meal a day, the price of an answering service is a must. In good times, an actor checks in once or twice a day. In bad times, he hangs on it, waits for it. He’s afraid to answer that ringing phone and afraid not to. He puts off checking with his answering service while he plays a game with himself and says, “If it’s good news I’ll get it anyway. If it’s bad news, I don’t want it.” Bill Phipps, whose serious acting started when he got the lead in George Pal’s “Five,” knows what it is to get the good news, and what it’s like to get the bad news. Listed in the casting directory as “Every mother’s son, every girl’s brother,” he seemed on his way to quick stardom. But Bill is one of many competent actors—in fact, several directors have called him a potentially great actor—for whom the big break didn’t come. In steady demand by studios and TV, successful financially, he missed stardom by a heartbeat. Now he’s cast in solid and important character parts, but he’s the exception to the Hollywood rule that says, “If you’ve got it, you’ll get it.” Bill Phipps got a lot from Hollywood—more than most ever get. He just didn’t get what he might have gotten.
FROM HOME

Rod Taylor came all the way from Australia to keep a promise that he made himself—the promise to be an ACTOR

BY HYATT DOWNING

Most mornings before the sun has risen too high in the sky, a tall, dark young man in bathing shorts steps from a modest beach house at Malibu, stretches his arms into the air and looks out over the Pacific before racing across the sand for a dip. Gazing into the distance across the blue water, Rod Taylor, the young Australian who has made such a hit in “Giant” and “Raintree County,” probably is thinking of home and what a long way he has come to put his mark on the Hollywood scene.

Rod, who shares the beach house with Jeff Richards, an M-G-M player, and Bob Walker, casting director of Review Productions, at first glance lacks most of the outward signs of so many Hollywood hopefuls who are trying to crack the sound barrier of stardom. He is not handsome in the conventional Hollywood sense. Clad in blue jeans and a stained sweat shirt, he might easily be mistaken for a young lumberjack about to enter a log-rolling contest. Wearing high- (Continued on page 98)
Whatever you have thought or said about Bob Wagner in praise or blame, read this story, please, and cheer him—as we do

• Robert John Wagner, Jr., a 26-year-old film player of “feature” stature in the minds of the industry, but a star in the eyes of the public, reached his studio dressing room one day in the semi-darkness of early evening. He was edgy, voluble and apparently suffering from mild exhaustion. The apparel he was wearing was part sports and part Western, including boots. He was not altogether happy.

Bob Wagner had spent most of the day “looping,” a term that in Hollywood has nothing to do with exuberant celebration, but means dubbing lines to his own lips in scenes where exterior noises have made them unintelligible during outdoor shooting. It is a difficult and exacting business, and in this instance especially so, since Wagner had had to re-enact the gasping, broken words of a badly wounded man—himself, as Jesse James. Now, however, it was over and, from a bar on one side of the room, he poured himself a fair-sized Scotch and water.

“You can call it a Coke if you want,” he said to a visitor. “But you don’t have to. How I’m sick of that Coke bit. ‘For recreation, Bob likes nothing better than an early movie and a Coke,’” he said with a rather bitter overtone. “I think maybe we’ve outgrown that.”

“Dressing room” as a description of the studio quarters of an actor of Wagner’s professional rank is both a misnomer and an understatement. Situated on a second-floor level directly across from the 20th Century-Fox commissary, the setup is more properly a suite or even an apartment: a kind of office in the front, behind it a

Continued
He has talent, he has brains, he has looks. Who’s at fault, Bob or Hollywood?

Seldom has an actor as talented as Bob Wagner had to make a movie as bad as “Prince Valiant.” As Joanne Woodward’s psychopathic killer in “A Kiss Before Dying,” Bob did his best, in vain.

Of “The Mountain,” with Spencer Tracy, critics said, “This boy still has to reach maturity as an actor.”

Wagner’s retreat is also something of a social center, and now, in the cold twilight, several people were present: a writer-director named Richard Sale; a man with cropped, sparse white hair and a musical voice whom everyone called Duke; Barbara Rush, a young actress; Nena Wills, Wagner’s secretary, and the casual visitor. Wagner sank heavily into a swivel chair and regarded Miss Rush with something between friendly admiration and mock ecstasy.

“You doll!” he said. “You gorgeous doll!” Miss Rush grinned at him. “I know,” she said. “You absolute doll!” said Wagner. “Wait a minute.” He swiveled around to the phone and dialed a number. “Mr. Wagner, Sr.?” he said. “Wagner, Jr., here. I’m going to be tied up just a little. Keep everything hot, will you? Thanks, Dad.” When he swung back, his face had become moody, and for a moment his vague gesture seemed to groom the protruding forelock of hair that characterizes his screen appearance. It is like the hair of the small child who lives next to Dagwood Bumstead in the comic strip. Wagner never brushes it back; he appears to encourage it. “A phase,” he said. “It’s time I came out of a phase. Earnest Robert Wagner, God’s gift to the soda fountain, is not long for this earth. You suppose Jesse James ever had a soda?”

“You can’t be a juvenile forever,” someone said.

“I already have been,” said Wagner. “What’s another eternity going to matter? It’s a funny thing. Somebody says you’re a star. Then somebody else says so. It’s wonderful how everyone agrees to it. There’s only one thing wrong: You’re not a star. You know it. The technicians know it. But it’s too late. (Continued on page 90)
LIVING WITH
YOUNG IDEAS

JOAN COLLINS is in 20th century-fox's "SEAWIFE" and "ISLAND IN THE SUN." NEGLIGEE BY JUEL PARK.

THE UNDERCOVER STORY OF THE YEAR

• Beauty Begins in the Boudoir
• How to Have the Bustline You Want
• Fashion a Beautiful Figure

ALSO

Etiquette For a Bachelor Girl
Beauty Begins in the Boudoir

- We all know that a daily shower is a "must" for the girl who would be truly beautiful. Next, comes dainty lingerie — which is a positive obsession with Natalie Wood. Lingerie, too, should come in for a daily "showering". Then, what's more luxurious than a liberal dousing with any good toilet water for that tingling, head-to-foot feeling of "coming to life"? With those things out of the way, it's time to concentrate on beauty: foundation creams, astringents, and so on. When it comes to the application of make-up, remember, too little is always far better than too much.

Beauty begins with good grooming, and Natalie Wood will tell you that good grooming begins with you alone.

Like most Hollywood stars, Natalie uses a brush to get a smooth outline when applying lipstick. She's careful to avoid an exaggerated lipline.

Outline your eyes with a very, very thin pencil in any color you feel accentuates the color of your eyes. Keep the line close to your eyelashes.

Eyebrows should not be plucked or shaved to pencil-thinness. They add character to your face, so it's best to pluck them out one by careful one.

Mascara is good for practically everyone. There are all sorts of tricks, including using line, then powder, then mascara, to make lashes thicker.
out of color TV comes a new make-up to make you look naturally lovely in any light...day or night

Max Factor’s new hi-fi Fluid Make-Up

You’ll love the Hi-Fi look...and so will he! Because Hi-Fi makes a natural beauty of you...ends the “made-up” look once and for all. There’s a whole new range of high fidelity shades in Hi-Fi...shades that emphasize the loveliest you!

Hi-Fi does for color what high fidelity does for music! Reproduces perfect natural skin tones that blend invisibly with your own complexion. In bright sunlight, glaring or artificial light, there’s no tell-tale mark—all anyone can tell is that you’re lovely!

Hi-Fi heightens your own color...hides flaws! The delicate color Hi-Fi gives you is remarkable...because it’s so fresh, so natural-looking...yet it hides whatever you want to hide with a sheer veil of beauty! It smooths and softens skin quickly, easily—never streaks or smears.

Any light is flattering with Hi-Fi. Glaring lights of color TV made existing make-ups appear harsh, unflattering. So the great networks called on Max Factor. From his research, he developed an exclusive new color principle, creating a make-up that stayed smooth and radiant under the most glaring light. From this same color principle, Max Factor created this wonderful new make-up for you. Hi-Fi Fluid Make-Up!

Natural-looking beauty can be yours...now! Choose the perfect shade for your complexion from six new high fidelity shades in Hi-Fi, $1.75 plus tax at your favorite cosmetics counters. Fluid Rouge in new high fidelity colors, $1.25 plus tax.

Send in this coupon for “Try Size” Hi-Fi, enough for at least TEN make-ups for only 25¢! You will also receive FREE Max Factor’s new book “YOU AT YOUR LOVELIEST.”

Max Factor, Dept. H, P. O. Box 941, Hollywood 28, California

Please send me my shade in the special “Try Size” Hi-Fi Fluid Make-Up, 25¢ included. My natural skin tone is (check one)

- Fair Tone
- Natural Tone
- Medium Tone
- Deep Tone

- Gay Tone
- Sun Tone
- Bronze Tone

Name ____________________________
Street __________________________
City ___________________________ Zone ______ State ______

PLEASE PRINT
To look at her now you'd never know... but her face "broke out" an hour ago. The 2-step Medicare Set saved her then. Medicare Stick saves her now.

to be as lovely as you can be...

TUSSY medicare

Set of Creamy Masque and Medicated Lotion (Light or Medium Shade), $2. Medicare Stick, $1. All tax free. On Canadian counters, too.
How to have the Bustline you want

For a shape more chic, Hollywood's famous beauty expert reveals his personal bust-building formula as used by the movie stars • BY TERRY HUNT

Many Hollywood stars have come to my figure-building salon in Beverly Hills for the beauty courses which I have perfected. I promise them no miracles, as I promise none to you. But I do predict that, like so many of the movie stars, your bustline will show improvement by following my directions for these simple exercises.

Correcting poor posture can do much to make your line trim. The three most common forms of poor posture are pictured with this story. A sidewhise curved back (on this page) is often caused by habitually carrying heavy books on the same arm. Exercises to strengthen the muscles evenly and sufficiently to support the frame will help. An uneven hip line (pictured in back of book) can only be corrected by determined effort to straighten the spine and by developing better tone in the abdominal muscles to make the lower back more normal. A forward thrusting of the head results in a badly sunken chest. Exercises can help you stretch and (Continued on page 78)

For More Bustline Beauty and How to Choose Your Bra, Turn to Page 78
There's more than meets the eye in being well-dressed. These new hidden attractions help you to be fashionably equipped.
An airy pantie girdle of elastic mesh with shaped satin Lastex panels front and back, extending to cushion the inner leg. Detachable garters. S, M, L. By Sarong. $5.95

For a perfect profile, a girdle in nylon power net, inch-paring satin elastic contour panels front, back, sides. White. Waist sizes 25-34. By Flexees. $12.95

Dipping waistband for comfort in a black nylon power net girdle, smooth satin Lastex panel embroidered in blue. Also white. S, M, L, extra-L. Youthcraft. $7.95

Curve control made easy in this flower-patterned, seamless cotton and latex girdle. New added plus: an easy-slide zipper. Extra-S to L. Playtex. $10.95

Gently wired, figure-molding bra shaped to a plunge, with circular-stitched nylon lace cups, leno elastic band. White, black. 32-44 A, B, C, D. Maidenform. $5.95

Nylon lace bandeau with slender torso band, a pretty conceit in the inset lattice-work of satin ribbons. Black, white. Exquisite Form. 32-42 A, B, C. $3.50


Beauty treatment bra — Dacron elastic supports heart-embroidered cotton cups defined by twin bands, shaped with light foam. White. 32-40 A, B, C. By Gossard. $2.50

Well-separated bra with neat front hook closing. White cotton, the cups delicately embroidered and lightly padded with foam. 32-38 A, B, C. By Formaid. $3

Crisp cotton shapes a high, round bra, cups V-stitched, underscored with elastic, framed in embroidered marquisette. White. 32-40 A, B, C. By Formaid. $3

To buy undercover fashions, see information and stores listed on page 111

Continued
Fashion a Beautiful Figure  Continued
To buy undercover fashions, see information and stores listed on page 111

A Control in brief, a handsome girdle in patterned nylon power net, slimming satin elastic diamond panels front and back. White, red, black, pastels. S, M, L. Enhance Jr. by Lily of France. $7.95

B Shaped for a young figure, hip-smoothing power net girdle. The control: an elastic waistband continuing around pink-etched panel. S, M, L. Warner's. $7.50

C For ease and freedom, all-over-stretch girdle in rayon elastic with overlaid rayon satin panel, nary a seam. White or black. S, M, L. Silf-Skin. About $3

D Carefree pull-on girdle in perforated velvety rubber, hidden tummy panel. The prettiness here: a printed red rose. White. Waists 24-36. Kleinert's. $4.95

E Bandeau of smooth cotton with elastic insert. Rounded cups concentrically-stitched, lightly padded, tricot-lined. White. 32-38 A, B. By Stardust. $1.50

F Pretty and practical bra in batiste elastic. Cups, embroidered cotton, foam-lined. Mobile straps convert to six-way wear. White. 32-38 A, B. Lewella. $2


H Sleek new all-in-one shaped to whittle a young figure. Firming elastic net, elasticized marquisette, and circular-stitched sheer net cups. All nylon traced with pink embroidery. White or black. 33-36 B, C. By Formfit. $16.50


J For the smaller bosom, three-quarter bra in cotton and batiste elastic, under-wired cups foam-lined. Attachable four-way straps. 30-36 AAA cup. By Peter Pan. $5

To buy undercover fashions, see information and stores listed on page 111

Continued on page 72

DRAWINGS BY MAGGIE MACGOWAN
What Every Bachelor Girl Should "NO"!

BY JERRY ASHER
I'm lonely — shall I ask him in?

Shall I drink if I don't want to?

Shall I kiss him to be a good sport?

Nowhere are the wolves so hungry as in Hollywood. But Dolores Gray has foolproof rules for being good, also popular.

- To look at and listen to bachelor girl Dolores Gray, who is so progressively modern, you'd never suspect her of having certain values and viewpoints that are considered revolutionary in today's fast-moving world.

“I’m practically Victorian about some things,” is the way Dolores sums it up. “For example, some girls actually can phone a man and ask for a date. Why, a good friend of mine, a popular and eligible Hollywood bachelor, had three invitations from three famous female stars to attend a recent premiere. All three had bought their tickets themselves! My reaction remains the same. It's the man's place to do the pursuing in every way—always!”

Brown-eyed, blonde-haired Dolores Gray (36½-22-361), who sparkles like her favorite pink champagne, is a scintillating sophisticate. She makes a habit of meeting life head on, making no attempt to change the established rules and regulations. But in her own inimitable way, Dolores juggles them around a bit to suit her own individual needs and purposes.

About dating, for instance, she says, “Dating has always presented, shall we say, situations. When it's with a man you've met recently, it (Continued on page 93)
Continued from page 69

A Smooth-line slip, its shaped bodice frosted with inset bands of nylon lace, embroidery, pleating. Bonus: a shadow-proof panel. Silky cool, no-iron cotton batiste. White. 32-44. Artemis. $5.95

B Slim-to-the-knee petticoat, widening to a deep, scalloped flounce gathered by appliquéd lilies. Bates airy cotton batiste that dries in a wink. White, yellow, pink. S, M, L. Mojuda. $3.98

C Elegantly tapered half-slip in easy-to-care-for Dacron, nylon, and cotton. Scalloped lace hemline encircled with sheer embroidered appliqués. White only. S, M, L. By Sans Souci. About $4

To buy lingerie, see information and stores listed on page 111.

DRAWINGS BY MAGGIE MACGOWAN
Obviously, the lady doesn’t know

Perma-lift’s Magic Oval Pantie

CAN’T RIDE UP—EVER!

Obviously the trim, although uncomfortable, little lady on your left doesn’t know that “Perma-lift’s” Magic Oval Pantie Can’t Ride Up—Ever! And if you’re always pulling a stubborn girdle back into place, too, it’s time you were wearing a “Perma-lift” Magic Oval Pantie. It will never ride up, chafe, or irritate. Ask your corsetiere for a fitting today.

Bra 33—Circular stitched cups. In Dacron. $3.95.

Crazy, man, crazy! The rock 'n' rollers on a disk are Sal Mineo and young Susan Volkman, stars of U-P's "Rock, Pretty Baby," a picture with some of the liveliest rock 'n' roll sets we've heard.

BY CHRIS DAGGETT

Bouncy Robert Clary is back again with a twelve-tune offering on Epic entitled "Hooray for Love," a lively and varied performance ably assisted by Neal Hefti and his orchestra. The prettiest tune in the set is the lovely "Avec Ce Soleil," sung in French in Clary's husky-voice style. He is his swinging self in "Hooray for Love," "Thou Swell," "Triplets" and "Love Is a Simple Thing," in which he sings a round with himself. He dips into the Calypso vein with "White Witch" and "Calypso Blues." For the very touching "Ship Without a Sail," Robert becomes quieter and wistful, but returns to the happy mood on "Le Gamin de Paris." The cover pictures are a lot of fun too.

"He Loves Me, He Loves Me Not" on the Atlantic label is an LP that has been prepared with consummate taste and care. First, there is Chris Conners. Her warmth of sound is individual and attractive. Her sensitivity and phrasing do justice to what the lyrics are saying. Ralph Burns conducts a large orchestra of strings and rhythm in his own caressing, romantic-mood arrangements. The choice of tunes is superb, including a particular gem, "Round About," recorded here for only the second time.

"Swingin' With Her Nibs" on Mercury is just that. Miss Georgia Gibbs swings through twelve standards, backed by Buddy Weed on piano, Tony Mottola on guitar, Jimmy Crawford on drums, and Arnold Fishkin on bass. Miss Gibbs' sophisticated sound makes the most of the tunes, and her impressive feel for the beat genuinely justifies the album title. Glen Osseh did the arrangements.

M-G-M's "Am I Blue?" is Betty Madigan's first venture into the world of LP. Out of the endlessly rocking cradle nurturing new vocalists, Miss Madigan steps forward with a delightfully straightforward approach. Although the content lacks variety, Miss Madigan has a delicate, perceptive pop appeal. She realizes the value of dynamics and injects this into the collection. Included in the dozen selections are the title tune, "I Get Along Without You Very Well," "Love, You Funny Thing," "Everytime," "I'll Never Be The Same," "Please Be Kind" and "Trouble Is a Man." The obvious conclusion is that this first LP deserves a second.

The critics have said that Tony Scott's clarinet successfully bridges the gap between swing and extremely progressive music, and his new album for RCA Victor proves it. "The Touch of Tony Scott" is swinging, imaginative jazz. Such numbers as "Rock Me But Don't Roll Me," "The Jitterbug Waltz in Four" and "Yesterdays" demonstrate Tony's control of big band music. One of the featured quartet numbers in the album, the "Aolian Drinking Song," swinging from start to finish and building to a frenzied pitch, is destined to become a jazz classic. Tony's background includes study at
He'll Never Win an Oscar

(Continued from page 52)

would be more euphoniously known as Cary Grant. Indeed, it has irked him, since Cary Grant's notion of screen acting is vastly different from that of the press or public."

So, for that matter, is Cary Grant's notion of everyday behavior. But it is only recently that Mr. Grant has got around to understanding this, and a few other subjects. Apparently, to no one, no one remembered to ask him.

One day in the late winter of this year, Grant sat himself down behind a pot of thespian togetherness and jaundice, no longer drinks or smokes— and answered anyway. He was a little harassed by time and pressure. In a few hours he would leave for Spain and the making of "The Pride and the Passion" for Stanley Kramer. Frank Sinatra and Italy's Sophia Loren would also be among those present, but Grant's was the bedrock name. He'd been getting in order a house in Palm Springs and a house in Beverly Hills. But he behaved like a man who had not a single urgent engagement until 1960. He is a singularly courteous, uninhibited fellow.

Mention inevitably was made of the then upcoming Oscar awards, and he smiled whitely beneath his somewhat straying hair and above his rather full chin. "I wouldn't mind it," he said equably. "Not that I'm nominated, of course. But say I won't win it, I mean now or any other year. I don't say I should, and I have nothing but respect for the nominees. But 'acting' is kind of something to do with facial acne and missing teeth. Light comedy has no more chance than the man who keeps his features still. You know, any amateur can black out a talking picture on screen, and he's something he isn't. The tough thing, the final thing, is to be yourself. That's what's going on. And I should know. I used to be Noel Coward."

In the pocket, you know. It took me three years to get that hand out of there, and they were three years wasted. Noel Coward is great at being Noel Coward, but the role I do best is Grant's.

"In fact," says Mr. Grant, "the same general idea goes for everyone under every circumstance. But it's so hard for people, especially the young, to find out. You see, I've been in the kind of crowded room. In a moment, she goes into a role. Her hands touch her hair. She does something meaningless with her arms. Her natural poise has deserted her so she's superimposed another pose. If she simply stick to being herself, she'd be a hundred times more charming. But that's something she'll have to learn. I doubt that it can be taught." Grant, oblivious to the double-takes of fellow-diners by whom then realized they flushed a screen star, poured more tea and removed himself. The subject of Oscars, cutting across a few hilly digressions to head them off at the pass.

"So I'll never get one," he said. "I had a crack once. Instead of a droll fellow in a dinner jacket, I'd wind up as a witness or messenger. Picture called "Suspicion." But when it was over, my poor victim got the statue, Joan Fontaine. That's when I folded up and went away.

"Really, though, thinking this isn't sour grapes—actors know the problems of acting and no one else does. Not fully anyway. Well, how could they? A fan letter from Ethel Barrymore would go to a player's self-esteem than a thousand good notices. The truth is, not many critics know what they're talking about. That's an observation, not an indictment. They've been kind enough to me. But they just don't know. It's what I've been talking about. Let a player roll his eyes and chew scenery and the critics get excited. They've got one another dug in himself in the role, and I guess by inference curl their lip at Cary Grants. So all right. But they still don't know what they're talking about. That goes for something else. But on film, the actor who controls his face and plays himself—he's the one who's learned his business."

On reconsideration, the reference to the script's limitations is of course largely true. "She's under the stage lights—" Grant's been said. He's the stage lights, and they are gifted young men—and they are gifted, more times than not—come here from there and promptly fall apart on the simplest take. Because they've wanted to play the part. Because they have nothing of the making of pictures. Where they had a whole stage to work on and could cover for a multitude of errors, here the smallest mistake screens as a cataclysm. And I can't imagine why many can't learn to be the same in one close-up scene. I can't even show you because it would take too long.

But there was time for seventeen technical scenes, which gives one a chance in rapid succession. 'I'm on camera now. It's a close shot, necktie up. You're—oh, Grace Kelly. I say to you: 'I'm here today, gone tomorrow.' That's all. And take me to the water sink. Take me to the sink."

He spoke the line and went through the business. At the end of each take, he said: "But I can't do it like that. Setting down the glass, I drowned out a word. And I can't see anything. This was before? 'I've a double-chin and forgot to hold it up. This time I'm holding the glass so an arc—light's reflected in it. Broadway wouldn't know about these things.'"

Dzi Grant, then, as an established star, have doubts about those who were coming up so fast behind him, the Rorlys and the Tomes and the Yonys?

"I said, 'Well, I'm glad you asked me that. I'm with them all, and I know what they're going through because I went through it once. I was talking about technical deficiencies. Now and then I've got the same feeling. Their problem is one of concentration, utter concentration. There's so much, when you're on the way up, to distract you. So many trimmings and trappings. And then the makeup, publicity, photographer, that first self-consciousness at being a more or less public figure—oh, everything in the world. Including the fear you might be too busy playing on one I'd got to go to that. But in spite of all it, their big job is to concentrate, learn their business, and forget the rest while that's going on."

"If I can't do it, I can't really got a problem. I mentioned Grace Kelly. Of course, we've lost her now. But concentration! That girl could study a script with a house burning down around her. And she'd finish it. I think I don't know any nuance and every thought the character had to have. That's only one of the things that made her great. Bergman had it, too. The big difference is, all her someone connected Spence Tracy what the first important thing was a young actor should do to get a foothold in this business. I imagine they expected one of those faith— and— courage—actors. But Spence just looked up for a second and said, 'Well, it might be a good idea if he'd learn his lines.' He wasn't kidding a bit, either. I'm
not running down faith and courage, but learning your lines is at least just as practical.

And what about the streetcar bit?

"The streetcar bit," said Grant. "It's my visual apparatus for the Hollywood scramble. The streetcar fills up in the back and emptied out the front. And there's only room for so many. It's a precarious sort of streetcar. Call it Aspire. Call it anything. When I first jumped on the back and was handing to the other life, the ones up front in the aisle seats were people like Richard Barthelmess. You know? Well, I hung on like mad and shoved and pushed and finally had a little room with the linebacker in front of me. And I thought, well, so far, so good. Then I looked behind me and there was another crowd trying to get on. And a few of them do and that, shows you up a little further toward the front. Gary Cooper got on about the same time, I think, only a little earlier, but he's the one nobody's shaving. Cooper sits there with his legs stretched out and lets people trip over him.

"Then all of a sudden you hear a shout, and someone yells back to us in the rear, 'Hey, So-and-So's fallen out the front!' And that's the last you hear of So-and-So. That streetcar represents Hollywood and me, and where I am now I won't guess."

About three-quarters forward with a snug seat at the window?

"That's a comforting way to look at it."

Elvis Presley's Teachers Speak Out About ELVIS PRESLEY

Plus Interesting Stories on HERB SHRINER • ERIN O'BRIEN

Don't Miss!
The Delightful Feature on
Lawrence Welk's Fabulous

LENNON SISTERS
Exclusive!

all in the MARCH TV RADIO MIRROR at all newsstands

LOOK FOR: Cary Grant in United Artists' "The Pride and the Passion."
"...takes to water like a duck"

It's the only pincurl permanent that's actually WEATHERPROOF!

Weather and water can't weaken it! Soft, shiny curls can be dried in minutes... last till you cut them off!

New Silicomed PIN-QUICK by Richard Hudnut

Richard Hudnut guarantees new Pin-Quick to last longer than any other pincurl permanent—or your money back!

It's always fair weather when you and Pin-Quick get together. Other pincurl permanents will let you down on the first damp day—begin to wilt after the first shampoo. But Pin-Quick curls stay firm and springy in all kinds of weather—last till you cut them off.

New Pin-Quick's Lano-Clear Lotion babies each curl with lanolin as it waves in the liveliest, lastingest pincurls. And wonderful new Silicone in Pin-Quick gives lasting sheen to your hair. Pin-Quick's 5 times faster, too. It's the only pincurl permanent with a neutralizer... you can dry it safely in minutes with a dryer—or in the sun. Rain or shine, look your prettiest with new Weatherproof Pin-Quick! $1.75 plus tax.

Improving your bustline is only half the story. To make the most of your natural assets, you need a good bra. Photoplay sought the advice of Edith Head, designer for Paramount Pictures and winner of several Academy Awards, and compiled the following suggestions, endorsed by Miss Head's chief corsetiere, Bessie Lowery:

A bra should hold the bust firmly in the position in which it grows from the body. Thus, the points of the bosom will be halfway between elbows and shoulders. The bra should provide neither a too-pointed nor a too-rounded look, should fit the natural contours, and should not ride up in back. Pulling the straps too tightly limits bust separation and may give an abnormal "shelf" look; too loosely will provide insufficient support. Never let the straps cut into the shoulders.

The proper width of the bra is also important. Width under the arms should approximate width of the bust itself, insuring firmness.

The girl with the tiny bust may wear a lightly padded bra or small tapering pads lining the undercups, for pretty new contours.

The too-large bust must always be supported properly by a deep-cup fit to prevent ugly bulging under the arms. The bra must also avoid pulling the breasts tightly together, because the divided look is much healthier and far more attractive.

To wash your bra, use lukewarm water and mild soap, applying a hand brush to scrub out the dirt. Never put a bra into the washing machine; even hand-rubbing breaks down the fibers of the material. If your bra has picked up dye from a dress and requires a bleach, be careful not to use a strong one. A mild color remover is a safer procedure, particularly with nylon. To dry, hang your bra by the straps, stretching out as many wrinkles as possible. Press with a moderate iron and a damp cloth if necessary. THE END
Here's the entire Hollywood Year

The book that tells you everything you want to know about everyone in Hollywood

It's a dream! It's the new 1957 edition of Photoplay Annual. Between the covers of this thrilling annual is the entire Hollywood year in review. Here's everything about everybody who is anybody in Hollywood. This gorgeous yearbook brings you hundreds of pictures... all the news and gossip of Hollywood... plus exclusive stories about the screen's outstanding personalities of the year. Here, too, are full-page portraits in color... exciting candid shots... thumbnail sketches of the rising young stars, and many extra special treats. Photoplay Annual is enjoyment unlimited. Get your copy today—while they last.

Only 50c
At all newsstands now

This is the most wanted Annual published. Therefore, it is only natural that your newsdealer may be sold out when you call to pick up your copy. However, don't let this worry you! You can still obtain a copy of this exciting Annual by mailing this coupon with 50c—if you act at once.

Photoplay
Dept. PH-357
205 East 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.

Sirs:
Send me Photoplay Annual 1957. I enclose 50c.

Name.............................................................. Please Print

Address..............................................................

City.............................................................. State.......
restaurant, Jack waves a quick and humorous hand to meet the potential clienteles who are arriving from the keyboard. Then he takes over, for a brief moment looking exactly like the slap-happy Ensign Pulver of "Mr. Roberts." Already the onlookers are laughing appreciatively.

Jack grins at his audience. But as they turn back to their drinks and their dinners, his face soberes and saddens. He goes into a swing number, softly, one called "Silent Night." The words and the melody turn into a sentimental tune called "Now." These are songs of his own composition, which he wrote several years ago for a musical which was never produced.

At the end of the song, whereupon he seems to forget the time, the place and, most particularly, the girl.

At these moments, he is not the funny Ensign Pulver. Nor is he the zany young fellow he was a couple of years back at a certain Compo luncheon.

Compo is an inner-Hollywood affair, where young women are brought in by the famous new players. At that luncheon, Jack had been called on stage with Tab Hunter and George Nader, two of the other winners. There the three of them stood, when Richter "Dear Old Dad" for Tab and George gave her friendly smiles as she walked toward them, but Jack was visibly transfixed, his big eyes taking in every delicious curve of the Moreno figure. Naturally, Richter was radiant and Jack was as thrilled exactly the right amount as she approached, whereupon a low wolf whistle escaped Jack. This man of pure masculinity produced.

No, these nights around Hollywood, Jack rarely reveals this dashing side of his nature. But neither is he the rather tense young man he was last spring, when he spent the first few days in New York. Then, worry evident in his voice, he said that he "hoped it would be all right." Before that, he had been the doting young father, telling stories about his small son, Chris. He talked about this or that great or at a party to tell you such sweetly innocent things as how Chris had stood at the window and addressed the sky, saying, "Moon too high for boy. Come down, come down." But even at the time since Cynthia has gone ahead with her divorce action, you can see that Jack is fluctuating among many moods. He now has a swank cachet about him. He always gives a perfect smile of Bel Air. He drives a dashing red Thunderbird. And he is casual—much too carefully casual—as he explains that, though divorced, he and Cynthia, as he calls her, are still such good friends that they baby-sit for one another. Cynthia for him when he has a date with another girl, and he for Cynthia when she has a date with another man.

In these days, while Jack was making "Fire Down Below" on the island of Tobago, that I first comprehended what he was going on—that Jack Lemmon was probably acting as much for himself as he was for the public. It all began with a question to himself: that he was happier than he is, that he could do anything, and hadn’t a care in the world.

Superficially, it was great. Career-wise he had become a tin pistol. His contrast with Columbia is one of the best. It even permits him to make outside pictures like "Mr. Roberts" and collect his own salary on them. He has been seen abroad, only, just a few weeks before his Tobago location, he and Cynthia hadn’t separated. This was a real Hollywood shocker, because the Lemmons had seemed such an ideal young couple—popular, well-off, well-bred, intelligent. Their future looked promising, until they agreed to part and neither of them told why.

Of course there had been some buzz around Hollywood when, at the exclusive Robert Mitchum dinner—dance last spring, Jack, who had been seen dancing almost every dance with June Allyson, his co-star in "You Can’t Run Away from It. But nobody took 'that seriously, since Jack and Dick Powell and June were obviously all such good friends. Further-more, both Cynthia and Jack said they had no immediate plans for divorce. It was, they said, merely a separation.

By the time, however, when Jack was in Tobago, the rumors that he was interested in beautiful Rita Hayworth were being flashed everywhere. These, I am here to tell you, were just more quicksand jumping. I know, because I went down there, stayed for a long, dreamy week with the "Fire Down Below" company and saw Rita and Jack day after day and even after evening. As a setting for romance Tobago is a dream. The luxury hotel where the company was staying is located on a little hill, deep in cocoanut palms. In one direction stretches the jade-green of Carribean. In the other is the sapphire blue Atlantic. The temperature is a constant 89 degrees, day and night, cooled by scented breezes. Strange, wild birds sing the whole time.

The "Fire" company was a very congenial one. Evenings, after the hard day’s shooting far out at sea, they would all go into the vast parlor of the hotel, for laughter, talk and cocktails. Rita, vividly beautiful, her red hair flying about her shoulders, would be there with co-star Bob Mitchum, director Bob Par-ker, producer Cathy Rado and Cin-thy’s wife, as well as the character actors and the crew. Everyone was there, in fact, but Jack.

Jack would be in the hotel parlor, at the piano. Actually this kept him within sight and sound of the others, since the hotel has big open arches in place of the usual windows. You can see the same place while the rest of the troupe were laughing and chatting together, Jack Lemmon would be alone, playing those nostalgic compositions of his.

On a tropical island under a tropical moon, with one of the most beautiful women in the world present, Jack Lemmon stayed alone. If that’s not carrying a great burden, I don’t know.

But Jack wouldn’t admit the torch then and he won’t admit it now. In many ways this comic fellow is unaccountably moody, quixotically stubborn, and unpredictable. It is this quality, the boy who lives alone, which, then, when he decided to become an actor nearly starving himself to death while he lived in the cheapest of New York’s mis-erably furnished rooms. So, there were the taking Cynthia to the Automat for dinner on their first date together—the Automat is practically New York’s cheapest eating place—when it turned out that the baby-sitting contract had gone through. It had gone without lunch. And there was the ridiculous way he and Cynthia, when they arrived in California, moved into such an enormous house that they couldn’t afford to pay the servants any more.

Mixed up in all this, in a way expressing it all, is Jack’s piano playing. He said to me, "This is just something with me. Unless I can get to hitting the keys at least once a week, I get restless and depressed for no good reason." On screen he’s a very glib talker. Off screen he is not. Speaking of his music, he had to pause and write—"I try to write—a song nearly every day. I can’t put into words how much I want to write a hit tune. Someday I will."

But just why he wants this he doesn’t seem to know. It seems to come naturally. But besides rises when it comes to his acting. He is a superb comedian, but he hesitates to be known as one. He wants to be known as a serious Actor, with a capital A. That is why he played at first Jack in his role in "Fire Down Below"; it was serious in every frame. And he was even more delighted about a TV show he did in which he played Abraham Lincoln.

Even when he talks about his war service—and he does it amusingly—he is actually emphasizing this quality of his. In this case, he was quite insidiously put into a false position and emerged from it with what looked like heroism and brilliance. He feels he appeared to be something which actually he wasn’t.

Jack, who grew up in Brookline, Massaehusetts, the very, very fashionable suburb of Boston, and whose father was an ex-Doughboy, joined the United States Corporation of America, went to Harvard for his Naval training. He emerged as ensign and was put into communications and sent to sea almost at once. Only he had had any training in communica-tions. He couldn’t have read a signal flag if it had come up and clunked him.

A mere ensign, as every mere ensign knows, he must do such things as wait on his superiors. Ensign Lemmon did not. And thus, one day, he got a fast call from the bridge to read a message which an approaching vessel was flashing. Desperately, he read the fluttering signals. Desperately he gambled.

"Sir," he said, "the vessel wishes right of way." By the grace of heaven, that was just what the other ship wanted. By the grace of heaven, each ship moved just in
time to avoid a collision. Later, the commander said, "Well done, Mr. Lemmon." Shortly thereafter Mr. Lemmon was transferred to a shore base and never was a man happier.

In actuality, however, this was Jack's luck holding again—and his holding his tongue about it was typical, too. So was his nearly starving when he got out of service and came to New York to try to be an actor. He could perfectly well have borrowed the money from his rich father or his adoring mother. He stuck it out on his own, however.

Cynthia was the same type of girl. Born Cynthia Stone, she, too, came from folks blessed with much more than the average possessions. Yet she seems always to have been willing to share the wild kind of thrift which Jack persisted in, originally in New York, and later when they both came to Hollywood. They first met in 1947, were married in 1950 and in 1954 Chris was born. In between there were more than 500 TV shows for Jack. There were almost that many for Cynthia. She was, in fact, more important in radio and TV circles than Jack, and she taught him many a trick about using his voice.

Back there, in the days of their courtship and the first years of their marriage, they had everything in common—ambition, laughter, hard work, and their self-imposed poverty. They could dine together because Jack had a side job as checker for a restaurant chain, and had to go from café to café to test out the food. Once they were married, they co-starred in and produced three different TV series. They were convinced nothing would ever part them.

In 1951, after a series of flop plays, Jack was signed by Columbia for Judy Holliday's picture, "Phffit." Joyously he and Cynthia came West, got the big house, in which for a long time they had virtually no furniture, did all their own work, including the housework, cooking and gardening, and waited for the baby.

But the closeness they had shared began to evaporate, at first slightly, then more and more. Cynthia was home, too often alone. Jack was at the studio or somewhere else, recording or whatever, and the whispers were that he wasn't always alone. Last April the blow-up came.

Jack said, "Very dignified, "We just haven't been able to get along together and we thought this would be best for our child. Neither of us is considering a divorce, but there is no thought of any reconciliation. There is no other man or other woman."

That's what the man said—in April. But in June, in Tobago, he was saying he "hoped everything would be all right." In October, Cynthia filed for her divorce, charging incompatibility, and in the beginning of the winter they were talking about what good friends they were, with both of them being most careful not to say one word that might hurt the other. Which is really a hopeful sign. For in this they are like the Jeff Chandlers, who separated, and reconciled, and separated again, and were to have it "all over"—except that they couldn't stop thinking of one another's feelings, or about their children.

Under his natural charm, beneath the drive of his intense ambition, it's plain that Jack Lemmon is not happy. Just as Jeff Chandler wasn't.

Jeff went back and Marge Chandler forget past hurts for the sake of a future happiness. I hope it works out the same way for Jack Lemmon and his Cynthia and their Chris.

EASY!
NO THINNING WITH WATER,
NO RINSING AWAY!

Silky waves that last! New Creme Rinse'n Set by Richard Hudnut is the only creme rinse that beauty-sets your hair. Just one swift beauty-step! You don't have to mix with water...you don't rinse it out. Just pour a few fragrant drops on your freshly shampooed hair and comb through. Pin-curls all but set themselves!

Your wave is beautifully soft because, unlike hair sprays, there's no drying alcohol. Your wave lasts—yet no lacquer dulls or stiffens it. Creme rinse and set your hair after your next shampoo...

...$.60, 1.00 and 1.75 plus tax.

Now-in One Swift Beauty Step
Creme Rinse and
Set your Hair

CREME Rinse'n Set
by Richard Hudnut

NEW BEAUTY FOR YOUR HAIR


SEE: Jack Lemmon in Columbia's "Fire Down Below."
(Continued from page 19)

Eddy Duchin Story,” then an arresting dramatic job in U.A.’s “The Man with the Golden Arm.” Among runners-up, Doris Day scores outside her one-time musical bracket, with acting hits in “The Man Who Knew Too Much,” for Paramount, and “Julie,” for Metro. Deborah Kerr’s queenly manner in 20th’s “The King and I,” Paramount’s “The Proud and Profane,” and M-G-M’s “Tea and Sympathy” brings her into the winners’ circle, too. Though Janet Leigh made only one 1956 film, Columbia’s “Safari,” her fans voted her a top star of the year. While working on a little production of her own, Debbie Reynolds turned in a nice performance for M-G-M’s “The Catered Affair” and is currently in RKO’s “Bundle of Joy.”

Male runners-up include Yul Brynner, a dazzling new personality in 20th’s “The King and I” and “Anastasia,” and a commanding performer in Paramount’s “The Ten Commandments.” Tony Curtis retained his hold on moviegoers’ affections with U-I’s “The Square Jungle” and “The Rawhide Years,” strengthened it with U.A.’s “Trapeze.” Showing his known versatility, William Holden remains a top favorite, applauded for Columbia’s “Picnic,” Paramount’s “The Proud and Profane,” Warners’ “Toward the Unknown.” A comparative newcomer, George Nader has built a solid fan following with U-I’s “Away All Boats,” “Congo Crossing,” and “The Unguarded Moment,” and he clinches it with “Four Girls in Town.”

Nine runner-up movies join “Giant” in the Gold Medal festivities: “Away All Boats,” “The Eddy Duchin Story,” “Friendly Persuasion,” “The King and I,” “Picnic,” “Somebody Up There Likes Me,” “Tea and Sympathy,” “The Ten Commandments” and “Trapeze.” Ten young players are tabbed as stars likely to shine with new splendor in 1957: Carroll Baker, Jayne Mansfield, Vera Miles, Susan Strasberg, Natalie Wood, John Kerr, Paul Newman, Anthony Perkins, Elvis Presley and Robert Wagner. While celebrities cheer the winners in person, air waves also carry the good news. On Lux Video Theatre (NBC-TV, February 7th, 10:00 P.M. EST) Gordon MacRae hails players and movies that you, the readers of Photoplay, have elected.

Continued on page 84
PHOTOPLAY’S Award Winners of 1956-'57

AWAY ALL BOATS (U-L): Jeff Chandler and George Nader were among the gallant Navy men in this fine sea saga.

THE EDDY DUCHIN STORY (Columbia): A music-film gave Victoria Shaw, Rex Thompson, Whitmore roles in Ty’s life.

FRIENDLY PERSUASION (A.A.): Dorothy McGuire, Anthony Perkins and Gary Cooper faced Quakers’ war problems.

THE KING AND I (20th): As teacher to Yul Brynner’s children—and wives—Deborah Kerr felt a deep involvement.

PICNIC (Columbia): In a mellow mood, Roz Russell, Arthur O’Connell, William Holden, Susan Strasberg searched souls.

SOMEBODY UP THERE LIKES ME (M-G-M): Pier Angeli and Everett Sloane helped Paul Newman come to terms with reality.

TEA AND SYMPATHY (M-G-M): Caught in a terrible dilemma, John Kerr found an understanding friend in Deborah.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS (Paramount): As Moses, Charlton Heston gave his erring people warning of vengeance to come.

TRAPEZE (U.A.): As show people off duty, Tony Curtis, Burt Lancaster, Gina Lollobrigida had personal difficulties.
7284—Look the picture of pretty summer fashion in this cool, graceful maternity top! Sew-easy, embroidered style. Maternity misses' sizes 10-12; 14-16 included. With transfer, directions.

7092—Little girls love a whirly dress! This one is prettiest—frosted with embroidery, tied with a big bow. Tissue pattern, transfers, directions for a pinaple doily in child's 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. State size.

7274—Doily favorite in pineapple crochet! Crochet oval doily 15 x 26 inches, matching 15-inch round doily, using No. 30 mercerized cotton. Make smaller sizes with No. 50; larger with string.

806—Colorful vegetables on black lattice-work make a cheerful-looking sextette of kitchen towels. Simple embroidery. Pattern includes transfer of six embroidery motifs, 5½ x 6½ inches.

581—Elegant centerpiece for your dining table! A graceful swan crocheted in pineapple design. Crochet directions for centerpiece; body about 12 x 6½ inches. Use heavy cotton, starch stiffly.

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

Award Winners
Continued from page 83

STARS

CARROLL BAKER looked deceptively colorless on her first appearance, in Warners' "Giant." But in the same studio's controversial "Baby Doll," she started a furor. In her personal life, the slender blonde is wife of director Jack Garfein, mother of baby daughter Blanche.

JAYNE MANSFIELD set no worlds afire on her first Hollywood try. But she got lots of fancy publicity after she landed an important Broadway role. Movies rewarded her with "The Girl Can't Help It." Also for 20th, she'll repeat stage hit "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?"

VERA MILES is prime bet to take over the niche vacated by Princess Grace Kelly. More actress than glamour type, Vera's the director's darling. You saw her last year in "23 Paces to Baker Street," for 20th, and for Warners both "The Searchers" and "The Wrong Man."

SUSAN STRASBERG proved with Columbia's "Picnic" that she inherited a full measure of talent from her famous dad, stage director and drama coach Lee Strasberg. An onstage click with "The Diary of Anne Frank," Susan will play an ambitious actress in RKO's "Stagestruck."

NATALIE WOOD, a very youthful movie veteran, started out as a child actress, but gained her greatest acclaim within the past year, thanks to Warners' "The Searchers" and "The Girl He Left Behind." Also for Warners, she'll star in the air epic "Bombers B-52."
JOHN KERR did a spectacular double play during the year 1956, with the romance “Gaby” and complex drama “Tea and Sympathy.” Under contract to M-G-M, the brilliant young actor journeyed to Europe for his latest role, opposite Pier Angeli in “The Vintage.”

Under contract to M-G-M, the brilliant young actor journeyed to Europe for his latest role, opposite Pier Angeli in “The Vintage.”

PAUL NEWMAN made his movie debut earlier, but really came into his own in 1956, with his startlingly different portrayals in M-G-M’s “Somebody Up There Likes Me” and “The Rack.” Personally a quiet young husband, with two small children, Paul’s striking on screen.

ANTHONY PERKINS, like Paul, needed a second try to make the grade. Overlooked after his 1953 debut in movies, Tony hit the jackpot with A.A.’s “Friendly Persuasion.” A Paramount player, he’ll be given a star’s rating with “Fear Strikes Out” and “The Lonely Man.”

ELVIS PRESLEY was, without a doubt, the show-business sensation of the year. The rock ‘n roll singer also turned out to be competent in the acting business, making his bow in “Love Me Tender,” for 20th. His next is a Hal Wallis production, Paramount release.

ROBERT WAGNER, once the hottest young name in pictures, did a smashing comeback in 1956, daring unsympathetic roles in “A Kiss Before Dying” (U. A.) and “The Mountain” (Paramount), going dramatic in 20th’s “Between Heaven and Hell.” His new role is Jesse James.

Try Hinds’ rich, luxurious care for just 10 days. Stroke it lavishly over your hands... feel the way this gentle, textured lotion melts into your skin... the soothing... smoothing... softening action. Hinds puts its own protective Floratex* veil between you, wind, weather and work. Your hands will feel the difference—or your money back.

Hinds honey and almond fragrance cream

*Like flowers, Hinds contains a special protective ingredient—Floratex

A PRODUCT OF LEHN & FINK

ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA 85
The Rainmaker  WALLIS, PARAMOUNT; VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

Funny, touching, lightly fanciful, this story of a farm family gives Katharine Hepburn a thoroughly lovable role. Resigned to her fate of spinsterhood, she keeps house for her menfolk, all of whom are devoted to her, but keep insulting her in their efforts to get her a husband. Only her father, splendidly portrayed by Cameron Prud’homme, truly understands her. Young Earl Holliman does a stand-out job as the harum-scarum kid brother, madly in love with pixie Yvonne Lime. Like Katie, Earl is bullied by older brother Lloyd Bridges. Suddenly, showman Burt Lancaster blows in at the drought-ridden farm, promising to bring rain—and excitement. Is he a faker? Should Katie marry him or sheriff Wendell Corey? The answers are enchanting, yet sensible.

The Young Stranger  RKO

With his first movie, teen-aged James MacArthur is marked as an actor to watch. It’s a thoughtful study of the delicate relationships between father and son, husband and wife. Jim plays a normally spirited young male, who gets into a fight at a movie theatre, winding up in the hands of the law. Policeman James Gregory doesn’t believe the boy’s honest plea of self-defense. But a worse blow comes when Jim’s father proves equally skeptical. James Daly does a fine job in this role, as a successful movie producer too busy to get to know his own son. Disapproving, but ready to pass the incident off as a prank, Daly merely puts pressure on theatre-manager Whit Bissell to withdraw charges. Kim Hunter is sympathetic as Daly’s wife, also neglected.
The Girl Can't Help It

Call it cool or crazy, it's wacky fun from start to finish. It has lots of rock 'n' roll. It has irresistible comic Tom Ewell. It has sumptuous Jayne Mansfield. It has shrewd character man Edmond O'Brien. As a retired but still prosperous racketeer, Ed hires Tom, an unemployed agent, to make an overnight singing star out of girlfriend Jayne. There's a catch. Jayne has a fantastic shape and a gait that makes her a one-woman parade. But she can't sing. Moreover, she doesn't want a career; she's an utterly domestic type at heart. From this feather-light material is fashioned a continuously entertaining comedy. Top musical personalities of the moment show up at their best, and Henry Jones adds extra chuckles as O'Brien's gentle bodyguard.

Full of Life

Here's a new sort of vehicle for Judy Holliday, a warm and tender close-up of a family with endearingly everyday problems. Wife of writer Richard Conte, Judy's about to have their first baby. Checks haven't been coming in, and the couple can't even afford to have needed repairs done to their house. So Dick's old man, heartily portrayed by opera star Salvatore Baccaloni, is called in to use his skills in stone-masonry and bricklaying. Judy and her father-in-law get along fine. But Salvatore is resentful because his son hasn't followed the family trade, and Dick feels the typical second-generation embarrassment over his dad's old-country ways. Though there are laughs aplenty, they aren't of the artificial sort, but founded firmly in character and believable reactions.

The Barretts of Wimpole Street

One of the world's great love stories again reaches the screen, with Jennifer Jones as Elizabeth Barrett, Bill Travers as Robert Browning, John Gielgud as Edward Moulton-Barrett. This last character is so much the ogre that it's on the verge of being funny—but Gielgud's assured performance makes the man frighteningly real. He's the worst of Victorian fathers, keeping his six sons and three daughters utterly cowed. Jennifer is an invalid, confined to her room, and it's soon clear that her father, in his possessive affection, doesn't really want her to get well. As the fellow poet determined to rescue her, Travers gives his debonair role a welcome light touch. Virginia McKenna is charming as the young sister, fighting for her own romance with a young soldier.

Four Girls in Town

For once, Hollywood takes a quietly realistic look at itself, with sly wit, but without burlesque. There's a talent hunt on to find an unknown as replacement for a temperamental star in an upcoming epic. Would-be director George Nader is assigned to handle the tests for the four young candidates, and he begins to feel personal interest in their situations. Julie Adams, only American in the quartet, has been pushed toward an acting career by her mother. Gia Scala has left a husband and child in France, to pursue her ambition. Italian Elsa Martinelli, a pert and smart little cookie, needs nobody's advice. Austrian widow Marianne Cook comes out of her despair when George persuades her to help Sydney Chaplin, writer who's hitting the bottle after losing self-confidence.
Bundle of Joy

BRO, TECHNICOLOR

VVV Nicely timed to celebrate their parenthood, the first co-starring vehicle for Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher has a cheerful, disarming air. It's a music-trimmed remake of "Bachelors' Mother," with Debbie in the old Ginger Rogers role of the department-store employee who suddenly finds herself a mother, only because she happened to pick up an abandoned infant that was about to roll off the steps of a foundling home. Very earnest but a little awkward, Eddie does an acting debut as the boss's son, considered to be the father of Debbie's child. Adolph Menjou is his dad, eager to become a grandpa. FAMILY

The Wings of the Eagles

CINEMASCOPE, METROCOLOR

VVV John Wayne stars in a strange movie based upon the strange career of flyer-writer Frank Wead. The story keeps shifting gears abruptly, from Keystone Kops comedy to tragedy, as the hero breaks rules to show post-World War I Navy brass the importance of flying, then is crippled in a household accident. Playing the faithful, waiting wife, Maureen O'Hara gets tossed as far out of the June Allyson pattern as possible. She smokes cigarettes jauntily; she laps up highballs; she turns to heaving crockery around when tension gets too tight. As a paralytic, Wayne is badgered into partial recovery by a Navy noncom friend, Dan Dailey. When the gallant cripple becomes a successful movie scenario writer, Ward Bond steps in with a kindly caricature of the movie's own director, John Ford. World War II gets Wayne into battle action, with some impressive documentary clips.

Edge of the City

M-G-M

VVVV Simple and unpretentious, this understanding drama about ordinary people gives John Cassavetes and Sidney Poitier deeply sympathetic roles. Because of a family tragedy, young John thinks of himself as an outcast. A wanderer, he has cut himself off from his parents, even deserted from the Army. When he gets a job handling freight in a New York railroad yard, he begins to find healing in Sidney's easy, relaxed offer of friendship. Sidney and wife Ruby Dee make him a welcome occasional guest in their home, introduce him to a shy young teacher (Kathleen Maguire), who also helps him. The fact that Sidney is a Negro has no bearing on the friends' relationship. But it does influence Jack Warden, mean-spirited foreman, and the consequences are ugly. FAMILY

The Great Man

U-I

VVVV The TV industry gets a real sharp going-over from director-star Jose Ferrer in this glittering comedy-drama. By its very nature, it's full of talk, but all lively talk. The story imagines that a top TV and radio star, a folksy fellow, has suddenly been killed in a highway crash. Assigned to do a memorial program on radio—and perhaps to slip into the shoes of "the great man"—Jose sets about getting tape-recorded interviews from the co-workers and old associates of the deceased. Turns out they all hated the guy, with good reason in every case. There's excellent acting in scene after scene (no flashbacks): Keenan Wynn, as the agent who discovered the late star, then got the knife; Julie London, as a slightly alcoholic singer who was among his many girlfriends; Jim Backus, press agent with no illusions; Ed Wynn, foolish, touchingly idealistic owner of a small radio station; Joanne Gilbert, Jose's overworked secretary. Ferrer himself quietly plays the observer.

Hollywood or Bust

WALLIS, PARAMOUNT; VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

VVV Starting off with a satirical salute to the world's movie fans (all impersonated by Jerry Lewis), this pleasantly daffy comedy casts Jerry as an Anita Ekberg fan who wins a convertible in a theatre contest and is promptly Hollywood-bound. But his crooked co-winner is Dean Martin, gambler anxious to evade muscleman Maxie Rosenbloom's efforts to collect. On their westward route, the oddly matched pair picks up Pat Crowley, dancer headed for a Las Vegas job.

The Iron Petticoat

COLUMBIA

VVV Similar in story line to the brilliant "Ninotchka," this should be classified rather as a regular Bob Hope farce, giving Bob an unlikely teammate in the sprightly Katharine Hepburn. Bob plays an American flyer stationed in West Berlin; Katie, a Soviet flyer who leaves her native country in a fit of pique, without any political discontent. As you may imagine, Bob's brusque American approach brings out Katie's hidden femininity and stirs up political complications.

Don't Knock the Rock

COLUMBIA

VVV Because agent Alan Freed has been pushing too hard for publicity, singer Alan Dale gets a rough reception when he returns to the small town of his birth. The blue-nosed mayor sets off a nationwide movement to boycott rock 'n roll. Well, that's enough plot—and a pretty silly business it is. But who cares about the story when Bill Haley and his gang are there pitching? Also on hand are the Treniers, Little Richard and other big names of modern music.

Istanbul

U-I, CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

VVV With the picturesque backgrounds of the Turkish capital and the regal beauty of Cornell Borchers, this melodrama of international intrigue is a real eye-filler. Errol Flynn plays an American adventurer who falls in love with Cornell, loses her, then meets her for a second time after she has fallen victim to amnesia and married another man. In all the melodramatic to-do, Leif Erickson and Peggy Knudsen provide comic relief, as tourists.

Zarak

COLUMBIA; CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

VVV Other colorful locales (Spanish Morocco, this time) liven up an Eastern Western. The setting is supposed to be India of the last century, with Victor Mature as a daring outlaw, Michael Wilding as the British officer out to corral him, Anita Ekberg as the scantily clad dancing girl who is Mature's sweetheart. Though the plot doesn't make much sense, it's all entertaining to look at, featuring some splendid galloping over the sand.

Slander

M-G-M

VVV With Van Johnson as oppressed hero and Steve Cochran as blackhearted villain, outraged Hollywood attacks the scandal magazines. Van's a puppeteer who has just struck it rich on TV; Steve, the publisher who threatens to expose Van's prison past, not because this nearly unknown enter-tainer means big news, but because he could provide a clue to a juicy interlude in the life of a former neighbor, much more famous. In spite of pressure from wife Ann Blyth, Van refuses to save his own reputation at the cost of another's. Though it's an interesting idea, it's pre-
sented in such a mood of furious anger that it becomes implausible.

**NEW Star Candids**

We’ve added some brand new stars and brand new pictures. Check the list below for your favorites. All handsome 4 x 5 photos, on glossy stock, just right for framing. Send your order today.

**CANDIDS**

1. Lana Turner 103. Scott Brady
2. Bette Grable 104. Vic Damone
3. Ava Gardner 105. Shelley Winters
4. Alan Ladd 106. Richard Todd
5. Tyrone Power 107. Dean Martin
7. Esther Williams 110. Susan Hayward
8. Elizabeth Taylor 112. Terry Moore
9. Cornel Wilde 121. Tony Curtis
10. Frank Sinatra 124. Gail Davis
11. Elizabeth Taylor 127. Piper Laurie
12. Cornel Wilde 128. Debbie Reynolds
14. Elizabeth Taylor 136. Rock Hudson
15. Elizabeth Taylor 137. Stewart Granger
16. Dorothy Lamour 139. Debra Paget
17. John Wayne 140. Dale Robertson
19. Richard Widmark 142. Leslie Caron
20. Montgomery Clift 143. Pier Angeli
22. Montgomery Clift 145. Marlon Brando
23. Richard Widmark 146. Aldo Ray
24. Montgomery Clift 147. Tab Hunter
26. Perry Como 149. Russ Tamblyn
27. Perry Como 150. Jeff Hunter
28. Perry Como 152. Marge and Gower Champion
29. Perry Como 153. Rita Gam
31. Perry Como 157. Steve Cochran
32. Perry Como 160. Richard Burton
33. Perry Como 161. Julius La Rosa
34. Perry Como 162. Lucille Ball
35. Perry Como 163. Jack Webb
36. Perry Como 165. Richard Egan
37. Perry Como 166. Mark Miller
38. Perry Como 167. Tony Randall
39. Perry Como 168. Ron Howard
40. Perry Como 169. Barbara Stanwyck
41. Perry Como 170. Jack Carson
42. Perry Como 171. Joan Fontaine
43. Perry Como 172. Alphonse Bury
44. Perry Como 173. Adam West
45. Perry Como 174. Walter Pidgeon
46. Perry Como 175. Leif Erickson
47. Perry Como 176. Olivia de Havilland
48. Perry Como 177. John Drew Barrymore
49. Perry Como 178. Debbie Reynolds
50. Perry Como 179. Spring Byington
51. Perry Como 180. Barbara Stanwyck
52. Perry Como 181. Errol Flynn
53. Perry Como 182. Jack Webb
54. Perry Como 183. Richard Egan
55. Perry Como 184. Studio One
56. Perry Como 185. Richard Egan
57. Perry Como 186. Richard Egan
58. Perry Como 187. Jeff Richards
59. Perry Como 188. Bowie Briscoe
60. Perry Como 189. Telly Savalas
61. Perry Como 190. Pat Crowley
63. Perry Como 192. Jean Simmons
64. Perry Como 193. Audrey Hepburn
65. Perry Como 194. Victor Mature
66. Perry Como 195. Rock Hudson
67. Perry Como 196. Gale Storm
68. Perry Como 197. George Nader
69. Perry Como 198. Ann Sothern
70. Perry Como 199. Eddie Fisher
71. Perry Como 200. Libby Room
72. Perry Como 201. Bob Francis
73. Perry Como 202. Grace Kelly
74. Perry Como 203. James Dean
75. Perry Como 204. Shore North
76. Perry Como 205. Kim Novak
77. Perry Como 206. Richard Davolos
78. Perry Como 207. Eva Marie Saint
79. Perry Como 208. Natalie Wood
80. Perry Como 209. DeWey Martin
81. Perry Como 210. Joan Collins
82. Perry Como 211. Gaye Marsfield
83. Perry Como 212. Sal Mineo
84. Perry Como 213. Shirley Jones
85. Perry Como 214. Ross Bagdasarian
86. Perry Como 215. John Lodi
87. Perry Como 216. Slim Pickens
88. Perry Como 217. Fall Combina
89. Perry Como 218. Ethel Merman
90. Perry Como 219. Vivien Leigh
91. Perry Como 220. Jean Simmons
92. Perry Como 221. Rock Hudson
93. Perry Como 222. Steve McQueen
94. Perry Como 223. Kirk Douglas
95. Perry Como 224. David Niven
96. Perry Como 225. Elvis Presley
97. Perry Como 226. Victoria Shaw
98. Perry Como 227. Tony Perkins
99. Perry Como 228. Claire Walker
100. Perry Como 229. Pat Boone
102. Perry Como 231. Don Murray
103. Perry Como 232. Don Cherry
104. Perry Como 233. Pat Wayne
105. Perry Como 234. Carroll Baker
106. Perry Como 235. Anita Ekberg
107. Perry Como 236. Corey Allen
108. Perry Como 237. Diana Wyner
109. Perry Como 238. Diana Dors
110. Perry Como 239. Judy Busch
111. Perry Como 240. Patti Page
112. Perry Como 241. Lawrence Welk
113. Perry Como 242. Alice Lon
114. Perry Como 243. Larry Dean
115. Perry Como 244. Buddy Merrill
116. Perry Como 245. Hugh O’Brian
117. Perry Como 246. Jim Arness
118. Perry Como 247. Sanford Clark

**WORLD WIDE, DEPT. WG-3-57**

112 Main St., Ossining, N. Y.

I enclose $ for candid pictures of my favorite stars and have circled the numbers of the ones you are to send me by return mail.

NAME

STREET

CITY . . . . STATE

I fill out and mail coupon today. Send cash or money order. 12 pictures for $1; 6 for 50c.

FILL IN AND MAIL COUPON TODAY!
(Continued from page 60)

The brand is there. You’re in the deep water now. But you haven’t found out whether you can swim. Now I’m learning to swim. So what’s the next phase? I need a phase, I’m not kidding.

“Movie stars have it the greatest,” the same person said, smiling.

“You’re quoting from my fan mail,” said Wagner. “Just the same, there’s something to it. Any one of us who beers should be shot. I’m going for a long time of night, which is real creepy. And I’m doing the only thing I love to do. Plus the salary, No problems.” He looked at his glass an though he expected it to answer him. “No problems,” he repeated.

A man burst through the door. He wore an expensive blue suit; indeed, he looked expensive from top to bottom. He sat down on a sofa next to Wagner with an air of almost violent assertion, and launched without preamble into what was unmistakably an agent’s directive. It was his opinion that Wagner was not a television star, sat irritable and worried. Presently he rose and mixed another drink. “About the other thing . . .”

“The other thing” evolved into a request from a famed comedian that Wagner join his improvised troupe on a visit to a far north military base.

The man in the blue suit was of no two minds about this either. “Five thousand dollars” he said. “You know, he’ll get a television show out of it. Why should you work for nothing? But you ought to go. I’m not talking about patriotism.”

“They don’t want to see me,” said Wagner tiredly. “Why should men in uniform want to see a young jerk like me? What can I do? They want to be entertained. They want to see dames.”

“Don’t let it get you,” said the expensive man. “But don’t forget the money. I happen to know Jayne could have had $10,000 for going. But she couldn’t make it.”

For some minutes more he delivered himself of his critical judgments while Wagner sat with his head resting on one hand. When the man left, nothing had been settled. Wagner picked up the phone again. “Wagner, Jr., once more,” he said into it. “You’d better go ahead without me. Sorry.”

The hour was moving past seven; the darkness outside had become absolute. Miss Rush, having proceeded from astrol- ogy through certain schools of acting to how young Bob Cummings looked, had taken her departure. But the others waited in the outer office. Wagner’s day, which had begun in the darkness of pre-dawn, was not going to end even in the darkness of post-dusk. He rose and looked out a window, down to the studio’s main street. A movie lot is achingly lonely and desolate after the day’s work. Wagner shivered a little and turned back to the lights of his living room.

“No, we don’t have problems,” he said sardonically. “That’s not true. Being phony-famous and drawing a salary doesn’t make you immune to the problems, and I have a few of my own. I don’t know just what’s going to happen. But if I can just have six years—just six years more—I’ll have it made. Then I’ll have leveled off into a solid character and actor, or at least I’ll have it in the bank. But I don’t know. A lot of very big shots have had this dressing-room before me and a lot more’ll have it when nobody remembers or gives a hoot who Bob Wagner was. This is just a tenancy, and sometimes they won’t let you forget it.”

He spoke with a sudden rush. “There was that ‘Lord Vanity’ business. It was a period picture, scheduled for Wagner, that never got around to being made. Wagner alleges financial difficulties. ‘After that, I was hung up for eleven months. Word even got around New York that I was begging newspapers and magazines to do stories on me. It wasn’t true. But I guess it made a conversation piece. Then I had this really great picture, ‘Broken Lance.’ Great for me, anyway. And what happened afterward? Next picture they wanted me to do was one of those nine- day B’s. ‘Why? ‘A Kiss Before Dying’? A boy, am I a dirty dog of a warped killer in that one!—should have been something. I still like it. But it’s falling on its face. How do you ever know? That’s what I can’t figure.”

The greatest brains in the business can’t figure such things, somebody remarked. “But the way I look at it, Spence Tracy’s come along and saved me,” Wagner said.

“The Mountain.” He asked for me, you know. The other fellows, Ray Milland, Richard Whorf—he’s great, he’s great across the top of the picture. And it’s good. A lot of the older players have gone out of their way to give me a lift. Cliff Webb, Barbara Stanwyck. You feel it’d take you a thousand years to get into their class. Or if you work real hard, 995. Gable was another one. He got me going. I used to caddy for him.

“Mr. Wagner.” It was the branch manager. Robert Wagner decided, at the improbable age of five, that to be a movie star was an ambition to his liking, he set about with it with a salmon- on working its way upstream to spawn. Assuming quite correctly, when the Wagner family had arrived in Los Angeles, that to know the right people wouldn’t hurt, he arranged for himself a paper route in star-studded Beverly Hills. He asked for advice from his clients, and carried golf clubs many miles for film folk of discernment and influence. To this day, he is extremely firm about the working conditions. He’s also obviously true that he has been hard- working and ambitious. As a result, as regards his dramatic talents, he has turned out last. The man is a phenomenon.

“Outside of the star part,” Wagner said now, “most of that’s true. You must have been reading newspapers and magazines. But so much of what has been said just hasn’t got around with it. It’s just what I want, but it’s just not true. Dad’s no pauper, but I wasn’t born with any golden spoon in my mouth either. Then all those pieces are great. You’re right, but you must make people just a little nauseous. What do I know about women, for Pete’s sake, and if I do have opinions, who cares? I like women very much. Some of my best friends are women. And they aren’t going to shove the Suez Canal back to page two.”

He shrugged at his wrist. “The like I said, this accursed bit. I don’t think I’m exactly a creep, but I’m not the dis- tillation of the All-American boy either. I have a fault or two, maybe seventeen. You’ve heard me say, you know. Of course I admit it, but I think you can’t make me that easy. So. I’ve said and I say so. There’ll be no more guff about early dates and ice cream sodas either, I can tell you that. It isn’t me. But on the other hand, it’s all this night-club scuttlebutt. It’s just a fact that I don’t especially go for them.”

Slowly Wagner was digesting himself of a painstakingly developed public personality, and he was doing so without any great reticence. Terry Moore, a friend, a year or so ago read an inattentuous account of his life in a 25-cent Blue Book; she burst into helpless laughter. Like most people, Terry likes Bob; but Wagner is infinitely more understandable as himself than has his career, the role, the distillation. His manner is knowing and incisive and precocious, his wit somewhat hard and edged, his social and professional maturity much more great than is normal to his age. And his approach to his career these days is a long way from the boy-next- door attitude.

“Now what need now,” he said tiredly, as the last visible studio lights began to go out, “is parts opposite these sex jobs. I want to act with them. Jane Russell. Jayne Mansfield. Sure, Jayne Mansfield. I’ve been dating her. That gives her the columns a little something for them to chew on. Besides, Jayne is very much on the right side. Then there’ll be somebody else. I’ll keep going. Just get me that six years, that’s all.”

My Mother Broke Up My Marriage.

Listening to the radio program “My True Story” will not only be interesting and exciting for you, but sooner or later you’re very likely to hear a story that may have some connection with your life—or the life of someone you know. For these are stories about real people, taken right from the files of True Story Magazine. Be sure to listen.

TUNE IN EVERY MORNING TO

MY TRUE STORY

American Broadcasting Stations

*“I’ll make them sorry now,” she vowed. Read “Spitfire” in March TRUE STORY magazine, now at all newsstands.

90
There were lifted eyebrows here and there among the visitors in the dressing room. Wagner nodded. "Sure. Somebody said the other day I was a careerist. So is there anybody in this business who isn't? I don't want to sound too cynical, but if you don't watch every angle, you're a gone pigeon. Besides, anything's better than the phony business. The ice cream sodas and the gee-whiz juvenile. There'll be no more of it. I won't say there's a 'new' Bob Wagner, but we can absolutely kiss the old one goodbye, whoever he was. Nobody knew very well, I'm sure."

And it didn't sound cynical, especially, the visitor remarked. But it might take guts to do.

"For better or worse," Bob Wagner said, "I'll go it on my own from here on in. It's been seven years now, all told. I need that phase; I wasn't fooling. Whether they like it or not, I'm not a boy. I'm a man... And one more Scotch isn't going to kill me."

Now the volume of business out in the office had increased. Late workers were stopping in on Robert Wagner. Some crewmen, who as a group like him very much. An agent with something on his mind. Two publicists with something on theirs. A wardrobe attaché. A little man who evidently was bent mainly on a drink.

"It gets like this sometimes," said Wagner gently. He passed a hand across his forehead and for a brief moment looked intolerably weary. Then his features reassembled themselves and again he wore his curious air of baffled confidence. "Do you mind a lot?" he said. "I've got an early call, and I'd like to get dinner before I hit the sack. If I can. If I ever get to the sack."

He escorted his casual visitor to the top of the several wooden stairs that descended to where a spectacular Cadillac was waiting. In it, Nena Wills, the secretary, would drive the visitor back to the parking lot.

For a second, Wagner stood uncertain, puzzled. "This was anything?" he asked the visitor.

"I think so."

"You learned something?"

"It seems to me."

He shook his head, and indicated the half-open door of the office. "Wanna swap?"

"I'll take your salary."

He laughed without a terrible lot of amusement and walked back inside. Nena Wills drove the visitor to his car. The hour was close to nine; the visitor's dinner was cold and his wife was irritated. Behind him, the studio lot wrapped its lonely self about Robert Wagner's bright and noisy dressing room.

A phase was in the making. The End

YOU'LL SEE: Robert Wagner in 20th Century-Fox's "The True Story of Jesse James."

---

GREATEST TV RADIO ANNUAL EVER

Now on Sale

The big, new 1957 edition of TV-Radio Annual is the greatest ever! It's got everything. It covers all the events and all the history-making moments of all the great shows and programs of the year.

Here are pictures, as well as thumbnail descriptions of all the stars. Here are the behind-the-scenes stories of all the new shows. Here is news... gossip and chit-chat from coast to coast. In short, here is the most colorful and exciting book imaginable.

1957 EDITION

ON SALE NOW AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

Get your copy of this great Annual from your newsdealer now. Only 50c. This yearbook sells out as soon as it is placed on sale—so hurry. If your newsdealer is sold out, mail coupon with 50c today.

TV RADIO MIRROR Dept. WG-357 205 E. 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.

Send me TV-RADIO ANNUAL 1957. I enclose 50c.

Name

Please Print

Address

City... State

91
David Ladd, son of Alan, with his sister, Carol Lee, and Ruth Waterbury, made a big hit

Eddie Fisher kept Susan Strasberg and Bill Dozier enraptured with talk about the new home

(Continued from page 8)

Fissionable Material: Everybody who sees Kim Novak these days says that she looks and acts as if she's about ready to explode. Kim's explanation is that she is just trying to model herself after the fiery and temperamental Jeanne Eagels and that she is living her off the screen as well as on. This explanation doesn't entirely satisfy the studio. For instance, the other day Kim showed up an hour and a half late for some still shots of a dancing sequence in "Jeanne." Kim was nervous and refused to let anybody take pictures until she'd run through her number. She said she wasn't a dancer and was afraid that she'd look bad. When the studio's publicity department became irri-
table with her, she said, "If you think I'm temperamental, it's because I am." We think the real fact is that Kim is scared to death of this picture because she knows she will have to carry it alone.

Step Forward: Jeff Chandler is playing with Kim in "Jeanne Eagels" and he said that by working on the Columbia lot he was returning to the scene of his original crime. "Ten years ago, I played a role in 'Johnny O'Clock' with Dick Powell," says Jeff. "But if you sneezed at a certain point in the picture you missed me."

Jeff's delighted that Glenn Ford and several others turned down the role he got. They were afraid that Kim's part would overshadow theirs. Jeff's played an Indian brave so long, he's afraid of nothing.

His Father's Footsteps: When the Hollywood Women's Press Club handed out its annual Golden Apples to the most cooperative actor and actress (Deborah Kerr and Charlton Heston were the recipients this year) Alan Ladd's small son, David, was there to represent Alan, a two-time Golden Apple winner. Originally, the club had planned to present a children's tableau and David was asked to participate. But, as they sometimes do, the plans went awry and the tableau was cancelled. David couldn't have been more crushed if he'd had a ten-year option dropped. When Alan's secretary told the club about it, the girls quickly made amends by inviting David to sit at the speaker's table in the place of his father, who was on his way back from "The Boy on the Dolphin's" Greece location.

Home, Sweet Home: The big thing in Debbie and Eddie's life, beside Carrie Frances, is their first real home. Until they moved in last month they'd been living in hotel rooms and rented houses, but now, at last, Eddie has carried Debbie over the threshold of their honeymoon cottage. Some cottage! It's an old English-style home on two acres of the most expensive Beverly Hills property, with a brook running through the yard. It's like living in the country, but with all the advantages of city life. Sunset Boulevard is just below them and no place in Hollywood is more than a half hour away. It's a sprawling house built in the days when a California home was built to last. There is a projection room, put in by the former owners, and plenty of space for a growing family. Debbie had the time of her life, choosing furniture, drapes and bric-a-brac.

Paris Patter: What a difference a year makes! When Don Murray came to Paris in the spring of 1955 he was a member of the cast of "Skin of Our Teeth," sponsored by the State Department as its contribution to the Salute to France program. An unknown at the time, Don lived in a tiny hotel near the Place Pigalle (GI's during the war called it Pig Alley because of the low-down girlie shows and other nocturnal entertainment) and ate in the cheap bistros in the neighborhood. Eighteen months later, when he returned, he was married and on his honeymoon, albeit a delayed one ("Very Hollywoodish," says he, "to be expecting a baby on one's honeymoon"), and a world-famed actor. This time he stayed with his wife, Hope Lange (whom he married while they were making "Bus Stop"), at one of Paris' most expensive hotels and did the night spots. Another honeymoon couple who passed through Paris recently was Ruth Roman and Buddy Moss. She may change her mind when she gets back to Hollywood, but Ruth, who looks happy and glowing, is determined to take a six months' vacation from the films. She refused the plum female lead in a modern version of Corneille's "Gid," to be made in Spain. Elsa Martinelli is the despair of every eligible Parisian male. When she takes a holiday from work on "Manuela," being filmed in London, she makes a quick hop across the channel to her favorite city, Paris, accompanied by her kid sister, Cilla. All her French friends are crazy about little Cilla, but don't dig it when Elsa insists on bringing her along on dates.

London Lowdown: Van Johnson is determined that the whole family will stay in London for a year and has hired a private tutor for the children. Evie, on the other hand, is just as determined that they will all return to Hollywood in April. Richard Burton, hibernating in his native village of Pontrhydlen, Wales, denies he walked out of Otto Preminger's "St. Joan" without warning, says he sent Otto a telegram asking to be excused because of conflicting commitments.
There's a reason...

There's a reason for the ever-growing popularity of Virginia Mayo. There's a reason, too, for the growing popularity of Hollywood Special Formula Bread. A secret blend of 16 choice grain and vegetable flours, this flavor-rich loaf will delight you meal after meal. So sensible, also—you see, there are only about 46 calories in an 18-gram slice! Insist on the genuine—Hollywood Bread.

Only about 46 calories in an 18-gram slice


TWO KINDS:

LIGHT AND DARK

Hollywood

The bread for modern menus

Baked by leading bakers everywhere

TELL THE WORLD

VIRGINIA MAYO

Soon to be seen co-starring in

"THE BIG LAND"

A Jaeger Production

Presented by Warner Bros.
Now everyone can sew! Starting this issue, printed directions on each pattern make sewing as simple as reading.

4506—This sew-easy Printed Pattern has just four main parts! Princess lines for flattery. Shoulder bows unite for jiffy ironing. Misses' sizes 12-20. Size 16 takes 5¼ yards, 35-inch fabric.


4506—This sew-easy Printed Pattern has just four main parts! Princess lines for flattery. Shoulder bows unite for jiffy ironing. Misses' sizes 12-20. Size 16 takes 5¼ yards, 35-inch fabric.


get involved. These bachelor girls possess beauty, fame, everything that money can buy—except the one thing they need. Companionship and love. To the outside world they have everything. They're actually the loneliest women in the world!"

A bachelor girl herself, Dolores might have withdrawn from this possible fate that awaited her. It did give her food for thought, and during the two and a half years she's been in Hollywood, Dolores has had ample opportunity to observe the local scene and come to some conclusions.

"We are all a group of strolling players who need roots," Dolores decided. "So the average Hollywood bachelor girl must be very careful with her heart. Quite frankly she needs someone waiting for her when she comes home at the end of a long, weary studio day. She needs a sympathetic man who understands the occupational hazards of her work. Therefore, the temptation to fall in love with an available young actor is strong, but I think she's asking for trouble if she marries him.

"This is a tricky business we're in, and you young actors have your own heartaches in trying to forge their own patterns. Although they make charming companions, they still have great insecurity. It happens invariably when a bachelor girl marries a young actor: That big, strong shoulder to lean on is conspicuously missing, because the gentleman in question is too involved with trying to survive himself. It ends with—divorce!"

Every girl needs someone to talk to at times, Dolores admits. She needs a man who is mentally and spiritually stimulating, and here again is where many girls make the mistake of being too fussy in their choices. "After all," says Miss Gray, "he doesn't have to be the man she'd throw herself off a cliff for! Another mistake made by girls everywhere, including Hollywood, is refusing to accept a last-minute date, just on principle, with any man. Even one who really attracts her.

"In Hollywood, if the would-be escort is an actor, he may not actually know until the last minute whether he has to get up at dawn the next day. So he calls at six in the evening. On the other hand, if you're an actress, you may have to break a date at six, because you suddenly learn you have to get up at dawn. So both of you have to understand, and if you're available, why not accept a last-minute date? Some of my most enjoyable evenings were the direct result of not limiting myself by certain silly conventions."

Just recently the famous face, figure and voice of Dolores Gray rocked and rolled the TV world in a Cole Porter-Ford Jubilee spectacular. A few days before rehearsals started, "well-meaning" persons offered Dolores some advice. "You won't like George Sanders," they warned her. "He's so bored with life. You'd better watch out. He can be very sarcastic.

"So the rehearsals started. "And we had a ball," Dolores sums up, "George Sanders was a little aloof at first, but that is his privilege and I paid no attention. One evening we finished early and I asked if he'd like to drop by for scrambled eggs on the way home. He said yes I said that's fine—and now let's stop by McDaniel's Market in Beverly Hills and buy the eggs!" "George went shopping with me and he carried the packages. We had more laughter, all of which I might have missed had I held out for, say, Romanoff's or Chasen's. How did I know George would accept such an invitation? someone asked later. He's a big boy, was my answer, and all he had to do was say no. Thank heaven I learned long ago: Never type a man before you know him!

"I'm equally grateful that I learned never to listen to gossip, especially here—"
in Hollywood. If a girl stays home because she happens to love her home, they say she has no sex appeal. But if she goes out a lot because she says it's fun, they say she’s man-crazy. In most small towns people usually know too much about each other's business. In Hollywood, if a girl is a celebrity, her every move is watched; it is a tiresomely careful because she almost lives under a magnifying glass and is a potential target for gossip every minute. The answer is, I think, that a girl must learn how to live with herself and be indifferent to the rest. Indifference is a healthy weapon.

For example, says Miss Gray, "I'm always amused when people ask why I'm not married. They are just as intrigued with the actress who claimed to employ my husband to me; she used to question her avidly! Now, I don't think there's anything lacking in the man I'm with. I've had proposals, but you marry when you fall in love, not before. The theatre is a full-time job. I love it and have worked long and hard for the success I am. The most important thing in marriage is sharing, and until I'm ready to give up my career, a man would have to be very unsatisfied or he married me."

"It is sad because they are lonely. I've never been lonely or bored in my life, and my problem is finding enough time to do all the things that interest me. Georgian silver and china. I love a home and like to do things in myself. All, where should you go at the end of the day, but home? My mother, who is a complete individualist, lives alone. I like her life and I like mine. This is a perfect arrangement."

"True, a career girl's chances of meeting interesting men and getting contacts are wider than those of the average small-town girl," Dolores sums up her advice to bachelor girls. "Our salaries, needless to say, make many more things possible, and our social life is often a way of doing things your way to your advantage. Background plays an important part in establishing popularity, and if you want a man to be interested, make yourself attractive. Simple as that!"

Since Hollywood first saw the light of Gray, many men have been attracted to Dolores. Among them are U-1 executive Milton Rawlins, producer, called "the star's long-time admirer," famous artist Jon Whitcomb and disc jockey Del Courtney, who plays her Decca recordings and flies down from San Francisco to see her. Dolores is friendly with Stiegardora, whom she met while traveling. It was this same count who wanted to buy Dolores a house in Monaco. She loved it, wanted it—but didn’t accept it.

Following her visit in Las Vegas, Dolores (who is no longer bound by an exclusive M-G-M contract) took off for New York, where she's due in Richard Burton's "The Sound and the Fury.

"A prophetic title for a streamlined exponent of sex appeal? Not for Dolores. "I will marry," declares the girl who definitely doesn't want to be next door. "But when I do, it has to be for life, because I am a Catholic. In the meantime, as the saying goes, I'll play the field. I think every girl will agree that nothing is more important than holding on to a good life when he is the right man. But it works both ways, of course.

"A man is rarely anxious to give up his freedom by having a lover for someone pretty special himself. In the final analysis, however, I believe it's pretty much up to the opposite sex. Don't we all have to be `designing women,' who must try to please just as much as we want to be pleased? I think we do.

The End

BE SURE TO SEE: Dolores Gray in M-G-M's "Designing Woman."
new, new look . . . . Marlene Dietrich's first stop when she arrives in Hollywood is at Van Johnson's, where she stuffs herself on all her time off from preparing the tastiest beef stroganoff in town . . . . The fact that the Stewart Grangers' baby girl, Tracey, was first reported as being a boy only makes them more aware how happy they are that their first-born is a pretty addition to the female sex . . . . There is no doubt that Audrey Hepburn thinks she can be both great wife and great actress, and would ask if her close friends feel that she might be working just a bit too hard at both roles . . . . Glenn Ford got a great kick out of participating in the making of "Teahouse of the August Moon" in Japan, but after Ellie brushed the lotus blossoms off her lapels he was ready and content just to hang up his hat and laze around with the family for awhile.

The Facts, Ma'am: Ever since Eddie Fisher married Debbie Reynolds, there have been rumors from the Hollywood grapevine that Debbie was trying to influence Eddie's mind by dropping some of his close friends and business associates of the past, notably, his personal manager, Milton Blackstone. It was Blackstone, of course, who discovered Eddie when his was just a voice in theChicago teen group. All rumors are now directed at Milton, who is more aware of the kind of ingratitude that is "sharper than a serpent's tooth" . . . .

Tidbits about Tourists: Mr. and Mrs. Errol Flynn are taking a leisurely cruise in the Mediterranean waters and their daughter, Anissa, has made the entertainer and other patrons unhappy, at London's swank Canosa Club, by talking loudly during the acts, despite admonitions loudly during the acts, despite admonitions loudly during the acts, despite admonitions loudly during the acts, despite admonitions loudly during the acts. Merle Oberon divided her time between the Earl of Dudley in London and a mysterious Frenchman in Paris . . . .

New Personality of the Month: About a year and a half ago, before Susan Strasberg left for Hollywood to make "Picnic," she was given a bow-tie party at the home of her godparents, Mr. and Mrs. Herb Moss. As someone who has known Susie ever since she was just a twinkle in her father and mother's eyes, I had been invited to this gay gathering. Just as I was leaving, a young girl rushed over to Paula Strasberg to say goodbye, too. There was nothing spectacular about her looks—mousy brown hair, clean blue eyes and a general impression of sweet, scrubbed freshness. But Paula introduced us: "Radie, here is someone you should meet. Ingrid Bergman's daughter, Paula, is in the Actors Studio. Lee (Strasberg) and Gadd (Kazan) predict a brilliant future for her, so when she becomes famous, remember you met her here first!" And that's when I realized that this young girl from the "Giant" screen success as a "Baby Doll."

Shortly after Carroll came back from location in Mississippi, where all of this new movie was shot, she and her two close friends caught up with each other over lunch. Despite the fact that her mousy hair was blown notion (although she was letting it grow back to its natural shade after filming "A Shot in the Dark," and a platinum for her performance in "The Movie"

Carroll's film career runs a striking parallel to another disciple of the Actors Studio, Ava Gardner. Gardner had been honored for her prize performance in a Kazan-directed film, "On the Waterfront." Carroll will be a strong contender in the Academy Award sweepstakes for her performance in "M-G-M Forever," also directed by Kazan. Incidentally, neither film was made in Hollywood. Eva is married to M-G-M director Jeff Hayden. Carroll's husband is Jack Garfein, a former New York political reporter. The Kazan film was Carroll's first Warner Brothers' film, "Giant," she played opposite another famous Studio alumus, the late James Dean.

All or Nothing: Speaking of lonely mov

Overseas Intelligence: Ingrid Bergman, actress, is continuing to bring tears to the eyes of millions through her

Rita Hayworth took off from the famed Georges V Hotel in Paris to return to America with Rebecca and Jasmine

(Continued from page 47)
of Ava, a London tailor hasn’t recovered yet from a recent visit from Ava (who flits between London, Paris, Rome, Milan and Madrid as easily as if she were commuting from downtown L. A. to Beverly Hills). Ava arrived at this exclusive men’s tailor shop, which caters to all the old aristocracy, and asked them to make her some slacks of material she gave them. But Ava specified that she be made very tight, and to make sure, she preferred to have them fitted next to her bare skin.

Ava met Chiarì in Rome shortly after she had run into Frank Sinatra in Madrid, where he and Cary Grant were filming “The Pride and the Passion.” It was the first time their paths had crossed since their final split-up, and Frank, who had once been so insanely in love with her that nothing else mattered—not even his home, children or career—had looked at Ava as her personally and emotionally as if she were a part of the scenery. It was a cruel blow, not only to her vanity, but to her heart, which still held so many intimate memories of him. After that, she was grateful for the opportunity to leave Madrid to Frankie and bullfighter Luis Dominguín, who had succeeded him in her affections, and was now married to someone else. The two men were no ghosts of the past to haunt her, she might find the happiness that has eluded her with three husbands and a great career.

Will Walter Chiarì, a tall, dark and handsome Italian, who makes his American screen debut in “The Little Hut,” be the answer to her prayer? My guess is no, and I base it on a statement that Ava herself made in a recent interview when she confessed, “I’m bad in only one thing. I’m jealous. I’m very jealous. I want my man to love me—just me—that’s all.” For any wife to be jealous is a dangerous threat to marriage, but with a Continental like Chiarì, this “only one thing” is the kiss of death. In Italy, as in most of Europe, a husband is Lord and Master. His wife marries him to grace his house, breed his children, adopt his family, share his religion, and love him, blind to his faults but aware of all his virtues! A woman who was raised in Italy can never accept marriage on such a basis, not only because this is an accepted marital relationship, but also because she knows that if she doesn’t, the chances of her getting a divorce in a Catholic country are almost nil. Consequently, for a female like Ava, who admits her overpoweringly jealous nature, to marry a charming actor, well known throughout Italy, would be disastrous—and I say this because I have met him. He has the Continental charm and technique of making a woman feel she’s a woman, and, like all Italians, he can no more help flattering than he can help breathing. F. Hugh Herbert and Mark Robson have signed him, by the way, to a personal contract and have grand plans for his future in American films.

How will Ava, who admits she doesn’t want to share her man with anyone, reconcile herself to sharing his popularity—especially with the opposite sex? The answer is, she won’t! And how will Chiarì put up with her accusing rages of jealousy? The answer is, he won’t. They’ll wind up destroying each other’s careers, as Ava and Frankie did. I only hope that some day, before it is too late, Ava will find the happiness she craves and is so desperately searching for. But she will only find it, if she chooses a man whose standards she shares and if she doesn’t try to grab happiness all for herself, but remembers that in marriage there are three lives—yours, your husband’s, and the life you will share with each other.

---

**NOTHING does so much for a woman…**

Beautiful eyes are your most important feature, so bring out all their hidden loveliness with Maybelline, the safe, natural-looking eye make-up preferred by women of good taste the world over. Maybelline makes every woman’s eyes beautiful. How very beautiful, you’ll never know until you try.

- **Maybelline Mascara, Solid or Cream Form…$1.25**
- **Maybelline Automatic Eyebrow Pencil, 79¢, Twin Refills 39¢**
- **Maybelline Iridescent Eye Shadow Stick, 51¢**

For complete eye beauty, use Maybelline Professional Eyelash Curler, $1.90, and Precision Tweezers, 29¢.

---

**How to MAKE MONEY with Simple CARTOONS**

You look everyone who likes to draw should have. It is free; no obligation. Simply address:

CARTOONISTS’ EXCHANGE
Depts. 593 & 594
Pleasant Hill, Ohio

---

**$500 FOR YOUR Child’s Photo**

Yes, up to $500 and more PAID if used for TV, Calendar or Magazine Ads. YOUR CHILD has same opportunity. Send ONE small photo for approval. Print child’s and mother’s name and address on back. Returned in 2 weeks with report. (Ages 8 mos. to 18 yrs.) NO OBLIGATION—Established 1946

HOLLYWOOD SPOTLIGHT, Dept. AC
834 Beverly Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

---

**MOTHERS’ FRIEND**

The SKIN CONDITIONER for EXPECTANT MOTHERS

The soothing, refreshing skin conditioner that penetrates and brings relief to numb, tingling muscles in back and legs…ends the discomfort of tight, dry skin.

At Drug Stores Everywhere.

THE S.S.S. COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

---

**BE YOUR OWN MUSIC TEACHER**

Send for Free Book Telling How Easily You Can Learn Music at Home. No Tremendous Practice. No teacher. Just START RIGHT OUT playing simple pieces. Thousands now play who never thought they could. Our pictures show how easy it is to play popular songs, hymns, classical and any other music. Only a few cents a lesson. Over 500,000 students our 35 years successful free.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOK

Find out why our method can teach you quickly, easily, inexpensively. Mail coupon for Free 16-page Illustrated Book. No obligation. No salesman will call. U.S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC (Dept. A20), Port Washington, N. Y.

---

**For the love of music**

Music helps me to relax. It makes my mind more open to new ideas. It gives me a way to express myself. I could not imagine my life without music.

Name: ___________________________
Instrument: _______________________
Age: ________
Grade: ________
School: ___________________________
Address: _________________________
City: ____________________________
State: ____________________________
Zip: ________

---

**The Eyelash Curler**

For long, curling eyelashes, the Eyelash Curler is a must. It makes the entire face look more attractive.

For a free booklet giving details of the Eyelash Curler, Address:

**BEAUTY SPECIALIST**

200 W. 3rd St., Los Angeles, Calif.

---

**Maybelline Mascara, Solid or Cream Form…$1.25**

- **Maybelline Automatic Eyebrow Pencil, 79¢, Twin Refills 39¢**
- **Maybelline Iridescent Eye Shadow Stick, 51¢**

For complete eye beauty, use Maybelline Professional Eyelash Curler, $1.90, and Precision Tweezers, 29¢.
A Long Way From Home

(Continued from page 57) heeled boots and a wide-brimmed hat, he could pass for a stunt rider in a shoot-'em-up Western. His square-built frame issolidly packed, his face unremarkable except when he smiles. There then shines through and one ceases to be concerned with actorish good looks and becomes content with his ingratiating friendliness backed by an inquiring mind.

The beach house, for instance, poses a problem which could become more acute as Rod's popularity soars, which it seems certain it will. 'There are few moments in our ménage,' says Bob Walker, 'when the place isn't jumping. The beach is an attraction, of course, but I think it's Rod they want to see. People seem to gravitate toward him, warmed by his naturalness and lack of pose.'

This has, to some extent, been a hardship on the young actor who is so unaffec- tionately gregarious. So, even when he would like to be alone or sit by the big front window and watch the Pacific breakers pile up on the beach, he never lets this become apparent to guests who just 'drop in.' These people, he must admit, are largely friends. They are only young folk who like Taylor's ingenuous boyishness, his sincerity and continuing capacity for astonishment at the big, complicated yet kindly country in which he finds himself.

So he greets them with his kid-around-the-corner smile and, if mealtime is imminent, concocts his now-famous Australian dish which he calls Greek lamb—something with as many ingredients as a hobo's mulligan, and twice as appetizing. 'It's the only thing I can cook well,' Rod said. "Jeff and Bob are almost visibly relieved when I pass my turn as chef.'

Taylor's emergence upon the American scene was the direct result of a philosophy arrived at early. There being no television in Australia and few little theatre groups anywhere which the way to become an actor was to act, so he began beating on the doors of radio studios. He got what he was looking for—work. And soon, because of his facility with accents, particularly American, he was doing twelve-hour stints, day after day over the air waves; appearing also in stage plays. It was at this juncture of his career that writer-producer Marty Rackin appeared like a good angel on his horizon.

Coming to New York with the intention of making a television series starring the late Robert Newton, Rackin heard that good actors could be had in the "down under" country for a song such as he could afford in his narrow minute while listen- ing to a radio story called "The Infor- mer," he heard a young fellow playing the part of a Brooklyn hoodlum. His accent was so perfect that Rackin was sure this was no Australian, but probably an American actor temporarily beached in Sydney. He quickly got in touch with the performer and found a fresh-faced youth with an Australian, whose bright blue eyes looked at him with the wistful longing of a country pup in a big city. "I asked him the usual question: 'How'd you like to be in pictures?' Rackin said, "and he explained exactly as if I'd offered him a million dollars. "We were doing 'Long John Silver,'" Rackin went on, "actually a sequel to 'Treasure Island.' I suggested Guy Dolman in the lead, playing the part of an adult man. To create the realistic effect of sightless eyes, we decided to use contact lenses with a kind of milky cloudiness in them. After a few tests, Dolman said he simply couldn't wear the lenses and would have to withdraw from the role. At my wit's end, I began frantically searching my mind for some actor to play the part. It was then that I thought of young Taylor. Rackin was sent for him and he jumped at the chance like a hungry trout. But right then I got the surprise of my life. Rod wouldn't accept the assignment unless Dolman told him personally that the word was correct. Being accustomed to certain Hollywood actors who'd steal a hot stove, I was dumbfounded. This was loyalty and prin- ciple beyond my experience." Rackin went on to explain how sincerely Taylor plays any role given him. "There was a sort of chase in the picture," he went on, "in which Rod, a completely blind man, had to run over terrain known to him only by touch, and he went at it exactly as if he were sightless. Once he banged into a tree and another time fell over a boulder, cutting his hands and gashing an arm. When I protested, he said quite calmly: 'A blind man gripped into trees and stumble over rocks.' Well, that stopped me. The fact that he had injured himself didn't count at all."

Having watched young Taylor turn in a remarkably proficient performance, Rackin was more than ever convinced that the youth was entitled to his chance in greener pastures.

It was at this point that a lucky inciden- ce occurred. Rackin had won the Magnaniety Award, given by newspapers to worthy young actors, enabling them to go to England for further study and experience. This was a unique opportunity for himself, not dispersing the oppor- tunities awaiting him in the tight little island, managed by subtle suggestions to point out alluring pictures of America, mentioning a couple of other Taylors, Bob and Elizabeth, who had flown ashore for themselves in Hollywood. This, coupled with the magic names of Clift and Brando, convinced Rod that heaven began and maybe ended in Hollywood, where every new generation of young people seemed to ride around in solid gold Cadillacs.

Now that Rod's future seems comfort- ably established, he is inclined to look with a touch of nostalgia to the hard, worthwhile years he has already. Reared as the only child of comfortably well-off parents in Sydney—his father is a construction engineer and his mother a successful novelist and short story writer—Rod had an enviable education in the Sydney Technical and Fine Arts College. "I was a show-off, an arty brat of a kid," he said, "and believed myself to be possessed of an outstanding talent. Then I took a flying chance to be a blond boy and got bitten by the bug for which there seems to be no known cure. When Laurence Olivier and the Old Vic Com- pany were here to play I kept telling them I wanted to be an actor. It was then that I began to get rid of that phony attitude and discovered that there is no substi- tute for a sincere, honest approach to a job. Rod went on, 'I went to work, scrubbing floors at night so I could walk around daytime looking like an actor. I must have been an awful pain in the neck.'

About that time, when he was twenty- one, the actor met, fell in love with and married a pretty model who was just a little younger than he. Neither of them being burdened with much marital wis- dom, they are growing up with their ugly head. They were both miserable through two and a half years, at the end of which time they were divorced.

Now twenty-six, Rod views marriage, at least in the immediate future, as a tentative, future, with a somewhat skeptical eye. Because he's still fearful that he might not measure up to the high expectations which the officials at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, where he is under contract, have for him. "More than anything else," says, "I want to make good as an actor. No, not just make good, either. That isn't enough. I want to get the best out of the people I work with, to dream about when I was trying to get my foot on the first rung of the ladder back in Sydney—Brando and Clift. Maybe I haven't got what it takes; only time will reveal that. But if I don't make it and there are a lot of fine actors around who haven't—I wouldn't want a wife to share the bitterness of failure.'

In talking to directors who have worked with these pictures, we would seem that

**ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE ON PAGE 17**

**Across**

1. Campbell (William)
2. S. M. (Sal Mineo)
3. Chi
4. Act
5. God
6. End
7. M L (Mario Lanza)
8. Blues
9. near
10. near
11. in
12. oil
13. salad
14. Dana (Kaye)
15. Dream
16. MC's
17. A. G (Alec Guinness)
18. No
19. time
20. My
21. D. D (Doris Day)
22. N (Nicholas Ray)
23. R (Richard Egan)

52. Tavern
53. Aga (Khan)
54. Nabie (George)
55. E (Southeast)
56. Kerrs (Deborah, John)
57. Bean (Jack)
58. Silken
59. Ira
60. B G (Betty Grable)
61. Wide
62. Victor (Mature)
63. Fred (MaeMurray)
64. Ray (Marie)
65. E T (Elizabeth Taylor)
66. Widmark (Richard)
67. Dean (James)
68. Dan (Dalley)
69. You
70. Yol
71. Ann (Blyth)
72. reigns
73. C R (Cesar Romero)
74. Ireland
75. Edie (Eddythe Marriner)
76. calves
77. Ten
78. Aly (Khan)
79. Granges
80. Damon (Runyon)
81. Modern
82. Fessley (Elvis)
83. John (Johnnie)
84. A E
85. grit
86. Arrow
87. A B (Anne Bancroft)
88. Debra (Paget)
89. easter
90. knit
91. sac
92. Sir
93. Ida (Eddie Cantor's wife)
94. EOE
95. F M (Fredric March)
96. D K
this fear is not well founded. "He acts the way he is," says Richard Brooks, who directed him in "The Catered Affair." "His principal asset, as an actor and a person, is the fact that he listens well to a director and other players. His actions are all normal to the scene and honest, particularly in a role which will permit him to exploit his own personality. I predict that Rod Taylor will go straight to the top."

George Stevens, who directed Rod in "Giant," was equally definite. Stevens, no man to toss unearned compliments about, and certainly one of the finest directors in Hollywood, has said, "I found him to be an extraordinarily gifted player. He has many graces of the acting art plus an inimitable flair for pure mimicry. He had a difficult part in 'Giant' and made it outstanding. Taylor will most certainly be a star of real distinction."

Jeff Richards, co-sharer of the beach house, who stars in "The Opposite Sex," is an enthusiastic, yet objective admirer of Rod's talents as an actor. "He isn't the matinee idol type at all," Jeff said. "Yet, curiously enough, I think he'll be a smash hit with feminine moviegoers. His strong masculinity comes through with every gesture, and he has somehow managed to retain an ingenuous quality which appeals to the mother instinct in women. But he has the good sense not to overdo it."

Rod's social activities are not unique in Hollywood. He likes parties and goes to a lot of them. But night clubs dismay him. He is forever asking his say people pay so much money just to sit around little jammed-in tables in crowded, smoke-filled rooms.

No young man plentifully endowed with talent and natural charm long escapes attention, particularly in Hollywood, where studios are bulging with beautiful girls. Taylor, in his quiet, unpretentious way, has attracted quite a few of them, but he insists with his wide grin that he has never gone out with have nothing more serious on their minds than a good movie and maybe a chocolate malted afterward. Nicola Michaels, a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer starlet whom he squares about quite often, states with conviction that Rod is one of the "most comfortable" boys to go out with than she has ever met. A bouncy girl with a cute mouth and a bridge of freckles across her small nose, she shakes her head positively at any suggestion that their friendship has the slightest implication of seriousness. "We have fun together," she said. "Rod tries to think of things a girl would like to do. He doesn't need any prompting. Often we go out to his house and listen to his records and the waves thundering just outside the big front window. Sometimes Jeff will whip something—he's awfully good at things you just pop into the oven—or Bob will cook a chicken. And maybe Rod will get to work on that famous Australian dish of his."

She paused a moment, then said with a rather humorous smile: "One comment I've heard by others is that no girl has to wear a break-away jacket when she goes out with Rod."

Now, with some first-rate pictures behind him, and poised on the brink of further successes, Rod Taylor is earnestly and happily on his way. Whatever fortune, a notoriously fickle dame, may store for him, no one can tell, least of all Rod. One thing may be said with certainty: He'll keep on giving his career the old college try, like the good Aussie he is. The End

---

New 3-in-1 Basecoat-Lacquer-Sealer Formula

Now Dura-Gloss wears longer, yet is far easier to apply

No nail polish tested, regardless of price, wears so long, yet is so easy to apply as new 3-in-1 Dura-Gloss, with its sensational, chip-resistant Flex-Film formula that bonds itself to your nails for super adherence. Here's super covering quality, too, that flows on bubble-free, to brush without streaking.

Here is a 3-in-1 basecoat-lacquer-sealer that's super-resistant to chip, crack, seuff and peel. Here's glow-with-glamour gloss, to jewel colors, brilliant or iridescent, in 15¢ and 29¢ sizes, plus tax.

Exclusive Color Cap Shade Selector lets you compare nail for nail.

---

Make This Mollie Parnis Original and be the Best Dressed Girl in Town

Let these famous American Designers help you be the best dressed girl in town—if you can sew:

Gill Chapman—Claire McCardell—
Tina Leser—Jo Copeland—Philip
Mangone—Monte Sano—Herbert
Sondheim—Grigio—David Good-
stein—Joes Walker—Joseph Holpert
—Vera Maxwell—Toni Owen—Fira
Benenson—Harvey Berin—Frank Galt-
nant—Mollie Parnis—Clare Potter.

Patterns of 36 original designs by these famous names are now available.

To see this entire collection send 50¢ for our 100-page pattern booklet XI.

World Wide, Dept. WG-3-57
63 Central Avenue, Ossining, N. Y.
Send me 100-page pattern booklet XI. I enclose fifty cents.

NAME

STREET

CITY

ZONE.... STATE.

---

DON'T MISS: Rod Taylor in Warner Brothers' "Giant" and M-G-M's "Brintzee County."
(Continued from page 50)
Consoling her was her mother Maggie, a brick and loving buffer between Debra and the pieces of the worlds need picking up and putting back together again.

The role she had lost was replaced by another one, an even better one, not long afterwards, and Debra Paget was happy again. Yet tears are no stranger to this shy and beautiful young star, Nor is inconvenience. On the other hand, neither is sex appeal. Debra has afigure that is breath-taking. In a way, that whistle-bait figure perjures the pure, undisturbed beauty of her face—undisturbed, that is, until the music starts or the cameras turn. Then the veils drop and Debra Paget comes alive with every instinct as ancient as Eve's, in a transformation which is as puzzling to the observer as it is complete.

At twenty-three Debra is the most intriguing paradox in motion pictures today. She lives in amazing splendor in the magic world of her own creation, a world she has dreamed about since she was a little girl. Whether because of disillusionment with the Hollywood she grew up in or for some other, secret reason of her own, Debra long ago decided to restore in all its old-time glamour and glitter a movie era of yesteryear. Singlehandedly, if need be, she has undertaken to bring back the excitement of the "movie queen"—the fabulous female who walked the streets of Movietown with a tiger on a leash, or took a bath in bubbling champagne.

Debra lives with her family in an old, twenty-seven-room Mediterranean style mansion which she has leased, located back of the Beverly Hills Hotel. Constance Bennett once lived there. But if the walls could speak, even of the glamorous Constance and the rest of the unforgettable Bennets, they could tell nothing that would top Debra Paget's jeweled Cadillac, the mirrored, African-motifed "Gambo Room" on the third floor, where Debra rehearses her dance routines, her jeweled mermaid murals in the hall and the living-room fireplace which she has converted into a fabulous planting area, including coral flamengos, a silver fountain and a statue of Kuan Yin, the Chinese goddess of fertility.

Debra dresses elegantly, possessing the most glamorous wardrobe of any of Hollywood's young stars. She wears mink and white fox and blue fox and pink fox. And she has over a hundred custom-made cocktail dresses and evening gowns, all designed to hug her thirty-five-inch bosom and nineteen-inch waist.

She rides in a Cadillac painted strawberry color, to go with her velvet bed, and encrusted with fifteen-hundred dollars worth of multi-colored, glitering crystals. Debra and her mother and brother-in-law worked all one night, until five in the morning, jewelring the car.

Why, you ask yourself, would any young and beautiful girl, who could be out on the town enjoying herself, stay up all night pasting gay pink crystals on the top of a car? What can she be like, this young star who lives so lavishly in a romantic world of strawberry velvet and white satin and jeweled mermaids—but without romance?

Debra Paget is the girl who never dates. Why? What was the story, where did all the pieces fit in the life of a young actress Hollywood producers have so enthusiastically acclaimed?

To find the answers, Photoplay's reporter climbed aboard an Aeronaves Airlines plane bound for Mexico City. There Debra is co-starring with Ray Milland and Anthony Quinn in Benoitet Borgeau's production of "The River's Edge." It is a role that could make her a top dramatic star.

But Debra's own story is as exciting as any movie script. It has all the drama and pathos and conflict that can happen in the life of a girl who is half siren and half saint.

In her Mexico hotel room, wearing a short pink terrycloth robe and gold slippers, brushing her flame-red hair and looking all-siren, Debra tells you quietly why she is here. Why she has been working long hours in the rain day after day, bruising herself crawling over rocks and through underbrush, giving her every emotion to the camera. Why acting is her whole life today.

Leveling amazingly blue eyes on you, the girl directors call "one of the sexiest in Hollywood," says, "I believe there's a job that each of us is meant to do. And I believe we have a duty to ourselves to do it to the best of our ability. As far as I'm concerned, I think I was put on this earth for that. This is what I live on. Act, act, and that's it. I can do. How good it is, I don't know, I try to do my best. But through work I find my happiness. . . ."

In the spacious hotel room in Mexico City the girl who is so dedicated to acting went on, "I played my first movie role. Then I jumped in. That's pretty young to be suddenly thrust into the motion picture business. There's something about a big studio that's so overpowering, and I'm naturally a shy person and it's so easy to get lost. If somebody asked me a question I would just say 'Yes' or 'No.' Mother would break the ice for me. She'd get people laughing and make the atmosphere friendlier and I would relax a little.

"Shyness is something I've had to grow out of, and I've really had to work to change it."

Debra however, is still slow to trust people. "I have to know somebody a long while. In this business you learn never to trust too much. I've been very lucky and I haven't been hurt bad yet."

"But perhaps, it's because my mother's such a great judge of people."

The rumor that her mother dominates her life really draws Debra's fire. "This simply isn't true. I try very hard not to let people say those things. The truth is, there's only one person who runs my life. And that's me!"

"I have to fight with people," Debra says frankly, a fact which might help spread this misconception. By mutual consent her mother, serving officially as her business manager, does much of the fighting for her. But Debra is always reminded that her daughter, "This is a business, Debra. You've got to fight for your rights."

"Theirs is a very close relationship. Debra doesn't hate镁to have those things which by temperament or desire Debra feels she isn't qualified to do.

But once her mother said: "Some day she's going to have to learn to fight for herself, and the day she feels she no longer needs me, I'll go. I'm sure it will be painful, but that's the way it will happen. But as long as she wants me, I'll be here with her, that's right where I'll be."

"You need somebody you can believe—somebody you know will tell you the truth," says Debra, who always wants her mother's blessing wherever she works.

Debra's beauty and her unquestioned sexiness has caused professional and personal conflicts in the girl who is so devotedly in love with the girl she works for.

Debra's beauty and her unquestioned sexiness has caused professional and personal conflicts in the girl who is so devotedly in love with the girl she works for.

Debra's first experience with this, however flattering, was heartbreaking. It was her first big TV show "and they had to go and put a bullet skirt on me, didn't bargain for that.""

The big number was called "The Jaguar," and, says Debra, "We had a terrific routine where I jumped over this fancy

When Maxine Arnold flew back from Mexico City via Aeronaves de Mexico after interviewing Debra Paget for Photoplay, Debra took her to the airport limousine.
GET ON A QUIZ SHOW

...and win!

How would you like to win $100,000—$64,000 or even $5,000 on one of the popular Quiz programs. No such luck you say. But don't underestimate your chances of becoming a contestant. When opportunity knocks (and the important thing is that you can help opportunity to knock if you know how) you must be ready.

Millions of dollars are given away on quiz shows, yet nothing has been written to tell you how to become a contestant. Nothing has been written to give you tips on how to win. But now, in his brand new guide, Joe Kane, the man who writes the questions for Break The Bank, tells you exactly what you want to know about Quiz shows.

Here is your opportunity to get expert help from the foremost authority on Quiz programs! Here is your chance to get behind-the-scenes and see exactly how a Quiz show works!

For instance, do you know how contestants for Quiz shows are selected? Do you know why one person is selected and why another one equally acceptable is rejected? Do you know the correct way to fill out a contestant's questionnaire? These and hundreds of other questions are completely covered in this guide.

SPORTS car. I was wearing a leotard cut high in the neck and a split skirt that was supposed to come off when I leaped into the air.

After the dress rehearsal the censor informed her, "You can't take your skirt off in the number.

"But I have to," Debra protested. "In order to jump over the car."

The wardrobe department hurriedly whipped up a billowing skirt of chiffon and the censor said, "You can't wear that either." Through the chiffon, the outline of a flashing, very sexy pair of legs could be seen. Finally they sent to the costume's and, as Debra says, "got a ballet skirt that came down to my ankles. They sewed it on after the show had started. What a hassle! They were sewing, and I was crying, and my agent was saying, 'You don't have to do this, I'll pull you right out.' And I was sobbing it was too late and I had to go on.

"They shot my routine in a dark corner of the stage, so dark, in fact, that a friend who watched the show at home called up to ask, 'When did Debra go on?'"

Debra's personal life has caused the usual speculation among columnists.

In Mexico City there had been an absurd romantic rumor, "They've had me eloping with the hotel manager," Debra said. "Mother and I went to a cocktail party given by the Ambassador of Panama. I thought we were going with the assistant manager and his wife, whom we knew, but when we were about to leave, a stranger presented himself to escort us. I thought he had been sent by the ambassador, but he turned out to be the manager of the hotel. A photographer took his picture with me at the party, and the papers ran it. Later, the ambassador's wife wanted to provide a wedding for us, I told her," Debra said laughingly, "Don't you think you're rushing things a bit?"

As Debra herself says, she can fight—when there's a real reason. Although it's general knowledge that Debra Paget doesn't go out on the town, a local columnist called one evening recently and wanted to arrange a date with Debra for a personal friend to attend a preview. "Do you think she will go?" he asked her mother. "I'll put Debra on. You talk to her." said Maggie.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Corn, Callous, Bunion Pain Stops!

No waiting for relief when you use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. They stop pain at its source... new ease or tight shoes... remove corns, calluses one of the simplest ways known to medical science. New skin-matching color; worn invisibly. Try them at LINDBY, Shoe Department, 5-10¢ Stores.
Be the one who wears the diamond!

This is you... and aren't you glad you were always so careful with your appearance, especially your hair! Every hair is in place, and you know it's easiest to keep that way by setting and securing it with Gayla hold·bob, the all-purpose bobby pin more women prefer over all others.

At first glance bobby pins may look alike, but women know that Gayla hold·bob with Flexi-Grip is the leader by superior performance... holds better, has the right combination of strength and flexibility, and is easiest to use. Do not accept ordinary bobby pins—insist on Gayla hold·bob.

The guy went on at length in a patronizing tone, as though he were doing her a favor, and finally Debra has enough. "Look," she said, "if I don't go with those who call me direct, I sure won't go out with a blind date!" And she hung up on him.

"I've gone to a few premieres, but I always go with Mother," Debra says. "I get such a kick out of it when somebody calls and says, 'You're invited to such-and-such a party afterward. Please tell your escort to wear a bow tie.' I have to laugh, thinking how Mother would look in a bow tie."

Debra's story begins in a house on High Street in Denver, Colorado, right across the street from where Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., was born. Little Debralee Griffin was fascinated by the house and never tired of hearing about the great Doug. She haunted Elitch's and other theaters with her mother, Margaret Gibson, a legitimate actress, performed in those early years. Debralee loved the "play-acting," the glamorous costumes and the wigs and makeup. This was a magic, happy land and she wanted to be part of it.

"She begged for this business before she could even talk," her mother says. "Debra is a real ham. She can't live without acting, and that's the full definition of the word!"

To the cute, tow-haired little girl with the serious, wide blue eyes her mother would say, "When you're old enough to know whether you have the guts and the backbone it takes, then we'll see."

When her mother and her older sister, Tesla Loring, went out on the road with various shows, Debralee lived for the moment when they would come home, bringing some of the magic back with them. "My sister, Lisa, and I would get into their wardrobe trunks and dress ourselves up in the oddest get-ups."

Whenever he could, Debra's father would bundle up the younger Griffins in the family car and drive across the country to Cheyenne or to Chicago or New York, wherever Debralee's mother and sister were booked.

Backstage, — backstage! — with Elitch's, the Gayety in New York, or an old burlesque theater, was an enchanted world to Debralee Griffin. She would watch, wide-eyed, saying nothing—and missing nothing.

When Tesla Loring was signed to a Paramount contract, Hollywood was the Griffins' home base. And little Debralee was tired of just watching the show. She wanted to be part of it.

"Sit down, Debra, I want to talk to you," her mother said. Maggie Griffin had been in show business since she was five, and she told Debra what success would demand. The sacrifice it would involve. "If I work with you and help train you to be an actress, and the first time your little friends come over and you say, 'I'd rather go out and play!'"

And she added, "Learning to act is not like taking a piano lesson. It is work, work, work."

Yes, Debra said, she knew. And she would work, work, work. Debra would work, work. And Debra did work. She took tap and ballet lessons. She studied with her mother and with actress Queenie Smith. She played Joan of Arc. In a children's theater group. "She was merely a child—but she brought tears to everybody's eyes," her mother says. And one day, a day and a glint in their eyes, and Debralee was called to the future of her life, Debra walked with her mother and her brother, Frank, through the magic gate of a motion picture studio.

Margaret Gibson knew Ivan Kahn, then talent head at 20th Century-Fox, and he had once told her: "When your children are ready, bring them out to me." Debra and her brother tested together in a scene from "Ah, Wilderness!" At 12, Kahn agreed they were both very good. They had talent, no doubt about that. But the studio was cutting down on its stock players and could only hire one of the children. Their mother was to decide which one.

"That was the most difficult decision I've ever had to make in my life," Maggie says slowly now. "I didn't tell the kids. My son didn't know until after. I thought they were both good—but I felt the dramatic depth Debra had would carry her a long way. With a mother's love she prayed she'd done the right thing.

Two weeks later the combination of innocence and sex appeal got Debra the part of Richard Conte's sweetheart in "Cry of the City." Three name players were up for the role, but the studio was looking for the unusual combination of youthful innocence and dramatic ability. Debra was chosen. "I cried all over Richard Conte," she recalls now.

At fourteen Debra Paget, who'd never had a date in her life, was playing love scenes with Richard Conte and going to school in between.

She was a child in a confusing world of adults. Before the camera she was at home. Acting was her real world—the one she knew and could trust. Here she could talk and laugh and cry. But in the other—Debra Paget was left and withdrawn.

From the beginning, Debra defied the customary build-up for a Hollywood starlet. "I will not date for publicity," she

You can get a FREE Membership Card and a wallet-size picture by joining the

Elvis Presley Fan Club

Just send your name and address (and those of your friends, too) to: Elvis Presley Fan Club, Box 94, Hollywood, California.

says, "I never have and I never will. There's no mystery about this, no gimmick. I won't fake romance, and I don't see going out unless it's with somebody you're sure you'll enjoy being with. When I am ready to fall in love I will. "I don't feel it's necessary to 'go out' with a man to know him, or to find out whether you're in love with him."

"I have seen so many girls going out with first one and another man. They don't know what they want. These poor girls get so confused dating so many fellows that when the right man comes along they don't even recognize him," Debra says seriously.

"When people say to me, 'Where will you meet the man you will marry?' I tell them that I see people every day of my life, that there is no place where you meet more people than in the motion picture business. And with personal appearances and foreign locations I go all over the world for days. I have done so much—that's why I love to be home. When I get home I just want to stay there."

"And we entertain people at home all the time. We have big parties and we have small groups of friends in too."

When asked whether she shies away from a serious romance as a result of be-
Debra's new sophistication, the chic, short, flame-colored hair do and the glamorous wardrobe are partly to start studio executives into realizing little Debralee has grown up. "I've been at the studio for ten years and they still see me as fourteen."

But behind the fabulous wardrobe—the sequins and the tulle and the mink and all the little foxtails—is her desire to keep glamour alive.

"Ever since I was a little girl," she says, "I thought of Hollywood as a glamorous place. And when I got here—well, it was a great disappointment.

"I thought of movie stars as being so glamorous, the way Joan Crawford still is today. She never sheds. But I've seen people Id admired so much walking around Hollywood in slacks and no makeup, and I was so disillusioned. I didn't particularly care whether I ever saw them again or not. I think you should live up to the role you're asked to play in life."

The strawberry velvet and white satin boudoir is also a young girl's dream of Hollywood, and Debra admits it's why she conceived such a bedroom.

The jeweled mermaids? "That was strictly for fun!" she sparks. For publicity?

"Well, I did it for the publicity," Debra says frankly, "but for the glamour too. That jeweled Cad certainly is a conversation piece. People keep coming to see it and take pictures of it."

The limousine tour—the one who points out star's homes—told me he's doing the most business he's done since Tom Mix's white car," Debra says delightedly. "I stopped at a stoplight the other day and two men came out of a barber shop with towels around their necks as if somebody had yelled: 'Fire!' You should have seen the double take."

The car was her mother's inspiration. Her mother said, "Well, Paget, you don't go out, no scandals, no nothing. We're getting in a rut. We've got to do something."

"You should see it at night, every stone reflects the light. The car sparkles like diamonds," Debra says delightedly.

"I don't think I ever would give up my career completely for marriage," Debra said, as the sun was sinking in the Mexican sky beyond the square outside her hotel room.

"My career has always been first with me. With this drive that's inside me I don't need to search for anything else."
from the series of events which brought him to Hollywood and stardom any common denominator. Nor have his chroniclers or he ever been able to force from his life any familiar blueprint for stardom.

Not long ago I asked Rock when and why he decided to become an actor. The question was a logical one, following as it did Rock's own cruel analysis of himself as a shy, awkward "goop" who "isn't even very bright."

Rock thought a long time before answering. Finally he said simply, "I really don't know when or why I decided to become an actor. I guess I just always knew that some day I would be one."

That's about all the trail there is to follow if one tries to make any logical deductions from the life of Rock Hudson. Romanticists would call it destiny. A pessimist would say he fell into it. There's something to be said for both sides.

Rock is and always has been as open and honest as he seems to be on screen. The quality of honesty which he brings to all of his screen portrayals is no credit to Rock's acting ability. He is honest, almost to an extreme. A publicist at Universal-International and a close friend of Rock's recalled for me recently the only lie he ever told her. When she was writing his biography he tried to take an inch off his height and said he was six feet three instead of six feet four because he was always embarrassed by his height.

And in January, 1952, Rock and Jimmy Stewart went to Portland, Oregon, for the premiere of "Bend of the River." The show was held up for forty-five minutes while fans outside the theatre yelled, "We want Hudson, we want Hudson." Rock later insisted to newsmen who commented on the demonstration that the studio must have set up the cheering section to which of course was completely untrue.

But Rock's honesty only extends as far as his work and career are concerned. Writers, for that reason, do their research all around Rock rather than go to him directly because he has steadfastly refused to discuss his private life.

In Winnetka, as in Hollywood, Rock was a one-woman man who preferred "going steady" to playing the field. Even when he first came to Hollywood Rock always had one girl. Soon after his romance with Vera-Ellen wore thin he went "steady" with a succession of girls including Terry Moore, Gene Tierney, Lori Nelson, Susan Zanuck and Barbara Ruick. His last steady dating, before meeting Phyllis, was with Betty Abbott.

He was an eligible bachelor and he played the role to its fullest. He dashed around town in Marisa Pavan's sports car and was seen showing Anna Magnani the old world charms of Olivera Street in downtown Los Angeles' Mexican area.

There was no set pattern to his dates. Often he would call one of his girl friends in the middle of the night to play his newest record for her over the telephone.

Most of the girls Rock dated in this period still remember him with fondness. "He liked to laugh and live it up," says Fijer Laurie. "Everything he did was fun."

Julie Adams, who appeared in a number of pictures with Rock, remembers him most vividly.

"We used to play a game called 'Last Touch,'" she said, "It was, according to Rock, one of the higher-type adult games." U-I publicists still tell the story of the frantic three months when both Rock and Julie were on a personal appearance tour. A week or ten days apart, the two young stars appeared on the same disk jockey shows and TV interview programs. One night Julie was progressing admirably in an ad lib interview over TV when the emcee—tipped a week earlier—tapped her shoulder and said, "By the way, Last Touch!" Julie's mouth flew open and her eyes bugged over the gag set up by Rock.

But his earlier years in Hollywood were not all play for Rock. Sandwiched in with the romantic direction and dramatic lessons, plus instruction in athletic and body building activities.

Frankie Van, the Universal-International boxing coach, was also given the task of teaching Rock to stand up straight. Rock, conscious of his height since high school, slouched to de-emphasize it. Anywhere Van found him on the lot, Rock could expect a slap on the back and the order—"Stop slouching and stand up straight."

Perhaps Van went at it with more enthusiasm than necessary. He had a $100 bet for breaking Rock's slouch habit.

Two years of dramatics lessons under the late Sophie Rosenzweig made a great impression on Rock.

"She had a great influence on me," says Rock, "she gave me a lot more than I can say. She was warm and magnificent. I can still remember her pounding an idea into me: Nobody ever reads a line wrong; he might possibly read it wrong for that particular girl, I think of that every time I'm trying to get a characterization."

The years 1952-1953 were productive for Rock. He was working hard and he was beginning to get the feel of his craft.

here are two of the KOFR 5 STAR NEWSCASTERS

Sam Hayes airs the afternoon edition from Los Angeles over the coast-to-coast Mutual network.

And Cedric Foster provides the 5:55 p.m. editorial from Boston. Frank Singiser, Holland Engle and Les Highbie round out the MBS quintet, Mondays through Saturdays—providing 30 of the network's 125 news broadcasts per week.
"I began to know what I was doing," he says. "I was learning, not only from doing, but from watching other people. Yvonne de Carlo taught me much about the technical aspects of the business. Joel McCrea gave me great help in learning to ride; and John McIntyre, one of my favorite actors, taught me to relax."

"But Raoul Walsh gave me two of the best pieces of advice on my career. He told me to remember that whatever I do on set will be magnified twenty times on screen. He advised me to minimize what I did, to be still, and he was right." Bachelor Rock spent a good deal of time with a small circle of friends. The Van Johnsons, Barbara Stanwyck, Mrs. Rocky Cooper (when she was separated from Cary), all saw a lot of him. He particularly admired the home and marriage of Barbara Rush and Jeff Hunter.

"He even told his mother about them. "Mom, I wouldn't hesitate a second about getting married if I thought I could have a home life like theirs."

Ironically the marriage he so admired was to break up a year later after Barbara returned from filming in Ireland. Rock was falsely accused of being the cause of the breakup.

All of the marital mishaps and failures he had seen as a child, as well as a man, caused Rock to be extremely marriage-shy. He was dating many girls but he found that for the most part he made better friends with men than with women. "With a woman the elements of physical attraction enters the relationship," he said. "It generally puts people on a different level from friendship."

Although Rock has maintained a Gabriel-like discretion about his romances, more than one of them ended just about the time the young lady in question hinted too broadly about marriage. Rock has indicated that he was "a heel!" on at least two occasions during his bachelor days but he just wasn't "ready" for marriage.

During 1952 and 1953, Rock was busy for the first time in his career—as an actor. After years of playing juveniles and small parts the studio began to groom him for stardom.

From the beginning he was cooperative and appreciative. But, two things about his growing popularity bothered Rock—the demands on his time and the lack of privacy. "It's almost unbelievable," he said of this period. "There are terrible demands on your time at first. It's almost a twenty-four-hour-a-day sort of thing. And it's almost impossible to have a private life. I figure ninety per cent of me belongs to the public but ten per cent should be private."

Rock's resentment over his decreasing privacy increased as he became more and more of a star. By Hollywood standards he was "hot." That meant the studio was through using other stars to carry him in picture layouts. It was Rock who was the crutch for, other, lesser known stars. Any girl dating Rock was sure of being mentioned in the columns and having her picture taken—and used—at Hollywood events.

Along with his increasing stature as a new personality of importance rock was also beginning to be considered as a person with acting promise. By 1955 even Rock began to feel he was learning his craft. And just about that time he had his appendix out.

After returning from the hospital Rock learned that producer Ross Hunter wanted him to play the lead opposite Jane Wyman in "Magnificent Obsession," which would be one of the studio's big pictures for the year. "I was never worried about Rock coming over on the screen," Hunter recalls.

It's the right moment, everything is perfect...

Does your smile say, "Kiss me?"

Some teeth are naturally Hard-to-Bryten!

Iodent No. 2 is made and guaranteed by a Dentist especially for such Hard-to-Bryten teeth. It contains a scientific amount of supergraded polishing agents to safely remove the clinging film of food stains and smoke smudges which other toothpastes do not remove.

Safe, effective Iodent No. 2 stays on the brush longer, gives more cleansing action. Tastes good, too, with a freshness that lasts and lasts.

Just a few brushings will restore the beauty of naturally white teeth and a radiant confidence smile.

FOR TEETH EASY-TO-BRYTEN ... USE IODENT NO. 1
“The thing that makes a star is romantic quality and he’s got it. However, we had to make him feel we were all with him 100 per cent.”

The fan mail following “Magnificent Obsession” established Rock as the U-I lot, and the studio immediately put him into “Captain Lightfoot,” which was to be filmed in Ireland co-starring Barbara Rush.

A few days before he was slated to leave for Ireland Rock went shopping for some Christmas tree ornaments.

A girl shopping at the same counter said, “Hello, Rock.”

Rock gave her a not-too-friendly look, thinking she was a fan or someone he didn’t know.

“I’m Phyllis Gates,” she said.

“Oh,” said Rock, turning away because the name meant nothing to him.

A few days later he went to Henry Willson’s office and nodded cordially at Henry’s assistant, who said coldly, “I see you know me now.”

Rock was mystified until she explained that she was the girl he had slighted. Rock was so embarrassed he invited her out, but Phyllis turned him down. Like all good movie romances, this one had its beginning in conflict and Our Hero went off to Ireland where he promptly forgot about Miss Gates.

While in Ireland Rock gave newsmen a natural story by kissing the Blarney Stone.

“I’ve always taken a lot of ribbing because I didn’t kiss the Blarney Stone,” he told reporters after the event. “But I have a mental picture of the caption under a picture of me and the stone—‘Rock kisses Rock!’ I don’t think Betty and Barbara made me do it... and I don’t dare look at the papers tomorrow.”

After they finished filming in Ireland the company had some free time, so Rock took Phyllis and Barbara Rush motoring through France. They report it was a hair-raising experience. One day during a rainstorm, while trying to find an inn on the winding mountain road, Betty and Barbara became lost in a middle of a French road race.

“I didn’t dare pull over to the side of the road for fear of being mowed down from the rear... so we just drove at a slow pace along the crown of the road,” recalls Rock. “Those French drivers didn’t even slow down. They just went around us.”

After the rest of the company had returned to America Rock browsed around Europe on his own.

“I water-skied in Venice, went through Switzerland and then got to Austria,” he said. “I had to agree with Douglas Sirk about Austria. It’s so austere. She work is distasteful, in Vienna it’s a sin. I thought it was a wonderful country.”

Eventually Rock had to return to work. He left Europe with plans to return for a longer time.

“I’d like to live there permanently,” he says now. “I like their manners. Things are so spiced up here, the pressure is too high. Sometimes I think I’d rather be doing nothing there, even working as a bus boy, than living here.”

On his return to Hollywood U-I put him into “All That Heaven Allows” which had been released, and the questions which were thrown at him. When he and Betty Abbott had gone to Europe together everyone had expected them to be married there. When Barbara Rush got her divorce shortly after returning, the Hollywood wags decided that Betty had been a herring across the trail of Barbara and Rock. He had nothing to say about either romance.

“I’m all talked out,” he said to persistent questioners. “Besides they’re all trying to marry me off.”

Betty Abbott started dating other men, Barbara Rush was busy working and Rock gave most of his energies to the new picture. He also found a new girl. He had described her earlier when he said, “I’d like her to be an independent kind of girl. I mean for her to have a life for herself, as well as the life she’ll lead as a wife. In that way I am sure there will be much more chance of both of us keeping our interests in each other.”

He had also met her before. She was Phyllis Gates, the girl he “hadn’t been much impressed with” at first.

“When I got back from Europe I suddenly saw Phyllis with different eyes,” says Rock.

He asked her to dinner and she turned him down three times. The fourth time she accepted but he had to cancel out because of some night filming at the studio. The same thing happened twice more. The third time Henry Willson took Phyllis and the two walked into the restaurant to find Rock with another girl.

It was a studio publicist and she and Rock were having an urgent conference about stories. But Phyllis was entitled to doubts!

“It took almost a year and all the acting technique I had learned to convince Phyllis that I really loved her,” said Rock.

After almost a year of dating, Rock and Phyllis surprised no one in Hollywood by getting married. The only surprise was the way they got married—in secret.

Henry Willson went to Santa Barbara and made the arrangements. Rock called Chicago to Jimmy Matteoni, whom he had always considered his boy man.

“Rock called at six P.M. Monday night,” says Gloria Matteoni. “Jim wasn’t home, so he called again around two A.M. Tuesday morning. We left Chicago in the same car. My husband and I were in Santa Barbara after the wedding Wednesday.”

On the way to Santa Barbara the wedding party stopped in Ventura to obtain a marriage license. The Rev. Nordahl B. Thorpe, minister of the Trinity Lutheran Church of Santa Barbara, performed the ceremony. Phyllis wore a gown of brown imported Italian silk and carried white carnations and gardenias. Rock wore a dark suit and a white carnation.

“Was I nervous?” asked Rock later. “I was falling apart.”

After a simple wedding supper, Phyllis and Rock set out for a honeymoon in Jamaica. “It was exactly the way I wanted it,” says Rock. “I think Phyllis would have liked a big wedding with the dimes in her shoe and the whole bit, and I think she’d have had it, had she married any other guy. But she had the bad luck to pinch us down. I think she understood that an elopement was the only possible way.”

The Hudsons returned to Hollywood, tanned, rested and happy.

Happy is an understatement,” claims producer Ross Hunter. “They arrived at my house at two A.M., the night they came back from their honeymoon, and kept me up for three hours while they raved about how great it had been to be married.”

Professionally, 1955 was Rock’s best year. He had made a number of pictures fast, but his studio was giving him better and better films.

In return for doing “Never Say Goodbye,” a tearjerker in which he starred with Cornell Borchers, U-I lent him to Warners for what is probably his best role to date, Dick Benedict in “Glitter.”

George Stevens, known for getting the

 Millions of women trust their own instincts; it’s the surest guide for any fastidious woman. They feel it’s right to douche after menstruation... when faced with the problem of extra secretions... whenever they want to be especially sweet and clean in every respect.

They don’t rely on makeshifts, either. They demand that a douche should both cleanse and deodorize—as a “Lysol” douche does. Spreading into folds and crevices, “Lysol” kills odor-producing bacteria on contact (the bacteria that are the cause of “embarrassing odor,” if unchecked)—to give a lasting sense of internal cleanliness, internal daintiness.

The “Lysol” user is apt to be poised, confident, sure of her charm at all times. Join these smart women—be a “Lysol” user too. Get your bottle of new, mild-formula “Lysol” brand disinfectant today. . . Write for free booklet on medically-approved methods of douching. (Sent in plain envelope.) Send name and address to “Lysol,” Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. PP-573.

“Lysol” Brand Disinfectant

Also available in Canada
most out of every scene, worked Rock harder than he'd ever worked before. Rock is very impressed with Stevens. "I'm a better actor for having worked with George Stevens," he says, "he made me build a characterization in spite of myself." Stevens, on the other hand, feels that Rock has a great potential. "In Rock we have a symbolic picture of the most romantic kind of leading man... and in addition to the physical plusses he has the business of being a fine actor, who goes to work with intelligence."

Again, Rock almost didn't do the role because he says, "At the last minute I felt cold, afraid. This was the most complicated role I ever had to face. I felt I would never live up to the demands of the role and I thought I had to get out before it was too late." It took the combined talents of George Stevens and Phyllis to talk him into it. After "Giants" was finished Rock began to plan to film "Battle Hymn" at U-I. It is the biography of the Flying Parson, Dean Hess, and was to be the most expensive picture U-I ever made. Rock begged for the lead. Hunter was frankly skeptical.

"Battle Hymn" was a tour de force," explained Hunter. "Rock would have no one to lean on or help him as he had in the past. He'd have to run the gamut from comedy to deep tragedy all by himself—literally carrying the picture alone. I didn't know I could pin all the money on him without expert acting support. But he begged me, and Rock is only good if he really believes in a part. He wanted this one. I have only one comment to make, now that the filming is over. It's all his picture and it is great."

Rock was recently loaned to M-G-M for the lead in "Something of Value," which was filmed on location in Africa. But Universal-International announced shortly after filming was over that they had no intention of loaning their hot property away from his home studio again in the near future. And his price will be a great deal higher than the current $200,000 a picture, when and if they do.

The studio immediately pushed Rock into "Written on the Wind," in which he co-stars with Lauren Bacall and Robert Stack. He plays the "good guy." The plum acting role, that of the drunk, goes to Stack. Rock wanted to play the drunk, but the studio said no.

"Rock's fans won't accept his doing anything shoddy," says Dave Lipton, U-I's publicity head. "They like him because he's what they want their daughters to marry, or their children's father to be, or their childhood sweetheart. If we let him break out of that character they'd howl!"

Lauren Bacall, who has gotten to know him since doing the picture, says he had a hard job.

"When your name is bigger than your experience, like Rock's, a lot is expected of you," she says. "He delivered."

"Wind" was a reunion for Rock and Bob Stack, who have been good friends since Rock's first picture, "Fighter Squadron."

"I can still see him on that first day in front of the cameras, recalls Stack. "He was very shy and awkward and humble. And kind of apologetic for being there at all. But he was also very big, very handsome."

Stack echoes the sentiments of most of his friends, both in Hollywood and Winnetka, who find that success has spoiled Rock Hudson very little.

"The thing I like about him," says Bob, "is to find someone who really has stature, must know he has it, and yet doesn't show it. He seems to be almost apologetic for being successful."

Most of Rock's friends say success hasn't changed him at all.

"He's still the same old goofball," says Gloria Matteoni, who has known him since childhood.

Barbara Krift, who used to double-date with him in Winnetka, says, "He still has that infectious smile and the 'Andy Gump' laugh. He has more poise but that's because of experience."

The only significant change in Rock seems to be one of attitude. Until now he has sat by quietly and let other people guide his career. He's always felt lucky because he was so unsure of himself as an actor. But the accolades he has received from pictures like "Magnificent Obsession," "Giant" and "Battle Hymn" have given him a feeling of new confidence.

Now he talks of trying his wings on his own. He has formed a company with Henry Ginsberg, co-producer of "Giant" and plans to make pictures in which he plays off-beat roles. He wants to do a drawing room comedy first, followed by a Western.

And, as a married man, he plans to make a family. "I'd like a lot of kids to make up for being an only child," says Rock. "A boy first, after that it doesn't matter, as long as it's a big family." As I started by saying at the beginning of this article, Rock is really a pretty ordinary guy. That is probably not only the secret of his success—it's also what makes him unusual.

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) (4)

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 Photographs Poll Editor, Box 1374 Grand Central Station, N. Y. 17, N. Y.
(Continued from page 36)

him; I don't even like to think about him. You wouldn't believe the things he does.

An actress, an extremely sensitive and perceptive friend and great admirer of Monty, agreed to discuss him only because she and I have been friends for years. She told me that his behavior was location in Free County, Kentucky, was "unbelievable."

M-G-M had flown a small squadron of New York writers down to Kentucky; about the time they got there, Clift broke his right arm and could not press (one of the few instances in medical history in which a broken toe had a paralyzing effect upon one’s vocal cords).

Clift showed up at the site of a day’s shooting in a limousine; for no reason she could fathom, Clift suddenly loosened a stream of unprintable curses.

At first, Clift would appear in excellent humor; it would be a fine experience to work with him. But at lunch time a depression would appear to grip him, and in the afternoons he could not seem to keep himself from trembling.

"Was he drinking?" I asked.

"I could never smell anything on his breath," she said.

"What else was he doing, then?"

"I don't know," she said, "I think he was in great pain, that pain was almost too much for him." She put her hands to her face; I saw the tears in her memory. She was sorry for him, she said.

"Believe me," she added, "this is a sick, sick boy. I’m not saying that lightly. If I had my way, he would be in a sanitarium where they could keep him in check so he would go to one. I wish there were some way he could get help."

I said substantially the same thing to Clift: "There is a place in Chicago, in his town. He looked at me indignantly. He said, "I don't know what you mean." And for a moment I felt as some of the people on the lot, that nothing could be done. But Clift had control of himself and was functioning as the superb actor he can be. Perhaps, I thought, I am wrong; perhaps the appearance of this man, his nervous man¬

Brimms

Also Calluses. Quick, easy, and economical. Just rub on. Brimms, Jars, 55¢, 60¢, 75¢. At your druggist. Money refunded if not satisfied. In use of Rochester, N.Y.

FOOT RINGS

Size 8 x 10 Inches on DOUBLE-WEIGHT Paper, Printed on both sides with three different forms, groups, landscapes, pet ani¬

CORN деятель.

Instantly GLUES your PLASTI-LINER without the need of a water mass, brush or other adhesives of any kind. Will stay on your foot and not come off. Metal shoes, leather shoes, sandals, clogs, slippers, high heels, driving shoes, ballet shoes, etc. Send $1.50 for one pair. (Get 2 pair for $2.75 and save 50Ó.)

Send No Money 3 for $1.50

Professional Art Studios, 544 S. Main, Dept. 37 C, Princeton, Illinois

EAT ANYTHING WITH FALSE TEETH

If you have trouble with plates that slip, rock and cause sore gums—try Brimms Plasti-Liner. One applica¬
tion makes plates fit permanently or temporarily without powder or paste, because Brimms Plasti-Liner will adhere to your plate. It relieves and relieves loose plates in a way no powder or paste can. No need to pass up your favorite foods. With plates held firmly by Plasti-Liner, YOU CAN EAT ANYTHING! Simple, easy to use. Saves trouble. A direct saving in time, money. Ask your drug counter. Only $1.50. Plasti-Liner Inc., Dept. RD: 1975 Main St., Buffalo 9, N.Y.

BRIMMS PLASTI-LINER
THE PERMANENT DENTURE RELINER

Flor 27 From Fear

you a sense of excitement which is very important in bringing out your best per¬formance." Every sentence he uttered was overloaded with praise.

Toward the end of Clip's dressing room, I glanced back over my shoulder and had a clear view of the object of all his adulation. He had propped up the table, staring at his reflection in the mirror. His eyes were deep and brooding; his expression was one of what I interpreted as agonized disgust. His face was that of a man carry¬

AND POLISHING CLOTHS

Don't ask me why, because I can't tell you. I don't understand the guy."

Another man had a different version. "It's his way of expressing affection, all right," this man said. "But he doesn't do it in a way. He's got a whole different... everybody on people, falls all over them. In a way, that's symbolic. Monty throws him¬

TWO COLORED CAMERAS

Also available in white for identification purposes.

Immed¬

IMMEDIATE CONCENTRATION. PHONE orders Reception of your CAMERA in 24 hours.

42 Movie St., Princeton, N.J.
Edward Dmytryk, the director, later confirmed this. "On the days when Monty wasn't feeling well, we could always depend on him to come to work. He always admitted to having had a cold. Finally we got used to it. It took patience—that's a director's first requirement, over and above all other qualifications—but Monty was worth it.

When he's good, feeling good, he's the greatest. I personally like him. He's too valuable as a human being. You can't in conscience, look away from him, no matter what he does."

When the repair men finally had the door fixed to their satisfaction, Clift lifted himself stiffly. He'd been working there and slouched over to try the latch. He opened it and closed it four or five times.

"Let's run through it, Monty," Dmytryk called, gently.

Clift stepped outside the door and stood stiffly while a makeup man came over and touched at his eyebrows with a pencil. His body was now erect and rigid, like a guardian angel though he was tiring himself to plunge into character. The ad gave the signal, and the all-quiet bell clanged. Clift opened the door and Rod Taylor entered the room. Taylor greeted him and went on dictating. Clift sat down, and then Taylor dismissed the secretary. As the scene ended, Clift let his feet, waving his arms. "I did only everything wrong, he said, loudly and hoarsely. "That's all I did—everything."

"Let's do it again," Dmytryk said, softly.

Clift whispered upon him. "Yes, sir, Mr. Dmytryk," he shouted, "yes, sir!"

They did it at least seven times, and then they did it three or four more times for the director to talk. When each talk, Clift would either fall into the chair, heavily, or seek out the leaping-post andod and drape himself over the obilging man. When luncheons were at hand, he was so haunted, physically and mentally. He loped over to his dressing room, fell across the threshold, and slammed the door.

I was reminded, then, of something Burton Lancaster had said to me a day or two before: "Without exception, Monty Clift is the hardest-working actor I've ever known—and barring world peace in the business. Let me give you an example. When he was signed for 'From Here to Eternity,' he went down to see the author, James Jones, in Mexico a month before we were ready to shoot. He came back to it with Jones, talking about the character of Prewitt, trying to fix him in his mind. That kind of sincerity of purpose is a rarity out here. Nuts, it's a rarity anywhere.

"Monty had to learn to play the bugle for 'Eternity.'—he studied for weeks. He had to learn to box. He worked out three months with an ex-pug—Philadelphia and New York.

Fred Zinnemann, who directed "From Here to Eternity," elaborated on Lancaster's remarks. "I've never known an actor more attracted to his work than Monty. He's terrific."

"He thinks of the picture as a whole—in that way, he's like a director. It's never his part alone, as it is with most actors. He is completely unselfish in every way."

Zinnemann smiled. "Here is how he throws himself into his work. After we made 'The Search,' someone said to me, "Where on earth did you ever find a boy like that?" What a compliment, eh? In 'Eternity,' he wore himself out preparing and getting in mental shape for his role."

"He had to learn to box to me one day—meaning he was deliberately trying to be the kind of hard-luck character he played. The bugle—he would blow it out the window at the Hollywood Roosevelt until all hours of the morning. He had no tone, but he mastered the physical move-

ments necessary for playing. And he drilled like mad, like any soldier—so he would get all the steps exactly right. The bugle is not an instrument. I knew who was comparable was Brande, who, when he was preparing for 'The Men,' actually went into a paraplegic ward and lived with the patients.

David Lewis, producer of "Raintree County," has said, "I'm very high on him as an actor—he's the best there is. Eva Marie Saint, who worked with him and was one of the most illuminating experiences of his life—One week with Monty," she said, 'has made working in pictures worth it.' That's the man—beautifully—he will argue points, but only for the good of the whole picture. In acting instinct, intuition and intensity he is the equal of some of the great female stars."

Thinking of these conversations, I began to wonder about Clift and his habit of breaking props, or of getting "hung up"—guardianship, going over and over incidents in his mind.

"It has to do with the concentration, I imagine," he said. "You get yourself tuned up to such a degree that anything else seems to jump into it, break the feeling, the mood, the thing you're trying to do. I can't help it. But if the concentration improves the character, and if I can interpret it that is—what does it matter? I have put some of the preceding words into itials because that was the way Clift said them. It would emphasize certain words with a slanting exclamation that he had to make sure his listener understood.

Up close, that first day I met him, Clift's physical appearance confirmed my original estimate. He appeared to be suffering from great tension and lack of sleep. "It was my birthday last night," he said when we met at three in the afternoon. "Jean Simmons came over. Fred Zinnemann and his wife, and we were up until all hours."

His hands were shaking. His voice was husky. There was a small cut just beneath his left eyebrow, and the backs of his hands and there with red-rimmed scabs, as though he had clumsily cut or burned himself.

Clift's lack of coordination is legendary in Hollywood. It is attributed to his profound immersion of himself in his roles; he cannot coordinate physically the way most of us manage to do because he is so engrossed in pretending to be someone else. He even finds it difficult to eat in ordinary ways, one close friend says; he scorrs utensils and uses his fingers, even for mashed potatoes. One night, at a dinner party, he was raising a glass of wine to his mouth just as Clift reached down to his plate for a handful of potatoes. As he was raising his hand, he knocked the glass over and spilled it all over his companion's wine. Clift did not apologize. He seemed, the friend said, unaware that he had committed any breach of social propriety.

It quickly became apparent, during our first meeting, that the whole idea of the interview was repugnant to Clift. He feels strongly that his private life is the business of no one. He is as aloof and reserved in and, aside from acting, he steadfastly refuses to discuss his current interests, his relationships with women, or his family. "Why should my privacy be invaded just because I'm a movie star?" he demanded of me.

Yet at the same time I sensed a fundamental decency about him, a desire to cooperate as much as he could, not because he thought it was his respon-
Tense, Nervous Headaches Need This Relief

A survey shows 3 out of 4 doctors recommend the famous ingredients of Anacin to relieve pain. Here's why Anacin® gives better total effect in pain relief than aspirin or any buffered aspirin:

ANTACIDS INSTANTLY Anacin goes to work instantly. Brings fast relief to source of your pain.

MORE EFFECTIVE: Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not one but a combination of medically proven ingredients.

SAFER: Anacin simply can not upset your stomach.

LESSENS TENSION: Anacin also reduces nervous tension, leaves you relaxed, feeling fine after pain goes. Buy Anacin today!

POEMS WANTED

EXAMINATION. Any number, inc. consideration to FIVE STAR MUSIC MASTERS.

265 BEACON BLVD., BOSTON, MASS.

$500.00 For Your CHILD'S Photo

BARGAIN SPECIAL! 50c OFF Each Order of 10 or More Photos

Bargain Specials

Cash From 50 Boxes GIANT ALL-PURPOSE GREETING CARD Assortment

Yes, you make $11.50 on every box! And you can depend on a fine extra income all year from this best seller for EVERY ONE in your house— Mother's, Father's, Valentine's, Easter, Arbor Day, Assortments, Stationery, Gifts and Gadgets.

BARGAIN SPECIALS: 50c OFF Each Order of 10 or More Photos

Bargain Specials

No Nagging Backache Means a Good Night's Sleep

Nagging backache, headache, or muscular aches and pains can be a distressing experience. Sometimes it sets in suddenly in the middle of the night, leaving you restless and sleepless. If you experience these discomforts, Unani® can help. Taken for the pain relieving action, by their soothing effect to ease bladder irritation, and by the 9000 Durextrol—Mother's, Father's, Valentine's, Easter, Arbor Day—Assortments, Stationery, Gifts and Gadgets.

No Nagging Backache makes you feel drog-out, miserable, with restless, sleepless nights, don't try Unani®. Get the same hundreds of millions have enjoyed for over 60 years. Ask for, new, large, economy size and save money. Get Unani's Fills today!

FIVE D D E C E M B R E T E N E R S

PUBLISHERS, PUBLISHERS. PUBLISHERS.

$500.00 For Your CHILD'S Photo

BARGAIN SPECIAL! 50c OFF Each Order of 10 or More Photos

Bargain Specials

Cash From 50 Boxes GIANT ALL-PURPOSE GREETING CARD Assortment

Yes, you make $11.50 on every box! And you can depend on a fine extra income all year from this best seller for EVERY ONE in your house— Mother's, Father's, Valentine's, Easter, Arbor Day—Assortments, Stationery, Gifts and Gadgets.

BARGAIN SPECIALS: 50c OFF Each Order of 10 or More Photos

Bargain Specials

MUSIC

$500.00 For Your CHILD'S Photo

BARGAIN SPECIAL! 50c OFF Each Order of 10 or More Photos

Bargain Specials

Cash From 50 Boxes GIANT ALL-PURPOSE GREETING CARD Assortment

Yes, you make $11.50 on every box! And you can depend on a fine extra income all year from this best seller for EVERY ONE in your house— Mother's, Father's, Valentine's, Easter, Arbor Day—Assortments, Stationery, Gifts and Gadgets.

BARGAIN SPECIALS: 50c OFF Each Order of 10 or More Photos

Bargain Specials

Marvel Whirlwind Syringe For Women

Marvel Whirlwind Syringe For Women

Marvel Whirlwind Syringe For Women

No Nagging Backache Means a Good Night's Sleep

Nagging backache, headache, or muscular aches and pains can be a distressing experience. Sometimes it sets in suddenly in the middle of the night, leaving you restless and sleepless. If you experience these discomforts, Unani® can help. Taken for the pain relieving action, by their soothing effect to ease bladder irritation, and by the 9000 Durextrol—Mother's, Father's, Valentine's, Easter, Arbor Day—Assortments, Stationery, Gifts and Gadgets.

No Nagging Backache makes you feel drog-out, miserable, with restless, sleepless nights, don't try Unani®. Get the same hundreds of millions have enjoyed for over 60 years. Ask for, new, large, economy size and save money. Get Unani's Fills today!

FIVE D D E C E M B R E T E N E R S

PUBLISHERS, PUBLISHERS. PUBLISHERS.

$500.00 For Your CHILD'S Photo

BARGAIN SPECIAL! 50c OFF Each Order of 10 or More Photos

Bargain Specials

Cash From 50 Boxes GIANT ALL-PURPOSE GREETING CARD Assortment

Yes, you make $11.50 on every box! And you can depend on a fine extra income all year from this best seller for EVERY ONE in your house— Mother's, Father's, Valentine's, Easter, Arbor Day—Assortments, Stationery, Gifts and Gadgets.

BARGAIN SPECIALS: 50c OFF Each Order of 10 or More Photos

Bargain Specials

MUSIC

$500.00 For Your CHILD'S Photo

BARGAIN SPECIAL! 50c OFF Each Order of 10 or More Photos

Bargain Specials

Cash From 50 Boxes GIANT ALL-PURPOSE GREETING CARD Assortment

Yes, you make $11.50 on every box! And you can depend on a fine extra income all year from this best seller for EVERY ONE in your house— Mother's, Father's, Valentine's, Easter, Arbor Day—Assortments, Stationery, Gifts and Gadgets.

BARGAIN SPECIALS: 50c OFF Each Order of 10 or More Photos

Bargain Specials

Marvel Whirlwind Syringe For Women

Marvel Whirlwind Syringe For Women

Marvel Whirlwind Syringe For Women

No Nagging Backache Means a Good Night's Sleep

Nagging backache, headache, or muscular aches and pains can be a distressing experience. Sometimes it sets in suddenly in the middle of the night, leaving you restless and sleepless. If you experience these discomforts, Unani® can help. Taken for the pain relieving action, by their soothing effect to ease bladder irritation, and by the 9000 Durextrol—Mother's, Father's, Valentine's, Easter, Arbor Day—Assortments, Stationery, Gifts and Gadgets.

No Nagging Backache makes you feel drog-out, miserable, with restless, sleepless nights, don't try Unani®. Get the same hundreds of millions have enjoyed for over 60 years. Ask for, new, large, economy size and save money. Get Unani's Fills today!

FIVE D D E C E M B R E T E N E R S

PUBLISHERS, PUBLISHERS. PUBLISHERS.
Can't Get Rid of Dark or Discolored Skin, Freckles, Skin Spots?

HERE'S HELP! Mercerized Wax Cream 7 NIGHT PLAN Lightens, Beautifies Skin While You Sleep! 7 Creams! 7 Night Plan makes your skin delicate, smooth, velvety soft! Mercerized Wax Cream removes freckles, age spots, liver spots, blemishes, spots, freckles as if by magic! Does not a cover up, maaracutes Mercerized Wax Cream works from within! Uncovers the skin surface! Beautiful women have used this time-tested plan for over 100 years—why, it's just love it's sure, longer lasting results! Mercerized Wax Cream is sold at any drug store or mail order house. Start using it now! MERCERIZED WAX CREAM 7 NIGHT PLAN At All Drug and Cosmetic Counters

Extra Cash Fast to do. No obligation. Bush answer to FREE make a money-informing to: Room 203, c/o Macdonell Publications, 205 East 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.

AMAZING NEW CREME COLOR SHAMPOO RE-COLORS HAIR IN 17 MINUTES

Change streaked, gray, graying, off-color or drab hair to new lustrous, all-facilitating color! TINTZ Creme Color Shampoo recolors hair at home. No chemicals. No shampoo. No chemical. No hardening. Easy. Won't wash or rub off. Won't affect permanence of 14 shades each so naturally-looking no one will suspect color change. Pay 5c for color chart and post card. Ask for TINTZ Creme Color Shampoo. Only $1.50 plus tax at druggists.

CHI-CHESTERs Relieves Monthly Cramps in 9 out of 10 Cases!

Get quick, long-lasting relief from menstrual pain, nervous tension and headaches with Chi-Chester. Clinical tests prove 9 out of 10 women do. Money back if not relieved. Purse Pak 50c. Economy sizes $1.15 and $2.25 at drug store or we will fill direct. FREE booklet of intimate facts mailed in plain envelope. Write today: CHICHESTER CHEMICAL COMPANY, Dept. 3-S, Philadelphia 46, Pa.

MONUMENTAL ESTATE SALE

Over 100,000 dollars of fine furniture, paintings, sculpture, antiques. Prices as low as $4.52 down. Catalogue free. 800 W. Monroe St., Chicago 10, Ill.

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS

(Continued from page 32) this morning, you little rascal, and I'll take your hide." Despite her words, Ann didn't even try to tan stern.

Timmy had locked himself in his room that morning. She'd been frantic outside his door, imagining all sorts of ways that might befal him. Forcing herself to be calm, she'd tried a dozen different keys until she found one that fit. When she saw Timmy not only unharmed but delighted with his present, it was a little great she merely clasped him in her arms, thanking God that nothing had happened to him. She couldn't even bring herself to scold him, for one of such things she wasn't terribly good at, anyhow.

After she turned the light out in Timmy's room she looked in on the baby sleeping peacefully in the adjoining nursery. She was a good baby, McNulty had no complaints. Full of smiles and gurgles, she hardly ever cried. Ann, of course, was more relaxed with the baby than she'd been with Timmy. So far she'd only been in the child. If she ran true to McNulty form—and so far she'd been doing nicely indeed—she'd have a chance to get a lot more relaxed with the child through.

She tiptoed of the room and rejoined her guests at the dinner table. Her cousin, Teresa Lynch, was telling one of her delightful Irish stories, and telling it so well she was able to make her point without Timmy's cut-in. She'd heard it before—something about a horse that had been given a pill to make him run faster. Teresa came to the punch line: "Sure an' you'd better give me one, too. I've got to run an' catch the whale creature."

The story was a success. Ann smiled, proud of her cousin. Teresa had arrived from Ireland for a visit with Ann and had been with her for a few weeks before. It was nice to have another blood relative of her own around for a change.

In the midst of a family gathering like the one that night, Ann still had to pinch herself once in awhile to make sure it was really true. She'd always lived in such a small, self-contained world before she married Jim. After both her mother and her father had passed away, she'd been an Aunt Cissie and Uncle Pat. Now she'd become part of a large, lusty, warm family.

Yet no one has been as wonderful in the world," Ann says, "especially if it's a family like the McNultys, who are closely knit and really love each other."

When you meet Ann Blyth for the first time, you can't help having a set of preconceived notions about her. You probably heard her on the radio when she was a child or maybe you saw her on Broadway in "Watch on the Rhine." Later, you heard her develop from a child singing star into the romantic lead in dozens of movies. You know that she's beautiful, you've heard her golden voice, and you've read about the struggles and tragedies of her childhood. It's deep feeling, her courage and her gentleness. Yet you wonder whether the mental picture you've formed of Ann can possibly correspond to reality.

After all, Hollywood being what it is, it seems like a miracle that so gentle and self-effacing a girl as Ann Blyth, who has spent most of her formative years in these settings, has lived through the growth of success and yet retain a spotless reputation as well as achieve a rare degree of marital happiness. But when you meet her face to face, the mystery resolves itself.

Ann, in person, is fully as beautiful as any of her pictures, but what captivates you is her warmth, the calm sincerity of her personality. As a bonus you'll find that she has a most delightful sense of humor and that she talks well and easily on any number of subjects. You notice special glow the instant the conversation touches upon her family. When I visited with her I wanted to know more about her relationship with the large McNulty clan—"the thundering herd," as people sometimes jokingly refer to them. The McNulty family was a little scared at first," she relates. "I was in love with Jim and extremely fond of all his family, but still I figured I had quite a task..."

"But I needn't worry. I couldn't have picked sweeter in-laws even if I could have had them custom-built to my specifications. And, incidentally, no matter how great a man I married, I think I had a right to share her most treasured recipes with you. And she's got some good ones, too."

"Besides," Ann continued, "I have a special reason to be grateful to her. If it hadn't been for McNulty, I'm afraid I would have taken Jim a lot longer than it did to ask me to marry him. He'd sought his mother's advice about some jewelry he wanted to buy for Christmas, and she told him: Jim, there's only one piece of jewelry you should get for Ann, and that's a wedding ring. He kept it in his pocket for a week before he finally gave it to Ann Christmas back in 1952. I like to think, of course, that he'd have gotten around to it sooner or later on his own, but I'm glad his mother speeded it up a little."

All the same, the size of the family Ann acquired when she married her Jim was enough to give pause to any bride, and especially one coming from as small a family as Ann. Besides his mother and father, Jim has four brothers and one sister, all of them married. Among the six of them they have so far produced twenty grandchildren, from two to twelve months to twelve years. Jim's brother Dennis Day, is in the lead, so far, with six children, followed closely by his sister, who is the same age in months if not years. Jim's sister-in-law, the youngest, who is still in the Army, already has three. Ann, with two in less than three years, certainly is holding up her end of the McNulty tradition.

It's easy to see that it would require a medium-size hotel to be host to the entire clan at one time. Such occasions, therefore, are fairly rare. The only regularly held event is the annual summer gathering of large groups of McNultys, which are anniversaries, baptisms and children's birthdays. Some sixteen cousins plus mothers came to Timmy's birthday party last summer."

"Luckily we have a large garden and it hardly ever rains in June," Ann explains. "That simplifies things a lot. And my sisters-in-law are very helpful. Besides, they are all good cooks."

Experience or no experience, there is usually a great deal of noise at these parties, as is to be expected with a gang of bombastically robust, healthy youngsters. However, it must be said the noise is not distracting. When the guests get together, though the noise is a little more harmonious. Take almost any group of people with an Irish background and you have what you really you have something. Though Ann and Dennis are the only pros among..."
them, all of them are highly musical. Singing and making music is as natural to them as drawing a breath. Family dinner parties at Ann's usually start out quietly enough with good food and good talk, but they end up almost invariably with everybody standing around the piano singing old and new songs.

Ann, who likes to cook, always plans and supervises all the meals and frequently takes a hand at cooking them herself. Among her specialties are fried chicken, Irish stew and corned beef, but she doesn't go overboard on Irish dishes, liking variety and preferring to fit the menu to the occasion.

"Maybe it's not my place to say so," Ann smiles, "but I always have a lot of fun at my own parties, not to mention those at Mother McNulty's, Marie's or the rest of the boys.

"Somehow the impression seems to have gotten around that I'm something of a plaster saint," Ann continued. "All the stories I read about myself seem to have that tinge of sadness. I really don't know why.

"Certainly, it was a terrible blow to me when my mother passed away. But when she was alive, she gave me much more of herself that the memory alone would have been enough to fill me with warmth and love for the rest of my life. And I had my aunt and uncle who were always like a second mother and father to me.

"I remember Uncle Fat rigging up signs on the jeep on his farm in Stamford, Connecticut, reading 'Radio Star at Five,' and another one, 'Next Stop Hollywood.' Having no children of their own, they always treated me like a daughter. They came out to live with me and guide me after mother's death, and nobody could ask for more love and affection than they gave me.

"Another thing that's always brought up is the accident I once had which kept me in bed for almost a year. Of course, it was a terribly anxious year. There were moments when I despaired of ever walking again. But God was good to me and I recovered.

"My mother was one of the most devout persons I've ever known and brought me up in the Roman Catholic faith. I cherish my religion and try to live by it. However, some of the people I respect most are of a different faith.

"I might have fallen in love with Jim even if he were not a Catholic, but I'm very grateful that he is. The wonderful part about our marriage is that everything is so right. No matter how much love there is, I believe that 'rightness' is one of the most necessary ingredients for lasting happiness.

"My own happiness is so great that I often ask myself why I deserve so much. That's where my faith helps me. So many people seem to turn to religion only in times of trouble and despair, but the important part is to have humility before God when all goes well.

"I think what I love most about my husband is his great sweetness and understanding. It's something that shines from his face. He's a thoroughly kind, generous, decent man, incapable of any meanness. On the other hand, he can be quite firm on occasion. He's much firmer with Timmy, for instance, than I am.

"Needless to say, it's never a picnic being married to a busy young doctor. There is no such thing as regular hours, and whatever plans we make are always subject to last-minute cancellation. Like all doctors' wives, I often find myself minus a husband at a party even in our own home. Mother McNulty frequently teases me: 'With all these McNultys around, who's going to miss Jim?' But I do, of course.

"Yet these are minor things. When I'm with Jim and look around at all those warm, friendly faces, and when I hear the laughter and the singing and think of our little ones, I count my blessings and I'm thankful for all that's been given me.

"I'm very happy being part of such a large, warm family where everybody loves everybody else. And family gatherings where we always have so much fun are necessary high spots to reaffirm the family unity.

"But the best evenings are the ones Jim and I spend alone together. After the babies are put to bed, we have dinner and talk over the events of the day. Later we read or look at television. Some evenings we may not exchange more than a few words in an hour. To me, when two people can sit in a room together without speaking yet not be bored, just content in each other's company, that means happiness."

The End

DON'T FAIL TO SEE: Ann Blyth in M-G-M's "Slender."

$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 Monday Evening on MUTUAL Stations

Death uncovered a shocking conspiracy. Read "The Girl Who Inspired Murder" in March TRUE DETECTIVE magazine, now at all newsstands.

DANGLING SHOES — SUPPLIES

To 85.00 Pepe's & Rubens $1.50, Maccas $2.95, Top Shoes With Two Tone, To Size 3, $2.45, Loafer $2.45, Accentor $1.35. Copper Sole $1.95, Send Snow size and Foot Outline. Letting $2.00, Size $3.00, Shoe $4.95. Postage $1.00. Send check or order. No C.O.D. Refunds. BOUTIQUE DEPT. 7407

BLISTEX

LIPS SORE?

BEST FOR

COLD SORES

CHAPPED LIPS

FEVER BLISTERS

Pocket Size
39c

HIGHER IN CANADA

35c

100 FREE POSTAGE

HIGH SCHOOL Course at Home

Many Finish in 2 Years

If you did not or cannot finish high school, here is your opportunity. Study in spare time at home. Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Course equivalent to residential school—prepares for college exams. Standard texts supplied. Credit for subjects already completed. Single subjects if desired. Diploma awarded upon completion. Start studies now. Free Bulletin. Write today.

AMERICAN SCHOOL Dept. H-353

Drexel at 50th, Chicago 37, Illinois

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 "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

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

This substance is now available in suppository or ointment form under the name Preparation H.* Ask for it at all drug counters—money back guarantee. "Hey, U. & P. Oil.

*Preparation H. is a registered trademark of Monarch Laboratories, Inc.

Preparation H. Relieves Pain—Shrinks Hemorrhoids—\n
FREE BULLETIN OFFERED

Send 23c stamp today for:

Preparation H. Bulletins—Complete Catalog Free

Quincon Dance Supplies

Dancing Shoes—Supplies

113
I wonder just how far Jayne Mansfield would go for publicity. When they point a camera at Jayne it’s always tilted at the same angle. . . . I believe Lee Marvin is one of the best villains on celluloid. . . . Frank Sinatra is unique. He can be the villain and the hero in the same movie. . . . Everyone but me has seen Garbo walking alone in the rain. The closest I came was spotting the retiring Miss G. a half hour after the rain had stopped. . . . I keep thinking that Elia Kazan told Carroll Baker to do a restrained Marilyn Monroe in “Baby Doll”—not an obvious imitation. Carroll has the doll-face stare and keeps her mouth open, except that she puts her thumb into it. . . . Isn’t it time that Marlon Brando became Marlon Brando again on the screen, instead of letting the copycats try to be him? . . . Anita Ekberg, of the unique fusilage, said, “I am very much against artificial beauty. It is very easy to wear sun-tan makeup, but so much more fun to get it for yourself.”

Eddie Fisher and I now insist that we understand each other. . . . Elizabeth Taylor is so beautiful I can’t believe her even when she’s with Mike Todd, who’s certainly for real.

The only actress I can name quickly who has that indefinable glamour is Ava Gardner. As Joan Crawford once said, “You can’t put glamour on like makeup.” . . . Maybe the reason Elvis Presley closes his eyes when he’s singing is that he doesn’t want to watch himself. . . . I’m of the opinion that John Cassavetes should be a bigger movie name than he is—and probably will be. . . . Deborah Kerr says, “The beauty of sex appeal is that no man understands it, and that’s what makes it more fun.” . . . You could become a bit confused by Debra Paget’s family. She has an actress-sister named Lisa Gaye and an actor-brother named Ronell Shaye. Then there are the Martin boys—not the same family: Tony, who’s married to Cyd Charisse; Dewey, who’s married to Peggy Lee; and Dean, recently divorced from Jerry Lewis. . . . I recall Zsa Zsa Gabor saying, “It’s not that I have a lot of boy friends. It’s just that I have a lot of friends who are boys.”

Tony Perkins’ best performance is Tony Perkins’ . . . suggestion for Lana Turner and M-G-M: Put Lana in “Cat on a Hot Tin Roof.” The studio owns the property and has a contract with Lana. . . . According to movie biographies, George M. Cohan and Moe (The Gimp) Snyder are look-alikes. Also Sergeant York and Captain Billy Mitchell. Not to mention Rocky Graziano and Paul Newman. . . . Ann Blyth, explaining why she wears a frilly nightgown to bed: “I don’t think you can take off all your clothes and feel like a lady!”

I’ll bet Natalie Wood will turn out to be a fine movie actress. She’s going through a phase now, so be patient with her. I am. . . . Gloria Krieger, who actually made her first public appearance at Hollywood’s Hungarian Relief rally, has been kept under wraps with a Columbia contract for over four years. She’s a great singer, has yet to appear in a moving picture but you’ll remember her after you see her. . . . I get the impression from Mitzi Gaynor that she’s playing Mitzi Gaynor, as designed and manufactured by Mitzi Gaynor. . . . I was told by a popular actress: “For years I lied about my age, but then I had to stop. My children said I was making them all illegitimate.” That’s Hollywood for you.
Beautiful Hair

There are three Breck Shampoos for three different hair conditions

The Breck Shampoo for your individual hair condition helps bring out the 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 is not drying to the hair. A Breck Shampoo leaves your hair soft, lustrous and beautiful.

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

Copyright 1957 by John H. Breck Inc.
Like a cigarette should!

Winston tastes good!

People keep saying how really good Winstons taste! And... how the exclusive Winston filter—snowy-white and pure—lets that rich flavor come through! If you haven't tried today's most talked-about flavor-filter combination, latch onto a pack of Winstons right now—for flavory filter smoking!

Smoke WINSTON America's best-selling, best-tasting filter cigarette!
Helen Neushaefer
originator of creme nail polish

“Mine is the one and only nail polish at any price containing Plasteen... the miracle, chip-proofing ingredient!”
still only 15¢

New-Formula Iridescent Nail Polish
in four fabulous jewel shades only 20¢

Super Lasteen Lipstick
in the improved free wheeling, swivel case with the unique color-teller tip only 39¢

Helen Neushaefer
at your favorite variety or drug store
Are you ever excited...

tense...

rushed?...

That's when most deodorants fail...but new MUM Cream keeps working

You've probably noticed... when you're under emotional pressure, your perspiration glands suddenly get more active. That's when deodorants which depend on stopping perspiration let you down, and odor often starts.

New Mum® Cream works a completely different way. It is the only leading deodorant that works entirely by stopping odor. Mum keeps on working actively to stop odor 24 hours a day—no matter how active your perspiration glands are.

No wonder Mum is so dependable. Isn't that what you want?

More people depend on MUM than on any other deodorant...it works when others fail
ANN HIGGINBOTHAM, Editorial Director
NORMAN SIEGEL, West Coast Editor

JULES SALTMAN, Associate Editor
EDWIN BITTEL, Associate Editor
BUN TAYLOR, Art Director
IRIS ROYEN, Assistant Editor
JANET GRAVES, Contributing Editor

HERMINE CANTOR, Fashion Editor
HELEN LINKE, Assistant West Coast Editor
MATHILDE ILAVIC, Assistant Art Director
PHILIP MILLER, Assistant Editor
BOB BEERMAN, Staff Photographer

MAXINE ARNOLD, Contributing West Coast Editor

SPECIAL BOOK CONDENSATION
Escape to Happiness (Doris Day) ........................................ George Sclullin 68

ARTICLES AND SPECIAL FEATURES
Lighthearted Heavy (Rod Steiger) .......................... 28
Fame Cloaks the Lonely Heart (Kim Novak) ............... Maxine Arnold 41
Barefoot Boy with Cheek? (Tony Perkins) .................. Joe Hyams 44
Between Heaven and (Anne Baxter) ...................... Louis Pollock 46
Alas, He's No Hero to His Cat (George Nader) .......................... John Maynard 48
Know Not the Face of Fear (Lauren Bacall) ................. 50
Love and Marriage and a Baby Carriage (Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher) ............. Diane Scott 52
Monty's Brush with Death (Montgomery Clift) .......... Richard Gehman 58
Ava Gardner's Dry Tears ............................................ Ruth Waterbury 60
The Hollywood Story: The Might of the Distant Voices (Jacques Sernas) ........... Pauline Townsend 64
Laughter Chases the Blues (Pier Angeli and Vic Damone) ........... Pauline Townsend 64
A Date with Sal (Sal Mineo) ....................................... 66
Ben Cooper, U.S.A. ................................................. 82

NEWS AND REVIEWS
Hollywood for You...Sidney Skolsky 4 Cal York's Inside Stuff .......... 18
Let's Go to the Movies...Janet Graves 8 Casts of Current Pictures .... 38
Brief Reviews ..................................................... 16 Exclusively Yours...Radie Harris 54

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS
Over the Editor's Shoulder .................. 24 Here They Are: Contest Winners ... 31
Readers Inc. .................................................... 32

LIVING WITH YOUNG IDEAS
It's Raining Fashion! .......................... 73 Crossword Puzzle .............. 86
Blouse Treatments ............................................ 76 Needle News ......................... 90
How to Be a "Designing Woman" ... Helen Rose 77 Becoming Attractions .......... 98

STARS IN FULL COLOR
Tony Perkins ............ 44 George Nader .................. 49 Ava Gardner ............ 61
Anne Baxter ............ 46 Debbie Reynolds ............ 52 Pier Angeli ............ 64
Eddie Fisher ............ 52

COVER: Color portrait of Kim Novak by Peter Basch. Kim is starred in Columbia's "Jeanne Eagels" and "Pal Joey."

Your May issue will be on sale at your newsstand on April 4
"Let me tell you about **Dean Martin**'s high-jinks in '**Ten Thousand Bedrooms**': He sings love-songs in romantic Rome to not one, not two, not three, but four luscious lovelies (*all sisters!*!) and what happens then makes the most enticing, exciting story ever set to music!"

**M-G-M presents**

**Dean Martin**
in his first solo starring role in

**Ten Thousand Bedrooms**
in CinemaScope
and **Metrocolor**
co-starring

**Anna Maria Alberghetti**
**Eva Bartok**
**Dewey Martin**
**Walter Slezak**
**Paul Henreid**
with

**Jules Munshin** • **Marcel Dalio**

Written by **Laslo Vadnay** and **Art Cohn**, **William Ludwig** and **Leonard Spiegelgass** • New Songs: Music by **Nicholas Brodszky**
Lyrics by **Sammy Cahn** • Directed by **Richard Thorpe** • Produced by **Joe Pasternak** • An M-G-M Picture
Debbie comes out

A nice girl but not glamorous, until...

First, she darkens and silken's colorless lashes and brows with a touch of rich Kurlene eyelash cream every night. Kurlene tube 50c* jar $1.00*
*plus tax

Second, Debbie shapes uneven eyebrows. With gentle Twissors, the only tweezers with scissor handles, she plucks wayward hairs from under brows. (Newco/flat-ters eyes and face.) Twissors® 75c

Third, Debbie's undramatic eyes become bright, sparkling. She uses Kurlash eyelash curler to give a bewitching curve to her lashes... new beauty to her eyes. Kurlash® $1.00

See what Debbie's eye beauty plan can do for you! Kurlash products at your local department, drug or variety store.

The Kurlash®
Company Inc., Rochester 4, N.Y.
(Also available in Canada)

I wish Marlon Brando would return to playing Brando. As much as I'm opposed to an actor being typed, I miss Marlon in this role and don't willingly accept substitutes. . . . Privately, Elvis Presley plays records of singers who make the lyrics clear and intelligible. . . . Wonder why José Ferrer overacts when someone directs him in a movie and underplays when he directs himself? . . . I'd like to know which picture Arthur Godfrey likes better, "The Great Man" or "A Face in the Crowd." . . . Tony Curtis told me if he hadn't become an actor he might be a press agent, or even a columnist. . . . Archibald Alexander Leach is a marquee name, but you see it as Cary Grant. . . . The best female singer in pictures is Doris Day. The best male singer in pictures is Frank Sinatra. It's about time they teamed to make another picture together. . . . I'm of the opinion that "Baby Doll" could have been as big, if not bigger, without the ban. . . .

Showing her true colors, Carroll Baker is a brunette. This might be why several movie producers wouldn't give her a role in the past don't recognize her now. . . . Beverly Hills is fifty square miles located in the midst of the 454 square miles of Los Angeles. . . . Anyway, Tab Hunter believed he could sing! . . . Diana Dors once said she owed everything to three dimensions: 35 bust, 23 waist, 35 hip. . . . Anita Ekberg told me she dislikes people who sit and stare at her. "Just because I've been put together well is no reason for people to stare at me. It's still impolite." Yul Brynner is going to change his performance in his next movie by wearing a toupee. . . . How long can the Marilyn Monroe type crash through? With king-size Jayne Mansfield, I'd say, as Oscar Hammerstein wrote it in a lyric: "They've gone about as far as they can go." . . . "No matter what anyone might comment about me," declares
Audrey's Hep!!!

She's letting her hair down all the way rockin' and rollin' with Fred Astaire in her first big musical!

Actually filmed in France—on a spree Paris will never forget!

Funny Face

Great Gershwin Tunes!
"S Wonderful"
"Clap Yo' Hands"
"How Long Has This Been Going On?"
and 8 more—including the brilliant "Bon Jou Paris" number that makes all Paris a stage

EMPATHY! Words can't describe it—but wait till Audrey demonstrates it!

KAY THOMPSON

A Paramount Picture

VISTAVISION®
Jayne, “the fact is that I grew my own figure...” I’ll wager that Joan Blackman is going to be one of next year’s movie stars! When asked what was her greatest struggle, Joan Collins told the interviewer: “Getting into my tight evening dress.”

I’m waiting to see Kirk Douglas play a modest, naïve fellow, such as Tony Perkins portrays offscreen... Jane Russell in “The Fuzzy Pink Nightgown” (alluring for a marquee) plays a movie actress who is mysteriously lurey and kidnapped. While making the picture Jane never realized the same role would make a star out of Marie McDonald. I’ve grown accustomed to Natalie Wood, and am becoming fonder and fonder of her... But what’s with Nick Adams? He hasn’t ever met a friend who doesn’t happen to be a celebrity — and without the celebrity becoming subject of a gushy magazine article.... When Rossano Brazzi was last visiting here, he told me he doesn’t object to a touch of feminine temperament. “I love the beauty in a woman’s face when she flares up as much as I admire her look of regret after it has happened.” June Allyson could get to be known as the retread actress. June played the lead in “You Can’t Run Away from It” (originally “It Happened One Night”) and now she’s doing the remake of “My Man Godfrey.” If the marquee advertised Luis Antonio Damaso de Alonso, you’d be seeing your old friend Gilbert Roland... Two Western stars who ride horses best are John Wayne and Joel McCrea, both of whom were raised and attended school in Hollywood. I’d like to see Janet Leigh get the glamour treatment and sex build-up. She has the natural equipment to be a prominent movie star... I watched Mike Todd eating popcorn at the movies... Kim Novak’s stardom continues to shine brighter. Yet Kim will admit she’s no smartie-pants. “Somehow I managed to graduate from high school, but I think the fact I had a lot of male teachers helped.”

Shirley MacLaine has yet to do anything in a movie as good as her screen test. When Shirley does, it’ll be a riot... At a party, I always enjoy sitting at the same table with Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher... The first man to build a home in Beverly Hills (year. 1907) was Burton E. Green, who named the community after a place called Beverly Farms in Massachusetts... Mamie Van Doren would like you to know she has no secret formula to make her hair the shade it is. “Zsa Zsa once tried to get it from my hairdresser.”

Meanwhile Miss Gabor advises the gals: “A man prefers his girl friend to be just bright enough to realize what a bright person he is.”

I wonder if Rock Hudson still acts like a movie fan about Lana Turner.... Incidentally, U-I has them both signed and could co-star them in a picture which would be smart!... The United States of America celebrates Eva Marie Saint’s birthday with her. Because she’s a regular Yankee Doodle Dandy, born on the Fourth of July... Two boys outside the Rodeo School on the side walks of Beverly Hills; “How’s your father?” “Why do you ask?” “Because last year he was my father.”

That’s Hollywood for you.
because you are the very air he breathes...

Aren’t you glad you’re a girl? Isn’t it a fabulous feeling... to know he’d rather be close to you than anyone else in the wide, wide world? Don’t let anything mar this moment. Double check your charm every day with VETO... the deodorant that drives away odor... dries away perspiration worries. (Remember, if you’re nice-to-be-next to... next to nothing is impossible!)

VETO is for you in more ways than one. One touch of VETO dries away perspiration worries!
LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES
WITH JANET GRAVES

EXCELLENT  VERY GOOD
GOOD  FAIR

The Happy Road
Back from France comes producer-director-star Gene Kelly, with a honey of a movie that combines hear hilarity and good sense. As a brisk American business man in Paris, a widower, Gene has put son Bobb Clark in a Swiss boarding school, but the kid makes getaway, intent on joining his father. Along with him goes Brigitte Fossey, whose divorcée mother, too, is in Paris. While Gene and Barbara Laage team up to find their children, the runaways breeze across country, aided by French youngsters. In a choice sequence, they’re chased by an entire NATO force, under the command of a stuffy Britisher Michael Redgrave. Both children are charmers, entirely natural.

The Saga of Satchmo
More than just a record of Louis Armstrong’s triumphant travels, this is also a close-up of a vital personality and an exciting concert, alive with the rhythm of classic Dixieland jazz. The music of Armstrong and his men is welcomed by the Swiss, the French, the English with foot-tapping enthusiasm or solemn concentration. There are extra thrills on Africa’s Gold Coast, where Louis believes his ancestors lived. In every action, it all the facts about himself that he gives to producer Edward R. Murrow, “Satchmo” comes across as a happy man, widely respected and enormously successful in work that he deeply loves.
CURVALLURE
the small difference between girl and glamour girl

this is "curvallure"... the bra that
gives you a high-rounded bustline with
fullness above the bra, itself... the bra with
the featherlight special Jantzen genius-type insert*
that lifts you, yourself, to natural loveliness...
the instant-glamour bra that makes all girls gorgeous.
Only Jantzen makes it. Left, "curvallure" bandeau (639)
with three-way straps 5.95... right, "curvallure" bra-lette
(679) 15.00... nylon lace and sheer Dacron... white,
black, pink, blue, honeyglow... daytime "curvallure" (619),
white only 3.95... at most stores. (prices in U.S.A)

Jantzen Inc. Foundations and Brasieres - 261 Madison Avenue - New York
LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES  Continued

**Battle Hymn**

U.S.; CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

Three stars. Though war is the dominant background, here's a tender, warm-hearted film, centering on the havoc among innocent bystanders. Rock Hudson has the deeply sympathetic role of Captain Dean Hess, who lived this remarkable story. As Hess, Rock is a World War II flyer who accidentally bombs a German orphanage. A preacher in civilian life, he can't go back to his vocation with a clear conscience, even with the encouragement of wife Martha Hyer. Recalled to active duty in Korea, he becomes involved in the fate of orphans, victims of the fighting. The lovely Indian actress Anna Kashfi (seen in "The Mountain") plays a Korean girl who has the aid of ancient Philip Aln in caring for the children. Dan Duryea and Don DeFore are "tough" Americans.

**Top Secret Affair**

Warner

Three stars. In a knockabout romantic comedy, Susan Hayward and Kirk Douglas are a handsome pair. Susan's a news-magazine reporter, big shot, annoyed because her choice for a top atomic-energy post got the government go-by. So she's out to ruin Kirk, though this Army general has an outstanding record. Little dictators in their separate fields, Susan and Kirk become the conventional warring lovers, as she tries to trap the general into undignified poses, to be shot by her candid photographer. There's expert support by Paul Stewart, as Susan's too-perceptive second-in-command, and Jim Backus, as Kirk's befuddled public-relations officer. But the two stars, accomplished in dramatic roles, seem ill at ease when they're asked to clown, going at their antics with the determination of good sports.

**Men in War**

Warner

Three stars. Any woman whose man has ever gone off to war feels that he has had an experience she can never share or even understand. Direct, honest, full of tension, this picture gives her a chance at least to imagine what might have happened to him. In the bitter days of 1950, during the UN retreat in Korea, Lieutenant Robert Ryan's infantry patrol is cut off. He is America's typical "civilian soldier," thoughtfully trying to do his duty. As a sergeant the patrol comes upon, Aldo Ray is the traditional fighting man, operating surely on instinct. No characters are obvious, yet not one has to be explained. You know them by their actions and words. As Aldo's beloved colonel, speechless and almost helpless from battle shock, Robert Keith is impressive.

**The Big Land**

Warner, Warnercolor

Three stars. Alan Ladd makes a fine, dependable hero in a Western that follows a sensible course through post-Civil War history. Leading a cattle drive to Missouri, Alan, along with fellow Texans, gets gypped by dealer Anthony Caruso on the sale price. But, in partnership with ex-drunkard Edmond O'Brien, Alan develops a counter-scheme. He will bring the Texas cattle to the rich grasslands of Kansas, where a new spur of the railroad may pick them up at a new town. Buyers gather to bid for the herd at fair prices—only to be terrorized by Anthony and his henchmen. The romantic angle is handled in a properly subdued manner, as Virginia Mayo turns from railroad tycoon Don Castle to the dashing Texan. Little David Ladd does an appealing debut in his dad's picture.

---

Rock, a combat pilot, helps Anna Kashfi with a pleasant chore.

In a tough spot, Bob and Aldo forget differences they've had.

Using feminine wiles, Susan plans to do a hatchet job on Kirk.

Not bad guys, but two small boys have Alan and Edmond covered.

---

BEST ACTING: ROBERT RYAN, ALDO RAY
PROOF: A few drops stop "detergent hands"

In a scientific test*, over 450 women soaked both hands in detergents 3 times a day. In several days, left hands not treated with Jergens Lotion became coarse and red. But right hands, treated with Jergens, stayed soft and lovely. No other lotion similarly tested kept hands so soft and smooth. Jergens Lotion stops all chapping and dryness. It doesn’t "glove" hands with sticky film... it penetrates to help replace natural moisture lost to wind and weather, indoor and outdoor chores. Only 15¢ to $1.

*Notice to doctors and dermatologists — for summary of test write The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.
...IN EXQUISITE FORM

So poised, so sure of yourself and of admiring glances! That's you in Festival, the pretty, pretty bra that has a wafer-thin under-cup lining to firm your high natural line. And such a happy day-long choice, with that elastic pyramid between the cups to do away with even the possibility of binding. Try Festival today—and you'll always ask for Exquisite Form bras.

White cotton showered with dainty flowers...style 317, A, B, C cups.

$2.

SMARTLY PACKAGED

COSTUME BY VERA MARKWELL

At Your Favorite Store, or Write to Dept. P4, Exquisite Form Bradford, Inc., 150 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. for Nearest Store.

MOVIES Continued

Albert Schweitzer HILL ANDERSON

In terms of selflessness and service to humanity, the subject of this movie biography may be the greatest man of our times. Ranging from Europe to the heart of Africa, this straightforward documentary is done with great feeling. A little boy (the only "actor" in the cast) shows how the young Albert may have reacted to the infinite possibilities of life. Touching family photos re-create his background, but the splendidly alive face of the venerable Dr. Schweitzer himself dominates most of the picture. The daily routine of his hospital deep in French Equatorial Africa is shown in sharp detail, with all its hardships and brave improvisations. As an astonishing accomplishment, there is the doctor's profound devotion to music, philosophy and religion.

Gun for a Coward

U-1; CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

Without stinting on action, here's a Western that also plays up character, contrasting three brothers. In effect, steady Fred MacMurray is father to the younger boys: Jeffrey Hunter, sensitive, cautious, therefore accused of cowardice; Dean Stockwell, rash and thoughtless. A range war between cattlemen and farmer squatters tests the mettle of all three. Romance also divides the brothers, as Janice Rule tires of waiting for Fred and turns to Jeff. The acting is generally earnest, though Josephine Hutchinson doesn't look quite old enough to be Fred's mother, and Stockwell, once an excellent child actor, seems here to be doing a distasteful impersonation of the late James Dean.

Drango

U-A.

Bitterness and threatened violence seething in the South just after the Civil War keep suspense high. For personal reasons, Jeff Chandler feels a sense of dedication when he takes over as "occupation officer" in a hill town once ravaged by Sherman's men. Joanna Dru hates him because his conciliatory policy leads to the lynching of her pro-Union father. As Jeff's young aide, John Lupton also urges that he get tough. In his desperate campaign to rebuild the wrecked, starving town, Jeff is secretly opposed by Ronald Howard, as a fanatic who won't admit that the Confederate cause is lost. Brilliant photography points up the drama.

Hot Summer Night

M-G-M

Supposedly set in the present day, this suspense movie actually harks back to the early Thirties, when Dillinger-style bandits hogged the headlines. On his honeymoon with Colleen Miller, unemployed reporter Leslie Nielsen decides to get his job back through an exclusive interview with bandit Robert Wilke. The enterprising newsman winds up as captive in the gang's Ozarks hide-out, dominated by crazed gunman Paul Richards.

Continued
There's more to fabulous new Solitair than meets the eye...more than the soft, natural beauty it gives your skin! For Solitair alone—of all make-ups—contains a remarkable new skin discovery, Vita-Lite, it's called...and wonderful, it is!

As you smooth on Solitair with a moist sponge, Vita-Lite penetrates...stimulates circulation so that your skin "wakes up" to a new kind of dewy freshness and youthful glow. Day by day, your complexion grows lovelier...minor imperfections and tired lines seem to disappear.

Like college beauty queens, give yourself this chance for a glamorous new look. Soon, get Solitair, the young make-up, so perfect for skin of any age.

Sold at better drug and all variety stores.
Now! Only the NEW Lady Sunbeam®

CONTROLLED HEAT
HAIR DRYER
gives you all these advantages

- Greater convenience
- More freedom
- Faster drying action
- More comfortable
- Scientific heat control

Now you can enjoy the full beauty of lovely, radiant hair more often.

New, scientifically designed vinyl cap fits easily over your hair and concentrates drying air where hair is heaviest. Drying air comes from heat-control unit through durable, flexible hose. No more head turning or tiring arm raising as with an ordinary hand-type dryer. No more hot air on neck and shoulders as with a professional-type dryer. And the Lady Sunbeam is so simple to use—just set the dial for any temperature you want—hot, warm, medium or cool. Cap has no electric wires.

MOVIES Continued

Above Us the Waves

With some of their top stars, the British present a matter-of-fact, often suspenseful account of a mad World War II venture. Officer in the submarine service, John Mills promotes a daring scheme for destroying the German battleship Tirpitz, which has been preying on Atlantic shipping. Human torpedoes, each driven by two men, will be launched into Germany's inland waters. Bad weather defeats this plan, whereupon Mills puts through another: midget subs, from which frogmen can emerge to attack explosives to the Tirpitz' keel. He commands one; jaunty John Gregson and earnest Donald Sinden take the others. As simple physical action, it's an exciting yarn, but even good acting can't individualize its people.

Mister Cory

Tony Curtis draws a doubtful role here, as the social-climber "hero." In flight from Chicago's slums, he gets a job as bus-boy in a swank western resort. His deceitful romance with impish kid sister, who knows all about his lowly status and still likes him. In this part, Kathryn Grant provides the movie's brightest moments, with her hoyden charm. Still determined, Tony turns gambler with notable success and gets into the big time when he teams up with a smooth old pro, shrewdly portrayed by Charles Bickford. Though Tony also accepts the backing of a notorious racketeer, he's awfully slow in realizing the illegal nature of his business. While Tony isn't actually presented as a heel, you feel that this is really not the kind of role that he can play most convincingly.

Pretending to watch Kathryn Grant prove her skill, Tony has a few tricks ready

Continued on page 30
New 3-in-1
Basecoat-Lacquer-Sealer Formula

Now Dura-Gloss wears longer, yet is far easier to apply

Now! No other nail polish tested, regardless of price, wears so long, yet is so easy to apply as new 3-in-1 Dura-Gloss, with its sensational, chip-resistant Flex-Film formula that bonds itself to your nails for super adherence. Here's super covering quality, too . . . that flows on bubble-free, to brush without streaking.

Here, in one application, is basecoat-lacquer-sealer, a 3-in-1 formula that's super-resistant to chip, crack, scuff and peel. Here's glow-with-glamour gloss, in 21 jewel colors, Regular or Iridescent, ip 15¢ and 29¢ sizes, plus tax.

Exclusive Color Cap Shade Selector lets you compare nail for nail.
Hair with the fresh young HALO look is softer, brighter

Whistle Clean

— for clear, liquid Halo, unlike most shampoos, contains no greasy oils or soap. Nothing to interfere with cleaning action or dull your hair with heavy, dirt-catching film. Mild, gentle Halo leaves hair softer, brighter . . . whistle clean!
not a seam to cut you anywhere!

Silf Skin Pantie Girdle is so firm . . . so friendly . . . has no crotch seams to cut and bother, yet moulds and controls beautifully! Make the "inside-out test" and discover that only Silf Skin exclusive seamless knit is just as velvety smooth on the inside as it is on the outside—feels so good next to you. Full-fashioned . . . preshrunk in white, also in black. Nylon elastic, $5.95. Silk elastic, $10.95.

As shown, $5

NOW AVAILABLE IN SILF SKIN'S SUPER CONTROL
An extra-firm knit that combines amazing support and spring-back with comfort! $5.95
Now in new modern handy-grip bottle

So much surer than ordinary douches...

Try gentler, milder "Lysol" brand disinfectant—now in it's handsome handy-grip bottle, so much nicer on your bathroom shelf!

Just a teaspoonful of "Lysol" added to the douche water spreads into folds and crevices with a thorough antiseptic cleansing action — deodorizing as it cleanses! How fresh-all-over you'll feel — so sure of yourself, so sure you're completely clean and nice.

10¢ OFF! Limited Time Only!
Look for special introductory package in stores.

(Write for medically-approved methods of douching, sent in plain envelope. Send name and address to "Lysol," Bloomfield, N. J., Depl. PP-574)

INSIDE STUFF
Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

False Rumor: The report that Natalie Wood had spent the afternoon and evening at the Santa Inez Inn in Santa Monica with still-to-be-divorced John Ireland was completely erroneous. What actually happened was Natalie and some friends attended a luncheon party at the Inn. John also was a guest and was captivated by the vivacious Natalie. Incidentally, Natalie seems to be going her own sweet way these days and ignores friends' advice to slow down. But while she seems to be on a whirl of dates, it's Nicky Hilton she turns to most often. When she became ill on the "Bomber B-52" set Nicky was at the Warners lot in a jiffy; and when he left for New York recently it was Natalie who drove him to the airport. They even quarrel publicly.

Lucky Girl: When Susan Strasberg makes her second film, "Stage Struck," she will enjoy the kind of "protection" which few young players get these days
Which is your hair problem?

Hair dull...no shine?
Even the dullest hair really sparkles with new Suave! Try it. See your hair glitter with twinkling highlights. And oh how silky, how soft and lovely! Suave gives hair that "healthy-looking glow," not oily shine... because it's greaseless.

Hair too dry?
The instant you apply Suave Hair-dressing with its amazing greaseless lanolin, dryness is gone! Suave puts life back into your hair. Makes it silky soft; bursting with highlights, eager to wave... and so manageable, so exciting to feel!

Unruly after shampoo?
Never shampoo your hair without putting back the beauty-oils that shampooing takes out. Use Suave every time to restore beauty instantly! Makes hair silky... manageable, eager to wave. Keeps hair in place without oily film.

Hair abused...brittle?
After home permanents or too much sun, your hair will drink up Suave. Apply liberally every day—and see satiny-softness, life and sparkle return. You'll be amazed how pretty, how caressable your hair can look!

Teen Tangles?
Your hair does so much for your popularity! Don't be a "tangle mop." A kiss of Suave daily makes your hair behave without a struggle. Keeps it perfect! Gives it that "sparkly" look!

Suave®

HELENE CURTIS

HAIRDRESSING & Conditioner

Contains amazing greaseless lanolin

59¢ and $1 (plus tax)

NEW! for extra dry hair Special Suave Creme
New! Clearasil Medication

'STARVES' PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED... hides pimples while it works.

At last! Science discovers a new-type medication especially for pimples, that really works. In skin specialists' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were completely cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL.

CLEARASIL WORKS FAST TO MAKE PIMPLES DISAPPEAR

1. PENETRATES PIMPLES... keratolytic action softens and dissolves affected skin tissue... permits medication to penetrate down into any infected area.
2. ISOLATES PIMPLES... antiseptic action of this new type medication stops growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples.
3. 'STARVES' PIMPLES... CLEARASIL's famous dry-up action 'starves' pimples because it helps to remove the oils that pimples 'feed' on.

SKIN CREAMS CAN 'FEED' PIMPLES

CLEARASIL 'STARVES' THEM

Oil in pores helps pimples grow and thrive. So oily skin creams can actually 'feed' pimples. Only an oil-absorbing medication... CLEARASIL, helps dry up this oil, 'starves' pimples.

'FLOATS OUT' BLACKHEADS

CLEARASIL's penetrating medical action softens and loosens blackheads from underneath, so they 'float out' with normal washing. So why suffer the misery of pimples or blackheads? CLEARASIL is guaranteed to work for you, as in doctors' tests, or money back. Only 69¢ at all drug counters (economy size $59).

...and which every one of them needs. Susie not only has Henry Fonda as one co-star but the smooth and charming Herbert Marshall as the other. Even if Susie weren't the superb young actress she is, those two would guarantee no scenes could go wrong.

Incidentally, there was a completely false rumor going the rounds of Hollywood some time back that Marshall was quite ill. There never was a word of truth in it. As evidence, look at Bart's work schedule in recent months. He no sooner got back from making an English picture with Arlene Dahl than he was starring in the Loretta Young TV show opposite Viveca Lindfors. Did a Lux video as "Now Voyager" and the George Gobel show, as well as working on "Stage Struck" in New York, and looking incredibly handsome in all.

Harry Belafonte displays talent entertaining Dorothy Dandridge and John Justin with a calypso on "Island in the Sun" location
Years from now, passers-by will note their initials in the birch tree's bark. And it looks as if this love affair would last even longer. Young as they are, both Pat and Andy have learned that unpleasant breath is a barrier to romance. When they whisper "sweet nothings," you may be sure they'll stay sweet, thanks to the security that gargling with Listerine Antiseptic brings.

**The most common cause of bad breath is germs . . . Listerine kills germs by millions**

The most common cause of bad breath by far is germs that ferment the protein always present in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic kills germs instantly . . . by millions.

**Tooth paste can't kill germs the way Listerine does**

Tooth paste can't kill germs the way Listerine does, because no tooth paste is antiseptic. Listerine IS antiseptic. That's why Listerine stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste.

Gargle Listerine full-strength, morning and night.

**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC stops bad breath 4 times better than tooth paste**
When you’re close enough to kiss...

Pond’s Cold Cream makes a lovely difference

No other cream cleanses more deeply!
Feel it! A fresh new cleanness that starts deep down in your skin. Pond’s Cold Cream clears out embedded dirt, stale make-up that other cleansings just skim over.

Nothing leaves your skin softer and smoother!
See it! Your skin looks velvet smooth, softly glowing with new life, new lustre. Pond’s Cold Cream actually brings back to your skin the precious moisture that fatigue and tension drain away.

Nothing else gives your face this Pond’s-fresh feeling!
Enjoy the pleasure of using Pond’s. Cool as snowflakes against your face as it relaxes tired skin, smooths away fatigue lines. So much more than a cleanser, Pond’s Cold Cream is a complete refresher course in beauty!

His Brother’s Keeper: Some people are beginning to ask, “What is he trying to prove?” when Frank Sinatra’s name is mentioned. Ever since Frank and Ava parted, Frank has been busy enough for three men—making one picture after another, night club engagements, TV appearances and keeping up a busy social life. And on top of that, Frank always finds time to participate in more charitable work than most stars with far more time on their hands. One of the big beefs Ava had with Frank when they lived together was he didn’t spend enough time with her—yet, during that period Frank’s public appearances were comparatively curtailed. We remember one incident that took place in a Chicago hotel when Frank was there on a personal appearance tour. Ava was with him, He’d promised to fly on to Washington for a benefit performance, but Ava, bored with the whole thing, insisted they return to California. If it had been just another night-club engagement Frank might have given in to her wishes, because at the time he was so in love with her she could twist him around her little finger. But Frank wouldn’t go back on a promise. He and Ava had a big scene and she returned to Hollywood alone. Though this took place a long time before they finally separated, we’ve always thought it was the beginning of the end for them. When a woman comes between a man and his ideals, the “lady” rarely wins.

Tamplin’s Troubles: If the rumored split-up with his lovely wife Venetia Stevenson isn’t enough to make him unhappy, Russ is also upset over the way his career is going and he doesn’t care who knows it. M-G-M has had very little for him to do and when he was offered a part on TV in “Jack and the Beanstalk” the studio wouldn’t let him play it. Now Russ has a chance to get some of his (Continued on page 102)
Casual 'n carefree! These new
gerger than-ever hairstyles call for BOBBI...

only BOBBI has special “Casual Pin-Curlers”

The new soft 'n pretty look in hairdos begins with BOBBI—the one pin-curl permanent specially created for casual hairstyles. BOBBI always gives you softly feminine curls from the very first day, and with new special “Casual Pin-Curlers” your BOBBI curls are firmer . . . your BOBBI wave is easier to set than ever. Pin-curl your hair just once and apply BOBBI lotion. That's all. No separate neutralizer needed—no resetting.

See how smooth a pin-curl looks made with BOBBI's new “Casual Pin-Curlers!” They can't slip, can't crimp, rust or discolor hair. Takes only one per curl. Perfect for setting after shampoos.

See how easy a BOBBI can be! Just “Casual Pin-Curlers” and BOBBI lotion. That's all you need for today's newest casual hairstyles. No separate neutralizer—no resetting needed.

Look for BOBBI in this new package—the only pin-curl kit complete with 55 new “Casual Pin-Curlers” and 6 neck-line curlers . . . all in pink plastic . . . new BOBBI lotion, easy directions.
Everyone in the movie industry and many, many others, in recent weeks, have paid tribute to the brilliant, irascible and lovable Humphrey Bogart. On page 50 of this issue, Photoplay tells the moving and wonderful story of his wife, Lauren Bacall. But among all the newspaper stories and magazine pieces, no one, we think, has told of Bogie's rich and unforgettable life better than his friend and co-worker John Huston, on the occasion of the funeral services. So that our readers may have the heart-warming experience of reading his moving words, we are presenting John Huston's tribute here, just as he uttered it:

"Humphrey Bogart died early Monday morning [January 14, 1957]. His wife was at his bedside, and his children were nearby. He had been unconscious for a day. He was not in any pain. It was a peaceful death. At no time during the months of his illness did he believe he was going to die, not that he refused to consider the thought—it simply never occurred to him. He loved life. Life meant his family, his friends, his work, his boat. He could not imagine leaving any of them, and so until the very last he planned what he would do when he got well. His boat was being repainted. Stephen, his son, was getting of an age when he could be taught to sail, and to learn his father's love of the sea. A few weeks sailing and Bogie would be all ready to go to work again. He was going to make fine pictures—only fine pictures from here on in.

"With the years he had become increasingly aware of the dignity of his profession—Actor, not Star: Actor. Himself, he never took too seriously—his work most seriously. He regarded the somewhat gaudy figure of Bogart, the star, with an amused cynicism; Bogart, the actor, he held in deep respect. Those who did not know him well, who never worked with him, were not one of the small circle of his close friends. had another completely different idea of the man than the few who were so privileged. I suppose the ones who knew him but slightly were at the greatest disadvantage, particularly if they were the least bit solemn about their own importance in the motion picture community. Bigwigs have been known to stay away from brilliant Hollywood occasions rather than expose their swelling neck muscles to Bogart's banderillos.

"In each of the fountains at Versailles there is a pike which keeps all the carp active, otherwise they would grow over-fat and die. Bogie took rare delight in performing a similar duty in the fountains of Hollywood. Yet his victims seldom bore him any malice, and when they did, not for long. His shafts were fashioned only to prick the outer layer of complacency, and not to penetrate through to the regions of the spirit where real injuries are done.

"The great houses of Beverly Hills, and, for that matter, of the world were so many shooting galleries so far as Bogie was concerned, but his own house was a sanctuary. Within those walls anyone, no matter how elevated his position, could breathe easy. Bogie's hospitality went far beyond food and drink. He fed a guest's spirit as well as his body, pined him with good will until he became drunk in the heart as well as in the legs.

"This tradition of wonderful hospitality continued on to the last hour he was able to sit upright. Let me tell you at what effort it was extended through the last days. On his couch upstairs at five o'clock he would be shaved and dressed in grey flannel and scarlet smoking jacket. Then, as he was no longer able to walk, his emaciated body would be lifted into a wheelchair and pushed to a dumbwaiter on the second floor landing. The top of the dumbwaiter had been removed to give him head room. His nurses would help him in and, sitting on a little stool, he would be lowered down to the kitchen where another transfer would be made, and again by wheelchair he'd be transported through the house into the library and his chair. And there he would be, sherry glass in one hand, and cigarette in the other at five-thirty when the guests would start to arrive. They were limited now to those who had known him best.

Continued
What kind of girl can a man love for a lifetime?

She'll be more than just a "good date." She'll know something about being a wonderful wife—take pride in being a good homemaker. When a girl has her own Lane Hope Chest, she soon develops a keen interest in down-to-earth values that really count in a happy marriage. She begins to plan—starts collecting the things that'll make her future home the kind that binds her family closer together.

This is the lifetime role every girl hopes to play some day. Planning ahead makes for happiness—and a Lane makes happy planning a habit.

LANE Cedar Hope Chests
The gift that starts her future home


Lane is the only pressure-tested, aroma-tight cedar chests. 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.

By the makers of Lane Tables and Lane Bedroom and Dining Room Furniture

In a Lane—your treasures are safe and private under lock and key—fully protected from moths, dust, dampness. Send for FREE booklet, "There's a Lane Hope Chest For You," helpful guide to hope chest collecting. LANE, Dept. 714-Z, Altavista, Va. In Canada, Knechtels, Ltd., Hanover, Ontario.

Over 100 styles...modern & traditional...all popular finishes...at most furniture and department stores...Easy terms
**Editor's shoulder**

Continued

and longest; and they stayed, two and three at a time, for a half hour or so until about eight o'clock which was the time for him to go back upstairs by the same route he had descended.

"No one who sat in his presence during the final weeks would ever forget. It was a unique display of sheer animal courage. After the first visit—it took that to get over the initial shock of his appearance—one quickened to the grandeur of it, expanded, felt strangely elated, proud to be there, proud to be his friend, friend of such a brave man.

"As Bogart was brave, his wife was gallant. He gave no thought to death; she knew it was there, every hour of the day and night—a dreadful shape slowly materializing. A guest who would not leave after half an hour. But never once did she betray her awareness. Betty knew, from the time he was operated on, that at best it was a question of a year or two. And out of the power of her love she was able to hide her grief and to go on being her own familiar self for Bogie. She could not even afford to let others know what she knew because in that way the knowledge might get back to him. So, she had not only to play a role for Bogie, but for the world. It was a flawless performance. She attended to his every single want most often before he, himself, knew what his want was. She never missed a trick. From the day of her marriage to him till the hour that death parted them she was true—truly true. It can only be put down to class—class and love.

"Once years ago Bogie and a couple of others and I were shooting the breeze, rather tipsily I'm afraid, about life and its meanings, and the question arose as to whether there was any time of our lives we'd like to live over again. All of us except Bogie came out with pat answers. Somebody said, 'God forbid.' Somebody else said he'd only like to cancel out a couple of times. Then Bogie spoke, 'Yes,' he said. 'There's a time I'd like to relive—the years that I have had with Betty.'

"Bogie was lucky at love and he was lucky at dice. To begin with he was endowed with the greatest gift: a man can have—talent. The whole world came to recognize it. Through it he was able to live in comfort and provide well for his wife and children.

"His life, though not a long one measured in years, was a rich, full life. Over all the other blessings were the two children, Stephen and Leslie, who gave a final lasting meaning to his life. Yes, Bogie wanted for nothing. He got all that he asked for out of life and more. We have no reason to feel any sorrow for him—only for ourselves for having lost him. He is quite irreplaceable. There will never be another like him."

---

**Girls who know the answers use Arrid—to be sure!**

You owe it to yourself to get 100% on this test. It's a cinch you will, too, if you're smart enough to use Arrid daily.

For Arrid is the most effective deodorant your money can buy. Doctors prove that Arrid is 1 1/2 times as effective against perspiration and odor as all leading deodorants tested.

Why? Only Arrid is formulated with the magic new ingredient Persstop.° That's why more people have used and are using Arrid to protect against odor and perspiration than any other deodorant.

What's in it for you? Just this!

1. Rub Arrid in—and you rub perspiration and odor out. When the cream vanishes you know you're safe. And approachable any hour of the day or night. Tropical heat-wave weather included!

2. Arrid protects you against all kinds of unexpected perspiration. It keeps you dry even when anxiety or excitement cause your glands to gush perspiration.

3. Arrid, used daily, keeps your clothes safe from ugly stains. It keeps your underarms so dry, soft and sweet there's never a hint that the situation's getting warm. Not even on hot, sticky days.

4. Arrid's rubbed-in protection starts on contact—keeps you shower-bath fragrant for 24 hours! Remember—nothing protects you like a cream. And no cream protects you like Arrid. No wonder Arrid is America's number one deodorant!

**ARRID PERSTOP**

Don't be half safe. Be completely safe. Use Arrid... to be sure.

43¢ plus tax.

°Carter Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants.
It's the only pincurl permanent that's actually

WEATHERPROOF!

Weather and water can’t weaken it! Soft, shiny curls last till cut!

It’s always fair weather when you and Pin-Quick get together. Pin-Quick curls stay firm and springy in all kinds of weather—and they’re locked in to last! New Pin-Quick’s Lano-Clear Lotion babies each curl with lanolin as it waves in soft, casual curls. And wonderful new Silicone in Pin-Quick gives your hair a new lasting sheen.

Pin-Quick’s 5 times faster, too. It’s the only pincurl permanent with a neutralizer... you can dry it safely in minutes with a dryer—or in the sun. Rain or shine, look your prettiest with new Weatherproof Pin-Quick.

$1.75 plus tax.
New Spray-Set  
by the makers of Lustre-Creme...

SETS HAIR TO STAY THE SOFTEST WAY!

IDA LUPINO, lovely star of television program, “MR. ADAMS AND EVE.”

SUPER-SOFT LUSTRE-NET HAIR SPRAY

Loved by Hollywood Stars because it's non-drying... contains no lacquer... mists hair with Lanolin!

HOLLYWOOD FOUND IT FIRST—NOW IT CAN BE YOURS!
There are 2 types of Lustre-Net. Super-soft for loose, casual hair-do's. Regular for hard-to-manage hair. 5½ oz. can—a full ounce more! Only $1.25 plus tax.

LIGHTHEARTED HEAVY

Goodbye glower, farewell to the sinister croak—Rod Steiger has music in his heart from now on!

- Move over, Crosby and Como! You may be getting sweet-style singing competition where you least expect it. Expert actor Rod Steiger, who has made the hero's life miserable in hits like “Oklahoma!” and “Jubal,” confides that he has ambitions in the crooning department! And, with one stage musical (as well as the “Pore Jud” number in “Oklahoma!”) to his credit, he has the voice to back them up. Beyond that, Rod has tried his hand at composing, writing both words and music for a ballad called either “I Heard a Robin” or “Fly Away Free.”

Rod Steiger is a new man
Avoid Complexion Fade-Out!

At last you can wear a make-up that needs no retouching from nine to five — from dusk 'til bedtime. Westmore's Tru-Glo won't fade, won't turn orange, won't even streak! Your complexion stays alive and glowing! Will your present make-up give you the same breathtaking results? Get Tru-Glo — the cosmetic creation of Hollywood's Westmore Brothers — and compare!

7 lovely shades available at leading variety and drug stores: 59c plus tax; slightly higher in Canada. Also see Westmore's Fabulous New Lipstick Shade... PINK-ORANGE!

New Liquid Make-Up Stays True
the whole day through!

Westmore's

NEW Tru-Glo

Liquid make-up with PENELITE

THE HOUSE OF WESTMORE, INC., New York — Hollywood
What was the secret of the girl in the TATTERED DRESS — and why did a whole town fight to keep it hidden?

The Tattered Dress

CinemaScope

A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL PICTURE STARRING

JEFF CHANDLER • JEANNE CRAIN
JACK CARSON • GAIL RUSSELL
ELAINE STEWART

DIRECTED BY JACK ARNOLD • WRITTEN BY GEORGE ZUCKERMAN • PRODUCED BY ALBERT ZUGSMITH

MOVIES Continued from page 14

Utah Blaine

Here's a good, fast Western, with no nonsense about it, with no fancy pretensions, but with plenty of shooting and galloping. Gunslinger Rory Calhoun, feeling a belated urge to settle down, accepts an offer to manage a ranch that is practically under siege. Ruthless Ray Teal wants to take over and break up both the big ranches in this section, promising his henchmen parts of the land. With pals Paul Langton and Max Baer, Rory defends the ranch where Susan Cummings lives, also the neighboring property.

Wicked as They Come

Told dead-pan, this is the story of a femme fatale. Arlene Dahl schemes her way out of New York's slums by winning a beauty contest, with a trip to England as the prize. While TV producer Phil Carey looks on sardonically, she lines up as victims photographer Michael Goodliffe, then tycoon Herbert Marshall, then his boss Ralph Truman. When she's in mortal danger, Phil comes to her rescue, understanding that a teen-age experience has twisted her outlook.

The Living Idol

Spectacular backgrounds, from Aztec ruins to the magnificent campus of the University of Mexico, keep the eye pleased throughout a supernatural-style thriller. Reporter Steve Forrest, covering an archeological expedition headed by James Robertson-Justice, is skeptical when the scientist suggests that the Aztecs' panther god may still wield power. But any mention of sacrifices to the god terrifies Liliane Montevichio, descended from its worshippers. Suitably scary at times, the picture is slow and wordy at others.

With Steve Forrest, Liliane Montevichio forgets the mysterious evil pursuing her.
HERE
THEY ARE...

Announcing the lucky winners of Photoplay's Cut-Out Picture Puzzle Contest

To Mrs. Tillie L. Grzymkowski, Terryville, Connecticut, goes the Grand Prize of $2,000. Each of the following will also receive a wonderful prize.

DOLORES SANTOSCOY, El Paso, Texas
MICHAEL T. ROBINSON, Dallas, Texas
MRS. FRANK MUTZ, Jr., Pueblo, Colo.
CLAIRE L. CHILLO, Lafayette, La.
MRS. WILLIAM E. SPROWLS, Dallas, Texas
INEZ BERRY, Dallas, Texas
MRS. JOYCE SWADELL, Petaluma, Calif.
MRS. ANN BETH BURKE, South Braintree, Mass.
CECILIA FRANCOWIAK, Chicago, Ill.
MRS. BEVERLY J. RUSSELL, Sue Gabriel, Calif.
RICHARD J. CHIARA, Cleveland, Ohio
MRS. DOROTHY GRIEBER, Westport, Conn.
MRS. ANGELO J. FRANKO, Columbus, O.
LOUISE SOMMERFIELD, Eden, S.D.
BARBARA ANN WATTS, New York, N.Y.
MRS. JOSEPH TORSKIE, Parma, Ohio
SANDRA NOWAKICZ, Philadelphia, Pa.
ROSEMARY L. HOOVER, Salisbury, Md.
BOBBY EDWARD SLEDGE, Atlanta, Ga.
MITZI EVELYN REESE, Monhasset, N.Y.
GAIL DAVIES, Murray, Utah
PAXL MORGEN, Dallas, Texas
BLANCHE RENZINGER, Lawrence, N.Y.
NICHOLAS SIMCO, Detroit, Mich.
MIKE KOCHER, Balboa, Canal Zone
MRS. DOROTHY SWENSON, Brooklyn, N.Y.
HILDEGARDE WALWORTH, New York, N.Y.
MRS. ERMA M. HALL, San Francisco, Calif.
MARIE HELEN TRAINER, New York, N.Y.
PFC. AND MRS. FRANK CONTI, Midway Park, N.J.
MRS. GILBERT F. MURSINNA, San Diego, Calif.
EUNICE MAE BRIGHT, Decatur, Ill.
ELEANOR M. GILKEY JARISH, East Hartford, Conn.
SONDA RAY, Birmingham, Ala.
JESSE H. AZZIS, Las Vegas, Nev.
CAROLE RUTH KLEIN, Flushing, N.Y.
LYNN BRISKEN, Chicago, Ill.
MARIE DE LOS ANGELES PERNANDEZ, Nogales, Ariz.
AVA MARIE POF, San Jose, Costa Rica
MRS. JOSEPH KLEINER, Prattsille, Ala.
LENA S. WOLF, Niagara Falls, N.Y.
MRS. TONI THURLING, Walnut Creek, Calif.
DOLORESE SEAL, Salem, Ore.
MRS. JEAN M. BAUKS, Shrewsbury, Mass.
MRS. EMMA STEINER, Park Falls, Wis.
MRS. SHIRLEY BERGER, St. Louis, Mo.

NOW IN ONE SWIFT BEAUTY STEP

CREME RINSE AND SET YOUR HAIR

EASY!
NO THINNING WITH WATER,
NO RINSING AWAY!

Silky waves that last! New Creme Rinse’n Set by Richard Hudnut is the only creme rinse that beauty-sets your hair. Just one swift beauty-step! You don’t have to mix with water... you don’t rinse it out. Just pour a few fragrant drops on your freshly shampooed hair and comb through. Pin-curls all but set themselves!

Your wave is beautifully soft because, unlike hair sprays, there’s no drying alcohol. Your wave lasts—yet no lacquer dulls or stiffens it. Creme rinse and set your hair after your next shampoo...

$0.60, 1.00 and 1.75 plus tax.

CREME RINSE’N SET
by Richard Hudnut
NEW BEAUTY FOR YOUR HAIR

ELVIS VS. SEMI-CLAD GALS

In February Photoplay, Harriet Horodeck of New Jersey wanted to know what teenagers thought about the half-nude pictures of movie stars, whom nobody seems to criticize, as compared with fully dressed Elvis, whom everybody seems to criticize. Well, I am a teenager and I agree with Harriet—these women, like Ekberg, Mansfield and Dors, are shameful. They show more of their bodies than their clothes.

P. G.
Chattanooga, Tennessee

Why must their waistlines also be their necklines?

Wanda Richards
Mansfield, Illinois

I wonder why they wear anything at all.

Mrs. Roy Smith
Salem, Oregon

At least Elvis has enough sense to cover his hip when he sings.

Donna Ries
Cincinnati, Ohio

I have just finished reading an article on Elvis Presley in your magazine and had to laugh when it said that Elvis appeals to girls of all ages. This is certainly true. When I turn on Elvis’ records, our year-old daughter, otherwise a very quiet little girl, begins to move with the music. She wiggles and shakes, stamps her feet and waves her hands. When I turn on Perry Como, she goes to sleep.

Mrs. Richard Wiedmaier
Germany

INFORMATION, PLEASE

I heard that John Saxon came to Hollywood after someone saw his picture in a magazine. Is this true?

Mary Beth Jones
Houston, Texas

It happened this way: John was attending drama classes in New York three years ago, and helped pay his way as a photographer’s model. One of his assignments was posing for True Story magazine. When the magazine reached the newsstands, letters bombarded the publisher asking for the name of the young man in the picture. The publisher was so impressed that he sent the photographs to Hollywood agent Henry Willson. Sight unseen, Willson sent John a contract. A few months later Saxon (then Carmen Orrico) was on the Coast, headed for Universal Studios.—Ed.

Robert Stack is a fine dramatic actor, but I have heard that he has other artistic talents—music, for one. True?

Dorothy Brewer
Bennington, Vermont

True. Thirty-eight-year-old Bob sings and plays the clarinet and saxophone. He has won particular distinction, however, in athletics. In 1937 Bob was one of a five-man team (National Telegraphie) which established an unbeaten world record in skeet shooting. Another world record was won by Bob the same year for long-shooting; he made 344 consecutive hits.—Ed.

Is it true that a street is named after Elvis Presley somewhere in England?

Jane Bowman
Silver Spring, Md.

True. Brighouse in Yorkshire now has a Presley Drive.—Ed.

What’s this I hear about trouble in Ottawa over the showing of “Don’t Knock the Rock” at a local theatre?

Marilyn McVain
Vancouver, British Columbia

Jacques Rousay, a teenager of Hull, Quebec, received a five-month sentence for heating an empty bottle through the screen of the Rideau Theatre in Ottawa during a showing of “Don’t Knock the Rock.”—Ed.

Can you tell me the screen names of Issur Danielovitch, Tula Finklea, Alfred Coccoza and Hugh Hippe? Also, what is José Ferrer’s real name?

Sam Rosenfinkle
New York, N. Y.

Issur is Kirk Douglas. Tula is Cyd Charisse, Alfred is Mario Lanza and Hugh is

Hugh Marlowe. José’s real name is José Ferrer. (Letter from Ottawa.)—Ed.

ROSSANO BRAZZI—TOO FRANK?

In February 1957, Photoplay printed an article entitled “How to Have a Love Affair,” as told by Rossano Brazzi. Our purpose was simply to let you know what one of Hollywood’s most popular stars thinks about romance and marriage. Since then we have received an overwhelming number of letters in response to the article. Many of you strongly disagree with Rossano; others admired his happy family life and his deep concern in preserving his marriage in divorce-torn Hollywood. Photoplay here presents four letters, typical of the many received on this difficult and highly controversial subject.—Ed.

I have never read such a shocking article. Since when are ten easy lessons given in how to indulge in immorality, as the title implies? I must say that Mr. Brazzi is lacking in good taste to speak his mind so freely. When a married man finds the need to take a fascinating woman to dinner—being considerate enough to call his wife and say he’s having a script conference!—then some-thing is very wrong in his marriage. And, I might add, in his character as well.

Millicent Beller
Clifton, New Jersey

I am a loyal reader of Photoplay, but really! That Rossano Brazzi! “What the wife doesn’t know won’t hurt her,” says he? I shudder to think what kind of a world we’d have if all families lived by these standards—the men and the women.

Mrs. B.J.E.
Kendallville, Indiana

Perhaps European marriages work out with this sort of arrangement, but I don’t think the American woman can accept the role that Mr. Brazzi assigns the wife. It seems to be, with him, a question of give and take—Rossano taking and Lida giving.

Phyllis Carter
Santa Monica, California

I am sure that a great many people will

Continued
that Mild and Gentle Palmolive Care Cleans Cleaner, Deeper, Prettier!

When you wash with your regular soap—in the ordinary, casual way—you leave beauty-robbing hidden dirt behind. But what a glorious difference after a 60-second Palmolive massage! You'll look fresher, lovelier! And to prove that hidden dirt is gone, rub with a tissue. The tissue will stay snowy-white. Proof that Palmolive care cleans cleaner, prettier!

Yes—new complexion beauty is yours in just one minute with Palmolive Soap. Because Palmolive care removes hidden dirt that casual cleansing misses. And only a soap as mild as Palmolive can cleanse so deeply without irritation. Start Palmolive care today, and see your true complexion beauty come through!
find fault with what Rosano Brazzi said about love and marriage in your February issue. May I come to his defense? One of the most important things he and his wife have found with each other is a happy home life. Despite their shortcomings, the Brazzis have achieved what many other couples long for yet never realize. They have tolerance and consideration for each other, perhaps the secret of successful marriages. I should like to mention, incidentally, that Mr. Brazzi did not advocate the double standard. He simply said that if a husband lies, he should not hurt his wife by it. "Lidia," he said, "is not the kind of wife to whom one is unfaithful."

RENO CARLUCCI
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

JAMES DEAN FANS WANT MORE

I am really shocked at the Editor's note in your January issue concerning James Dean. You say you will print nothing more about him. But I keep thinking about the thousands of Dean fans who want to hear more. We reseed our old issues and look for new material in the current magazines. I realize that it is easier to write about live people who are doing things, and whose activity can be discussed, whereas with Jimmy there is only the story of his life, which has been retold many times. Still, Jimmy's fans have not forgotten him. Is there any possibility that we may read more about him in Photoplay?

MARY ANNE CONDON
Chicago, Illinois

In deciding that we would say our final farewell to James Dean, Photoplay was responding to numerous letters requesting us to do so. Since reading our decision, however, many of you who had remained silent before have voiced opinions. You want more about Jimmy and you told us so. Photoplay takes its lead from its readers; there will be more about James Dean, beginning right here in Readers Inc.—Ed.

"Crazy" may be what James Dean appeared to some people, but these people were not actors. Every actor seems a little off his rocker. I have read a story about someone who went up to Jimmy between scenes for "Rebel" and started talking to him as James Dean. He blew up and said not to disturb him while he was "in character." This person therefore formed an opinion about Jimmy that was untrue. All I can say is, Jimmy had every right to become angry with this person. If an actor loses character, he is no longer "the other person," and therefore cannot perform. Staying in character requires a great deal of patience and concentration. Dean was a perfectionist.

Jimmy had a great talent besides his acting—the talent which many actors never have: creating a devoted following. But with Jim, this lasted beyond the grave. Would he have wanted it that way? He may have. But I do not think he would have wanted a certain type which is following him now.

This type is the one now most widely publicized. This type talks about reincarnation. This type believes Jimmy was reckless, fickle, and in love with every girl he ever met. This type believes he hated his father and almost died with grief when his mother passed away with cancer. This type follows him as a saint and disregards the fact that he was a human being like you and me. Most of the boys in this type thought he was a rebel against life, and they ape him as he was in "Rebel." They

READERS INC.

The Bra you can wear ↑ 6 different ways

Adds exciting glamour to your figure and to all your smart fashions... from casual sports wear to your formal evening wear... you can wear it 6 different ways because the shoulder straps can be moved or removed!

White or Black Pre-shrunk cotton in AA, A and B cups ............. only $1.49
Also in C cup only $1.69

The New Sweater Bra $100 —

For just that right touch of extra fullness and roundness! Pre-shaped cup in Air Foam so that only you know the secret. Pre-shrunk white cotton broadcloth in AA, A and B cups. only $1.

Look for the Perfect Form Label at

WOOLWORTH'S, KRESGE'S, NEWBERRY'S, McCORMY'S, NEISNER'S, McCLELLAN'S, ROSE'S
and your other favorite variety store or write us for store nearest you.

PERFECT BRASERIE CO. INC.
Harboride Bldg., Jersey City 2, N. J.

FREE
New 16 page charm booklet full of wonderful ideas on beauty care and personality. Just mail us tag from any Perfect Form Bra.
never seem to realize that they are aping Jim Stark of "Rebel" and not Jim Dean of real life.

The girls in this type generally claim to have loved him, and some say they still do. This is unreal and unnecessary. I am all for keeping Jim's memory alive because I admired him as an actor and as a person. But let's keep that memory the way Jim really was, not the morbid, crazed way it is now.

_BETTY NELSON_  
_Hoopston, Illinois_  

**SHOULD INGRID COME BACK?**

Everyone is talking about whether Ingrid Bergman should come back to this country as a citizen and as an actress. Here's what I think: It would be an insult to decency. Miss Bergman disgraced her family deliberately. She was an adult at the time and certainly knew what she was doing. There were other ways out of her dilemma, but Miss Bergman chose the brazen way. Why bring such a woman back?

_PETE K._  
_West Palm Beach, Florida_

Bring her back! She is a great actress, and none of us is in a position to condemn her for what she has done. I remember, at the time when Ingrid first joined Rossellini, that her husband would not give her a divorce. She pleaded with him, offered him a handsome settlement, but he refused. Only after she bore Rossellini's child was he embarrassed into complying with her request. To those who ask what right Ingrid had to leave Dr. Lindstrom for Rossellini, I ask what right her husband had to forcibly bind her to him when she loved another. Ingrid was never a run-around. But a man or a woman, wisely or not, may deeply and sincerely fall in love with someone else after marriage. It happened to Ingrid. I honestly believe that she did the best she could, with honor or dishonor, depending on your principles.

_MRS. JOSEPH MACPHERSON_  
_Durham, North Carolina_

**I LIKE—**

Here in Okinawa we have just seen "The Teahouse of the August Moon," and I would like to say that it is a wonderful picture. I brought our maid, Masako, with me. Masako is a native Okinawan and she thought that Marlon Brando was perfect as Sakini.

_VIOLET TACLAN_  
_Okinawa_

I would like to express how much I enjoyed Rory Calhoun's article, "Look, Kid, How Stupid Can You Be?" which you ran a while back. Every word that Rory said made me feel that I had finally found a truly understanding adult. I am seventeen and can't discuss anything with my mother or stepfather. Rory's article, I hope, will open the eyes of my parents.

_BETSY HAINSTEN_  
_Raleigh, North Carolina_

I read your article on Yul Brynner in the February issue. I disagree with something that Yvonne de Carlo said about him: "He has that unknown quality that makes you want to run away from him." I think Yvonne is a little mixed up. I wouldn't run away.

_MRS. B. BODNAR_  
_Toronto, Canada_

Last August Anthony Dexter played in our Music Circus, which is produced here

**GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE**  
proved in its famous testing laboratory: New Woodbury Shampoo holds curl better, keeps set longer! Example shown above: The left side of Lois Gunas' hair, washed with her usual shampoo, got limp, straggly. Right side, washed with Woodbury, is springy, curly, beautifully manageable.

**Leading shampoos** were tested this way on hundreds of women. Results were checked by Good Housekeeping Magazine's laboratory. New Woodbury with its curl-holding ingredient held waves best! Protects hair from drying out—leaves it shiny-clean, without dull soap film! Costs less than other brands—a generous bottle is only 39¢. If it isn't the finest you ever tried, we'll return your money! Fair enough?
American Modern... 
casual freedom of fashion today 
for a naturally beautiful figure 

Skippies by Formfit

Here is the girdle that suggests the shape... 
doesn't insist on having its own hard way with your figure. 
Result... a naturally beautiful line, achieved with the comfort 
and freedom of fashion today... American Modern. 
No wonder Skippies is America's favorite girdle. 
See why... be fitted in Skippies at your favorite store.

Formfit

The light touch of slimming... Skippies Girdle No. 945. White or Black Nylon elastic net with tummy-trimming front panel, 2½-in. waistband. (Also available as Pantie No. 845) S.M.L. Ex. L. $6.50. Shown with "Thrill" Bra No. 587 in cotton. $2.50

READERS INC.
each year. He did "The King and I" opposite Sarah Churchill. Even though the movie, starring Yul Brynner, had played just prior to this for four full weeks, Mr. Dexter filled the house to standing room every night of his performance. The critics raved. One of the things they said was, "How does Hollywood manage to hide talent like this?" Well, how does it?

Patricia Lenz 
Sacramento, California

I DON'T LIKE—

I have been to Hollywood and was never more disappointed in my life. If you go on a tour, you have to leave your camera behind. And you can't get out of the bus. Is this the way Hollywood shows its glamour? It's extremely difficult to meet movie stars there, and I have met more in Montreal.

Barbara Davies 
Montreal, Quebec

Last September you ran a photo of Natalie Wood sitting cross-legged, wearing slacks, high heels and earrings. Not in good taste for Natalie.

Barb Angle 
Dowagiac, Michigan

I read in Photoplay and all the other movie magazines that Liz Taylor's mother forced her to have a film career, that she didn't really want to be in pictures. Well, Liz is now over twenty-one. She has a mind of her own. If she doesn't like movies she should quit instead of blaming her mother for throwing her into that kind of life. She also says that she never had any freedom as a child. But I remember pictures of Liz at seventeen going out on many dates, and I also remember her engagement at that time. Sounds like freedom to me.

Estelle Mann 
Newark, New Jersey

I DON'T LIKE—

It's my opinion that Natalie Wood is a publicity fiend... Tab Hunter is a better singer than an actor... Fernando Lamas should come back to Hollywood... Luana Patten is a darling.

Irene Robinson 
Edgewood, Rhode Island

In 1957, I would like to see Cameron Mitchell play a good guy... Vic Mature keep his clothes on in movies... a Western with an altogether new plot... fewer corny songs in good musicals... Jan Sterling do a comedy... stories on Virginia Leith.

R. J. S. 
Longview, Texas

CATHOLICS AND DIVORCE

In your January issue, under a picture of Maureen O'Hara in the article "Religion in Hollywood," I noticed an error. You stated: "Catholics may be divorced, as Maureen was, but the Church says they may not re-marry." I would like to point out that Roman Catholics, in the eyes of the Church, may not be divorced. Only death can dissolve a Catholic marriage.

Marjory Reilly 
Bloomington, Indiana
Thank you, Marilyn, for pointing out what may have confused some of our readers. Photoplay intended to convey but apparently did not make clear that Roman Catholics may receive a civil divorce. This affects only their legal marital status. Catholics like Miss O'Hara, according to the church, are still married. But from the standpoint of law and their obligations under the law, "divorced" Catholics are no longer man and wife. Miss O'Hara may not remarry with clear conscience unless her husband dies or the church sanctions a Catholic annulment.—Ed.

HISTORY OF PHOTOPLAY

I have been a reader of Photoplay for many years and am curious about its origins. Can you tell me something of its history and the people connected with it in the early days? What kind of a magazine was it when it first began?

Mrs. C. H. Silch
Steamboat Springs, Colorado

Photoplay was born in 1911 and is the oldest screen magazine. Today it is America's largest selling movie magazine, with a circulation of over a million. In the early days Photoplay was an entertainment leaflet, and its first editor was James R. Quirk. Quirk hired some well-known writers and set about making the magazine a successful enterprise. One of the first things he did was to start a column called "Hints on Photoplay Writing." He also sent a questionnaire to 1,000 newspaper editors all over the country, asking, "Do you consider the word 'movie,' as applied to a motion picture theatre or film, a good one, and do you approve of its use in your newspaper?" National discussion in newspapers resulted. "Movie" was approved, and Quirk ran a two-page spread with the heading: "The Question Is Now Settled." Mr. Quirk also started the Cal York column, still running.

Photoplay has many other "firsts" in its history. It was the first magazine to establish awards (The Photoplay Gold Medal Awards) based on popular choice, via a nationwide poll of America's moviegoers. It was the first screen magazine to have its own on-the-spot photographer, and to shoot its own photos rather than using studio pictures. It was the first to break unpublicized stars. Photoplay was the first screen magazine to put big-name Hollywood writers under contract and to use writers from other fields to talk about Hollywood.

During the course of the years the character of the magazine changed. In the beginning of its history most of the material used consisted of short condensations of the movies in story form. Gradually this gave way to fan stories on personalities.—Ed.

ARE MOVIES TOO FREE?

There is a great deal of talk now about freedom as applied to movie-making. In the name of freedom such films as "Baby Doll," "The French Line," and "The Moon Is Blue" have been shown. But I ask, where is our decency? Why should freedom of speech, which produces vigorously defend, permit us to depict immoralities on the screen? Does freedom of speech have its limits in other areas? We are not allowed to lie, libel and slander. Why then should there be no limits in the area of morality and taste? Our freedom of assembly does not allow us to riot, nor should it. Yet many movies depict indecencies in a glamorous light and by so doing encourage these indecencies.

Betty Harmacek
La Crosse, Wisconsin

all-day color
that won't go flat
new INNER GLOW lipstick

gives you a glow that lasts!

New INNER GLOW! It's the lipstick that stays fresh and glowing... with color that never gets that dead, flat look! Even when it's been on all day!

INNER GLOW actually puts a dew-soft, transparent color-guard on your lips that keeps them moist, velvety-soft. The color shines through... shimmering, alive! Its radiance lasts without a letdown all the livelong day!

79¢ plus tax

CASHMERE BOUQUET COSMETICS... for all your beauty needs
Nowadays it's COLOR that counts

When great grandmother could sit on her long glossy tresses, people were impressed. And hair styles to show it off were fuzzy as a wedding cake. Today, women are far too busy to fool with elaborate hair styles or hours of grooming. They've learned that real beauty lies in a casual hair-do enhanced with sparkling natural-looking color.

That's why more and more women turn to Noreen Color Hair Rines. They do so much for hair with so little time and effort. Among Noreen's 14 glamorous shades there are several that will beautify the basic color of your hair.

A blonde using Noreen can be many blondes; silvery, golden or strawberry, as she wishes. A brunette can shift from blue-black to warn brown. A brownette finds in Noreen gold lights, brown shadows or a cappery glow. Faded, streaked or gray hairs are blended-in and toned. Get Noreen today and rinse beauty back in your hair in three minutes, or write for literature and FREE sample offer. Noreen Distributors, Dept. T 4, 450 Lincoln Street, Denver 3, Colorado.
yours free

this new Kotex belt with the self-locking clasp—doesn't "dig in" as metal clasps do, yet won't ever break.

You'll agree, this new Kotex belt does wonders for your comfort. The unbreakable clasp flexes with the body so it can't "dig in" as metal clasps do. And it holds the napkin firmly and securely, never lets it slip or slide. The specially-woven elastic, too, stays flat and snug. No matter how much you move around, the edges won't curl or twist.

To get your free Kotex belt, send the end tab from any box of Kotex napkins with the coupon below. We will send you a certificate that's as good as cash.

Now's the time to discover new Kotex napkins with Wondersoft covering... so gentle it won't rub, won't chafe. And the new Kotex napkin goes with the new Kotex belt perfectly, to complete your comfort.

More women choose Kotex than all other brands.

KOTEX and WONDERSOFT are trademarks of Kimberly-Clark Corp.

K-C
P. O. Box 7565
Chicago 80, Illinois

I enclose the end tab from a box of Kotex napkins. Please send me a coupon good for one free Kotex belt at my favorite store.

My name is ________________________________

Address __________________________________

City __________ Zone ______ State __________

Offer expires May 31, 1957
You are the next American beauty in

Sheer Velvet Film

Just a touch of Sheer Velvet Film will cover blemishes with loving care... give your skin a perfectly lovely all-day glow. This sheer liquid foundation feels as light and fine as mist... never changes color no matter what the hour. And its special ingredients will help smooth and soften your skin... make you even prettier the next day you wear it! In 5 velvety shades. $1.25.

Sheer Velvet Compact in 5 shades, $1.25.

You can also get Dorothy Gray products in Canada.

For beauty the modern way Dorothy Gray
Unasked and unimagined, the wonders came to pass for Kim Novak. Now, alone, she must fight to keep them.

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

Fame Cloaks the Lonely Heart

- The train pulled slowly into the station. It was a small town, quiet, unimportant. A few people got on, a few descended to the platform. The train paused several moments, then lumbered off. The town receded into the distance and the past.

During those few moments Kim Novak pressed her face eagerly to the window. She was watching the shabby railroad flats drift by; watching a man hawking newspapers; watching a little girl straddling a ragged picket fence and waving to the brakeman. She thought about the little girl, living in the commonplace railroad town. “I wonder if she’s happy here,” Kim murmured wistfully. And then she wished for the little girl a life as full and rich as her own: Happiness and all the things she ever wanted.

In Kim’s world of premieres and lovely dresses and handsome escorts, it may seem odd to wonder about a strange child living in a

Continued
To portray Jeanne Eugels, who won fame as Somerset Maugham's Sadie Thompson, Kim must face her career's greatest challenge.
The Jeanne Eagels of real life was a tormented, often defeated misfit, torn between reality and her public life. It is a frightening portent for Kim.

Strange town. But Kim is different from most of us. Her imagination likes to wander—often into the far corners of other people's lives. When she was a little girl on Chicago's Sayre Street, she peopled it with make-believe inhabitants; endowed inanimate objects with souls and thoughts of their own. Shy, fearful of strangers, the real dramas of life did not touch her; only the drama of living within herself. She could pour out her heart to a rose or weep over the death of a leaf that fell from a tree. Perhaps that is why, today, she can give such sensitivity and warmth to a make-believe movie character, as she did in "Picnic" and "The Eddy Duchin Story." Or why she can wonder so poignantly about a lonely little girl on a picket fence in a railroad town.

Little Marilyn Novak had wished for a gang to belong to. She'd wished to be popular. To be beautiful. To have a pretty dress, store-bought. To marry a prince. But most of all she had wished to belong, to be accepted by the crowd.

Although she could not then know it, her wishes were to come true on a staggering scale, far beyond anything she had ever envisioned or even could humanly fulfill. And in that lies the fateful irony.

Today Kim Novak is more popular than she can believe possible (Continued on page 88)
BAREFOOT BOY WITH CHEEK?

Moody, deliberately confusing, Tony Perkins tries hard to be a character. Maybe too hard  •  BY JOE HYAMS

It was a rainy day in Boston. A young boy, tall, slim and spectacled, picked his way carefully along the slippery sidewalks. He was hunched in a trench coat buttoned high at the collar. His hands were in the coat pockets, which was not unusual—except that the right hand was caressing the butt of a revolver.

The boy was Tony Perkins, and at the time he was imagining himself a famous private eye on the trail of a criminal. The gun, purchased from a friend on installments from Tony’s allowance, gave just the right touch of drama, heroism and illicit adventure to the occasion.

Now let’s fade out and fade in ten years later. The same boy, taller but still hunched and boyish, on the set of “The Tin Star,” at the Paramount studio in Hollywood, is wearing two guns slung from his hips. At a command he draws them both with split-second precision.

The instructor comments, “Wonderful, Tony, that’s about as fast as I have seen it done.” (Continued on page 96)
Could she have saved her marriage to John Hodiak?

Have personal fears threatened her career?

Can she give her child the love she never had herself?

For Anne Baxter there was once a husband and love and a challenging career. Where did her life take the wrong turn?

Between Heaven and...

BY LOUIS POLLOCK

Late one afternoon, several years ago, Anne Baxter climbed miserably into bed in a Montreal hotel. Her skin was covered with ugly red hives. She was shivering. Already the star of some twenty-five Hollywood movies, Anne was now touring the North American continent in a stage presentation of "John Brown's Body." She was scheduled for a performance the very next evening; it was no time to be ill. She telephoned the company manager, who sent for a doctor.

When the doctor arrived, he took a seat beside Anne, while she attempted to tell him what was wrong. She began talking and seemed not able to stop. He didn't try to interrupt. It was clear he sensed that the hives were symptomatic of a serious state of emotional unrest and that a little truth-telling might well be therapeutic. But as the doctor listened, he realized that he was getting not only an insight into the private life of an actress, but also hearing truths about Hollywood and its way of life which are seldom if ever brought to public attention.

"How can I go on before an audience tomorrow night?" she appealed. (Continued on page 92)
Alas, He's No Hero to His Cat

George Nader, who's plagued at home by smooching pups and yowling cats, sometimes wishes he were the romantic fellow he plays

BY JOHN MAYNARD

In southern California, it is the custom for enterprising real-estate fellows to bulldoze shelves into the perpendicular hills, slap houses and sometimes swimming pools onto the shelves, build perpendicular driveways leading thereto, and then grab for the nearest movie star. It is a highly successful business.

And on one of these shelves in a section called Sherman Oaks, in a house whose architecture he characterizes as Early Nothing, lives a man who would like to be George Nader.

It is a Walter Mitty-ish situation, since this man, despite the evident advantages of being handsome, pleasant and solvent, is by his own admission a long way from his goal. As most filmgoers are well aware, George Nader is a swashbuckling chap who, on the screen, always says and (Continued on page 100)
During happy years with Lauren, Bogie became more domesticated.

Lauren is facing a crisis in her career as well as her personal life.

Editor's Note: For two years, Lauren Bacall Bogart lived with the knowledge that her beloved husband was ill with cancer, and that the chances were slim of his emerging victorious from his battle with the disease. Inherent in this girl's valiant nature is the exhibition of courage which has allowed her to build into her marriage the happy memories which now must always remain memories only. This is Lauren's story—the story of her courage, her warmth, her ability to build a future for the children who were so adored by Bogie. It is also a reverent tribute to a wonderful man.

Eleven years ago, not long after her marriage to Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall said, "I have always wanted a husband, children, and a home of my own more than I wanted a career. I made up my mind long ago that they would always come first. In future years there will probably be important choices, in terms of family versus professional life, and I hope that I have the wisdom to stand by what I have always believed. It is so easy to lose one's sense of balance."

Lauren never lost her sense of balance, as many another Hollywood wife has to her sorrow. Lauren had the wisdom to live with balance—the wisdom and the courage. True, she gave generously of her talents to a career; the film industry has been enriched by these talents. But Lauren gave (Continued on page 115)
This is the story of a woman

who met tragedy with strength and courage.

The woman is Lauren Bacall Bogart . . .

the tragedy is the death of her husband

THE FACE OF FEAR
A tiny feminine fist, but it was powerful enough to make Eddie punchdrunk and Debbie starry-eyed • BY DIANE SCOTT

Eddie Fisher came back down into the waiting room of the hospital with the happy, dazed look of a man who has been told—well, that he's just become a father. In one hand he was holding a card, in the other an unlit cigar.

A group of his friends were waiting for him, and when he walked in they bombarded him with questions: "Who does the baby look like?" "What does he weigh?" and "How is Debbie?"

In the manner of a man who has just "had a baby," Eddie answered wearily, "It's not a he. It's a little girl and she looks like me. And Debbie is just great."

The baby came as a big surprise to her parents who weren't expecting her for at least two more weeks. As Eddie said later, the stork was "jet propelled."

Or, as many others commented, that bird just hovered over the set during the filming of "Bundle of Joy" and as soon as it was finished started flapping its wings.

Right after the picture the Fishers went to Palm Springs to spend the weekend. Debbie had a cold and they'd gone there for the hot desert sun. Her physician, Dr. Charles Levy, had told her that the rest would do her good and that he was planning (Continued on page 108)
Exclusively Yours

Eva Marie enjoys dinner with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Saint, in spite of her rugged life on screen.

Enchanted Evenings, Please: Are you as fed up with realistic drama and the sweat-shirt school of acting as I am? There are so many personal griefs and major disasters in real life that when I go to the movies I don’t want to see the decadence of the deep South, or the cravings of a dope addict, or the sadistic cruelty of juvenile delinquents. It isn’t that I want to close my eyes to the very serious emotional problems of today. I am fully aware of them. But when I go to a film, I want to enter a world of escape—where Cinderella is dressed by Helen Rose, and Prince Charming wears a white dinner jacket and carries Cinderella off in his golden Jaguar!

Unfortunately, some studios don’t feel the way I do, judging by some of the recent properties they have bought. For example, 20th Century-Fox has assigned Jerry Wald to produce the best-selling novel “Peyton Place,” a highly censorable story about the goings-on in a small town in New England. Darryl Zanuck recently announced that he has commissioned Meyer Levin to write the screen adaptation of his best-seller “Compulsion,” a harrowing true account of two degenerates, Leopold and Loeb, who committed one of the most revolting crimes in our generation. Just in case we haven’t had enough exposure to the dope problem in “The Man with the Golden Arm,” Fox has also bought “A Hatful of Rain,” in which Eva Marie Saint will be the long-suffering wife of a drug addict. Won’t someone please buy “My Fair Lady,” quick?

Big Role Lost: Memo to you young people just getting a start in your careers: If ever you are disappointed in losing out on a role or a job, take heart from Helen Hayes. The first lady of the theatre, who returned to the screen to co-star with Ingrid Bergman and Yul Brynner in “Anastasia,” read the script of Eugene O’Neill’s autobiographical play, “Long Day’s Journey Into Night.”

Ingrid Bergman, good mother to twins Ingrid and Isabelle and young Roberto Rossellini, is winning back fans and fame.

More than any part since “Victoria Regina,” the tragic role of the playwright’s mother appealed to Helen. But when the producers signed Fredric March to play the elder O’Neill, Helen knew that she didn’t stand a chance, because Fred would understandably want his own wife, Florence Eldridge, to star opposite him. So Helen not only lost out on this plum role, but she also missed the thrill of playing in her own theatre. Ironically enough, “Long Day’s Journey Into Night” opened at the Helen Hayes!

March of Time: Ingrid Bergman in “Anastasia,” Burgess Meredith in “Major Barbara” and Elia Kazan, director of “Baby Doll,” all have their names in lights on Broadway within a radius of a few blocks from each other. Sixteen years ago, this trio appeared together in Vinton Freedley’s revival of “Lilium.” It was Ingrid’s Broadway debut, but she didn’t get star billing. Neither did Meredith, but he did get a fatter pay check than Ingrid. Kazan, who played a supporting role, drew the large sum of $150 a week! The play ran fifty-six performances. . . . Certainly a lot of
Disappointment for Helen Hayes, victory for Ingrid Bergman, happiness for Kirk Douglas, love for Henry Fonda. It's all here!  

BY RADIE HARRIS

water flows under the bridge in the march of time. Turn back the clock just a year or so to Christmas of 1955, when Linda Christian and Edmund Purdom had already broken up two homes because of their love for each other. At Christmas, 1956, Edmund couldn't even send Linda a word of greeting because he had no idea where she was. As it happened, she was in St. Moritz, looking for a millionaire to support her in the style to which she has grown accustomed, thanks to Tyrone Power—and which Edmund could never afford. ... It was also in 1956 that Zsa Zsa Gabor announced she would marry Hal Hayes; that Kim Novak was supposed to change her name to Kim Krim; and that Lisa Ferraday and Brod Crawford's romance made every Cupid's column. I don't think that anyone was really too surprised—do you?—that these duets no longer are "woosome twosomes."

Author, Author!: My European correspondent reports that French critics were cautious, but quite kind, about Jean Pierre Aumont's play, "The Very Happy Angel," which he authored on the French Riviera. The plot's about a

Continued
man who awakens after having slept for thirty-eight years. After a tour of the provinces, it opened in Paris just about the time Aumont and Marisa Pavan arrived from Hollywood. Marisa and Jean Pierre are installed in his Malmaison villa, "Rochers" (where Grace Kelly spent many days during her long-ago idyll with Aumont), with Marisa knitting clothes for her expectant baby and Jean Pierre appearing on the French stage in Jean Giraudoux' "Amphitryon 38." His own play holds forth a few blocks away. . . . Yul Brynner was in absolute ecstasy during the few weeks he spent in Paris, a city he knows and loves, as he lived there during his youth. Yul admits that it was like coming home again. Yul went to see the Anatole Litvak, with whom he spent most of his time. Since they have only a tiny apartment, Yul stayed at the exclusive Saint Regis Hotel, known only to Paris regulars. Yul attracted a lot of attention in Paris by his bald head, but he is unknown in France—"The King and I" not having been released at the time of his visit. Yul revisited the night club he used to manage, looked up old friends and haunted the picturesque little "bistros" that only Paris regulars know.

**Ingrid Victorious:** Ingrid Bergman has finished knitting the dark gray sweater she is making for husband Roberto; it was done entirely on stage in "Tea and Sympathy." In the play she has a five-minute scene when she has to knit while Tom sings. Ingrid had said at the play's opening, "Oh, if it only lasts long enough for me to finish the sweater." Ingrid is looking around Paris for an apartment to buy, as she and Rossellini would like to live six months of the year in Paris, dividing their time between the French capital and Rome. Ingrid's love for the city (she appreciates especially the freedom of movement she has here—she can stroll around without anyone bothering her) is returned by the French. Next to Lollodirigida, she is their favorite foreign actress. Ingrid has never been known to refuse a request for a charity appearance since her arrival in Paris. For an appearance at a charity gala for unemployed actors, she had to learn all about magic, as she had to put on a magic act. She prepared herself thoroughly for it by taking lessons from French magician Jean Weber. Ingrid further endeared herself to the French by putting her tremendous Italian car in the garage and using a tiny-horsepower French utilitarian car during these days of the gas shortage. As Hollywood's Oscar time approached a friend of hers said to
One thing Swedish beauty Mai Zetterling has done for Ty Power is get him outdoors, skiing and sledding in her land her, “If you should get the Oscar, what a beautiful revenge you’d have,” “Revenge?” asked Ingrid, absolutely astonished. “One seeks revenge after a defeat. I’ve had no defeats; I have won.” And Ingrid listed her victories: her husband, her adorable children, “Anastasia” and “Tea and Sympathy.” Also it could be added that she doesn’t know the meaning of the word “revenge.”

Purely Personal: Douglas and Mary Lee Fairbanks’ two youngest daughters, Victoria and Melinda, never knew that their father was once married to Joan Crawford until they read about it in a fan magazine. . . . Lauren Bacall has earned the admiration and respect of everyone in Hollywood by her amazing courage in never letting Bogie know that she was going through a thousand deaths herself, watching him suffer during his protracted and painful illness. . . . Raymond Massey is writing his autobiography, with no help from any ghost writer. I love the title: “Charcoalcoed on the Outside.” . . . I know it’s supposed to be the kiss of death to call any pair an “ideal married couple,” but I’m going out on a limb because I sincerely believe that Veronique Passani and Greg Peck will prove the exception, for one very simple reason: Veronique isn’t competing with Greg in any area of his career. All she wants to be is his wife, mother to their son Anthony, and stepmother to Greg’s three growing boys—and she’s doing a wonderful job in every department. . . . My personal nomination for the girl most likely to succeed in Hollywood this year: Kay Kendall, the British star who will make her American film debut in “Les Girls” for M-G-M. . . . Judy Garland doesn’t like diamonds, but she was thrilled when Sid Luft gifted her with a diamond bracelet because it was such a beautiful design and so simple—if diamonds can ever be simple! Incidentally, Judy confides that she has her heart set on playing Laurette Taylor in Margaret Taylor’s biography of her famous stage mother. And she also is dying to do a Broadway musical. . . . Leslie Caron and Pat Neal will both have their babies in London. Pat, now married to author Roald Dahl, is hoping for a baby brother for two-year-old Olivia, Leslie, whose second groom is Peter Hall, brilliant young English stage director, is expecting her first in May. Recently she

Written in the Stars: I was having late after-theatre supper with Anne and Kirk Douglas at the Little Club, and we were discussing Kirk’s chances of winning the Academy Award for his “best performance of the year” in “Lust for Life.” “I’m not pinning my hopes too high,” Kirk told me. “I did that once before with ‘Detective Story.’” I thought I had given my best screen per-

Cliff Robertson, telling Radie about his camera hobby, also had a bone to pick with PHOTOPLAY’s Cal York column
Fortunately, when Monty hit a tree with his car it was not on the driver's side

Monty's Brush with Death

From what was almost the end we go back to the beginning: a conservative family, a love-starved childhood, years of struggle and work

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE: In the March issue Part I of the life story of Montgomery Clift began. A tense, confused young man, Monty is nonetheless one of the most vibrant and talented actors in Hollywood. His present troubles tend to obscure his basic warmth and decency. PHOTOPLAY now brings you the second part of the story.

On the night of last May 13, 1956, Elizabeth Taylor and her husband, Michael Wilding, gave a party for a small group of friends at their home in Benedict Canyon, West Los Angeles. Those present were Kevin McCarthy, Rock Hudson and his wife, and Montgomery Clift.

It was an evening full of tension. The Wildings were then on the verge of breaking up their marriage, and Clift seemed disturbed at this prospect. He also was severely fatigued. At the time, Monty was in the process of shooting "Raintree County," and, as usual, he was hurling himself into his work relentlessly, sparing neither himself nor his (Continued on page 84)
Across two continents, one of the most beautiful women in the world pursues her last illusion . . . happiness

Flamencos with matador Chamanco help Ava fight boredom

Ava Gardner's Dry Tears

BY RUTH WATERBURY

Ava Gardner, who claims she prefers everything Spanish to anything American, sat in the darkest corner of the bar of the Castellana-Hilton Hotel in Madrid. The Hilton bar is about as Spanish as the airport at Kansas City, Missouri.

It was eight o'clock and pouring rain outside. I had received a message to meet Ava at the Hilton only fifteen minutes before. That's Ava. I had been in Madrid for three solid weeks and she knew it. A year ago, in London, Ava had given me the only personal story she's granted anyone in two years. When I planned to take a trip to Spain I wrote her from Hollywood just where, and when, and said if she wanted to talk again I'd be happy to listen. She didn't answer.

When I arrived in Madrid I sent a note around to her. You can't telephone her for the extremely simple reason that she has no phone. You can't “drop in” on her because, while every taxi driver in Madrid knows where she lives, she knows every one of them, as well, and she ducks when she sees one coming. You can't mail a note to her house, either, (Continued on page 112)
We the teenagers of St. Louis demand Jacques Sernas in our favorite fan mag.
The fans are the unseen power in Hollywood. A few of their faces are glimpsed at the premiers, some of their voices are heard rising along the routes of the personal-appearance tours. But for the most part Hollywood feels the vast unmeasured power of the nation's and the world's moviegoers only indirectly—at the box office, by their votes in such polls as Photoplay's Gold Medal Awards, and by the mail they send in. The mail is the greatest of these, a babble of silently clamoring voices, a fierce flood that pours into the movie capital, to the studios, to the stars themselves and to the fan magazines. The mail can make an unknown into a success or can set a cinema king toppling on his throne. The demands of the fans and the fan clubs, written on thousands of post cards and tons of writing paper, can keep a Tab Hunter in the limelight when his employers are ready to forget him, can breathe months and years of life into the career of a person who has died, as it did for James Dean, Jean Harlow, Rudolph Valentino. As the fans insist on it in their letters, parts are awarded, shaky marriages are patched up and screen stories are rewritten. To the individual fan who writes one letter a year and sees no results this may seem an exaggeration; no one seems to pay any attention to the plaintive requests of one fan, or a small group. And yet, very often, someone does. For instance, a group of fans in St. Louis, Missouri, write in a group "demand" for the appearance of a young actor named Jacques Sernas in the pages of a magazine like Photoplay—and what happens? The wheels of a great magazine start turning, the Hollywood office is alerted, a photographer goes out to the home of the handsome young Frenchman and the pictures are taken. A month or two after the "demand" was written Jacques appears in the magazine.
Laughter Chases the Blues

Sometimes, when the heart is rent by tragedy, a baby's laughter makes it sing again. It was this way for Pier Angeli

• BY PAULINE TOWNSEND

- It has been written that sorrow shared is the anvil upon which great loves are forged.
  There is heart-wringing proof of this in the love story of Pier Angeli and Vic Damone. In their brief two and a half years of marriage (they were married November 24, 1954) these two young stars have faced more problems—some of them near tragedies—than many others meet in a decade. And with every challenge they have grown more deeply in love. Just seeing them together, or with their adorable year-and-a-half-old son Perry, is enough to convince any skeptic.
  The first, and worst, of the newly married Damones' trials was the freak plane accident in which Pier (Continued on page 104)
A DATE WITH SAL

Here’s how the pert miss who won PHOTOPLAY’S Sal Mineo Contest spent

* When sixteen-year-old Nancy Donaldson of Pontiac, Michigan, learned she was going to have a date with Sal Mineo she didn’t believe it was true. Even now when it’s all over she wonders if it wasn’t just a dream. But, like Sal, it was for real—a whole long day of fun—starting off with introducing Sal to the folks, kidding around the house, bowling, having Cokes and meeting the gang, and then to top it all off being personally escorted by Sal to the opening of his latest picture, “Rock, Pretty Baby.”
the dreamiest day of her life

A sip or two at the fountain and they were chatting like old friends

"Sal, Sal, Sal," fans screamed, and they mobbed him when he arrived

"Nancy, you're really a doll," Sal said as he kissed his date goodbye
DORIS DAY'S
COMPLETE LIFE STORY
A PHOTOPLAY BONUS

ESCAPE TO
“What will be, will be” was Doris Day’s philosophy until one fateful event changed her life • BY GEORGE SCULLIN

This April, when Doris Day and Martin Melcher celebrate their sixth wedding anniversary, one of their brain children will be very much present to enhance the festivities. This, of course, will be “Julie,” the highly successful suspense drama they made together, with Marty as the producer and Doris as the star. But for all that the film will arrive bearing gifts totaling a million dollars, the happy husband-wife team of Melcher and Day are not planning any immediate sisters or brothers for “Julie.”

“We want more wedding anniversaries,” says Marty with finality. “Not business partnership anniversaries.”

“No more ‘Julies,’” pleads Doris.

And right there you have the key to Doris Day’s happiness, a happiness that had escaped her for a long, long time. Not for a dozen “Julies” offering her a dozen million dollars will she let anything interfere with her marriage. And what makes her stand a little different from most is that she has already turned down the millions. Behind it all is an incredible story, and behind the story is an even more incredible girl.

Doris Day is one of the most written about and least known of all the big stars in Hollywood. As a box-office attraction she is the leading female actress of the decade. In drama alone “Julie” established a record during its first week in New York. When she sings in a picture, the sale of her recordings from the movie will alone make more money than most of the competing films. When she dances in a picture, she breaks all previous records. And

Continued

Doris is besieged by fans everywhere she goes. On a recent visit home to Cincinnati, the police cleared a path
Author George Scullin heard her story:

"I didn't have much to do with my life"

"Things just happened. Like the song, que sera, sera, I had to follow along"

ESCAPE TO HAPPINESS

Continued

when she uses her triple-threat talents to sing, dance, and play the dramatic lead—as she will in "Pajama Game"—movie houses light up their brightest all over the world.

In the face of all this, Doris Day has succeeded in establishing herself with newspaper and magazine writers as the friendly, smiling, healthy, all-American girl from right next door. It makes a fine, satisfactory picture of Doris, and you can recognize her in it; but it has no more detail than a silhouette snipped out of black paper. If Doris weren't more complicated than that, she'd be the all-American girl from next door, all right, but she'd still be living there.

The explanation favored by many movie moguls bewildered by both Miss Day's quiet modesty and her shattering impact on the moviegoing public is that there are two Doris Days. They substantiate this remarkable theory by pointing out that Doris is shy and self-conscious in the presence of other movie stars. She's like a girl just freshly arrived from some place like Cincinnati, Ohio, which, it so happens, is where she comes from. But when this girl gets in front of the cameras a dynamic transition takes place. "Then she's the star," says one producer in an awed voice, "and I mean she's the greatest."

There may be some merit in this dual personality theory, but it is much too simple. For years Photoplay has been following the progress of Doris Day

Through her bright laughter and

the star and Doris Day the person. It awarded to the star its coveted Photoplay Gold Medal Award as long ago as 1952. It assigned some of the best Hollywood reporters to uncover the hidden facets of the person. The stories, some thirty of them devoted to her alone, plus countless references, anecdotes, and photographs in features and columns, provide the most accurate picture of her life to be found anywhere. Recently the editors decided to add them all up to produce a full-length portrait. They enlisted the cooperation of Miss Day in sitting for the additional touches that would be necessary to round out a few details.

Thus, one recent day when New York was pretending to enjoy a chilling but meager snowfall, it was my
sunny disposition Doris spreads happiness wherever she goes

great good fortune to be sitting with Doris Day on the sun-drenched terrace of the Beverly Hills Tennis Club. She was avidly licking a giant-size ice cream cone before it could drip on her freshly creased white tennis shorts. Beside her loomed her tall young son Terry, similarly engaged. Though the resemblance between mother and son is striking in photographs, in real life it is uncanny. From their dripping ice cream cones to the last one of their multitude of freckles, Doris Day and fifteen-year-old Terry were the licking images of each other, and handsome, too. (Continued on page 105)

Out of a troubled and confusing youth Doris found happiness with her husband, movie producer Marty Melcher
Instant beauty is yours with this exciting offer!

Just buy a Creme Puff* make-up compact . . . get a Hi-Fi Lipstick absolutely free! Hi-Fi is Max Factor's new lipstick discovery, based on his make-up research for color TV. Hi-Fi gives you everything you ever wanted in one lipstick! New vibrant color stays on till you take it off! New glide-on moistness never dries your lips! And Hi-Fi needs no blotting or setting!

Creme Puff gives you a soft, flawless complexion instantly—anytime, anywhere. It's all in one velvety disc—sheerest powder plus creamiest base plus exquisite complexion tone. Just touch the puff to Creme Puff, touch it to you, and instantly . . . you're lovely! So get your FREE Hi-Fi Lipstick today—pay only for Creme Puff, $1.25, in an ivory compact with puff.

Limited time offer. Look for this Max Factor combination at all fine cosmetic counters. You get Creme Puff and Hi-Fi Lipstick . . . both for only $1.25, the price of Creme Puff alone!

*CREME PUFF (TRADEMARK) MEANS MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD CREAMY POWDER MAKE-UP
Elegance you won't save for a rainy day: Kathryn Grant's coat is jewel-toned silk taffeta, with push-up sleeves, a soft draped hood. White taffeta-lined; 8-16. About $55. Print umbrella, under $20. Both by Lawrence of London.

IT'S RAINING FASHION!
IT'S RAINING FASHION!

Don't let down your fashion guard when the weather's wet and gloomy. Photoplay's April shower coats keep you star bright . . . even when it pours.

White cotton knit takes to the rain in Kathy Grant's coat. It zips to a crew neck, has bright chevron stripes, front and back. By John Derro for Main Street. About $40

Classic favorite: Shirley Jones' slicker is styled in vinyl plastic. Yellow, of course, also blue or white. S.M.L. About $6. Sou'wester, $2. Red Ball Weatherproofers

Left: The Ready Rainboot
See-through plastic rainboot, a "must-have" with slip-proof sole, easy side fastener. Low, medium, high heels. Rain Dears. About $2. Shirley's coat in deep pink poplin with a fruit-print chintz lining, umbrella. By Milner. About $25

Right, pansies bloom on a field of white in Shirley's coat, matching bonnet. Everlast cotton, taffeta-lined: 8-16. $35. Rain sack, umbrella, $15. By Town Creations

To buy rain fashions, see information and stores listed on page 81.
YOUNG IDEAS:
PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS

KATHRYN GRANT STARS IN COLUMBIA'S
"THE GUNS OF FORT PETTICOAT," SOON IN "THE BROTHERS RICO" AND "THE NIGHT THE WORLD EXPLODED"


Kathy stars a coat in real canvas, buttoned in brass, tabbed at pockets and cuffs. Bonus, its own beret. Natural only, Junior sizes 5-15. By Sherbrooke. About $18

BLOUSE TREATS

Delectable new toppings selected by Virginia Gibson, young star of Paramount's film about fashion, "Funny Face"

Virginia's currently featured in the Broadway hit, "Happy Hunting"

TOP ROW: Lace-ruffled shirt in striped Dacron and cotton that dries wrinkle-free. Red, black, navy on white; 10-18. A Dotti Original. About $6.50

Blouse with a very delicate air: sheer white cotton batiste, scallop-edged and appliquéd with crisp white piqué. Sizes 30-38. Opera Blouse. About $6


Gay spring posies rampant on a field of white cotton broadcloth. This round-collared shirt, neat and crisply tailored; 28-40. New Era. About $3

The Ivy League shirt with button-down collar, new cuffed sleeve. White cotton with muted regimental satin stripes; 28-38. Ship 'n Shore. $3.98


To buy blouses, see information, stores listed on page 81
Creating fashions for the stars is a job a girl dreams about! • BY HELEN ROSE

I work hard at being a designing woman but I love it. I work with colors, sketches, fabrics and ideas. I also work with people. I may stay long hours into the evening when the result I am trying for just doesn’t “come.” But when it does—when I’ve created a mood or a flattering effect—there is the great joy of accomplishment that nothing can equal.

Some of the best fun I’ve had in my career has been with M-G-M’s “Designing Woman.” I not only helped with the story idea (I was a natural for that job!) but I really let myself go in thinking up costumes for Lauren Bacall and Dolores Gray. There is, of course, a limit to what a designer is permitted to do on any production—most obviously in terms of time (Continued on page 81)
Hermine Cantor and Pier Angeli toast

(fashion editor of PHOTOPLAY)

Pier Angeli co-starring in MGM’s “The Vintage” in CinemaScope and Color

Party - Revealing “sling-shot” pump of ingenious design, highlighted with a polished gem.

Tippy - Slender straps weave a spell of beauty in this smart open sandal of simple elegance.

Red Hot - Dramatic bare back pump gayly crowned with a delicate cluster of bright berries.

Ula - Luxurious sling pump in a rich, new embossed leather with a look of sculptured elegance.

Coordinated embossed bag!
Every once in a while, fashion outdoes itself... and produces a remarkable harvest of style... truly a "vintage season". This spring is one of them! Some of the season's most sparkling innovations appear in shoes by Trim Tred. Party shoes, play shoes... all style-ripe, at a new peak of perfection... in luxuriant new leathers and champagne straws, that feel as good as they look.

So, look to Trim Tred's tempting new Vintage Collection for the styles that win fashion's thunderous applause!

Vanity - Fashion-favorite Milan straw sandal in breezy stripe design—cushioned for comfort, perfect for city or suburbs.

Malina - Bewitching combination of elasticized, etched faille and leather.

Monica - Brisk spectator with perf trim, smartly tapered lines.

Hit - Handsome pump adorned with feather-stitch and cute buckle.

Salome - Exotic beauty captured in smooth flowing lines, smart button accent.

Knotty - Clever sling pump with three pert knots.

Marda - Tailored beauty with soft, comfortable puff vamp.

Melody - Trim high wedge in smart contrasting tones.

Available at fine shoe stores everywhere $6.95 to $12.95 (some styles higher)

This new Vintage Collection by Trim Tred

Vanity • Fashion-favorite Milan straw sandal in breezy stripe design—cushioned for comfort, perfect for city or suburbs.

Malina • Bewitching combination of elasticized, etched faille and leather.

Monica • Brisk spectator with perf trim, smartly tapered lines.

Hit • Handsome pump adorned with feather-stitch and cute buckle.

Salome • Exotic beauty captured in smooth flowing lines, smart button accent.

Knotty • Clever sling pump with three pert knots.

Marda • Tailored beauty with soft, comfortable puff vamp.

Melody • Trim high wedge in smart contrasting tones.

Available at fine shoe stores everywhere $6.95 to $12.95 (some styles higher)

Trim Tred

Specially styled for the "Gal-on-the-Go"

Robert, Johnson & Rand, Division of International Shoe Company, St. Louis 3, Mo. Makers of Poll-Porrot and Scamperoos Shoes for children; Rand and Randcraft Shoes for men and boys, Trim Tred and Helter Skelter Shoes for women, Star Brand and Hy-Test Work Shoes; and Official Boy Scout and Girl Scout Shoes.
To look at her now you'd never know... but her face "broke out" an hour ago. The 2-step Medicare Set saved her then. Medicare Stick saves her now.

to be as lovely as you can be...

TUSSY medicare

Set of Creamy Masque and Medicated Lotion (Light or Medium Shade), $2. Medicare Stick, $1. All tax free. On Canadian counters, too.
and money. But there are other limits. Much as I may like a particular style or color for a particular star, I always bear in mind that my creation must blend with the spirit of the film. There's a greater need for discipline, sometimes, than inspiration.

Being a successful clothes designer, however, is more than sitting at a desk with a pencil, a paper, a bolt of cloth and a waste basket. There are the very important consultations with the stars themselves. I want to know their ideas and preferences—not just to please them with a made-to-order wardrobe, but because, when I design, I consider the film as a whole. For example, if the leading lady has a violent personal objection to V-necklines, I take pains to avoid V-necklines. Otherwise the star will feel unattractive in the scene and will not do her best.

A situation of this sort occurred with Dolores Gray. Dolores plays a chic Broadway star in "Designing Woman," and wears clothes beautifully. So for a particular shot, I decided to create a dramatic orange-red lounging robe. Then I spoke with Dolores. She hates orange-red. Out went my lounging robe turned up in headlights blue, and Dolores was much happier. So was I, because the scene turned out extremely well.

All of Dolores' clothes in the picture were pleasant to work on, mostly because she dressed to the hilt in every scene. I tried for a certain theatrical dash—and achieved it, I think, in striking colors, interesting ensembles, exciting hats, furs and jewelry. And, since Dolores has a small waist, I was careful to accentuate this in every part of her wardrobe.

In designing Lauren Bacall's styles, I again kept personal preferences in mind. I know that she is partial to violet, so I used this color as much as possible. Lauren wears a silk violet hostess gown, violet pajamas and a violet hat. Because she looks so well in soft beige and sand tones, I also used these colors, spiced with black, in several ensembles.

It is wonderful to work with Lauren. She has a remarkable flair for clothes, perhaps because she was once a professional model and knows how to show them off to advantage.

I took extra-special pleasure with Lauren's wardrobe because her role permitted me to design a full range of styles from casual sportswear to sophisticated evening gowns. I am happy to say that they are fashions which the average girl can adapt for her own wear. There was, for example, a business suit required in one of the scenes. I worked out an idea in black broadcloth with an old-fashioned jerkin top and buttons down the back. For a casual sport dress, I designed a simple, off-white silk shirtdress number, and gave it long sleeves buttoned with sapphire cuff links. It was my favorite creation for Lauren in this picture, particularly when she wore it with the accessories—White linen shoes and a large pale blue handbag. I was proud of the blend of colors here, the whites, the blues, and the tawny shade of Lauren's hair, which was worn long and loosely brushed.

As an added touch of excitement to my "Designing Woman" assignment, PHOTOPLAY chose four of the costumes I created for the film as the subjects for its big "Win a Trip to Hollywood" contest. I understand that four lucky girls who name the costumes most appropriately will be given an all-expenses-paid trip to Hollywood via American Airlines and a chance to live like a movie star for five days. What fun for them!

To reach the point where one can actually become a "designing woman" for motion pictures takes a long period of apprenticeship. I have fitted, pressed, sewed, sketched, modeled and sold dresses as part of that apprenticeship. Some designers have skipped the preliminary stages. In my opinion, however, they have not gained thereby. Well-rounded experience in the garment field, it seems to me, is desirable training.

General education is also a great help. To the girl who asks me whether to go to art school or college, I would first advise college—with a healthy amount of fine arts and art history studies. I would also suggest learning to sew and fit in a home economics course. Then there is the study of drama; a really good designer must have a dramatic flair.

With all this, I will not say that the way is necessarily easy. There is a great deal of competition and a great deal more to learn, not only about the tools of the designer's trade, but about getting along with people. There may be years of struggle. But success, when it comes, is rewarding. It is well worth it.

The En

SEE: Lauren Bacall and Dolores Gray in M-G-M's "Designing Woman."

WHERE TO BUY PHOTOPLAY

STAR FASHIONS

To buy fashions shown on pages 73-76, write manufacturer or nearest store listed below, mentioning PHOTOPLAY, and enclosing a clipping of the item you wish to order.

Lawrence of London raincoat

LOS ANGELES, CAI.F.—J. W. Robinson (coat only)

NEW YORK, N.Y.—Bogart Teller

Main Street raincoat

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Wm. H. Block or sevice, Main Street Fashions, 500 Seventh Avenue, New York 18, N.Y.

Red Ball Weatherproovers

sicker

LOUISVILLE, KY.—Zellner's, Inc.

NEW YORK, N.Y.—Life Rainwear Co., Inc.

HARRIS, PA.—Pomeroy's

Milton raincape and coat

BROOKLYN, N.Y.—Martin's or service, Milton Rainwear Co., 512 Seventh Avenue, New York 18, N.Y.

Town Creations raincoat

At Saks Fifth Avenue stores in

CHICAGO, ILL.

DETROIT, MICH.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

WHITE PLAINS, N.Y.

and all other Saks Fifth Avenue stores

Sherbrooke canvas raincoat

BALTIMORE, MD.—Hutzler's

NEW YORK, N.Y.—Macy's

PATERSON, N.J.—Meyer Brothers

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—C. A. Rowell

Sherbrooke dotted raincoat

NEW YORK, N.Y.—Macy's

PATERSON, N.J.—Meyer Brothers

ST. PAUL, MINN.—The Emporium

ZANESVILLE, OHIO.—The H. Weber Sons & Co

Dotti Original striped blouse

BALTIMORE, MD.—Hutzler's

CINCINNATI, OHIO.—Shillito's

COLUMBUS, OHIO.—F. & R. Lazarus

NEWARK, N.J.—L. Bamberger & Co.

NEW YORK, N.Y.—Franklin Simon

Opéra batiste blouse

BROOKLYN, N.Y.—Abraham & Straus

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Silverwoods

Ship 'n Shore striped shirt

MIAMI, FLA.—Burdine's or service, Ship 'n Shore, Inc., 1350 Broadway, New York 18, N.Y.

Dotti Original eyelet blouse

BALTIMORE, MD.—Hutzler's

CINCINNATI, OHIO.—Shililito's

COLUMBUS, OHIO.—F. & R. Lazarus

NEWARK, N.J.—L. Bamberger & Co.

NEW YORK, N.Y.—Franklin Simon

New Era print blouse

CLEVELAND, OHIO.—The May Co.

or service, New Era Shirt Co., 901 Lucas Avenue, St. Louis 1, Mo.

Ship 'n Shore piqué blouse

ATLANTA, GA.—Rich's, Inc.

MIAMI, FLA.—Burdine's

NEW HAVEN, Conn.—Mallet's

You Can't Afford to Miss

PHOTOPLAY'S May Travel Issue

• Details of an exciting "Win a Trip to Hollywood" Contest

• How to travel like a "Designing Woman"—where to go in California, what to do and see, how much it will cost

• A wardrobe of travel fashions designed for you, inspired by M-G-M's "Designing Woman"

Get May PHOTOPLAY April 4

81
It was a long goodbye, but eventually Uncle Sam got himself a new soldier.
Last Christmas was the most peculiar day Ben Cooper had ever spent. He was about to be tested for the most important assignment of his career, yet all day long and everywhere he went his friends kept saying, "I hope you fail your test."

Ben Cooper had just received "greetings" from Uncle Sam.

Lori Nelson's eyes misted up when he dropped by her house with a Christmas gift. She managed only a weak smile at his elaborate military salute. It was the same way with all of (Continued on page 114)
Monty's Brush with Death

The truth seems to be that Clift's odd approach to life is rooted in emotional turmoil. There are a few keys to his present personality, though they are difficult to find. His parents, immediate family, and close friends have entered into a tacit understanding which forbids them from discussing him frankly. Nevertheless, what stands out is his isolation.

Edward Montgomery Clift was one of a pair of twins born to Ethel and William Brooks Clift on October 17, 1920, in Omaha, Nebraska. His twin brother, William Brooks Clift, Jr., is a television producer in New York City. Monty's father has always been a business executive—first a banker, later an investment counselor. After working in a bank in Omaha, the senior Clift went on to other financial positions in Kansas City, Chicago, and eventually New York.

"We are very conservative people, because of my husband's business," Mrs. Clift said. "We could not possibly discuss our private affairs for that reason."

Mrs. Clift did say, however, that in her opinion Montgomery was a normal child. But Thomas Clift, now in his middle thirties, highstrung and extremely impressionable. His sister confirms this view. She declares that on occasion, when Monty's mood is low, the boy would become so aroused that he would burst into tears. But neither his sister nor his mother feel that Monty's sensitivity was in any way connected with his father. They both believe that he was "nervous" from birth.

A doctor in Hollywood who once met and spoke at length to Clift concludes. "Obviously, the young man is the product of a childhood in which he felt he was not getting his due of love and affection. This is often the case with twins; one will feel that the other is getting all the attention. It is also familiar in the case of children whose brothers or sisters are not much older. Clift's brother Brooks is only about eighteen months older than he.

Furthermore, the parents led an active life. They moved around a good deal and often went to Europe on long visits. Continuous travel can operate to the disadvantage of the twin child."

Clift himself once remarked to reporter Eleanor Harris, "I call all that traveling a hobgoblin existence for children. Why weren't roots established? Look at my brother. He's been married three times."

In one sense, the "hobgoblin existence" actually worked to Monty's benefit. A cracking and genetic talent which perhaps might not develop if the person were altogether adjusted to life. By becoming an actor, Clift was not only hiding from his family and friends but also striving to prove his worth within it. He himself admits that his desire to go on the stage was rooted in a need to compete with his sister and older brother.

He was the son of an attorney who was made. His father had a financial disaster and needed to do more traveling than ever to get back on his feet. He decided to establish roots in a small community and raise children in Sarasota, Florida. While there, young Montgomery heard of an amateur group that was putting on a play called "A Man Must." He immediately set about finding out "if they had any parts for boys."

They did. His career was launched.

The conservative William Brooks Clift was never altogether happy with his son's choice of a career. Acting, he pointed out,
The gentle touch of
Hinds

Try Hinds' special kindness for just 10 days. Soothe it caressingly over your hands... feel the petal-soft refreshing touch of this silken hand lotion. Hinds puts its own protective Floratex* veil between you, wind, weather and work. Your hands will feel the difference—or your money back.

Hinds honey and almond fragrance cream

*Like flowers, it contains a special protective ingredient—Floratex
very closest friends. She's a wonderful person."

After "Fly Away Home," which played in stock and then ran seven months in New York, Clift's destiny was sealed. He would not think of anything but acting as a career. His schooling had always been haphazard—he'd had a succession of tutors and had only gone to one school, a private one in New York, for a year. Now he abandoned all thought of formal education and threw himself into the business of carving out a stage career.

"Monty haunted the theatres," a friend of those days recalls, "and when he wasn't seeing plays or looking for work, he was over in the Public Library reading about the theatre. I'll bet he read every book on the stage ever written."

Clift's first break in the theatre was followed closely by his first big disappointment. He was up for the part of the oldest boy in "Life With Father," and was being considered for the role by the authors, Howard Lindsay and Russell Crouse. "We finally decided against him," Lindsay recalls, "because he was a little 'special' . . . he wasn't quite the lad of the Nineties we had in mind. He looked a little too intellecual."

Clift was nearly beside himself with disappointment. He was certain that some aspect of his acting had caused him to lose the job, and he threw himself into his work with even greater intensity. It is safe to say that few actors in the history of the American theatre have demanded so much of themselves in preparing for roles—even small roles. When a part required that the character imitate a dog barking, Clift studied with a professional animal imitator until he had mastered the proper barks. When another role required him to pretend to play a flute, he became a passable flautist. Before reporting for work on "Red River," his first movie, he became an expert horseman.

"Red River" came after Clift's unprecedented intensity had carried him through a succession of smash hits on Broadway; with the Lunts in "There Shall Be No Night," with Tallulah Bankhead in "The Skin of Our Teeth," in "Our Town," "The Searching Wind," "Foxhole in the Parlor," and "You Touched Me."

He was also with Fredric March and Florence Eldridge in a play called "Your Obdient Husband," at which time he suddenly came down with a case of mumps, promptly picked up by several other members of the cast. "It wasn't Monty's fault, but it wasn't an unimportant character," says the press agent for that show. "We all pitted the kid; he took it so hard."

This is one of the few instances on record in which a press agent expressed any sympathy for Clift. He was, and is, the bane of all publicists' existence. He often refuses to show up for interviews, cancels appointments with writers and in general treats reporters with scorn. A Hollywood newspaperman once encountered him in Martindale's bookshop in Beverly Hills, moodily paging through a copy of Dostoevski's "Brothers Karamazov."

"Hello, Monty," he said cordially. Clift looked up like a frightened deer, hastily put down the book and scurried out of the shop.

Clift's major success on Broadway came during World War II. A chronic ailment of the colon, which Clift (who fancies himself a medical authority) says he picked up on a trip to Mexico, kept him out of the service. Suddenly his career in New York prospered. Before long he was much in demand, and before long his temperament began to assert itself.

One hot summer night during the run of "Foxhole in the Parlor," Monty made the theatre hands turn off the air-condi-
Hollywood Year

here's the entire

The book that tells you everything you want to know about everyone in Hollywood

It's a dream! It's the new 1957 edition of Photoplay Annual. Between the covers of this thrilling annual is the entire Hollywood year in review. Here's everything about everybody who is anybody in Hollywood. This gorgeous yearbook brings you hundreds of pictures...all the news and gossip of Hollywood...plus exclusive stories about the screen's outstanding personalities of the year. Here, too, are full-page portraits in color...exciting candid shots...thumbnail sketches of the rising young stars, and many extra special treats. Photoplay Annual is enjoyment unlimited. Get yours now.

only 50¢ at all newsstands now!

NEWSDEALER SOLD OUT?

PHOTOPLAY
205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.
Send me PHOTOPLAY ANNUAL 1957. I enclose 50¢

NAME

Please Print

STREET

CITY

STATE

87
Don't Miss
An Evening with ELVIS PRESLEY

DINAH SHORE: Mother of the Year

Pop tells on
GEORGE GOBEL

JIM LOWE:
Newest Singing Sensation

all in the April TV RADIO MIRROR at all newsstands
When a studio worker tried to put a coat around her between scenes, Kim said, "I've got to get used to this—without the coat—so I can go right into the scene."

"This one is exceptionally hard," Kim continued. "I haven't slept more than three hours a day since we started. After we get through working, I have to have my hair done, and with this elaborate hairdo, that sometimes takes four hours. By then it's midnight if we are working days, and I'm due back at the studio by four or five a.m. We shoot Saturdays. And on Sundays I'm supposed to rehearse. We never have time to rehearse on the set.

"I came to work one afternoon at two-thirty and I didn't finish until the next day. At eleven the next morning Kim was driving across the ranch lot when another player hailed her with, 'Just coming to work?' She'd never been home.

"I don't intend to do this from here on," Kim said earnestly, meaning every word at the time. "At first I've had to work hard to make up for lost time. But I'll let down after this one. Not during this," she said quickly. This was "Jeanne Eagles"—Jeanne too worked this way.

Kim feels a double responsibility in playing the part of the famous actress whose name is legend in the theater today. As she told a friend, "I have to get it right—I'm Jeanne Eagles."

Kim has dedicated herself to this portrayal, yet part of her is the sentimental girl from Sayre Street, Chicago, who feels she may be missing something, the part who says, "For three years now I've been working on the day of my birthday. We worked New Year's Eve and I went home and fell asleep at nine p.m. On Christmas afternoon I had to come in and get my hair done and rehearse some dialogue changes. This is a little too much..."

Then as usual come Kim's famous last words, "But after this one—I'll let down."

During this one, Kim's dressing-room walls are taped with clippings of Jeanne as Sadie Thompson in "Rain." She has talked to everybody who ever knew Jeanne Eagles on the West Coast. She has had long sessions with her understudy, who she found still living here. Together with Norma Kasell, Kim has combed every library for material about Jeanne. They have amassed two scrapbooks full. "I've read every line ever written about Jeanne. You have to do this to know the person, to become the person," says Kim.

From the beginning Kim's chief anxiety concerned the latter tragic sequences when the famed actress had resorted to alcohol and dope. Driving along Wilshire Boulevard with Mac Krim one night, Kim had said suddenly, "How will I do the alcoholic bit? You can't act a part unless you've lived it." Then she startled him, saying seriously, "Mac—you'll just have to get me intoxicated some night." Although it would never materialize, it would have been a double performance—neither of them drink.

Determined to stay in character emotionally, particularly in this challenging role, Kim told him conscientiously that she wouldn't be seeing too much of him during the picture. Particularly during the latter sequences. "I'll be horrible then. I don't want you to see me that way."

But during this happier time of the story, Kim Novak was bubbling along, typically keying her own mood to that of the character she's portraying. Kim admittedly lives emotionally within that person as much as possible. And she would have little interest in Kim Novak for the time being. "I'm living Jeanne Eagles' life now, and I think that's enough. I'm not Kim Novak at the moment."

And what interests Kim Novak doesn't interest me," she says frankly.

"But we have much in common," Kim goes on. "Jeanne was mercurial and sensitive, and with me everything changes too. My moods and attitudes, the way I feel towards people—everything."

With Kim's wealth of imagination and emotion she sometimes gets so deeply within the character she's portraying, it's difficult for her to pull out—even if she would. During the filming of a dreamy death-mood sequence in "The Duchin Story," Kim terrified a friend one night with her strange expressions and behavior. "What's wrong with you?" her friend said.

"Oh—please forgive me," Kim said. "I can't get out of the Duchin bit."

Kim can't understand how more experienced stars can turn emotions of on and on at will. To her close friend Kim explained when she went into "Jeanne Eagles" she wouldn't be seeing too much of them. "I've got to stay in character," she said. "I can't be Kim Novak at night, and be Jeanne Eagles the next morning."

And a lovely serious-faced Kim was saying now, "I believe you keep a part of all the people you portray. Sometimes I think I've got Kim Novak somewhere along the way."

Not too far away. Not too far from the shy little girl named Marilyn who wrote poetry and lived within the vivid world of her own imagination peopled with lucky clowns and governed by a magic wishing tree. A little girl who used to recite her stories so graphically the teacher would protest to her mother, "Marilyn's imagination is inflaming the other children. Unless she stops, I'm not going to call on her."

This imaginative child did not have roots in an exciting stage or screen background—but in a quiet old-world family.

---

**Now! Easier, suer protection for your most intimate marriage problem**

**Tested by doctors...proved in hospital clinics**

1. **Antiseptic (Protective, germicidal action)**
   Norforms are now safer and suer 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.

---

**FREE informative Norforms booklet**
Just mail this coupon today:

Mail this coupon today to: Dept. PNL-74
Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y.
Please send me the new Norforms booklet, in a plain envelope.

Name.__________________________

Street________________________

City____State______

---

**NORFORMS® VAGINAL SUPPOSITORIES**
Tested by doctors
Trusted by women

A NORWICH PRODUCT
Kim's father, Joseph Novak, a former history teacher, later became a freight dispatcher for a railroad. She had a wonderful, practical down-to-earth mother. And Marilyn's beloved Grandmother Kral was an immigrant from Prague, Czechoslovakia, who handed down to this little girl her own reverence for a worn black rosary.

Not too far from this background is Kim, the girl who wears today's star-preserves close in so fast there's no breather to share life with those who mean much to her. As one who is close to her says, "Kim feels badly because there's so little time to be with all the friends she used to see. She worries. Will they understand?"

Not too fast, or too far, is the meteor that is carrying Kim Novak into fame's cloudy today to bring her back to earth, rescued by her own substantial earthly heritage.

Kim is grateful for her early life. "I don't regret those years. They add to my happiness today," she says. "Because of them I can appreciate today even more. We never went without food. We always had the necessities — just no luxuries. And today it's a big thrill to be able to afford a few."

In spite of long hours and the wearying demands and the fierce pressures, today is a big thrill for Kim Novak. To all who consider her to a vale of tears as a "melancholy blonde," a "bewildered beauty" and the like, she says, "I'm not unhappy. I'm working with emotion all the time. I've always been quick to laugh and cry. When things unhappy happen — and in this business they always seem to be happening — I cry. I'm not good at shrugging it off when something goes wrong. I show how I feel. But when it's out and over, I don't go around brooding or boiling under the surface as many others do.

There are all kinds of happiness. And I've had all kinds. But I've never had the work kind, and this is what I want now. Perhaps people think I'm unhappy because I don't do things that spell happiness to them. I've done all that. In college I belonged to a sorority and I went to dances. I've gone out a lot since, and I'm not through. I'm still going to live it up like crazy.

"But today, my work is my happiness. Believe me, if I were to get dressed up in party clothes — which I hate doing — and go to large parties, this would make me very unhappy. I don't like being out with crowds of people. I have to be with a lot of people all the time in my work. I've taken a little cottage down at the beach now and that's for me. Just give me a script to read and an open fire and I'm happy — and when I'm happy, nobody could be happier," laughs Kim. "Last week I was so happy," she recalls typically. "It was a beautiful day. I went swimming in the ocean — the picture was going great."

"I'm a moody and impulsive person and I go along with whatever I feel like doing at the time. Right now I want to work. This is work? A lovely scene with Jeff Chandler?" she says laughingly. This is the answer to her own question about motion pictures. "This is work — but it's my happiness now. The only kind of happiness I haven't had is being married," says Kim. "But that will come."

Jeanne Eagels was happy too this day. "During this carnival sequence with Jeff she's at the very peak of her happiness," Kim says of Jeanne. "It's the happiest day of her life — and she doesn't know it. After this — no more."

And suddenly her two worlds are one. "Maybe it's the same thing with me," says Kim. "It may be when Mac and I were playing miniature golf last year and riding bicycles on Wilshire Boulevard. Right then may have been the happiest

705—This graceful swan, 7 1/2 inches, is a pocket for face cloth; crochet matching towel edging. Favorite pineapple design. Mercerized string, No. 30 cotton

706—Cool halter takes just a yard or so of 35-inch fabric! Trim with flower embroidery. Small (10, 12); Medium (14, 16); Large (18, 20). Transfer. State size

801—This cool, cute pinafore becomes a party dress by adding its little collar! Children's sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 included. Pattern, embroidery transfer, directions

7307—Swedish weaving is so simple to do! Pattern has seven different designs, charts, two baby-motif directions. Five borders can be used in variety of widths

793—A beautiful flower for every month of the year "blooming" on this cozy quilt! Diagrams, transfers of all twelve flowers included. Quilt, 72 x 102 inches

Send twenty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to: Photoplay, Needlecraft Service, P. O. Box 123, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send extra twenty-five cents for Needlecraft Catalog.
...FOR BUSY GALWHO CAN'T TAKE HOURS TO MAKE UP

Who has time these days for elaborate facial care? The people who write articles seem next to have needed to keep house, husband, and baby happy all at the same time! That's why young marrieds find Magic Touch make-up so wonderfully-ideal.

No muss or fuss—no time to apply (with fingertips, in seconds)—and no look of the "siren" (how many sirens change diapers?). But beauty, yes! For this lightly-lovely make-up hides blemishes, smooths color tone and glorifies complexion. And more, it protects the skin as you wear it, lubricates with its creamy richness, ends need for elaborate bedtime creamings.

Here's the casually beautiful, effortlessly-lovely look that goes with being modern. Magic Touch (such a perfect name) at all variety stores and better drug stores—6 shades, 45c or $1.00. Made for people like you! . . . by Campina.

The Make-Up of Young Moderns
Between Heaven and...

"After a while you know the field is mired, and you know what is happening to you. But you still must walk through the field. And when you get blown up—and you do—you try in a dazed way to put yourself together again. The self you put yourself together exactly the same as you were before. There is a difference. And you don't always like this difference. It sometimes frightens you, and you try to hide your fright from the members of your family or your close friends. 'Is this what I have become?' you ask yourself.

What has happened to Anne Baxter is not uncommon. It is true, probably, of most sensitive feminine stars, and of practically all the more beautiful and successful ones. But where an Ava Gardner or a Marilyn Monroe or Rita Hayworth, who still seek sooner or later to leave Hollywood, as if by so doing she will thus be able to leave unhappiness behind, an Anne Baxter is under no such illusion.

'That's just kidding yourself," she commented recently. "Between an actress's private life and her professional life there can be no partition, as so many have so hopefully assumed. If you've made your bed, you can't lie on it a woman in love one minute and a public personality the next. Each conflict with the other and both conflict with the inner you. The ambitions, the crackling nerves you take to the studio you take wherever else you go. They are dammingly still with you when you want to take your hands off the controls and be just a woman.

'You can get pretty desperate because this is true. Because whatever the magic of stardom is, with all its lights and glamour and shouting, it is not the magic that leads to simple fulfillment. In time it has its effect on you. I have become, quite frankly, a manic-depressive, saved only by—thank God for it—a sense of humor. When I feel good I feel so wonderfully, fully good. But Lord, how low I can get, and how often I go through the cycle!"

A hazel-eyed, intense girl who has always had to fight off a tendency to be anything but supremely skillful as slim as she now enters her thirties. She has lived quietly with her five-year-old daughter Karina, ever since her divorce in 1953 from John Hodiak, who died of a heart attack a little more than a year ago. Anne's home is now a shabby-hidden, smartly remodeled Hollywood house located just above the Sunset Strip, where are gathered all the lush and members of her set.

A vexatious problem, which she rarely goes.

She has a fervor for acting that is as strong today, apparently, as it was when she was just a child living in Westchester County, New York, and begging her folks to bring her to Manhattan to see the Broadway plays. She can remember every scene of every grade school role from her latest ones in Cecil B. De Mille's "The Ten Commandments" and in "Three Violent People." This was aptly entitled. Just a couple day after five years ago when she had been working with Hodiak in a Beverly Hills restaurant. The wailer brought a note from a diner who had observed her enter.

The was your leading man once, in the sixth grade at Horace Greeley School in Chappaqua, New York," the note read. Anne took one look at the signature and laughed. 'I was your leading lady," she corrected. She was right. He had been the star.

She is very precise about such things; she tends to date events by the roles she happened to play, when a particular thing or a play that occurred. "It was just before I worked in 'Sunday Dinner for a Soldier' that I met John," she will say. This was in 1944, and John, incidentally, was also starred in the same picture. While making the film they fell in love. "But, as she has also said, it wasn't until I was cast in 'The Red Badge' that I decided to marry John." This was wrong. Their only little daughter was born in July of 1951, or, as Anne would put it, just before she worked in 'The Outcasts of Poker Flat.' "It was quite a different story," she said, "in their lives a year later and they were unable to cope with it. She won her divorce decree from Hodiak at a time when her name was being linked romantically with director-publicist Russell Birdwell.

If Anne Baxter's cup is not brim full today, it is all the more strange because she is one of the few in the film world who can honestly say, No."

Anne's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Stuart Baxter, learned this about their only child when she was barely able to talk. Mr. Baxter, vice president of a distressingly quite well-to-do family, Mrs. Baxter's father was, and still is, a world-renowned figure in architecture, the much discussed non-conformist Frank Lloyd Wright. Anne had only to accept this statement to go on living and it would seem. But this was too easy. This she would not do.

"Some people have to overcome the handicap of being pretty, to get places. I once explained, 'My barrier, I knew right from the start, was the cushion my birth had put behind me. All I had to do was work and live comfortably. I was frightened by the prospect, because I knew it would take the fight out of me, make the life I craved seem less important. It is hard to remember exactly how you felt then. But I decided that was the way it was, I thought, that I wasn't satisfied being just myself. Nor did I want to be some beautiful, mystical creature. I felt a great urge to be useful...through acting. Besides, if it isn't the stage to be someone else, I don't see how I could do it.

Anne was not yet twelve when she was Shakespearean. She had moved to Chappaqua from Michigan City, Indiana, where she was born. She was not young when she had been an adept apprentice at the Cape Playhouse, where was offered to make a movie test by the then titan of picture-making, David O. Selznick. Her mother chaperoned her West, and Anne has never forgotten the afternoon she was offered such a role.

PHOTOGRAPHERS' CREDITS

Color portrait of Tony Perkins by Morton; Anne Baxter by Fraker; George Nader by Babie from Globe; Debbie, Eddie and Corrie Fisher from M-G-M; Ava Gardner from M-G-M; Pier Angeli and Perry from M-G-M.

92
I thought this was the moment when my dreams would all take real form," she reports. "Somehow I had found out that they wanted me for 'Rebecca,' to co-star with Laurence Olivier, under the direction of Alfred Hitchcock. My head was filled with this upper realm of acting which I was about to enter, and I planned to conquer Mr. Selznick with my poise and beauty.

"How do you do?" I began, as soon as I was in his presence. I waited for him to jump up and greet me.

"Come here," he said. "I want to talk at your teeth!"

Mr. Selznick got to look at Anne's teeth, and she did not, as was her wild impulse at the time, neigh like a horse while he was peering at them. In any event, the tests (she made eight of them) did not win her the part she was up for. The makeup man did his best, but Anne kept looking more like Olivier's daughter than his bride. The role went to Joan Fontaine. But Anne had made an impression, and within a few months she was offered a term contract for $350 a week at 20th Century-Fox Studios. She was still only fifteen.

Her father's business was in the East. Her mother wanted to stay with her husband. But a great new world was calling Anne, and they had only to look at their daughter to know that she would explode on their hands if they did not give in to her. Mrs. Baxter came to California again to establish a home for Anne. Mr. Baxter set about trying to transfer his business interests to the West Coast as well. It was to take several years before he succeeded. In that time Anne had worked with Wallace Beery in "Twenty Mule Team," with John Barrymore in "The Great Profile," with Dana Andrews in "Swamp Water" and with Orson Welles in "The Magnificent Ambersons."

Wallace Beery was aghast at her eagerness, and urged her to slow down. John Barrymore watched her trying to give her part everything she had, gestures and all, and asked sarcastically, "Does she have to swim?"

She was properly impressed by her first co-starring role, and in her following picture Orson Welles had only to glower at her once to calm her down.

Anne at seventeen looked it, or perhaps less. She hadn't the mature appearance that some girls achieve early. She was truly unsophisticated. Once, in a scene in "The Great Profile," Barrymore let loose a long string of invective in her presence, but she wasn't aware that he was cursing until director Walter Lang made him apologize to her. Anne had never before seen so much as heard any of the words Barrymore had used; she certainly didn't understand them.

As a matter of fact she spent a great deal of her time then trying not to be shocked—or at least not to look shocked—at things she was hearing and seeing in Hollywood. With a sort of schoolgirl instinct she tried to conform. When people were with laughed at something, she laughed too, though she generally had no idea what had been said that was funny.

She used a little mascara, a little lipstick and felt she was a dud in conversations because she had no "line." She had been a good student and could talk well on general subjects. But Hollywood conversations had a gambit all their own, which ran to gossip about persons, studio opportunities, romantic opportunities, any old opportunities, beds, houses, love and careers about that order. On such last objects she found herself nettled because she wasn't in the know, afraid of being considered gauche. She came home from parties dissatisfied, impatient with having not yet lived, and vaguely convinced that she owed it to herself to do something about it. And about this time she had her first "adventure."

It had its beginning when her mother was called away and asked a friend of theirs to act as a companion and chaperon for Anne. The friend, after much thought, decided that she didn't like this arrangement. She told the chaperon that she was going to spend the weekend with a girl friend in Catalina, and promised to return Monday morning. She actually did go to Catalina on Saturday, but she came back to Hollywood on Sunday instead of Monday. Instead of going home she got into her car, which she had left at the boat dock, and drove off. That evening the car was parked alongside the lake in Sherwood Forest, and Anne spent the night in the car seat. It was an escape in every sense of the word but one—she was alone.

Choked with restlessness, feeling strange compulsions, she sat frozen through most of the early hours, sometimes weeping, and shaken by the fancy that she was being heard and that no one—she was alone.

That night, Anne came to comprehend something about herself that she now knows to be true and is trying to correct: Her thinking had mostly just an emotional basis. And she knew, too, that this would be a heavy burden for her. "Like carrying yourself on your own back," she thought. But there was nothing she could do about it then.

"The world to me was like a boy I was crazy about and going out with," is the way she has described her feeling of this period. "The boy carries himself well, he is interesting to be with and looks and talks and thinks like a bad girl."

"The world to me was like a boy I was crazy about and going out with," is the way she has described her feeling of this period. "The boy carries himself well, he is interesting to be with and looks and talks and thinks like a bad girl."

"The world to me was like a boy I was crazy about and going out with," is the way she has described her feeling of this period. "The boy carries himself well, he is interesting to be with and looks and talks and thinks like a bad girl."
any convictions of my own but just try desperately to keep up with him. I'm not comfortable as myself, so I try to be somebody else. Somebody who laughs, has a gay time, acts as if she knows just what is going on, and how she is going to fit into life. But she doesn't. She doesn't really!"

The car in which Anne spent that night was a Cadillac that she had bought from a Turkish gambler in Hollywood. It was a black coupe, and she called it both "Ferdinand" and "Ticket to Freedom." It had not only a horn, but also a set of bells, which she'd added. Anne drove to Sherwood Forest Lake because on a previous visit she had risen in love with the wild ducks there. On her way home the next morning, teeth chattering, she kept telling herself, "You have to do something. You have to be what you are even if you freeze to death!"

She remembered that once, when she was thirteen, she had made a movie test in New York and thought it was terrible. She had sunk lower and lower into her seat as it ran on, and the director who had had charge of it tried vainly to console her.

"We can compare anything in the world except the thing about ourselves that makes us unique," he had explained. "That we cannot compare with anything. You're having a peek at yourself as others see you...and that is always a shock!"

But this hadn't helped. She had squirmed way down into her seat, couldn't take her eyes off herself on the screen, and hated what she saw. "I knew then that I was going to have a lot of trouble with myself," she said.

Before the next year was over, after her Sherwood Forest episode, Anne, hardly eighteen, rebelled against her mother's authority. She wanted to live alone. Among girls of her age this was a fairly unusual thing at the time, but it was certainly a questionable move to make in Hollywood, where the abysses were many, and of extra depth. Yet it came to this: Tired of fighting with Anne, her mother left. But not without misgivings.

Anne was not on her own the very moment her mother left. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Baxter first exacted a promise that Anne would stay with friends, the late Nigel Bruce and his wife, Bunnie, while a maid could be taught to keep a home for her. Anne lived with the Bruces for four months, during which time a girl was hired and trained. But when Anne rented an apartment in Westwood and moved in, thrilled at having her own ménage at last, the new maid began developing "stomach attacks" which eventually were revealed to be alcoholic binges. The maid did not wait to be dismissed. She left of her own accord. But Anne did not go back to the Bruces. In her ears rang warnings from her mother. But Anne was in her own place at last, and she intended not to lose the independence she had finally gained.

Not many of Hollywood's actresses have an actual love for the fine lines written for them in their pictures; for the most part they are not talented in the arts at all, outside of the art of giving of themselves to the characters they play. Anne Baxter is different, in the sense that she has a fine taste for words--often to the point of poetry. Speaking of a fine Paris rain, she once said, "It sprinkles you like a nice fat laundress doing her ironing." "Venice," she wrote home in a letter, "is so beautiful it can grow you a new heart if you have lost your own." She has talked of Mexico's little burros, "tipoeing through the village."

At eighteen Anne was talking a lot about boys. Most of the boys she met were between college and settling-down.
The May issue of Photoplay will continue the story of Anne Baxter—her marriage to John Hodiak, her disillusionment, her growing self-understanding. It will be a frank story. Anne Baxter is Frank. (See Anne Baxter in Paramount’s “The Ten Commandments” and “Three Violent People.”)

What Do 3 Out of 4 Doctors Recommend to Relieve Pain?

A survey shows 3 out of 4 doctors recommend the famous ingredients of Anacin Tablets to relieve pain of headache, neuritis and neuralgia. Here’s why:

**ACTS INSTANTLY:** Anacin goes to work instantly. Brings fast relief to source of your pain.

**MORE EFFECTIVE:** Anacin is like a doctor’s prescription—of mature experience. It’s not just one of many, but a combination of effective, medically proven ingredients.

**SAFER:** Anacin simply cannot upset your stomach.

**LESSENS TENSION:** Anacin also reduces nervous tension, leaves you relaxed, feeling days after pain goes. Buy Anacin today.
Rita Hayworth took off from the famed Georges V Hotel in gay Paris to return to America with Rebecca and Jasmine.
of Ava, a London tailor hasn't recovered yet from a recent visit from Ava (who flies between London, Paris, Rome, Milan and Madrid as easily as if she were commuting from downtown L.A. to Beverly Hills). Ava arrived at this exclusive men's tailor shop, which caters to all the old aristocracy, and asked them to make her some slacks of material she gave them. But Ava specified that they be made very tight, and to make sure, she preferred to have them fitted next to her bare skin.

Ava met Chiarri in Rome shortly after she had run into Frank Sinatra in Madrid, where he and Cary Grant were filming "The Pride and the Passion." It was the first time their paths had crossed since their final split-up, and Frank, who had once been so insanely in love with her that nothing else mattered—not even his home, children or career—had looked at Ava as impersonally and emotionally as if she were a part of the scenery. It was a cruel blow, not only to her vanity, but to her heart, which still held so many intimate memories of him. After that, she was grateful for the chance to leave Madrid to Frankie and bullfighter Luis Dominguín, who had succeeded him in her affections, and was now married to someone else in Rome, where there were no ghosts of the past to haunt her, she might find the happiness that has eluded her with three husbands and a great career.

Will Walter Chiarri, a tall, dark and handsome Italian, who makes his American screen debut in "The Little Hut," be the answer to her prayer? My guess is no, and I base it on a statement that Ava herself made in a recent interview when she confessed, "I'm bad in only one thing: I'm jealous. I'm very jealous. I want my man to love me—just me—that's all." For any wife to be jealous is a dangerous threat to marriage, but with a Continental like Chiarri, this "only one thing" is the kiss of death. In Italy, as in most of Europe, a husband is Lord and Master. His wife marries him to grace his house, breed his children, adopt his religion and love him, blind to his faults but aware of all his virtues! A woman who was raised in Italy can often accept marriage on such a basis, not only because this is an accepted marital relationship, but also because she knows that if she doesn't, the chances of her getting a divorce in a Catholic country are almost nil. Consequently, for a female like Ava, who admits her overpoweringly jealous nature, to marry a charming actor, well known throughout Italy, would be disastrous—and I say this because I have met him. He has the Continental charm and technique of making a woman feel she's a woman, and, like all Italians, he can no more help flirting than he can help breathing. F. Hugh Herbert and Mark Robson have signed him, by the way, to a personal contract and have great plans for his future in American films.

How will Ava, who admits she doesn't want to share her man with anyone, reconcile herself to sharing his popularity—especially with the opposite sex? The answer is, she won't! And how will Chiarri put up with her accusing rages of jealousy? The answer is, he won't! They'll wind up destroying each other, just as she and Frankie did. I only hope that some day, before it is too late, Ava will find the happiness she craves and is so desperately searching for. But she will only find it, if she chooses a man whose values she shares and if she doesn't try to grab happiness all for herself, but remembers that in marriage there are three lives—yours—your husband's—and the life you will share with each other.

**NOTHING does so much for a woman...**

Beautiful eyes are your most important feature, so bring out all their hidden loveliness with Maybelline, the safe, natural-looking eye make-up preferred by women of good taste the world over. Maybelline makes every woman's eyes beautiful. How very beautiful, you'll never know until you try Maybelline Mascara, Solid or Cream Form...$1.25

Maybelline Automatic Eyebrow Pencil, $1.25, Twin Refills 94c

Maybelline Iridescent Eye Shadow Sticks, 3$1

For complete eye beauty, use Maybelline Professional Eyelash Curler, $1.00, and Precision Tweezers, 29c.

**Maybelline**  
Nothing Does So Much To Make Eyes Beautiful

---

**'How To MAKE MONEY with Simple CARTOONS'**

Book everyone who likes to draw should have. It is free; no obligation. Simply address **FREE BOOK** CARTOONISTS' EXCHANGE Dept. 593 Pleasant Hill, Ohio

---

**MOTHERS FRIEND**

**The SKIN CONDITIONER for EXPECTANT MOTHERS**

The soothing, refreshing skin conditioner that penetrates and brings relief to numbing, tingling muscles in back and legs...ends the discomfort of tight, dry skin.

At Drug Stores Everywhere.

THE S.S.S. COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

---

**BE YOUR OWN MUSIC TEACHER**

Send for Book Telling How Easily You Can Learn Piano, Guitar, Accordion, Any Instrument This EASY A-B-C Way

NOW IT'S EASY to learn music at home. No expense, no trouble, just START RIGHT OUT playing simple tunes. Thousands now play who never thought they could. Our pictured lessons make it easy as A-B-C to learn to play popular music, hymns, classical and any other music. Only a few cents a lesson. Over 120,000 students. Over 20,000 successful years.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOK

Find out why our method can teach you quickly, easily, inexpensively. Mail coupon for Free 10-page Illustrated Book. No obligation. No salesman will call. U.S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Studio A26, Port Washington, N. Y.

U.S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC  
Studio A26, Port Washington, N. Y.

Please send me Free Book. I would like to play (Name Instrument).

Instrument._________________________Name_________________________

Have you?___instrument?___________

Address:_____________________________P

(Please Print)
heeled boots and a wide-brimmed hat, he could pass for a stunt rider in a shoot-'em-up Western. His square-built frame is solidly packed, his face unremarkable except when he smiles. Then a warmth shines through and one ceases to be concerned with actorish good looks and becomes content with his ingratiating friendliness backed by an inquiring mind.

The beach house, for instance, poses a problem which could become more acute as Rod's popularity soars, which it seems certain to do. "There are few moments in our ménage," says Bob Walker, "when the place isn't jumping. The beach is an attraction, of course, but I think it's Rod they want to see. People seem to gravitate toward him, warmed by his naturalness and lack of pose."

This has, to some extent, been a hardship on the young actor who is so unaffectedly unassuming. So, even when he would like to be alone or sit before the big front window and watch the Pacific breakers pile up on the beach, he never lets this become apparent to guests who just "drop in." These people, he says, are not free loaders. They are simply young folk who like Taylor's ingenuous boyishness, his sincerity and continuing capacity for astonishment at the big, complicated yet kindly country in which he finds himself.

He greets them with his kid-around-the-corner smile and, if mealtimes are imminent, concocts his now-famous Minnesota dish which he calls Greek lamb—something with as many ingredients as a hobo's mulligan, and twice as appetizing. "It's the only thing I can cook well," Rod said. "Jeff and I are almost always re-lieved when I pass up my turn as chef."

Taylor's emergence upon the American scene was the direct result of a philosophy arrived at early. There being no television in Australia and few little pictures groups, he decided that the only way to become an actor was to act, so he began beating on the doors of radio studios. He got what he was looking for—work. And soon, one of his facilities in the world, particularly American, was doing twelve-hour stints, day after day over the air waves; appearing also in stage plays. It was at this juncture of his career that writer-producer Marty Rackin appeared as a good angel on his horizon.

Coming to the studio with the intention of making a television series starring the late Robert Newton, Rackin heard that good actors could be had in the "down under." He said such simply could afford to sing. One night while listening to a radio story called "The Informer," he heard a young fellow playing the part of a Brooklyn hodlum. His accent was so perfect that Rackin was sure this was no Australian, but probably an American actor temporarily beached in Sydney. He quickly got in touch with the performer and found a fresh-faced youth, an Australian, whose bright blue eyes looked at him with the wistful longing of a country pup in a big city. "I asked him the usual question: "How'd you get into pictures?" Rackin said, "and he reacted exactly as if I offered him a million dollars."

"We were doing 'Long John Silver,'" Rackin went on, "actually a sequel to our successful Guy Dolman in the lead, playing the part of a blind man. To create the realistic effect of sightless eyes, we decided to use contact lenses with a kind of milky cloudiness in them. After a few hours, or maybe a day, Rackin said he simply couldn't wear the lenses and would have to withdraw from the role. At my wit's end, I began frantically searching my mind for some sort of way to play the part. It was then that I thought of young Taylor. I sent for him and he jumped at the chance like a hungry trout. But right then I got the surprise of my life. Rod wouldn't accept the offer. Dolman, unless Dolman told him personally that the role was his. Being accustomed to certain Hollywood actors who'd steal a hot stove, I was dumbfounded. This was loyal and principled beyond belief."

Rackin went on to explain how sincerely Taylor plays any role given him. "There was a sort of chance in the picture," he went on, "in which Rod, a completely blind man, was left alone on an over terrain known to him only by touch, and he went at it exactly as if he were sightless. Once he banged into a tree and another time fell over a boulder, cutting his hands and gashing an arm. When I protested, he said quite calmly: 'A blind man gripped by terror would run into boulders and stumble over rocks.' Well, that stopped me. The fact that he had injured himself didn't count at all."

Having watched young Taylor turn in a remarkably professional performance, Rackin was more than ever convinced that the youth was entitled to his chance in greener pastures.

It was at this point that a lucky incident occurred. Rod won the Maecquarie Award, given by newspapers to worthy young actors, enabling them to go to England for further study and experience. Rackin, while not able to understand his opportunities awaiting Rod in the little island, managed by subtle suggestions to point out alluring pictures of America, mentioning a couple of other Taylors, Bob and Elizabeth, who had done pretty well for themselves in Hollywood. This, coupled with the magic names of Clift and Brando, convinced Rod that heaven began and ended in Hollywood, where everyone is supposed to ride around in solid gold Cadillacs.

Now that Rod's future seems comfortably assured, he is inclined to look back with a touch of nostalgia to the hard, work-filled scenes of his youth.

Rearied as the only child of comfortably well-off parents in Sydney—his father is a construction engineer and his mother a school teacher—Rod started out to be an artist, studying in the Sydney Technical and Fine Arts College. "I was a show-off, an arty brat of a kid," he said, "and believed myself to be far too good for any stable, ordinary job. Then I took a flier in amateur theatricals and got bitten by the bug for which there seems to be no known cure. When Laurence Olivier and the Old Vic Company visited Sydney, I went up to him personally and told him that I wanted to be an actor. It was then that I began to get rid of that phony attitude and discovered that there is no substitute for honest effort in approaching any job. Not at first, though. I got work scrubbing floors at night so I could walk around daytime looking like an actor, I must have been an awful pain in the neck."
this fear is not well founded. "He acts the way he is," says Richard Brooks, who directed him in "The Catered Affair." "His principal asset, as an actor and a person, is the fact that he listens well to a director and other players. His actions are all normal to the scene and honest, particularly in a role which will permit him to exploit his own personality. I predict that Rod Taylor will go straight to the top."

George Stevens, who directed Rod in "Giant," was equally definite. Stevens, no man to toss unearned compliments about, and certainly one of the finest directors in Hollywood, has said, "I found him to be an extraordinarily gifted player. He has many graces of the acting art plus an inimitable flair for pure mimicry. He had a difficult part in 'Giant' and made it outstanding. Taylor will most certainly be a star of real distinction."

Jeff Richards, co-sharer of the beach house, who stars in "The Opposite Sex," is an enthusiastic, yet objective admirer of Rod's talents as an actor. "He isn't the matinee idol type at all," Jeff said. "Yet, curiously enough, I think he'll be a smash hit with feminine moviegoers. His strong masculinity comes through with every gesture, and he has somehow managed to retain an ingenuous quality which appeals to the mother instinct in women. But he has the good sense not to overdoo it."

Rod's social activities are not unique in Hollywood. He likes parties and goes to a lot of them. But night clubs dismay him. He is forever asking himself why people pay so much money just to sit around little jammed-in tables in crowded, smoke-filled rooms.

No young man plentifully endowed with talent and natural charm long escapes attention, particularly in Hollywood, where studios are bulging with beautiful girls. Taylor, in his quiet, unassuming way, has attracted quite a few of them, but he insists with his wide grin that the ones he goes out with have nothing more serious on their minds than a good movie and maybe a chocolate melted afterward. Nicola Michaels, a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer starlet whom he squares about quite often, states with conviction that Rod is one of the "most comfortable" boys to go out with she has ever met. A bouncy girl with a cute mouth and a bridge of freckles across her small nose, she shakes her head positively at any suggestion that their friendship has the slightest implication of seriousness. "We have fun together," she said. "Rod tries to think of things a girl would like to do. He doesn't need any prompting. Often we go out to his house and listen to his records and the waves thundering just outside the big front window. Sometimes Jeff whips up something—he's awfully good at things you just pop into the oven—or Bob will cook a chicken. And maybe Rod will get to work on that famous Australian dish of his."

She paused a moment, then said with a wryly humorous smile: "One comment I've heard by others is that no girl has to wear a break-away jacket when she goes out with Rod!"

Now, with some first-rate pictures behind him, and poised on the brink of further successes, Rod Taylor is earnestly and happily on his way. Whatever fortune, a notoriety field's due in store for him, no one can tell, least of all Rod. One thing may be said with certainty: He'll keep on giving his career the old college try, like the good Aussie he is."

**New 3-in-1 Basecoat-Lacquer-Sealer Formula**

Now Dura-Gloss wears longer, yet is far easier to apply

No nail polish tested, regardless of price, wears so long, yet is so easy to apply as new 3-in-1 Dura-Gloss, with its sensational, chip-resistant Flex-Film formula that bonds itself to your nails for super adherence. Here's super covering quality, too, that flows on bubble-free, to brush without streaking.

**Look lovelier longer**

Here is a 3-in-1 basecoat-lacquer-sealer that's super-resistant to chip, crack, scuff and peel. Here's glow-with-glamour gloss, in 21 jewel colors, Regular or Iridescent, in 13¢ and 25¢ sizes, plus tax.

Exclusive Color Cap Shade Selector

lets you compare nail for nail.

---

**Dura-gloss nails**

Make This Mollie Parnis Original and be the Best Dressed Girl In Town

Let the famous American Designers help you be the best dressed girl in town—if you can sew:


Patterns of 36 original designs by these famous names are now available. To see this entire collection send 50c for our 100-page pattern booklet XI.

**World Wide, Dept. WG-3-57**

63 Central Avenue, Ossining, N. Y. Send me 100-page pattern booklet XI. I enclose fifty cents.

**NAME.**

**STREET.**

**CITY.**

**ZONE.**

**STATE.**

**DARK-EYES**

PERMANENT DARKENER FOR LASHES AND BROWS

* NOT AN ANALINE DYE!
* 1 APPLICATION LASTS 4 TO 5 WEEKS!

Takes just seconds to apply...stays on 4 to 5 weeks! "Dark-Eyes" is the perfect way to make eyelashes and brows completely natural looking...and it will not harden or break them! "Dark-Eyes" is NOT A MASCARA! Will not stick to eyelash curler. Eliminates the bother of daily eye make-up. It is PERMANENT, SWIMPROOF, SMOUDGEPROOF, TEARPROOF, and SWEATPROOF! $1.25 (plus tax) at leading druggists, dept. and variety chain stores.

**SEND TODAY FOR TRIAL SIZE**

No Delay—Mail First Order in 24 Days

**TRIAL SIZE NO DELAY—Mail First Order in 24 Days**

**25c (plus tax) for leading druggists, dept. and variety chain stores.**

**Address**

**City**

**State**

**BARGAIN BOOKLET CO., Dept. P-77**

3319 W. Carroll Ave., Chicago 24, Ill. I enclose 25c (coins or stamps—tax included) for TRIAL SIZE pgs. of "Dark-Eyes" with directions, check shade: Light Brown □ Brown □ Brown □ Black

**Name**

**Address**

**City**

**State**

99
Half Saint—Half Siren

(Continued from page 50)

Consoled her was her mother Maggie, a brisk and loving buffer in the two different worlds of Debra, when the pieces of those worlds need picking up and putting back together again. . .

The role she had lost was replaced by another one, an even better one, not long afterwards, and Debra Paget was happy again. Yet tears are no stranger to this shy and beautiful young star. Nor is innocence. On the other hand, neither is sex appeal. Debra has a figure that is breath-taking. In a way, that whistling-bait figure perjures the pure, undisturbed beauty of her face—undisturbed, that is, until the music starts or the cameras turn. Then the veils drop and Debra Paget comes alive with every instinct as ancient as Eve's, in a transformation which is as puzzling to the observer as it is complete.

At twenty-three Debra is the most intriguing paradox in motion pictures today. She lives in amazing splendor in the magic world of her own creation, a world she has dreamed about since she was five. Whether because of disillusionment with the Hollywood she grew up in or for some other, secret reason of her own, Debra long ago decided to restore in all its old-time glamour and glitter a movie era of yesteryear. Singlehandedly, if need be, she has undertaken to bring back the excitement of the "movie queen"—the fabulous female who walked the streets of Movietown with a tiger on a leash, or took a bath in bubbling champagne.

Debra lives with her family in an old, twenty-seven-room Mediterranean style mansion which she has leased, located back of the Beverly Hills Hotel. Constance Bennett once lived there. But if the walls could speak, even of the glamorous Constance and the rest of the unforgettable Bennett's, they could tell nothing that would top Debra Paget's jeweled Cadillac, the mirrored, African-modified "Mogambo Room" on the third floor, where Debra rehearses her dance routines, her jeweled mermaid murals in the hall or the living-room fireplace which she has converted into a fabulous planting area, including coral flamingos, a silver fountain and a statue of Kuan Yin, the Chinese goddess of fertility.

Debra dresses elegantly, possessing the most glamorous wardrobe of any of Hollywood's young stars. She wears mink and white fox and blue fox and pink fox. And she has over a hundred custom-made cocktail dresses and evening gowns, all designed to hug her thirty-five-inch bosom and nineteen-inch waist.

She rides in a Cadillac painted strawberry color, to go with her velvet bed, and encrusted with fifteen-hundred dollars' worth of multi-colored, glittering crystals.

Debra and her mother and brother-in-law worked all one night, until five in the morning, jeweling the car.

Why, you ask yourself, would any young and beautiful girl, who could be out on the town enjoying herself, stay up all night pasting gay pink crystals on the top of a car? What can she be like, this young star who lives so lavishly in a romantic world of strawberry velvet and white satin and jeweled mermaids—but without romance?

Debra Paget is the girl who never dates. Why? What was the story, where did all the pieces fit in the life of a young actress Hollywood producers have so enthusiastically acclaimed?

To find the answers, Photoplay's reporter climbed aboard an Aeronaves Airlines plane bound for Mexico City. There Debra is co-starring with Ray Milland and Anthony Quinn in Benedikt Bogeau's production of "The River's Edge." It is a role that could make her a top dramatic star.

But Debra's own story is as exciting as any movie script. It has all the drama and pathos and conflict that can happen in the life of a girl who is half siren and half saint.

In her Mexico hotel room, wearing a short pink terry cloth robe and gold slippers, brushing her flame-red hair and looking all-siren, Debra tells you quietly why she is here. Why she has been working long hours in the rain day after day, bruising herself crawling over rocks and through underbrush, giving her every emotion to the camera. Why acting is her whole life today.

Leveling amazingly blue eyes on you, the girl directors call "one of the sexiest in Hollywood" says, "I believe there's a job that we're up against. And I believe we have a duty to ourselves to do it to the best of our ability. As far as I'm concerned, I think I was put on this earth to act. That's what I love and it's my gift to give. This is what I can do. How good it is, I don't know, I try to do my best. But through work I find my happiness. . ."

In the spacious hotel room in Mexico City the girl who is so dedicated to acting went on, "I played my first movie role when I was only fourteen. That's pretty young for Hollywood. It's a trust into the motion picture business. There's something about a big studio that's so overpowering, and I'm naturally a shy person anyway. So once a somebody asked me a question I would just say 'Yes' or 'No.' Mother would break the ice for me. She'd get people laughing and make the atmosphere friendlier and I would relax a little.

"Shyness is something I've had to grow out of, and I've really had to work to change it."

Debra, however, is still slow to trust people. "I have to know somebody a long while. In this business you learn never to trust too much. I've been very lucky and I haven't been hurt badly."

"But perhaps, it's because my mother's such a great judge of people."

The rumor that her mother dominates her life really draws Debra's fire. "This simply isn't true. It's only when people say those things. The truth is there's only one person who runs my life. And that's me!"

"But I hate to fight with people," Debra says frankly, a fact which might help spread this misconception. By mutual consent her mother, serving officially as her business manager, does much of the fighting for her. Mother always reminds her daughter, "This is a business, Debra. You've got to fight for your rights."

There's a very close relationship. Debra does the acting, and Maggie spares her those things of temper and desire Debra feels she isn't qualified to do.

But once her mother said: "Some day she's going to have to learn to fight for herself, and the day she sees she no longer needs me, I'll go. I'm sure it will be painful, but that's the way it will happen. Because when Debra wants me here with her, that's right where I'll be."

"You need somebody you can believe—somebody you know will tell you the truth," says Debra, who always wants her mother at hand wherever she works.

Debra's beauty and her unquestioned sexiness has caused professional and personal conflicts in the girl who is so devotedly sure this is the job she was intended to do, didn't bargain for and sometimes can't understand.

Like the jeweled mermaid mural on the wall of the hall in her fabulous house, Debra is without beauty without asking. For instance, the crew on a television rehearsal stage just look idly at a pretty and passive girl until Debra goes into her dance. Then the TV censors start looking around wildly for something from her wardrobe, hollering, "Put a skirt on her!"

Debra's first experience with this, however flattering, was heartbreaking. It was her first big TV show "and they had to go and put a skirt on me."

The big number was called "The Jaguar," and, says Debra, "We had a terrific routine where I jumped over this fancy
GET ON A QUIZ SHOW... and win!

How would you like to win $100,000—$40,000 or even $5,000 on one of the popular Quiz programs. No such luck you say. But don't underestimate your chances of becoming a contestant. When opportunity knocks be prepared. The most important thing is that you can help opportunity to knock if you know how) you must be ready.

Millions of dollars are given away on quiz shows, yet nothing has been written to tell you how to become a contestant. Nothing has been written to give you tips on how to win. But now, in his brand new guide, Joe Kane, the man who writes the questions for Break The Bank, tells you exactly what you want to know about Quiz shows.

Here is your opportunity to get expert help from the foremost authority on Quiz programs! Here is your chance to get behind-the-scenes and see exactly how a Quiz show works!

For instance, do you know how contestants for Quiz shows are selected? Do you know why one person is selected and why another one equally acceptable is rejected? Do you know the correct way to fill out a contestant's questionnaire? These and hundreds of other questions are completely covered in this guide.

ONLY 50c

Be prepared to win as much money as possible. Read chapter headings listed here—and bear in mind that these are only a part of the contents of this helpful guide. Whether you attend Quiz shows or get called on the telephone—this booklet is packed with priceless information for you. Get your copy while supply lasts. Only 50c.

COLON TROUBLES
FREE BOOK Tells Facts

Avoid Dangers of Delay

Learn about Colon troubles, Stomach conditions, Piles and other Rectal ailments. Causes, effects and treatments are described in a 130-page book, send FREE: McLeary Clinic and Hospital, 323 Elms Blvd, Excelsior Springs 3, Mo.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

No waiting for relief when you use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. They stop pain at its source... ease new or tight shoes... remove corns, callouses one of the quickest ways known to medical science. Non-skin-matching color; worn invisible. Try them! At Shoe, Department, 5-10 Stores.
The guy went on at length in a patronizing tone, as though he were doing her a favor, and finally Debra had enough. "Look," she said, "if I won't go with those who call me direct, I sure won't go with a blind date!" And she hung up on him.

I've gone to a few premiers, but I always go with Mother," Debra says. "I get such a kick out of it when somebody calls and says, 'You're invited to such-and-such party afterward. Please tell your escort to wear a bow tie.' I have to laugh, thinking how Mother would look in a bow tie.

Debra's story begins in a house on High Street in Denver, Colorado, right across the street from where Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., was born. Little Debralee Griffin was fascinated by the house and never tired hearing about the great Doug. She haunted Elitch's and other theaters where her mother, Margaret Gibson, a legitimate actress, performed in those early years. Debralee loved the "play-acting," the glamorous costumes and the wigs and makeup. This was a magic, happy land and she wanted to be part of it.

"She begged for this business before she could even talk," her mother says. "Debra is a real ham. She cannot live without acting, and that's the full definition of the word!"

To the cute, tow-haired little girl with the serious, wide blue eyes her mother would say, When you're old enough to know whether you have the guts and the backbone it takes, then we'll see.

When her mother and her older sister, Teala Loring, went out on the road with various shows, Debra would sit in the audience when they would come home, bringing some of the magic back with them. "My sister, Lisa, and I would get into their wardrobe trunks and dress ourselves up in the costume sisters.

Whenever he could, Debra's father would bundle up the younger Griffins in the family car and they'd trek across the country to Cheyenne or to Chicago or New York, wherever Debralee's mother and sister were booked.

Backstage—any backstage—whether Elitch's, or the Gayety in New York, or an old burlesque theatre, was an enchanted world to Debralee Griffin. She would watch, wide-eyed, saying nothing—and missing nothing.

When Teala Loring was signed to a Paramount contract, Hollywood was the Griffins' home base. And little Debralee was tired of just watching the show. She wanted to be part of it.

"Sit down, Debralee. I want to talk to you," her mother said. Maggie Griffin had been in show business since she was five, and she told Debra what success would demand. The sacrifice it would involve. "If I work with you in the train you'll be an actress, and the first time your little friends come over and you say, 'I'd rather go out and play,' you're finished."

And she added: "Teenagers act not as really like taking a piano lesson. It is work, work, work."

Yes, Debra said, she knew. And she would work. For a solemn-eyed little girl this was like taking a vow.

And Debra did work. She took tap and ballet lessons. She studied with her mother and with actress Queenie Smith. She played "Joan of Arc" in Child of the Theatre group. "She was merely a child—but she brought tears to everybody's eyes," her mother says. And one day, a day and a gambler that was to decide the future of her life. Debra walked with her mother and her brother, Frank, through the magic gate of a motion picture studio.

Margaret Gibson knew Ivan Kahn, then talent head at 20th Century-Fox, and he had once told her: "When your children are ready, bring them out to me." Debra and her brother tested together in a scene from "Ah, Wilderness," and Kahn agreed they were both very good. They had talent, no doubt about that. But the studio was cutting down on its stock players and could only hire one of the children. Their mother was to decide which one.

"They were both good—but I felt the dramatic depth Debra would carry her a long way," With a mother's love she prayed she'd done the right thing.

Two weeks later the combination of innocence and sex appeal got Debra the part of Richard Conte's sweetheart in "Cry of the City." Three name players were up for the role, but the studio was looking for the unusual combination of youthful innocence and dramatic ability. Debra was chosen. "I cried all over Richard Conte," she recalls now.

At fourteen Debra Pagan, who'd never had a date in her life, was playing love scenes with Richard Conte and going to school in between.

She was a child in a confusing world of adults. Before the camera she was at home. Acting was her real world—the one she knew and could trust. Here she could talk and laugh and cry. But in the other—Debra Pagan was quiet and withdrawn.

From the beginning, Debra defied the customary build-up for a Hollywood starlet. "I will not date for publicity," she says. "I never have and I never will.

There's no mystery about this, no gimmick. I won't fake romance, and I don't see going out unless it's with somebody you're sure you'll enjoy being with. When I am ready to fall in love I will."

"I don't feel it's necessary to 'go out' with a man to know him, or to find out whether you're in love with him.

"I think you can fall in love just as easily at first sight as you can seeing a different man every night. I think a girl will know when she's in love. I have seen so many girls going out with first one and then another man. They don't know what they want. These poor girls get so confused about so many fellows that when the right man comes along they don't even recognize him," Debra says seriously.

"When people say to me, 'Where will you meet the man you will marry?' I tell them that I see people every day of my life, that there is no place where you meet more people than in the motion picture business. And with personal appearances and foreign locations I go all over the world these days. I'm gone so much—that's why I love to be home. When I get home I just want to stay there.

"And we entertain people at home all the time. We have big parties and we have small groups of friends in too."

When asked whether she stays away from a serious romance as a result of being...
Debra’s new sophistication, the chic, short, flame-colored hairdo and the glamorous wardrobe are partly to startle studio executives into realizing little Debralee has grown up. “I’ve been at the studio for ten years and they still see me as fourteen.”

But behind the fabulous wardrobe—the sequins and the tulle and the mink and all the little foxes—is her desire to keep glamour alive.

“Ever since I was a little girl,” she says, “I thought of Hollywood as a glamorous place. And when I got here—well, it was a great disappointment. I’d thought of movie stars as being so glamorous, the way Joan Crawford still is today. She never lets you down. But I’ve seen people I’d really admired so much walk around Hollywood in slacks and no makeup, and I was so disillusioned. I didn’t particularly care whether I ever saw them again. I’d rather have to do the role you’re asked to play in life.”

The strawberry velvet and white satin boudoir is also a young girl’s dream of Hollywood, and Debra admits it’s why she conceived such a bedroom.

The jeweled mermaids? “That was strictly for fun!” she sparkles. For publicity? “Well, we did it for the publicity,” Debra says fondly, “but for the glamour too. That jeweled Cad certainly is a conversation piece. People keep coming to see it and take pictures of it. The man with the limousine-outside—the one who points out star’s homes—told me he’s doing the most business he’s done since Tom Mix’s white car,” Debra says delightedly. “I stopped at a stop light the other day and two came out of a barber shop with towels around their necks as if somebody had yelled: ‘Fire!’ You should have seen the double take.”

The car was her mother’s inspiration. Her mother said, “Well, Paget, you don’t go out, no scandals, no nothing. We’re getting in a rut. We’ve got to do something.”

“You should see it at night, every stone reflects the light. The car sparkles like diamonds,” Debra says delightedly.

“I don’t think I would ever give up my career completely for marriage,” Debra said, as the sun was setting in the Mexican sky beyond the square outside her hotel room.

“My career has always been first with me. With this drive that’s inside me I don’t need to search for anything else.”

In the park across the hotel the Sunday fiesta was picking up steam. Fireworks were booming and the music from the gaily costumed Mexican band was coming in the window loud and gay.

The girl with the flame-red hair in the pink terry cloth robe answered the command. One gold toe began to tap, her eyes sparkled and her lips parted and her body seemed to dance without moving.

Debra Paget was becoming Eve’s daughter again.

DON’T FAIL TO SEE: Debra Paget in 20th Century-Fox’s “The River’s Edge” and Paramount’s “The Ten Commandments” and “Omar Khayyam.”

SAVE MONEY, SAVE TIME—ACT NOW!

NATIONAL BELLAS HESS

MONEY-SAVING STYLE CATALOG

For You and Your Family...See hundreds of gay Spring fashions designed in New York, the world’s style capital. Select from an exciting array of dresses, coats, shoes and accessories...fine home items...all fast quality and offered to you at the lowest prices anywhere.

Shoe by mail, and join the millions who save by buying exclusively from National Bellas Hess catalogs. Your choice of three convenient ways to buy: CASH, C.O.D. or CREDIT. Everything in our catalog is absolutely guaranteed—your money back if you are not delighted. Our 6th year.

NATIONAL BELLAS HESS

SPRING & SUMMER CATALOG

For You and Your Family...See hundreds of gay Spring fashions designed in New York, the world’s style capital. Select from an exciting array of dresses, coats, shoes and accessories...fine home items...all fast quality and offered to you at the lowest prices anywhere.

Shoe by mail, and join the millions who save by buying exclusively from National Bellas Hess catalogs. Your choice of three convenient ways to buy: CASH, C.O.D. or CREDIT. Everything in our catalog is absolutely guaranteed—your money back if you are not delighted. Our 6th year.

NATIONAL BELLAS HESS

SARON'S SECRET

DOORS OF HOLLYWOOD


CAMEL ROCKS, Dept. L-47
295 Madison Ave.
New York 17, N. Y.
The Rock Hudson Story

(Continued from page 49)

from the series of events which brought him to Hollywood and stardom any common denominator. Nor have his chroniclers or he ever been able to force from his life any familiar blueprint or ideal area.

Not long ago I asked Rock when and why he decided to become an actor. The question was a logical one, following as it did Rock's own cruel analysis of himself as a shy, awkward "goop" who "isn't even very bright."

Rock thought a long time before answering. Finally he said simply, "I really don't know when or why I decided to become an actor. I guess I just always knew that some day I would be one."

That's about all the trail there is to follow if one tries to make any logical deductions from the life of Rock Hudson. Romanticists would call it destiny. A pessimist would say he fell into it. There's something to be said for both sides.

Rock is and always has been as open and honest as he seems to be on screen. The quality of honesty which he brings to all of his screen portrayals is no credit to Rock's acting ability. He is honest, almost to an extreme. A publicist at Universal-International and a close friend of Rock's recalled for me recently the only lie he ever told her. When she was writing his biography he tried to take an inch off his height and said he was six feet three instead of six feet four because he was always embarrassed by being so tall.

And in January, 1952, Rock and Jimmy Stewart went to Portland, Oregon, for the premiere of "Bend of the River." The show was held up for forty-five minutes while fans outside the theatre yelled, "We want Hudson, we want Hudson." Rock later insisted to newsmen who commented on the demonstration that the studio must have set up the cheering section, which of course was completely untrue.

But Rock's honesty only extends as far as his work and career are concerned. Writers, for that reason, do their research all around Rock rather than go to him directly because he has steadfastly refused to discuss his private life.

In Winnetka, as in Hollywood, Rock was a one-woman man who preferred "going home to Phyllis" to anything else. Even when he first came to Hollywood Rock always had one girl. Soon after his romance with Vera-Ellen wore thin he "went steady" with a succession of girls including Terry Moore, Gene Tierney, Lori Nelson, Susan Zanuck and Barbara Ruick. His last steady dating, before meeting Phyllis, was with Betty Abbott.

He was an eligible bachelor and he played the role to its fullest. He dashed around town in Marisa Pavan's sports car and was seen showing Anna Magnani the old world charms of Olivera Street in downtown Los Angeles' Mexican area.

There was no set pattern to his dates. Often he would call one of his girl friends in the middle of the night to play his newest record for her over the telephone.

Most of the girls Rock dated in this period still remember him with fondness. "He liked to laugh and live it up," says Piper Laurie. "Everything he did was fun."

Julie Adams, who appeared in a number of pictures with Rock, remembers him most vividly.

"We used to play a game called 'Last Touch'" she said. "It was, according to Rock, one of the higher-type adult games." U-I publicists still tell the story of the frantic three months when both Rock and Julie were on a personal appearance tour. A week or ten days apart, the two young stars appeared on the same disk jockey shows and TV interview programs. One night Julie was progressing admirably in an ad lib interview over TV when the emcee—shocked a week earlier—tapped her shoulder and said, "By the way, Last Touch!" Julie's mouth flew open and her eyes bugged over the gag set up by Rock.

But his earlier years in Hollywood were not all play for Rock. Sandwiched in with the fun were dictum and dramatic lessons, plus instruction in athletic and body building activities.

Frankie Van, the Universal-International boxing coach, was also given the task of teaching Rock to stand up straight. Rock, conscious of his height since high school, slouched to de-emphasize it. Anywhere Van found him on the lot, Rock could expect a slap on the back and the order—"Stop slouching and stand up straight." Perhaps Van went at it with more enthusiasm than necessary. He had a $100 bet for breaking Rock's slouch habit.

Two years of dramatics lessons under the late Sophie Rosenberg made a great impression on Rock.

"She had a great influence on me," says Rock. "I owe her a lot more than I can say. She was warm and magnificent. I can still remember her pounding an idea into me: 'Nobody ever reads a line wrong; he might possibly read it wrong for that particular scene.' I think of that every time I'm trying to get a characterization down."

The years 1952-1953 were productive for Rock. He was working hard and he was beginning to get the feel of his craft.

here are two of the
KRAFT 5-STAR NEWSCASTERS

Sam Hayes airs the afternoon edition from Los Angeles over the coast-to-coast Mutual network.

And Cedric Foster provides the 5:55 p.m. editorial from Boston. Frank Singiser, Holland Engle and Les Higbee round out the MBS quintet, Mondays through Saturdays—providing 30 of the network's 125 news broadcasts per week.
"I began to know what I was doing," he says. "I was learning, not only from doing, but from watching other people. Yvonne de Carlo taught me much about the technical aspects of the business; Joel McCrea gave me great help in learning to ride; and John McIntyre, one of my favorite actors, taught me to relax.

"But Raoul Walsh gave me two of the best pieces of advice on my career. He told me to remember that wherever I do on set will be magnified twenty times on screen. He advised me to minimize what I did, to be still, and he was right."

Bachelors Rock spent a good deal of time with a small circle of friends. The Van Johnsons, Barbara Stanwyck, Mrs. Rocky Cooper (when she was separated from Gary), all saw a lot of him. He particularly admired the home and marriage of Barbara Rush and Jeff Hunter. He even told his mother about them. "Mom, I wouldn't hesitate a second about getting married if I thought I could have a home life like theirs."

Ironically the marriage he so admired was to break up a year later after he and Barbara returned from filming in Ireland. Rock was falsely accused of being the cause of the breakup.

All of the marital mishaps and failures he had seen as a child, as well as man, caused Rock to be extremely marriage-shy. He was dating many girls but he found that for the most part he made better friends with men than women. "Women," he said, "are a woman's elements of physical attraction enters the relationship," he said. "It generally puts people on a different level from friendship."

Although Rock has maintained a Gable-like discretion about his romances, more than one of them ended just about the time the young lady in question hinted too broadly about marriage....Rock has indicated that he "was a heel" on at least two occasions during his bachelor days but he just wasn't "ready" for marriage.

During 1952 and 1953, Rock was busy for the first time in his career—as an actor. After years of playing juveniles and small parts the studio began to groom him for stardom.

From the beginning he was cooperative and appreciative. But, two things about his growing popularity bothered Rock—the demands on his time and the lack of privacy.

"It's almost unbelievable," he said of this period. "There are terrific demands on your time at first. It's almost a twenty-four-hours-a-day sort of thing. And it's almost impossible to have a private life. I figure ninety per cent of me belongs to the public but ten per cent should be private."

Rock's resentment over his decreased privacy increased as he became more and more of a star. By Hollywood standards he was "hot." That meant the studio was through using other stars to carry him in picture layouts. It was Rock who was the crutch for other, lesser known stars. Any girl dating Rock was sure of being mentioned in the columns and having her picture taken—and used—at Hollywood events.

Along with his increasing stature as a new personality of importance Rock was also beginning to be considered a person with acting promise. By 1953 even Rock began to feel he was learning his craft. And just about that time he had his appendix out.

After returning from the hospital Rock learned that producer Ross Hunter wanted him to play the lead opposite Jane Wyman in "Magnificent Obsession," which would be one of the studio's biggest pictures for the year.

"I was never worried about Rock coming over on the screen," Hunter recalls.

It's the right moment, everything is perfect... 

Does your smile say, "Kiss me?"

Some teeth are naturally Hard-to-Bryn! 

IODENT No. 2 is made and guaranteed by a Dentist especially for such Hard-to-Bryn teeth. It contains a scientific amount of supergraded polishing agents to safely remove the clinging film of food stains and smoke smudges which other tooth pastes do not remove.

Safe, effective Iodent No. 2 stays on the brush longer, gives more cleansing action. Tastes good, too, with a breath freshener that lasts and lasts.

Just a few brushings will restore the beauty of naturally white teeth and a radically confident smile.

FOR TEETH EASY-TO-BRYN... USE IODENT NO. 1
“The thing that makes a star is romantic quality and Rock got it. Most of his epigrams to the new picture. He also found a new girl. He had described her earlier when he said, ‘I’d like her to be an independent kind of girl. I mean I want her to have a life for herself, as well as the life she’ll lead as a wife. In that way I am sure there will be much more chance of both of us keeping our interest in each other.”

He had also met her before. She was Phyllis Gates, the girl he “hadn’t been much impressed with” at first.

“When I got back from Europe I suddenly fell in love with Phyllis with different eyes,” says Rock.

He asked her to dinner and she turned him down three times. The fourth time she accepted but he had to cancel out because of some night filming at the studio. The same thing happened twice more. The third time Henry Willson took Phyllis to dinner instead—and Miss Gates walked into the restaurant to find Rock with another girl.

It was a studio publicist and she and Rock were having an urgent conference about stories. But Phyllis was entitled to doubts!

“It took almost a year and all the acting technique I had learned to convince Phyl- lis that I really loved her,” said Rock.

After almost a year of dating, Rock and Phyllis surprised no one in Hollywood by getting married. His new love was one of the most powerful to the new picture. They were hitched in a simple ceremony by the Rev. Nordahl B. Thorpe, minister of the Trinity Lutheran Church of Santa Barbara.

Phyllis wore a gown of brown imported Italian silk and carried white carnations and gardenias. Rock wore a dark suit and a white carnation.

“Was I nervous?” asked Rock later. “I was falling apart.”

After a simple wedding supper, Phyllis and Rock set out for a honeymoon in Jamaica. “It was exactly the way I wanted it,” says Rock. “I think Phyllis would have liked a big wedding with the dine in her shoe and the whole bit, and I think she’d have had it, had she married any other guy. But she had the bad luck to pick me, and the understood an elopement was the only possible way.”

The Hudsons returned to Hollywood, tanned, rested and happy.

“Happy is an understatement,” claims producer Ross Hunter. “They arrived at my house at two a.m., the night they came back from their honeymoon, and kept me up for three hours while they raved about how good they were to be married.”

Professionally, 1955 was Rock’s best year. He had made a number of pictures fast, but his studio was giving him better and better films.

In return for doing “Never Say Good-bye,” a tearjerker in which he starred with Cornel Borchers, U-I lent him to Warners’ for what is probably his best role to date, Bick Benedict in “ Giant.”

George Stevens, known for getting the
most out of every scene, worked Rock harder than he'd ever worked before.

Rock is very impressed with Stevens. "I'm a better actor for having worked with George Stevens," he says. "He made me build a characterization in spite of myself."

Stevens, on the other hand, feels that Rock has a great potential. "In Rock we have a type of character that's very romantic of leading man ... and in addition to the physical plusses he has the business of being a fine actor, who goes to work with intelligence."

Again, Rock almost didn't do the role because, he says, "At the last minute I felt cold, afraid. This was the most complicated role I ever had to face. I felt I would never live up to the demands of the role and I thought I had to get out before it was too late." It took the combined talents of George Stevens and Phyllis to talk him into it.

After "Giant" was finished Ross Hunter started plans to film "Battle Hymn" at U-I. It is the biography of the Flying Parson, Dean Hess, and was to be the most expensive picture U-I ever made. Rock begged for the lead. Hunter was frankly skeptical.

"Battle Hymn" was a tour de force," explained Hunter. "Rock would have no one to lean on or help him as he had in the past. He'd have to run the gamut from comedy to drama all by himself—literally carrying the picture alone. I didn't know if I could pin all the money on him without expert acting support. But he begged me, and Rock is only good if he really believes in a part. He wanted this one. I have only one comment to make, now that the filming is over. It's all his picture and it is great.

Rock was recently loaned to M-G-M for the lead in "Something of Value," which was filmed on location in Africa. But Universal-International announced shortly after filming was over that they had no intention of loaning their hot property away from his home studio again in the near future. And his price will be a great deal higher than the current $200,000 a picture, when and if they do.

The studio immediately put Rock into "Written on the Wind," in which he co-stars with Lauren Bacall and Robert Stack. He plays the "good guy." The plum acting role, that of the drunk, goes to Stack. Rock wanted to play the drunk, but the studio said no.

"Rock's fans won't accept his doing anything shoddy," says Dave Lipton, U-I's publicity head. "They like him because he's what they want their daughters to marry, or their children's father to be, or their childhood sweetheart. If we let him break out of that character they'd howl."

Lauren Bacall, who has gotten to know him since doing the picture, says he had a hard job.

"When your name is bigger than your experience, like Rock's, a lot is expected of you," she says. "He delivered."

"Wind" was a reunion for Rock and Bob Stack, who have been good friends since Rock's first picture, "Fighter Squadron."

I can still see him on that first day in front of the cameras, recalls Stack. "He was very shy and awkward and humble. And kind of apologetic for being there at all. But he was also very big, very handsome."

Stack echoes the sentiments of most of his friends, both in Hollywood and Winnetka, who find that success has spoiled Rock Hudson very little.

"The thing I like about him," says Bob, "is to find someone who really has stature, must know he has it, and yet doesn't show it. He seems to be almost apologetic for being successful."

Most of Rock's friends say success has not changed him at all.

"He's still the same old goofball," says Gloria Manteon, who has known him since childhood.

Barbara Kreft, who used to double-date with him in Winnetka, says, "He still has that infectious smile and the 'Andy Gump' laugh. He has more poise but that's because of experience."

The only significant change in Rock seems to be one of attitude. Until now he has sat by quietly and let other people guide his career. He's always felt lucky because he was so unsure of himself as an actor. But the accolades he has received from pictures like "Magnificent Obsession," "Giant" and "Battle Hymn" have given him a feeling of new confidence.

Now he talks of trying his wings on his own. He has formed a company with Henry Ginsberg, co-producer of 'Giant' and plans to make pictures in which he plays off-beat roles. He wants to do a drawing room comedy first, followed by a Western.

And, as a married man, he has plans for a family. "I'd like a lot of kids to make up for being an only child," says Rock. "A boy first, after that it doesn't matter, as long as it's a big family."

As I started by saying at the beginning of this article, Rock is really a pretty ordinary guy. That is probably not the secret of his success—it's also what makes him unusual. THE END.

WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITES?

In color I want to see: [ ] ACTOR
[ ] ACTRESS

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) 

Send your votes for the stars you want to see in PHOTOPLAY: 

[ ] ACTOR
[ ] ACTRESS

NAME ____________________________

ADDRESS ____________________________

Send this ballot on a postal card and send it to Readers' Poll Editor, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, N. Y. 17, N. Y.
flight from fear

(Continued from page 36) him; I don't even like to think about him. You wouldn't believe the things he does.

An actress, sensitive and perceptive girl who is a good friend and great admirer of Monty, agreed to discuss him only because she and I have been friends for the past 10 years, and I told her that his behavior on location for "Raintree County" in Kentucky was "unbelievable."

M-G-M had flown a small squadron of newspapermen down to Kentucky to organize a press tour about the time they got there, Clift broke his toe. He said he couldn't speak to the press (one of the few instances in medical history in which a broken toe could hold a paralyzing effect upon one's vocal cords). Once, she said, they were riding out to the side of a day's shooting in a limousine; for no reason she could fathom, Clift suddenly losed a stream of unprintable curses.

Some mornings, Clift would appear in excellent humor, and it would be a fine experience to work with him. But at lunch time a depression would appear to grip him, and in the afternoons he could not seem to keep himself from trembling. "Was he drinking?" I asked. "I could smell anything on his breath," she said.

"What was he doing, then?" I don't know," she said. "I think he was in a kind of solitary depression, he took it all much for him. She put her hands to her face, as though trying to erase the memory. She was sorry for him, she said.

"Believe me," she added, "this is a sick, sick kid, but he's trying. If I had my way, he would be in a sanatorium where he could get some help. Oh, I wish he would go to one. I wish there were something he could do about this, but I don't know." I said substantially the same thing to Clift myself one afternoon at his house. He looked at me indignantly, He said, "I don't want to hear all this about my being a sick kid, because I'm not a sick kid." He was right. The thing that alarms me about Clift is his inability to measure the consequences of some of his actions. He is capable of doing a great deal of damage and not realize it. He has no idea how much he gives everybody, the people who love him, and himself.

That deepened the mystery of Montgomeroy Clift— for, without exaggeration, Clift is an enigma. Some of his close friends prefer to hide their breath with behave as though he is a normal, well-adjusted actor. A director I spoke to was part of this protective coterie. "What's the nickname for him?" he asked.

"Matter?" the director said, blandly.

"Is there anything the matter with him?"

It was pointless to attempt to pursue the issue. I thanked the director and left. I didn't want to talk about it, I didn't want to talk with Rod Taylor, the handsome Australian who plays a newspaper editor in "Raintree County." Taylor is a tall, broad-shouldered man, with a thick mane of hair and the slightly pompous manner of the old-school actor. "Monty," he said, "is the most exciting man I've ever worked with. He's vibrant—he lifts you up, gives you a sense of excitement which is very important in bringing out your best performance." Every sentence he uttered was overcharged with nervous energy.

Taylor had just come out of Clift's dressing room. I glanced back over my shoulder and had a clear view of the object of all his attention.

Clift was slouched over the table, staring at his reflection in the mirror. His eyes were deep and brooding; his expression was one of awe. He looked like a boy who was losing his first love and was about to become a man. His face was that of a man carrying a monumental emotional burden. It was puffed and baggy, full of shadows and fine lines that did not seem to make the trouble it exhibited to the world.

When Clift emerged from the dressing room to rehearse a two-minute take, he lurched toward an assistant director and leaned on the man's shoulder. He threw his left arm around the a.d.'s back and slouched his full weight against him, letting his head roll over to one side so that it bumped the other's back. He supported the half-dragged himself the thirty-odd feet to the set. "That's Monty's way of expressing affection," an M-G-M press agent said at the time. "When he likes somebody, he shows him." Another man had a different version. "It's like a thousand dead cats, all right," this man said. "But he doesn't do it in the ordinary way—he leans his whole body on people, falls all over them. In a way, that's symbolic. Monty throws himself into everything he does, but especially into his dependence on other human beings. He needs people so desperately he can't let up in the demands he has to make on them. And he's got nothing in return. He doesn't know how."

For nearly an hour I stood around and watched the proceedings. The scene was to present another of Taylor's scenes on the screen. Rod Taylor, as the newspaper editor, was dictating an editorial. Clift was to come into the office and register surly affront. Arnold Brnitc, to send his secretary out of the office. The simple little scene would have presented no problems to two mediocre method-system actors, but here a man who presented no problems to either Taylor or his secretary. But it did to Clift.

When he started to rehearse this bit he grabbed at the door knob and immediately pulled his hand away as though some prop man had charged the knob with electricity. "Something's wrong with the catch or the lock," he mumbled. On the set, when he found the catch, he would often leave it in place. He rarely spoke in an audible voice; when asked to speak up, he would apologize and shout across the sound stage.

"What's the matter with the knob?" Edward Dmytryk, the director, demanded.

Clift shrugged. "Doesn't work."

Two men in work clothes hastened to the scene. The man reached for the knob and the catch. They produced tools, worked rapidly, then opened and shut the door several times to make certain that it was working the way they wanted it to work.

One of the men working on the set said warily, "Whenever Clift gets a prop in his hands, he tries to break it. It's not deliberate. I don't think he's aware of it. But it's happened so many times, I know that he unconsciously wants to break it. Don't ask me why, because I couldn't tell you I don't understand the guy."

HOW TO MAKE MONEY!

I am going to show you a simple plan by which you can pick up enough extra money every week to help pay extra nylon hose, and all the other accessories that make a woman's life more colorful and pleasant. Just send me your name and address for FREE INFORMATION on how to make money taking magazine subscription orders. No obligation. Photoploy, 205 East 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.

POEMS WANTED

For musical setting... send poems today. Any subject. Immediate consideration. Send 25¢ for everything.CROWN MUSIC CO., 49 W. 32 St., Studio 560, New York 1

1250 MOVIE & TV PICTURES 1250 AGES & BIRTH/STARS

Send 25¢ for everything.

LUCKY STARS G. O. P. Box 738 N. Y. 1, N. Y.

CORNs


ANY PHOTO ENLARGED

Send No Money 3 for 50¢

Size 8 x 10 Inches

on DOUBLE-WEIGHT Paper

Same price for full length or bust length, although bust length slightly more. Guaranteed satisfaction. Guaranteed further on double-weight paper if not satisfied. Additional sizes available. Send either name or address. Take advantage of this amazing offer. Send your photos today.

Professional Art Studios, 514 S. Main, Dept. 34, Framingham, Illinois

EAT ANYTHING WITH FALSE TEETH

If you have trouble with plates that clik and catch and make sounds—use Brimms Plasti-Liner. One application makes plates fit snugly without pressure or pain. Brimms Plasti-Liner hardens permanently to you. You can eat anything. Hard or soft foods in a way no powder or paste can do. No need to worry about adhesive. Brimms Plasti-Liner hardens permanently to you.

Send 50¢ for extra sheets. Simply lay soft sheet of Plasti-Liner on troublesome upper or lower teeth. Then put a little plaster on it to use, tasteless, odorless, harmless to you and your plates. Remove as directed. Money back guarantee. At your drug counter. Only $1.50, Plasti-Liner Inc., Dept. RR, 1075 Maia St., Buffalo 9, N. Y.
Edward Dmytryk, the director, later confirmed this. “On the days when Monty wasn’t feeling well, we could always depend on Dmytryk. It had to be admitted. ‘Finally we got used to it. It took patience—that’s a director’s first requirement, over and above all other qualities—but Monty soon learned it. When he’s good, feeling good, he’s the greatest. I personally like him. He’s too valuable as a human being. You can’t in conscience lose patience with him, no matter what the matter is.”

When the repair men finally had the door fixed to their satisfaction, Clift lifted himself from the a.d.’s shoulder and walked slowly back to the room. Taylor kept a stiffened chair facing him. Taylor greeted him and went on dictating. Clift sat down, and then Taylor dismissed the secretary. As the scene ended, Clift jumped to his feet, waving his arms. “I’m tired of everything, I said, loudly and hoarsely. ‘That’s all I did—everything.”

“Let’s do it again,” Dmytryk said, softly. Clift walked towards him. “Yes, sir, Mr. Dmytryk,” he shouted, “yes, sir!”

They did it at least seven times, and then did it three or four more times over the camera, for each of which the director Clift would either fall into the chair, heavily, or seek out the leaning-post a.d. and drape himself over the obliging man. When lunch was served, he was hausted, physically and mentally. He leaped over to his dressing room, fell across the threshold, and slammed the door.

I was reminded, then, of something Burt Lancaster had said to me a day or two before: “Without exception, Monty Clift is the hardest-working actor I’ve ever known—perhaps the hardest worker in the business. Let me give you an example.

When he was signed for ‘From Here to Eternity,’ he went down to see the author, James Jones, who was there ready to shoot. He spent days with Jones, talking about the character of Prewitt, trying to fix him in his mind. That kind of sincerity of purpose is a rarity out here. Nuts, it’s a rarity anywhere.

‘Monty had to learn to play the bugle for ‘Eternity’—he studied for weeks. He had to learn the box—he worked out three months with an ex-pug named Callahan.’

Fred Zinnemann, who directed ‘From Here to Eternity,’ elaborated on Lancaster’s statements. “You never see a character as Clift does. He is constantly searching for the best overall effect.” Zinnemann smiled. “Here is how he throws himself into his work.

After we finished ‘The Search,’ someone said to me, ‘When they’re casting for the part of nobody but Montgomery Clift, and aside from acting, he steadfastly refuses to discuss his current interests, his relations with women, or his family. ‘Why should my family’s privacy be invaded just because I’m a movie star?’ he demanded of me.

Yet at the same time I sensed a fundamenfl undertone about his desire to cooperate as much as he could not because he thought it was his repons-
Tense, Nervous Headaches Need This Relief

A survey shows 3 out of 4 doctors recommend the famous ingredients of Anacin to relieve pain. Here's why Anacin® gives better total effect in pain relief than aspirin or any buffered aspirin:

- ACTS INSTANTLY: Anacin goes to work instantly. Brings fast relief to source of your pain.
- MORE EFFECTIVE: Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains no codeine, but a combination of medically proven ingredients.
- SAFER: Anacin simply cannot upset your stomach.
- LESSENS TENSION: Anacin also reduces nervous tension, leaves you relaxed, feeling fine after pain goes. Buy Anacin today!

POEMS WANTED

For musical setting, send your poems today for FREE examination. Any subject. Immediate consideration.

FIVE STAR MUSIC MASTERS, 256 BEACON BLDG., BOSTON, MASS.

$500.00 for YOUR CHILD’S Photo

BIG DEMAND by national advertisers for photos of boys and girls, ages all ages, from infants and up to 18 years. $500 or more paid if used for advertising, 100 free copies for adoption. FREE OFFER. Print child’s and mother’s name, address on back. All in plain sight. EPILOGUE. HOLLYWOOD AN-PHOS.

6007-70 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 30, Calif.

$50.00 Cash From 40 Boxes GIANT ALL-PURPOSE GREETING CARD Assortment

BARGAIN SPECIALS

$5.00 for 50¢ set

$10.00 for 99¢ set

$25.00 for 50¢ set

Send For Samples NOW!

White Metal Cards and Gold Border Cards for all occasions. If you have any business, club, school, or religious organization, you’ll need cards for notices, programs, invitations, souvenirs. No expense needed. Costs nothing to send samples. No obligation. Write today for your share of the $5,000,000 in business our cards do every year. Free catalog contains complete list of cards. BEACON PUBLISHERS, Dept. 6327

235 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago 4, Illinois

No Nagging Backache Means a Good Night’s Sleep

Backache, headache, or muscular aches and pains may be caused by long working hours, cramped quarters, sitting in one position for too long a time, or from buying clothes that don’t fit. Exercising the muscles in the neck, shoulders, or back may help. A warm wet towel on the back may also help. If backache, headache, and muscular aches and pains last for days or weeks, see your doctor.

If you are a coffee, tea, or tobacco smoker, think of the effects your habit is having on your health. A good habit is to eat a balanced diet. A good way to get more exercise is to walk or ride a bicycle. A good night’s sleep is also important. A good night’s sleep is a time to relax, not to think about work or other worries. A good night’s sleep can make you feel better and more energetic during the day. A good night’s sleep can help you stay healthy and happy.
WHERE TO BUY

PHOTOPLAY

STAR FASHIONS

To buy undercover fashions shown on pages 66-72, write manufacturer or nearest store listed below, mentioning PHOTOPLAY, and enclosing a clipping of the item you wish to order.

Sarong panty girdle
Baltimore, Md.—Hochschub, Kohn & Co.
BOSTON, Mass.—J. Marcus
BUFFALO, N.Y.—E. H. Young
CINCINNATI, Ohio—J. Marcus
CHICAGO, Ill.—Hochschub, Kohn & Co.
DETROIT, Mich.—Hochschub, Kohn & Co.
FLEMINGTON, N.J.—H. B. Young
INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—J. Marcus
LOUISVILLE, Ky.—Hochschub, Kohn & Co.
MINNEAPOLIS, Minn.—J. Marcus
NEW YORK, N.Y.—J. Marcus
PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—H. B. Young
PORTLAND, Ore.—Hochschub, Kohn & Co.
PITTSBURGH, Pa.—Hochschub, Kohn & Co.
ROCHESTER, N.Y.—J. Marcus
SAN FRANCISCO, Calif.—Hochschub, Kohn & Co.
SOUTHBOROUGH, Mass.—J. Marcus
ST. LOUIS, Mo.—Hochschub, Kohn & Co.
TULSA, Okla.—J. Marcus
TULSA, Okla.—Hochschub, Kohn & Co.

Maidenform bra
NEW YORK, N.Y.—Bloomingdale's
NEW YORK, N.Y.—Mary's

Exquisite Form bra
CINCINNATI, Ohio—Shillito's
MILWAUKEE, Wisc.—Boston Store
NEW YORK, N.Y.—Oppenheim Collins

Hollywood-Maxwell bra
DAYTON, Ohio—Rike-Kumler
LITTLE ROCK, Ark.—Pfeiffer
NEW ORLEANS, La.—Leon Godchaux
NEW YORK, N.Y.—Best & Co.
SAN ANTONIO, Tex.—Joske's
ST. LOUIS, Mo.—Stix, Baer & Fuller
WINNIPISOGUE, Ond.—Innes
YONKERS, N.Y.—Strassburg Hirshberg

Lovable bra
ATLANTIC, S.C.—Rich's, Inc.
HARTFORD, Conn.—Sage-Allen Co.
MINNEAPOLIS, Minn.—Dayton's
WASHINGTON, D.C.—Woodward & Lothrop

Gossard bra
For store information, write
H. W. Gossard Co., Sales Dept.
111 North Canal St., Chicago 6, Ill.

Formal bra
Baltimore, Md.—Hochschub, Kohn & Co.
BOSTON, Mass.—J. Marcus
CHICAGO, Ill.—Hochschub, Kohn & Co.
DETROIT, Mich.—Hochschub, Kohn & Co.
NEWARK, N.J.—Hahne Co.
PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—DeWees
WASHINGTON, D.C.—Woodward & Lothrop

Lily of France girdle
BOSTON, Mass.—J. Marcus
NEW YORK, N.Y.—Arnold Constable
PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—Bonwit Teller
RICHMOND, Va.—Miller & Rhoads
WASHINGTON, D.C.—Woodward & Lothrop

Warner's girdle
NEW YORK, N.Y.—Stern's

Silk-Skin girdle
BOSTON, Mass.—J. Marcus
CHICAGO, Ill.—Carson Pirie Scott
DALLAS, Tex.—Titch-Gee🌔
DAYTON, Ohio—Rike-Kumler
ST. LOUIS, Mo.—Stix, Baer & Fuller
WASHINGTON, D.C.—Woodward & Lothrop

Kleinert's girdle
For store information, write
Kleinert's, Dept. G, 405 Fifth Avenue,
New York 17, N.Y.

Stardust bra
For store information, write
Stardust, Inc., Dept. R.
145 Madison Ave., New York 16, N.Y.

Lewella bra
For store information, write
Lewel Mfg. Co., 159 Madison Ave.,
New York 16, N.Y.

Janzen bra and girdle
ALLENTOWN, Pa.—H. Leh & Co.
BROOKLYN, N.Y.—Abraham & Strauss

Formfit girdle-lerie
CHICAGO, Ill.—The Fair
OMAHA, Neb.—J. L. Brandes
Reno, Nev.—Gray, Reid, Wright
ST. LOUIS, Mo.—Famous-Barr
STOCKTON, Calif.—Katten & Marengo

Perma-lift long bra
CHICAGO, Ill.—Carson Pirie Scott
CINCINNATI, Ohio—Shillito's
DENVER, Colo.—The May Co.
LOS ANGELES, Calif.—The May Co.
NEW YORK, N.Y.—Bloomingdale's
PORTLAND, Ore.—Meier & Frank Co.
RICHMOND, Va.—Miller & Rhoads
SAN FRANCISCO, Calif.—The White House

Peter Pan bra
ATLANTA, Ga.—Rich's, Inc.
DALLAS, Tex.—A. Harris

Artemis slip
INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—L. S. Ayres & Co.
KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Emery, Bird, Thayer
NEW YORK, N.Y.—Bloomingdale's
ST. LOUIS, Mo.—Seruggs Vandervoort Barney

Mojad petticoat
NEW YORK, N.Y.—Arnold Constable
TULSA, Okla.—Brown-Dunkin

Saus Souci half-slip
LITTLE ROCK, Ark.—Pfeiffer


Special New Tablet

Relieves Monthly Cramps
for 3 out of 4 in Tests!

Amazing new formula developed especially for female distress gives greater relief than aspirin!

If you dread those "difficult days" each month, listen! Science has developed a special new tablet to relieve pain, cramps, and tense feelings of monthly periods! It contains a unique combination of medicines—including blood-building iron. Thus offers more relief than plain aspirin!

In doctors' tests painful distress was relieved for 3 out of 4 women! Many didn't suffer even on the first day! They also escaped much of the jitters and unhealthy tension so common as you approach that trying time of month.

So don't suffer needlessly. Ask for "Lydia Pinkham Tablets" at drug stores. No prescription needed. See if they don't help you feel worlds better—both before and during your period!


SONG POEMS WANTED

To be set to music, send your poems today for free examination:
J. CHAS. McNEIL (A. B. Master of Music)
510-MG Ste. Alexandria
Los Angeles, Calif.

LEARN AT HOME

• to be a Nurse's Aide
• Practical Nurse
• or Infant Nurse

Practice in spare time for a fascinating, high-pay career. Thousands of men and women, 15-65, are graduates of this doctor-supervised course. High school not required. Easy payments: send for details. Send for free booklet. Chicago School of Nursing

SHEETS, TOASTERS, TOWELS, MIXERS, etc.

GIVEN TO YOU FREE!

Hundreds of famous, nationally advertised products to choose from—furniture, rugs, lamps, slip covers, silverware, china, draperies. You get $9.00 — $100.00 and more in merchandise just by being Secretary of a Popular Club you help your friends form. It's easy! It's fun! Nothing to sell, nothing to buy. Write today.


111
Count Your Blessings

(Continued from page 32) this morning, you'll little rascal, and I'tan your and on your return. And don't you find that she also has a delightful sense of humor and that she talks well and easily on any number of subjects. You notice a special glow the instant the conversation turns to her."

When I visited with her I wanted to know more about her relationship with the large McNulty clan—"the thundering herd," as professional people affectionately call it."

"To be quite honest, I think I was a little scared at first," she relates. "I was in love with Jim and extremely fond of all his family, but still I figured I had quite an uphill battle."

"But I needn't have worried. I couldn't have picked sweeter in-laws even if I could have had them custom-built to my size. It's all the people with an Irish background and after what people might say about mothers-in-law in general, Mother McNulty is tops. She's got the biggest, warmest heart of anybody I know. All her sons' wives are simply 'my girls' to her. Why, she'll even share her most treasured recipes with us."

All the same, the size of the family Ann once acquired when she married Jim was tremendous, especially one coming from as small a family as Ann. Besides his mother and father, Jim has four brothers and one sister, all of them married. Among the six children there are another twenty-two children, ranging in age from two months to twelve years. Jim's brother, Dennis, is in the lead, so far, with six children. His eldest daughter is Marie, who has five. The race is by no means over, however. Brother Bill, the youngest, who is still in the Army, already has three. Ann, with two in less than a year, is certainly holding up her end of the McNulty tradition.

It's easy to see that it would require a medium-size hotel to be host to the entire clan at one time. Such occasions, there are, are regularly scheduled events, always drawing large crowds of McNultys, are anniversaries, baptisms and children's birthdays. Some eighteen cousins and their mates came to Timmy's first birthday party.

"Luckily we have a large garden and it hardly ever rains in June," Ann explains. "That simplifies things a lot. And my sist-"er-in-law and my mother-in-law, thee certainly have lots of experience."

Experience or no, there is usually a great deal of noise at these parties, as is to be expected with a gang of blessedly noisy kids. However, it isn't so much quieter when the grown-ups get together, though the noise is a lot more harmonious. Take almost any group of Irish people round the table and you have a glee club. Take the McNultys and you really have something. Though Ann and Dennis are the only pros among any of her pictures, but what captivates you is her warmth, the calm sincerity of her personality."

---

**Can't Get Rid of Dark or Discolored Skin, Freckles, Skin Spots?**

**HERES HELP! Merocelized Wax Cream**

Just follow the famous Merocelized Wax Cream 7夜间 Plan to whiten, smoother, leg-ulize smooth, rich, luxurious Merocelized Wax Cream on your face or arms just before going to bed each night for a week. Yoll begin to see results almost at once. And don't be fooled by cheap substitutes. Blobs, spots, freckles as if by magic! This Is Not A Cover-up cosmetic! Merocelized Wax Cream works UNDER the skin surface!

Beautiful women have used this time-tested plan for over 10 years—get their marvelous results in an instant—split second! Start using it now! ONE BOX: Merocelized WAX CREAM At All Drug and Cosmetic Counters.

---

**Extra Cash Fast**

Here's an unusual opportunity to earn extra cash fast and often. We have the highest commission paid to thousands of part-time salespeople who help us take orders for magazines. Join our group of salespeople. No experience necessary. Russell and Ann address for free money-making information: To Room 203, c/o Macfadden Publications, 205 East 42 Street, New York 17, N. Y.

---

**Can't Get Rid of Dark or Discolored Skin, Freckles, Skin Spots?**

**HERE'S HELP! Merocelized Wax Cream**

Just follow the famous Merocelized Wax Cream 7 Night Plan to whiten, smoother, leg-ulize smooth, rich, luxurious Merocelized Wax Cream on your face or arms just before going to bed each night for a week. You'll begin to see results almost at once. And don't be fooled by cheap substitutes. Blobs, spots, freckles as if by magic! This is not a cover-up cosmetic! Merocelized Wax Cream works UNDER the skin surface!

Beautiful women have used this time-tested plan for over 10 years—get their marvelous results in an instant—split second! Start using it now! ONE BOX: Merocelized WAX CREAM At All Drug and Cosmetic Counters.

---

**112 COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS**

**Amusing New Creme Color Shampoo RE-COLORS IN 17 MINUTES**

Change streaked, gray, grayish, off-color or drab hair to new lifelike color. TINTZ Creme Color Shampoo recolors hair at home in 17 minutes. Natural-looking color, no hairline difficulty. Easy, Won't wash or rub off. Won't affect permanents. Choice of 14 shades each so natural-looking no one will suspect you've recolored your hair. Color chart on package. Ask for TINTZ Creme Color Shampoo. Only $1.50 plus tax at drugstores.

---

**CHI-CHESTER**

Relieves Monthly Cramps In 9 out of 10 Cases!

Get quick, long-lasting relief from menstrual pain, nervous tension and headaches with CHI-CHESTER. Thousands of medical and home tests prove 9 out of 10 women do. Money back if not relieved. Purse Pack 50c. Economy sizes $1.15 and up. $2.25 at drug stores. We will fill direct orders. FREE BOOKLET of intimate facts mailed in plain envelope. "Wrote today: CHICHESTER CHEMICAL COMPANY, Dept. S-8, Philadelphia 46, Pa.

---

**MONUMENT**

**DIRECT TO YOU...EASY TERMS**

Genuine Rockdale Monuments and Markers. Full Price $14.95 and up. Satisfaction or MONEY BACK.

We pay freight. Compare our low prices. Write for FREE CATALOG. ROCKDALE MONUMENT CO. DEPT. 446 - JOLIET, ILLINOIS

---
Ann, who likes to cook, always plans and supervises all the meals and frequently takes a hand at cooking herself. Among her specialties are fried chicken, Irish stew and cooked beef, but she doesn’t go overboard on Irish dishes, liking variety and preferring to fit the menu to the occasion. “Maybe it’s not my place to say so,” Ann smiles, “but I always have a lot of fun at my own parties, not to mention those at Mother McNulty’s, Marie’s or the rest of the boys.

“Somehow the impression seems to have gotten around that I’m something of a platter saint,” Ann continued. “All the stories I read about myself seem to have that tinge of sadness. I really don’t know why.

“Certainly, it was a terrible blow to me when my mother passed away. But when she was alive, she gave so much to her family that the memory alone would have been enough to fill me with warmth and love for the rest of my life. And I had my aunt and uncle who were always like a second mother and father to me. “I remember Uncle Pat rigging up signs on the jeep on his farm in Stamford, Connecticut, reading ‘Radio Star at Five,’ and another one, ‘Next Stop Hollywood!’ Having no children of their own, they always treated me like a daughter. They came out to live with me and guide me after mother’s death, and nobody could ask for more love and affection than they gave me.

“Another thing that’s always brought up is the accident I once had which kept me in bed for almost a year. Of course, it was a terribly anxious year. There were moments when I despaired of ever walking again. But God was good to me and I recovered.

“My mother was one of the most devout persons I’ve ever known and brought me up in the Roman Catholic faith. I cherish my religion and try to live by it. However, some of the people I respect most are of a different faith.

“I might have fallen in love with Jim even if he were not a Catholic, but I’m very grateful that he is. The wonderful part about our marriage is that everything is so right. No matter how much love there is, I believe that ‘rightness’ is one of the most necessary ingredients for lasting happiness.

“My own happiness is so great that I often ask myself why I deserve so much. That’s where my faith helps me. So many people seem to turn to religion only in times of trouble and despair, but the important part is to have humility before God when all goes well.

“I think what I love most about my husband is his great sweetness and understanding. It’s something that shines from his face. He’s a thoroughly kind, generous, decent man, incapable of any meanness. On the other hand, he can be quite firm on occasion. He’s much firmer with Timmy, for instance, than I am.

“Needless to say, it’s never a picnic being married to a busy young doctor. There is no such thing as regular hours, and whatever plans we make are always subject to last-minute cancellation. Like all doctors’ wives, I often find myself minus a husband at a party even in our own home. Mother McNulty frequently teases me: ‘With all these McNultys around, who’s going to miss Jim?’ But I do, of course.

“Yet these are minor things. When I’m with Jim and look around at all those warm, friendly faces, and when I hear the laughter and the singing and think of our little ones, I count my blessings and I’m thankful for all that’s been given me.

“I’m very happy being part of such a large, warm family where everybody loves everybody else. And family gatherings where we all have so much fun are necessary high spots to reaffirm the family unity.

“But the best evenings are the ones Jim and I spend alone together. After the babies are put to bed, we have dinner and talk over the events of the day. Later we read or look at television. Some evenings we may not exchange more than a few words in an hour. To me, when two people can sit in a room together without speaking yet not bored, just content in each other’s company, that means happiness.”

DON’T FAIL TO SEE: Ann Blyth in M-G-M’s “Slender.”

$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 Monday Evening on MUTUAL Stations

Death uncovered a shocking conspiracy. Read "The Girl Who Inspired Murder" in March TRUE DETECTIVE magazine, now at all newsstands.

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 cases where gentle, rapidly relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all—results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!" The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne)®—discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in suppository or ointment form under the name Preparation H. Ask for it at all drug counters—money back guarantee. * Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
I wonder just how far Jayne Mansfield would go for publicity. When they point a camera at Jayne it’s always tilted at the same angle. . . . I believe Lee Marvin is one of the best villains on celluloid. . . . Frank Sinatra is unique. He can be the villain and the hero in the same movie. . . . Everyone but me has seen Garbo walking alone in the rain. The closest I came was spotting the retiring Miss G. a half hour after the rain had stopped. . . . I keep thinking that Elia Kazan told Carroll Baker to do a restrained Marilyn Monroe in “Baby Doll”—not an obvious imitation. Carroll has the doll-face stare and keeps her mouth open, except that she puts her thumb into it. . . . Isn’t it time that Marlon Brando became Marlon Brando againalue on the screen, instead of letting the copycats try to be him? . . . Anita Ekberg, of the unique fusilage, said, “I am very much against artificial beauty. It is very easy to wear sun-tan makeup, but so much more fun to get it for yourself.”

Eddie Fisher and I now insist that we understand each other. . . . Elizabeth Taylor is so beautiful I can’t believe her even when she’s with Mike Todd, who’s certainly for real.

The only actress I can name quickly who has that indefinable glamour is Ava Gardner. As Joan Crawford once said, “You can’t put glamour on like makeup.” . . . Maybe the reason Elvis Presley closes his eyes when he’s singing is that he doesn’t want to watch himself. . . . I’m of the opinion that John Cassavetes should be a bigger movie name than he is—and probably will be. . . . Deborah Kerr says, “The beauty of sex appeal is that no man understands it, and that’s what makes it more fun.” . . . You could become a bit confused by Debra Paget’s family. She has an actress-sister named Lisa Gaye and an actor-brother named Rouell Shaye. Then there are the Martin boys—not the same family: Tony, who’s married to Cyd Charisse; Dewey, who’s married to Peggy Lee; and Dean, recently divorced from Jerry Lewis. . . . I recall Zsa Zsa Gabor saying, “It’s not that I have a lot of boyfriends. It’s just that I have a lot of friends who are boys.”

Tony Perkins’ best performance is Tony Perkins. . . . Suggestion for Lana Turner and M-G-M: Put Lana in “Cat on a Hot Tin Roof.” The studio owns the property and has a contract with Lana. . . . According to movie biographies, George M. Cohan and Moe (The Gimp) Snyder are look-alikes. Also Sergeant York and Captain Billy Mitchell. Not to mention Rocky Graziano and Paul Newman. . . . Ann Blyth, explaining why she wears a frilly nightgown to bed: “I don’t think you can take off all your clothes and feel like a lady!”

I’ll bet Natalie Wood will turn out to be a fine movie actress. She’s going through a phase now, so be patient with her. I am. . . . Gloria Krieger, who actually made her first public appearance at Hollywood’s Hungarian Relief rally, has been kept under wraps with a Columbia contract for over four years. She’s a great singer, has yet to appear in a moving picture but you’ll remember her after you see her. . . . I get the impression from Mitzi Gaynor that she’s playing Mitzi Gaynor, as designed and manufactured by Mitzi Gaynor. . . . I was told by a popular actress: “For years I lied about my age, but then I had to stop. My children said I was making them all illegitimate.” That’s Hollywood for you.
Beautiful Hair

BRECK

THERE ARE THREE BRECK SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS

The Breck Shampoo for your individual hair condition helps bring out the 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 is not drying to the hair. A Breck Shampoo leaves your hair soft, lustrous and beautiful.

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

Copyright 1957 by John H. Breck Inc.
Taste is what folks talk about—*and like about* WINSTON

People keep saying how really good Winstons taste! And... how the exclusive Winston filter—snowy-white and pure—lets that rich flavor come through! If you haven't tried today's most talked-about flavor-filter combination, latch onto a pack of Winstons right now—for flavory filter smoking!

Smoke WINSTON America's best-selling, best-tasting filter cigarette!
escape to Happiness — DORIS DAY'S Complete Life Story

PHOTOPLAY

MONTY CLIFT’S
BRUSH
WITH DEATH

How
to be a
Designing
Woman

TONY PERKINS:
Barefoot Boy with Cheek?

KIM NOVAK:
Star of the Year
Helen Neushaefer
originator of creme nail polish

“Mine is the one and only nail polish at any price containing Plasteen... the miracle, chip-proofing ingredient!”

still only 15c

New-Formula Iridescent Nail Polish
in four fabulous jewel shades  only 20¢

Super Lasteen Lipstick
in the improved free wheeling, swivel case with the unique color-teller tip  only 39¢

Helen Neushaefer
at your favorite variety or drug store
That's when most deodorants fail... but new MUM Cream keeps working.

You’ve probably noticed... when you’re under emotional pressure, your perspiration glands suddenly get more active. That’s when deodorants which depend on stopping perspiration let you down, and odor often starts.

New Mum® Cream works a completely different way. It is the only leading deodorant that works entirely by stopping odor. Mum keeps on working actively to stop odor 24 hours a day—no matter how active your perspiration glands are.

No wonder Mum is so dependable. Isn’t that what you want?

More people depend on MUM than on any other deodorant... it works when others fail.
SPECIAL BOOK CONDENSATION
Escape to Happiness (Doris Day) .............................................. George Scallen 68

ARTICLES AND SPECIAL FEATURES
Lighthearted Heavy (Rod Steiger) .............................................. 28
Fame Cloaks the Lonely Heart (Kim Nowak) ......................... Maxine Arnold 41
Barefoot Boy with Cheek? (Tony Perkins) .............................. Joe Hyams 44
Between Heaven and ... (Anne Baxter) ................................... Louis Pollock 46
Alas, He’s No Hero to His Cat (George Nader) ...................... John Maynard 48
Know Not the Face of Fear (Lauren Bacall) .............................. 50
Love and Marriage and a Baby Carriage (Debbie Reynolds and
Eddie Fisher) ....................................................................... Diane Scott 52
Monty’s Brush with Death (Montgomery Clift) ....................... Richard Gehman 58
 Ava Gardner’s Dry Tears ......................................................... Ruth Waterbury 60
The Hollywood Story: The Might of the Distant Voices (Jacques Sernas) .......... Pauline Townsend 64
Laughter Chases the Blues (Pier Angeli and Vic Damone) ....... Pauline Townsend 64
A Date with Sal (Sal Mineo) ..................................................... 66
Ben Cooper, U.S.A. ................................................................. 82

NEWS AND REVIEWS
Hollywood for You...Sidney Skolsky 4 Cal York’s Inside Stuff ............... 18
Let’s Go to the Movies...Janet Gravens 8 Casts of Current Pictures ....... 38
Brief Reviews ................................................................. 16 Exclusively Yours.......Radie Harris 54

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS
Over the Editor’s Shoulder ................................. 24 Here They Are: Contest Winners .... 31
Readers Inc. ........................................................................ 32

LIVING WITH YOUNG IDEAS
It’s Raining Fashions! ............................................................... 73 Crossword Puzzle ................. 86
Bleuse Treats ........................................................................ 76 Needle News ......................... 90
How to Be a “Designing Woman” .................................................. Helen Rose 77 Photoplay Patterns ............. 94
.................................................. Becoming Attractions .... 98

STARS IN FULL COLOR
Tony Perkins........... 44 George Nader........ 49 Ava Gardner........ 61
Anne Baxter .......... 46 Debbie Reynolds .... 52 Pier Angeli .... 64
Eddie Fisher .......... 52

COVER: Color portrait of Kim Novak by Peter Basch. Kim is starred in Columbia’s “Jeanne Eagels” and “Pai Jocy.”

Your May issue will be on sale at your newsstand on April 4
“Let me tell you about DEAN MARTIN's high-jinks in 'TEN THOUSAND BEDROOMS.' He sings love-songs in romantic Rome to not one, not two, not three, but four luscious lovelies (all sisters!) and what happens then makes the most enticing, exciting story ever set to music!”
Debbie comes out

A nice girl but not glamorous, until...

First, she darkens and silksens colorless lashes and brows with a touch of rich Kurlene eyelash cream every night.

Kurlene® tube 50c* jar $1.00*

* plus tax

Second, Debbie shapes uneven eyebrows. With gentle Twissors, the only tweezers with scissor handles, she plucks wayward hairs from under brows. (Newcoiffaters eyes and face.)

Twissors® 75c

Third, Debbie's undramatic eyes become bright, sparkling. She uses Kurlash eyelash curler to give a bewitching curve to her lashes... new beauty to her eyes.

Kurlash® $1.00

See what Debbie's eye beauty plan can do for you! Kurlash products at your local department, drug or variety store.

The Kurlash®
Company, Inc., Rochester 4, N.Y.
(Also available in Canada)

I wish Marlon Brando would return to playing Brando. As much as I'm opposed to an actor being typed, I miss Marlon in this role and don't willingly accept substitutes. Privately, Elvis Presley plays records of singers who make the lyrics clear and intelligible.

Wonder why José Ferrer overacts when someone directs him in a movie and underplays when he directs himself? I'd like to know which picture Arthur Godfrey likes better: "The Great Man" or "A Face in the Crowd." Tony Curtis told me if he hadn't become an actor he might be a press agent, or even a columnist. Archibald Alexander Leach is a marquee name, but you see it as Cary Grant.

The best female singer in pictures is Doris Day. The best male singer in pictures is Frank Sinatra. It's about time they teamed to make another picture together. I'm of the opinion that "Baby Doll" could have been as big, if not bigger, without the ban.

Showing her true colors, Carroll Baker is a brunette. This might be why several movie producers who wouldn't give her a role in the past don't recognize her now. Beverly Hills is fifty square miles located in the midst of the 454 square miles of Los Angeles. Anyhow, Tab Hunter believed he could sing! Diana Dors once said she owed everything to three dimensions: 35 bust, 23 waist, 35 hip. Anita Ekberg told me she dislikes people who sit and stare at her. "Just because I've been put together well is no reason for people to stare at me. It's still impolite."

Yul Brynner is going to change his performance in his next movie by wearing a toupee. How long can the Marilyn Monroe type crash through? With king-size Jayne Mansfield, I'd say, as Oscar Hammerstein wrote it in a lyric: "They've gone about as far as they can go." "No matter what anyone might comment about me," declares

Continued
Audrey's Hep!!

She's letting her hair down — all the way — rockin' and rollin' with Fred Astaire in her first big musical!

**Audrey Hepburn**

Actually filmed in France — on a spree Paris will never forget!

**Fred Astaire**

Great Gershwin Tunes!

- "S Wonderful"
- "Clap Yo' Hands"
- "How Long Has This Been Going On?"

and 8 more — including the brilliant "Bon Jou Paris" number that makes all Paris a stage

**Funny Face**

**EMPATHY!**

Words can't describe it — but wait till Audrey demonstrates it!

Co-starring

KAY THOMPSON

with MICHEL AUCLAIR, FLEMYNG

MUSIC AND LYRICS by GEORGE and IRA GERSHWIN

CHOREOGRAPHY by LELA ROBERTS AND FRED ASTAIRE

DANCE DIRECTIONS by STANLEY DONEN

PRODUCED by ROGER EBERS

DIRECTED by STANLEY DONEN

WRITTEN by LEONARD GERSHNE

TECHNICOLOR®

Great Gershwin Tunes!

- "S Wonderful"
- "Clap Yo' Hands"
- "How Long Has This Been Going On?"

and 8 more — including the brilliant "Bon Jou Paris" number that makes all Paris a stage

**Funny Face**

**EMPATHY!**

Words can't describe it — but wait till Audrey demonstrates it!

Co-starring

KAY THOMPSON

with MICHEL AUCLAIR, FLEMYNG

MUSIC AND LYRICS by GEORGE and IRA GERSHWIN

CHOREOGRAPHY by LELA ROBERTS AND FRED ASTAIRE

DANCE DIRECTIONS by STANLEY DONEN

PRODUCED by ROGER EBERS

DIRECTED by STANLEY DONEN

WRITTEN by LEONARD GERSHNE

TECHNICOLOR®
Jayne, “the fact is that I grew my own figure.” . . . I’ll wager that Joan Blackman is going to be one of next year’s movie stars! . . . When asked what was her greatest struggle, Joan Collins told the interviewer: “Getting into my tight evening dress.”

I’m waiting to see Kirk Douglas play a modest, naive fellow, such as Tony Perkins portrays offscreen. . . . Jane Russell in “The Fuzzy Pink Nightgown” (alluring for a marquee) plays a movie actress who is mysteriously lured and kidnapped. While making the picture Jane never realized the same role would make a star out of Marie McDonald. . . . I’ve grown accustomed to Natalie Wood, and am becoming fonder and fonder of her. . . . But what’s with Nick Adams? He hasn’t ever met a friend who doesn’t happen to be a celebrity—and without the celebrity becoming subject of a gushy magazine article. . . . When Rossano Brazzi was last visiting here, he told me he doesn’t object to a touch of feminine temperament. “I love the beauty in a woman’s face when she flares up as much as I admire her look of regret after it has happened.” . . . June Allyson could get to be known as the retreat actress. June played the lead in “You Can’t Run Away from It” (originally “It Happened One Night”) and now she’s doing the remake of “My Man Godfrey.” . . . If the marquee advertised Luis Antonio Damaso de Alonso, you’d be seeing your old friend Gilbert Roland. . . . Two Western stars who ride horses best are John Wayne and Joel McCrea, both of whom were raised and attended school in Hollywood. . . . I’d like to see Janet Leigh get the glamour treatment and sex build-up. She has the natural equipment to be a prominent movie star. . . . I watched Mike Todd eating popcorn at the movies. . . . Kim Novak’s stardom continues to shine brighter. Yet Kim will admit she’s no smartie-pants. “Somehow I managed to graduate from high school, but I think the fact I had a lot of male teachers helped.”

Shirley MacLaine has yet to do anything in a movie as good as her screen test. When Shirley does, it’ll be a riot. . . . At a party, I always enjoy sitting at the same table with Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher. . . . The first man to build a home in Beverly Hills (year: 1907) was Burton E. Green, who named the community after a place called Beverly Farms in Massachusetts. . . . Mamie Van Doren would like you to know she has no secret formula to make her hair the shade it is. “Zsa Zsa once tried to get it from my hairdresser.” . . . Meanwhile Miss Gabor advises the gals: “A man prefers his girl friend to be just bright enough to realize what a bright person he is.”

I wonder if Rock Hudson still acts like a movie fan about Lana Turner. . . . Incidentally, U-I has them both signed and could co-star them in a picture, which would be smart! . . . The United States of America celebrates Eva Marie Saint’s birthday with her. Because she’s a regular Yankee Doodle Dandy, born on the Fourth of July. . . . Two boys outside the Rodeo School on the sidewalks of Beverly Hills: “How’s your father?” “Why do you ask?” “Because last year he was my father.”

That’s Hollywood for you.

---

**WHY WON’T YOU LISTEN?**

You hear it from your friends . . . you read it in the Tampax columns . . . and still you won’t accept the advantages of Tampax® internal sanitary protection. You turn your head away. You stubbornly cling to an outmoded point of view. Actually, Tampax was invented by a doctor for the benefit of all women. Millions use it; millions enthuse about it. You’re no different from any of them. —listen to their point of view about Tampax.

Women like the comfort of Tampax; it can’t ever be felt when it’s in place. Women like the discreetness of Tampax; no bulges, no ridges, no telltale outlines. Women like the daintiness of Tampax; it’s convenient to carry, easy to insert and change—and it absolutely prevents odor from forming. In every possible way—from the fact it can be worn in shower or tub to its ease of disposal—Tampax is a far nicer way of handling those days. Listen. Consider. And you’ll want to try Tampax.

That’s all it takes—just a try. Choose from Regular, Super or Junior absorbencies wherever drug products are sold. Give Tampax a chance! Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.
because *you* are the very air he breathes...

Aren't you glad you're a girl? Isn't it a *fabulous* feeling... to know he'd rather be close to *you* than anyone else in the wide, wide world? Don't let anything mar this moment. Double check your charm every day with VETO...the deodorant that drives away odor...dries away perspiration worries. (Remember, if you're nice-to-be-next to... next to *nothing* is impossible!)

*VETO* is for you

in more ways than one

*Veto* Cream *Veto* Spray *Veto* Stick *Veto* or Mist

One touch of *VETO*
dries away perspiration worries!
Back from France comes producer-director-star Gene Kelly, with a honey of a movie that combines heart hilarity and good sense. As a brisk American businessman in Paris, a widower, Gene has put son Bobbi Clark in a Swiss boarding school, but the kid makes a getaway, intent on joining his father. Along with him goes Brigitte Fossey, whose divorcée mother, too, is in Paris. While Gene and Barbara Laage team up to find their children, the runaways breeze across country, aided by French youngsters. In a choice sequence, they're chased by an entire NATO force, under the command of stuffy Britisher Michael Redgrave. Both children are charmers, entirely natural.

The Saga of Satchmo

More than just a record of Louis Armstrong's triumphant travels, this is also a close-up of a vital personality and an exciting concert, alive with the rhythms of classic Dixieland jazz. The music of Armstrong and his men is welcomed by the Swiss, the French, the English, with foot-tapping enthusiasm or solemn concentration. There are extra thrills on Africa's Gold Coast, where Louis believes his ancestors lived. In every action, in all the facts about himself that he gives to producer Edward R. Murrow, "Satchmo" comes across as a happy man, widely respected and enormously successful in work that he deeply loves.
this is "curvallure"...the bra that
gives you a high-rounded bustline with
fullness above the bra, itself...the bra with
the featherlight special Jantzen genius-type insert*
that lifts you, yourself, to natural loveliness...
the instant-glamour bra that makes all girls gorgeous.
Only Jantzen makes it. Left, "curvallure" bandeau ($639)
with three-way straps $5.95...right, "curvallure" bra-lette
($679) $15.00...nylon lace and sheer Dacron...white,
black, pink, blue, honeyglow...daytime "curvallure" ($619),
white only $3.95...at most stores. (prices in U.S.A.)

Jantzen Inc - Foundations and Brassieres - 261 Madison Avenue - New York

*patent pending
LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES  Continued

**Battle Hymn**

**U.S.; Cinemascope, Technicolor**

★★★ Though war is the dominant background, here’s a tender, warm-hearted film, centering on the havoc among innocent bystanders. Rock Hudson has the deeply sympathetic role of Colonel Dean Hess, who lived this remarkable story. As Hess, Rock is a World War II flyer who accidentally bombs a German orphanage. A preacher in civilian life, he can’t go back to his vocation with a clear conscience, even with the encouragement of wife Martha Hyer. Recalled to active duty in Korea, he becomes involved in the fate of orphans, victims of the fighting. The lovely Indian actress Anna Kashfi (seen in “The Mountain”) plays a Korean girl who has the aid of ancient Philip Alm in caring for the children. Dan Duryea and Don DeFore are “tough” Americans.

**Men in War**

**U.S.**

★★★ Any woman whose man has ever gone off to war feels that he has had an experience she can never share or ever understand. Direct, honest, full of tension, this picture gives her a chance at least to imagine what might have happened to him. In the bitter days of 1950, during the UN retreat in Korea, Lieutenant Robert Ryan’s infantry patrol is cut off. He is America’s typical “civilian soldier,” thoughtfully trying to do his duty. As a sergeant the patrol comes upon, Aldo Ray is the traditional fighting man, operating surely on instinct. No characters are obvious, yet not one has to be explained. You know them by their actions and words. As Aldo’s beloved colonel, speechless and almost helpless from battle shock, Robert Keith is impressive.

**Top Secret Affair**

**Warners**

★★ In a knockabout romantic comedy, Susan Hayward and Kirk Douglas are a handsome pair. Susan’s a news-magazine big shot, annoyed because her choice for a top atomic-energy post got the government go-by. So she’s out to ruin Kirk, though this Army general has an outstanding record. Little dictators in their separate fields, Susan and Kirk become the conventional warring lovers, as she tries to trap the general into undignified poses, to be shot by her candid photographer. There’s expert support by Paul Stewart, as Susan’s too-perceptive second-in-command, and Jim Backus, as Kirk’s befuddled public-relations officer. But the two stars, accomplished in dramatic roles, seem ill at ease when they’re asked to clown, going at their antics with the determination of good sports.

**The Big Land**

**Warners, Warnercolor**

★★ Alan Ladd makes a fine, dependable hero in a Western that follows a sensible course through post-Civil War history. Leading a cattle drive to Missouri, Alan, along with fellow Texans, gets gypped by dealer Anthony Caruso on the sale price. But, in partnership with ex-drunkard Edmond O’Brien, Alan develops a counter-scheme. He will bring the Texas cattle to the rich grasslands of Kansas, where a new spur of the railroad may pick them up at a new town. Buyers gather to bid for the herd at fair prices—only to be terrorized by Anthony and his henchmen. The romantic angle is handled in a properly subdued manner, as Virginia Mayo turns from railroad tycoon Don Castle to the dashing Texan. Little David Ladd does an appealing debut in his dad’s picture.
PROOF: A few drops stop “detergent hands”

In a scientific test*, over 450 women soaked both hands in detergents 3 times a day. In several days, left hands not treated with Jergens Lotion became coarse and red. But right hands, treated with Jergens, stayed soft and lovely. No other lotion similarly tested kept hands so soft and smooth. Jergens Lotion stops all chapping and dryness. It doesn’t “glove” hands with sticky film... it penetrates to help replace natural moisture lost to wind and weather, indoor and outdoor chores. Only 15¢ to $1.

*Notice to doctors and dermatologists — for summary of test write The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Albert Schweitzer

In terms of selflessness and service to humanity, the subject of this movie biography may be the greatest man of our times. Ranging from Europe to the heart of Africa, this straightforward documentary is done with great feeling. A little boy (the only “actor” in the cast) shows how the young Albert may have reacted to the infinite possibilities of life. Touching family photos re-create his background, but the splendidly alive face of the venerable Dr. Schweitzer himself dominates most of the picture. The daily routine of his hospital deep in French Equatorial Africa is shown in sharp detail, with all its hardships and brave improvisations. As an astonishing accompaniment, there is the doctor’s profound devotion to music, philosophy and religion.

Gun for a Coward

Without stinting on action, here’s a Western that also plays up character, contrasting three brothers. In effect, steady Fred MacMurray is father to the two younger boys: Jeffrey Hunter, sensitive, cautious, therefore accused of cowardice; Dean Stockwell, rash and thoughtless. A range war between cattlemen and farmer squatters tests the mettle of all three. Romance also divides the brothers, as Janice Rule tires of waiting for Fred and turns to Jeff. The acting is generally earnest, though Josephine Hutchinson doesn’t look quite old enough to be Fred’s mother, and Stockwell, once an excellent child actor, seems here to be doing a distasteful impersonation of the late James Dean.

Drango

Bitterness and threatened violence seething in the South just after the Civil War keep suspense high. For personal reasons, Jeff Chandler feels a sense of dedication when he takes over as “occupation officer” in a hill town once ravaged by Sherman’s men. Joanne Dru hates him because of his conciliatory policy leads to the lynching of her pro-Union father. As Jeff’s young aide, John Lupton also urges that he get tough. In his desperate campaign to rebuild the wrecked, starving town, Jeff is secretly opposed by Ronald Howard, as a fanatic who won’t admit that the Confederate cause is lost. Brilliant photography points up the drama.

Hot Summer Night

Supposedly set in the present day, this suspense movie actually harks back to the early Thirties, when Dillinger-style bandits hogged the headlines. On his honeymoon with Colleen Miller, unemployed reporter Leslie Nielsen decides to get his job back through an exclusive interview with bandit Robert Wilke. The enterprising newsmen winds up as captive in the gang’s Ozarks hide-out, dominated by crazed gunman Paul Richards.
Georganna Blume, Alpha Omicron Pi, DE PAUW UNIVERSITY, Indiana, says "SOLITAIR is perfect for me, as I prefer a light, natural-looking make-up."

Mary Lou Splitsnaugle, Delta Gamma, U. OF CAL.- SANTA BARBARA, says "I love the way SOLITAIR stays fresh-looking all day long."

Lovely co-eds 'moisture miracle' make-up!

There's more to fabulous new Solitair than meets the eye...more than the soft, natural beauty it gives your skin! For Solitair alone—of all make-ups—contains a remarkable new skin discovery. Vita-Lite, it's called...and wonderful, it is!

As you smooth on Solitair with a moist sponge, Vita-Lite penetrates helps restore moisture...stimulates circulation so that your skin "wakes up" to a new kind of dewy freshness and youthful glow. Day by day, your complexion grows lovelier...minor imperfections and tired lines seem to disappear.

Like college beauty queens, give yourself this chance for a glamorous new look. Soon, get Solitair, the young make-up, so perfect for skin of any age. Sold at better drug and all variety stores.

The ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL, with its coral-tinted walls and lovely surrounding palms, is as much a part of Hawaii as the famous Diamond Head seen from the Royal's grounds. Dining service that is world-renowned...nightly entertainment and dancing...sunning and swimming on Royal's private beach.

Truly a dream vacation in the "land-where-dreams-come-true."
Now! Only the NEW Lady Sunbeam

CONTROLLED HEAT HAIR DRYER

gives you all these advantages

- Greater convenience
- More freedom
- Faster drying action
- More comfortable
- Scientific heat control

Now you can enjoy the full beauty of lovely, radiant hair more often.

New, scientifically designed vinyl cap fits easily over your hair and concentrates drying air where hair is heaviest. Drying air comes from heat-control unit through durable, flexible hose. No more head turning or tiring arm raising as with an ordinary hand-type dryer. No more hot air on neck and shoulders as with a professional-type dryer. And the Lady Sunbeam is so simple to use—just set the dial for any temperature you want—hot, warm, medium or cool. Cap has no electric wires.

An inner pocket concentrates drying air where hair is heaviest.

Air flows from heat control unit through durable hose.

Easy-to-set heat control unit.

YOUR CHOICE OF COLORS

- pink
- turquoise
- yellow

HANDS ARE FREE Do nails, write letters, etc.

MORE COMFORTABLE No heat on neck, shoulders

FASTER You are finished in minutes

MOVIES

Above Us the Waves

With some of their top stars, the British present a matter-of-fact, often suspenseful account of a mad World War II venture. Officer in the submarine service, John Mills promotes a daring scheme for destroying the German battleship Tirpitz, which has been preying on Atlantic shipping. Human torpedoes, each driven by two men, will be launched into Germany's inland waters. Bad weather defeats this plan, whereupon Mills puts through another: midship subs, from which frogmen can emerge to attach explosives to the Tirpitz' keel. He commands one; jaunty John Gregson and earnest Donald Sinden take the others. As simple physical action, it's an exciting yarn, but even good acting can't individualize its people.

Mister Cory

Tony Curtis draws a doubtful role here, as the social-climber "hero." In flight from Chicago's slums, he gets a job as bus-boy in a swank western resort. His deceitful romance with icy heiress Martha Hyer is obviously headed for disaster. Oddly, Tony slights Martha's impish kid sister, who knows all about his lowly status and still likes him. In this part, Kathryn Grant provides the movie's brightest moments, with her hoyden charm. Still determined, Tony turns gambler with notable success and gets into the big time when he teams up with a smooth old pro, shrewdly portrayed by Charles Bickford. Though Tony also accepts the backing of a notorious racketeer, he's awfully slow in realizing the illegal nature of his business. While Tony isn't actually presented as a heel, you feel that this is really not the kind of role that he can play most convincingly.

Continued on page 30
Here, in one application, is basecoat-lacquer-sealer, a 3-in-1 formula that’s super-resistant to chip, crack, scuff and peel. Here’s glow-with-glamour gloss, in 21 jewel colors, Regular or Iridescent, in 15¢ and 29¢ sizes, plus tax.

New 3-in-1 Basecoat-Lacquer-Sealer Formula

now Dura-Gloss wears longer, yet is far easier to apply

Now! No other nail polish tested, regardless of price, wears so long, yet is so easy to apply as new 3-in-1 Dura-Gloss, with its sensational, chip-resistant Flex-Film formula that bonds itself to your nails for super adherence. Here’s super covering quality, too . . . that flows on bubble-free, to brush without streaking.

dura-gloss nails
look lovelier longer

Exclusive Color Cap Shade Selector lets you compare nail for nail
Hair with the fresh young HALO look is softer, brighter

Whistle Clean

—for clear, liquid Halo, unlike most shampoos, contains no greasy oils or soap. Nothing to interfere with cleaning action or dull your hair with heavy, dirt-catching film. Mild, gentle Halo leaves hair softer, brighter ... whistle clean!
not a seam to cut you anywhere!

Silf Skin Pantie Girdle is so firm... so friendly... has no crotch seams to cut and bother, yet moulds and controls beautifully! Make the "inside-out test" and discover that only Silf Skin exclusive seamless knit is just as velvety smooth on the inside as it is on the outside—feels so good next to you. Full-fashioned... preshrunk in white, also in black. Nylon elastic, $5.95. Silk elastic, $10.95. As shown, $5

NOW AVAILABLE IN SILF SKIN'S SUPER CONTROL
An extra-firm knit that combines amazing support and spring-back with comfort! $5.95

9 AM 7 PM

MAKE THE SILF SKIN "INSIDE-OUT" COMFORT TEST
Now in new modern handy-grip bottle

So much surer than ordinary douches...

Try gentler, milder "Lysol" brand disinfectant—now in its handsome handy-grip bottle, so much nicer on your bathroom shelf!

Just a teaspoonful of "Lysol" added to the douche water spreads into folds and crevices with a thorough antiseptic cleansing action—deodorizing as it cleanses! How fresh-all-over you'll feel—so sure of yourself, so sure you're completely clean and nice.

10¢ OFF! Limited Time Only! Look for special introductory package in stores.

(Write for medically-approved methods of douching, sent in plain envelope. Send name and address to "Lysol," Bloomfield, N. J., D.p. PP-574)

INSIDE STUFF

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

False Rumor: The report that Natalie Wood had spent the afternoon and evening at the Santa Inez Inn in Santa Monica with still-to-be-divorced John Ireland was completely erroneous. What actually happened was Natalie and some friends attended a luncheon party at the Inn. John also was a guest and was captivated by the vivacious Natalie. Incidentally, Natalie seems to be going her own sweet way these days and ignores friends' advice to slow down. But while she seems to be on a whirl of dates, it's Nicky Hilton she turns to most often. When she became ill on the "Bomber B-52" set Nicky was at the Warners lot in a jiffy; and when he left for New York recently it was Natalie who drove him to the airport. They even quarrel publicly.

Lucky Girl: When Susan Strasberg makes her second film, "Stage Struck" she will enjoy the kind of "protection" which few young players get these days

Continued
Which is your hair problem?

Hair dull...no shine?
Even the dullest hair really sparkles with new Suave! Try it. See your hair glitter with twinkling highlights. And oh how silky, how soft and lovely! Suave gives hair that "healthy-looking glow," not oily shine...because it's greaseless.

Hair too dry?
The instant you apply Suave Hair-dressing with its amazing greaseless lanolin, dryness is gone! Suave puts life back into your hair. Makes it silky soft; bursting with highlights, eager to wave...and so manageable, so exciting to feel!

Unruly after shampoo?
Never shampoo your hair without putting back the beauty-oils that shampooing takes out. Use Suave every time to restore beauty instantly! Makes hair silky...manageable, eager to wave. Keeps hair in place without oily film.

Hair abused...brittle?
After home permanents or too much sun, your hair will drink up Suave. Apply liberally every day—and see satiny softness, life and sparkle return. You'll be amazed how pretty, how caressable your hair can look!

Teen Tangles?
Your hair does so much for your popularity! Don't be a "tangle mop." A kiss of Suave daily makes your hair behave without a struggle. Keeps it perfect! Gives it that "sparkly" look!

Suave
HAIRDRESSING & CONDITIONER
Contains amazing greaseless lanolin
59¢ and $1 (plus tax)

NEW! for extra dry hair Special Suave Creme

HELENE CURTIS
At last! Science discovers a new-type medication especially for pimples, that really works. In skin specialists' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were completely cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL.

CLEARASIL WORKS FAST TO MAKE PIMPLES DISAPPEAR

1. PENETRATES PIMPLES . . . keratolytic action softens and dissolves affected skin tissue . . . permits medication to penetrate down into any infected area.
2. ISOLATES PIMPLES . . . antiseptic action of this new type medication stops growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples.
3. "STARVES" PIMPLES . . . CLEARASIL's famous dry-up action "starves" pimples because it helps to remove the oils that pimples "feed" on.

SKIN CREAMS CAN "FEED" PIMPLES CLEARASIL "STARVES" THEM

Oil in pores helps pimples grow and thrive. So oily skin creams can actually "feed" pimples. Only an oil-absorbing medication . . . CLEARASIL, helps dry up this oil, "starves" pimples.

'FLOATS OUT' BLACKHEADS

CLEARASIL's penetrating medical action softens and loosens blackheads from underneath, so they 'float out' with normal washing. So why suffer the misery of pimples or blackheads? CLEARASIL is guaranteed to work for you, as in doctors' tests, or money back. Only 69¢ at all drug counters (economy size 96¢).

New! Clearasil Medication

'STARVES' PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED . . . hides pimples while it works.

and which every one of them needs. Susie not only has Henry Fonda as one co-star but the smooth and charming Herbert Marshall as the other. Even if Susie weren't the superb young actress she is, those two would guarantee no scenes could go wrong.

Incidentally, there was a completely false rumor going the rounds of Hollywood some time back that Marshall was quite ill. There never was a word of truth in it. As evidence, look at Bart's work schedule in recent months. He no sooner got back from making an English picture with Arlene Dahl than he was starring in the Loretta Young TV show opposite Viveca Lindfors. did a Lux video as "Now Voyager" and the George Gobel show, as well as working on "Stage Struck" in New York, and looking incredibly handsome in all.

When an actor's career is at stake marriage sometimes sits it out on the sidelines. Russ and Venetta Tamblyn are fighting to save theirs

Harry Belafonte displays talent entertaining Dorothy Dandridge and John Justin with a calypso on "Island in the Sun" location

Frank never seems to stop going and fans often wonder what he's trying to prove. But meeting him is exciting to Joan Blackman
Years from now, passers-by will note their initials in the birch tree's bark. And it looks as if this love affair would last even longer. Young as they are, both Pat and Andy have learned that unpleasant breath is a barrier to romance. When they whisper "sweet nothings," you may be sure they'll stay sweet, thanks to the security that gargling with Listerine Antiseptic brings.

The most common cause of bad breath is germs...Listerine kills germs by millions

The most common cause of bad breath by far is germs that ferment the protein always present in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic kills germs instantly...by millions.

Tooth paste can't kill germs the way Listerine does

Tooth paste can't kill germs the way Listerine does, because no tooth paste is antiseptic. Listerine IS antiseptic. That's why Listerine stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste.

Gargle Listerine full-strength, morning and night.
When you're close enough to kiss...

Pond's Cold Cream makes a lovely difference

No other cream cleanses more deeply!
Feel it! A fresh new cleanness that starts deep down in your skin. Pond's Cold Cream clears out embedded dirt, stale make-up that other cleansings just skim over.

Nothing leaves your skin softer and smoother!
See it! Your skin looks velvet smooth, softly glowing with new life, new lustre. Pond's Cold Cream actually brings back to your skin the precious moisture that fatigue and tension drain away.

Nothing else gives your face this Pond's-fresh feeling!
Enjoy the pleasure of using Pond's. Cool as snowflakes against your face as it relaxes tired skin, smooths away fatigue lines. So much more than a cleanser, Pond's Cold Cream is a complete refresher course in beauty!

Pond's Cold Cream

Inside Stuff

His Brother's Keeper: Some people are beginning to ask, "What is he trying to prove?" when Frank Sinatra's name is mentioned. Ever since Frank and Ava parted, Frank has been busy enough for three men—making one picture after another, night club engagements, TV appearances and keeping up a busy social life. And on top of that, Frank always finds time to participate in more charitable work than most stars with far more time on their hands. One of the big heels Ava had with Frank when they lived together was he didn't spend enough time with her—yet, during that period Frank's public appearances were comparatively curtailed. We remember one incident that took place in a Chicago hotel when Frank was there on a personal appearance tour. Ava was with him. He'd promised to fly on to Washington for a benefit performance, but Ava, bored with the whole thing, insisted they return to California. If it had been just another night-club engagement Frank might have given in to her wishes, because at the time he was so in love with her she could twist him around her little finger. But Frank wouldn't go back on a promise. He and Ava had a big scene and she returned to Hollywood alone. Though this took place a long time before they finally separated, we've always thought it was the beginning of the end for them. When a woman comes between a man and his ideals, the "lady" rarely wins.

Tamblyn's Troubles: If the rumored split-up with his lovely wife Venetia Stevenson isn't enough to make him unhappy, Russ is also upset over the way his career is going and he doesn't care who knows it. M-G-M has had very little for him to do and when he was offered a part on TV in "Jack and the Beanstalk" the studio wouldn't let him play it. Now Russ has a chance to get some of his (Continued on page 102)
BOBBI'S "Heroine" adapts fashion's new wide and wonderful look for you—thanks to new "Casual Pin-Curlers." Only BOBBI has "Casual Pin-Curlers"... new easy way to make pin-curls behave.

Try "Spindrift," Bobbi's new "do" for that very special date. Soft waves sweep forward over ears. Bangs feather out from a new pinwheel curl. Lastingly yours... with "Casual Pin-Curlers."

"First Love" depends on BOBBI—the special permanent for casual styles—for those wide, natural-looking waves. Never tight, never fussy—BOBBI always gives you softly feminine curls.

Casual 'n carefree! These new softer-than-ever hairstyles call for BOBBI...

only BOBBI has special "Casual Pin-Curlers"

The new soft 'n pretty look in hairdos begins with BOBBI—the one pin-curl permanent specially created for casual hairstyles. BOBBI always gives you softly feminine curls from the very first day, and with new special "Casual Pin-Curlers" your BOBBI curls are firmer... your BOBBI wave is easier to set than ever. Pin-curl your hair just once and apply BOBBI lotion. That's all. No separate neutralizer needed—no resetting.

See how smooth a pin-curl looks made with BOBBI's new "Casual Pin-Curlers!" They can't slip, can't crimp, rust or discolor hair. Takes only one per curl. Perfect for setting after shampoos.

See how easy a BOBBI can be! Just "Casual Pin-Curlers" and BOBBI lotion. That's all you need for today's newest casual hairstyles. No separate neutralizer—no resetting needed.

Look for BOBBI in this new package—the only pin-curl kit complete with 55 new "Casual Pin-Curlers" and 6 neckline curlers... all in pink plastic... new BOBBI lotion, easy directions.
Everyone in the movie industry and many, many others, in recent weeks, have paid tribute to the brilliant, irascible and lovable Humphrey Bogart. On page 50 of this issue, Photoplay tells the moving and wonderful story of his wife, Lauren Bacall. But among all the newspaper stories and magazine pieces, no one, I think, has told of Bogie’s rich and unforgettable life better than his friend and co-worker John Huston, on the occasion of the funeral services. So that our readers may have the heart-warming experience of reading his moving words, we are presenting John Huston’s tribute here, just as he uttered it:

“Humphrey Bogart died early Monday morning [January 14, 1957]. His wife was at his bedside, and his children were nearby. He had been unconscious for a day. He was not in any pain. It was a peaceful death. At no time during the months of his illness did he believe he was going to die, not that he refused to consider the thought—it simply never occurred to him. He loved life. Life meant his family, his friends, his work, his boat. He could not imagine leaving any of them, and so until the very last he planned what he would do when he got well. His boat was being repainted. Stephen, his son, was getting of an age when he could be taught to sail, and to learn his father’s love for the sea. A few weeks sailing and Bogie would be all ready to go to work again. He was going to make fine pictures—only fine pictures from here on in.

“With the years he had become increasingly aware of the dignity of his profession—Actor, not Star: Actor. Himself, he never took too seriously—his work most seriously. He regarded the somewhat gaudy figure of Bogart, the star, with an amused cynicism; Bogart, the actor, he held in deep respect. Those who did not know him well, who never worked with him, were not one of the small circle of his close friends, had another completely different idea of the man than the few who were so privileged. I suppose the ones who knew him but slightly were at the greatest disadvantage, particularly if they were the least bit solemn about their own importance in the motion picture community. Bigwigs have been known to stay away from brilliant Hollywood occasions rather than expose their swelling neck muscles to Bogart’s banderillas.

“In each of the fountains at Versailles there is a pike which keeps all the carp active, otherwise they would over-fat and die. Bogie took rare delight in performing a similar duty in the fountains of Hollywood. Yet his victims seldom bore him any malice, and when they did, not for long. His shafts were fashioned only to prick the outer layer of complacency, and not to penetrate through to the regions of the spirit where real injuries are done.

“The great houses of Beverly Hills, and, for that matter, of the world were so many shooting galleries so far as Bogie was concerned, but his own house was a sanctuary. Within those walls anyone, no matter how elevated his position, could breathe easy. Bogie’s hospitality went far beyond food and drink. He fed a guest’s spirit as well as his body, plied him with good will until he became drunk in the heart as well as in the legs.

“This tradition of wonderful hospitality continued on to the last hour he was able to sit upright. Let me tell you what at work it was extended through the last days. On his couch upstairs at five o’clock he would be shaved and dressed in grey flannel and scarlet smoking jacket. Then, as he was no longer able to walk, his emaciated body would be lifted into a wheelchair and pushed to a dumbwaiter on the second floor landing. The top of the dumbwaiter had been removed to give him head room. His nurses would help him in and, sitting on a little stool, he would be lowered down to the kitchen where another transfer would be made, and again by wheelchair he’d be transported through the house into the library and his chair. And there he would be, sherry glass in one hand and cigarette in the other at five-thirty when the guests would start to arrive. They were limited now to those who had known him best
What kind of girl can a man love for a lifetime?

She'll be more than just a “good date.” She'll know something about being a wonderful wife—take pride in being a good homemaker.

When a girl has her own Lane Hope Chest, she soon develops a keen interest in down-to-earth values that really count in a happy marriage. She begins to plan—starts collecting the things that'll make her future home the kind that binds her family closer together.

This is the lifetime role every girl hopes to play some day. Planning ahead makes for happiness—and a Lane makes happy planning a habit.

LANE Cedar Hope Chests
The gift that starts her future home

Lane is the only pressure-tested, aroma-tight cedar chest. Made of ¼ 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.

By the makers of Lane Tables and Lane Bedroom and Dining Room Furniture

In a Lane—your treasures are safe and private under lock and key—fully protected from moths, dust, dampness. Send for FREE booklet, "There's a Lane Hope Chest For You," helpful guide to hope chest collecting. LANE, Dept. 714-Z, Altavista, Va. In Canada, Knechtels, Ltd., Hanover, Ontario.

Over 100 styles...modern & traditional...all popular finishes...at most furniture and department stores...Easy terms
Girls who know
the answers use Arrid
—to be sure!

You owe it to yourself to get 100% on this test. It's a cinch you will, too, if you're smart enough to use Arrid daily.

For Arrid is the most effective deodorant your money can buy. Doctors prove that Arrid is 1 1/2 times as effective against perspiration and odor as all leading deodorants tested.

Why? Only Arrid is formulated with the magic new ingredient Perstop. That's why more people have used and are using Arrid to protect against odor and perspiration than any other deodorant.

What's in it for you? Just this!

1. Rub Arrid in—and you rub perspiration and odor out. When the cream vanishes you know you're safe. And approachable any hour of the day or night. Tropical heat-wave weather included!

2. Arrid protects you against all kinds of unexpected perspiration. It keeps you dry even when anxiety or excitement cause your glands to gush perspiration.

3. Arrid, used daily, keeps your clothes safe from ugly stains. It keeps your underarms so dry, soft and sweet there's never a hint that the situation's getting warm. Not even on hot, sticky days.

4. Arrid's rubbed-in protection starts on contact—keeps you shower-bath fragrant for 24 hours! Remember—nothing protects you like a cream. And no cream protects you like Arrid. No wonder Arrid is America's number one deodorant!

Don't be half safe.
Be completely safe.
Use Arrid . . .
to be sure.
43¢ plus tax.

*Fine Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants.

Editor's shoulder

Continued

and longest; and they stayed, two and three at a time, for a half hour or so until about eight o'clock which was the time for him to go back upstairs by the same route he had descended.

"No one who sat in his presence during the final weeks would ever forget. It was a unique display of sheer animal courage. After the first visit—it took that to get over the initial shock of his appearance—one quickened to the grandeur of it, expanded, felt strangely elated, proud to be there, proud to be his friend, friend of such a brave man.

"As Bogart was brave, his wife was gallant. He gave no thought to death; she knew it was there, every hour of the day and night—a dreadful shape slowly materializing. A guest who would not leave after half an hour. But never once did she betray her awareness. Betty knew, from the time he was operated on, that at best it was a question of a year or two. And out of the power of her love she was able to hide her grief and to go on being her own familiar self for Bogie. She could not even afford to let others know what she knew because in that way the knowledge might get back to him. So, she had not only to play a role for Bogie, but for the world. It was a flawless performance. She attended to his every single want most often before he, himself, knew what his want was. She never missed a trick. From the day of her marriage to him till the hour that death parted them she was true—truly true. It can only be put down to class—class and love.

"Once years ago Bogie and a couple of others and I were shooting the breeze, rather tipily I'm afraid, about life and its meanings, and the question arose as to whether there was any time of our lives we'd like to live over again. All of us except Bogie came out with pat answers. Somebody said, "God forbid." Somebody else said he'd only like to cancel out a couple of times. Then Bogie spoke, 'Yes,' he said, 'there's a time I'd like to relive—the years that I have had with Betty.'

"Bogie was lucky at love and he was lucky at dice. To begin with he was endowed with the greatest gift a man can have—talent. The whole world came to recognize it. Through it he was able to live in comfort and to provide well for his wife and children.

"His life, though not a long one measured in years, was a rich, full life. Over all the other blessings were the two children, Stephen and Leslie, who gave a final lasting meaning to his life. Yes, Bogie wanted for nothing. He got all that he asked for out of life and more. We have no reason to feel any sorrow for him—only for ourselves for having lost him. He is quite irreplaceable. There will never be another like him."
It's the only pincurl permanent that's actually

WEATHERPROOF!

Weather and water can't weaken it! Soft, shiny curls last till cut!

It's always fair weather when you and Pin-Quick get together. Pin-Quick curls stay firm and springy in all kinds of weather—and they're locked in to last! New Pin-Quick's Lano-Clear Lotion babies each curl with lanolin as it waves in soft, casual curls. And wonderful new Silicone in Pin-Quick gives your hair a new lasting sheen.

Pin-Quick's 5 times faster, too. It's the only pincurl permanent with a neutralizer... you can dry it safely in minutes with a dryer—or in the sun. Rain or shine, look your prettiest with new Weatherproof Pin-Quick. $1.75 plus tax.

New Siliconed

PIN·QUICK

by

Richard Hudnut

Richard Hudnut guarantees new Pin-Quick to last longer than any other pincurl permanent—or your money back!
New Spray-Set by the makers of Lustre-Creme...

SETS HAIR TO STAY THE SOFTEST WAY!

ID A LUPINO, lovely star of television program, “MR. ADAMS AND EVE.”

SUPER-SOFT LUSTRE-NET HAIR SPRAY

Loved by Hollywood Stars because it's non-drying... contains no lacquer... mists hair with Lanolin!

HOLLYWOOD FOUND IT FIRST—NOW IT CAN BE YOURS!
There are 2 types of Lustre-Net, Super-soft for loose, casual hair-do's. Regular for hard-to-manage hair. 5½ oz. can—a full ounce more! Only $1.25 plus tax.

Rod Steiger is a new man.

LIGHTHEARTED HEAVY

Goodbye glower, farewell to the sinister croak—Rod Steiger has music in his heart from now on!

- Move over, Crosby and Como! You may be getting sweet-style singing competition where you least expect it. Expert actor Rod Steiger, who has made the hero's life miserable in hits like “Oklahoma!” and “Jubal,” confides that he has ambitions in the crooning department! And, with one stage musical (as well as the “Pore Jud” number in “Oklahoma!”) to his credit, he has the voice to back them up. Beyond that, Rod has tried his hand at composing, writing both words and music for a ballad called either “I Heard a Robin” or “Fly Away Free.”
AVOID
COMPLEXION
FADE-OUT

NEW LIQUID MAKE-UP STAYS TRUE
the whole day through!

At last you can wear a make-up that needs no retouching from nine to five — from dusk 'til bedtime. Westmore's Tru-Glo won't fade, won't turn orange, won't even streak! Your complexion stays alive and glowing! Will your present make-up give you the same breathtaking results? Get Tru-Glo — the cosmetic creation of Hollywood's Westmore Brothers — and compare!

7 lovely shades available at leading variety and drug stores: 59c plus tax; slightly higher in Canada. Also see Westmore's Fabulous New Lipstick Shade ... PINK-ORANGE!

WESTMORE'S NEW Tru-Glo
Liquid make-up with PENELITE
THE HOUSE OF WESTMORE, INC., New York — Hollywood
MOVIES

Continued from page 14

Utah Blaine

COLUMBIA

Here's a good, fast Western, with no nonsense about it, with no fancy pretensions, but with plenty of shooting and galloping. Gunslinger Rory Calhoun, feeling a belated urge to settle down, accepts an offer to manage a ranch that is practically under siege. Ruthless Ray Teal wants to take over and break up both the big ranches in this section, promising his henchmen parts of the land. With pals Paul Langton and Max Baer, Rory defends the ranch where Susan Cummings lives, also the neighboring property.

Wicked as They Come

COLUMBIA

Told dead-pan, this is the story of a femme fatale. Arlene Dahl schemes her way out of New York's slums by winning a beauty contest, with a trip to England as the prize. While TV producer Phil Carey looks on sardonically, she lines up as victims photographer Michael Goodliffe, then tycoon Herbert Marshall, then his boss, Ralph Truman. When she's in mortal danger, Phil comes to her rescue, understanding that a teen-age experience has twisted her outlook.

The Living Idol

MI-GON; CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

Spectacular backgrounds, from Aztec ruins to the magnificent campus of the University of Mexico, keep the eye pleased throughout a supernatural-style thriller. Reporter Steve Forrest, covering an archaeological expedition headed by James Robertson-Jones, is skeptical when the scientist suggests that the Aztecs' panther god may still wield power. But any mention of sacrifices to the god terrifies Liliane Montevéchì, descended from its worshippers. Suitably scary at times, the picture is slow and wordy at others.

The Tattered Dress

A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE STARING

JEFF CHANDLER • JEANNE CRAIN
JACK CARSON • GAIL RUSSELL
ELAINE STEWART

With GEORGE TOBIAS • EDWARD ANDREWS • PHILIP REED

DIRECTED BY JACK ARNOLD • WRITTEN BY GEORGE ZUCKERMAN • PRODUCED BY ALBERT ZUGSMITH

SEE IT SOON...FOR AN EXCITING NIGHT OUT AT YOUR MOVIE THEATRE

With Steve Forrest, Liliane Montevéchì forgets the mysterious evil pursuing her
Announcing the lucky winners of Photoplay's Cut-Out Picture Puzzle Contest

To Mrs. Tillie L. Gryzukowski, Terryville, Connecticut, goes the Grand Prize of $2,000. Each of the following will also receive a wonderful prize.

DOLORES SANTOSCOY, El Paso, Texas
MICHAEL T. ROBINSON, Dallas, Texas
MRS. FRANK MUZE, Jr., Pueblo, Colo.
CLAIRE L. CULLORY, Lafayette, La.
MRS. WILLIAM E. SPROWS, Dallas, Texas
INEZ BERRY, Dallas, Texas
MRS. JOYCE SWADELL, Petaluma, Calif.
MRS. ANN RUTH BURKE, South Braintree, Mass.
CECILIA FRANKOWIAK, Chicago, Ill.
MRS. BEVERLY J. RUSSELL, San Gabriel, Calif.
RICHARD J. CHIARA, Cleveland, Ohio
MRS. DOROTHY GRUBER, Westport, Conn.
MRS. ANGELO J. FRANCO, Columbus, Ga.
LORRAINE SOMMERFIELD, Eden, S.D.
BARBARA ANN WATTS, New York, N.Y.
MRS. JOSEPH TORSKE, Parma, Ohio
ROSEMARY L. HOOVER, Salisbury, Md.
BOBBY EDWARD SLEDGE, Atlanta, Ga.
MITZI EVELYN REESE, Manhasset, N.Y.
CAI DAVIES, Murray, Utah
PAUL MORGAN, Dallas, Texas
BLANCHE BENSINGER, Lawrence, N.Y.
NICHOLAS SINCO, Detroit, Mich.
MIKE KOCHER, Balboa, Canal Zone
MRS. DOROTHY SWENSEN, Brooklyn, N.Y.
HILDE GARDE WALWORTH, New York, N.Y.
MRS. ERMA M. HALL, San Francisco, Calif.
MRS. MARIE HELEN TRAVER, New York, N.Y.
P.P.C. AND MRS. FRANK CONI, Midway Park, N.C.
MRS. GILBERT P. MURSINNA, San Diego, Calif.
EUNICE MAE BRIGHT, Decatur, Ill.
ELEANOR M. GILKEY JARVIS, East Hartford, Conn.
SONDRAY, Birmingham, Ala.
JESSE H. AZZIS, Las Vegas, Nev.
CAROLE RUTH KLEIN, Flushing, N.Y.
LYNN BRISKEN, Chicago, Ill.
MARIE DE LOS ANGELES FERNANDEZ, Nogales, Ariz.
AVA MARIE PEE, San Jose, Costa Rica
MRS. JOE PHILIP KLINNER, Pratteville, Ala.
LENA S. WOLF, Niagara Falls, N.Y.
MRS. TONI THURING, Walnut Creek, Calif.
DOROTHY SECOAR, Salem, Ore.
MRS. JEAN M. BAUKS, Shrewsbury, Mass.
MRS. EMMA STEINER, Park Falls, Wisc.
MRS. SHIRLEY BEGER, St. Louis, Mo.

Here they are...

EASY!
NO THINNING WITH WATER,
NO RINSING AWAY!

Silky waves that last! New Creme Rinse'n Set by Richard Hudnut is the only creme rinse that beauty-sets your hair. Just one swift beauty-step! You don't have to mix with water... you don't rinse it out. Just pour a few fragrant drops on your freshly shampooed hair and comb through. Pin-curls all but set themselves!

Your wave is beautifully soft because, unlike hair sprays, there's no drying alcohol. Your wave lasts—yet no lacquer dulls or stiffens it. Creme rinse and set your hair after your next shampoo ... $.60, 1.00 and 1.75 plus tax.

Creme Rinse'n Set

by Richard Hudnut

NEW BEAUTY FOR YOUR HAIR

ELVIS VS. SEMI-CLAD GALS
In February Photoplay, Harriet Horodeck of New Jersey wanted to know what teenagers thought about the half-nude pictures of movie stars, whom nobody seems to criticize, as compared with fully dressed Elvis, whom everybody seems to criticize. Well, I am a teenager and I agree with Harriet—these women, like Ekberg, Mansfield and Dors, are shameful. They show more of their bodies than their clothes.

P.G.
Chattanooga, Tennessee

Why must their waistlines also be their necklines?
Wanda Richards
Mansfield, Illinois

I wonder why they wear anything at all.
Mrs. Roy Smith
Salem, Oregon

At least Elvis has enough sense to cover his hip when he sings.
Donna Rix
Cincinnati, Ohio

I have just finished reading an article on Elvis Presley in your magazine and had to laugh when it said that Elvis appeals to girls of all ages. This is certainly true. When I turn on Elvis' records, our year-old daughter, otherwise a very quiet little girl, begins to move with the music. She wiggles and shakes, stamps her feet and waves her hands. When I turn on Perry Como, she goes to sleep!

Mrs. Richard Wildmaier
Germany

INFORMATION, PLEASE
I heard that John Saxon came to Hollywood after someone saw his picture in a magazine. Is this true?
Mary Beth Jones
Houston, Texas

It happened this way: John was attending drama classes in New York three years ago, and helped pay his way as a photographer's model. One of his assignments was posing for True Story magazine. When the magazine reached the newstands, letters bombarded the publisher asking for the name of the young man in the picture. The publisher was so impressed that he sent the photographs to Hollywood agent Henry Willson. Sight unseen, Willson sent John a contract. A few months later Saxon (then Carmen Ortiz) was on the Coast, headed for Universal Studios.—Ed.

Robert Stack is a fine dramatic actor, but I have heard that he has other artistic talents—music, for one. True?
Dorothy Brewer
Bennington, Vermont

True. Thirty-eight-year-old Bob sings and plays the clarinet and saxophone. He has won particular distinction, however, in athletics. In 1937 Bob was one of a five-man team (National Telegraphic) which established an unbeaten world record in skeet-shooting. Another world record was won by Bob the same year for long-running; he made 364 consecutive hits.—Ed.

Is it true that a street is named after Elvis Presley somewhere in England?
Jane Bowman
Silver Spring, Md.

True. Brighouse in Yorkshire now has a Presley Drive.—Ed.

What's this I hear about trouble in Ottawa over the showing of "Don't Knock the Rock" at a local theatre?
Marilyn McVain
Vancouver, British Columbia

Jacques Rousay, a teenager of Hull, Quebec, received a five-month sentence for heating an empty bottle through the screen of the Rideau Theatre in Ottawa during a showing of "Don't Knock the Rock."—Ed.

Can you tell me the screen names of Issur Danielovich, Tula Finklea, Alfred Cococa and Hugh Hipple? Also, what is José Ferrer's real name?
Sam Rosenfinkle
New York, N. Y.

Issur is Kirk Douglas, Tula is Cyd Charisse, Alfred is Mario Lanza and Hugh is Hugh Marlowe. José's real name is José Vicente Ferrer Otero y Clarón.—Ed.

ROSSANO BRAZZI—TOO FRANK?
In February 1957, Photoplay printed an article entitled "How to Have a Love Affair," as told by Rossano Brazzi. Our purpose was simply to let you know what one of Hollywood's most popular stars thinks about romance and marriage. Since then we have received a overwhelming number of letters in response to the article. Many of you strongly disagree with Rossano; others admired his happy family life and his deep concern in presenting his marriage in divorce-torn Hollywood. Photoplay here presents four letters, typical of the many received on this difficult and highly controversial subject.—Ed.

I have never read such a shocking article. Since when are ten easy lessons given in how to indulge in immorality, as the title implies? I must say that Mr. Braazi is lacking in good taste to speak his mind so freely. When a married man finds the need to take a fascinating woman to dinner—he being considerate enough to call his wife and say he's having a script conference!—then some-thing is very wrong in his marriage. And, I might add, in his character as well.

Millicent Beller
Clifton, New Jersey

I am a loyal reader of Photoplay, but really! That Rossano Braazi! "What the wife doesn't know won't hurt her," says he? I shudder to think what kind of a world we'd have if all families lived by these standards—the men and the women.

Mrs. B.J.E.
Kendallville, Indiana

Perhaps European marriages work out with this sort of arrangement, but I don't think the American woman can accept the role that Mr. Brazzi assigns the wife. It seems to be, with him, a question of giving and taking—Rossano taking and Lidia giving.

Phyllis Carter
Santa Monica, California

I am sure that a great many people will
You're Prettier than you think you are!

...and you can prove it with a Palmolive bar!

Here's Proof

that Mild and Gentle Palmolive Care
Cleans Cleaner, Deeper, Prettier!

When you wash with your regular soap—in the ordinary, casual way—you leave beauty-robbing hidden dirt behind. But what a glorious difference after a 60-second Palmolive massage! You'll look fresher, lovelier! And to prove that hidden dirt is gone, rub with a tissue. The tissue will stay snowy-white. Proof that Palmolive care cleans cleaner, prettier!

Yes—new complexion beauty is yours in just one minute with Palmolive Soap. Because Palmolive care removes hidden dirt that casual cleansing misses. And only a soap as mild as Palmolive can cleanse so deeply without irritation. Start Palmolive care today, and see your true complexion beauty come through!
!

READERS

The newest hra fashions
you think

cost less than

HALTER

af

r

your favorite

variety store

INC.

find fault with what Rossano Brazzi said
about love and marriage in your February
issue. May I come to his defense? One of
the most important things he and his wife
have found w ith each other is a happy home
life. Despite their shortcomings, the Brazzis
have achieved what many other couples long
for yet never realize. They have tolerance
and consideration for each other, perhaps
the secret of successful marriages. I should
like to mention, incidentally, that Mr. Brazzi
did not advocate the double standard. He
simply said that if a husband flirts, he should
not hurt his wife by it. “Lidia,” he said,
“is not the kind of wife to whom one is

unfaithful.”

Renzo Carlucci
Philadelphia,

Pennsylvania

JAMES DEAN FANS WANT MORE
am really shocked at the Editor s note
your January issue concerning James
Dean. You say you will print nothing more
about him. But I keep thinking about the
thousands of Dean fans who want to hear
more. We reread our old issues and look for
new material in the current magazines. I
realize that it is easier to write about live
people who are doing things, and whose
activity can be discussed, whereas with
I

in

new

for the

Jimmy

there

is

only the story of his

life,

which has been retold many times. Still.
Jimmy’s fans have not forgotten him. Is
there any possibility that we may read more
about him in Photoplay?

CRISS-CROSS

Mary Anne Condon

Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping

Chicago, Illinois

4pvnnsto

In deciding that we would say our final
farewell to James Dean, Photoplay was
responding to numerous letters requesting
us to do so. Since reading our decision, hoiv-

many

you who had remained silent
You want more
about Jimmy and you told Us so. Photoplay takes its lead from its readers ; there
will be more about James Dean, beginning
right here in Readers Inc.
Ed.
ever,

of

before have voiced opinions.

The Bra you can wear
6 different ways
Adds
and

—

exciting glamour to your figure

your smart fashions

to all

.

.

.

from

casual sports wear to your formal eve-

ning wear
you can wear it 6 different
ways because the shoulder straps can be
moved or removed
White or Black Pre-shrunk cotton in AA,
A and B cups
only $1.49
.

.

.

Also in

C cup

Style

only $1.69

ft

1088

The New Sweater Bra $100 ->
For just that right touch of extra

full-

patience and

ness and roundness! Pre-shaped cup in

Air

Foam

so that only you

know

Pre-shrunk white cotton broadcloth in AA, A and B cups, only $1.

Look for

concentration.

Dean was

a

perfectionist.

the

secret.

“Crazy” may be what James Dean appeared to some people, but these people
were not actors. Every actor seems a little
off his rocker. I have read a story about
someone who went up to Jimmy between
scenes for “Rebel" and started talking to
him as James Dean. Dean blew up and
said not to disturb him while he was “in
character.” This person therefore formed
an opinion about Jimmy that was untrue.
All I can say is, Jimmy had every right to
become angry with this person. If an actor
loses character, he is no longer “the other
person,” and therefore cannot perform. Staying- in character requires a great deal of

Jimmy had

a great talent besides his actwhich many actors never
a devoted following. But
lasted beyond the grave.
Would he have wanted it that way? He
may have. But I do not think he would have
wanted a certain type which is following

—

J

ing
the talent
have: Creating
with Jim, this

the

him now.

feet
WOOLWORTH’S,

-7®rlW

Label at

FREE

KRESGE’S, NEWBERRY’S

McCRORY’S, NEISNER’S, McCLELLAN’S, ROSE’S

and your other favorite variety
p

PERFECT BRASSIERE
34

CO. INC.
2,

N.

16 page charm
booklet full of wonder-

store

or write us for store nearest you.
Harborside Bldg., Jersey City

New

J.

*

ful ideas on beauty
care and personality.
Just mail us tag from
any Perfect Form Bra.

This type is the one now most widely
publicized. This type talks about reincarnation. This type believes Jimmy was reckless, fickle, and in love with every girl he
ever met. This type believes he bated his
father and almost died with grief when his
mother passed away with cancer. This type
follows him as a saint and disregards the
fact that he was a human being like you
and me. Most of the boys in this type
thought he was a rebel against life, and
they ape him as he was in “Rebel.” They

j

J

i


American Modern... casual freedom of fashion today for a naturally beautiful figure

Skippies by Formfit

Here is the girdle that suggests the shape... doesn't insist on having its own hard way with your figure. Result... a naturally beautiful line, achieved with the comfort and freedom of fashion today... American Modern.

No wonder Skippies is America's favorite girdle. See why... be fitted in Skippies at your favorite store.

READERS INC.

each year. He did "The King and I" opposite Sarah Churchill. Even though the movie, starring Yul Brynner, had played just prior to this for four full weeks, Mr. Dexter filled the house to standing room every night of his performance. The critics raved. One of the things they said was, "How does Hollywood manage to hide talent like this?" Well, how does it?

PATRICIA LENZ
Sacramento, California

I DON'T LIKE—

I have been to Hollywood and was never more disappointed in my life. If you go on a tour, you have to leave your camera behind. And you can't get out of the bus. Is this the way Hollywood shows its glamour? It's extremely difficult to meet movie stars there, and I have met more in Montreal.

L. BARBARA DAVIES
Montreal, Quebec

Last September you ran a photo of Natalie Wood sitting cross-legged, wearing slacks, high heels and earrings. Not in good taste for Natalie.

BARB ANGLE
Dowagiac, Michigan

I read in Photoplay and all the other movie magazines that Liz Taylor's mother forced her to have a film career, that she didn't really want to be in pictures. Well, Liz is now over twenty-one. She has a mind of her own. If she doesn't like movies she should quit instead of blaming her mother for throwing her into that kind of life. She also says that she never had any freedom as a child. But I remember pictures of Liz at seventeen going out on many dates, and I also remember her engagement at that time. Sounds like freedom to me.

ESTELLE MANN
Newark, New Jersey

NOBODY ASKED ME, BUT...

It's my opinion that Natalie Wood is a publicity fiend... Tab Hunter is a better singer than an actor... Fernando Lamas should come back to Hollywood... Luana Patten is a darling.

I. E. ROBINSON
Edgewood, Rhode Island

In 1957, I would like to see Cameron Mitchell play a good guy... Vic Mature keep his clothes on in movies... a Western with an altogether new plot... fewer corny songs in good musicals... Jan Sterling do a comedy... stories on Virginia Leith.

R. J. S.
Longview, Texas

CATHOLICS AND DIVORCE

In your January issue, under a picture of Maureen O'Hara in the article "Religion in Hollywood," I noticed an error. You stated: "Catholics may be divorced, as Maureen was, but the Church says they may not re-marry." I would like to point out that Roman Catholics, in the eyes of the Church, may not be divorced. Only death can dissolve a Catholic marriage.

Marilyn Reilly
Bloomington, Indiana
Thank you, Marilyn, for pointing out what may have confused some of our readers. Photoplay intended to convey but apparently did not make clear, that Roman Catholics may receive a civil divorce. This affects only their legal marital status. Catholics like Miss O'Hara, according to the Church, are still married. But from the standpoint of law and their obligations under the law, "divorced" Catholics are no longer man and wife. Miss O'Hara may not remarry with clear conscience unless her husband dies or the Church sanctions a Catholic annulment.—Ed.

HISTORY OF PHOTOPLAY

I have been a reader of Photoplay for many years and am curious about its origins. Can you tell me something of its history and the people connected with it in the early days? What kind of a magazine was it when it first began?

Mrs. C. H. Silch
Steamboat Springs, Colorado

Photoplay was born in 1911 and is the oldest screen magazine. Today it is America's largest selling movie magazine, with a circulation of over a million. In the early days Photoplay was an entertainment leaflet, and its first editor was James R. Quirk. Quirk hired some well-known writers and set about making the magazine a successful enterprise. One of the first things he did was to start a column called "Hints on Photoplay Writing." He also sent a questionnaire to 1,000 newspaper editors all over the country, asking, "Do you consider the word 'movie,' as applied to a motion picture theatre or film, a good one, and do you approve of its use in your newspaper?" National discussion in newspapers resulted. "Movie" was approved, and Quirk ran a two-page spread with the heading: "The Question Is Now Settled." Mr. Quirk also started the Cal York column, still running.

Photoplay has many other "firsts" in its history. It was the first magazine to establish awards (The Photoplay Gold Medal Awards) based on popular choice, via a nationwide poll of America's moviegoers. It was the first screen magazine to have its own on-the-spot photographer, and to shoot its own photos rather than using studio pictures. It was the first to back unpublicized stars. Photoplay was the first screen magazine to put big-name Hollywood writers under contract and to use writers from other fields to talk about Hollywood.

During the course of the years the character of the magazine changed. In the beginning of its history most of the material used consisted of short condensations of the movies in story form. Gradually this gave way to fan stories on personalities.—Ed.

ARE MOVIES TOO FREE?

There is a great deal of talk now about freedom as applied to movie-making. In the name of freedom such films as "Baby Doll," "The French Line," and "The Moon Is Blue" have been shown. But I ask, where is our decency? Why should freedom of speech, which producers vigorously defend, permit us to depict immoralities on the screen? Does not freedom of speech have its limits in other areas? We are not allowed to lie, libel and slander. Why then should there be no limits in the area of morality and good taste? Our freedom of assembly does not allow us to riot, nor should it. Yet many movies depict indecencies in a glamorous light and by so doing encourage these indecencies.

Betty Harmacek
La Crosse, Wisconsin

New INNER GLOW! It's the lipstick that stays fresh and glowing . . . with color that never gets that dead, flat look! Even when it's been on all day!

INNER GLOW actually puts a dew-soft, transparent color-guard on your lips that keeps them moist, velvety-soft. The color shines through . . . shimmering, alive! Its radiance lasts without a letdown all the livelong day!

New INNER GLOW LIPSTICK
IN 7 STAY-BRIGHT SHADES
RHYTHM-IN-RED—blue-red
PINK PLUM—deep pink
LOOK-OUT RED—true red
PINK-A-BOO—rosy pink
TROPIC SUN—golden red
PEACH-OF-A-PINK—rosy coral
CORAL—bright coral

79¢ plus tax

CASHMERE BOUQUET COSMETICS... for all your beauty needs.
Nowadays... it's COLOR that counts

When great grandmother could sit on her long glossy tresses, people were impressed. And hair styles to show it off were fussy as a wedding cake. Today, women are far too busy to fool with elaborate hair styles or hours of grooming. They've learned that real beauty lies in a casual hair-do enhanced with sparkling natural-looking color.

That's why more and more women turn to Noreen Color Hair Rinses. They do so much for hair with so little time and effort. Among Noreen's 14 glamorous shades there are several that will beautify the basic color of your hair.

A blonde using Noreen can be many blondes; silvery, golden or strawberry, as she wishes. A brunette can shift from blue-black to warm brown. A brownette finds in Noreen gold lights, brown shadows or a coppery glow. Faded, streaked or gray hairs are blended-in and toned. Get Noreen today and rinse beauty back in your hair in three minutes, or write for literature and FREE sample offer. Noreen Distributors, Dept. T4, 450 Lincoln Street, Denver 3, Colorado.

at cosmetic counters everywhere... also professionally applied in beauty salons

COLOR
HAIR
RINSE

CASTS
OF CURRENT PICTURES

ABOVE US THE WAVES—Republic. Directed by Ralph Thomas; Frazer, John Mills; Duff, John Gregson; Corbett, Donald Sinden; Admiral Ryder: James Robertson Justice; Smart, Michael Medwin; Abercrombie, James Kenney.

ALBERT SCHWEITZER—Bill and Anderson. Directed by Jerome Hill; Documentary; commentary spoken by Fredric March and Burgess Meredith.

BATTLE HYMN—U-I. Directed by Douglas Sirk; Dean Hess, Rock Hudson; En Sion Yang, Anna Kashfi; Sergeant Herman, Dan Duryea; Captain Skidmore, Don DeFore; Mary Hess, Martha Hyer; Major Moore, Jack McAuley; Most Sergeant, Alan Hale; Lieutenant, Mables, James Edwards; Deacon Edwards, Carl Beaton; Reid; General Kim, Richard Loo; Old Man, Philip Ahn; Gen. Turhimer, Bartlett Robinson; Lt. Holts, Simon Scott; Korean official, Terras Shimada; Major Mullon, Carlston Yount; chu, Jung; Kyoo Pyo; Capt. Reardon, Art Millian; Navy Inspector, William Hudson; Stryer, Paul Sorenson.

BIG LAND, THE—Warners. Directed by Gordon Douglas; Maguen, Hain and Duk; Idaho, Virginia Mayo; Jay, Emund O'Brien; Brog, Anthony Caruso; Kate Johnson, Julie Bishop; Sav Johnson, John Quilen; Drows, Don Castle; David Johnson, David Ladd; Olaf Johnson, Jack Weather, Jr.; Dawson, George J. Lewis.

DRANGO—U-I. Directed by Hall Bartlett and Jules Bricken; Drango, Jeff Chandler; Mur, Marc, John Lupton; Kate, Joanna Dru, Clark, Morris Ankrum; Clay, Ronald Howard; Shelby, Julie London; Allen, Don; Crisp, Mrs. Alken, Helen Wallace; Dr. Blair, Walter Sande.

GUN FOR A COWARD—U-I. Directed by Abner Biberman; Will Keough, Fred MacMurray; Bliss Keough, Jeffrey Hunter; And Harry, James Rule; Loving, Chill Willis; Hade (Harry), Keough; Dean Stockwell; Mrs. Keough, Josephine Hutchinson; Chair, Betty Lynn.

HAPPY ROAD, THE—M-G-M. Directed by Gene Kelly; Akre Andrews, Gene Kelly; Suzanne Doral; Barbara Lussey; Danny Andrews, Bobby Clark; Janice Doral, Brigitte Fossey; General Stetebworth, Michael Redgrave.

HOT SUMMER NIGHT—M-G-M. Directed by David Friedkin; William Joe Partice, Leslie Nielsen; Irene Partice, Colleen Miller; Lou Follet, Edward Andrews; Grace Kohle, Joy C. Filippi; Kem, James Best; Elly Harre, Paul Richards; Lou Ellis, Robert Wilke; The truckdriver, Claude Akins; Ruth Childers, Mariamette Stewart.

LIVING IDOL, THE—M-G-M. Directed by Albert Lewin; Jerry Matthews, Steve Forrest; Joanne, Liliane Montevecchi; Dr. Alfred Stover, James Robertson-Justice; Elena, Sara Garcia; Manuel, Edwaro Nogues.

MEN IN WAR—U-I. Directed by Anthony Mann; Lillian Masters, Robert Ryan; Cassandra, Aldo Ray; Colonel, Robert Keith; Reidman, Philip Pine; Zorkley, Vic Morrow; Less, Noemi Cernuto; Kittinian, James Edwards; Moscover; Race Geery; Sam Davis, Al Q. Jones; Manse, Adam Kennedy; Merriman, Scott Marlowe; Ackerman, Walter Kelley; Chastain, Robert Normand; Penwell, Anthony Ray; Lynch, Michael Miller; Korean sniper, Victor Sen Yung.

MISTER CORY—U-I. Directed by Blake Edwards; Cory, Tony Curtis; Abby Follard, Martha Hyer; Bilari, Charles Bickford; Jen Follard, Kathryn Grant; Alice Yancey, William Reynolds; Earnshaw, Henry Daniell.

TOP SECRET AFFAIR—Warners. Directed by H. C. Potter; Dottie Peck, Susan Hayward; Max, Gen. McVellee Goodwin, Kirk Douglas; Phil Bentley, Paul Stewart; Col. Gough, Jim Backus; General Grimshaw, John Cromwell; Senator Burtuis, Roland Winterl; Better, A. E. Gould Porter; Latta, Michael Fox; Joe, Kenney, Frank Gertein; Bill Hady, Charles Lane.

UTAH BLAINE—Columbia. Directed by Fred E. Sears; Utah Blaine, Rory Calhoun; Angie Kinson, Susan Cabot; Trin, Mary Blake, Angela Stevens; Gus Ortmann, Max Baer; Rip Cole, Paul Langton; Ricks Witter, George Keyman; Russ Nevers, Ray Ten.

WICKED AS THEY COME—Columbia. Directed by Ken Hughes; Kathy, Arlene Dahl; Tom, Phil Carey; Larry, Michael Goodliffe; Collins, Herbert Marshall; Miss, Collins, Faith Brook; Doug, Ralph Truman.
yours free

this new Kotex belt with
the self-locking clasp
—doesn’t “dig in”
as metal clasps do,
yet won’t ever break

You’ll agree, this new Kotex belt does wonders for your comfort. The unbreakable clasp flexes with the body so it can’t “dig in” as metal clasps do. And it holds the napkin firmly and securely, never lets it slip or slide. The specially-woven elastic, too, stays flat and snug. No matter how much you move around, the edges won’t curl or twist.

To get your free Kotex belt, send the end tab from any box of Kotex napkins with the coupon below. We will send you a certificate that’s as good as cash.

Now’s the time to discover new Kotex napkins with Wondersoft covering . . . so gentle it won’t rub, won’t chafe. And the new Kotex napkin goes with the new Kotex belt perfectly, to complete your comfort.

More women choose Kotex than all other brands
You are the next American beauty in

Sheer Velvet Film

Just a touch of Sheer Velvet Film will cover blemishes with loving care... give your skin a perfectly lovely all-day glow. This sheer liquid foundation feels as light and fine as mist... never changes color no matter what the hour. And its special ingredients will help smooth and soften your skin... make you even prettier the next day you wear it! In 5 velvety shades, $1.25.

Sheer Velvet Compact in 5 shades, $1.25.

You can also get Dorothy Gray products in Canada.

For beauty the modern way Dorothy Gray
Unasked and unimagined, 
the wonders came to pass 
for Kim Novak. Now, alone, 
she must fight to keep them

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

The train pulled slowly into the station. It was a small town, quiet, unimportant. A few people got on, a few descended to the platform. The train paused several moments, then lumbered off. The town receded into the distance and the past.

During those few moments Kim Novak pressed her face eagerly to the window. She was watching the shabby railroad flats drift by; watching a man hawking newspapers; watching a little girl straddling a ragged picket fence and waving to the brakeman. She thought about the little girl, living in the commonplace railroad town. "I wonder if she's happy here," Kim murmured wistfully. And then she wished for the little girl a life as full and rich as her own: Happiness and all the things she ever wanted.

In Kim's world of premieres and lovely dresses and handsome escorts, it may seem odd to wonder about a strange child living in a
To portray Jeannie Eagels, who won fame as Somerset Maugham’s Sadie Thompson, Kim must face her career’s greatest challenge.
strange town. But Kim is different from most of us. Her imagination likes to wander—often into the far corners of other people's lives. When she was a little girl on Chicago's Sayre Street, she peopled it with make-believe inhabitants; endowed inanimate objects with souls and thoughts of their own. Shy, fearful of strangers, the real dramas of life did not touch her; only the drama of living within herself. She could pour out her heart to a rose or weep over the death of a leaf that fell from a tree. Perhaps that is why, today, she can give such sensitivity and warmth to a make-believe movie character, as she did in "Picnic" and "The Eddy Duchin Story." Or why she can wonder so poignantly about a lonely little girl on a picket fence in a railroad town.

Little Marilyn Novak had wished for a gang to belong to. She'd wished to be popular. To be beautiful. To have a pretty dress, store-bought. To marry a prince. But most of all she had wished to belong, to be accepted by the crowd.

Although she could not then know it, her wishes were to come true on a staggering scale, far beyond anything she had ever envisioned or even could humanly fulfill. And in that lies the fateful irony.

Today Kim Novak is more popular than she can believe possible of (Continued on page 88)
Moody, deliberately confusing, Tony Perkins tries hard to be a character. Maybe too hard  •  BY JOE HYAMS

It was a rainy day in Boston. A young boy, tall, slim and spectacled, picked his way carefully along the slippery sidewalks. He was hunched in a trench coat buttoned high at the collar. His hands were in the coat pockets, which was not unusual—except that the right hand was caressing the butt of a revolver.

The boy was Tony Perkins, and at the time he was imagining himself a famous private eye on the trail of a criminal. The gun, purchased from a friend on installments from Tony’s allowance, gave just the right touch of drama, heroism and illicit adventure to the occasion.

Now let’s fade out and fade in ten years later. The same boy, taller but still hunched and boyish, on the set of “The Tin Star,” at the Paramount studio in Hollywood, is wearing two guns slung from his hips. At a command he draws them both with split-second precision.

The instructor comments, “Wonderful, Tony, that’s about as fast as I have seen it done.” (Continued on page 96)

Tony’s clothes reflect a studied casualness. Here with Elaine Aiken
For Anne Baxter there was once a husband and love and a challenging career. Where did her life take the wrong turn?

Between Heaven and...

BY LOUIS POLLOCK

Late one afternoon, several years ago, Anne Baxter climbed miserably into bed in a Montreal hotel. Her skin was covered with ugly red hives. She was shivering. Already the star of some twenty-five Hollywood movies, Anne was now touring the North American continent in a stage presentation of “John Brown’s Body.” She was scheduled for a performance the very next evening; it was no time to be ill. She telephoned the company manager, who sent for a doctor.

When the doctor arrived, he took a seat beside Anne, while she attempted to tell him what was wrong. She began talking and seemed not able to stop. He didn’t try to interrupt. It was clear he sensed that the hives were symptomatic of a serious state of emotional unrest and that a little truth-telling might well be therapeutic. But as the doctor listened, he realized that he was getting not only an insight into the private life of an actress, but also hearing truths about Hollywood and its way of life which are seldom if ever brought to public attention.

“How can I go on before an audience tomorrow night?” she appealed. (Continued on page 92)
Alas, He's No Hero to His Cat

George Nader, who's plagued at home by smooching pups and yowling cats, sometimes wishes he were the romantic fellow he plays.

BY JOHN MAYNARD

• In southern California, it is the custom for enterprising real-estate fellows to bulldoze shelves into the perpendicular hills, slap houses and sometimes swimming pools onto the shelves, build perpendicular driveways leading thereto, and then grab for the nearest movie star. It is a highly successful business.

And on one of these shelves in a section called Sherman Oaks, in a house whose architecture he characterizes as Early Nothing, lives a man who would like to be George Nader.

It is a Walter Mitty-ish situation, since this man, despite the evident advantages of being handsome, pleasant and solvent, is by his own admission a long way from his goal. As most filmgoers are well aware, George Nader is a swashbuckling chap who, on the screen, always says and (Continued on page 100)
During happy years with Lauren, Bogie became more domesticated.

Lauren is facing a crisis in her career as well as her personal life.

Editor's Note: For two years, Lauren Bacall Bogart lived with the knowledge that her beloved husband was ill with cancer, and that the chances were slim of his emerging victorious from his battle with the disease. Inherent in this girl's valiant nature is the exhibition of courage which has allowed her to build into her marriage the happy memories which now must always remain memories only. This is Lauren's story—the story of her courage, her warmth, her ability to build a future for the children who were so adored by Bogie. It is also a reverent tribute to a wonderful man.

Eleven years ago, not long after her marriage to Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall said, "I have always wanted a husband, children, and a home of my own more than I wanted a career. I made up my mind long ago that they would always come first. In future years there will probably be important choices, in terms of family versus professional life, and I hope that I have the wisdom to stand by what I have always believed. It is so easy to lose one's sense of balance."

Lauren never lost her sense of balance, as many another Hollywood wife has to her sorrow. Lauren had the wisdom to live with balance—the wisdom and the courage. True, she gave generously of her talents to a career; the film industry has been enriched by these talents. But Lauren gave (Continued on page 115)
This is the story of a woman

who met tragedy with strength and courage.

The woman is Lauren Bacall Bogart . . .

the tragedy is the death of her husband

THE FACE OF FEAR
A tiny feminine fist, but it was powerful enough to make Eddie punchdrunk and Debbie starry-eyed. BY DIANE SCOTT

Eddie Fisher came back down into the waiting room of the hospital with the happy, dazed look of a man who has been told—well, that he's just become a father. In one hand he was holding a card, in the other an unlit cigar.

A group of his friends were waiting for him, and when he walked in they bombarded him with questions: “Who does the baby look like?” “What does he weigh?” and “How is Debbie?”

In the manner of a man who has just “had a baby,” Eddie answered warily, “It's not a he. It's a little girl and she looks like me. And Debbie is just great.”

The baby came as a big surprise to her parents who weren't expecting her for at least two more weeks. As Eddie said later, the stork was “jet propelled.”

Or, as many others commented, that bird just hovered over the set during the filming of “Bundle of Joy” and as soon as it was finished started flapping its wings.

Right after the picture the Fishers went to Palm Springs to spend the weekend. Debbie had a cold and they'd gone there for the hot desert sun. Her physician, Dr. Charles Levy, had told her that the rest would do her good and that he was planning (Continued on page 108)

Love and Marriage and a Baby Carriage

The Fishers' own little bundle arrived right after finishing “Bundle of Joy”
Exclusively Yours

Enchanted Evenings, Please: Are you as fed up with realistic drama and the sweat-shirt school of acting as I am? There are so many personal griefs and major disasters in real life that when I go to the movies I don’t want to see the decadence of the deep South, or the cravings of a dope addict, or the sadistic cruelty of juvenile delinquents. It isn’t that I want to close my eyes to the very serious emotional problems of today. I am fully aware of them. But when I go to a film, I want to enter a world of escape—where Cinderella is dressed by Helen Rose, and Prince Charming wears a white dinner jacket and carries Cinderella off in his golden Jaguar!

Unfortunately, some studios don’t feel the way I do, judging by some of the recent properties they have bought. For example, 20th Century-Fox has assigned Jerry Wald to produce the best-selling novel “Peyton Place,” a highly censorable story about the goings-on in a small town in New England. Darryl Zanuck recently announced that he has commissioned Meyer Levin to write the screen adaptation of his best-seller “Compulsion,” a harrowing true account of two degenerates, Leopold and Loeb, who committed one of the most revolting crimes in our generation. Just in case we haven’t had enough exposure to the dope problem in “The Man with the Golden Arm,” Fox has also bought “A Hatful of Rain,” in which Eva Marie Saint will be the long-suffering wife of a drug addict. Won’t someone please buy “My Fair Lady,” quick?

Big Role Lost: Memo to you young people just getting a start in your careers: If ever you are disappointed in losing out on a role or a job, take heart from Helen Hayes. The first lady of the theatre, who returned to the screen to co-star with Ingrid Bergman and Yul Brynner in “Anastasia,” read the script of Eugene O’Neill’s autobiographical play, “Long Day’s Journey Into Night.”

Ingrid Bergman, good mother to twins Ingrid and Isabelle and young Roberto Rossellini, is winning back fans and fame. More than any part since “Victoria Regina,” the tragic role of the playwright’s mother appealed to Helen. But when the producers signed Fredric March to play the elder O’Neill, Helen knew that she didn’t stand a chance, because Fred would understandably want his own wife, Florence Eldridge, to star opposite him. So Helen not only lost out on this plum role, but she also missed the thrill of playing in her own theatre. Ironically enough, “Long Day’s Journey Into Night” opened at the Helen Hayes!

March of Time: Ingrid Bergman in “Anastasia,” Burgess Meredith in “Major Barbara” and Elia Kazan, director of “Baby Doll,” all have their names in lights on Broadway within a radius of a few blocks from each other. Sixteen years ago, this trio appeared together in Vinton Freedley’s revival of “Lilom.” It was Ingrid’s Broadway debut, but she didn’t get star billing. Neither did Meredith, but he did get a fatter pay check than Ingrid. Kazan, who played a supporting role, drew the large sum of $150 a week! The play ran fifty-six performances. . . . Certainly a lot of
Disappointment for Helen Hayes, victory for Ingrid Bergman, happiness for Kirk Douglas, love for Henry Fonda. It’s all here! • BY RADIE HARRIS

water flows under the bridge in the march of time. Turn back the clock just a year or so to Christmas of 1955, when Linda Christian and Edmund Purdom had already broken up two homes because of their love for each other. At Christmas, 1956, Edmund couldn’t even send Linda a word of greeting because he had no idea where she was. As it happened, she was in St. Moritz, looking for a millionaire to support her in the style to which she has grown accustomed, thanks to Tyrone Power—and which Edmund could never afford. . . . It was also in 1956 that Zsa Zsa Gabor announced she would marry Hal Hayes; that Kim Novak was supposed to change her name to Kim Krim; and that Lisa Ferraday and Brod Crawford’s romance made every Cupid’s column. I don’t think that anyone was really too surprised—do you?—that these duets no longer are “woosome twosomes.”

Author, Author!: My European correspondent reports that French critics were cautious, but quite kind, about Jean Pierre Aumont’s play, “The Very Happy Angel,” which he authored on the French Riviera. The plot’s about a Continued

Yul Brynner and wife Virginia Gilmore told everyone in Hollywood, including Anita Louise and Buddy Adler, of his Paris trip

Proving what a good and loyal wife she is, Veronique Peck smiles as Greg impolitely reads at a nightclub table. He’s just checking the reviews on a new film
man who awakens after having slept for thirty-eight years. After a tour of the provinces, it opened in Paris just about the time Aumont and Marisa Pavan arrived from Hollywood. Marisa and Jean Pierre are installed in his Malmaison villa, "Roches." (where Grace Kelly spent many days during her long-ago idyll with Aumont), with Marisa knitting clothes for her expectant baby and Jean Pierre appearing on the French stage in Jean Giraudoux' "Amphitryon 38." His own play holds forth a few blocks away. . . . Yul Brynner was in absolute ecstasy during the few weeks he spent in Paris, a city he knows and loves, as he lived there during his youth. Yul admits that it was like coming home again. Yul went to see the Anatole Litvaks, with whom he spent most of his time. Since they have only a tiny apartment, Yul stayed at the exclusive Saint Regis Hotel, known only to Paris regulars. Yul attracted a lot of attention in Paris by his bald head, but he is unknown in France—"The King and I" not having been released at the time of his visit. Yul revisited the night club he used to manage, looked up old friends and haunted the picturesque little "bistros" that only Paris regulars know.

**Ingrid Victorious:** Ingrid Bergman has finished knitting the dark gray sweater she is making for husband Roberto; it was done entirely on stage in "Tea and Sympathy." In the play she

_Judy Garland doesn't like diamonds, Radie says, but she obviously likes the jokes of old friend Bing Crosby at the Stork Club_

has a five-minute scene when she has to knit while _Tom_ sings. Ingrid had said at the play's opening, "Oh, if it only lasts long enough for me to finish the sweater." Ingrid is looking around Paris for an apartment to buy, as she and Rossellini would like to live six months of the year in Paris, dividing their time between the French capital and Rome. Ingrid's love for the city (she appreciates especially the freedom of movement she has here—she can stroll around without anyone bothering her) is returned by the French. Next to Lollobrigida, she is their favorite foreign actress. Ingrid has never been known to refuse a request for a charity appearance since her arrival in Paris. For an appearance at a charity gala for unemployed actors, she had to learn all about magic, as she had to put on a magic act. She prepared herself thoroughly for it by taking lessons from French magician Jean Weber. Ingrid further endeared herself to the French by putting her tremendous Italian car in the garage and using a tiny-horsepower French utilitarian car during these days of the gas shortage. As Hollywood's Oscar time approached a friend of hers said to
One thing Swedish beauty Mai Zetterling has done for Ty Power is get him outdoors, skiing and sledding in her land.

Written in the Stars: I was having late after-theatre supper with Anne and Kirk Douglas at the Little Club, and we were discussing Kirk's chances of winning the Academy Award for his "best performance of the year" in "Lust for Life." "I'm not pinning my hopes too high," Kirk told me. "I did that once before with 'Detective Story.' I thought I had given my best screen per-

hopped over to Paris from London to see her family, buy antiques and stock up maternity clothes at Givenchy's.... Wonder if Mike Wilding, after the front-page publicity he has received in connection with Monty Clift's auto smash-up, Liz Taylor's separation and the Marie McDonald "Body" matching, doesn't long for the days when he was married to Kay Young. And when the only publicity he received was as England's top box-office screen hero.

Cliff Robertson, telling Radie about his camera hobby, also had a bone to pick with Photoplay's Cal York column.

Now the suspense is mounting high, awaiting the (Continued on page 110)
Fortunately, when Monty hit a tree with his car it was not on the driver's side.

Monty’s Brush with Death

From what was almost the end we go back to the beginning: a conservative family, a love-starved childhood, years of struggle and work

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE: In the March issue Part I of the life story of Montgomery Clift began. A tense, confused young man, Monty is nonetheless one of the most vibrant and talented actors in Hollywood. His present troubles tend to obscure his basic warmth and decency. PHOTOPLAY now brings you the second part of the story.

- On the night of last May 13, 1956, Elizabeth Taylor and her husband, Michael Wilding, gave a party for a small group of friends at their home in Benedict Canyon, West Los Angeles. Those present were Kevin McCarthy, Rock Hudson and his wife, and Montgomery Clift.

It was an evening full of tension. The Wildings were then on the verge of breaking up their marriage, and Clift seemed disturbed at this prospect. He also was severely fatigued. At the time, Monty was in the process of shooting “Raintree County,” and, as usual, he was hurling himself into his work relentlessly, sparing neither himself nor his (Continued on page 84)
Ava Gardner’s Dry Tears

BY RUTH WATERBURY

Ava Gardner, who claims she prefers everything Spanish to anything American, sat in the darkest corner of the bar of the Castellana-Hilton Hotel in Madrid. The Hilton bar is about as Spanish as the airport at Kansas City, Missouri.

It was eight o’clock and pouring rain outside. I had received a message to meet Ava at the Hilton only fifteen minutes before. That’s Ava. I had been in Madrid for three solid weeks and she knew it. A year ago, in London, Ava had given me the only personal story she’s granted anyone in two years. When I planned to take a trip to Spain I wrote her from Hollywood just where I’d be, and when, and said if she wanted to talk again I’d be happy to listen. She didn’t answer.

When I arrived in Madrid I sent a note around to her. You can’t telephone her for the extremely simple reason that she has no phone. You can’t “drop in” on her because, while every taxi driver in Madrid knows where she lives, she knows every one of them, as well, and she ducks when she sees one coming. You can’t mail a note to her house, either, (Continued on page 112)
We the teenagers of St. Louis demand Jacques Sernas in our favorite fan mag.
The fans are the unseen power in Hollywood. A few of their faces are glimpsed at the premieres, some of their voices are heard rising along the routes of the personal-appearance tours. But for the most part Hollywood feels the vast unmeasured power of the nation's and the world's moviegoers only indirectly—at the box office, by their votes in such polls as Photoplay's Gold Medal Awards, and by the mail they send in. The mail is the greatest of these, a babble of silently clamoring voices, a fierce flood that pours into the movie capital, to the studios, to the stars themselves and to the fan magazines. The mail can make an unknown into a success or can set a cinema king toppling on his throne. The demands of the fans and the fan clubs, written on thousands of post cards and tons of writing paper, can keep a Tab Hunter in the limelight when his employers are ready to forget him, can breathe months and years of life into the career of a person who has died, as it did for James Dean, Jean Harlow, Rudolph Valentino. As the fans insist on it in their letters, parts are awarded, shaky marriages are patched up and screen stories are rewritten. To the individual fan who writes one letter a year and sees no results this may seem an exaggeration; no one seems to pay any attention to the plaintive requests of one fan, or a small group. And yet, very often, someone does. For instance, a group of fans in St. Louis, Missouri, write in a group "demand" for the appearance of a young actor named Jacques Sernas in the pages of a magazine like Photoplay—and what happens? The wheels of a great magazine start turning, the Hollywood office is alerted, a photographer goes out to the home of the handsome young Frenchman and the pictures are taken. A month or two after the "demand" was written Jacques appears in the magazine.
Laughter Chases the Blues

Sometimes, when the heart is rent by tragedy, a baby's laughter makes it sing again. It was this way for Pier Angeli.

It has been written that sorrow shared is the anvil upon which great loves are forged. There is heart-wringing proof of this in the love story of Pier Angeli and Vic Damone. In their brief two and a half years of marriage (they were married November 24, 1954) these two young stars have faced more problems—some of them near tragedies—than many others meet in a decade. And with every challenge they have grown more deeply in love. Just seeing them together, or with their adorable year-and-a-half-old son Perry, is enough to convince any skeptic.

The first, and worst, of the newly married Damones' trials was the freak plane accident in which Pier (Continued on page 104)
Here's how the pert miss who won Photoplay's Sal Mineo Contest spent

- When sixteen-year-old Nancy Donaldson of Pontiac, Michigan, learned she was going to have a date with Sal Mineo she didn't believe it was true. Even now when it's all over she wonders if it wasn't just a dream. But, like Sal, it was for real—a whole long day of fun—starting off with introducing Sal to the folks, kidding around the house, bowling, having Cokes and meeting the gang, and then to top it all off being personally escorted by Sal to the opening of his latest picture, “Rock, Pretty Baby.”
Nancy Donaldson found her date in the December issue of Photoplay.

the dreamiest day of her life

A sip or two at the fountain and they were chatting like old friends.

“Sal, Sal, Sal,” fans screamed, and they mobbed him when he arrived.

“Nancy, you’re really a doll,” Sal said as he kissed his date goodbye.
DORIS DAY’S
COMPLETE LIFE STORY
A PHOTOPLAY BONUS

ESCAPE TO
“What will be, will be” was Doris Day’s philosophy until one fateful event changed her life.  

BY GEORGE SCULLIN

This April, when Doris Day and Martin Melcher celebrate their sixth wedding anniversary, one of their brain children will be very much present to enhance the festivities. This, of course, will be “Julie,” the highly successful suspense drama they made together, with Marty as the producer and Doris as the star. But for all that the film will arrive bearing gifts totaling a million dollars, the happy husband-wife team of Melcher and Day are not planning any immediate sisters or brothers for “Julie.”

“We want more wedding anniversaries,” says Marty with finality. “Not business partnership anniversaries.”

“No more ‘Julies,’” pleads Doris. And right there you have the key to Doris Day’s happiness, a happiness that had escaped her for a long, long time. Not for a dozen “Julies” offering her a dozen million dollars will she let anything interfere with her marriage. And what makes her stand a little different from most is that she has already turned down the millions. Behind it all is an incredible story, and behind the story is an even more incredible girl.

Doris Day is one of the most written about and least known of all the big stars in Hollywood. As a box-office attraction she is the leading female actress of the decade. In drama alone “Julie” established a record during its first week in New York. When she sings in a picture, the sale of her recordings from the movie will alone make more money than most of the competing films. When she dances in a picture, she breaks all previous records. And

Continued
ESCAPE TO HAPPINESS

Continued

when she uses her triple-threat talents to sing, dance, and play the dramatic lead—as she will in "Pajama Game"—movie houses light up their brightest all over the world.

In the face of all this, Doris Day has succeeded in establishing herself with newspaper and magazine writers as the friendly, smiling, healthy, all-American girl from right next door. It makes a fine, satisfactory picture of Doris, and you can recognize her in it; but it has no more detail than a silhouette snipped out of black paper. If Doris weren't more complicated than that, she'd be the all-American girl from next door, all right, but she'd still be living there.

The explanation favored by many movie moguls bewildered by both Miss Day's quiet modesty and her shattering impact on the moviegoing public is that there are two Doris Days. They substantiate this remarkable theory by pointing out that Doris is shy and self-conscious in the presence of other movie stars. She's like a girl just freshly arrived from some place like Cincinnati, Ohio, which, it so happens, is where she comes from. But when this girl gets in front of the cameras a dynamic transition takes place. "Then she's the star," says one producer in an awed voice, "and I mean she's the greatest."

There may be some merit in this dual personality theory, but it is much too simple. For years Photoplay has been following the progress of Doris Day

Through her bright laughter and

the star and Doris Day the person. It awarded to the star its coveted Photoplay Gold Medal Award as long ago as 1952. It assigned some of the best Hollywood reporters to uncover the hidden facets of the person. The stories, some thirty of them devoted to her alone, plus countless references, anecdotes, and photographs in features and columns, provide the most accurate picture of her life to be found anywhere. Recently the editors decided to add them all up to produce a full-length portrait. They enlisted the cooperation of Miss Day in sitting for the additional touches that would be necessary to round out a few details.

Thus, one recent day when New York was pretending to enjoy a chilling but meager snowfall, it was my
Doris the star and Doris the warm, friendly person are one as she sings to hospitalized kids in Cincinnati.

Sunny disposition Doris spreads happiness wherever she goes.

great good fortune to be sitting with Doris Day on the sun-drenched terrace of the Beverly Hills Tennis Club. She was avidly licking a giant-size ice cream cone before it could drip on her freshly creased white tennis shorts. Beside her loomed her tall young son Terry, similarly engaged. Though the resemblance between mother and son is striking in photographs, in real life it is uncanny. From their dripping ice cream cones to the last one of their multitude of freckles, Doris Day and fifteen-year-old Terry were the licking images of each other, and handsome, too. (Continued on page 105)

Out of a troubled and confusing youth Doris found happiness with her husband, movie producer Marty Melcher.
when you buy Max Factor’s
CREME PUFF
the new instant make-up for that fresh, young look
$200 value for $1.25
PLUS TAX

Instant beauty is yours with this exciting offer!

Just buy a Creme Puff* make-up compact . . . get a Hi-Fi Lipstick absolutely free! Hi-Fi is Max Factor’s new lipstick discovery, based on his make-up research for color TV. Hi-Fi gives you everything you ever wanted in one lipstick! New vibrant color stays on till you take it off! New glide-on moistness never dries your lips! And Hi-Fi needs no blotting or setting!

Creme Puff gives you a soft, flawless complexion instantly—anytime, anywhere. It’s all in one velvety disc—sheerest powder plus creamiest base plus exquisite complexion tone. Just touch the puff to Creme Puff, touch it to you, and instantly . . . you’re lovely! So get your FREE Hi-Fi Lipstick today—pay only for Creme Puff, $1.25, in an ivory compact with puff.

Limited time offer. Look for this Max Factor combination at all fine cosmetic counters. You get Creme Puff and Hi-Fi Lipstick . . . both for only $1.25, the price of Creme Puff alone!
To buy rainwear, see information, page 81

Elegance you won't save for a rainy day: Kathryn Grant's coat is jewel-toned silk taffeta, with push-up sleeves, a soft draped hood. White taffeta-lined; 8-16. About $55. Print umbrella, under $20. Both by Lawrence of London

IT'S RAINING FASHION!
IT'S RAINING FASHION!

Don't let down your fashion guard when the weather's wet and gloomy. Photoplay’s April shower coats keep you star bright . . . even when it pours

White cotton knit takes to the rain in Kathy Grant’s coat. It zips to a crew neck, has bright chevron stripes, front and back. By John Derro for Main Street. About $40

Classic favorite: Shirley Jones' slicker is styled in vinyl plastic. Yellow, of course, also blue or white. S.M.L. About $6. Sou’wester, $2. Red Ball Weatherproofers

Left: The Ready Rainboot
See-through plastic rainboot, a “must-have” with slip-proof sole, easy side fastener. Low, medium, high heels. Rain Dears. About $2. Shirley’s coat in deep pink poplin with a fruit-print chintz lining, umbrella. By Milner. About $25

Right, pansies bloom on a field of white in Shirley’s coat, matching bonnet. Everfast cotton, taffeta-lined: 8-16. $35. Rain sack, umbrella, $15. By Town Creations

To buy rain fashions, see information and stores listed on page 51

YOU SAW SHIRLEY JONES STARRING IN "OKLAHOMA!" AND 20TH'S "CAROUSEL"
YOUNG IDEAS:
PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS


Kathy stars a coat in real canvas, buttoned in brass, tabbed at pockets and cuffs. Bonus, its own beret. Natural only. Junior sizes 5-15. By Sherbrooke. About $18

KATHRYN GRANT STARS IN COLUMBIA'S
"THE GUNS OF FORT PETTICOAT," SOON IN "THE BROTHERS RICO" AND "THE NIGHT THE WORLD EXPLODED"
Delectable new toppings selected by Virginia Gibson, young star of Paramount's film about fashion, "Funny Face"

Virginia's currently featured in the Broadway hit, "Happy Hunting"

**TOP ROW:** Lace-ruffled shirt in striped Dacron and cotton that dries wrinkle-free. Red, black, navy on white; 10-18. A Dotti Original. About $6.50

**BOTTOM ROW:** Summer favorite, embroidered eyelet, shaping a ruffle-front blouse in easy drip-dry cotton. White, pink, 10-16. Dotti. Under $8

**Blouse with a very delicate air:** sheer white cotton batiste, scallop-edged and appliquéd with crisp white piqué. Sizes 30-38. Opera Blouse. About $6

**Gay spring posies rampant on a field of white cotton broadcloth.** This round-collared shirt, neat and crisply tailored; 28-40. New Era. About $3

**The Ivy League shirt with button-down collar, new cuffed sleeve.** White cotton with muted regimental satin stripes; 28-38. Ship 'n Shore. $3.98

**Perfect suit blouse:** spanking white bird's-eye piqué sparked by two crossed tabs, a fly-front closing. Sizes 28-36. By Ship 'n Shore. About $3.50

To buy blouses, see information, stores listed on page 81
Creating fashions for the stars is a job a girl dreams about! • BY HELEN ROSE

I work hard at being a designing woman but I love it. I work with colors, sketches, fabrics and ideas. I also work with people. I may stay long hours into the evening when the result I am striving for just doesn’t “come.” But when it does—when I’ve created a mood or a flattering effect—there is the great joy of accomplishment that nothing can equal.

Some of the best fun I’ve had in my career has been with M-G-M’s “Designing Woman.” I not only helped with the story idea (I was a natural for that job!) but I really let myself go in thinking up costumes for Lauren Bacall and Dolores Gray. There is, of course, a limit to what a designer is permitted to do on any production—most obviously in terms of time (Continued on page 81)
Hermine Cantor and Pier Angeli toast

(fashion editor of PHOTOPLAY)

Pier Angeli

co-starring in MGM's

"The Vintage"

in Cinemascope

and Color

Party • Revealing “sling-shot” pump of ingenious design, highlighted with a polished gem.

Tippy • Slender straps weave a spell of beauty in this smart open sandal of simple elegance.

Red Hot • Dramatic bare back pump gayly crowned with a delicate cluster of bright berries.

Ula • Luxurious sling pump in a rich, new embossed leather with a look of sculptured elegance.

Coordinated embossed bag!
Every once in a while, fashion outdoes itself... and produces a remarkable harvest of style... truly a "vintage season". This spring is one of them! Some of the season's most sparkling innovations appear in shoes by Trim Tred. Party shoes, play shoes... all style-ripe, at a new peak of perfection... in luxuriant new leathers and champagne straws, that feel as good as they look.

So, look to Trim Tred's tempting new Vintage Collection for the styles that win fashion's thunderous applause!

**Specially Styled for the "Gal-on-the-Go"**

**Available at fine shoe stores everywhere $6.95 to $12.95 (some styles higher)**

**Vanity** • Fuchsia-favorite Milan straw sandal in breezy stripe design—cushioned for comfort, perfect for city or suburbs.

**Malina** • Bewitching combination of elasticized, etched faille and leather.

**Monica** • Brisk spectator with perf trim, smartly tapered lines.

**Hit** • Handsome pump adorned with feather-stitch and cute buckle.

**Salome** • Exotic beauty captured in smooth flowing lines, smart button accent.

**Knotty** • Clever sling pump with three pert knots.

**Marda** • Tailored beauty with soft, comfortable puff vamp.

**Melody** • Trim high wedge in smart contrasting tones.
To look at her now you’d never know...but her face "broke out" an hour ago. The 2-step Medicare Set saved her then. Medicare Stick saves her now.

to be as lovely as you can be...

TUSSY medicare
How to be a "designing woman" Continued from page 77

...and money. But there are other limits. Much as I may like a particular style or color for a particular star, I always bear in mind that it must blend with the spirit of the film. There's a greater need for discipline, sometimes, than inspiration.

Being a successful clothes designer, however, is more than sitting at a desk with a pencil, a paper, a bolt of cloth and a waste basket. There are the very important consultations with the stars themselves. I want to know their ideas and preferences—not just to please them with a made-to-order wardrobe, but because, when I design, I consider the film as a whole. For example, if the leading lady has a violent personal objection to V-necklines, I take pains to avoid V-necklines. Otherwise the star will feel unattractive in the scene and will not do her best.

A situation of this sort occurred with Dolores Gray. Dolores plays a chic Broadway star in "Designing Woman," and wears clothes beautifully. So far for a particular shot, I decided to create a dramatic orange-red lounging robe. Then I spoke with Dolores. She hates orange-red. Out it went. My lounging robe turned up in hydrangea blue, and Dolores was much happier. So was I, because the scene turned out extremely well.

All of Dolores' clothes in the picture were pleasant to work on, mostly because she dressed to the hilt in every scene. I tried for a certain theatrical dash—and achieved it, I think, in striking colors, interesting ensembles, exciting hats, furs and jewelry. And, since Dolores has a small waist, I was careful to accentuate this in every part of her wardrobe.

In designing Lauren Bacall's styles, I again kept personal preferences in mind. I know that she is partial to violet, so I used this color as much as possible. Lauren wears a silk violet hostess gown, violet pajamas and a violet hat. Because she looks so well in soft beige and sand tones, I also used these colors, spiced with black, in several ensembles.

It is wonderful to work with Lauren. She has a remarkable flair for clothes, perhaps because she was once a professional model and knows how to show them off to advantage.

I took extra-special pleasure with Lauren's wardrobe because she permitted me to design a full range of styles from casual sportswear to sophisticated evening gowns. I am happy to say that they are fashions which the average girl can adapt for her own wear. There was, for example, a business suit required in one of the scenes. I worked out an idea in black broadcloth with an old-fashioned jerkin top and buttons down the back. For a casual sport dress, I designed a simple, off-white silk shirlette number, and gave it long sleeves buttoned with sapphire cuff links. It was my favorite creation for Lauren in this picture, particularly when she wore it with the accessories—white linen shoes and a large pale blue handbag. I was proud of the blend of colors here, the whites, the blues, and the tawny shade of Lauren's hair, which was worn long and loosely brushed.

As an added touch of excitement to my "Designing Woman" assignment, PHOTOPLAY chose four of the costumes I created for the film as the subjects for its big "Win a Trip to Hollywood" contest. I understand that four lucky girls who name the costumes most appropriately will be given an all-expenses-paid trip to Hollywood via American Airlines and a chance to live like a movie star for five days. What fun for them!

To reach the point where one can actually become a "designing woman" for motion pictures takes a long period of apprenticeship. I have fitted, pressed, sewed, sketched, modeled and sold dresses as part of that apprenticeship. Some designers have skipped the preliminary stages. In my opinion, however, they have not gained thereby. Well-rounded experience in the garment field, it seems to me, is desirable training.

General education is also a great help. To the girl who asks me whether to go to art school or college, I would first advise college—with a healthy amount of fine arts and art history studies. I would also suggest learning to sew and fit in a home economics course. Then there is the study of drama; a really good designer must have a dramatic flair.

With all this, I will not say that the way is necessarily easy. There is a great deal of competition and a great deal to learn, not only about the tools of the designer's trade, but about getting along with people. There may be years of struggle. But success, when it comes, is rewarding. It is well worth it.

WHERE TO BUY PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS

To buy fashions shown on pages 73-76, write manufacturer or nearest store listed below, mentioning PHOTOPLAY, and enclosing a clipping of the item you wish to order.

Lawrence of London raincoat
LOUIS, CALIF.—J. W. Robinson (cost only)
NEW YORK, N.Y.—Bonwit Teller

Main Street raincoat
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—M. H. Block
or write, Main Street Fashions,
507 Seventh Avenue, New York 18, N.Y.

Red Ball Weatherproofers slicker
LOUISVILLE, Ky.—Zellner's, Inc.
NEW YORK, N.Y.—Life Rainwear Co., Inc.
READING, Pa.—Pomeroy's

Milner raincoat and coat
BROOKLYN, N.Y.—Martin's
or write, Milner Rainwear Co.,
512 Seventh Avenue, New York 18, N.Y.

Town Creations raincoat
At Saks Fifth Avenue stores in
CHICAGO, ILL.
DELBOT, N.J.
NEW YORK, N.Y.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
PITTSBURGH, PA.
ST. LOUIS, MO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.
WHITE PLAINS, N.Y.
and all other Saks Fifth Avenue stores

Sherbrooke canvas raincoat
Baltimore, Md.—Hutler's
NEW YORK, N.Y.—Macy's
PATERSON, N.J.—Meyer Brothers
PHILADELPHIA, PA.—A. C. Rowell

Sherbrooke dotted raincoat
NEW YORK, N.Y.—Macy's
PATERSON, N.J.—Meyer Brothers
ST. PAUL, MINN.—The Emporium
ZANESVILLE, OHIO—The H. Weber Sons & Co

Dotti Original striped blouse
Baltimore, Md.—Hutler's
CINCINNATI, OHIO—Shillito's
COLUMBUS, OHIO—F. & R. Lazarus
NEWARK, N.J.—L. Bamberger & Co.
NEW YORK, N.Y.—Franklin Simon

Opera batiste blouse
BROOKLYN, N.Y.—Abraham & Straus
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Silverwoods

Ship 'n Shore striped shirt
MIAMI, FLA.—Burdine's
or write, Ship 'n Shore, Inc.,
1350 Broadway, New York 18, N.Y.

Ship 'n Shore striped shirt
Baltimore, Md.—Hutler's
CINCINNATI, OHIO—Shillito's
COLUMBUS, OHIO—F. & R. Lazarus
NEWARK, N.J.—L. Bamberger & Co.
NEW YORK, N.Y.—Franklin Simon

New Era print blouse
CLEVELAND, OHIO—The May Co.
or write, New Era Shirt Co.,
901 Lucas Avenue, St. Louis 1, Mo.

Ship 'n Shore piqué blouse
ATLANTA, GA.—Rich's, Inc.
MIAMI, FLA.—Burdine's
NEW HAVEN, CONN.—Mollev's

PHOTOPLAY'S May Travel Issue

- Details of an exciting "Win a Trip to Hollywood" Contest
- How to travel like a "Designing Woman"—where to go in California, what to do and see, how much it will cost
- A wardrobe of travel fashions designed for you, inspired by M-G-M's "Designing Woman"

Get May PHOTOPLAY April 4
It was a long goodbye, but eventually Uncle Sam got himself a new soldier.

Fooled twice, civilian Ben Cooper woke up wondering if he'd be a soldier by that night.

A week after his first try, Ben again dusted off his bags, got his clothes ready once more.

Lori Nelson first said goodbye on Christmas, gallantly came around to say goodbye again.

It was New Year's when Ben said his farewell — this one to stick — to his kindly landlady.
• Last Christmas was the most peculiar day Ben Cooper had ever spent. He was about to be tested for the most important assignment of his career, yet all day long and everywhere he went his friends kept saying, “I hope you fail your test.”

Ben Cooper had just received “greetings” from Uncle Sam.

Lori Nelson’s eyes misted up when he dropped by her house with a Christmas gift. She managed only a weak smile at his elaborate military salute. It was the same way with all of (Continued on page 114)
Monty's Brush with Death

(Continued from page 59)

associates, continually demanding extra effect in every scene. The hour before the evening he sat alone, as though brooding over some ex- cruciating inner dilemma. He was not drunk, as has been reported. The fact is, Clift's old or new friends have found balls to intoxicate him almost immediately. Around midnight he decided to leave. Neighbors later reported hearing loud, angry voices at that time, but upon being questioned closely, they said that the voices might have been more "excited" than irate.

Clift had said he would follow Kevin McCarthy's car down to the point where Benedict Canyon spills into Sunset Boulevard. That was reassuring to everyone present. Clift's friends were worried about him; most of his friends are continually worried about him. He seems to have well-defined tendencies toward self-destruction.

The two cars departed. A few minutes later there was a shattering, ear-splitting crash, and immediately afterward McCarthy reappeared at the Wildings' house. He said that he had had a very bad accident. He rushed to the telephone to call for assistance. Miss Taylor suddenly screamed, "Monty! Monty!" and started to run outside. The others tried to hold her back, but she ran out. She had left Monty behind.

Clift had missed a turn. His car had smashed into a roadside tree. It was a mass of twisted wreckage, ready for the junk heap.

Dr. Rex Kennamer, a doctor regarded highly in the West Los Angeles area, ar- rived in a short time. He found Clift still in the front seat; his face was gashed, cuts on the face. Miss Taylor was holding his head in her lap, making comforting sounds between sobs. Dr. Kennamer later declared that it was a miracle the actor had survived his crash.

"We were sure he was dead," McCarthy later reported to a young actress friend, Barbara Gould. "We couldn't understand how a man could bleed so much and still live. There were even pools of blood on the road."

Clift suffered a brain concussion, severe cuts in the face, a fractured jaw and a badly broken nose. For a time it was feared that his face would never be sufficiently mended for him to be a movie star again.

As they were taking him out of the car, Clift came partially back to consciousness. His eyelids fluttered and he began to mumble. His words were later reported by one of the men who helped extract him from the wreckage. They were in- distinguishable at first, but then one phrase became audible:

"I have to do it. If only I could have done it..."

Then he lapsed into unconsciousness and they took him off to the hospital. What he meant he could not—or would not—later explain. He said he had been determinedly reticent nature and an apparent unwillingness to evaluate himself in realistic terms. Perhaps he was reluctant to face the fact that he wanted to harm himself severely.

Clift at that time was a disturbed human being. Many of his friends were saying, "Monty has hit bottom."

It is inevitable that his patients, whether or not they are common beings, are the ones who are the most bewildered when one con- siders that Clift ought to be at the peak of his powers. He has one of those faces around, sustaining a slight cut over his left eye. In Danville, Kentucky, he stumbled again and broke his toe.

The last accident was only one of many delays and obstacles in filming "Raintree County." It infuriated his co-workers. "All right," one said later, "so he's got a broken toe. So he's out for a couple of days and then goes back to work. That doesn't make him a hero. If he hadn't been so careless, he wouldn't have broken the toe in the first place."

Eva Marie Saint, who was in Danville with the company, reported that many times she had cause to worry over Clift's seeming disregard for his own safety. "There was one scene where he had to run and swing about a moving train," she says. "He was running across the track. I couldn't look. I certainly was going to miss. It didn't seem possible that he could make it, but, thank God, he did.

When Clift was questioned about the delay in shooting, he was fractiously apologetic to cast and crew alike. One day he came down with a severe toothache that later proved to be an ulcerated jaw. "I went around explaining it to everybody, you sound man says. And it seemed to me that in the very explanation he was relishing the fact that he was in pain." Clift is extraordinarily soft-skinned. "His emotions," says one friend, "are just bear-neath the surface. He's as sensitive as an overbred kitten. We were watching some "Raintree" rushes in the projection room one day, when all of a sudden a terrible, rocking, death-rattle of a sob broke out of him. Even though it was his own performance he was watching, he was so moved he had to rush out of the room."

When asked what he consid- ers is all the more bewildering when one con- siders that Clift ought to be at the peak of his powers. He has one of those faces around, sustaining a slight cut over his left eye. In Danville, Kentucky, he stumbled again and broke his toe.

He feels he's getting typed," says a friend. "He's always playing the brood- ing, unhappy kid—the Monty Clift type, you might say. He wants to do something more challenging."

Still, every role challenges him, within its limits. Actors who have worked with Monty attest to the fact that he is hard on himself.

The truth seems to be that Clift's odd approach to life is rooted in emotional turmoil. There are a few keys to his present personality, though they are difficul- to find. He had a happy childhood and close friends have entered into a tacit understanding which forbids them from discussing him frankly. Nevertheless, what she says...

Edward Montgomery Clift was one of a pair of twins born to Ethel and William Brooks Clift on October 17, 1920, in Omaha, Nebraska. His twin brother was named William Brooks, Jr., and his mother was Mrs. Robert McGinnis of Austin, Texas. His older brother, William Brooks Clift, Jr., is a television producer in New York City. Monty's father has al- ways been a business executive—first a banker, later an investment counselor.

After working in a bank in Omaha, the senior Clift went on to other financial positions in Kansas City, Chicago, and eventually New York.

"We are very conservative people, be- cause of my husband's business," Mrs. Clift says, "but we were able to discuss our private affairs for that reason."

Mrs. Clift did say, however, that in her opinion Montgomery was a normal child. Besides, she added that he had always been "such an easy child, such an impres- sionable. His sister confirms this view.

She declares that on occasion, when Monty's mother was reading him a story the boy would cry, "I hope he never will. He was much too pretty to burst into tears. But neither his sister nor his mother feel that Monty's sensitivity was in any way connected with the boy's talent. They believe that he was "nervous" from birth.

A doctor in Hollywood who once met and spoke at length to Clift concludes. "Obviously, the young man is the product of a childhood in which he felt he was not getting his due of love and affection. This is often the case with twins; one will feel that the other is getting all the attention. It is also familiar in the case of children whose brothers or sisters are not much older. Clift's brother Brooks is only about eighteen months older than the twins and is very protective of them."

They moved around a good deal and often went to Europe on long visits. Continuous travel can operate to the disadvantage of the insect.
was a highly unstable profession. This it might be, Monty agreed, but he loved it. Besides which he had special needs. Needs developed by his love-starved family life and encouraged by his consequent lack of communication with other children.

As a youngster Monty never had any special friends. A girl who knew him in Florida says, "He kept to himself. He was always polite, but there was something brooding about him that held others at a distance." In the theatre Clift found some of the emotional satisfaction he needed. He could establish contact with his audience and receive warmth, affection and approval without giving anything of himself emotionally to another person.

Even today Monty remains withdrawn. Elizabeth Taylor, calling him "my closest friend" in one breath, admits in the next that she is not certain she understands him. Norman Mailer, the novelist, says, "Monty is one of the few people I've known for years of whom I can say, 'I don't know him at all.'"

From Florida the Clifts moved to Connecticut. That was in 1935. Young Monty began going to New York, looking for acting jobs. Thomas Mitchell, the veteran character actor, was planning to try out a show called "Fly Away Home" in summer stock. Clift read for the part and was hired. His parents gave their reluctant approval, then kept a close watch on him. His mother accompanied him to the theatre, waited until he had done his nightly stint, then took him home. Such close supervision often causes conflicts in a youthful, impressionistic mind. On the one hand, there is a need for love and attention; on the other there is a growing need for independence. A companionship between parent and child that is too close inhibits the natural development of maturity.

These conflicts in Clift explain in part his inability to form a permanent, lasting relationship with any woman approximately his own age. There have been girls in his life, but none has remained long. Judy Balaban (now Mrs. Jay Kanter), daughter of a motion picture company executive, was seen with him frequently for several months, and was said to have been in love with him. It was more a schoolgirl crush than anything else. But Clift could not reciprocate. Today, Mrs. Kanter does not like to talk about the involvement.

The most important woman in Clift's life has been Elizabeth Taylor. She went about with him before and after her marriages to Nicky Hilton and Michael Wilding. A former M-G-M press agent recalls meeting her once at Idlewild Airport in New York, with a limousine and chauffeur. She refused to drive back to the city in the studio car, preferring to ride in Clift's. But although Monty is as close to Miss Taylor as he is to any other woman, he evidently was unable to permit his friendship to develop into love.

"Monty is like a schoolboy who worships from afar," one friend says. "In Hollywood, around the time he was finishing 'Raintree,' he had one of his crashes on Jean Simmons. But Jean is happily married. You see, Monty only permits himself to get involved with women with whom no real relationship, no marriage, is possible."

Libby Holman, a singer who is nearly fifteen years older than Clift, is his most constant companion.

"He's very happy when he's with Libby," one of Clift's friends says. "Possibly because he's found in her the mother he was looking for and never found in his own mother."

Clift snorts at this explanation. All he will say, however, is, "Libby is one of my
very closest friends. She's a wonderful person."

After "Fly Away Home," which played 1 stock and then ran seven months in New York, Clift's destiny was sealed. He would not think of anything but acting as a career. His schooling had always been haphazard—he'd had a succession of tutors and had only gone to one school, a private one in New York, for a year. Now he abandoned all thought of formal education and threw himself into the business of carving out a stage career.

"Monty haunted the theatres," a friend of those days recalls, "and when he wasn't seeing plays or looking for work, he was over in the Public Library reading about the theatre. I'll bet he read every book on the stage ever written."

Clift's first break in the theatre was followed closely by his first big disappointment. He was up for the part of the oldest boy in "Life With Father," and was being considered for the role by the authors, Howard Lindsay and Russell Crouse. "We finally decided against him," Lindsay recalls, "because he was a little 'special'. He wasn't quite the lad of the Nineties we had in mind. He looked a little too intellectual."

Clift was nearly beside himself with disappointment. He was certain that some aspect of his acting had caused him to lose the job, and he threw himself into his work with even greater intensity. It is safe to say that few actors in the history of the American theatre have demanded so much of themselves in preparing for roles—even small roles. When a part required that the character imitate a dog barking, Clift studied with a professional animal imitator until he had mastered the proper barks. When another role required him to pretend to play a flute, he became a passable flutist. Before reporting for work on "Red River," his first movie, he became an expert horseman.


He was also with Fredric March and Florence Eldridge in a play called "Your Obedient Husband," at which time he suddenly came down with a case of mumps, promptly picked up by several other members of the cast. "It wasn't Monty's fault, but he felt personally responsible," says the press agent for that show. "We all pitied the kid; he took it so hard."

This is one of the few instances on record in which a press agent expressed any sympathy for Clift. He was, and is, the butt of all publicity existence. He often refuses to show up for interviews, cancels appointments with writers and in general treats reporters with scorn. A Hollywood newspaperman, once encountered him in Martindale's bookshop in Beverly Hills, moodily paging through a copy of Dostoevski's "The Brothers Karamazov." "Hello, Monty," he said cordially. Clift looked up frightened deer, hastily put down the book and scurried out of the shop.

Clift's major success on Broadway came during World War II. A chronic ailment of the colon, which Clift (who fancies himself a medical authority) says he picked up on a trip to Mexico, kept him out of the service. Subsequently his career in New York prospered. Before long he was in love with a movie star, and before long his temperament began to assert itself.

One hot summer night during the run of "Foxhole in the Parlor," Monty made the theatre hands turn off the air-condi-
The book that tells you everything you want to know about everyone in Hollywood.

It's a dream! It's the new 1957 edition of Photoplay Annual. Between the covers of this thrilling annual is the entire Hollywood year in review. Here's everything about everybody who is anybody in Hollywood. This gorgeous yearbook brings you hundreds of pictures . . . all the news and gossip of Hollywood . . . plus exclusive stories about the screen's outstanding personalities of the year. Here, too, are full-page portraits in color . . . exciting candid shots . . . thumbnail sketches of the rising young stars, and many extra special treats. Photoplay Annual is enjoyment unlimited. Get yours now.
(Continued from page 43)
herself—and privacy is a luxury she cannot afford. She is beautiful—and must slave to make the world forget or at least ignore it. She has glamorous clothes, yet she has neither the time nor even the desire to wear them. She has no time for anything that is frivolous or dilatory, that is not work or the preparing for work. Today she is caught up in a feverish drive to earn the fame that is already hers—and in that she has no time to live or to love.

Kim Novak’s star has risen far beyond the heights envisioned by the little blonde daughter of Sayre Street. And Kim Novak is consumed with an unrelenting need for Kim, the actress, to catch up with Kim, the star. Phenomenally, with only six pictures behind her, Kim is starring in the “Jeanne Eagles” story, a difficult dramatic role coveted by every top actress in town. Immediately thereafter Miss Novak, who has never sung or danced professionally, is joining professionals Frank Sinatra and Rita Hayworth in “Pal Joey.” As a result, she is working too many hours a day, both on and off camera.

“It’s now or never,” Kim says. “Things won’t wait. I’m not bucking for anything. I’m just trying to do the best job I can.”

Perhaps the reason for this is that Kim still feels left out of her own reality she does not belong to the group in which she now lives—the group of talented, able people, the real craftsmen of the movie industry. Desperately she is trying to be one of them. Others may be as well known as she, but they have more ability. “Someone else could just step into ‘Jeanne’ and do it right,” Kim says. “But I have to work. I have to catch up with my fame.”

Unfortunately, Kim is at a disadvantage. She didn’t start as one of the dedicated; movies fell into her lap without half trying. “I never starved to act,” she says. “I never painted scenery. This wasn’t a burning thing from childhood for me, as it has been for so many others. I didn’t fight for it. But today it’s in my blood, and I want it to stay.”

To Kim’s friends it seems as though the contest is an inner one—Kim against herself; Kim against her feelings of inferiority; Kim against her tears of never being good enough. They are afraid her standards are too high, that she expects too much. They have seen her become ill with fright and anxiety with work, she’s a nervous type. Her friends are concerned, and rightly so. Kim is driving herself at an inhuman pace.

Mac Krim was one of the first to speak out. “Look, Kim,” he said, “your health comes first. The human body will only take so much.”

But Kim doesn’t listen. “I can’t help it,” she says. “I have to do this now. After ‘Jeanne Eagles’ I’ll take it easier.”

This is what she said after “Picnic.” This is what she said after “The Eddy Duchin Story.” Mac thinks that this is what she will say after “Pal Joey.”

What Kim seems to fear as much as not making the grade, despite all her hard work, is not being wanted by the public after a while. She is obsessed by a feeling of impermanence. It is actually a basic disbelief in her own popularity. People don’t really like her, she reasons; they just think they do—now. The fear wells up in her stronger when she imagines that at the height of her artistic achievement she will be box-office zero. All the work will have gone for nothing. It does no good to point out her fabulous success to date—how she was pulled number—one box-office star by Box Office Magazine itself. Her first reaction was simply, “Ridiculous! It couldn’t be true!” Then, when she finally believed that it was true: “Do you realize, now all I can do is go down?”

Not, however, in the experienced opinion of producer-director George Sidney who’s directing Kim Novak in both “Jeanne Eagles” and “Pal Joey,” and foresees a long and sparkling future for her. “Like Jeanne Eagles, Kim Novak is a natural,” he says. “She has that golden thing you can’t give anybody if it isn’t there. Kim was born with the magic called talent.”

“We wouldn’t have made the ‘Jeanne Eagles’ story without Kim,” Sidney says. “No other actress was considered for the title role in the picture he describes as “the story of the rise and fall of a meteor who came out of nowhere and blazed across the sky too fast and broke into a thousand pieces. That was Jeanne Eagles. Kim is in essence very much like her. Kim has depth and with it the same kind of spirit, the freedom and abandon, the same latent ability that made Jeanne Eagles the great actress of the American theatre.”

But although “Eagles” is in the vernacular an “Oscar part,” Kim says she isn’t disagreeing for an Academy Award. “I don’t believe in making goals. Then you’re just disappointed. But whatever I do, I give everything. That’s the way I am. I can’t understand anyone taking any job and not doing the best she can.”

Which is all too true, Kim’s friends say, of “Kim, the perfectionist.”

Fame Cloaks the Lonely Heart

Mac Krim learned early in their acquaintance that Kim can be a little tight about any project. Mac plays polo and Kim, who’s mad about horses, would ride along and cool off the horses with him. Once Kim insisted on hitting a ball off a horse.

“Oh no you don’t,” he said.

“If you do it, I can,” Kim insisted. Whereupon she grabbed a helmet and a mallet and took off—right over the horse’s head.

“Kim took a nasty spill. She was bruised and shaken up, but she insisted on re- meriting the horse.” Not many girls would do that. This I liked very much,” Mac recalls.

Ironically enough, it was the same determination-taking another goal—that was to take Novak out of Mac Krim’s life so much of the time later on.

“Kim is so conscientious about her work—I can’t tell you. At dinner Kim’s studying her script. Riding along in the car, she’s reading her script. Before she started ‘Jeanne Eagles’ Kim was studying dancing for ‘Pal Joey’ four hours a day. When I picked her up one day she said she would come limping out of the studio.”

“Take your shoes off,” Mac would say when Kim crawled wearily into the car. And as he recalls now, “She would have Barbara, an extra, a pet, and blisters. They would be bleeding.”

“Nobody works as hard as Kim,” agrees Norma Kassell, Kim’s secretary and her long-time confidante, who first encouraged a shy, insecure teenager to take up the modeling that eventually brought her to Hollywood. “Kim would dance so long and so hard, she’d dance herself right out of her shoes and hang them in the closet. I was sometimes afraid she’d stay with a step until she got it if it took all night. Kim loses herself completely in whatever she’s doing, and it has to be right. Exactly right.”

Kim is a brutal critic of her own performances. In a projection room she will agonize over even a wrist movement that appears awkward to her. When a reviewer of one of her earlier pictures remarked that Kim essayed such—and such role “and looked beautiful throughout,” Kim was in tears. “Who cares about looking beautiful, for the sake of it?” she said. For Kim, beauty is just one more obstacle in proving she’s an actress.

When she isn’t working before the camera, Kim usually takes refuge from the studio world at no Schneider at the Columbia studio from ten a.m. until noon, dancing lessons all afternoon, singing lessons from seven to eight p.m. (or before ten a.m.). Two evenings a week she spends four hours working with Batomi Schneider’s drama class. The other three evenings she usually re- hearses for the class. Dinner? Often a hot cup of soup and a hamburger she picks up at Googie’s en route home to change clothes.

“If I fix something at the apartment, I relax and let down. This way I don’t lose my temper. I go to bed early,” Kim says. “When I let down, I let down all the way. Then I can’t do anything more. I have to keep right on going now. It’s the drive that keeps you going.”

However, for all Kim’s “drive,” the physical hardships, long hours and loss of sleep almost caught up with her. The studio had been working against time from the beginning of March in order to keep commitments with Frank Sinatra and Rita Hayworth for “Pal Joey.”

Costumed scantily as a hootchy-kootchy dancer in the carnival scenes, Kim worked during rain sequences and freezing nights.
When a studio worker tried to put a coat around her between scenes, Kim said, "I've got to get used to this—without the coat—so I can go right into the scene.

"This one is exceptionally hard," Kim continued. "I haven't slept more than three hours a day since we started. After we get through working, I have to have my hair done, and with this elaborate hairdo, that sometimes takes four hours. By then it's midnight if we are working days. And I'm due back at the studio by four or five A.M. We shoot Saturdays. And on Sundays I'm supposed to rehearse. We never have time to rehearse on the set.

"I came to work one afternoon at two-thirty and I didn't finish until the next day." At eleven the next morning Kim was driving across the ranch lot when another player hailed her with, "Just coming to work?" She'd never been home.

"I don't intend to do this from here on," Kim said earnestly, meaning every word at the time. "At first I've had to work hard to make up for lost time. But I'll let down after this one. Not during this," she said quickly. This was "Jeanne Eagels"—Jeanne too worked this way.

Kim feels a double responsibility in playing the part of the famous actress whose name won in the theater today. As she told a friend, "I have got to do it right—I'm Jeanne Eagels."

Kim has dedicated herself to this portrayal, yet part of her is the sentimental girl from Sayre Street, Chicago, who feels she may be missing something, the part who says, "For three years now I've been working on the day of my birthday. We worked New Year's Eve and I went home and fell asleep at nine P.M. On Christmas afternoon I had to come in and get my hair done and rehearse some dialogue changes. This is a little too much..."

Then as usual come Kim's famous last words, "But after this one—I'll let down."

During this one, Kim's dressing-room walls are taped with clippings of Jeanne as Sadie Thompson in "Rain." She has talked to everybody who ever knew Jeanne Eagels on the West Coast. She has had long sessions with her understudy, whom she found still living here. Together with Norma Kasell, Kim has combed every library for material about Jeanne. They had amassed two scrapbooks full. "I've read every line ever written about Jeanne. You have to do this to know the person, to become the person," says Kim.

From the beginning Kim's chief anxiety concerned the latter tragic sequences when the famed actress had resorted to alcohol and dope. Driving along Wilshire Boulevard with Mac Krim one night, Kim had said suddenly, "How will I do the alcoholic bit? You can't act a part unless you've lived it." Then she startled him, saying sincerely, "Mac—you'll just have to get me intoxicated some night." Although it would never materialize, it would have been a double performance—neither of them drink.

Determined to stay in character emotionally, particularly in this challenging characterization, Kim told him conscientiously that she was doing the best she could. The part has been so draining that she had to work late into the night, and during the filming of a dreamy death-mood sequence in "The Duchin Story," Kim terrified a friend one night with her strange expressions and behavior. "What's wrong with you?" her friend said.

"Oh—please forgive me," Kim said. "I can't get out of the Duchin bit."

Kim can't understand how more experienced stars can turn emotions off and on at will. To her close friends Kim explained when she went into "Jeanne Eagels" she wouldn't be seeing too much of them. "I've got to stay in character," she said. "I can't be Kim Novak at night and Jeanne Eagels the next morning."

And a lovely serious-faced Kim was saying now, "I believe you keep a part of all the people you portray. Sometimes I think I've left Kim Novak somewhere along the way."

Not too far away. Not too far from the shy little girl named Marilyn who wrote poetry and lived within the vivid world of her own imagination with lucky clowns and governed by a magic wishing tree. A little girl who used to recite her stories so graphically the teacher would protest to her mother, "Marilyn's imagination is inflaming the other children. Unless she stops, I'm going to call on her."

This imaginative child did not have her roots in an exciting stage or screen background but in a quiet old-world family.

Mail this coupon today

FREE informative Norforms booklet
Just mail this coupon to: Dept. 1F-74
Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y.
Please send me the new Norforms booklet, in a plain envelope.

Name: _________________________________
Street, City, State: ____________________
(Please Print)
Kim’s father, Joseph Novak, a former history teacher, later became a freight dispatcher for a railroad. She had a wonderful practical down-to-earth mother. And Marilyn’s beloved Grandmother Kril was an immigrant from Prague, Czechoslovakia, who handed down to this little girl her own reverence for a worn black rosary.

Not too far from this background is Kim, the girl who worries when today’s shoe-pressures close in so fast there’s no breather to share life with those who mean much to her. As one who is close to her says, “Kim feels badly because there’s so little time to be with all the friends she used to see. She worries. Will they understand?”

Not too fast, or too far, is the meteor that is carrying Kim Novak into fame’s clouds today to bring her back to earth, rescued by her own substantial earthy heritage.

Kim is grateful for her early life. “I don’t regret those years. They add to my happiness today,” she says. “Because of them I can appreciate today even more. We never went without food. We always had the necessities—just no luxuries. And today it’s a big thrill to be able to afford a few.”

In spite of long hours and the wearying demands and the fierce pressures, today is a big thrill for Kim Novak. To all who consign her to a vale of tears as a “melancholy blonde,” a “bewildered beauty” and the like, she says, “I’m not unhappy. I’m working with emotion all the time. I’ve always been quick to laugh and cry. When things unhappy happen—and in this business they always seem to be happening—I cry. I’m not good at shrugging it off when something goes wrong. I show how I feel. But when it’s out and over, I don’t go around brooding or bailing under the surface as many others do.

“There are all kinds of happiness. And I’ve had all kinds. But I’ve never had the work kind, and this is what I want now. Perhaps people think I’m unhappy because I don’t do things that spell happiness to them. I’ve done all that. In college I belonged to a sorority and I went to dances. I’ve gone out a lot since, and I’m not through. I’m still going to live it up like crazy.

“But today, my work is my happiness. Believe me, if I were to get dressed up in party clothes— which I hate doing—and go to large parties, this would make me very unhappy. I don’t like being out with crowds of people. I have to be with a lot of people all the time in my work. I’ve taken a little cottage down at the beach now and that’s for me. Just give me a script to read and an open fire and I’m happy—”

“And when I’m happy—nobody could be happier,” laughs Kim. “Last week I was so happy,” she recalls typically. “It was a beautiful day. I went swimming in the ocean—the picture was going great.

“I’m a moody and impulsive person and I go along with whatever I feel like doing at the time. Right now I want to work. This is work? A love scene with Jeff Chandler?” she says laughingly. Then she always her own pictures about motion pictures. “This is work—but it’s my happiness now. The only kind of happiness I haven’t had in being married,” says Kim.

“But that will come.”

Jeanne Eagels was happy too this day. During this carnival sequence with Jeff she’s at the very peak of her happiness,” Kim says of Jeanne. “It’s the happiest day of her life—but she doesn’t know it. After this—no more.”

And suddenly her two worlds are one. “Maybe it’s the same thing with me,” says Kim. “It may be when Mac and I were playing miniature golf last year and riding bicycles on Fifth Avenue. Right then may have been the happiest
days of my life. Someday I may look back and know this. But today—you don't know.

Today there isn't time to know. "I'm a one-way girl," Kim says in her own honest way. This would be a very bad time for any man to be interested in me."

Gossip columns linking Kim with any number of various swains are a source of mystery to her. She's dated Sinatra briefly, but there have been only two men presently in Kim Novak's life, each important in his own way. Mac Krim, Bel Air sportsman and investment broker, of whom Kim says, "He's just a wonderful guy." And Count Mario Bandini, wealthy young Italian businessman, was an exciting beau during Kim Novak's whole European adventure, when she attended the Cannes Film Festival last year.

Kim met the charming, intelligent Bandini at a luncheon in Rome. Although columnists keep referring to him as a Count, he told Kim that he was not a Count—that over there they just referred to him that way. Their first date was to go to a palace ball, with dreamy-eyed Kim in white swirling chiffon, surrounded by dignitaries and titles on every side.

"Mario Bandini—they've even got me doing it—Mario's coming in April," Kim informs us. "He was coming Christmas but I was working and he postponed his visit. He's a fine person, nice-looking, gallant, just the way you think a European man would be. Just the kind of man I wanted to meet when I knew I was going over there."

Kim will make no predictions about what will happen. Personally, she leaves her future to any prophets who dare. But it's doubtful whether Mario Bandini, or any European, would compete with—or understand—the world that is Kim Novak's now.

This world nobody could understand perhaps as well as Mac Krim, who knew Marilyn Novak when7 Fame tapped her for a chosen child. He helped give her confidence during those first months when she needed it most. He understands Kim's dedication to a goal, to proving her place in that world. And watching Kim's star rise he must know that world could someday be without him.

Once, back in Chicago, a little girl had wished for a prince—but there's no time and no place for one in the kingdom into which Kim has been projected so rapidly. She's a one-way star in a one-way sky. And how do you stop a meteor in its flight? But there are times when the two worlds of Kim Novak meet and are one.

Kim Novak was Jeanne Eagels Christmas Eve. But when the cameras stopped rolling and the sound stage darkened, and Hollywood put all its magic away, a weary Kim told Mac Krim, "I want to go where it feels like Christmas, where there are children. Do you want to go with me?"

They were soon in the car heading for Rolling Hills, where Norma Kasell lives with her husband and three children. Kenra, nine; "Little" Kim, six; and Kristin, aged two. "Big Kim" idolizes "Little Kim," who's quite a personality in his own right. Blond crew-cut, all-boy, and a wide grin. "You came first—I was named for you—" Kim tells a delighted little boy.

"We're having quite a few people over," Norma Kasell had explained on the phone to Kim. "Old friends from Chicago. Two couples, one with four redheaded little boys. Still want to come?"

"Oh yes," Kim said. They sure wanted to come.

For a small house—this took some spacing. The children were bedded down on the floor, and the adults spent most of the rest of the night wrapping presents for them. Kim finally got sleepy and went to bed in a single bed in one of the rooms. Little Kim blissfully asleep on a pallet on the floor beside her bed.

Around dawn a Chicago father decided to look in on all his redheads and make sure they were tucked in. "I can only find three of my boys!" he said. His five-year-old was nowhere around. The search was on. They found him sleeping on the shoulder of a beautiful blonde. He'd climbed into bed with Big Kim. And Jeanne Eagels was nowhere around.

It is the Kim Novak who wished upon a tree and got magic beyond measure. The lonely girl who longed to be part of the crowd and who today belongs to millions.

The Kim who won't draw the blinds of her bedroom because the dawn is "so crisply new—the most beautiful time of the day."

The Kim who rides on the back of the wind. Who loves to lie on the beach at night and count the stars in God's heaven—and forget her own.

DON'T MISS: Kim Novak in Columbia's "Joanne Eagels" and "Pat Joey."

---

WHO HAS TIME THESE DAYS FOR ELABORATE FACIAL CARE? THE PEOPLE WHO WRITE THE ARTICLES SEEM NEVER TO HAVE TO KEEP A HOUSE, HUSBAND, AND BABY HAPPY ALL AT THE SAME TIME! THAT'S WHY YOUNG MARIEDS FIND MAGIC TOUCH MAKE-UP SO WONDERFULLY-IDEAL.

NO MUSK OR FUS—NO TIME TO APPLY (WITH FINGERTIPS, IN SECONDS)—AND NO LOOK OF THE "SIRENE" (HOW MANY SIRENS CHANGE DIAPERS?)—BUT BEAUTY, YES! FOR THIS LIGHTLY-LOVELY MAKE-UP HIDES BLEMISHES, SMOOTH TONE AND GLORIFIES COMPLEXION. AND MORE, IT PROTECTS THE SKIN AS YOU WEAR IT, LUBRICATES WITH ITS CREAMY RICHNESS, ENDS NEED FOR ELABORATE BEDTIME CREAMINGS.

HERE'S THE CASUALLY BEAUTIFUL, EFFORTLESSLY-LOVELY LOOK THAT GOES WITH BEING MODERN. MAGIC TOUCH (SUCH A PERFECT NAME) AT ALL VARIETY STORES AND BETTER DRUG STORES—6 SHADES, 45¢ OR $1.00. MADE FOR PEOPLE LIKE YOU!...BY CAMPANA.

THE MAKE-UP OF YOUNG MODERNs...
Between Heaven and . . .

"After a while you know the field is mined, and you know what is happening to you. But you must still walk through the field. And when you get blown up—and you do—you try in a dazed way to put yourself together again. The only trouble is that you can't put yourself together exactly the same as you were before. There is a difference. And you don't always like this difference. It sometimes even frightens you, and you try to hide your fright from the members of your family or your close friends. 'Is this what I have become?' you ask yourself."

What has happened to Anne Baxter is not uncommon. It is true, probably, of most sensitive feminine stars, and of practically all the more beautiful and successful ones. But where an Ava Gardner or a Marilyn Monroe or a Rita Hayworth will find it hard to hide their fright from the members of your family or your close friends, as if by so doing she will thus be able to leave her unhappiness behind, an Anne Baxter is under no such illusion.

"That's just kidding yourself," she commented recently. "Between an actress' private life and her professional life there can be no partition, as so many have so hopefully claimed. After you've made your bed, you can't lie on it in a woman in love one minute and a public personality the next. Each conflict with the other and both conflicts with the inner you. The ambitions, the crackling nerves you take to the studio you take wherever else you go. They are damningly still with you when you want to take your hands off the controls and be just a woman."

"You can get pretty frantic because this is true. Because whatever the magic of stardom is, with all its lights and glamour and shouting, it is not the magic that leads to simple fulfillment. In time this stardom—created quite frankly, a manic-depressive, saved only by—thank God for it—a sense of humor. When I feel good I feel so wonderfully good. But Lord, how low I can get, and how often I go through the cycle!"

A hazel-eyed, intense girl who has always had to fight off a tendency to be pugdy, Anne is successfully slim as she is small. She gets along quietly with her five-year-old daughter Katrina, even since her divorce in 1953 from John Hodiak, who died of a heart attack a little more than a year ago. Anne's home is now a shrubbery-hidden, smartly remodeled Hollywood house located just above the Sunset Strip, where are gathered all the town's night clubs—to which she rarely goes.

She has a fervor for acting that is as strong today, apparently, as it was when she was just a child living in Westchester County, New York, and begging her folks to bring her to Manhattan to see the Broadway plays. She can remember every role she has ever had, from her grade-school parts to playing beside Burt De Mille's "The Ten Commandments" and in "Three Violent People." This was aptly demonstrated one evening about five years ago when she happened to be eating with Hodiak in a Beverly Hills restaurant. The waiter brought a note from a diner who had observed her enter.

"As was your leading man once in the sixth grade at the Public School in Chappaqua, New York," the note read. Anne took one look at the signature and wrote a quick reply. No, it was not her own handiwork. She was right. He had been the star.

She is very precise about such things; she tends to date events by the roles she is being playing when they occurred. "It was the week I wasn't in 'Sunday Dinner for a Soldier' that I met John," she will say. This was in 1944, and John, incidentally, was also starred in the same picture. While making the film they fell in love. "But," as she has also said, "it wasn't until I was cast in 'The Razor's Edge' that I decided to marry him." It was in July of 1946. Their little daughter, Katrina, was born in 1953, on the day Anne would put it, just before she worked in "The Outcasts of Poker Flat." A deep unhappiness made itself evident in their lives soon after. Anne, who are also estranged are not only of sugar and spice but great gobs of dissatisfaction as well.

Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Stuart Baxter, encouraged this about their only child when she was barely able to talk. Mr. Baxter, vice president of a distillery corporation, was quite well-to-do. Miss Baxter was a former Miss America. She has had a world-renowned figure in architecture, the much discussed non-conformist Frank Lloyd Wright. Anne had only to accept her status to gain for herself a good life, yet worse seemed too easy. This she would not do.

"Some people have to overcome the handicap of adversity to get places," she once explained, "My barrier, I knew right from the start, was the cushion my birth had put behind me. All I had to do was lean back and live comfortably. I was frightened at the prospect, because I knew I could not meet the pressures of the stardom which at the time I craved seem less important. It is hard to remember exactly how you felt as a child, but the essence of it all was, I was not in control, I was being controlled by myself. Nor did I want to be some beautiful, mystical creature. I felt a great urge to be useful . . . through acting. Besides, if it isn't enough being just you, what is the place between the stage to be someone else?"

Anne was not yet twelve when she was studying the theatre in a dramatic school in Detroit. At the age of fifteen she moved to Chappaqua from Michigan City, Indiana, where she was born. She was not yet fifteen, had been an acting apprentice at the Cape Playhouse and had done three Broadway plays when she was invited to make a move test by the then titan of picture-making, David O. Selznick. Her mother chaperoned her West, and Anne has never forgotten the afternoon she was
had was planned. Wishing horse little sort friend to waited few.

"How do you do?" I began, as soon as I was in his presence. I waited for him to jump up and greet me.

"Come here," he said. "I want to look at your teeth."

Mr. Selznick got to look at Anne's teeth, and she did not, as was her wild impulse at the time, neigh like a horse while he was peering at them. In any event, the tests (she made eight of them) did not win her the part she was up for. The makeup man did his best, but Anne kept looking more like Olivier's daughter than his bride. The role went to Joan Fontaine. But Anne had made an impression, and within a few months she was offered a term contract for $50 a week at 20th Century-Fox Studios. She was still only fifteen.

Her father's business was in the East. Her mother wanted to stay with her husband. But a great new world was calling Anne, and they had only to look at their daughter to know that she would explode on their hands if they did not give in to her. Mrs. Baxter came to California again to establish a home for Anne. Mr. Baxter set about trying to transfer his business interests to the West Coast as well. It was to take several years before he succeeded.

In that time Anne had worked with Wallace Beery in "Twenty Mule Team," with John Barrymore in "The Great Profile," with Dana Andrews in "Swamp Water" and with Orson Welles in "The Magnificent Ambersons."

Wallace Beery was aghast at her eagerness, and urged her to slow down. John Barrymore watched her trying to give her part everything she had, gestures and all, and asked sarcastically, "Does she have to swim?"

She was properly impressed by her first co-starring role, but in her following picture Orson Welles had only to glower at her once to calm her down.

Anne at seventeen looked it, or perhaps less. She hadn't the mature appearance that some girls achieve early. She was truly unsophisticated. Once, in a scene in "The Great Profile," Barrymore let loose a long string of invective in her presence, but she wasn't aware that he was cursing until director Walter Lang made him apologize to her. Anne had never before seen so much. She certainly didn't understand them.

As a matter of fact she spent a lot of her time trying not to be shocked—or at least not to look shocked—at the things she was hearing and seeing in Hollywood. With a sort of schoolgirl instinct she tried to conform. When people she was with laughed at something, she laughed too, though she generally had no idea what had been said that was funny.

She used a little mascara, a little lip-stick and felt she was a dud in conversations because she had no "line. She had been a good student and could talk well on general subjects. But Hollywood conversations had a gambit all their own, which ran to gossip about persons, studio opportunities, romantic opportunities, any old opportunities, beds, houses, love and cars—in about that order. On such subjects she found herself nettled because she wasn't in the know, afraid of being considered gauche. She came home from parties dissatisfied, impatient with having not yet lived, and vaguely convinced that she owed it to herself to do something about it. And about this time she had her first "adventure."

It had its beginning when her mother was called away and asked a friend of theirs to act as a companion and chaperon for Anne. After her mother left, Anne decided that she didn't like this arrangement. She told the chaperon that she was going to spend the weekend with a girl friend in Catalina, and promised to return Monday morning. She actually did go to Catalina on Saturday, but she came back to Hollywood on Sunday instead of Monday. Instead of going home she got into her car, which she had left at the boat dock, and drove off. That evening the car was parked alongside the lake in Sherwood Forest, and Anne spent the night in the car seat. It was an escape in every sense of the word but one—she was alone.

Choked with restlessness, feeling strange compulsions, she sat frozen through most of the early hours, sometimes weeping, and shaken by the fancy that she was rehearsing to be a bad girl.

That night, Anne came to comprehend something about herself that she now knows to be true and is trying to correct: Her thinking had not yet a foundation on a personal basis. And she knew, too, that this would be a heavy burden for her. "Like carrying yourself on your own back," she thought. But there was nothing she could do about it then.

"The world to me was like a boy I was crazy about and going out with," is the way she has described her feeling of this period. "The boy carries himself well, he is smart, he smokes and drinks and knows all the latest references, and I haven't..."
any convictions of my own but just try desperately to keep up with him. I'm not comfortable as myself, so I try to be somebody else. Somebody who laughs, has a gay time, acts as if she knows just what is going on, and how she is going to fit into life. But she doesn't. She doesn't really."

The car in which Anne spent that night was a Cadillac that she had bought from a Turkish gambler in Hollywood. It was a black coupe, and she called it both "Ferdinand" and "Ticket to Freedom." It had not only a horn, but also a set of bells, which she'd added. Anne drove to Sherwood Forest Lake because on a previous visit she had fallen in love with the wild ducks there. On her way home the next morning, teeth chattering, she kept telling herself, "You have to do something. You have to be what you are even if you freeze to death!"

She remembered that once, when she was thirteen, she had made a movie test in New York and thought it was terrible. She had sunk lower and lower into her seat as it ran on, and the director who had had charge of it tried vainly to console her.

"We can compare anything in the world except the thing about ourselves that makes us unique," he had explained. "That we cannot compare with anything. You're having a peek at yourself as others see you ... and that is always a shock!"

But this hadn't helped. She had squirmed way down into her seat, couldn't take her eyes off herself on the screen, and hated what she saw. "I knew then that I was going to have a lot of trouble with myself," she said.

Before the next year was over, after her Sherwood Forest episode, Anne, hardly eighteen, rebelled against her mother's authority. She wanted to live alone. Among girls of her age this was a fairly unusual thing at the time, but it was certainly a questionable move to make in Hollywood, where the abysses were many, and of extra depth. Yet it came to this: Tired of fighting with Anne, her mother left. But not without misgivings.

Anne was not on her own the very moment her mother left. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Baxter first exacted a promise that Anne would stay with friends, the late Nigel Bruce and his wife, Bunnie, while a maid could be taught to keep a home for her. Anne lived with the Brucers for four months, during which time a girl was hired and trained. But when Anne rented an apartment in Westwood and moved in, thrilled at having her own ménage at last, the new maid began developing "stomach attacks" which eventually were revealed to be alcoholic binges.

The maid did not wait to be dismissed. She left of her own accord. But Anne did not go back to the Brucers. In her ears rang warnings from her mother. But Anne was in her own place at last, and she intended never to lose the independence she had finally gained.

Not many of Hollywood's actresses have an authentic love for the fine lines written for them in their pictures; for the most part they are not talented in the art at all, outside of the art of giving of themselves to the characters they play. Anne Baxter is different, in the sense that she has a fine taste for words—often to the point of poetry. Speaking of a fine Paris rain, she once said, "It sprinkles you like a nice fat laundress doing her ironing." "Venice," she wrote home in a letter, "is so beautiful it can grow you a new heart if you have lost your own." She has talked of Mexico's little burros, "tiptoeing through the village."

At eighteen Anne was talking a lot about boys. Most of the boys she met were between college and settling-down
age, when World War II further upset their plans. She recalls, "No one knew anything, except that it was a good time to have fun. If you were a girl and didn’t want to mope at home alone, you went along.

There were goodbye parties for boys going to camp, last-leave parties, hello parties and first-leave parties. The boys seemed to feel that they had nothing left in the world but what they could grab. They grabbed for drinks, for laughs, for you. It was a time to get what you wanted because there might be a hangover the next day. And for youth, time has always seemed like that anyway.

"I remember I learned how to drink then, even though I didn’t like it, and I learned it. They were all fancy drinks, concoctions with your initials initialed on top of the liquor in nutmeg or the like. It was very small to drink them. It was very small to have them all night. It was very small to brag of having come home at four in the morning to sleep an hour, then take a shower and rush off to the studio.

"It was terrible, terribly gay, terribly shocking. A boy you thought you loved and with whom you had stolen some moments of tenderness and magic would walk off into a man and start a casual, ‘Well, so long,’ leaving you stand-
Barefoot Boy with Cheek?

The words reach Tony but fail to register, because in his imagination he is once again the hero about to do battle with the forces of evil.

Though the young boy has grown into a man now, he still lives partly in his imagination. As a youngster in Boston, from a background more or less typical of his kind, Tony Perkins fashioned for himself a romantic world to live in an otherwise well-regulated existence. As a film star he is still playing the same game. Perhaps this is why he says, "I am a nice enough, ordinary young fellow—and because he feels that as an actor he should be more colorful, Tony has been working overtime at it.

Something insufficiently achieved color border on the ridiculous. During the filming of "Friendly Persuasion" he used to eat regularly at Google's, a small coffee shop next door to Schwab's in Hollywood. He told new acquaintances there that he worked in an airplane factory. "I thought they'd like me better if they didn't think I was another actor in competition with them," he explained.

More likely, Tony hoped that when they did learn he was starring in a big film, they would be amazed at his modesty. He was hoping that the discovery of who he really was would have some dramatic impact.

Tony was playing a game much as Jimmy Dean did the day he drove up to a big house to see the man who might find a new apartment for him. Finding a new gateman on the job, Dean tried to get in without announcing himself as a star of the film. In blue jeans and leather jacket, with his old junk car, Jimmy looked only like an actor, and he knew it.

But he wanted to test the policeman to see if the man knew who he was; just as Tony was probably testing the new acquaintances to see if they had heard of him.

Much of Tony's eccentric behavior is likened to Jimmy's and is equally studied. For once he is in a building and the gateman has walked out of his apartment many times barefoot, supposedly having forgotten to put on his shoes.

When Tony walks, it must take a certain amount of cheek to carry off this kind of activity. In Tony's case, however, much of the odd behavior is reported rather than seen. And the reporter is invariably Tony, who tells interviewers how he walked out of the house barefoot.

To a large extent these stories have been successful, but a few have backfired. For example, in a recent Life magazine story much was made of the fact that Tony hitchhiked daily to Paramount Studios from his apartment, and that he cooked his meals on a hot plate in the car. When he was told that the car owners have hitchhiked to Paramount once for the record, but it's certain that he didn't do it as a daily habit. As for cooking in his room, the management at Tony's apartment said it was a story that Tony wanted planted because he liked cooking in nonhousekeeping rooms is frowned upon. When they were told that it was all for publicity, no serious damage was done.

Some of the stories have the ring of familiarity. Tony once said he would "rather be called a 'young' anything than 'another young' anything," Marlon Brando, later to be known as Humphrey Bogart said it before Marlon.

Sometimes it's not that Tony tells dibulous untruths about himself, but that he allows you to assume things. He cleverly throws out the bait, lets the listener nibble, and then plays out the line. Here's a for instance: During a recent interview Tony said something about going on his bike to a party. The interviewer pressed for details—and Tony, if she was on the bike, too, Tony's answer was merely a smile. The reporter assumed that the girl went on the bike—why else would he not change his story?

To an interviewer Tony tells a charming, well-colored story to colorado to accommodate the questions. He can shift easily from shy ingenuousness to an almost unanswerable story of a the racing and twisted thoughts. Although you often suspect that he is telling a half-truth or acting boastfully modest, you go along with him because, in a word, Tony has charm.

Everyone who comes in contact with Tony is aware of this charm, including the housekeeper at the Chateau Mar-


The newswoman, one of Tony's Hollywood dates, considers him one of the most charming men she has ever met—and one of the most unalterable. Perhaps the reason is that he never turns on and off at will enables him to keep his head above the flood of stories which he has caused to circulate about himself.

One day while I was talking with Tony at a restaurant he told me about his pretty contract player, joined us. The change in Tony was remarkable. It was almost as though someone had told him that the cameras were grinding, and he started to talk with the charm from every pore. His stories became more elaborate. His importance in them increased. He was doing as any man would—trying to impress the lady.

But, more important, Tony knew Autumn was married, so he had no intention of asking her for a date. Yet she represented an interested audience. Like all pretty contract players, he thought about another person and he's on-stage. If the other person happens to be a pretty female, so much the better.

With Tony there is far more businesslike in an interview than stars many years his senior. During a talk with me for this story, he asked if I had brought a tape recorder along. When I said no, he seemed disappointed. I asked why.

"With a tape recorder there would be no chance of being misrepresented," he said.

I explained that I was going to take comprehensive notes. He seemed pleased. "I get nervous when people don't take notes," he said.

The interview was conducted at Luevy's restaurant in Milan, near Fort Lee, New Jersey. The pass was obtained through Paramount. If you don't drink or smoke, ordered a light supper and told me how he came to be an actor.

He was born twenty-four years ago on Twenty-third Street, New York. His father was Osgood Perkins, a matinee idol of the Twenties; his mother was a Wellesley College graduate and a socialite. The Perkinses had been married ten years before Tony was born. He was their only child.

Osgood Perkins died when Tony was five, and Tony says he has no memories of him. "I think his being unhappily married made his mother move with him to Brookline, Massachusetts."

Until this time, Tony spoke mostly French as he had been raised by a French governess.

As a child Tony was considered something of a hell-raiser. He fought a lot with other children. His favorite game was to stuff an old suit of clothes with rags and smoke cigarettes. He did not care much for cars. "I was threatened with reform school many times as a kid," Tony recalls with satisfaction. "I guess it's a miracle I'm not in trouble."

Tony's first ambition seemed to be a life-guard, followed by an overwhelming wish to be an actor. Perhaps hours spent probing over his father's old scrapbooks had something to do with this. In high school Tony appeared in all the school plays.

Since Osgood Perkins had gone to Harvard, Tony was enrolled at Brown and Nichols, a preparatory school for boys. There he took part in a flurry of academic circles. In fact, the only high school subject in which Tony excelled was French, which he spoke fluently, thanks to his childhood training. But he kept his knowledge of the language a secret and progressed normally with his class. "That way I was sure of good grades in at least one subject," he said.

"Schoolteachers," he added with a grin, "like to think I'm a boy who needs mothering. That's how I get through. I don't guess that's my appeal now to moviemakers."

His appeal to moviemakers is certainly a strong one, maternal or otherwise. But if playing the little boy was enough to get him out of college, apparently, to get him into college. He was the first student in the history of Brown and Nichols who was not allowed to take the Harvard entrance examination because he was in college. After leaving prep school he took odd courses, did summer stock (including "Years Ago," a Ruth Gordon play) and played some time at Rollins College in Florida. Eventually he wound up in New York's Columbia University taking extension courses.

It was during his stay at Columbia that Tony's friend George M.-G. had bought "Years Ago" and planned to film it under the title, "The Actress." On a hunch he hitchhiked to the coast and said he'd like to talk for the part.

He was signed. After five weeks "The Actress" was finished and Tony went back to New York. He made sure he was in New York when the picture was released. But no one seemed impressed with it.

Then Tony went for an interview with Otto Preminger for the part of Joseph, opposite Richard Conte's "Joseph and His Brethren." He didn't make it. Mr. Preminger took one look at him and said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Perkins, you won't do. We're looking for Old Testament faces. You have a New Testament face."

With his New Testament face Tony went to see Elia Kazan for the lead in "East of Eden." He ended up with a broom role in "Tea and Sympathy." "I almost didn't take the 'Tea' part because I didn't think I was good enough to do it," Tony recalled. "But then I figured the thought was good enough, I must be."

Later in the interview, Tony told me that he had expected to get the "Tea" role because he was "equipped to play it. They thought I was a good character actor in reaction," he said. "It started with summer stock, then 'Years Ago,' the film and some good TV parts. Then came 'Friendly Persuasion.' I haven't been out of work for more than a week in years. I guess..."
HE Guy have Roy, jslight Frank do, alone mother n Jack th*
Rusty Audrey P Debbie HAD Kuldip June Margaret STAR Guy good very Louis Write John Star Doris PRINT Audie Elizabeth SEND Farley _State_ Jack. L too Pat BE Tommy Jack 2 Keith TODAY! went tacked he pushed His frequently admitted, he worry. about pany dated the d’oeuvres, or fancy, to sons Says for phasesizing Young acting Cooper's most important people, I might might there. he going home. James Aiken. No morey Jimmy, always goes filming his wife. The Hollywood's. way the charm.
The other hand, Tony's father died when he was five and Jimmy's father died when he was eight. Young people identify themselves with Tony as easily as they did with Jimmy, and all women want to mother him. Tony's studio, Paramount, has plans for his future as did Jimmy's studio, Warners.
There are also important dissimilarities. Says D. A. Doran, the production head of Paramount, Tony is basically he isn't one of the sod-kicking school, and generally avoids the studied solemnness of Brando or Dean.
There may be some difference of opinion on this point. However, the comparisons are inevitable, particularly when Tony frankly admits that he's flattered to be compared with Jimmy. "I don't like to be called Brando," he said, "but I don't resent it too much because Jimmy was a good actor."
Unlike Jimmy, who was always spending his money on whatever caught his fancy, Tony is very thrifty. He gives most of his money to his mother to invest, and admits he already has a sizable amount saved.
By Hollywood standards Tony is a loner. He has no close friends in the movie colony, and the only girls he dates are the ones he works with in pictures. During the filming of "The Lonely Man" he dated Elaine Aiken, also in the movie; now he goes out with Norma Moore, who plays his wife in "Fear Strikes Out."
Still, Tony likes going alone a good bit of the time. He prefers his own company to the theatre. "I'm always worried about the other person," he says. "If he or she likes the play and I don't, I worry. If he doesn't like it and I do, I worry. It does both." Tony was alone when he went to a sneak preview of "Friendly Persuasion." He sat in the balcony eating popcorn. No one recognized him, and after the show he mingled with the audience to get reactions. What he heard, Tony shly admitted, did not please him.
Even when Tony goes to parties he frequently pays little attention to others. His first Hollywood party was held by Paramount for Morey Bernstein, author of "The Search for Bridey Murphy." Dressed far too casually, Tony arrived at the party late with Elaine Aiken. He nodded to some acquaintances, pushed his way through to the bar, where he promptly downed two glasses of soda pop. With Elaine still on his arm, he attacked the anchovies and assorted hors d'oeuvres, and half an hour later they went home.
The story spread around town and
becoming attractions

A Coloring the facts: New Tru-Tint by DuBarry washes permanent color into hair that is dull and mousy or turning gray. Available in ten shades. $2.00.*

B Something for the girls: Norelco Dubanta electric razor, gentle, efficient and nonirritating with shaving head to fit underarm cavves. $17.50.

C Spray Sachet, a delicate, lasting, old-fashioned lilac fragrance in modern Aerosol container. $1.25. *The Bishop Co., P.O. Box 793, Springdale, Conn.

D Bathtime beauty treatments: Bathsilk, new, nongreasy, lanolin-enriched bath oil to soothe and soften skin; 4-oz. (enough for about twenty baths), $1.50.

E Spring tonic for winter-weary skin—and spirits: Shulton's "Desert Flower" hand and body lotion and toilet water set, $1.20 value. is now $1.00.* *plus tax

created one impression which Tony wanted to give that he was not a "dress-up guy." Other impressions received may not have been intended.

Despite his seeming nonchalance Tony is very normal in many of his reactions. When he got an advance lay he insisted that they were not true. They were just an elaboration of small, unimportant incidents. Yet it seems to me that they bear repeating because so many people have substantiated them.

During the filming of "The Lonely Man" with Jack Palance, Tony was reported to be having dinner with Elaine Aiken and two of his auditors. The table was assigned to national magazines.

Later that afternoon at Lucey's I saw Tony, and he had just come in with him. I asked if he had called his mother. Tony said she knew about the story and there was no point calling her; it would be out within two days. After telling me he had gone to the phone and placed the call.

I was struck by the marked change in Tony since my first interview with him just six months earlier. I had met him, coincidentally, at Lucey's, with Mark Richman and Phyllis Love, his fellow players in "Friendly Persuasion." He was just one of three new young actors then, but there was something different about him.

For one thing, he was dressed almost too casually. He wore blue jeans, a sport shirt and sneakers, and he seemed so unassuming that I thought at first he was bored. I learned later that he was nervous but used the nonchalance as a cover-up.

At the time Tony said he had wanted to do "Friendly Persuasion" because he thought it would really be a good picture. If it were, it would increase his value in TV.

Tony knew that his part was great, a sure-fire winner for a newcomer. He also knew that it was far better than Mark Richman's role, but he didn't boast about it.

Instead he told funny stories about himself, how he was keeping a list of the turn-downs he had gotten from various producers who said he either was too tall or too short or too fat or too thin. He said he wrote a story that he felt the various ways of turning down an actor without hurting his feelings.

Gradually I found myself paying less attention to the other two actors and Tony. I was an impressionist and was emotionally involved. He seemed to be the very essence of cooperation, and if he said something he didn't want quoted, he had no hesitation about saying, "Please don't use this." In just a few months Tony had become a professional.

When the bill for dinner came I agreed to pay, and suggested that he leave the tip. Unashamedly Tony said he couldn't do that. He said he had been paid a low scale with Lucey's and was looking for a job. He had forgotten to take any with him in the morning.

Before we said goodbye Tony said that he had almost decided against the interview. I had written a harsh paragraph about him a few weeks before, and Tony's acquaintances were amazed that he would talk with me again.

"You know, those stories you printed were all wrong," he said. "They just didn't happen the way you heard them." I told Tony that the story from a good source, and that the day after my column appeared in print, I had heard that there was a marked change in him. He laughed and admitted that the stories had been accurate, but he insisted that they were not true. They were just an elaboration of small, unimportant incidents. Yet it seems to me that they bear repeating because so many people have substantiated them.

On another occasion Tony refused to let an electrician ride with him in the Paremore, instead driving the car for stars only. Word got around that Tony was feeling his oats, and on the last day of the film one of the drivers decided to teach him a lesson. He loaded his car with bit players and crew people before picking up Tony—last. Tony fumed all the way on the ride to town.

One of the other stars on the film told me that he had never seen such an ill-mannered boy as Tony, who was surly and completely without feeling for anyone but himself.

Stories of Tony's behavior were no secret, but Elaine and Elaine had many quiet talks with him, as did makeup man Wally Westmore. I was told that the one thing which straightened out Tony's attitude—and the fear that millions of people would get into print and hurt him with his fans.

This is important to Tony. A publicist on the picture said that he had never before seen his fans so seriously, "You tell him fans won't like something and he won't do it. This boy thinks the world of his fans, and he won't take any chances on alienating them.

Whereas most actors will complain about candid photos, Tony prefers that all pictures taken of him be candid. He doesn't refuse to go into the still gallery and work for pictures, but he wants to see him as he is, that they aren't interested in "pretty boy" pictures of him.

This attitude makes Tony a photographer's delight. He puts no restrictions on the photographer, and they have gone anywhere. He even has no objection to a photographer breaking in on a meal.

Shopping at Schwab's is any criterion of success, Tony is a sure bet. Everyone wants to be seen with him. The actor everyone wants to be seen with at Schwab's is the actor to keep an eye on. What with all the red carpets, Tony has seen his star begin to rise. He has been assigned the dressing room next to William Holden's at Paramount, and is permitted in the commissary—even cleaned—his face, his blue jeans and his old sneakers.

Tony has had to order the switchboard operators at his hotel and the studio to carefully screen all calls for him because he is continually besieged by female fans. Far from it. He has been engaged three times, twice to the same girl, and not long ago to a millionaire's daughter.

It may be that he is shy of marriage. Tony has been told that he was going along fine, Tony recalled, until the day he went to the airport to see her off on a trip. They were standing on the edge of the airtight when Tony asked the girl what time her plane was leaving.
"It doesn’t matter," she said. "We have time."

Just then a DC-7 taxied alongside. The steps were dropped down, and Tony’s girl—the only passenger—went aboard her private plane.

That was the end of the romance for Tony. "I just couldn’t compete with that kind of wealth," he said.

The girl he was engaged to twice went to California to try to get into movies; Tony didn’t want to get married. She has since returned to New York, and Tony says he hasn’t seen her.

"I’m a dedicated actor," he told me, his face serious. "I shouldn’t really have a wife at this point. I would never see her. It’s better to wait until I’ve arrived career-wise."

When he’s in New York, Tony spends most of his free evenings at the theatre or movies. He’s an avid movie fan and sees as many as three pictures a week.

His life in New York, like his life in Hollywood, is distinguished only by its lack of excitement. He has a five-room apartment in Manhattan’s West Fifties. It is furnished meagerly with do-it-yourself tables and chairs and a few of Tony’s paintings on the wall. For the most part the paintings are of rooms, doors or windows with people in the background.

In Hollywood, Tony lives in one room at the Chateau Marmont. The principal piece of furniture is a portable radio, which is tuned to popular music all day.

The only pictures in the room are of his dog and cat. The dog is named Punkie, after the cat in "The Actress." The cat is a Siamese which Tony calls Mr. Banjo, after the song of the same name.

The only valuables Tony takes with him from place to place are his guitar and a gold pocket watch which he got as a high-school graduation present. He has had the guitar five years and considers himself quite good at it.

The closets of his room are noticeably empty. Tony doesn’t like to wear good clothes. He travels with one suit, one pair of shoes, four shirts and three pairs of blue jeans.

His days follow an orderly pattern—bed at ten and up at six-thirty. "I wake up every morning feeling like the prisoner of Zenda," Tony says. "I can’t move."

Finally he forces himself awake and gets started.

Generally speaking, Tony is easygoing and good-natured, but withdrawn. A friend of his said, "He’s so withdrawn you almost expect to see him come out on the other side of himself."

He also has a problem in accepting the fact that an ordinary guy with an ordinary—even good—background can be a success in a business where it’s romantic to come up the hard way.

After several films in Hollywood, Tony is becoming wiser. He’s learning that being a good actor is enough reason to have stories written about one. It is not necessary also to be a character.

My hunch is that soon the barefoot boy with cheek will turn the other cheek, and we’ll see and read about Tony as he is—an ordinary, nice guy who is a wonderful actor as well.

You'll see: Tony Perkins in Paramount’s "Fear Strikes Out" and "The Lonely Man."
(Continued from page 48) does the right thing at the right time. The Milt Oakes, on the other hand, misdirects telephone numbers, has extraordinarily bad luck “seating” ladies at dinner tables, and once ran out of a show congratulating a stage faller after he’s taken the weather apart.

Again, when George Nader, unumpy nine feet of awesome manhood on the nation’s screens, wishes to dash down a flight of stairs, lunge into the back seat of a taxi and say, “Follow that cab!” there’s always a taxi waiting. If off-screen Nader tried the same thing, he’d undoubtedly be told by the doorman that the nearest hack was a block away.

Nor does our hero doubt that if the screen’s George Nader wanted to sing a love ballad to his best girl in the middle of a dance floor, the orchestra would issue in with him, whereas if this Mitty fellow attempted any such hijinks, he would be frog-walked out of there on a charge of being drunk and disorderly.

All in all, there is only one notable resemblance between our man and George Nader. They have the same name. Purists might even argue they are the same person, but George Nader of Sherman Oaks won’t be any of that.

“It is,” he said on a recent afternoon, "a snare and a delusion. I have watched this Nader bucko in screening rooms and theaters. He has never turned a character. He droops over a chair or drop an ice cube down the love of his life’s back. He never dials a wrong number. And when the time comes for the girl to fall into his arms, she falls. Or at least she does to all this. What all this has to do with me is impossible to say, but I do envy him. Give me another fifty years and maybe I’ll be George Nader. Meanwhile, I need a home around a hillside and trip over the cat when I go to the refrigerator. And in a way, I don’t really mind. I feel a lot closer to that guy than I do to this Nader. The screen Nader’s a stranger to me.

In fact, Nader did have a serious point to make, although he disguised it fairly well.

“I want to be careful how I say it,” he remarked, grinning. "The business I’m in—of illusion or dreams—is an honorable one. But people should try to realize this and not be carried away by the illusion. The image you and I have of George Nader is a charade of writers and directors, sound men and cameramen. It’s not real life and, in my opinion, it shouldn’t be. But fantasy is fine only so long as it doesn’t drug people’s thinking.

“To give you a rather extreme example, let’s take Elvis Presley. When I went to the Orient to make ‘Joe Butterfly,’ I’d never heard of him. When I came back, I didn’t know anything about him—except that he was supposed to be checked out on him. Now whether he’s good, bad or indifferent, I can’t say. It’s not my field. But I do know he’s a prominent example of the type of person George Nader is—only to a greater degree. It’s an intelligent promotion, but my point is this: The emotional extravagance lavished on him is disturbing, like almost any other emotional extravagance. Or so I think.

“Things can go hogwild, at times. A few moments ago, while I was away, mind you, an article appeared quoting me as to the possible career of a Mr. John D. Like Nader turned slightly, his eyes under hair suddenly deep tan; he’s a beach boy by avo- cation. Perspiration made a thin film on his forehead. “Holy cow! In the first place, it would be effrontery on my part to make such a statement. It’s an in-
through the stomach before I knew which way was up. See what I mean?

"Or the scene calls for Nader, black tie and all, to 'seat' the lady. Stand behind the chair, you know, and ease her into the table. In pictures, it's easy. You see a shot of Nader taking the proper stance. In the next take, the lady's in. That's gypping. In my own case, I stand behind the chair and she sits down. Where are we now? Still two feet from the table. You have a choice. You can pick her up bodily and throw her at the table, which is not gentlemanly. Or she can rise slightly, in a kind of crouch, and squiggle her way in, pulling the chair behind her, while you continue holding it back, more of a hindrance than a help. I admit it does my morale good to watch George Nader on the screen but it doesn't make me any less Walter Mitty."

"Or love conquers all. In pictures, yes. Practically always. It's easy as long as the writers are behind you. But in life you haven't got any writers. You play it by ear and hope your ear's not defective."

Nader professes many artistic reverences—Wylie, Rachmaninoff, Barbara Stanwyck, Loretta Young, William Holden, Greer Garbo, et al. He is the man who first dreamed corn—but denies any special attachment. He does not deny it vigorously. He even denies it rather wanly like a man wary of going out on a limb. But he does deny it. Most frequently mentioned with him is a young actress named Dani Crayne, who's pretty nice mentioning.

However, an associate says of him, "George, thirty-five, and may have made up his mind by now that bachelorhood's what he prefers. He really rolls in it, you know. Freedom of action's a fetish with him, and particularly the freedom to engage in it feels like it. Also, I'd say aloneness is an integral part of him. Not 'loneliness'—I doubt that he's ever lonely. There are people who just prefer the state of being by themselves whenever and however they like, even if their natures are social otherwise, and George strikes me as one of them. He's as social a guy as you could know, when he chooses to be; and the state of being by himself is one of the easiest ways."

The speaker is quite close to Nader. Hollywood, which is not especially close to him, prefers to reason it'll be a quick Vegas deal whenever the right bride comes along, generally on the idea that George has bottled up a latent domesticity too long. Nader himself is so remote on the subject, it is next to impossible to say.

Of course, it is inevitable that George Nader, the screen hero, that is, who meets someone's eyes in a medium shot across a crowdroom and wind up a few reels later ducking rice or wandering into a sunset. But the truth is that anyone wandering into a sunset from the hillside home of George Nader, the ordinary citizen, would stand a fine chance of falling down the cliff and breaking his neck—and two people could hardly escape it. It may yet come to pass, but only when the Walter Mitty of Sherman Oaks learns his lessons from George Nader, the man he would wistfully pattern his life after. And that, as he already has stated, may take fifty years.
Barbara Stanwyck, no stranger to Award dinners, looked her most chic in gown especially designed by Werlé

Ernest Borgnine, m.c. at the dinner, presented the best actress award to Kim Novak who got preview of the Medal

Vera Miles, who was tabbed as one of the young stars likely to shine brightest, was gowned by Paramount's Edith Head

**PHOTOPLAY's Gold Medal Award dinner** gathered the cream of Hollywood society

Mickey Hargitay, Jayne Mansfield, Bob Wagner laugh over how Bob crashed Awards dinner when he was unknown

*Continued from page 22*

troubles ironed out. His agent is trying to arrange a loan-out deal for Russ to play the lead in Kirk Douglas' production of "Young Lovers." We hope Russ gets the break he deserves and even more that he and lovely Venetia patch up their differences.

**Gold Medal Awards Dinner:** Among the several hundred guests that showed up for PHOTOPLAY's dinner in the Crystal Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel last

*Continued*
month were a handful of movie greats who had attended the first dinner thirty-six years ago. Among them was Adolph Zukor who accepted an award on behalf of his old friend and co-worker Cecil B. DeMille, whose "The Ten Commandments" was chosen as one of Photoplay's ten best movies. It was Zukor's film, "Hurreasque," that received our best film of the year award way back in 1920. An amusing sidelight of the dinner this year, which brought out just about every big name in Hollywood, was an admission by Bob Wagner during the evening that he had slipped into his first Photoplay awards dinner back in 1949 via the kitchen. Lacking an invitation, he decided to crash the party and walked in with the waiters carrying a tray. He joined a friend after the dinner was over and no one was the wiser. Bob admitted, however, that it was much more fun attending the dinner as an actor than as a waiter.

News Items: While Jack may be a Lemon he's not "sour" on life even though he's having to learn all over again how to be a bachelor. When he and Cynthia broke up Jack appeared to be licking his wounds in private but recently he has been seen doing the town with some of Hollywood's prettiest ladies including Mona Knox and Felicia Farr. . . . Universal-International is beating the drum hard for O. W. Fischer. And in case this sounds like a brand of whiskey or a new-type overcoat, it isn't. O. W. Fischer is a handsome German actor, destined to be a very romantic lead. Among the girls on the lot he's already known as "W.O.W." Fischer. . . . Kay Kendall, who is one of the reasons that Rex Harrison is taking a vacation from "My Fair Lady," makes a dashing figure in the magnificent wardrobe Orry Kelly whipped up for her in "Les Girls." For Kay this is her first American movie and it's a sure bet that it won't be her last. She's really a stunner and loaded with talent, too. . . . Marisa Pavan and Jean Pierre Aumont are just about the most cuddle-some couple in Hollywood. Wouldn't it be nice if Marisa had a little bambino soon so that sister Pier's Perry would have a kissin' cousin to play with? . . . No Age Limit: Mike Todd's age was a carefully kept secret until he and Liz were married. He then announced he was 54, thirty years older than his bride. He says, "She thinks I'm much too young for her, anyway."

Calypso Magic: We had lunch with Robert Rossen the other day (he's one of the brightest producer-director-writers in Hollywood) and he was full of praise for an already highly praised singer, Harry Belafonte. It seems that Belafonte not only sings in "Island in the Sun" which is being filmed in the Caribbean but has written two calypso's that youngsters will soon be humming. It was Belafonte, also, who came up with a musical answer to a tricky scene. At one point in the drama, James Mason makes a political speech and the script calls for him to be shouted down by the native population. Belafonte, scouting native songs, discovered one that is called "Mama, Mama, Here Comes the Boo Boo Man," which the islanders sing when they want to poke fun at somebody they don't like. Incidentally, this picture reunites that great team of Belafonte and Dorothy Dandridge who were so wonderful in "Carmen Jones."

The big, new 1957 edition of TV-Radio Annual is the greatest ever! It's got everything. It covers all the events and all the history-making moments of all the great shows and programs of the year.

Here are pictures, as well as thumbnail descriptions of all the stars. Here are the behind-the-scenes stories of all the new shows. Here is news . . . gossip and chit-chat from coast to coast. In short, here is the most colorful and exciting book imaginable.

ONLY 50c AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

Get your copy of this bestseller before the limited supply is exhausted. Only 50c at all newsdealers. Or, if your newsdealer is sold out, mail coupon with 50c today.
Laughter Chases the Blues

(Continued from page 65)

suffered critical injuries just four months after her marriage. Pregnant with her first child, Pier was on the way to Palm Springs for a holiday. Vic had rented a beach house for her in the desert community, and had exacted her promise to do nothing for a month except lie in the sun and rest. Meanwhile he would be in Chicago filling a night club engagement.

That month, and many more, Pier was destined to lie not in the sun but in a traction bed in the hospital. Her pelvis was broken, her head was bashed, her face was slashed, her breast was cut, her arm was broken, and her ribs were broken. And she was, and was not, screaming.

"Pier implored, "I want to be conscious when it comes." The doctors agreed, giving her only a spinal anesthetic.

"The whole world was gold.

"When even I was still in the hospital," Pier says, "I knew how special Perry was. He was the biggest baby in the nursery. A 10-pounder. A chunk o' rose. A pink and white, not red at all, and not a single wrinkle. He looked like a rose."

Vic went down to look at him every time he was given to him. And when he came back to Pier's room to report how all the other fathers wanted to take pictures of their own new babies with "that beautiful Damone boy," Pier was, as usual, "very pleased."

That same day the nurse brought Perry to Pier's room so that her mother could give him his bottle for the first time. He was made up in a little pink suit, and he began to cry, and he cried a lot. Then the nurse removed his face to show him his new nurse, and then the baby smiled for the first time.

"Darleeng," she cried over the wire, "the baby smiled at me!"

That night Vic insisted that he, too, be allowed to hold the bottle. Sure enough the same thing happened. Vic went on the Peter Potter television show later that night, and when asked how his two-day-old son was doing, replied, "He smiled at us!" The whole audience broke out laughing.

The Damones learned quickly about babies, and by now, of course, are experts.

Vic and Pier also had a brief visit with their new son before Pier was air-bound for location. The shooting schedule took an endless three months.

Although Vic and Pier toured Europe to spend shoot periods with his wife, and once managed ten days in Beverly Hills to be with Perry, he was tied down to New York most of the time for TV filmings. And even after Perry's first Christmas, and although every inch of her hotel room in London was covered with pictures of the baby—taken by Vic—she wept with frustration and homesickness.

Back in Hollywood Perry was rushed directly into "Somebody Up There Likes Me," and then to Paris and Rome for "The Vintage." The long and often tiring work had been on only the exteriors in Paris in a brief twenty-three day schedule. But Paris interiors were too good to be passed by, and the twenty-three days stretched to three and a half months. Vic visited Pier in Paris and they flew to Rome for a few weeks holiday, but Perry was too exhausted to enjoy it very much—and she was too young to enjoy such luxury.

Perry learned to walk while Pier was still away. She missed his first birthday. Again, she wept, and by now homesickness was with her. Perry had been with him most of the time. The year's effort had been almost too much for this slip of a girl, just twenty-one. Her normal 105 pounds had now diminished to ninety-seven.

There had been many of these golden moments since her marriage, mingled with times of utter tension, and the first blow, of course, was a miscarriage, a tragedy which struck without warning just before last Christmas. Perry was alone again, Vic having gone to New York to film "The Seasons" at the Waldorf-Astoria.

With Vic calling frantically every three hours, Pier, at the hospital, was begging him to come and be with him. Perry. The doctor had wanted her to rest for at least a week, but Pier insisted that her son needed her.

"I will be happier at home and get well faster," she said. "Please let me go home."

"Go home then," the doctor conceded.

Back at home, with Perry to hold in her arms, and with Vic calling frequently to hear her son's newest accomplishments, Vic and Pier were so happy. He theorem that caused by the lost pregnancy and concentrate on the child who was living. Every day he learns new words, and sings songs. Perry nearly up to his new romance, despite their most recent loss. Perry and Vic have felt lucky, tremendously lucky, ever since Perry was born. Mostly, when they tell the story of the past three and a half years, they refer to their happiness in being together, enjoying the love of two people for one another, and a wonderful baby. Perry. Perry, of course, but we've worked them out together," Pier says. "And we have been given so much."

"God will want us to have another baby," she adds with conviction. And you know, somehow, that God will. Tin Ewa

YOU'LL LOVE: Pier Angeli in M-G-M's "The Vintage"
Drifting Apart...

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

**TUNE IN**

**“MY TRUE STORY”**

American Broadcasting Stations

"Your mother’s leaving," he said. "You've got to choose between us." Read "You Can't Have Us Both" in April TRUE STORY magazine, now at all newsstands.

People 60 to 80: Tear Out This Ad

...and mail it today to find out how you can still apply for a $1,000 life insurance policy to help take care of final expenses without burdening your family.

You handle the entire transaction by mail with OLD AMERICAN OF KANSAS CITY. No obligation. No one will call on you!

Write today, simply giving your name, address and age. Mail to Old American Ins. Co., 1 West 9th, Dept. L461M, Kansas City, Mo.
pick Doris Day. It would be as easy as snapping a finger... she's authentic. She's the girl every guy should marry.'

Just then the guy she did marry joined us, freshly showered after a session on the tennis court and obviously feeling good. He had seen the trade papers in the locker room. "You're great!" he announced to his smiling wife. "A smash, a wow, a socko, a loud, hot and towering smash! But—you did it! I'll buy you a whole new box of Tootsie Rolls. And a whole bouquet of lollipops. All flavors."

"You must have won your tennis match," said Doris, unmove by his generous flattery.

"Lost, as a matter of fact," said Marty cheerfully. "But what about 'Julie' in New York? Did you do it, or didn't you do it?"

"You did it," said Doris firmly.

Marty turned to me. "Actually, Andrew Stone and his wife, and Beba and Ivan, and Louis and Frank Lovejoy—they all did it. Andy wrote and directed 'Julie,' and his wife Virginia was his assistant and film editor. Now there's a husband-wife team that is literally腌'e.

It was too good an opening to miss. "So why not the husband-wife team of Melcher and Day?" I asked. "Why no more Julie?"

"Different. Entirely different," replied Marty promptly. Then he said, "Producers and actors come from opposite sides of the fence. They have to. A director can work with his assistant director and a writer can collaborate with another writer. But it's too tough for a producer and a star to work together. It's business against creative art. That's where an agent comes in handy. To iron out the difficulties between his star and the producer. When I was Doris' agent, I used to go to bat for her. When I became her producer I used to—Say, isn't this a wonderful day?" he suddenly interrupted himself. "You don't have days like this in the winter in New York."

I had to admit it was that kind of a day, and definitely not the kind of a day on which a producer should square with a star when a handsome husband had a beautiful wife to admire. In fact, from the way he was admiring her, it was not the kind of a day they should have ruined by interviews. So I remembered another appointment, made the necessary arrangements, and we went on, and left.

It was Marty I met the next morning at the suite of offices occupied by his music publishing company on the Sunset Strip. It looked prosperous, if not downright opulent, and Marty was obviously proud of it.

"This is it," he said. "This is the kind of business I've always liked. I like music, composers, lyrics, and—well, whole funny business. And every now and then a hit tune to stir things up."

"Like 'Whatever Will Be, Will Be,' for instance?"

"A perfect 'for instance,' That's Doris for you. And if you are still interested in that husband-wife team idea, music is one business in which we hit it off. We're partners in one firm that just handles her music interests. But that's one of the few places we meet in a business way."

I was surprised. It was no secret that in the days before their marriage, Marty, as Doris' agent, had handled everything for her, from leaky faucets to million-dollar contracts. 'You're not her agent any more?' I asked.

"I would say that I am her personal manager. MCA handles most of her contracts, and that usually leaves us free at night to talk like a husband and wife instead of about something buried down there in fine print. Let MCA or someone else worry about the fine print. Don't forget, Doris is big business, and my getting too involved in that isn't good for us. Looking at her, you forget that every time she makes a picture or a recording, there are thousands of people involved, just as though she were a big factory. I remember an interview she starred in 'April In Paris,' there were nearly 3,000 people working on the picture at Warner Brothers alone, not to mention the thousands of others—theatre owners, projectionists, box-office girls, newspaper and magazine reporters. ugh—making a living out of theatres all over the world. Do you see what I'm driving at?"

"It's hard to think of Miss Day as a big factory, but I'm trying."

"Well, Doris used to say she could manage her business affairs by dumping her purse out on the table and counting the change. Now, her business affairs are handled by the management firm of Rosen- thal & Norton, and they have a big job on their hands. The point is, if we worked on her business affairs as a husband-and-wife team, we'd be working at it full time and what kind of a marriage would that make? It would be like being married to a corporation."

"Is that what happened on 'Julie'?"

Marty considered the question gravely. "I'm glad we made 'Julie,' and I'm glad it took a hit. We proved we could do it and that there is a lot in the movie business. I don't think that Doris and I are really geared to work together as star and producer and then carry all the pressures into our home life. Andy Stone had a lot of good ideas about using real settings instead of sound stages, and I had a few of my own, and I can say that we brought the picture in for about a million dollars less than it would have cost to shoot it."

As a partner in Arwin Productions, Doris admired us for that, but as the star of the picture there were some corners she would not allow us to cut. She was right, of course. You don't get to be a star if you aren't right most of the time, but still we had arguments. He paused to remember.

"Now here's the pitch," he said at last. "In most businesses, a husband-and-wife team win a point, they win it together. But in our case, if Doris won, I lost. And if I won, she wouldn't. You take away one thing, the other is left."

"It didn't matter which one of us had won on the set. In the end we both had lost. We had lost a happy evening at home together, and, man, it was heaven when you wanted to be happy together that we had married in the first place. Our so-called teamwork was ruining the very thing we had teamed up for."

"I said," so just when you were going good, you called the whole thing quits?"

"That we did. But, mind you, this is the way we happen to feel right now. We've been married eleven years, and I don't think another thing. We've both learned 'Julie.' I'd like to restate that. If we go on thinking in the same terms about a star's relation with her producer, then, change, we won't work together again.

But, who know? We might see some new angles on the thing. In that event, we'll review the whole case." He smiled. "Nothing's ever really definite in this business."

"Anyhow, what happened?" I asked, brightened considerably. "Doris got the starring role in 'Pajama Game' at Warner Brothers, and instead of having her poor husband for a producer, she's got the great George Abbott from Broadway, plus Frederick Brisson, Robert Griffith, and Harold Prince. Four producers! We're going to have a wonderful winter together."
GO, GO, GO TO HOLLYWOOD!

You Have a Holiday in Store in PHOTOPLAY's Big May Travel Issue

getting ready to move, you know. It's a strange thing. Our house at Toluca Lake — we bought it from Martha Raye, and I love it — was just fine because it was hard to move. It was hard to move and hard to move and hard to move.

"From living in a trailer?"

"Oh, you've heard that story, too."

She made a slight grimace. "It's true enough, and it got a lot of publicity for some reason. Lots of simple, inexpensive method to move uninvited, uninvited, uninvited.

"Was it?"

"Let's work up to that part gradually. I'll admit it was handy to have the uninvited part of my life, but it wasn't the trailer's fault, who now know more about me, why then you understood.

Now I know that that moment at lunch I felt slightly frightened. For some reason I could not fathom, our interview was going in Doris' direction and not mine. Now I know why, of course. All too often what we call a story and a story with a story that will in no way resemble that of another interviewer asking an entirely different batch of ques-

tions on the same subject. To avoid that kind of conflict, we spent the rest of the afternoon in reaching an unusual agreement.

We would, we decided, let the unvarnished facts speak for themselves. The facts, not the question, would lead the way.

"It's like this," explained Miss Day. "I always do my best to answer questions honestly, but some questions give me more trouble than others. Then when I answer the questions, that answer is printed more often than others, and so it gets — well, let's say it gets an emphasis all out of proportion to what it deserves."

"Like, for instance?"

"Oh, that trailer story, or the time I broke my leg, or my two divorces, or that I am the child of a broken home, or about my being the bouncy, girl-next-door type. They're true stories, except I don't get that "girl-next-door stuff, and you'll see why. But their importance has been exaggerated. Like the time the Hollywood Women's Press Club voted me their 'Sour Apple' as the 'Most Uncooperative Actress of the Year.' What I'd like your story to do, is put everything in its proper place, and let the reader find out why it's led to another.

"So where do we begin?"

"You might try the 'Pajama Game,'" she suggested. "Everything started there, and sort of keeps going back to there. She paused and then said with remarkable frankness, "I was pretty young when I came to Hollywood after the last time. Maybe that's why the things I want to remember are only the good things, or the things that were good for me. Why don't you get the other side? Talk to the people who are the people?"

"They might help me along, and things like that. They know more about me than I know myself. I've told my own story so often, maybe I'm getting in a rut."

Now we were getting somewhere. I knew that when Doris made "Love Me or Leave Me" at M-G-M, there had been a period of three months in which she cooperated with the press so fully that she averaged 200 interviews a week. It might well be that Doris had told her own story too often. All told, there had been 3,000 interviews during the filming, and when you figure that Doris has appeared in some twenty pictures, the total comes out to be a lot of interviews. Just another insight into what it means to be a movie star.

As the umpteenth interviewer, I had to ask, "And who do I see in Cincinnati?"

I reflected meanwhile that it's a rare movie star that wants you to go to her home town to pick up the local gossip. But already Miss Day was as chipper and eager as though she were going home for a visit herself. "Oh, you must see my Uncle Frank, and Barney Rapp and Gene Raine. And Will Lenay, and Danny Engel and Milt Weiner — the whole crowd. You'll like every single one of them, bless them all."

There were still many friends of Miss Day whom I wanted to interview in Hollywood — stars, directors, producers, character actors, extras, and neighbors. But I was right. To know the Doris Day of Hollywood only recently acclaimed by Motion Picture Exhibitor as the top box-office draw of all actresses, I had to know first the girl in pigtail braids from Cincinnati.

I was there the next morning.

So the story of Doris Day's journey begins.

Today she has reached a high plateau of happiness and success. But how did she come to it, and by what painful steps? Be sure to go on with George Scallion's story "Doris" in May's "Photoplay,"" (Doris is being seen in M-G-M's "Julie" and Warner's "The Pajama Game")
“David Ross” was, as a matter of fact, the only way Debbie and Eddie had decided upon. The boy was to be named after Eddie’s friend, the late Jerry Ross, the brilliant young songwriter who had written “Heart” for him.

The group with Eddie were charting the whole future of “David Ross Fisher” when Dr. Levy came down from upstairs and said, “It’s time to go up.” A few minutes later Eddie Fisher was looking at a beautiful little doll, and losing his heart to her.

“Do you mind?” Debbie said, hoping he wouldn’t be disappointed it wasn’t a boy.

He made a face. “Mind? Oh, honey, all I care about is that we have a beautiful little daughter and that you and the baby are well,” he said.

He called his mother at her supermar- ket in Merchonville, New Jersey, and announced, “Hello, Mom, I’m a Dad.”

“And how is the baby’s mother?” Mrs. Stupp asked in a calm voice. Debbie was given her first thought and concern.

The baby’s mother was fine. The baby was fine. “Listen, Mom, I’d like to give you a cigar. I’ll mail it to you,” the baby’s father said.

Eddie called his father, Joe Fisher, in Philadelphia and gave him the glad news.

GET YOUR POLIO SHOTS THIS SPRING . . .

AND PLAY SAFE THIS SUMMER

THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS

And by then his fellow Friars, the other fathers in the lobby, had recovered their poise and were pressing him for further details.

“Debbie thinks she looks like me and I think she’s right,” he said happily. Who was he to dispute anything the baby’s mother said? According to the card in his hand, she weighed six pounds, twelve ounces. Then, turning the card over, he discovered for the first time the photo- graph of the baby’s footprints. “My baby has flat feet!” Eddie gasped, genuinely concerned. But he was reassured by the others that babies’ footprints always appeared that way.

In the opinion of Eddie’s friends, her first picture, taken by a hospital photographer when she was one day old, revealed that “from the nose down, it’s the Fisher face.” In the picture, her eyes are wide open and so is her mouth. She seemed to be singing, and, as one of his pals put it loyally, “probably the first eight bars of ‘Anytime.’”

They decided to name her Carrie Frances. For not any special reason. Eddie says, “We just thought of that name. I like Frances—you know that’s Debbie’s name, Mary Frances, and we both liked Carrie.”

Asked who Carrie looks like now, he says, “You can’t really tell yet. She has dark brown hair and Debbie’s eyes, great big eyes.” She also has, he suspects, her father’s voice. “She screams up a storm,” he grins, although he would choose to liquidate anyone who agreed with him.

Naturally, this is always a little hard for Carrie’s father to express his feelings about a baby named in his honor. He was frankly incredulous when some re- ports wanted him to blueprint the baby’s future—even before she was born. And there were times when fame hangs very heavy over the head of his parents, or when they would give anything to be able to enjoy every memorable day in the life of their baby without fanfare or publicity. Photographers were camped outside the hospital the morning the baby arrived. They asked to take pictures of her and were given a firm “No.” However, one photographer smuggled himself up during the visiting hours that afternoon and was caught with his camera against the glass of the nursery. He was promptly ushered out back and made to super- fire. From then on, the Fishers’ little front-blanket bundle was moved across the nursery and her tag turned away from the window to thwart anyone who might try to steal pictures of her.

Preparations for Carrie’s homecoming were complicated by her premature ar- rival. A survey of the baby-type ward-robe suitable for a nine-pound little girl was a success but finding little shirts, a nightie, and some diapers. She had gold rattles and silver rattles, gold mugs and silver mugs, but not one dress to her measure. A layette was ordered.

Meanwhile, the baby was racing against time to repaint Carrie’s nursery at home and repair the effects of the fire which might have been so tragic for the Fishers. The nursery was returned to mention and was quickened with a shudder and a thankful prayer.

Debbie had just completed furnishing the yellow and white nursery, which had been planned around the elegant princess bassinet of pale-yellow satin and white organza given Debbie and Eddie by the crew when they finished “Bundie of Joy.”

The $50,000 fire, caused by defective wiring, had knocked out Debbie’s picture and Eddie hadn’t slept there since they’d leased the house. Eddie was in Las Vegas discussing an engagement at Monte Proser’s Legionnaire’s Club and spending the night with her parents in Burbank.

Contrary to reports, the few baby things they had were not burned. They were packed in boxes in the closet and untouched by the fire. But the yellow walls were smudged with black and the fluffy white curtains looked like old rags.

But the nursery was finally put in shining shape for its royal occupant. The nursery too was two days behind schedule. The walls were fresh-a bright red. The walls were painted; the elegant yellow satin-and-white organza bassinet covering came back from the cleaners beautifully new.

For his first gift for Carrie he says casually, deceiving nobody, “It was a toy, just a little toy.” And you know, it was probably a roomful of them. Carrie’s first flowers were forget-me-nots from her father. The forget-me-nots on the one-year-old son, with the message: “Please save the first dance for me,” signed “Michael Lewis Rich.”

On one of New England farm, Bette Davis brought Carrie seeds of home-grown yarn which will be made into fluffy handknits. Beloved Jennie Grossinger, who gave Eddie Fisher his first big chance, presented Carrie with a lifetime gift, a diam- mond heart-shaped pendant to match, in
mother-daughter style, the one Eddie had designed for Debbie on their first anniversary. September 26, 1896, Eddie's pal, fighter Rocky Marciano, gave her a diamond ring, which inspired Carrie's mother to sigh, "Now that will make her a real princess."

As for Debbie and Eddie's fans, they've really taken little Carrie to heart. Eddie's 4,700 fan clubs vied with each other to make her a special honorary member of "The Fishermates," with her own pilot-edged membership card. And they showed her with gifts of every description.

One day recently, after Eddie's TV show, a precocious young admirer walked through the audience and handed him a small, prettily-wrapped package. "It's for Carrie," she explained. "Her first mink toothbrush.

An eighty-six-year-old fan sent a blanket. "You know, she said, no one knows how deep my feelings are for Debbie's show. I'm sure you couldn't buy anything with more love in it." Carrie's parents got pretty misty about that one.

Eddie said the idea was to present the girls with a warm note, assuring them that, "Debbie and I and our little one are humbly grateful for your good wishes and prayers." He worries when fans send Carrie expensive presents. "If only they wouldn't spend so much money!"

At Eddie's shows, fans always want a first-hand report on the women in his life. Eddie anciently promised another (more complete) account of his future family. As for the present, the Fisherman harbors a few little bundles like these. In one scene Taurog was having no luck getting Donald to smile. You know, he didn't know what to do," he says. "I'd used all the hand props—the squawkers, everything—with no success. Suddenly Eddie stuck his face next to the baby's and said, "Hi!" A big grin came over his face. "We rushed the shot," says Taurog.

"I guess you don't need me here the rest of the day, huh?" Eddie kidded him later. "You've got a great child director."

There was something nagging Debbie would cancel out of "Bundle of Joy" when it was announced she expected one of her own. She was already committed to make "Andy Hardy" for Warners. It means international, and people weren't sure whether she'd want to work in two pictures during her last six months of pregnancy. Besides, a musical means twice the rehearsing, twice the effort, and usually double the shooting schedule.

Debbie, however, was determined to make the picture. As a close friend puts it, "Debbie would do this more than anything, and I think nobody but Eddie would be in mind. After all, it's his first movie."

For years Hollywood had showered Ed- die Fisher with fabulous offers, but he'd turned them down because he couldn't "find the right" script. To producers, Eddie made it very plain that he was a singer—not an actor. Show him a script that was three-quarters "Bundle of Joy," and he'd say, "Put this in the 'right' script, it was the musical remake of 'Bachelor Mother.'" "I've been a long time looking," Eddie said.

"But this is it. It's a great story for me and for Debbie," too.

Norman Taurog was concerned about how Debbie would feel during the filming.

"This fine girl," he announced later, "never once complained of the baby or of feeling ill. If you asked her how she was, she would say, 'I'm fine, I'm just great.' And the way she said it, you believed her. That is, until the day Debbie couldn't hold it any longer."

They were getting ready to shoot an important scene when Eddie came up to the director and anxiously asked, "Have you taken a look at Debbie?"

"No, not in some time," Taurog told him.

"She doesn't look well. I'm worried," Eddie said. "Are there any scenes you can shoot without her?"

The director took a look at Debbie then and sent her right home. "Honey, if you come in tomorrow, I'll stay away," he told her. "Thank you very much," and squeezed his hand.

Debbie's doctor put his foot down, too. After that they closed the set. A policeman was stationed at the door. No interviews, no questions—just dressing-room airtight. After every scene the strict orders.

Their picture was finished three days ahead of schedule and Debbie gave the director a gold record inscribed: "To Dr. Norman Taurog, who delivered our 'Bundle of Joy' ahead of the stork."

Today, the pleasure Eddie Fisher gives to his friends and they give him. He can be thankful to his wife, Debbie, Carrie, and a tremendously successful career. He doesn't know what his next move will be—he's waiting for the telephone to ring. As one friend says, "Eddie won't make another picture until he finds out what the fans think of this one. They'll tell him and you can be sure he's listening."

"We've formed our own company," Eddie says, "called Ramrod Productions, and there are several things we're talking over, including a remake of 'The Clock' at RKO." It's a safe guess this is the fatherly idea. Taurog.

"Television? They're talking about some tent spectacles and a half-hour show, but I don't know about that yet."

Meanwhile they have time to get used to their new home, the one they've just purchased in Beverly Hills. It's a lovely two-story house with a front porch and a back porch, and a brook running through the garden.

Carrie's pale yellow-and-white kingdom overlooks the garden, and the sun shines on a veranda that is not occupied most of the day. Debbie has arranged her daughter's menagerie of toy animals so that they encircle the room like a frame. And here the little princess sleeps and sleeps under the watchful eye of the Festival. There are the white and gold velvet, shiny black poodles, and playful kittens. When she wakes there is a bounty of royal toys to play with, gifts from her parents' friends and fans.

Eddie's improving in his fatherly duties, with constant practice. The other day he was telling a tale about his prowess in burping the baby. "It takes Debbie twenty minutes to burp, but I can do it just like that," he said, snapping his fingers.

"He's right," Debbie agreed. "It takes me longer. But with Eddie it might away."

"That's because she knows he has no time to waste," the pal said.

But for Carrie's father and mother, time and ends today with the little princess, and as an actress. Show him a script that was three-quarters a "Bundle of Joy," and he'd say, "Put this in the 'right' script, it was the musical remake of 'Bachelor Mother.'"

"I've been a long time looking," Eddie said.

"But this is it. It's a great story for me and for Debbie," too.

...
For up-to-the-minute, behind-the-scenes reporting—whether it be headline-making news, or film doings from Hollywood, U.S.A., listen to commentators John Scott and Martin Starr—brought to you by Miles Laboratories, Inc.—over the coast-to-coast MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM.
too, for whom Franchot very conveniently had a part in his independent screen production of "Uncle Vanya." So you'll soon have a chance to appraise her for yourself.

On the distaff side, Glynnis Johns fell hard for Allen Reiner, when he directed her in "The Day They Gave Babies Away" at RKO. When Glynnis last fell publicly for a fANEL PEAR RW the all-star revival (Charles Laughton, Eli Wallach, Burgess Meredith, Cornelia Otis Skinner) of "Major Barbara" on Broadway, Allen flew east for a screening. When I caught her at the gate after-theatre celebration later, I asked Glynnis if she had set a wedding date yet. "No, it depends upon how long the play runs," she replied. Whiz kid, "Major Bar- bara" is still running, but the wedding date has been tentatively set for June.

Paulette Goddard, who also trails romance wherever she goes, is back inside the U.S.A., now, after her around-the-world travels these past five years. By a happy coincidence, her best beau, novelist Erich Remarque, is back, too. But Paulette is being noncommittal about whether or not they are secretly married.

Another welcome face in our wonderful town again is Merle Oberon. But her visit is just temporary—she will return to London, where her new TV series, "Foreign Legion" (produced by Deborah Kerr's husband, Tony Bartley) is the number one show on England's commercial TV. Opening at the Palladium, one of the loveliest women I know, told me, "I hate to have to sell or even lease my lovely home in Bel Air. But now that TV is in England, and I can see where I can use the luxury of maintaining a large, unoccupied home over here." "Where does romance enter your scheme of things?" I asked, remembering Lord Eric Dudgeon, who was with me at St. Tropez last summer, and Monte Carlo together last summer. "Every- one is still trying to marry me off to Eric, and they can't understand why I don't jump at the chance," Merle laughed in reply. "They seem to forget that I was a 'Lady' once, when I was married to Alex Korda—and I hope I've been a 'lady' before and since, too. Besides, being a film star gives one as much social prestige as a title, anywhere in the world."

Cliff Talks Back: Cliff Robertson wants Cal York to know that it's not true (as Cal said in his column) that he, Cliff, "pretends that success doesn't matter." "Of course success matters," Cliff told me over a luncheon session at Sardi's. "It matters to me deeply, because I worked hard to attain my goal. I battled around for ten years, taking every kind of job from waiter in Scharff's to longshoreman, in order to survive until success came naturally. And I'm proud of my achievement in my career, to be able to study at the Actors Studio, to have the chance of working in the theatre with a great actress like Helen Hayes and a great director like Elia Kazan and not have my Hollywood phase with a wonderful guy like Bill Holden, and then to be jumped from the small role in 'Picnic' to play opposite Grace. When I cannot get it off, of course, was having my performance in 'Autumn Leaves' get such good notices everywhere. And now I think it's a woman's place—anyone from different part, a song and dance man with Jane Powell in 'The Girl Most Likely' for RKO. All this is what success means to me in my professional life."

"If I might mention anecdotes that go with success—living in a swank apart- ment, having a large wardrobe, sporting an expensive car, being seen in the right places with the right people—then Cal's version of success doesn't matter to me. I live in a small apartment in Hollywood, the one Jimmy Dean had when he first came out. I still keep my rent paid on Picasso, or any other, but for a few dollars, I might be living in a little room, with a lot of starlets because someday I hope to get married, and I don't want my wife to think my bachelor days were a play at being a bathing beauty.

Incidentally, that wife may wind up being a bathing beauty herself, because the girl could be Lee Meriwether, Miss America of 1955. Cliff makes no secret of his admiration for her, and personally I think she'd be a very lucky gal to get such a clear-thinking, high-principled guy with a sane sense of values. I hope he's won you over, too, Cal."
(Continued from page 60)

Ava Gardner's Dry Tears

(Continued from page 60)

because she doesn't get her mail there. She gets it at another address and this is secret, so to reach her you have to go through a friend of a friend of a friend.

Why all this secrecy? I don't know. I don't think it's why she's married.

But on this particular rainy day, when the Spanish papers had picked up a yarn published the day before in America to the effect that she and Frank were reconciling, it didn't surprise me to get her message.

So there I was, in the Hilton bar, in response to her summons; and there she sat with a handsome gentleman on either side of her and another across the tiny cocktail table from her and all drinking martinis. She never looked more ravishingly beautiful. Her voice had pulled straight back from her lovely face and fastened in a small bun. She had no makeup on except lavish, deep red lipstick, and wore no jewelry.

Heaven only knows how she maintains that beauty. By her own admission, she lives entirely on Spanish food, which is just about the most fattening in the world. She's always been a heavy drinker. She goes night after night without sleep. Yet not one wrinkle mars her exquisite face. There are no circles under her eyes and not one line of her face is figured coarsened. Last summer, she was wearing her hair pulled back tight and fastened atop her head in a little bun. This wasn't the studied simplicity of an Audrey Hepburn, but a naturalness, this defiant naturalness, is part of Ava's general attitude in Spain. In a country so formal that housemaids wear gloves to market, Ava often goes barefoot.

But at the moment I looked at her, across the carefully shadowed room, I saw that I was already too late. Ava was already hostile, a mood I know too well from the past. It is not a personal hostility, but one against the world in general. From the day Ava first landed in Hollywood, she's always had it, and now it's getting worse. Why does Ava who has earned every bit of fame, fortune, freedom—hate everything?

When Ava called and made this date for us to talk, she had been merely angry. She had said, her voice shaking with fury, "Well, here I am getting the worst of it in the papers again. This time, believe me, I want to tell my side of it."

The rumor that Frankie and Ava were reconciling was spread while Frank was in Spain making "The Pride and the Passion."

Now, if Frank and Ava were two sensible people that untrue bit of news wouldn't have got their backs up. If it had been true it would have been wonderful. But it was false how could it hurt them? Actually, at that time they had seen each other only once, and then by accident, at M-G-M. Frank, thetor of the world. Frank was in one party. Ava was in another. There were some beautiful young ladies in Frank's party and some handsome young men. In Madrid, fashionably Restaurante Commodore. Frank was in one party. Ava was in another. There were some beautiful young ladies in Frank's party and some handsome young men.

In 1950 Ava and Frank had defined society and they were the richest of the rich. In Spain, the world, even though Frank was still very much married to Nancy. They had even been in Spain together in 1950, while headlines thundered and Nancy Sinatra's heart broke. They had married each other in 1951. But last summer there was the daily irony that, in order to get to the location for "The Pride and the Passion," Frank had to drive by Ava's magnificent, modernistic, red-brick house morning and evening.

Frank and Ava, of course, are not sensible people. Sensibility is too often one of whose stars are made. Thus, last summer Frank not only sent out a thunderous denial of the reconciliation report, but he threatened to sue the next person who was so foolish as to print it. In fact, he worked himself up into such a state of nerves that he had to retire from playing in "The Pride" for a whole week, which cost that production untold sums of money.

Madrid's Ava Gardner, glancing at the gentlemen sitting on either side of her in the Hilton bar, said, "You know these two and I do wish I could introduce you to the character standing beside you, but I can't pronounce his name." I call him 'Little Flower.' It really sounds something like that. I'm embarrassed to admit that after two years in Spain I still can't pronounce Spanish properly, I can't really hold a conversation in the language. Isn't that awful?

"Little Flower" threw her a mocking glance, even while he gallantly kissed my hand. They made room for me at the table.

Looking at her that Spanish midsummer night, I wondered what had happened to one man, the accident, on her first night in Hollywood sixteen years ago.

Ava Gardner was nobody then. A young agent who had met her on M-G-M a few years before. But never once had he stopped to play. Of course, one day he said to Ava, but by the men's reaction to her. The conversation died, so that we were all relieved when she and the agent left. Everybody else left right after them. There was nothing there to party together again.

A few weeks later I heard that Ava Gardner had an M-G-M contract. That was a very big break in 1940. Then early in 1942 the whole world learned that the shy girl from Smithfield, North Carolina, had married one of the biggest stars on the screen, Mickey Rooney.

Right then, if those of us around Hollywood had only been smarter, we would have known what was going to happen.

For Ava had met Mickey the first day she went to M-G-M. Mickey, the king of the box office, and many inches shorter that Frank, was so interested in Ava (Frankie shorter than she, and Mario Cabre as well) was then making "Babes in Arms." Mickey took one look and was dominated by the publicity man who had introduced them to each other and said, "Now that you have met Mickey Rooney I hope you're happy."

Talking about it later, Ava said, "That really hurt me. It was a great burst into tears. I wasn't star-struck."

That, you see, was the beginning of the pattern. That was the mood that still destroyed Ava. She was being misunderstood. She must have liked meeting Mickey. Would't? He was then the most important guy in town. You can only presume she later fell in love with him, and if she did, then he was big and very, very soon divorced him. She was in pictures with him. Besides, underneath all his flamboyance and his great talent, Mickey was a very gentle, very sensitive person. For the first time anybody made a remark to Ava about Mickey, she got "hurt."

Also, with Mickey, she began another pattern. After she got her divorce from him she and Mickey "stayed friends." Mickey remained "friends" with Artie Shaw, too, after they were divorced, following their marriage of less than a year. And right through all of this, I think Ava still adored him. She wants to "stay friends" with Frankie. Only Frankie isn't playing.

The saga of her Sinatra romance was fabulous. It began late in 1949. Frank was still married to Nancy, his childhood sweetheart, and they had three children. But that hadn't stopped a lot of other girls, and it didn't stop Ava either. The difference was that the other girls were dropped by Frank at various casual intervals, but Ava stuck.

All the evidence seems to prove that Frankie must have been madly in love with her. Certainly he simply couldn't get away. He paid a colossal settlement to Nancy, he gave up his home and he gave up his children. He was and is a very good father, so this must have hurt him. Then, after he and Ava were married, he tried hard to hold on to her.

Yet within a year after their marriage the divorce rumors were flying. So were Ava and Frank. They went to Spain and flew after her. She went to Rome and he flew after her. She went to London, ditto. Once he chartered a plane the all the way from Hollywood to Spain. When he arrived Ava wouldn't see him. But other times she did, and those times they fought and made up and made up and fought again. Finally, in the fall of 1953, Ava went back to Spain. When anybody asked her what the grounds would be, she alirly said: "The usual." In other words, mental cruelty, which is sufficient grounds in In Ava never did pick up those divorce papers, which means that technically she is still Frank's wife. If she's really through with Frank why is she so interested in him? Did she have a print of "Man With the Golden Arm" shown just for her in Madrid—and in the middle of the night, so that nobody would know about it? And if she didn't...
want anyone to know, why did she cable Frank how good she thought his performance was.

In 1953, in London, Ava started telling me these things about Frank and herself, and in particular her resentment that his turning down "Saint Louis Woman" left her standing with her M-G-M deal. Then, just as she was blasting away at Frank, calling him every name in the book and quite a few which are never printed, she suddenly stopped. So befuddled was she by the recent record player in her elaborate London flat, put a Sinatra disk on it, listened, drew a deep sigh and murmured: "Isn't he the greatest? But it isn't fair to him.

Thus, seeing her in the Hilton bar, I had a hunch she was going to be just as outraged, if not more so. Ava's outrage is constant, like a volcano; quite a large one, but with the same breathtaking, dark, sultry beauty as always, only more lush, more dark, more compelling.

Frankie isn't everything that all her, but he is a very strong symbol of it. Ava is also in conflict about her work. Even when she was married to Mickey she talked about retiring. When she was married to Artie, she was being paid $10,000 a week. When she went on and on about giving it all up and just having babies. And she said she'd have babies when she was first in love.

Then, there's been resentment against her producers. When I talked to her in London a year ago, and again when we talked in Spain, she did nothing but blast M-G-M; she was on the living-room floor, under contract, and who has given her nothing but pictures and an astronomical salary. "The Little Hut" was already a half-finished film when I talked to her. I asked Ava if the idea of Doris Dior outfits to wear in it excited her. She said no. I asked her if the picture itself excited her. She retorted that her part in the picture and the part she played on her Stewart Granger had the really good roles.

Before I could think of an answer to that, Ava switched subjects and began talking about flamenco, fashionable, as you probably know, are a kind of jam session of Spanish dancing. A flamenco may take one guitarist or ten to begin with, one dancer or two dozen to respond to their rhythm. Ava would go in the midnight, seldom before dawn. Ava's flamencos, which go on virtually every night at her house, are the talk of Madrid. Often they go on until noon of the next day. Then she sleeps a whole day afterwards.

The sleeping all day is nothing new for her. She slept all day long in London, too, while we were making the film. She barely gave him the day of time.

Maybe she wants only what she can get and doesn't want what she can.

Like bullfighters. In Spain they talk about Ava as if she were a matador named Cesar Ginon and a novillero called Chamanc. Ginon is very old for a matador, being nearly thirty, but Chamanc, the bullfighter, (which just means that he has never fought and Madrid) is barely twenty. They do say, in Spain, that he ruined his career because of Ava—but she just clams up on the whole subject.

While in Spain it's bullfighting, in Italy it's Walter Chiari, the handsome young Italian comedian. Ava is deeply attracted to Walter and he to her. He has said on more than one occasion that he's going to marry her. Ava enjoys being pursued and admires persistence and it is altogether possible that she will one day say "yes" to Chiari. Her proposed trip to America, ostensibly to get her divorce from Sinatra, may be the tipoff to future plans. But in the meantime when, oh when, will Ava stop to think how magnificent life has been to her, give her beauty, talent, wealth and opportunities? She seems to think that life, reporters and M-G-M are all trying to put something over on her, as, for instance, the studio tried to talk her into making "Love Me or Leave Me." She said they weren't going to stick her with that one. You know what a hit that turned out to be—for Doris Day. It's all right, though, Ava has all the warmth, when she wants to turn it on.

There that night in the Hilton bar she was like a frightened child, acting full of fear, and have nothing much to do with her, full of wild defiance. There I was, at her own request, ready and wanting to hear "her side of it." But her mood had changed before I got there. Her almost morbid, chilliness seemed to have taken over—and in a noisy, crowded, public bar, of all places.

I thought, maybe, if I told her how beautiful it was to have the ship and something, to Auva, she might relax. She was very beautiful. But all she said was that she didn't know why they didn't take those startingly lovely closeups of her at the beginning of the film instead of at the end when she was tired. I tried again. I asked if it was true that when she found her house in Madrid she lay down flat, turned on the lights, and cried, "The house is my home." She laughed. She said she had bought the house because it was a shrewsbury.

Without warning, her mood changed and she began to tell a story on herself. She had, she said, gone to her doctor's the previous day. Her eyes and her ears had been troubling her, and a certain physician had been highly recom- mended. She looked him up in the phone book and started for his office.

The only address she had was "Santa Barbara," and in Madrid that could mean a plaza, a square or a street. So she headed for Santa Barbara street first, but that was incorrect. She went to the square next, or maybe it was the plaza. Either way, that was the wrong place. However, a bunch of urchins came by and recognized her, greeting her with loud cries of "Ava, Ava," giving it a very broad "a." She explained to them all, that she was looking on for a round, upon the kids ran in front, on the sides and behind her car, all the way to the right address.

"That's what I adore about Spain, people being that kind," she said.

"Why do you love America," I asked her. "Why don't you come home? Aren't you lonely here, particularly, if you don't speak the language?"

"I'm studying more important things," she said.

"Socrates," said one of her Spanish friends. "She's studying Socrates."

I looked at Ava in amazement, but she nodded her agreement. Then she said: "One morning I signed my M-G-M contract and I'm free. To be honest, I don't know what please, when I please and nothing else but." She stood up, held out her hand. "Goodbye," she said. "I hope you got a good message from your doctor?"

I did, but not what Ava thought I had I'm sure. For I don't know whether or not this beautiful, famous, rich girl cares that in the battle between her and Frank, I think he's rather a hard case.

For Frankie, at least, does know where he's going.

THE END

WATCH FOR: Ava Gardner in M-G-M's "The Little Hut."
Can't Get Rid of Dark or Discolored Skin, Freckles, Skin Spots?

HERE'S HELP! Mercolized Wax Cream 7 NIGHT PLAN Lightens. Beautifies Skin While You Sleep. Wax Cream works on spot with every application. Smooth rich, luxurious Mercolized Wax Cream is oil free. Soap free. Under your face or arms, pubic area makes body smoother than clothes alone can do. Erases scars left from chicken-pox at once... lightens dark skin, blemishes, scars, acne as if by magic! This is not a cover up cosmetic. Wax Cream works UNDER the skin surface. Beauty's women have used this time-tested plan for over 60 years—you'll find it pleasingly long lasting results! Mercolized Wax Cream is sold in 100 store packages... start using it now! MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM At All Drug and Cosmetic Counter.

SONG POEMS WANTED
To be set to music, send your poems today for free examination!

J. CHAS. MCNEIL, A. E., Master of Music
518 NG St. Alexandria Los Angeles 3, Calif.

BE AN AIR HOSTESS
You Can Fly Next Month! Just write:
THE MC Coll AIR LINE SCHOOL
1330 Nineteenth Av., Room. 537, Minneapolis, Minn.
Name...Age...Address...Tel. No.
City...State...

FREE MATERNITY STYLE CATALOG
BIG 56-page illustrated catalog. Hundreds of exclusive, economy-priced Maternity Wear and Gown. Catalogue, will catalog gives EXTRA discounts on first order. World's largest selection of Maternity dresses, suits, separates, sportswear, lingerie, etc. Write TODAY—CRAWFORD'S
Dept. 35. 8015 Womall Rd., Kansas City 14, Missouri.

Relief right away for ASTHMA symptoms! When asthma symptoms attack—light a D. R. Schiffmam's ASTHMADOL Cigarette! Feel better with the first soothing puff! ASTHMADOL Cigarettes ASK YOUR DRUGGIST.

631 MOVIE & TV STAR PICTURES
EXCITING NEW COLLECTION! For the first time, the unobstructed picture of your favorite movie and TV stars! A super-duper offer! FREE with purchase of 165 pictures and birthdays of 300 of your favorite stars. Send 25c to Deluxe Photo Service Dept. 35. 800 Box 947, Church St. Annex, N.Y. R. N.Y.

DIRECT TO YOU...EASY TERMS
Genuine Rockdale Monuments and Markers. Full Price $14.95 and up. Satisfaction or Money Back. We pay freight. Compare our low prices. Write for FREE CATALOG.

ROCKDALE MONUMENT CO. DEPT. 447 JOLIET, ILLINOIS

Ben Cooper, U.S.A.

(Continued from page 83)
Ben's old friends. He kept saying, "Cheer up. It won't be the end of the world."

However, by the time Ben's family phoned him long-distance from New York, the gloom that had settled around his friend was evident. He and his sister had been visiting him for one week. Ben had managed to sound breezy when he heard the catch in his mother's voice. "Look," he said, "I'm only going in the Army!"

But when Ben hung up, a wave of nostalgia swept over him. He suddenly wished he could be with his parents and his sister Bunny. You might even say that he felt sorry for himself. But after his short and uneventful and a half Ben started to laugh.

It was wonderful to know he was going to be missed but, after all, it wasn't "over the top at dawn." He'd simply been told to report for duty and along with the fellows he'd been in perfect health. However, his doctor had warned him that a back injury received while making "Johnny Guitar" might make him ineligible for military duty.

Ben was torn between two desires. On the one hand, he was eager to meet the challenge of Army life and to do his part. But he was nostalgic about the long drive to San Pedro. There Ben was given another physical examination. The doctors were noncommittal, telling him to report back when his back was better. So back he went for more waiting around while the reports were studied. At this point, Ben says, he was beginning to feel like the central character in one of the hundreds of radio soap operas he's played in:

"Will the doctors finish their examination? Will Ben Cooper be inducted into the Army? Will he be rejected? Tune in tomorrow."

Then suddenly the answer came. He was ! He had twenty-four hours to make his farewells.

So he went back home once again, this time to call all his friends and invite them to his favorite night club, The Four Jokers, where the "jokers," Bill, Rick, and Harry, were old pals of Ben's. By the time the rest of the gang showed up the place was really jumping. Ben bade goodbye to civilian life with a bang! He got the last act, with more with Lori Nelson's help and being sworn in at the induction center, Ben was flown up to Fort Ord with sixteen others. They arrived New Year's Eve and were in bed before the time was to come. They were allowed to sleep late the next morning—until five! It was certainly a different New Year's than Ben had ever experienced, but being with a group of "fellow sufferers" took the edge off.

By the time that Ben had gone through the routine immunization shots, been issued the rest of his equipment, and trained to his new life as a soldier, Ben was well, properly, an easy camaraderie had grown up between him and his fellow barracks mates. And when they found out that he could recite all his "McGees" with a full accompaniment of dramatic gestures, Ben was in demand for "recitations and bedtime stories."

The worries he'd had about "fitting in" are gone.

Ben now looks upon his new life in the Army as a challenging new role to play. What he hopes for most at the moment is that he'll get to see and visit home again and have a good review. And that his fans won't forget him while he's gone. THE END

BE SURE TO SEE: Ben Cooper in his latest release "His Father's Gun."
Know Not the Face of Fear

(Continued from page 50)
more of herself, as a person, to her home and family; four lives have been altered by her love and her devotion. The career suffered, as it had to, by the cancellation of several important pictures so that she could take care of her husband during his illness. But this was unimportant.

That Bogie would not recover was a fact Lauren was prepared for, although the fact was no easier to accept. Death is always a tragedy. It has momentarily obscured Lauren's interest in her profession—an interest which began for her when she was still in high school, and which everybody hopes will continue when the wounds have begun to heal and she is ready to pick up the loose threads of her life.

Back in 1942, Lauren was unknown—just sixteen and a hostess at the Stage Door Canteen. Her nightly trips to the Canteen were a contribution to the war effort, no doubt of that. But she didn't let the fact escape her that while she was giving a serviceman a whirl around the floor, she could also “accidentally” bump into some of the hosts on duty. They happened to be important stage producers, like Vinton Freedley, Gilbert Miller and Kermit Bloomgarden. Of course, they should have taken one look at her and said, “Where have you been all our lives?”

Only, as Lauren discovered, they didn't. They were too busy talking to actresses like Lynn Fontanne, Helen Hayes and Shirley Booth.

But if you think that discouraged Lauren, you have forgotten the confidence of youth. At sixteen, in her determination to be an actress, no doubts assailed her. This in spite of the fact that she had no personal contacts to give her any letters of introduction. She didn't even have an agent. Nor had she an independent income to tide her over, while trudging from one theatrical office to another during the next few years. But Lauren had other advantages. She was blessed with beautiful tawny hair, sultry green eyes, a wide, generous mouth, a streamlined figure, a flair for wearing clothes. And, just as important, she had relentless ambition.

Lauren's mother recognized her only child's potentials fairly early in the game. One evening, when Lauren was about ten and living in Brooklyn, her four uncles (all of whom were the father she never knew) took mother and daughter to dine in a New York restaurant. Lauren asked everyone to write something on the menu for her to save as a souvenir. Her mother wrote prophetically, “To a future Hollywood star.”

So it began. And so it continued when Lauren, after graduating from Julia Richman High School, where she was a prize pupil, enrolled at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. Among her classmates was Eddie Cantor's daughter, Marilyn. While Marilyn was being supported by her father in the style to which she was accustomed, Lauren had to earn her keep as an usherette at the St. James Theatre.

After classes, Marilyn would often invite Lauren to dinner at the elegant Essex House where she lived with her family. Lauren didn't know which she enjoyed more—the Cantor jokes or the Cantor larder. One night after she left, Eddie explained to Marilyn, “Don't look now, but I think that girl has a tapeworm. She doesn't want to be an actress too, does she?”

Sharing classes with Lauren and Marilyn was another young hopeful, who would later, brass as a soda jerk at Schrafft's. His name was Kirk Douglas. He and Lauren took a great shine to each other, and when she found herself low in funds, Lauren had dinner at the Schrafft's for Kirk. Kirk gave Lauren extra helpings and refused to take a tip. Then, when Lauren's friends or relatives invited her out, she'd always steer them to Schrafft's and see that they left an extra-large something for Kirk.

Two years later when Lauren went to Hollywood, it was she who suggested to Hal Wallis that he not overlook the young soda jerk when searching for new talent. Lauren didn't know which she enjoyed more—Kirk or Marilyn, but she knew that Kirk had practical advantages. So she went to Hollywood, where she lived with her family, to look for some woman who would hire her.

In New York, today Lauren and Kirk are close neighbors in Holmby Hills. But they move in different circles and their paths cross only at big parties.

In her high school days Lauren's big female crush was Bette Davis. By a happy coincidence, Bette's great friend Robin Byron Brown was also a friend of Lauren's Uncle Jacques. Aware of his niece's admiration for the First Lady of Hollywood, Uncle Jacques arranged for the two girls to meet. Bette received her young admirer cordially, along with an equally stage-struck classmate. Although awed at being in The Presence, Lauren held up her end of the conversation with her customary poise. But the talk did not last very long. The classmate was so overcome by meeting Bette in person that she fainted dead away. Lauren and her hostess spent the rest of the visit reviving her.

$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

Model agency fronts for crime ring. Read "The Vice Scandal That Shocked Philadelphia" in April TRUE DETECTIVE magazine, now at all newsstands.
Coincidentally, when Lauren made her first picture at Warners, on the next sound stage was Bette Davis. And when Lauren came back to New York after her overnight success in "To Have or Have Not," she asked the studio to reserve for her the same suite at the Hotel Gotham which Bette Davis had occupied on her last visit. It was in this suite that Warners' newest star, Lauren Bacall, received her fans and the press.

When Lauren first met Paul Lukas, she was still an unknown, modeling for a living and selling copies of Show Business for eight dollars a week. A few hours were spent studying and seeing Broadway plays. At the time Lukas was starring in "Watch on the Rhine," and one Saturday afternoon Lauren knocked at his dressing-room door. "You are the greatest actor I have ever seen," she announced. "I would like to discuss the theatre with you." Paul was so overcome by the direct approach of this serious fan that he proceeded to discuss the theatre—not only then, but at many matinees afterwars.

This picture of what amounts to a great deal of pluck and determination on the part of a struggling young actress is often pooh-poohed by Lauren. She tends to interpret her life as the result of pure good fortune, "I got an awfully good start, you know. I had security—not financial, but the security of being loved by a wonderful mother and a great family."

Lauren also had the good luck to have found that same security in her marriage to Humphrey Bogart. They met when she made her screen debut as his leading lady. She took one look at him and said, "Ooh, Daddy, buy me that!" As the picture progressed, Bogie took more than one look, but didn't say much. He did some serious thinking, though. Soon well-meaning friends began to volunteer advice. Bogie just wouldn't marry a girl nearly thirty years younger than he!

Friends talked to Lauren. They reminded her of Bogie's three previous marriages—to Helen Menken, Mary Philipps and Mayo Methot. All of these mergers had ended unhappily.

"Well," Lauren answered, "at least he married the women he loved.

"She was a dear! I realize that these marital flaps should be counted against a man, but she also knew that Bogie was neither promiscuous nor a playboy. She knew that essentially he was a very loving guy. And if she, Lauren, could make a home for him that he would never want to leave, and give him the family he never had, she might succeed where others had failed. So she was in it all. But Lauren and Bogie ignored all the danger signals, and on May 16, 1945, they were married. Everyone forecast that it wouldn't last a year.

Although Lauren was Bogie's junior by so many years, amazingly enough it was Lauren's influence which had dominated their marriage and kept it unlaboringly happy. Bogie, although one of the highest-priced stars in Hollywood, never had delusions of grandeur. He always lived simply, in a small house with a small staff to run it for him. Left to himself, he would have been perfectly content to stay home every night reading or jawing with one or two close pals. Bogie was an omnivorous reader, ranging from fiction, history and biography to all the current magazines. Weekends he reserved for his one pet extravagance—a boat, the Santana.

Lauren, on the other hand, is a Gregarious soul. She loves people—not just indiscriminately, but people of talent and knowledge. After their marriage, Bogie changed somewhat in this respect. The Bogart house on Mapleton Drive became a meeting place for visiting celebrities from all over the world. Bids to the Bogart-Bacall parties were eagerly sought, but only given to the interesting people whom Lauren and Bogie wanted in their home as friends—not just as good contacts.

Recently, when Noel Coward visited Hollywood after his Las Vegas debut, the Bogarts hosted a party in his honor. Extending a verbal invitation to one favored reporter, Bogie said, in his typical straight-ward manner, "Look, get this straight. You are being invited to this brawl because you are a friend of ours and of Noel's. Not because you have anything to do with the press. You will find that out when you arrive. There won't be another photographer or columnist in sight!"

He wasn't kidding. The press, as such, had been ignored. But ah—the guests! Noel Coward, Judy Garland, Frank Sinatra, Jennifer Jones, David O. Selznick, Leonard Bernstein, Joan Collins, David Niven and some dozen other grade-A names, all of whom would splurge around the pool, flooded with moonlight.

One reason for Lauren's popularity may be that she is never on guard with other people. Perhaps this is because she has a great sense of humor in herself. She is, however, extreme in her likes and dislikes, and if she is on your side, you are the salt of the earth. If she isn't, you are on her "don't bother" list. But you always know where you stand. She will never put you on the back to put a knife in it.

One of Lauren's particular enthusiasms in the past few years has been Adlai Stevenson. When she was in her office she endlessly bombarded such people as Robert Sherwood, Quentin Reynolds, Louis Bromfield, and anyone else who knew the political scene with questions about Adlai.

Classical music has also been a strong, if recent interest. She has attended all of Leonard Bernstein's concerts in the Boston Symphony Bowl. If Lauren has any serious frustrations, they have to do with music. She would like to sing, but doesn't do it well enough. Her idea of a perfect evening is one with Bernstein, Harold Arlen or Johnny Green at the piano and herself on the stool beside the player. She will sing away happily, sounding as if she were rehearsing Tchaikovsky's "The Nutcracker."

Lauren, with Judy Garland or Frank Sinatra, both! It was soon after the birth of their second child, a daughter named Leslie in honor of Lauren's English actor husband, Howard, that the Bogarts moved to their beautiful estate in Holmby Hills. This, too, was Lauren's doing. She convinced Bogie that, with another child to consider, they needed more nursery space. As Bogie remarked later to John Huston, "Some women want pickles when they're pregnant. My wife wants a mansion!"

Lauren has a business manager with smooth efficiency. She has the same cook who worked for Bogie when he was married to Mayo Methot, but Lauren plans the menus herself and does all the marketing. In true Bogart tradition, the house is generally run by eight-year-old Stephen and four-year-old Leslie. To Bogie, being a daddy was something of joyous bewilderment. He got a great big smile on his face watching Stephen to lunch at Romanoff's or 21 and talking "man to man" with him.

But neither Bogie nor Lauren have ever been children. On her birthday Lauren still went to parties and at Christmas, when the children are swamped with gifts, Lauren stores most of the toys away and distributes only a few at a time. She has seen too many spoiled brats to want to spoil her children. Lauren, it is determined that her children will be well-disciplined and unaware of any special limelight.

The Bogarts had a business manager, and they lived on the budget he gave them. If Lauren received $20,000 a year to spend on clothes, she would blow the works. But if she received only $2,000, she could manage. Lauren was a typical shopper when she comes to New York, to pick up some reduced models from a discount clothing house. But then the next day she will splurge on a Dior, Lauren loves clothes. When she got her first mink coat, after she was married a few years, she was so childishly ecstatic that she spread it on the floor and walked over it barefoot.

Lauren retired temporarily from the screen for three years, but resumed her career a month after her daughter Leslie was born. Her restless energy and too much love of acting to content herself with afternoons at Elizabeth Arden's salon or bridge with the girls. But when the seriousness of Bogie's throat illness—cancer—became apparent, Lauren stopped working and devoted herself entirely to taking care of her husband.

In the meantime, Lauren Bacall has managed marriage, motherhood, and career with enviable success. It proves, for one thing, that the skeptics were wrong. Lauren was very wrong—and that no two people could have been more sincere than Lauren and Bogie that May day in 1945. "Till death us do part," they vowed. They did not break this vow.

The End

WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITES?

Send your votes for the stars you want to see in Photoplay:

In color I want to see:  

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ACTRESS</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>(1)</td>
<td>(1)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(2)</td>
<td>(2)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I want to read stories about:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(1)</td>
<td>(3)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(2)</td>
<td>(4)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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

| (1)     | (4)     |
| (2)     | (5)     |
| (3)     | (6)     |

NAME  
ADDRESS  
AGE  

Paste this ballot on a postal card and send it to Readers' Poll Editor, Box 1774, Grand Central Station, N. Y. 17, N. Y.
That Ivory Look—so clear...so fresh
...so easily yours

This winsome miss is riding high with That Ivory Look. And through the magic of mildness, regular Ivory care can make it your look, too. You see, the milder your soap, the prettier your skin—and Ivory has a mildness all its own. It leaves your skin so delightfully fresh and clear—so winning with That Ivory Look!

Wash your face regularly with pure, mild Ivory. Mild enough for baby’s skin—so right for your complexion.

MORE DOCTORS ADVISE IVORY THAN ANY OTHER SOAP
Charlton Heston Sounds Off:
ON MEN AND MATRIMONY

BEHIND THE HEADLINES
TAYLOR-TODD MARRIAGE

She Learned to Say NO!
JOAN COLLINS

25¢
Like getting one free!

4 for the price of 3

NOW—TIED IN ONE BEAUTY BUNDLE

4 cakes of pure, mild Personal Size Ivory cost about the same as 3 cakes of other leading toilet soaps!

Any way you look at it—Personal Size Ivory's new Beauty Bundle is a beauty of a buy. Now—4 cakes all tied in one neat bundle—so handy . . . so thrifty. And how those dainty cakes of mildness pamper your skin! You see, the milder the beauty soap, the prettier your skin, and Ivory Soap is mild enough for a baby's skin. So for that fresh, radiant look, That Ivory Look, get your Beauty Bundle now.

THE BEAUTY BUNDLE IS YOUR BEST BEAUTY BUY
Molly's remark was intended as a bitter little joke. She'd had a miserable time at the dance . . . even the boy she invited was neglectful. Molly had no way of knowing that what she blurted out in jest was actually the truth. There's no thermometer that registers when your breath offends . . . that's why it pays to use Listerine regularly.

The most common cause of bad breath is germs . . . Listerine kills germs by millions

Germs—which ferment the proteins always present in your mouth—are the most common cause of bad breath. The more you reduce these germs, the longer your breath stays sweeter. Listerine kills germs on contact . . . by millions.

Tooth paste can't kill germs the way Listerine does

Tooth paste can't kill germs the way Listerine does, because no tooth paste is antiseptic. Listerine IS antiseptic. That's why Listerine stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste. Gargle Listerine Antiseptic full-strength every morning, every night, before every date!

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

... stops bad breath 4 times better than tooth paste
SPECIAL COMPLETE LIFE STORY
Escape to Happiness (Doris Day) Part II..........................George Scullin 58

ARTICLES AND SPECIAL FEATURES
Liz and Mike's Madcap Marriage (Elizabeth Taylor) ..................Maxine Smith 47
She Learned to Say No! (Joan Collins) ..............................Carl Clement 48
Charlton Heston Sounds Off on Men and Matrimony ................Patty De Ronchi 50
Life Can Be Beautiful (Yvonne De Carlo) ...........................Howard Eisenberg 52
Rebel in a Button-Down Collar? (Tony Curtis) ......................Saul Jessup 54
It's News ... in Hollywood............................................56
Tony Takes a Giant Step (Tony Perkins) ............................60
Between Heaven and ... (Anne Baxter) Part II ......................Louis Pollock 64
Hollywood Goes to a Ball.............................................68
Give a Man Room to Grow (Rock Hudson) .........................Hyatt Downing 70
Win a Trip to Hollywood..............................................72
Go to Hollywood for Holiday Fun....................................Fredda Dudley Balling 74

NEWS AND REVIEWS
Let's Go to the Movies.Janet Graves 17 Cal York's Inside Stuff ......33
Brief Reviews..................................................26 Hollywood for You .Sidney Skolsky 40
Costs of Current Pictures...........................................28 Exclusively Yours.Radie Harris 66

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS
Over the Editor's Shoulder..........................4 Readers Inc. ........8
Tired of Criticism..................................................46B

LIVING WITH YOUNG IDEAS
Becoming Attractions..............................................6 Needle News 42
Photoplay Patterns................................................30 Crossword Puzzle 44
Accessories That Travel with Ease...............................38 Travel in Fashion 79
Undercover Travel Fashions.......................................91

STARS IN FULL COLOR
Joan Collins........................................49 Audrey Hepburn......57 Felicia Farr.................75
Charlton Heston........................................51 Barry Coe...............75 Nick Adams..................75
Tony Curtis...............................................54 Kipp Hamilton........75 Lee Ann Meriwether.....75


Your June issue will be on sale at your newsstand on May 7
De luxe doll steals a two-fisted newspaper guy from a shapely showgirl in the comedy of the year—with songs!

M-G-M romantically presents

GREGORY PECK
LAUREN BACALL in

DESIGNING WOMAN

co-starring

DOLORES GRAY

Written by GEORGE WELLS, Associate Producer • In CineScope and METROCOLOR
Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI • Produced by DORE SCHARY • An M-G-M Picture
Brush Your Teeth with Colgate's...
Brush Bad Breath Away!

And Colgate's with GARDOL Fights Decay All Day, Too!

Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol stops mouth odor all day for most people... with just one brushing! Gives you that fresh-clean feeling that comes from brushing your teeth with Colgate Dental Cream.

And unlike other leading toothpastes, Colgate Dental Cream contains Gardol to form an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights tooth decay all day... with just one brushing!

Gardol's Invisible Shield Fights Tooth Decay All Day... With Just One Brushing.

Colgate's with Gardol
Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth

over the
Editor's shoulder...

To bring the news you want, this month we held a "ball"

A Star and a Story Are Born

One of the special events this past month was our annual Gold Medal Award dinner in Hollywood. On page 60, Kendis Rochlen tells you all about this year's party ("Hollywood Goes to a Ball") in which we think that everybody—including the guests—outdid themselves to make it the very best one we've ever held. One of the reasons we have such a good time each year is because it gives us a chance to dine and talk with some of our favorite stars. One of the guests we were particularly pleased to get to talk to was Pat Boone. First, because we felt especially proud and happy to welcome him (and his pretty wife, Shirley) to his first big Hollywood affair. And, secondly, Pat was such a great entertainer we decided right then and there that here was somebody that you the reader would want to know better. The result? "The Pat Boone Story," in June Photoplay.

How Do You Rate the Movies?

Recently, we have noticed that research organizations have been asking fans all kinds of questions about their movie-going habits. Questions like: Did you see the picture because of the title? Would you have gone to see it if the title were different? How many times a week do you go to the movies? What kind of movies do you like? Well, some of the tabulations are in and we thought you might like to know what they add up to. It seems that teenagers take at least one picture a week, and it's their pocketbook, not TV, that keeps them from going more often. The largest film-going audiences are in the 20-24 age group, with girls preferring musicals and fellows adventure films. This doesn't mean that girls have to go along with blood-and-thunder to please their dates. Men rate musicals second in popularity and will gladly go along with a good mystery or suspense picture or a fast-moving "horse opera." It's the love story, we're told, that the fellows balk at seeing. Most of the men queried rated love a dreary business and something to stay clear of—at least on the screen. Incidentally, four out of ten enjoy reading about Hollywood. As informed Photoplay readers we wonder if you agree with the surveys, and now you would reply to these and other questions, such as: How do you decide upon a picture? Is it the story that whets your interest? Are you faithful to your favorite stars? Do you see every picture they make? Can a poor review change your mind? We're curious about your opinions.

A Year with Tony Perkins

Back in 1953, our reviewer, Janet Graves, came back from seeing a new picture, "The Actress," and made a flat prediction: "I've just seen a young actor who's going places. He's a boy to watch. His name is Anthony Perkins." We admit we forgot all about Tony until we saw him again in "Friendly Persuasion." After "Fear Strikes Out" we were sure that Janet's prediction was coming true and that he certainly was "a boy to watch." As a result we are going to bring you in every issue for the next year Tony's progress and plans—a step-by-step account of how a boy become a star. Watch for Tony!

Ann Higginbotham, Photoplay's Editorial Director, and Norman Siegel, the West Coast Editor, at the Gold Medal dinner sought out the stars you like to read about
"I Saw
'The Ten Commandments'"
by Dorothy Rupenian
Age 19, Astoria, N. Y.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS is a spectacular movie, but more than that, it is an inspiring drama that left me with a reverence for freedom, a brighter faith and a renewed respect for movie-making.

Cecil B. DeMille could easily have made this a gaudy panorama of pagan revelry, dancing girls and all the other glories that Hollywood has filmed in the past. Yes, THE TEN COMMANDMENTS has excitement, extravagant sets and costumes—and best of all a convincing Moses in Charlton Heston.

But Mr. DeMille hasn't gone overboard to make fiction out of Bible truth; he has let the account in Exodus of the sufferings of the Jews in bondage under Egyptian oppression emerge as a real and significant drama of a people struggling for their freedom.

Liberty and freedom and the right to independence might seem far-fetched thoughts for a Biblical story, but they aren't when you consider that God gave Moses the Ten Commandments on Mount Sinai so that men henceforth would have moral law to live by rather than the whims of each new ruler. There are words here that are as meaningful today as they were when Moses said them thousands of years ago to the Israelites.

This was a motion picture that appealed to me visually with its breath-taking scenes of the crossing of the Red Sea, the burning bush and the writing of the Ten Commandments on slabs of stone with fire from heaven. Spiritually, it was a moving experience to see a sacred book of the Bible translated to these immense proportions, through which more people could come to know the beauty and drama of the Bible's Old Testament.
Are you ever excited...

tense...
rushed?

That’s when most deodorants fail
but new MUM Cream keeps working

You’ve probably noticed... when you’re under emotional pressure, your perspiration glands suddenly get more active. That’s when deodorants which depend on stopping perspiration let you down, and odor often starts.

New Mum® Cream works a completely different way. It is the only leading deodorant that works entirely by stopping odor. Mum keeps on working actively to stop odor 24 hours a day—no matter how active your perspiration glands are. No wonder Mum is so dependable. Isn’t that what you want?

More people depend on MUM than on any other deodorant... it works when others fail

becoming attractions

Outline was formulated by Dorothy Gray to reduce puffiness, refine and clarify skin. Two types: for normal or dry and blemished or oily skin. $7.50*

Disappearing act for dark shadows and other blemishes: New Helena Rubinstein Conceal stick with Silk-Tone foundation and “how to” book. $2.50*

For the girl who rolls her own, new Sta-Rite plastic TV pin curl mirror and tray. Kim is soft to hold comfortably in lap. Green, yellow or rose. $1.98

*plus tax
The screen has never come so close to the heart of a man, and an era--

**JAMES STEWART**
in his role of roles as Charles A. Lindbergh

**WARNER BROS. PRESENT**

**the Spirit of St. Louis**

**BILLY WILDER and WENDELL MAYES PRODUCED BY LELAND HAYWARD**

**DIRECTED BY BILLY WILDER**

**MUSIC COMPOSED AND CONDUCTED BY FRANZ WAXMAN**
**READERS INC...**

**The King Pin**

I'd like to thank Army Archerd for the marvelos article on Yul Brynner which appeared in the February issue of Photoplay. I thoroughly enjoyed it and I'm sure many others did too. Being an admirer of this talented man, it gave me a great deal of pleasure to read an article which brought the real Yul Brynner to light. Too more but I am the impression that Mr. Brynner is some sort of an egotistical character who is continually trying to live up to his real lead in real life. Army Archerd is to be congratulated for a very fine piece of work. Let's have another story on "The King" soon.

I've been a subscriber to Photoplay for many years and I've always enjoyed your magazine from cover to cover. I think it's the best on the market. Howard Eisenberg's article on Debbie and Eddie, also in the February issue, was one of the best I've ever seen on them; two young people. "The Rock Hudson Story" deserves three cheers, too. You see, I'm really sold on Photoplay, so thank you again for a top grade magazine.

**Faith Restored**

I must admit that my faith in humanity and my brethren in the journalistic field soared 100 per cent when I opened your March issue and found at least a tiny photo of Ray Danton, Julie Adams and their son, Steven, on page 8. I thought the fan magazines would never get around to printing a picture of this happy trio! But, as usual, Photoplay came through in true fashion. And I hope this is just the beginning of other stories and photo layout on Ray Danton and his lovely wife.

**Advice to Parents**

I've never written a letter to the editor before but I feel so desirous now because for the first time in ten years of reading fan magazines, I found an article that was truly praiseworthy. That story is "Look Kid, How Stupid Can You Be?" by Rory Calhoun (February 1957). When I finished that article, I felt like standing up and cheering. Here's a guy who really makes sense, and it's only because he's been through so much and knows what it's all about. I only hope that as many parents as possible get to read it.

**A Chance for Bob?**

Robert Wagner is my favorite star. And I don't think he has been very happy about the roles that have been given to him so far because he just doesn't fit into them.

**Singing Star**

In your March issue there was a question sent in by Ginger Hunter asking about the Elvis Presley movie, "Love Me Tender." In your answer you said that only the title of the movie was recorded. However, there is a record that was released with all the songs from the movie, "Love Me Tender," "Let Me," "Poor Boy" and "We're Gonna Move." If any of the Elvis Presley fans would like this record, I'm sure the record store in their town would be happy to order it. (Of course this would make Elvis happy.) I have the record myself and I really enjoy listening to it.

**Breath of Freedom**

I have just read Barbara Drager's letter (March Photoplay, Readers Inc.) criticizing Debra Paget for her bangles, beads and TV sets. I also read the article about Debra in the same issue.

I'm sure Debra realizes there are millions of people suffering in the world. I'm sure she also realizes there are millions of young housewives and mothers—like me—to whom an article about such extravagant trappings is like a breath of freedom and fresh air. She is truly fulfilling a role—and a reasonably important one—by being and doing just what she is. This may be hard for many people to understand, but I cannot believe that anyone is committing a sin by being true to his—or her—own nature. We cannot all be humanitarians in the sense that Eleanor Powell and Danny Kaye are. To me, stars like Debra Paget are being just as generous in a different way, and to different people. By letting the cameras into her life and home, Debra has brightened many a lonely, dull evening and day for me.

I enjoy your magazine thoroughly. I read it from cover to cover and can scarcely put it down from the time I pull it from the mailbox until I've practically devoured and digested the whole thing. My only companion through most of the week are my two small boys (ages 11 months and 2 1/2 years) because my husband works at two jobs and I see him only an hour or two a day except for weekends, so to be able to read all these articles and columns about all these movie stars once a month is just marvelous. Many people criticize me for reading it because they're sure it's not all perfectly true. They never read fan magazines so I don't know why they're such authorities. I'm aware that in writing about people disagreeing statements will occasionally occur, but it's good entertainment and I've discovered that I like your magazine the best of all.

Just one request: please don't ever let Sidney Skolsky go for I do enjoy his column.

(Mrs.) Osta W. Sherman Mountlake Terrace, Washington

**A Warm Glow!**

I have just finished seeing the film "Bundie of Joy" and that is just what it is. It may be that neither Debbie nor Eddie will ever set the world on fire as dramatic actors but they can sure give it a nice warm glow. The music was just right and beautifully handled by all concerned, and Eddie's voice was at its best—which is fine, indeed.

It's good to see a happy picture now and then—it makes the whole world seem clean and new again.

(Mrs.) E. Burton New Albany, Indiana

Continued
You're Prettier than you think you are!

...and you can prove it with a Palmolive bar!

Here's Proof that Mild and Gentle Palmolive Care Cleans Cleaner, Deeper, Prettier!

When you wash with your regular soap—in the ordinary, casual way—you leave beauty-robbing hidden dirt behind. But what a glorious difference after a 60-second Palmolive massage! You'll look fresher, lovelier! And to prove that hidden dirt is gone, rub with a tissue. The tissue will stay snowy-white. Proof that Palmolive care cleans cleaner, prettier!

Yes—new complexion beauty is yours in just one minute with Palmolive Soap. Because Palmolive care removes hidden dirt that casual cleansing misses. And only a soap as mild as Palmolive can cleanse so deeply without irritation. Start Palmolive care today, and see your true complexion beauty come through!
New! Clearasil Medication

‘STARVES’ PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED... hides pimples while it works.

At last! Science discovers a new-type medication especially for pimples, that really works. In skin specialists' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were completely cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL.

CLEARASIL WORKS FAST TO MAKE PIMPLES DISAPPEAR

1. PENETRATES PIMPLES... keratolytic action softens and dissolves affected skin tissue... permits medication to penetrate down into any infected area.

2. ISOLATES PIMPLES... anesthetic action of this new type medication stops growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples.

3. ‘STARVES’ PIMPLES... CLEARASIL’s famous dry-up action ‘starves’ pimples because it helps to remove the oils that pimples ‘feed’ on.

SKIN CREAMS CAN ‘FEED’ PIMPLES

CLEARASIL ‘STARVES’ THEM

Oil in pores helps pimples grow and thrive. So only skin creams can actually ‘feed’ pimples. Only an oil-absorbing medication... CLEARASIL... helps dry up this oil... ‘starves’ pimples.

‘FLOATS OUT’ BLACKHEADS

CLEARASIL’s penetrating medical action softens and loosens blackheads from underneath, so they ‘float out’ with normal washing. So why suffer the misery of pimples or blackheads? CLEARASIL is guaranteed to work for you, as in doctors’ tests, or money back.

Only 69¢ at all drug counters (economy size 95¢).

READERS INC. Continued

Perky Perfect Performance

I have just seen “Friendly Persuasion,” and I think Tony Perkins is tops! Not only is he handsome, but a very fine performer. I am looking forward to his next movie, “Fear Strikes Out.”

SUZIE McCARTNEY

Gadsden, Alabama

We’re for Tony Perkins, too! See page 60.—Ed.

Casting:

Some time ago, I read “St. Elmo” by Augustus J. Evans. I think Robert Taylor would make a wonderful St. Elmo and Ann Blyth or Jean Simmons could take the part of Edna.

MRS. J. R. WAGENER, S. C.

I have just finished reading Phyllis A. Whitney’s “The Fire and the Gold,” a wonderful story about the great earthquake and fire in San Francisco in 1906.

I think it would make an excellent movie with the following in the leading roles: Felicia Farr as Melissa Cranby; Tab Hunter as Harvey Vickers, Jr.; Anne Baxter as Lady Rushmore; Karl Malden as Frank Masters; Virginia Shaw as Ann Hinsdale; Cliff Robertson as Hal Danforth; Eileen Heckart as Miriam Wells and possibly Agnes Moorehead as the Countess. I think the role of Mrs. Pemberton practically belongs to Billie Burke.

PFC DAN NANI

FORT DEVENS, MASSACHUSETTS

Questions, Please

Could you please tell me if June Walker, mother of John Kerr, is the Catherine of the first “Farewell to Arms” who appeared with Gary Cooper? She has remained in my memory through all these years for her very stirring and memorable performance.

(MRS.) HELEN MOCHNAL

BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK

No. That was Helen Hayes.—Ed.

In the March issue, page 53, there is a large picture of Cary Grant and his wife, Betsy Drake. Is the lady in the picture with him not Fred Astaire’s young daughter? She looks so young to be Cary’s wife.

IONA LEATHERWOOD

DALLAS, TEXAS

Young or not, she’s really Cary Grant’s wife.—Ed.

I would like some information about Richard Egan. I think he was excellent in the picture “Tension at Table Rock.”

GEORGE BAKER

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Richard Egan was born in San Francisco, California, on July 29, 1921. He has brown hair, gray-blue eyes, weight approximately 185 lbs., height 6’2”. His first film, “The Return of the Frontierman,” was made in 1950.—Ed.

I have a bet with my husband who said Glenn Ford played with James Stewart in the picture “Rope.” He said I did not. Who is right?

MRS. P. GILLIS

Velder Crossing, B.C.

You are.—Ed.

I would like to know if “Crazy Love” is the same picture as “Rock Pretty Baby” or are different movies altogether?

MRS. SALLY SMITH

CINCINNATI, OHIO

“Crazy Love” was an earlier title for the picture “Rock Pretty Baby.”—Ed.

Our family is having a dispute regarding “Frankenstein.” Half of us think Lon Chaney, Jr., was the original monster while the rest feel sure it was Boris Karloff. Which is right?

MRS. PAT LEWIS

Cleveland, Ohio

In the movie “Frankenstein” Boris Karloff was the monster.—Ed.

I thought that Linda Darnell is Loretta Young’s sister and was told that I was wrong.

MRS. RUSSELL STOUT

Utica, New York

I’m afraid you are. They are not related.—Ed.

I would like to settled an argument. I know that a long time ago there was a famous silent movie called “Flesh and the Devil.” It starred Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. A friend of mine says Joan Crawford was in it. I am pretty sure that it was a different sort of film. I hope that I am not mistaken.

ADELMAR S. RIBEIRO

Salvador, Bahia, Brazil

You are right.—Ed.

Too Bitter, Too Sweet?

What has happened to the department of Movie Reviews? I can remember the time (not too long ago) when I could use that column as a guide to good movies, but such is no longer the case. Now, let’s face it—in the February issue, your reviewer has 17 movies listed as “Excellent,” 15 as “Very Good,” and not one as “Fair.” Come on, now, movies aren’t that much better than ever. And the ratings: “The Best Things in Life Are Free”—“Excellent”; “The Great American Pastime”—“Excellent”; “You Can’t Run Away From It” and “The Mountain” are “Excellent” while “Anastasia” and “Julie” are both behind. Granted movies are better than ever but the ratio of “Excellent” movies to “Very Good” and “Fair” is not that great. I think your reviewer is much too free with the top ratings. It seems to me the rating of “Excellent” should be reserved for only ten or twelve movies each year that deserve it.

“CHUCK” WILSON

BRAINTREE, MASSACHUSETTS

I read your review of the movie, “The Bad Seed,” in PHOTOPLAY. I think you were unduly harsh in your comments. Perhaps you did not enjoy the picture yourself, as it was not directed for a theatrical unsuitability to movies (which too is only a matter of opinion) but the performances of Miss Kelly and Patty McCormack were certainly not unsatisfactory.

Believe me, I was held spellbound from

Continued
Now... Revlon puts romance at your fingertips!

Exclusive cream formula makes nails look lovelier, longer... without constant touch-ups!

One minute your nails are just nails. Then suddenly they're beauties, flattered as never before by the flawless lustre and fabulous color that only Revlon puts at your fingertips!

Now—there's romance on your hands. They look much prettier—softer—utterly feminine. Just made for holding!

On the practical side: Revlon Nail Enamel is the exclusive cream formula that moulds to your nails and flexes with them in the most natural way. So you can be sure of much greater chip-resistance—longer-lasting manicures. And, oh, those terrific Revlon colors. For the most beauty at your fingertips, get Revlon Nail Enamel today!

Have you tried 'Frosted'? When you're in the mood for loveliness that shimmers at your fingertips... Revlon's Frosted Nail Enamel is it! And in such romantic shades as Pink Cloud! Platinum! Say It With Rubies!

Revlon Nail Enamel in 33 fabulous colors
IN EXQUISITE FORM

Appealingly natural and naturally appealing in Free-form, newest of the Floating Action bras, with tangent straps that move as you move leaving the bra in place. Free-form has sunburst 2-section cups that fit most women best.

Try its casual comfort and you'll always ask for Exquisite Form bras.

White cotton bandeau, A, B, C cups ... style 172, $2.50.

Circle stitched 4-section cup...
Floating Action (style 222)
and Free-Form.
Smartly packaged.

— COSTUME BY CLAIRE MCCARDELL

At your Favorite Store, or Write to Dept. P5, Exquisite Form Brassieres, Inc., 150 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. In Canada: ask for the Tulip bra.

READERS INC.

Continued

the moment the picture opened until the final scene. I think you might have given these two great performers their due, instead of simply saying that they were "talented players," a great understatement if ever I heard one. Both gave portrayals that surpassed anything Hollywood has turned out in a very long time. The little girl in particular was most unforgettable. I wonder how you could have passed so lightly over the magnificent job she did. I would like very much to know if these opinions are yours alone or if a number of people get together and come to an agreement. I feel that the movie-going public has a right to protest when you underrate a top movie.

SANDRA ORLOB
San Francisco, California

The opinions expressed in movie reviews are those of our reviewers—and she can't please everyone, can she?—En.

Praise to Robert Stack

I would like to get up on my soap box and sing the praises of one of Hollywood's finest actors. This is the first time I ever thought that an actor was worth writing about to a magazine. But one, I think, is, and his name is Robert Stack. In his latest movie, "Written on the Wind," he really showed that he could act. And I do mean act. In just one short movie, he displayed many mixed emotions. At first he was the gay playboy looking for a good time. Then he found that he was really in love and you really could believe him. Towards the end, he was a bitter and saddened man. In the very last scenes, he was the most pitiful person in the world. In all of these moods, he was very believable.

This movie should show the public and all the producers and directors in your very famous town that it isn't always the longest and most fabulous movie that is really the best. Here they had a very delicate story which had to be handled with the utmost care. They must have picked their stars carefully to have them so well fitted to their parts. If more movies like this one were produced in Hollywood, I think more people would go to the movies, but there are so many third-rate movies that it is too boring to watch them.

Let's get back to Robert Stack. I wish some of the producers and directors would open their eyes and notice a really great talent.

JUDITH MARKS
Tallmadge, Ohio

More About the Cut-Out Picture Puzzle Contest

This letter is to inquire and verify receipt of my entry in the Photoplay Cut-Out Picture Puzzle Contest. I would very much like to know if my entry was received by you as it took me several weeks to prepare it each evening after work, when my children had retired.

(Mrs.) GLORIA WONG FENNESSY
New York, New York

Many, many letters like the above were received, and we should like to thank all our readers for the enthusiasm with which they entered this contest. Inasmuch as we received over 25,000 entries, we are sorry that it was impossible to acknowledge each one individually.

After our December issue came out the entries started coming in, and our offices were filled with the most fantastic works of art. Just before Christmas many little
"Talk about comfort..."

...the new Kotex napkin with gentle Wondersoft covering won't rub, won't chafe, fits perfectly—gives you the instant and complete absorbency you need.

And the new Kotex belt has a special clasp that won't "dig in" like metal. This self-locking clasp holds the napkin securely, never lets it slip or slide. The specially-woven elastic, too, stays flat and snug—the edges won't curl or twist.

No wonder more women choose Kotex than all other brands.
You'll be tickled pink!

Pink Cameo—Pink T.N.T.—Strike Me Pink—just three of the many sparkling springtime pinks created for you by Cutex! And if you like just the lightest “blush” of pink, try the new Cutex color, “But Naturally”! One shade is prettier than the next!

The creaminess your lips need—Cutex has it! It's the ONLY lipstick with creamy Sheer Lanolin. Protects against that dry, pinched feeling. Keeps lips smooth as a kiss!

The cling you want—Cutex has it! Stays radiant always. Never leaves a kissprint! (Cutex makes SATIN CLING Lipstick too! Ideal for girls who want 24-hour color with no drying after-effect.)

Why pay more?

CUTEX
sheer lanolin lipstick

See the heavenly variety of Cutex pinks... all at such a down-to-earth price...

Lipstick, 69¢ and 35¢
Polish, 33¢ and 19¢

READERS INC.
Continued

trees were delivered, with the finished pictures hung on the branches, and we place each of these where they could be seen to best advantage.

A treasure chest of the stars' picture was one of the most beautiful entries. This was hand-made, put together with spaghetti as part of the frame, split peas used a nail-heads—all painted in gold and white—and each star's picture was framed in the same way. We were heartbroken to find that a few of the names were misspelled and it therefore had to be disqualified.

A beautiful leather album, hand-bound some antique velvet albums, a theatre made of cardboard with crepe paper curtains behind which were the stars' pictures were among the thousands received, and the ingenuity of our readers knew no bounds. Again, we must emphasize that no only did the pictures have to be put together perfectly, but the names had to be spelled correctly, and we were disappoint to find that in many cases where we would have liked to award a prize, the name of Leslie Nielsen, for example, was spelled Nielson.

One of the winners was a lovely fan set upon an easel, with pictures of the stars set in its folds. Another was a round metal box containing, apparently, reels of film, with the stars' pictures inside, labeled "Reel Talent." A red plastic basket with the stars' pictures set in panels won a prize, too. A photograph studio, made of cardboard, with the stars' pictures protruding from slots, under which were painted exaggerated bodies, won for its ingenious maker another prize. A beautifully executed entry was designed to signify a moving picture camera, and this was covered with silver paper—it, too, won a prize.

We were delighted, when we opened a large carton one morning, to find a beautiful ballet dress made of red satin, exquisitely sewn, with the pictures of the stars set in a panel down the front and around the bottom, supported by the prettiest net petticoat with a hoop sewn around the bottom.

"What hours of work went into the designing and making of this dress," we said, and proceeded to check carefully the pictures and the spelling of the names. We found them all correct. It was the unanimous opinion of the judges to award the maker of this dress our first prize of $2,000. We hope this picture of the winning entry will delight our readers as much as the dress, itself, thrilled us—Eo.
Fresh...young...alive! Here’s the look you’ve been looking for!

Now! Give your skin tone the color lift it needs with

Revlon 'Touch-and-Glow'

THE LIQUID MAKE-UP

Here is your glow... loveliest of all... a fragile, sheltered look that’s, oh, so naturally feminine! Revlon 'Touch-and-Glow' is a delicate touch—never caky, never drying. Every drop of this moisturizing liquid make-up is blended with Revlon’s precious Lanolite to pamper your skin—keep it dewy-fresh. So just touch... and glow! You’ve found the look you’ve been looking for! Nobody knows you wear it but you!

Now in 9 living shades, 1.25 and 1.75 plus tax.
Face powder to harmonize, 1.25 plus tax.
© 1957. REVLON INC.
If you wash your hair once a week—or oftener—you need the gentle shampoo...

Golden-rich Pamper

... so gentle it cannot dry your hair—leaves it instantly easy to manage

New, richer Pamper is the really gentle shampoo. So gentle it cannot dry your hair, leaves it instantly easy to manage right after shampooing. So rich it leaves your hair soft, shining, in finest condition. So rich and gentle you could use it every day. Get Pamper today. ... gentle as a lamb.
**LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES**

WITH JANET GRAVES

---

**Fear Strikes Out**

Simple yet intense, this searching look into a troubled soul places Anthony Perkins in the forefront of young actors. He plays an actual person, Jim Piersall of the Boston Red Sox. But this isn't a baseball story; it centers on family relationships. As Jim, Tony has been under pressure from boyhood. His is a poor family; his mother, portrayed by Perry Wilson as a wistful wraith of a woman, has a history of emotional disturbance. In the capable hands of Karl Malden, his father becomes an exasperating, pathetic figure. Frustrated in his own baseball ambitions, Karl drives and drives the boy, eventually to the point of crack-up. Not a glamour type, quietly appealing, Norma Moore is Tony's wife.

**The Spirit of St. Louis**

Here is one of the rare tales of high adventure that accents personality over physical action. Casting James Stewart as the young Charles A. Lindbergh seemed doubtful, but the result is a triumph. Though close-ups reveal that Jimmy is not twenty-five, his acting creates the illusion of youth and re-creates one of history's great individual exploits. Almost thirty years ago, Lindbergh made his solo transatlantic flight, in a plane that now looks like a frail silver toy. With his performance, Jimmy shows why that flight captured the imagination of the world and rushed it toward the air age. Flashbacks give amusing glimpses of early aviation, but the focus is on one man, facing death alone.

*Continued on page 20*
LOVABLE reveals a new concept in Bra Beauty!

NOW AT LAST!

A. Glamour-Time “Ringlet”. Superbly fitting, embroidered Nylon sheer with the cloud-soft feel of the Lanolized “beauty treatment.” Pink, blue, maize, beige, red, white, black. Only $2.00

B. “Action”. It breathes with you! Wonder-soft lastex controls yet lets you move in comfort. Lanolized Cotton or Dacron, white. Only $2.50

C. “Ringlet”. The bra that’s world famous for its perfectly molded fit. No-curl anchorband, lastex front panels. Lanolized Cotton, white, black. Also white Nylon. Only $1.50
The world's only bras with a "Beauty Treatment"
...the smoothest thing next to your skin!

Now, the wonderful shape you've always loved, plus the kind of bra comfort you've always wanted! You've known the wonders of Lanolin—now you can enjoy its silken, skin soothing touch in famous "Ringlet" and "Action" bras. Only Lovable gives you this amazing "beauty treatment" in a bra. Nylon and Cotton never felt so smooth before; next to your skin you'll like Lovable Lanolized bras best!

Ask for them! Wear them! IT COSTS SO LITTLE TO LOOK LOVABLE

THE LOVABLE BRASSIERE COMPANY—180 MADISON AVENUE, N.Y. 16. also sold throughout CANADA
Designing Woman

**M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, METROCOLOR**

A lively marital farce presents Lauren Bacall and Gregory Peck as a decorative, spirited pair, truly in love but battling a mad variety of problems. New Yorkers both, they meet and marry in California, return to find they’re of two different worlds. Greg’s a sports writer, ill at ease in designer Lauren’s snazzy apartment, astonished at her wacky friends of the fashion and theatre fields. She’s equally appalled at his poker-playing cronies, even more at a punchy ex-fighter hilariously done by Mickey Shaughnessy. Greg’s voluptuous former girlfriend, the dashing Dolores Gray, sets up more obstacles. The pay-off comes when Greg’s columns denouncing a racketeer bring gangland vengeance down on him. It’s breezy fun, with an occasional bit of singing and stepping.

Ten Thousand Bedrooms

**M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, METROCOLOR**

Affable, easygoing, the first Martin-minus-Lewis film casts Dean as heir to an international hotel chain (thus explaining the title). In Rome to take over a new property, he steps out with Eva Bartok, but quickly falls victim to the campaign put on by her kid sister, Anna Maria Alberghetti. There’s a hitch in Dean’s marriage plans: His fiancée’s musician father (Walter Slezak, most assured member of the cast) won’t let Anna Maria marry until Eva and the other older sisters (Lisa Montell, Lisa Gaye) have found husbands. Desperately, Dean makes himself a one-man matrimonial agency. And he has a rival for Anna Maria in flyer Dewey Martin. The idea is tricky; songs and backgrounds are pleasing; but a faster pace would have upped the laugh and entertainment content.

The True Story of Jesse James

**20th; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COL.**

As the James brothers ride again, in the handsome persons of Robert Wagner and Jeffery Hunter, the film’s writer get off the historical book by practically admitting they looked more to legend than fact. The picture opens with a hold-up that turned the gang’s luck into disaster, then flash back to show how Missouri farm boys became dreaded bandits. Though Bob’s manner as Jesse is a little too boyish, he does manage to show his character change. So the robbery planned to get money for farming in hungry days after Civil War, Jeff, as the gentler Frank, and others join in. But Bob finally goes headline-happy. Agnes Moorehead plays Bob’s mother; Hope Lange and Rachel Stevens, companions to the domestic half of their double life.

Fred and Kay Thompson are odd invaders in Audrey’s sphere

About to turn lawless, Bob and Jeff ignore Hope Lange’s plea.
Casual 'n carefree! These new softer-than-ever hairstyles call for BOBBI...

**only BOBBI has special “Casual Pin-Curlers”**

The new soft 'n pretty look in hairdos begins with BOBBI—the one pin-curl permanent specially created for casual hairstyles. BOBBI always gives you softly feminine curls from the very first day, and with new special “Casual Pin-Curlers” your BOBBI curls are firmer—your BOBBI wave is easier to set than ever. Pin-curl your hair just once and apply BOBBI lotion. That’s all. No separate neutralizer needed—no resetting.

**New “Casual Pin-Curlers”** make smoother pin-curls! No loose ends. Can’t slip, crimp, rust or discolor hair. Takes only one per curl. Curved to sleep comfortably. Use for setting after shampoos.

**See how easy a BOBBI can be!** Just “Casual Pin-Curlers” and BOBBI lotion. That’s all you need for today’s newest casual hairstyles. No separate neutralizer—no resetting needed.

**Look for BOBBI in this new package**—the only pin-curl kit complete with 55 “Casual Pin-Curlers” and 6 neckline curlers, all in pink plastic, plus new BOBBI lotion, easy directions.

*Watch the BOBBI TV Shows... “Blondie” and “Valiant Lady”!*
ENDS DULL DRY "THIRSTY" HAIR

Q: How do you make your hair so lustrous and shining?

A: By following my hairdresser's advice and using Lanolin Discovery. It's the greaseless hairdressing that replaces natural beauty oils.

What's the difference between Lanolin Discovery and other hairdressings?

A: Ordinary hairdressings "coat" your hair—make it oily—

Lanolin Discovery's misty fine spray is absorbed into every hair right down to your scalp.

To enhance the natural color of your hair—to get a shimmery satiny sheen with deep fascinating highlights, just spray on Lanolin Discovery Hairdressing and brush a little. In just seconds you get the same beautiful results as brushing your hair 100 strokes a day.

Helene Curtis Lanolin Discovery

THE NEW HAIRDRESSING IN SPRAY FORM

$1.25 and $1.89

Used and recommended by leading beauticians. Available wherever cosmetics are sold

MOVIES Continued

The Devil's General

A fascinating study of upper-echelon intrigue in Nazi Germany gives a powerful role to Curt Jurgens, top European star recently coralled by Hollywood. As an air-force general, feeling secure in his position, Jurgens sneers at the Nazis and their Gestapo. But, as a conscientious military man, he must look into test-flight crashes, possibly caused by sabotage. A weary sophisticate, he finds his lost illusions personified in the young charm of Marianne Cook (seen in "Four Girls in Town"). Along with suspense and romance, there's a revealing cross section of a brutalized, dying society (though its deepest horrors are only hinted at). German dialogue. English titles.

The Incredible Shrinking Man

Science-fiction movies find a refreshing variation on the themes of over-sized monsters and space travels. All the creatures and objects of this neat chiller are familiar—but seen on a terrifyingly altered scale. A good-looking six-footer, happily married to Randy Stuart, Grant Williams suddenly finds that he is shrinking in physical size. Tests show that chance exposure to atomic radiation and chemicals has had a deadly effect, yet science can't help him. Reduced to a child's height, he finds temporary consolation with a pretty carnival midget—until he begins shrinking again. At last, marooned in his own cellar, he is so tiny that to him sewing thread is heavy rope; a straight pin becomes a spear for defense against a spider. The plot has no subtleties, but set designs and photography are so ingenious that the story is haunting.

Kelly and Me

Set in the era when talkies were new and vaudeville appeared doomed, this sentimental comedy casts Van Johnson in the conventional role of swell-headed small-timer. He’s saved from failure when a partner gets into his corny act—the white police dog Kelly, a thoroughly engaging beast. Thanks to Piper Laurie, daughter of movie producer Onslow Stevens, Van and the dog hit the screen in a highly popular series. Of course, Kelly is the real box-office attraction, and Van grows bitterly jealous. Married to Stevens, Martha Hyer gets involved with Van. Though this movie gently kids the typical dog picture, its hero runs true to scene-stealing form.

Royal Affairs in Versailles

The palatial residence of French royalty becomes the background of a disjointed film pageant that employs many top names of the country's movie industry, along with a couple of Americans. In the
I dreamed I was an Outdoor Girl
in my maidenform* bra

I'm the nicest sign of the times... openly admired by thousands! And the bra that makes all this possible is the new Maidenform Allegro*. Here's the pretty elastic bra with dreamy comfort built right in... it gives with you, goes with you every hour of the day. Always keeps you looking as glamorous and youthful as Allegro's easy-control elastic makes you feel. White dacron and acetate elastic satin. A, B, C cups 3.50; D cup 3.95
Millions of women can reassure you

Millions of women have used billions and billions of Tampax since the day it was first invented by a doctor—over twenty years ago.

For every one of these women there was a “first time.” Many may have shared your doubts about the product; many may have thought Tampax® internal sanitary protection would be difficult to use.

Yet really the most delightful discovery to be made about Tampax is its simplicity. Inserting, changing, disposing take only seconds. Once you’ve passed that hurdle, you can relax and enjoy all the many, many advantages of Tampax.

It’s invisible in place. Undetected in place. So made that the wearer’s hands need not touch it at any time. It prevents chafing and irritation.

It’s convenient to carry, unembarrassing to buy (on display wherever drug products are sold)—and it comes in a choice of 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior) to suit your individual needs.

Why deprive yourself of a product that so many women use, so many doctors approve of? Tampax is the better way! Try it and see! Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

MOVIES Continued

passing parade of kings and their mistresses, Sacha Guitry is outstanding as Louis XIV; Claudette Colbert, as Mme. de Montespan. Orson Welles, in makeup that is a total disguise, plays Ben Franklin; Edith Piaf singing a rousing ballad of the Revolution. French dialogue, English titles.

Lizzie M-G-M

✓ A dual role is any player’s delight, but Eleanor Parker goes this ideal one better. She has a triple role, yet she is actually playing one person. As a drab, nervous employee in a museum, she finds mysterious, threatening notes in her handbag. Joan Blondell, as the booby, cheerful aunt she lives with, won’t take the notes seriously. But Eleanor eventually follows the advice of neighbor Hugo Haas and consults psychiatrist Richard Boone. He discovers that she has a second, submerged personality, which sometimes takes command. This is Lizzie, a painted, hard-drinking hussy—who writes the threatening notes. With hypnotism, Boone unearths still another personality, the sweet, normal girl Eleanor might have been if childhood tragedy had not deranged her. There have actually been such cases, but the film’s heavy-handed treatment does not make this one plausible.

Oh, Men! Oh, Women! 20TH; CINEMA-SCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓ The psychoanalyst’s couch gets a comic going-over in this agreeable, off-handed farce. As an analyst whose patients have more trouble with their hearts than with their heads, David Niven shows a superhuman detachment and calm—until his own heart gets involved. Tony Randall, doing a superb clowning job, is a young man utterly unnerved by a disastrous love affair—with Barbara Rush, now the doctor’s fiancée. Though she seems too sensible for her flutter-brained role, Barbara contributes charm. So does Ginger Rogers, as a discontented wife who consults Niven because she feels useless in her marriage to movie star Dan Dailey. The problems of the whole quintet become wildly entangled before the happy finale.

The Guns of Fort Petticoat COLUMBIA, TECHNICOLOR

✓ Turned out as briskly as most Audie Murphy Westerns, his latest gives him an unusual supporting cast—mostly feminine. A Texan who fought for the Union, he deserts his frontier post when he hears that his home territory is endangered by Indian raids. With the men off at war, only women and children are on hand, and they at first resent their “renegade” rescuer. But Audie finally gets his petticoated command into fighting trim, with Amazonian Hope Emerson as drill sergeant. Among the other gals: Patricia Livingston, his one-time sweetheart; Kathy Grant, a spunky tomboy who wins his respect (and more).

The Strange One COLUMBIA

✓ Darkly attractive, forceful in his acting style, Ben Gazzara makes a promising debut in this overdrawn drama of life in a southern military school. As a suave bully with a grudge against the world, he apparently has the title role. But most of the other characters are mighty peculiar, too: Arthur Storch, a cowardly prig; James Olson, a moronic football player; Pat Hingle, Ben’s stooge. When Gazzara’s hazing results in an innocent cadet’s expulsion, George Peppard (a likable, normal type) urges rebellion.

Paris Does Strange Things WARNERS, TECHNICOLOR

✓ The beautiful Bergman and a delicate, enchanting use of color make this picture a pleasure to the eye. But the mind and the emotions go unsatisfied. Ingrid plays a Polish princess trying to make her way, with charm but without money, in turn-of-the-century Paris. She could marry a rich businessman; she obviously returns the affections of thoughtful Mel Ferrer; but she gets involved with the political career of gallant Jean Marais. A military hero, Jean is being pushed toward dictatorship by a selfish clique. He himself doesn’t want power; he just wants Ingrid. Evidently, this is supposed to be light comedy, but laughs are scarce.

The Tattered Dress U-A, CINEMASCOPE

✓ A suspenseful but seldom convincing courtroom drama stars Jeff Chandler as a flashy criminal lawyer. After he has successfully defended a wealthy, no-good married couple (Elaine Stewart, Philip Reed) against the charge of killing the wife’s lover, Jeff finds himself on the defensive. Sheriff Jack Carson, who took a fatherly interest in the murdered man, frames the lawyer by persuading juror Gail Russell to swear that she was bribed. In the crisis, Jeanne Crain returns to husband Jeff. At first she is motivated just by loyalty, but the estranged couple draws together under the stresses of Jeff’s trial.
If you like to mix and match colors (and we know you do)

You'll love LUX

Now in 4 new colors as well as pure white

This is the famous Lux Soap you know...mild and gentle...with its exclusive fragrance...its rich Cosmetic lather

One or more of the new Lux colors is sure to contrast or harmonize beautifully with your bathroom décor. You'll want to use Lux in Color—right along with your favorite White Lux.

Every one of the four new pastels is the same wonderful Lux you already know...famous Lux, the beauty care of 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars. And, like White Lux, Lux in Color is guaranteed by Lever Brothers to satisfy completely or your money back!

Buy new color Lux by the color of its foil wrapper—choose from lovely shades of Pink, Green, Yellow, Blue as well as white.

You'll find your favorite pure white Lux in familiar gold foil.
Enjoy Paris glamour in your daily deodorant! Evening in Paris stick glides on dry...keeps underarms dry and delicately fragrant. Rely on it for 24-hour protection. New convenient push-up tube.

EVENING IN PARIS DEODORANT STICK SPECIAL! 2 FOR $1.00

limited time only! regular $1.50 value

CREATED IN PARIS • MADE IN AMERICA BY BOURJOIS

BRIEF REVIEWS

EXCELLENT \n
GOOD \n
FAIR\n
ADULTS \n
FAMILY

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for the months indicated. For reviews this month see contents page

ABOVE US THE WAVES—Rank, Republic: War-action yarn, English-made, has submarine officer John Mills devising schemes to sink a deadly ship in German's inland waters. Good acting, vague characters, (F) April

ALBERT SCHWITZER—Bill Anderson: Fine movie biography of the great humanitarian-doctor-musician-philosopher, with many scenes at his hospital deep in Africa, (F) April

AROUND THE WORLD IN 20 DAYS—U.A.; Todd-AO, Eastman Color: Colossal! Yet it's light and entrancing. Stuffy Britisher David Niven does the globe-circling jaunt on a boat in 1872, with Mexico's great Cantinflas as his valet, big stars in bit parts, (F) January

BATTLE HYMN—U.A.; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Teaching, true story of the Korean war, starring Rock Hudson as Col. Dean Hess, who is both combat pilot and man of religion, looking out for orphans, Martha Hyer is his wife, back home; Anna Kashfi, a Korean heroine, (F) April

BIG LAND, THE—Warners, Warnercolor: Sensible Western set in post-Civil War days, Alan Ladd, Union vet from Texas, sets up a cattle drive and railroad plan to help fellow ranchers. Edmond O'Brien, Virginia Mayo pitch in, (F) April

DRANGO—U.A.: Suspense mounts as Union officer Jeff Chandler takes over in a hill town of the defeated South. Joanne Dru thinks his policy is too soft; aristocrat Ronald Howard organizes a secret Confederate faction, (F) April

FULL OF LIFE—Columbia: A warm, tender portrait of a family gives Judy Holliday an offbeat role, as expectant mother, Dick Contee's her writer husband, who can't get along with his dad, Salvatore Baccalou, (F) March

GREAT MAN, THE—U.A.: TV people get a going-over in a glittering comedy-drama. For a memorial program, commentator José Ferrer interviews those who knew a folkly star, just killed. Seems our late hero was a heel. Fine acting all around, (A) March

GUN FOR A COWARD—U.A.; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Fast but character-centered Western, contrasting three brothers. A ranch war tests Fred MacMurray, Jeff Hunter, Dean Stockwell, Janice Rule parts Fred and Jeff, (F) April

HAPPY ROAD—MGM: Honey of a movie, combining heart and hilarity. American widower Gene Kelly and French divorcée Barbara Laage trail their runaway children across France. Both small kids are charmers, (F) April

HOT SUMMER NIGHT—M-G-M: Thriller recalling the 1930's heyday of bands like Dillon, Unemployed reporter Leslie Nielsen interrupts his honeymoon with Colleen Miller to invade a gang hideout, seeking an exclusive, (F) April

ISTANBUL—U.A.; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Ever-filming melodrama shot in the Turkish capital. Errol Flynn's an adventurer; lovely Cornell Borchers, a mystery woman, (A) March

LIVING IDOL—MGM: CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Spectacular Mexican locales highlight a tale of the supernatural. Scientist Steve Forrest tries to rescue Liliane Montevieche from the Aztec's jaguar god, (F) April

MEN IN WAR—U.A.: Direct, honest, tense picture of Americans during the dark days of Korea. Average soldier Bob Ryan lends a cut-up patrol, finds an adversary-acting-in-Aldo-Ray in a natural-born fighting man, (F) April

MISTER CORY—U.A.; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Tony Curtis draws a double role, as a social climber who turns gambler to win heiress Martha Hyer. As Martha's understanding kid sister Kathryn Grant steals the show, (A) April

RAINMAKER, THE—Wallis, Paramount VistaVision, Technicolor: Funny, touching, falseful tale of a farm family has Katharine Hepburn as a lovely spinster, Burt Lancaster as a dashin' guy, Wendell Corey as his rival, Earl Holliman as his brother, (F) March

SILKEN AFFAIR—RKO: In a gentle warm-that-turns-stormy account David Niven creates havoc by juggling the books, led by his Parisian wife, a French model Genevieve Page. (A) January

TEN COMMANDMENTS, THE—Paramount VistaVision, Technicolor: Overwhelmimg DeMille epic of Biblical times, forcefully acted by Charlton Heston as Moses, Yul Brynner as Pharaoh, many other stars, (F) January

THREE BRAVE MEN—20th, CinemaScope: Arresting, realistic drama casts Ernest Borgnine as a long-time Navy Department employee suddenly suspended as a "security risk." Ray Milland's his lawyer, Borgnine's wife and children are also affected, (F) February

THREE VIOLENT PEOPLE—Paramount VistaVision, Technicolor: Feminine-type Western, Concealing her past, Ann Baxter ensnare rancher Charlton Heston. His embittered brother (Tom Tryon) creates more problems, (A) March

TOP SECRET AFFAIR—Warners: Knott about romantic comedy. A handsome pair, Susan Hayward and Kirk Douglas play a journalist an Army general who spar professionally and romantically, (F) April

UTAH BLAINE—Columbia: Good Western, with lots of shooting and galloping. Roy Calhoun and Lew Ayres prove the best over for man's job on a ranch that's under siege. Susan Cummings stands by him, (F) April

WICKED AS THEY COME—Columbia: Son of a femme fatale, told deadpan. As a beauty-contest winner, Arlene Dahl escapes New York's clan to capture an English tycoon and face a murder charge. With Phil Carey. (A) April

WINGS OF EAGLES—M-G-M; Cinemascope, Technicolor: Strange movie, mixing the stick and tragedy. John Wayne plays flyer-write Frank Wead, fighting Navy brass, parleying at a final Japs. Maureen O'Hara's his wife; Da Dailey, a comical pal, (F) April

WRITTEN ON THE WIND—U.A.; Technicolor: Flamboyant close-up of a wealthy Tex family, Bob Stack's excellent as the irresponsible heir, who marries Lauren Bacall. Rock Hudson plays the steady friend; Dorothy Malone, Bob's reckless sister, (A) February

"thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face"

Your hair remembers its loveliest lines...when it's trained with Helene Curtis Spray Net®

If your hair inspires no poetry, is the fault perhaps your own? Are you using a mere pinecurl spray? Or are you training your hair with Helene Curtis SPRAY NET and its exclusive "control" ingredient? Use SPRAY NET to set silky but long-lasting pine curls. Use it as always to hold your hair in place. Gradually, excitingly your curls get the habit of curling. These lovely waves remember their place from shampoo to shampoo. Use SPRAY NET faithfully and soon your hair will be trained to softest perfection—poetic perfection!

Both formulas now in glamorous new golden containers:

Super soft trains most hair and hair styles beautifully.

Regular for hair harder to manage.

69c, Large $1.25, Giant Economy $1.89 plus tax
For so many reasons:

"daintiness ..." Millions of women douche with "Lysol", because a "Lysol" douche gives a sense of complete daintiness, of internal cleanliness, that nothing else seems to equal.

"all-over cleanliness" ... because a "Lysol" douche spreads into folds and crevices .. kills odor-producing bacteria, rapidly on contact; thus the thorough, desirable action lasts.

"socially secure" A "Lysol" douche leaves you sure of yourself, sure of your daintiness. With the primary cause of embarrassing odor gone (odor-producing bacteria), you just can't offend.

"that fresh feeling" that a "Lysol" douche gives is important to your poise! You feel more radiant and look better when your私密part is completely and cleanly and nice.

New mild "Lysol" is sold in drug and grocery stores. For free booklet (plain envelope) on medically-approved way of douching, send name and address to "Lysol", Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. P.575.

Lysol Look for New Bottle A Lohn & Products, Inc. (2) 1950.
rich as crushed roses
fresh as ripe strawberries
utterly feminine

EDWARDIAN ROSE is the rose that was made for your new
gentle look... the rose that puts wing, ding and zing into the new grays,
beiges and blues you’re wearing... the rose that goes on like velvet
and stays on like velvet... all day long because it is Sheer Velvet lipstick
by Dorothy Gray. This is the rose! Yum! $1.25.

For beauty the modern way Dorothy Gray
DOUBLE GLAMOUR YOUNG IDEAS: PHOTOPLAY PRINTED PATTERNS

9110—A two-part Printed Pattern—cool scooped sundress and adorable cover-up bolero. Sew-easy directions are clearly printed on each pattern part. Misses' sizes 12-20. Size 16 dress takes 3¾ yards, 35-inch; bolero, 1¾ yards.

9140—Two graceful silhouettes in this Printed Pattern for juniors. A smooth sheath—and lovely button-on bouffant skirt to give it a totally different look! Jr. Miss sizes 9-17. Size 13 takes 2½ yards, 35-inch; the overskirt, 2½ yards.


Evening in Paris COLOGNE AND PERFUME BOTH FOR $1.00 the price of the cologne alone!

Send thirty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to: PHOTOPLAY Patterns, P. O. Box 133, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N. Y. Add 5¢ per pattern for first-class mailing.
These are the hands of Mrs. Margaret Lane, Seattle, Wash. Only her right hand was treated with Jergens. This photo is unretouched.

Simple as 1 2 3 to stop "Detergent Hands"

It's simple to have lovely hands. Over 450 women proved it in a scientific test. They soaked both hands in detergents 3 times a day. In a few days, left hands not treated with Jergens Lotion became coarse, red. But right hands, treated with Jergens, stayed soft, lovely. No other lotion similarly tested kept hands so soft and smooth. Jergens stops all chapping and dryness. It doesn't "glove" hands with sticky film...it penetrates to help replace the natural moisture lost to wind, weather and daily chores. Only 15¢ to $1.

*Notice to doctors and dermatologists— for summary of test write The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, Ohio
You'll love
ANN BLYTH
in "THE BUSTER KEATON STORY"
A Paramount Picture.
In VistaVision.

ANN BLYTH LOVES LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO

never dries it beautifies

thick and creamy...
blessed with lanolin!
needs no after-rinse!
of course, it leaves hair more manageable!

NO WONDER IT'S THE FAVORITE SHAMPOO OF 4 OUT OF 5 TOP HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STARS
INSIDE STUFF

Cat York's Gossip of Hollywood

Love and Marriage: Hollywood was rampant with rumors the week both Lana Turner and June Allyson separated from their respective husbands. The Dick Powells' splituation, it seems, came as no surprise. Those who have been expecting it now come right out and predict there will be further news concerning June Allyson and Jack Lemmon when both are legally free. Lana Turner and Lex Barker, however, caught the town off guard. A few days before their breakup, they discussed enthusiastic plans for building that home on the property they own in Acapulco. Lana hasn't worked in a long time. Lex has gone from picture to picture, which left his wife with too much time to brood over the loss of their expected baby. Despite the announced separation, Lex kept on striving for a reconciliation, and insiders say there's every chance he will succeed in rebuilding the marriage. Gene Kelly and Betsy Blair, on the other hand, have made their divorce final, with everyone sorry for two nice people.

Mr. Lucky: Recently Tab Hunter, whose first royalty check for "Young Love" was for a neat $21,000, told us the real secret of his singing success. "I visualize a beautiful girl," he said. "Then I pretend there's no one else in the world and just sing into her ear." It's true that Tab made more from one record than he earns at Warners in a year. But the

Continued
New sunshine yellow shampoo
puts sunny sparkle in hair!

leaves hair silkier . . .
softer . . . easier to manage

Brunette? Blonde? Redhead?
You'll thrill when you see how your hair responds to the conditioning benefits of new SHAMPOO PLUS EGG!
It's just what your hair needs—for new life and luster, for rich silky softness. You'll love the "feel" of your hair—the way it manages.

That's the magic conditioning touch of SHAMPOO PLUS EGG! This new kind of shampoo cleans cleaner, rinses super fast. It's the one really different shampoo . . . from its sunshine yellow color to the litting sunny sparkle it puts in your hair!
Try it once, you'll use it always.
Economical 29¢, 59¢, $1.

---

**INSIDE STUFF**
Continued

studio loves him. He was all set to see Europe again when they made him a cozy proposition. In return for postponing his date of departure and hitting the road to plug "The Spirit of St. Louis," Warners agreed to pick up Tab's tab for the entire European trip.

Home Life: Despite his great success, Rock Hudson is far from being a wealthy man. In fact, until "Giant" he earned little more than a featured player. So Rock and Phyllis toyed with the idea of renting their house while they're in Italy making "A Farewell to Arms." Word leaked out, their phone rang day and night and people who wanted to sleep in Rock Hudson's bed stampeded the place. He quickly decided not to become a landlord. . . . Miss Carrie Frances Fisher will probably be supporting the "old folks" if her luck holds out. Debbie and Eddie's daughter now owns an oil well, sent to her by a Texan who greatly admires her famous parents! . . . Lita Baron Calhoun, who had her baby girl and named her Cindy Frances, had a time keeping up with her dress sizes. It's all to no avail now, of course, but just before the baby came she had to keep her shower guests waiting for an hour while she frantically altered her skirt, to make it longer.

Girl and Woman: Did a director-friend of Natalie Wood suggest she consult a psychiatrist to determine why she's so restless and impulsive? To us, she's just young, high-spirited and filled with the joy of living. There's nothing wrong with her that a few years of maturing won't cure. . . . Everyone knows Clark Gable prefers to keep his private life private, but he didn't object when his beautiful bride (the King calls her Kathleen) told all for national publication. Kay got paid for the article and turned the check over to charity. You know that wherever she goes she always carries those tiny nitroglycerine pills prescribed for her particular type of heart ailment. She jokes about it, too.

---

Lita Baron Calhoun's new baby brought Lita a welcome visitor—her mother
In all its abundant faith...glowing heart...surging power...and divine inspiration comes a motion picture in the magnificent tradition of "The Robe", "The Song of Bernadette", "Keys of the Kingdom", "Come to the Stable"!

"Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison"

Sister Angela and marine corporal Allison...alone on a Pacific island...trapped behind enemy lines!
We've added some brand new stars and brand new pictures starting with #248. Check the list below for your favorites. All handsome 4 x 5 photos, on glossy stock, just right for framing. Send your order today.

**CANDIDS**

3. Ava Gardner 112. Susan Hayward 209. Liberace
5. Tyrone Power 121. Tony Curtis 212. Grace Kelly
7. Esther Williams 127. Piper Laurie 214. Sherie North
10. Frank Sinatra 137. Rock Hudson 217. Eva Marie Saint
17. Bing Crosby 147. Tab Hunter 226. Victoria Shaw
20. Bing Crosby 152. Maria and Gower Champion 229. Pat Boone
22. Bing Crosby 175. Charlton Heston 231. Don Murray
29. Bing Crosby 189. Pat Crowley 238. Diana Dors
30. Bing Crosby 211. Bob Fosse 239. Judy Busch
32. Bing Crosby 213. James Dean 241. Lawrence Welk
33. Bing Crosby 214. Sherie North 242. Alice Lon
34. Bing Crosby 215. Kim Novak 243. Larry Dean
35. Bing Crosby 216. Richard Davalos 244. Buddy Merrill
38. Bing Crosby 221. Dewey Martin 247. Sanford Clark
40. Bing Crosby 223. Jayne Mansfield 249. John Saxon
41. Bing Crosby 224. Dick York 250. Dean Stockwell
42. Bing Crosby 225. Elvis Presley 251. Diane Jergens
49. Bing Crosby 232. Don Cherry 258. Luana Patten
50. Bing Crosby 233. Pat Wayne 259. Dennis Hopper
52. Bing Crosby 235. Anita Ekberg 261. Tommy Sands
53. Bing Crosby 236. Corey Allen 262. Will Hutchins

**WORLD WIDE, DEPT. WG-5-57**

112 Main St., Ossining, N. Y.

I enclose $ ______ for ______ candid pictures of my favorite stars and have circled the numbers of the ones you are to send me by return mail.

NAME ________________________________

STREET ________________________________

CITY ________________________________

ZONE ______ STATE __________________________

Fill out and mail coupon today. Send cash or money order. 12 pictures for $1. 6 for 50c.

Happy in a big role with David Wayne, Joanne Woodward's mum about love about it because the Indian beauty asked her studio to soft-pedal the publicity. . . Jane Wyman denied her next husband will be a handsome TV executive. Susan Hayward denied she was going to marry Eaton Chalkley too—until she married him! . . . Beautiful Pat Hardy knows exactly what Richard Egan likes to eat, because she goes marketing with his mother. Pat didn't say it, but the fact still remains: The way to a man's heart is you know what.

**Win or Lose:** It doesn't happen often, so you know Paul Newman was deserving. The town was indignant when he lost an Oscar nomination for that brilliant performance in "Somebody Up There Likes Me." Despite Paul's aversion to living in the spotlight, word leaked out that Joanne Woodward will be the next Mrs. Newman. She's the talented young actress 20th Century-Fox picked for the tough title role of "Three Faces of Eve," who was psychoanalyzed "to help me understand the people I play." Their studios say it's friendship.
"...takes to water like a duck"

It's the only pincurl permanent that's actually
WEATHERPROOF!

Soft, shiny curls! Guaranteed to last longer than any other pincurl wave!

It's always fair weather when you and Pin-Quick get together. Pin-Quick curls stay firm and springy in all kinds of weather—and they're locked in to last! New Pin-Quick's Lano-Clear Lotion babies each curl with lanolin as it waves in soft, casual curls. And wonderful new Silicone in Pin-Quick gives your hair a new lasting sheen.

Pin-Quick's 5 times faster, too. It's the only pincurl permanent with a neutralizer...you can dry it safely in minutes with a dryer—or in the sun. Rain or shine, look your prettiest with new Weatherproof Pin-Quick. $1.75 plus tax.

New Siliconed

PIN·QUICK

by

Richard Hudnut

Richard Hudnut guarantees new Pin-Quick to last longer than any other pincurl permanent—or your money back!

ACCESSORIES THAT TRAVEL WITH EASE

Hand-stitched cotton shorty with a tab 'n' button trim. Black, red, white, beige, gray. Dawnelle. $3.50

Flat, smooth satchel of burnished leather, designed to serve as a vanity. Theodor of California. About $8*

Summer spark: white enameled ferns, bead clusters on gilt. Necklace, bracelet, earrings, pin, each $2*. Coro

Classic favorite: high-flying spectator in white leather and perforated tropic tan. By Trim Tred. About $10

Spacious shoulder bag, strikingly hand-tanned in natural cowhide. Leather-lined. By Clifton. About $15*

Travelers with a small, soft satchel in kid calf, working magic with fire inner pockets. Meeker. $18*

Flash a sparkling foot in black and white plaid straw, a neat pump with patent trim. Connie by Wohl. $8.95

For fashionable necklines, lustrous fresh-water pearls, hand-knotted, clasped in sterling. Richelieu. $15*

Sleek calf rectangle bag with outside pockets for a traveler's ease. Black, navy, red. Rambler. $10.95*

*plus tax

Accessories at leading stores cross-country, or see buying guide, page 118

INSIDE STUFF
Continued

Ava, with Walter Chiari here, had herself some typical Gardner adventures but friends says it's love. . . . This came straight to us from an eye witness. The evening was late, most of the guests had departed, but amongst those remaining were the Dan Daileys. It isn't news that they quarreled publicly. This time, one word led to another until Gwen tossed a drink in Dan's face. He just sat there and said nothing. According to our informant, Gwen said, in effect, that she envied one person, Gloria Noble. As you know, Gloria is the second Mrs. Donald O'Connor. When Gwen was married to Donald she was so unhappy she divorced him. Eventually she married one of the nicest guys in Hollywood, Dan Dailey. Where do we go from here?

Ava, Dear Ava: This could be one of those stories that doesn't have to be believed, but it is said that Ava Gardner, driving recently from Madrid to Rome, stopped off in Nice and phoned the palace at Monte Carlo to ask after little Caroline, only to find she couldn't get Caroline's mother, Princess Grace, on the phone. Perhaps the palace servants didn't really believe it was she, but whatever the reason, Ava undoubtedly was very upset. Incidentally, Ava quite unknowingly started a small scandal in France during this drive, which she made with her sister Bea in her new white Cadillac. Foreign tourists are allowed all the gas they need in France, in spite of the shortage, but they have to get it legally—that is, by applying for coupons at the local police headquarters or automobile club. Ignorant of this, Ava blithely crossed the border from Spain with a powerful car and not much gas in the tank. In her own way she managed to get enough of the stuff to get her to Nice, where the local authorities gallantly promised to reimburse the stations at which she had stopped with the coupons they needed. But it was strictly against the rules, aside from the fact that Ava is not very likely to have a careful account of just where she got gas, and how much.
IT'S A WONDERFUL WAY TO GO TO Bermuda

By Nightclub

By Swimming Pool

By Restaurant

By Sun Deck

P.S. ample space for BAGGAGE
... plus PACKAGES coming home

All this... When You Cruise there on

FURNESS BERMUDA LINE

34 Whitehall Street, New York 4, N. Y.
I don't think June Allyson should have left Dick Powell; or Lana Turner, Lex Barker. June and Lana will discover that a good man is hard to find for keeps... Kim Novak seldom middle-roads anything, The Lavender Lady either likes you all the way or it's absolutely nothing... I couldn't name you the ten best movies I ever saw without wanting to change the list ten minutes later... With the pace the studios are setting and the speed Natalie Wood maintains, I wouldn't be surprised if Warners announced they're filming "The Natalie Wood Story,... Wonder how Joe Pasternak feels about having used Carroll Baker in a picture a few years ago as a big favor for a friend and then let the "Baby Doll" go?... Shelley Winters is still inventing herself and is still a great talent scout for herself, Shelley picked Tony Franciosa when the only camera he had ever faced was a Brownie,... The Changing Times: Of all the actors who behave and look like Marlon Brando, you can quickly distinguish the genuine thing because Marlon's jacket matches his trousers,... I've yet to see a guy carrying the torch done right in a movie,... Joan Blackman trying to describe the performance of an actress she didn't like: "She's a girl who makes sex dull."... Zsa Zsa Gabor's advice, addressing a Women's Club: "Whatever you do, don't marry a man younger than yourself—unless he has inherited millions,... Do me a favor and see "The Bachelor Party," Don Murray and Patricia Smith will make you feel proud of the human race, which can use a bit of it these days... Shirley MacLaine doesn't drink. She's that funny naturally, which makes it fun to be with Shirley,... I wonder how Susan Hayward would look without freckles. In "Morning Glory," Katharine Hepburn played Eva Lovelace, giving the mimics a great hunk of material; and in "Stage Struck," Susan Strasberg plays Eva Lovelace, and the mimics are waiting for the new edition to be released. ... Mitzi Gaynor: "It's a secret. Kay (Kendall) told me not to tell anyone, and everyone I tell has already heard it. Fine secret!... I wouldn't believe Elvis Presley listened to Lawrence Welk records even if I saw it... I don't know an actor who's working harder to be an actor than Tony Curtis,... Mamie Van Doren sometimes wonders how come she never posed in the nude for a calendar or statue,... Because of those old movies on television, I've fallen in love with Priscilla Lane again,... Charlton Heston has the kind of face that looks as if he's already been waited on,... After the movies "The Great Man" and "A Face in the Crowd" and the TV show "The Comedian," I'm suspicious of every comic on television, especially if he has humility,... The Changing Times: A few years ago when a man was known to be an independent producer, the standard remark was: "What's he got to be independent about?"... Now when a major studio is mentioned, someone is certain to ask: "What have they got to be independent about?"... Janet Leigh can't resist luxurious cashmere sweaters. They fill her with joy and she returns the compliment. ... Our good friend Mike Curtiz talent scouting: "I'm looking for a seventeen-year-old boy with twenty years acting experience." Burt Lancaster feels all dressed up only when he wears a white shirt,... Joan Crawford has a television set and a robe at the foot of her bed,... Now what made me wonder what Linda Christian is doing?... Abe Burrows' definition of glamour: That certain indefinable something about an actress who has a large bosom. I'm ready for another type performance from Yul Brynner,... I don't care what Emily Post says, I believe it's proper to whistle at Ava Gardner,... Rock Hudson and wife Phyllis often dine by candlelight, if you please,... In the movie colonies you often forget who is related to whom. Mickey Rooney is Lana Turner's ex-husband's ex-wife's ex-husband. That's Hollywood for you!
New INNER GLOW! It's the lipstick that stays fresh and glowing... with color that never gets that dead, flat look! Even when it's been on all day!

INNER GLOW actually puts a dew-soft, transparent color-guard on your lips that keeps them velvety-soft and moist. The color shines through... shimmering, alive, and its radiance lasts without a letdown all the livelong day!

NEW INNER GLOW LIPSTICK IN 7 STAY-BRIGHT SHADES
RHYTHM-IN-RED—blue-red
PINK PLUM—deep pink
LOOK-OUT RED—true-red
PINK-A-BOO—rosy pink
TROPIC SUN—golden red
PEACH-OF-A-PINK—rosy coral
CORAL—bright coral

CASHMERE BOUQUET COSMETICS...for all your beauty needs
PERIODIC PAIN
It's downright foolish to suffer in silence every month. Let Midol's 3-way action bring you complete relief from functional menstrual distress. Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water...that's all. Midol relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues."

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW" a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dept. B-57, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

Jean's RADIANT WITH MIDOL
All Drugstores have Midol

723—This becoming maternity top is a wonderfully cool style for summer. Trim neckline, pockets with gay embroidery! Maternity misses' sizes 10-12; 14-16 included. Has pattern, transfer, directions.

662—Little girls will love this full-skirted dress with pretty daisy bodice trim! Make a perky "flower" pocket, too. Child's sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. Includes both tissue pattern and embroidery transfers. STATE SIZE.

733—Lovely centerpiece for your table. This graceful bowl and doily ensemble includes the combination or 17-inch doily alone. A cinch to crochet in heavy jiffy cotton. Starch petaled bowl for stiffness.

Send twenty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to: PHOTOLAY, 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.
the kiss of spring for your hair... Tweed Soft Fragrance Shampoo

...the outdoor fragrance, clean feel and young look that make you happy-to-be-alive! Exciting new Tweed Soft Fragrance Shampoo gives your hair a billion bubble beauty bath. Fine, rich lather cleanses thoroughly, gently... safeguards the precious natural oil that keeps your hair soft, easy to manage—sparkling with Springtime freshness all year 'round.

Tweed Soft Fragrance Shampoo by Lenthéric—69¢ and $1.
There's more to fabulous new Solitair than meets the eye...more than the soft, natural beauty it gives your skin! For Solitair alone—of all make-ups—contains a remarkable new skin discovery, Vita-Lite, it's called...and wonderful, it is!

As you smooth on Solitair with a moist sponge, Vita-Lite penetrates helps restore moisture...stimulates circulation so that your skin "wakes up" to a new kind of dewy freshness and youthful glow. Day by day, your complexion grows lovelier...minor imperfections and tired lines seem to disappear.

Like college beauty queens, give yourself this chance for a glamorous new look. Soon, get Solitair, the young make-up, so perfect for skin of any age.

Sold at better drug and all variety stores.

The ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL, with its coral-tinted walls and lovely surrounding palms, is as much a part of Hawaii as the famous Diamond Head seen from the Royal's grounds. Dining service that is world-renowned...nightly entertainment and dancing...sunning and swimming on Royal's private beach.

Truly a dream vacation in the "land-where-dreams-come-true."
New and lavish

Scented like perfume from Paris that would cost you $25.00 an ounce

Blended with fine cold cream

Probably the most lavish soap that ever pampered your skin (yet costs no more than ordinary soaps)

Kept fresh and fragrant in Pink Pearl foil
LIZ and MIKE'S Madcap Marriage

BY MAXINE SMITH

Is Liz another Mike Todd production or will the brash, dynamic showman help her achieve her greatest ambition?

"I think Mike Todd is the only man Liz has never had a 'crush' on. This is no schoolgirl affair. I think she is deeply in love for the first time." This was an old friend talking, a woman who had known Liz since her first "crushes" when she was barely into her teens. She was one of a handful of guests who had been invited to Mike and Liz's wedding in Acapulco. And she added, "I think it's the only time I have ever seen Liz look really grown-up." (Continued on page 113)
Joan's a girl who knows where she's going. But there's been a change—in her direction

BY CARL CLEMENT

She Learned To Say No!

With Richard Burton, Joan plays nun in "Seawife"

- Joan Collins, confiding to a friend, said recently, "I used to do everything anybody told me was wrong." And Joan, who is one of the frankest girls in Hollywood, added, "And I knew I was wrong, too."

This confession of past sins is a key to the Collins character that has alternately bewildered and charmed, shocked and delighted the people who knew and worked with her in the past. Her independent spirit, her unwillingness to conform, led to a series of misadventures that Joan now looks back on with amusement mixed with a little sorrow. When she was twelve she was dismissed from a very fashionable boarding school in England for an infraction of the rules, at eighteen she entered into an unhappy marriage with a man twelve years her senior ("Max Reed was the first grown-up I ever met and I wanted to be grown-up too") and three years ago she arrived in Hollywood looking and acting like a juvenile delinquent—a part she had played in eight grade-B British shockers. A columnist reported at the time, "She bounced into town wearing makeup an inch thick and dag-gered platinum fingernails, then confused her American hosts by mixing bop talk with a clipped British accent." Her description of Hollywood as "cool and crazy" made good copy for the papers and she made a point of seeing to it that the description fitted her.

Joan was hailed as a real bundle from Blighty, Britain's answer to Ava (Continued on page 110)
ON MEN AND MATRIMONY

BY PATTY DE ROULF

“I suppose there are some people who think Lydia and I are old-fashioned,” Chuck Heston said quietly, “naive, perhaps, because we believe in the sanctity of marriage, and that there can be no double standard for two people who really love each other.” Heston paused as if he were considering his next remarks carefully. “Perhaps I’m puritanical, but I can’t agree with the conduct of European husbands who boast that a flirtation—even an affair—with another woman is all right as long as their wives don’t know about it, and it is done discreetly. I’m glad that American women won’t stand for that, glad that most American husbands have a deeper respect for their wives.”

The next question was impertinent, but it seemed the place to ask it. Why had he been faithful to Lydia?

Chuck’s answer was straightforward and honest.

“It’s very simple,” he said, undisturbed by the question. “I’ve been in love with Lydia since I was seventeen. And the reason I’ve never cheated and never wanted to is that I happen to like my marriage. Nothing would be worth jeopardizing it. I know, too, that if I were unfaithful it would destroy everything I believe in. And, besides, (Continued on page 103)
Instead of collecting memories of exotic places and people, Yvonne De Carlo stores images of a baby’s laughter, a husband’s tenderness and the day in, day out joys of living

BY HOWARD EISENBERG

World-wandering Yvonne has seen exotic palms and distant jungles, but likes her home plants best

Young Bruce, born last July, himself constitutes a whole new world for filmdom’s dancing-girl star
Not too long ago, a director, summing up the talent situation over a late afternoon cocktail, dismissed Yvonne De Carlo with a quip: "Yvonne, in most of her films, she never had to learn new lines, just a few new hip movements."

No one stopped to argue the point and the statement stood as true. It was—to an extent. To Hollywood, the smoky-eyed beauty could be counted on for some spectacular shipboard cheesecake and a competent Western picture, but no one took her seriously as an actress. Most people, if quizzed, probably couldn't remember the name of the last picture they'd seen her in: "Casbah" or "Buccaneer's Girl," "River Lady" or "Frontier Gal." The directors and co-stars varied; occasionally the scripts, but Yvonne, whether a dance-hall siren or a Midwest harem beauty, came out as always: sultry and sexy. In fact, it is (Continued on page 111)
The other day, Tony Curtis walked into a restaurant in Beverly Hills to keep an appointment for an interview. He was wearing a pin-stripe gray suit, a white shirt with the collar buttoned down in the best Madison Avenue style and a most sincere tie. He looked like an aspiring young bank executive. And it wasn't hard to visualize in the background the Mercedes-Benz he drives and the three-wheeled Messerschmidt he'd brought back from Paris along with a graceful smattering of French phrases.

Lucky guy, he has a beautiful wife, a movie star in her own right named Janet Leigh, and a year-old daughter, Kelly Lee. When he entertains, he does it graciously in a home made comfortable with original French abstract paintings. He has a spacious swimming pool and a telescope with a six-inch reflector—Tony's pride. And recently, he announced the beginnings of his own production and management corporation called Curtleigh.

Yet, it took no strain—it seemed like only yesterday—to remember when Tony Curtis first landed in Hollywood—some nine years ago. There were no photographers or reporters waiting to greet him then. In fact, the first anyone heard of Tony was a few buried items in the local columns. Who knows whether they were true? One lady columnist insisted (Continued on page 92)
IT'S NEWS... IN HOLLYWOOD

Tab Hunter (left) started a trend with a sensational “Young Love” disc. When it hit the select “gold record” class with sales of a million-plus, platter-makers began to round up other golden (they hope) Hollywood voices. Natalie Wood was signed fast; so were Sal Mineo, Bob Wagner, Bob Mitchum (who’s done some balladeering in movies). Dee-jays will also spin discs by the Champions, Debra Paget, Rita Moreno, Rory Calhoun.

Join the movies and see the world. Hollywoodites have now turned into cosmopolites, comparing notes on long-range location trips. The West Indies welcomed the “Island in the Sun” troupe (Mason, Belafonte, Collins), “Fire Down Below” (Hayworth, Mitchum, Lemmon). Ladd went to Greece for “Boy on a Dolphin”; “The Pride and the Passion” took Sinatra and Grant to Spain; Hudson made “Something of Value” deep in Africa.

Tony Perkins, with his first leading role, sounds an alert even for more experienced actors. Veterans admit they’d have been proud of his powerful work in “Fear Strikes Out” (left, with Norma Moore). More proof that a more-than-pretty new generation is coming up: homespun Andy Griffith, challenging an unlikable role in “A Face in the Crowd”; rugged young Ben Gazzara, challenging older tough guys with “The Strange One.”

To tint or not to tint? While TV is campaigning for color, putting more and more of its top shows into that gay medium, Hollywood can take it or leave it. The Perkins, Griffith and Gazzara pictures are all done in good old-fashioned black and white, because color isn’t needed in such realistic, character-centered films. For precedent, movie-makers point to untinted classics: “From-Here to Eternity,” “Marty,” “The Rose Tattoo.”
Audrey Hepburn sets the town a-buzz by swinging joyously into the new guise of song-and-dance gal. Hers is the “Funny Face” of the movie’s title, and fun it is. Those gamin Hepburn features turn to the spirit of humor as exuberantly as her slim body does, with this crazy bit of sexy stepping in a smoke-dimmed dive. Color? Love in Paris cries out for color; it’s used, with a daring that makes “Funny Face” a talk-topic.
A yen for show business was
ESCAPE TO HAPPINESS

BY GEORGE SCULLIN

Stardust in her eyes, wisecracks and jive talk, success by its tail and then, for Doris, grim reality

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE: In Part I of Doris Day's complete personal story, the writer talks with Doris and together they begin to retrace the steps of the past.

• Doris Day was born in Cincinnati, Ohio. From her mother Alma, she got the lighthearted, gregarious buoyancy that is her hallmark today and the yen and flair for show business that has led to stardom. Friends of the family recall that even before Doris was born, her mother was hoping for a girl, and that the girl would become an actress. She had her (Continued on page 105)

always there, says Doris, looking back over her childhood and early teens

Snapshots from the past: a happy one-year-old at left; at three, she poses seriously with brother Paul; later with her own son, Terry, and bandleader Barney Rapp
Full Treatment: "When they got through I was immune to smallpox, typhus, cholera and tetanus but I had a heck of a cold"

Tony Takes a Giant Step

To make a new picture he stuffed bare feet into Seven League boots

- Tony Perkins, whose long legs have carried him from obscurity to fame in two short years, recently took the biggest step of his life—his first trip abroad to Bangkok, Thailand, to begin Columbia's "The Sea Wall."

Tony's last days were full and frenzied. Right after he finished Paramount's "The Tin Star" he hopped a plane to

Continued

Parting Shots: "The doctor said it wouldn't hurt. After the ninth needle I didn't care any more"
Shirley Sally: “Shirley Jones asked if I was packing shoes. How do you like that?”

Message Center: “At the Chateau Marmont there were no calls for Tony Perkins. But oh, that staggering stack of mail!”

Last Call: “Soon as I got upstairs the phone started ringing. It will be plenty quiet in Bangkok!”

New York to bid goodbye to his friends and his mother and to recover in his tiny Manhattan apartment from a heavy schedule of “shots” to help ward off Bangkok’s “evil spirits.” Between sessions with the needle, he visited shows and shopped. (At Tiffany’s, he purchased a pair of gold drop earrings, but for whom he wouldn’t say.)

Back on the Coast, before flying westward, Tony house hunted, was interviewed, and sat for stills at Paramount. (He arrived barefoot at the studio “in training for shoeless Bangkok.”) The photographer claims that Tony was so excited about going that he downed not one, but four bottles of pop to settle his nerves.

While all of this was going on, Tony was trying to track down an elusive passport that trailed him back and forth across the country.

The day before leaving, Tony picked up his mail, packed his bags—two suits, a sport coat and several pairs of dungarees—and kissed the girls goodbye.

A half hour late at the airport the next day, Tony had to sprint to catch his plane, already on the runway. Reluctantly, it taxied back to pick him up. A friend, watching him clamber up the steps, remarked, “Tony can certainly move when he wants to. Those legs of his are going to take him a long, long way.”

The End
Tony Takes a Giant Step

Time's Up: "Who haven't I called? What have I forgotten? ... a toot on the horn outside and it's Joanne Woodward to say goodbye. What a nice way to go when you've got to go"

Photographed by Dick Miller, Globe
All that Heaven allows for Anne Baxter today is caught in the smile of five-year-old Katrina
and...

PART II
WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE: Anne Baxter, child of fortune, could have accepted a life of ease. Instead, at fifteen she had won her way to Hollywood; at nineteen she was a star. Sensitive and intelligent amid Hollywood's glitter, she struggled to find herself as a woman and to make her way as an actress.

- The first time Anne Baxter saw John Hodiak, the man she was eventually going to marry, was at the Bel Air home of director Alfred Hitchcock.

  She recognized Hodiak immediately. His face was on tens of thousands of posters and nationwide advertisements as one of the stars of Hitchcock's "Lifeboat." At the time he was creating the same sort of public impression that Marlon Brando was to make some ten years later. As for Anne, at nineteen she had already been in the film colony four years and had been featured or starred in a dozen top pictures.

  But since they had never been introduced, that morning Anne Baxter and John Hodiak only nodded to each other. They might never have met if Hitchcock hadn't entered the room at that moment and introduced them. Anne, already interested at first sight by Hodiak, could hardly restrain the excitement that was bubbling up inside her.

  "Even so," she remembers, "our conversation amounted to practically nothing. We talked, but it was just a polite exchange of the usual clichés—a sort of fence of words behind which we took occasional peeks and studied each other. As I found out later, if John didn't know you well enough to trust you, it was like trying to touch someone shielded behind a pane of glass. There is no actual contact. And I was afraid to talk to him because I felt I was falling in love. A word or a gesture might make the wrong (Continued on page 115)

Can Anne Baxter find, in recent tragedy, the answer to her future?

BY LOUIS POLLOCK
Glad news and sad news—Debbie Reynolds as a wife, Tab Hunter as a groom.

Maybe Debbie and Eddie's "once and for always" feeling will rub off on their pals Mike Todd and Elizabeth Taylor.

**No More Brides?** Helen Rose is running out of brides on the Metro lot. When Helen created Liz Taylor's first bridal gown for her elaborate church wedding to Nicky Hilton, the famous designer never dreamed she'd wind up sending Liz a second one to London for her Claxton Hall ceremony with Mike Wilding and that five short years later Miss Taylor would SOS her again to ship a hydrangea blue chiffon down to Mexico for her vows of love with Mike Todd. Jane Powell is another M-G-M youngster whom Helen twice dressed as a bride—for her marriages to Geary Steffen and to Pat Nerny. Then came the beautiful Fisher body—Debbie Reynolds—whose motto is "Once a bride, always a bride, to the same groom." And finally Her Grace, the Princess of Monaco. Since Grace's gown was televised and photographed for the entire world, I don't have to tell you that Helen really outdid herself with this exquisite creation, and it cost $4,000. It was a wedding dress to the bride from the studio she had left behind. Now Helen suddenly finds herself bereft of bridal prospects. "I thought I had found one in Barbara Lang, a lovely newcomer with an exquisite figure, whom Metro recently put under contract," Helen told me. "And then I discovered she is already married."

**Sad News:** The saddest news that has come out of Hollywood since the untimely death of Humphrey Bogart is the tragic bulletin that Georgia and Red Skelton's first-born and only son, nine-year-old Richard, is fatally ill of an incurable blood disease known as leukemia. It's tragic enough that his mother and father have to live with this incontrollable truth, but why did Dickie have to be told, too? There is no time limit to leukemia. While there is life, there is hope, and always the prayer that the never-ending research of scientists will one day effect a cure. For Dickie, with all the exuberant spirits of a growing boy, his hospital check-up held no fears. Had he been the son of an ordinary citizen, he would have left the hospital to resume his normal routine, never knowing that his life is to be cut down before it has really begun. But because his father is a famous star, the medical report of his illness was flashed to the press—and to Dickie. He was watching TV along with ninety other young hospital patients when, with no warning, he heard the grim announcement. Ironically enough, most of the follow-up bulletins said that Dickie himself was completely unaware of the seriousness of his illness. How much...
star, Red Skelton as a father, Ingrid Bergman as a woman • BY RADIE HARRIS

kinder it would have been for all concerned if this medical report had been kept confidential as it should have been.
I know whereof I speak. I lost my twin brother to the same dread disease. On the day he died, he said to me, "I was pretty sick, wasn't I?" The fact that he never knew what lay ahead helped to make the fearful secret we kept from him bearable to the end. And yet the fact that Dickie Skelton does know should not make him or Red and Georgia despair. That miracle cure may be just around the corner.

Bergman Bullyhoof: It was an English statesman who said, "There is nothing that succeeds so well as success." And certainly nowhere in the world is success so worshipped as here in America. I couldn't help but reflect about this when Ingrid Bergman returned to the United States for the first time since her self-imposed exile seven and a half years ago. She came back on a veritable tidal wave of success. The New

served for her own personal happiness, seem to have readjusted their lives. As Ingrid stepped off the plane that brought her to New York for a brief thirty-six hours, no prodigal daughter ever had a more triumphant homecoming. But suppose the "happy ending" had been different? Suppose Ingrid's marriage had failed, and her career, which some say was ebbing abroad, hadn't been resuscitated by the lucky offer from an American film company, 20th Century-Fox, of the role in "Anastasia." Suppose she had come back to the States with defeat, not victory, as her traveling companion. What, I wonder, would her reception have been?

Serious Youngsters: Whether it is the Actors Studio that is responsible for the new behavior pattern of young talent today I wouldn't be sure, but the

York Film Critics had voted her "the best actress of the year" for her performance in "Anastasia." Hollywood echoed this opinion by giving her an Academy Award sweepstakes ticket. Her Paris stage debut in "Tea and Sympathy" has added further laurels to her career. Her marriage to Roberto Rossellini, which had defied all the conventions, had also defied the prediction that it would never last. Fooling the skeptics, she is a radiantly happy wife and mother of three cherubic youngsters, for whom she took back a new jungle gym and many other American toys, though she didn't have time to do any shopping for herself. Her ex-husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, now remarried, and her first daughter, Pia, now named Jennie Ann, whom she had
der for her own personal happiness, seem to have readjusted their lives. As Ingrid stepped off the plane that brought her to New York for a brief thirty-six hours, no prodigal daughter ever had a more triumphant homecoming. But suppose the "happy ending" had been different? Suppose Ingrid's marriage had failed, and her career, which some say was ebbing abroad, hadn't been resuscitated by the lucky offer from an American film company, 20th Century-Fox, of the role in "Anastasia." Suppose she had come back to the States with defeat, not victory, as her traveling companion. What, I wonder, would her reception have been?

Serious Youngsters: Whether it is the Actors Studio that is responsible for the new behavior pattern of young talent today I wouldn't be sure, but the

fact remains that most of the crop of new personalities I meet now have a serious approach to their work that is a far cry from the days when an actor was content to collect a salary check every week, coast on his popularity and let the future take care of itself.

Take Tab Hunter and Don Murray for example—and that's good work if you can get it! (Continued on page 88)
The town turned out in breathless excitement for its greatest night of the season when the Photoplay Gold Medals were handed out.
There's one thing about Hollywood parties—the more successful they are, the more to talk about afterward. By such standards, PHOTOPLAY's Gold Medal Awards dinner in the Crystal Room of the luxurious Beverly Hills Hotel can be tagged as one of the greatest.

It was an evening that had everything. There was laughter—over Gold Medal winner Rock Hudson's breaking into a beet-red blush. There were tears—joyous ones shed by Barbara Stanwyck when hundreds of stars stood up to applaud her. (Continued on page 90)
Rock Hudson pushed back his chair and lit a cigarette, sending smoke curling into the air. He had been asked if he considered himself mature, grown up. The question had been tossed at Rock as a kind of teaser to get him to talk. But he was treating it seriously, as if it was something that he was anxious to chat about, to get off his chest. His face grew thoughtful and he seemed to be carefully weighing his answer.

"If you mean in the sense that I've stopped growing," he replied, "or have achieved a state of perfection, I guess I'm not mature. But to me maturity also means getting into a well-worn groove. And I've always tried hard to avoid that."

Rock leaned casually across the lunch table. "I refuse to follow any pattern, or do certain things because other people do them. You know," he added, half laughing, "I wouldn't buy a Cadillac even if I could afford one. It's a great car but there are just too
a Man Room to Grow

Within, each of us struggles for something.

Today, Rock Hudson asks himself a question which perhaps you are better qualified to answer than he is • BY HYATT DOWNING

many of them around here. I know that sounds like a kind of inverted snobbishness but the truth is, I just hate to get into line. So I prefer to drive something else.”

Could this account for his not having been married until he was thirty?

He laughed, his head thrown back. “Maybe it was reluctance. But that’s not exactly fair to Phyllis. The truth of the matter is it just took me a long time to find the right girl.”

Rock won’t discuss his marriage. He feels it’s too precious to talk about casually. But about himself Rock is glad to discuss anything. His own maturity, or lack of it—he’d be glad to talk about that.

“I find that I’m learning to mature by solving my own inadequacies. I guess a lot of people don’t believe it but I fight anxiety all the time.”

How could a man who was as successful as he he had them licked.

“Perhaps he’s been taught about speech and diction. Then when I go out on the stage and look into the blurred faces of all those people out front, everything I’ve learned deserts me. I’m literally scared right down to the soles of my feet. I really suffer for the first five minutes. Then I remember to talk simply and directly, kind of visit with my audience, instead of talking at them. Then I’m all right.”

Recently Rock was a guest of Marietta, Ohio, the home of Dean Hess, the flying chaplain, whom he played in “Battle Hymn.” Not only was it a great day for Hess, who was being honored by his fellow citizens, but also for Hudson who received a degree of Doctor of Humanities from Marietta College. It was a memorable moment in Rock’s life. He wore his cap and gown proudly, and he was deeply grateful for the honor that was bestowed upon him. No other personal appearance had made him feel so happy and humble at the same time.

A waitress came over and put some rolls on the table. Rock picked one up and he absentmindedly munched on it. He was sort of wound up and he went on as if he wanted to talk it out. “And, you know, it’s the same way when I begin on a new picture. I’m swamped with the same old anxieties, not being good enough, not up to the role I’ve got to play. You should have seen me before I started making ‘Giant’—finger-nails chewed to the quick, mouth as dry as a chip. In the first few scenes I worked like a slave with a bullwhip being cracked over him. I was that way until George Stevens, the director, told me to calm down a bit and take it easy. After that (Continued on page 109)
WIN...

A TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD

Fly to California in Luxury via American Airlines
and Live Like a Movie Star for Five Days

Your dream can come true! Here's your chance to travel to Hollywood in style, to live like a movie star for five days, with all expenses paid. What's more, you have four chances to win. Four winners will be chosen — and here are some of the exciting Hollywood activities you will enjoy:

• Stay at Hollywood-Roosevelt Hotel
• Be served breakfast in bed
• Have an M-G-M limousine at your command for a day
• Tour the M-G-M studio
• Lunch in the M-G-M studio commissary
• Visit the makeup salon of beauty expert William Tuttle
• Visit Helen Rose in her costume designing studio
• Lunch at the Brown Derby
• Have dinner at the Moulin Rouge
• Dine and dance at the famous Cocoanut Grove
• Visit the Max Factor Salon for a complete makeup treatment
• Receive twenty-five dollars as “pin money” for your stay and enjoy many more thrilling events and sightseeing trips.

Four More Chances to Win

Aside from the four winners, four runners-up will also be chosen. They'll each receive a real travel-luxury gift — a set of beautiful Samsonite Ultralite luggage, pictured here and on page 79.

Reach for That Dream — Now!

Study the contest rules printed here. They're simple. Write a last line to the jingle. (As a sample, it could be: “They might inspire a wedding cake!”) Name the glamorous fashions worn by Lauren Bacall and Dolores Gray as created by Helen Rose for M-G-M’s “Designing Woman.” (For instance, you might wish to call Fashion 2 “Stripes of Fancy,” or Fashion 4 “A Trail of Roses.”) Let your fancy have free rein! And do remember that, since you must name all four costumes, with a winner to be chosen in each category, you’ll have four chances to win the big prize, and four more to be a lucky runner-up. If you have the imagination to dream of a trip to Movietown, you surely have what’s needed to win a vacation there this easy, exciting way! Good luck!

Contest Rules

1. Fill in the last line of the jingle printed here. Also, suggest an appropriate name for each of the four fashions pictured. All entries must be complete, with last line of jingle plus four names. Entries must be submitted on the blank printed opposite.
2. Give your complete name and address and mail your entry to: Win a Trip to Hollywood Contest, Box 1358, Grand Central Station, New York 17. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, May 15.
3. To be eligible to enter you must be over 21 (winners will be asked to submit proof of age). Anyone living in the continental United States or Canada is eligible, except employees of Macfadden Publications and their advertising agencies.
4. Winners must be prepared to make the trip to Hollywood during the month of August 1957. Winners will be notified by July 1, and the results of the contest announced in the September, 1957, issue of Photoplay (on sale August). This contest is subject to all federal and state regulations.
5. The editors of Photoplay magazine will be the sole judges of the contest and each entrant agrees to accept their decisions as final. All entries become the property of Macfadden Publications, to be used as they see fit. No entries will be returned. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
6. Each entry must be the original work of the contestant and submitted in his or her name. Joint entries will not be accepted.
Write a last line for this jingle:

"Designing Woman" meets the test
Of how a star can look her best.
While clothes may not a woman make

NAME EACH OF THESE COSTUMES

Designed by Helen Rose
for Lauren Bacall and Dolores Gray in
M-G-M's "Designing Woman"

ENTRY BLANK... WIN A TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD CONTEST

Fill in names for each fashion pictured:

Fashion 1: ........................................
Fashion 2: ........................................
Fashion 3: ........................................
Fashion 4: ........................................

Fill in and mail this entry blank to PHOTOPLAY'S
Win a Trip to Hollywood
Contest, Box 1358, Grand
Central Station, New
York 17, New York.

NAME EACH OF THESE COSTUMES

Designed by Helen Rose
for Lauren Bacall and Dolores Gray in
M-G-M's "Designing Woman"

ENTRY BLANK... WIN A TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD CONTEST

Write a last line for this jingle:

"Designing Woman" meets the test
Of how a star can look her best.
While clothes may not a woman make

NAME EACH OF THESE COSTUMES

Designed by Helen Rose
for Lauren Bacall and Dolores Gray in
M-G-M's "Designing Woman"

ENTRY BLANK... WIN A TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD CONTEST

Fill in names for each fashion pictured:

Fashion 1: ........................................
Fashion 2: ........................................
Fashion 3: ........................................
Fashion 4: ........................................

Fill in and mail this entry blank to PHOTOPLAY'S
Win a Trip to Hollywood
Contest, Box 1358, Grand
Central Station, New
York 17, New York.
GO...

TO HOLLYWOOD

Metro Goldwyn Mayer

Ciro's Parking Enter Here

Bit of Sweden Cocktails

Hie to Chinatown, and find Kathy Grant and James Darren hieing too.

These striped 'n' solid vacationers, by Jantzen. Each, $5.
You dreamed of it. You, in Hollywood, tracking down stars along Wilshire Boulevard, having fun finding Farmer’s Market. Well, here’s one dream you can put into action. Yes, on your budget, too! Just read on and you’ll discover where to stay and the best places to play; where to dine and what to wear. You’ll find a list of travel fares and restaurant charges along with rates for hotel accommodations and sightseeing sprees. It’s all here, to make your Hollywood vacation planning perfect.

To begin with, you may be en route with only a single day to spare. Instead of overwhelming you with the many excitements of a month in Hollywood, we’ll start with a day’s visit. Then, slowly around this schedule, we’ll build a longer calendar of events.

If you’re in Hollywood for only a day, chances are you’ll arrive at International Airport. What to do? Well, first check your luggage. Then go over to the Los Angeles Airways counter and make arrangements for a helicopter ride to Disneyland. The flight is twenty delightful minutes long, each way, and the cost is fourteen dollars round trip, including transportation tax. Take your camera for the opportunities of getting exciting pictures from this low-flying whirlybird are really fabulous.

*See more travel tips in M-G-M’s glamour film, “Designing Woman”*
If you are driving, simply follow the Santa Ana Freeway to Harbor Boulevard just beyond Buena Park. There are Disneyland direction signs along the way, so you can't miss it.

Statistics: Disneyland contains 160 acres of pure magic. It is open from 10 A.M. until 9 P.M. daily. Admission, adults, $1; children, 50¢. As you enter, the first thing you see is the train (a great picture). The ride is 50¢ and should be your introduction to Disneyland because it circles the park and provides eagle's-eye views of all the things you want to see close-up.

Stroll through the Gay Nineties streets after your train ride and photograph the old firehouse, the candy store, the music shop, the pharmacy (with its embossed tin ceiling), all the wonders of the towns of long ago. Snap the horse-drawn streetcar and the policemen in their bowler hats.

Go through Adventureland and photograph the hippo who is certain to menace your boat on the Rivers of the World. Ride the stagecoach that takes off from Frontierland and is likely to be menaced by Indians—another fast-shutter action shot. Ride the stern-wheeler in the Old South and photograph the sights along the river and the banjo players on the boat. Take an angle shot of the towering (Continued on page 94)

Wonders for young or old, though Chris disagrees on this item!
A Mississippi riverboat of Mark Twain’s era holds Jack and Chris

Like the Lemmons, you’ll pause for refreshment beside the pool

Tie an errant lace by a pirate ship—and have lunch aboard it!

Ride your own boat

GO ... TO DISNEYLAND

Continued

The Dumbo Elephant Ride gives Jack and Chris a view of the park

Man or boy, girl or grandma, you will love every sight, every bite
ANY MAN WILL COME TO LIFE

WHEN YOU WEAR

ROMAN PINK

THE LIPSTICK COLOR BY MAX FACTOR THAT CHANGED THE FACE OF FASHION IN ROME, LONDON, PARIS

Roman Pink is a pink full of vibrations that can set off a whole chain of beautiful things about you...a delicate, rose glow complexion...richly accented eyes...softer hair—a whole new way of dressing in rich, melting colors. And it's only in Hi-Fi, Max Factor's entirely new kind of lipstick that's everything you want in one lipstick! Intense Hi-Fi color glides on, keeps lips soft, needs no blotting or setting, yet stays on till you take it off! Discover Hi-Fi Lipstick in Roman Pink. In an elegant, gold-tone faceted case $1.25 plus tax.
TRAVEL IN FASHION

Head for heavenly California with a wardrobe inspired by the fashions in M-G-M's "Designing Woman"

To buy travel fashions, see store guide on page 118

En route in sky blue linen-look rayon, the slim sheath bowed with print, topped by a matching capelet. Also lilac or beige; 5-15. Jonathan Logan. About $18

For accessory information, see page 106
A Yellow roses on charcoal shaping a full swirling skirt, the pretty piped bodice with a ruffled modesty. Sheer cotton lawn. Also navy, brown, black; 10-18. By R. & K. Under $20

B Double stripes encircle a sun-baring bouffant dress, with vertical tucks parading down the camisole bodice. Toast, shocking, peacock on white cotton; 10-18. Kay Windsor. Under $11

C Black and white piqué with slim, striking lines. By night, a black halter sheath. By day, add the cover-up print bolero. Also red, brown; 8-18, 7-15. By MarTee; About $9

D Easy checked shirtwaist in a nylon-cotton blend that travels with nonchalance. The huge skirt's buoyed by its own petticoat. Black, brown, navy; 8-16. By GiGi Young. About $25

E Delicate blossoms on a full-blown dress, gently tucked above the molded midriff. Over it, a print-trimmed Orlon sweater. White drip-dry cotton with pastels; 8-16. Parade. About $30

To buy travel fashions, see store guide on page 118
California bound? Wherever you go, be pretty en route in cottons designed, too, for sunning or moonlit vacation nights.

F Bold plaid dress, high at the neck, its dropped waistline accented by a giant streamer bow. In no-iron Dacron and cotton for bandbox freshness; 5-15. Betty Barclay. Under $15.
Adaptable separates that stretch your suitcase wardrobe, brighten up the holiday scene.

Soft and pretty, pink posies on white cotton sateen. Tucked-front shirt, serves as topping for Jamaica shorts (each about $4) or a change-over pleated skirt (about $6); 10-18. By Miracle

Right: You'll play in a button-down shirt and plaid-sashed Jamaica shorts, each about $5. After sunset, add the full pleated skirt, about $8. Turquoise plaid cotton chiffon and white chino-type cotton. Sizes 7-15. By Juniorite

Left: Cool, feminine pink and white striped cotton making fashion news in a drawstring shirt, about $8, roll-up patio pants, about $6; 7-15. By Petti

Right: Spanking white drip-dry Sailtone boater shirt, about $8, and long shorts, about $6, both strategically trimmed with striped cotton knit; 10-16. By Phil Rose

To buy travel fashions, see store guide on page 118
This is your year for travel...

Go TRAILWAYS

Step aboard a luxurious Trailways Thru-Liner coach and travel up, down, or across the continent in air-conditioned comfort. Stop-over and visit scenic, historic places...or ride straight thru to your destination without a change of bus or transfer of baggage.

Travel independently on a pre-planned tour...or join an escorted tour and enjoy the fun of traveling in a congenial party.

Let Trailways help you plan your individual vacation or a charter coach trip for your group, so that your travel will be easy and carefree. Send for full color folders now!
any way
you figure it...

SEA B'S
figure you
most beautifully!

The sea-siren look: the latex
sheath boldly accented by a
2-color spiral that goes
completely round! In white/
black/red, red/white-black,
marine/navy-white; black/
red-white. With the exclusive,
adjustable MOLDA BRA.
32-38, about 17.95.

For store near you write:
SEA B'S, INC., 1410 BROADWAY, N.Y. 18

Elegant new fashion note: a gardenful of bril-
liant flowers splashed on a gay flowing piqué
skirt, $12, and again on a lofty Orlon card-
igan, $18. Head-turning idea. By Alex Colman

Tailored separates with the glow of madras-
type cotton in a brass-buttoned shirt ($4)
and Jamaicas ($5), a plaid-piped cavalry twill
blazer (about $11); 7-15. By Bobbie Brooks

Sightseeing, a striped cotton knit shirt, $4,
and slim skirt in beige cotton twill, buckled
in brass, $6. Change-of-pace shorts in matching

To buy travel fashions, see store guide on page 118.
To look at her now you'd never know... but her face "broke out" an hour ago. The 2-step Medicare Set saved her then. Medicare Stick saves her now.

to be as lovely as you can be...

TUSSY medicare

Set of Creamy Masque and Medicated Lotion (Light or Medium Shade), $2. Medicare Stick, $1. All tax free. On Canadian counters, too.
with the revolutionary air of American Modern... it's comfortable figuring first... with

Skippies
by
Formfit

Here is the girdle that takes a long look at your figure... then proceeds to slim you gently from high waistband all the way to mid-thigh. All ease... no squeeze... for a naturally beautiful look that's a Skippies specialty. But see for yourself why Skippies is America's favorite shape-maker... be fitted at your favorite store.

Formfit

You're naturally beautiful with Skippies Pantie No. 815. Nylon elastic net with front panel and 2½-in. waistband. (Also available as Girdle No. 915) S.M.L. $5.00. Shown with "Romance" Bra No. 566 in White cotton. $2.00

Above, sheath swimsuit shaping the figure with brilliant stripes, squared neckline accented with bold-buttoned tuck-away straps. Cotton knit with Lastex. Sizes 32-38. By Catalina. Under $16

Above right, textured cotton knit maillot etched in black and white, the bodice cuff and buttoned tab in black faille Lastex. Also red, peacock with white. Sizes 32-38. By Sea B's. About $15

Below right, designed to slim, a draped front sheath with skillfully shaped top forming a halter. Inner boned bra. Bengaline woven with Lastex. Black, aqua, sand; 10-18. Rose Marie Reid. About $20
IN FASHION

Swimsuits to take along, making fashion news anywhere under the sun


To buy travel fashions, see store guide page 118
(Continued from page 67)

Tab is currently the hottest male property on the Warner lot, but in talking to him as I did over a recent luncheon you find he's actually just beginning to hit his stride. He feels he's got to be a giant star who gets into columns because his name is linked with Natalie Wood or some other doll. He wants to earn his publicity as an actor and be respected by the press. The publicity media and his managers really are undermining him and he isn't just talking about it to hear himself talk. He's working toward his goal, studying with the studio coach as well as privately in a group with five other students. He wants to play all kinds of roles, not fall into the easy rut of type-casting. When "The Spirit of St. Louis" was being cast, Tab hoped to be recognized as the ideal Charles Lindbergh. But producer Elia Kazan was afraid to entrust this important role to a newcomer, so veteran Jimmy Stewart got it. Before Tab recorded "Young Lovers," for Decca Records, he begged the studio bosses to let him do a musical in which he could not only sing, but ice skate—another talent in which he excels. No dice. Now he is begging to be allowed to do a picture showing the "Triple Bill" story or to be loaned to 20th for the young German soldier in "The Young Lions." "It's an unsympathetic part, sure," Tab said. "But I'd rather play an interesting villain. I'll play 'לות Escadrille,' that she's not a career girl type, but is the type he likes, mais oui! However, she's back in Paris now, so here's your chance, American gals. Line forms on the right, and don't shelve Don Murray didn't even wait for a "Bus Stop" to marry the love of his life, Hope Lange. They were married in the midst of his first film production and they're expecting their first baby any moment. Don is another young man in a hurry, professionally speaking. He has had more stage

experience than Tab, with several Broadway plays and some stock under his belt, but he, too, is continuing to study. Before playing the demanding role of the dope ridden husband in "A Hatful of Rain," he prepared by talking to many youngsters who had been cured of the habit and others still addicted to it. As a result, his performance is so realistic that even watching him on the set you forget his real self, but feel that he has just been given the needle. In between his picture assignments, Don has had time to write his own television script, which he is now adapting into a full-length picture, and in his other leisure (?) moments he's reading scripts like mad, hoping to find a play to "bring him back to Broadway."


**His Fair Ladies:** The sad news that Lilli Palmer and Rex Harrison had finally ended their fourteen-year-old marriage was especially upsetting to me. I have known Lilli and her since they first arrived in Hollywood twelve years ago. Our friendship has continued uninterrupted through the years, and I hope it will continue always, now that Rex is marrying his long-time lady love and beauty, Kay Kendall, and Lilli is sitar-bound again with Carlos Thompson.

It was three summers ago that Rex, already unhappy in his marriage, made a film in London. He met the late Alexander Korda, called, of all things, "the Constant Husband." The fair lady chose to play opposite him in it met with his interest from the start. He then fell in love with Kay Kendall. It was not, however, a case of love at first sight for Kay. She was carrying a torch for Sydney Chaplin at the time. But when Rex turns on his charm, there is no woman who can resist him—and it wasn't too long before Kay and Rex, a married man, found themselves involved in a now very unhappy triangle situation. Fortunately, at this psychological turn in the personal lives of two dark and handsome Carlos Thompson entered Lilli's life. It was Lilli who gracefully stepped aside and obtained a legal separation from Rex. During this separation of almost a year, Lilli and Rex remained very good friends. No one was prouder of his fabulous success in "My

Fair Lady" than she. Their twelve-year-old son Cary was a strong bond. Sadly enough, it was Rex's decision that it was time for him and Lilli to move back to England so that their son could go to the same school. Rex had attended, where Cary had been enrolled since his birth, that precipitated the recent events leading to the Mexican divorce—which cost him custody of his son.

**Nice People:****Nancy Kelly, whose rich portrayal of an anguished mother in "The Bad Seed" won her the top theatrical awards of the 1955-56 season and this year nominated her for an Academy Award, is playing the same heartbreaking role in a real-life drama. Her first child, a baby daughter, offspring of her marriage to Warren Costello. The couple have been married for three months prematurely and, although she's a perfectly formed baby, she weighed only 950 grams. Doctors warned Nancy and Warren that their younger had only a fifty per cent chance to survive. But little Kelly, having inherited her mother's fighting Irish spirit, was apparently determined to stay with the parents who wanted her so much, for stay she has. I showed her to some of my closest friends, those anxious days and nights when Kelly's tiny life hung by a thread, and I know that Nancy was given the strength to face the facts by her own wonderful courage and her husband's, but because of the letters that poured in from complete strangers all over the world, telling her that they, too, were the mothers of premature infants, that this healthy and exceptionally bright children.

While we're on the subject of mail, I'd like to thank you Photoplay readers for your gratifying letters of comment about "Gun Crazy." We've been exceptionally pleased, too, by a long-distance call I received from a movie fan in Nashville, Tennessee. He is a minister and had read this story, and it is filing Jim Bishop's story, "The Day That Christ Died." He felt that there was a role in it for him and wanted to know how to go about getting it. I gave him the name of 20th's talent scout and now arranging to see one of his pulpit has temporarily lost him to Hollywood.

**Love Before Fame:** Although Kay Kendall has made several popular films in England, including "Genevieve" and "The Doctor in the House," both seen here, she will be "discovered" by Hollywood with the American release of "Les Girls." Like those other "bundles from Britain," Audrey Hepburn, Jean Simmons and Deborah Kerr, she will then be able to write her own ticket at any studio. But since Rex Harrison will be returning to London next April to play "My Fair Lady," the Drury Lane, I'll wager you my new Easter bonnet that Kay will never put an ocean between Rex and herself, no matter how tempting the offer. And how smart she is to consider her present period as more important than a career. As somebody said, "Your name is in electric lights, the fuse blows out and where are you?" Even Joan Crawford, who is essentially ambitious career girl in all of Hollywood, has announced that she won't make any other film for at least a year so that she can devote herself exclusively to her husband, Alfred Steele. And Lilli Palmer has beenem prepared ready to burn all her Hollywood bridges behind her to live in New York as Mrs. Michael Todd, housewife—or to work for Mike only. Let's hope this new trend of actresses who want to be wives is an omen of more happy marriages and fewer divorces in filmland. The End
NO HELP NEEDED

Your New PERMA·LIFT STRAPLESS Bra
hooks in front—so quick—so easy

Easy does it, darling—your life has just been made lovelier and easier.
Gone are the days when you have to strain and struggle, twist and turn to fasten those impossible back hooks. "Perma-lift's" bewitching new strapless bra hooks in front—without effort. It's the most comfortable, convenient strapless you've ever worn.
Visit your favorite corset department today for an expert fitting.

Style No. 84 is designed with Magic Insets in each cup that subtly, comfortably support and mold you. A special inner elastic band keeps your bra securely in place always. In Dacron. $5.95. D cup style, $7.50.

Hollywood Goes to a Ball

(Continued from page 69)

There was glamour—running the gamut from lovely Deborah Kerr to oomphy Jayne Mansfield. There were gorgeous gowns and glittering jewels—enough to turn a bachelor into a bandit with envy. There was even a bit of Shakespeare—recited by that one-time butcherboy, Ernest Borgnine, who did a great job as master of ceremonies.

And then there was Novak, the other Gold Medal winner, who simply floated in on a purple cloud. She was gowned in yards and yards of sheer chiffon, styled and draped by her Dietrich's favorite designer, Jean Louis.

Just to prove that she really likes the shade, Kim also wore little purple chiffon gloves, purple hose, purple satin pumps and a coarse silk purple blue-mink stole lined with—you guessed it—purple satin.

"Jean Louis created the gown for tonight," she explained. The bateau neckline was cut rather high in the front and the sleeves extended right down to her wrist. "Did you notice the back?" Kim asked. There wasn't a man or woman in the room who didn't notice. It was so unusual. There didn't have any—it was bare down to the waist, where two jewelled pins appeared to be holding it together.

It was a big night for Miss Novak and an announcement of her proud father who was visiting from Chicago. It was Joseph Novak's first Hollywood party.

While Kim was posing for the news¬readers, Bob Ward, Novak and finally asked Barbara to take a seat. "Oh, no," he replied, just barely audible, "Barbara Stanwyck is over there getting her picture taken and that's who I really want to see. His daughter, Kim!"

Miss Novak grinned happily as she acknowledged introductions to Vera Miles and her husband Gordon Scott, little Natalie Wood and her escort actor, Myron Heidmill, and Barbara Stanwyck. Touching was Kim's acknowledgment of her father's presence when, in accepting her Gold Medal, she asked that the spotlight be focused on "the man in the audience," Mr. Novak.

(Incidentally, soon after Kim got her Photoplay Gold Medal she was voted top female star of the year by movie-goers in forty-eight cities across the globe by the Hollywood Foreign Press Association. Not only was Kim chosen for the honor, but all six newcomers picked by the Foreign Press were among our new star winners.

Rock Hudson drew a big hand just by blushing. Director George Sidney thanked Photoplay for his certificate. Then he quipped, "But I can thank the editors for seating Mrs. Sidney where she can gaze at Rock Hudson."

Everyone laughed. Rock, who was seated on the front row, blushed and wrote the editors a letter which she could not gaze at the handsome Mr. Hudson.

Again the laughter and again the blush. But Rock could not get away with it. He quipped himself when he was presented with his Gold Medal later in the program. After his brief but sincere little thank-you speech, he said, "And I also wish to thank Mrs. George Sidney."

One guest pointed out, "It's nice to know there are stars who can still blush." Barbara Stanwyck and Deborah Kerr received tremendous applause. Deborah was gracious and charming in a softly draped floor-length chiffon gown. The pale cinnamon shade blended nicely with her short red tresses. The spontaneous applause had Deborah in tears.

Barbara Stanwyck's milk dress was of French peau de soie. She'd had it designed especially to wear with three fabulous gardenia-shaped diamond pins. With these she wore matching diamond earrings—her only armful ring slightly smaller than a breadbox.

Barbara was deeply touched by the standing ovation accorded her as she was presented the Photoplay Achievement Award. She took the stage to the most breath- ute from her friends and co-stars.

As she was about to take her seat, Barbara was faced with what appeared to be a dilemma. She was voted a prize of golden laurel wreaths by Miss Stanwyck. She was not only touched, she was practically smothered.

One of the bouquets signed "Golden Boy" came from Bill Holden, who wasn't wearing a tuxedo. Another beauty was sent from Ceylon. Another was from Bob Wagner, also a staunch Stanwyck fan. One card was simply signed "Bob." There was some speculation as to whether this was a message or a greeting card. Needless to add, nobody asked Barbara.

Debbie and Eddie arrived hand in hand like a couple of sweethearts instead of an old, married couple. Eddie, who favors elaborate evening shirts—he has twenty-two, some with ruffles and embroidered eyelets—was very conservatively dressed for the party. His shirt had a plain white tie and a ring-shaped or simply studded helped relieve the austerity.

Debbie also pulled a sort of fashion switch. Instead of the darling flouncy-type gown she usually chooses, she wore a sleek, one-time black gown adorned with latticework top. The only touch of color was a huge pink rose, perched on a black couture dress. It was an evening dress dark enough to keep the hair in place. How she felt when Felicia Farr, on the arm of Jack Lemmon, turned to the press to say, "Debbie was too polite to say. For teenagers who like to be in on a fad, this shows how Hollywood likes to go along with one, too."

Before the dinner, the guests gathered for cocktails on the patio where Natalie Wood was kept busy showing friends her unique silver-blue mink stole. "It's called a 'one-arm bandit. It has gotten quite a lot of attention since it cost me $1000 to have it made. Because I bought it at a department store for $75, I can return the rest of it around me. To tell you the truth, I've got to practice it with a little more at home so that I can slip into it gracefully in public.

"And if you want to know, I was so shocked as confused as any male about such fashion problems. However, it was apparent that he approved of her stunning new Dior gown. Stanwyck was coming in the room. Miss Wood's black velvet dress was floor length. Pleated ice-blue satin formed a sort of pouf at the strapless bustline, then continued in a stunning slash down the front of the gown. Natalie matched this with ice-blue satin slippers. The chic outfit gave the petite brunette the appearance of being taller than she is. That's the idea," she admitted.

Incidentally, Natalie's streak of yellow through her coal-black hair lent a sophisticated touch that seemed unnecessary in such a youngster—and instead of the usual vivaciousness of young adulthood, she gave the impression of a grown-up worldliness. Even escort Bob Wagner was having a tough time getting a smile out of her.

For the most bountiful gown would have to go to Vera Miles. The lovely blonde stepped out in a wedding cake in yards and yards of white nylon tulle. Vera's hair, which has been lightened to a pale moonlight shade for the new Hitchcock picture with Jimmy Stewart, was swept back and chignon effect. She wore a simple little necklace, but no other jewelry. "I feel very uncomfortable with a lot of trinkets," she said. "I think if I had my way, I'd never wear any other jewelry than my wedding ring and a plain pair of pearl earrings."

Vera explained that her beautiful gown was the creation of Paramount designer Edith Head. "But I don't think she counted on my tripping the light fantastic," the actress remarked as she eyed the crowded dance floor. "I'm not even sure I can face up to me to navigate out there," Vera's husband, Gordon "Tarzan" Scott, agreed.

Those old married folks, Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis, had a great time, in spite of the fact that Curtis had a huge cast on her broken left arm. But it wasn't noticeable, thanks to a clever black velvet sleeve piece which matched her stunning velvet sheath. Leave it to Mrs. Curtis to turn a bandaged arm into an entrancing fashion touch.

Someone pointed out it was as interesting to watch Janet ankle away as it was to watch her beauty itself. Her full-length gown was slit almost up to the knees in the back. A black velvet bow attached just above bobbled with every step. Janet's coiffure was intriguing, too. Her blonde tresses were swept back and secured on one side with three rhinestone pins.

Speaking of hairdos, Margaret O'Brien dropped in on a lady party at Miss Novak's. She was sporting Maggie's growing up and she wants everyone to know it. She dumped her usual pony tail and soft ringlets for a simple pageboy effect, combed straight down to the forehead and finished with a touch—a sprinkling of silver glitter stuff over her dark hair. It was also scattered on her bare shoulders.

Ginger Rogers was there in a shocking-pink satin gown which verified the fact that she still has one of the best figures in Hollywood.

Paul Newman arrived with young 20th Century Fox actress Joanne Woodward. Paul's close pals predict a marriage for these two as soon as his divorce comes through. The Woodward-Newman romance had been the talk of the town, but the Photoplay dinner was their first public appearance together.

Joanne, who's starring in "The Three Faces of Eve," wore a low-cut black chiffon dress with gold "spaghetti" straps. Her blonde hair was swept into a smooth bun atop her head. But that short, straight fringe of bangs remained on her forehead, a style which originated with the New York set, where it is forming in Hollywood.

Nobody, but nobody, missed Jayne Mansfield's entrance. You don't need 20-20 vision to spot this girl. Jayne wore a skintight white gown. It was cut down to there in the back and down to here in the front. The dress was fashioned of fine white wool, embroidered all over with
UNDERCOVER TRAVEL FASHIONS

A Pretty figure on route: a high, round bosom, smooth midriff, minimal waist. The pretty traveler wears a dress of printed cotton lawn. R. & K. Under $20

B Smooth cotton shapes a lightly padded bra, comfortably wired below, embroidered above. Six-way straps. White; 32-40 A, B, C. By Exquisite Form. $4

C Panty girdle smoothing young curves with fore and aft panels, the beribboned front minus a pinching waistband. White rayon elastic net. S, M, L. Formfit. $6.50

D Bra wardrobe-in-one: a Joan-padded bandeau, cups underwired, the straps working magic six ways. White cotton. Sizes 32-40 A, B, C. By Lovable. $2

E Prettiness plus: white nylon lace bra with satin contour band curving up for a high, smooth line. Also black, pink, blue; 32-40 A, B, C. By Maidenform. $3

F Flyweight wisp of a girdle, the firm control is a criss-cross front trimmed with Lurex. Nylon power net. White, black, pastels. S, M, L. Peter Pan. $6

G On the go, a breezy petticoat in easy Dacron, nylon and cotton. Shadow panel and hem dipped in Val lace, pretty appliqués. White, S, M, L. Movie Star. $3

white silk braid and beads. Jayne's sparkling blue earrings were almost the size of the beautiful chandeliers which decorate the Crystal Room. She carried a fox stole dyed pale blue, which was often casually dragging on the floor.

The folks who raise their eyebrows at Jayne's respect for publicity should be half as cooperative and appreciative as this girl is. Many stars who like to see their photos in print still complain if they have to spend more than a couple of seconds posing for them. Jayne and Mickey Hargitay not only cheerfully pose for numerous shots at such functions, they always remember to thank the lensman.

Mickey, resplendent in a broad-shouldered tuxedo and a white brocade-type shirt, stayed right by Jayne's side.

Joan Collins, escorted by actor Bob Quarry, received plenty of admiring glances. Her dark hair was combined into a fluffy mass around her face. She wore a strapless pale blue satin dress with a tight bodice and full skirt. Huge rhinestone buckles decorated her matching satin pumps. But Joan's large dangling earrings weren't rhinestones. They were real diamonds—"a present from me to me," she quipped.

Shirley Jones, looking more sophisticated than usual in a dark dress, introduced husband Jack Cassidy to some of her Hollywood pals. Anne Francis, in black chiffon and pearls, came with actor Norman Dupont. Kathryn Grant, who's avoiding romance since her split-up with Bing Crosby, was escorted by Gil Banks, her eighteen-year-old friend from Texas. Kathryn begs everyone to forget she was once called "Kathy." "Gil's practically a kid brother to me," Kathryn explained. "He's the son of a close family friend—the woman I've always called 'Aunt Mary.' I thought he'd have fun seeing everyone.

Kathy—oops, Kathryn—who is so much thinner these days, wore a full-skirted pale pink satin gown, something she never would have worn with Bing. He preferred her in more tailored duds.

Katy Jurado turned plenty of heads when she arrived in a fabulous white Jacques Fath creation with matching full-length coat. Katy admitted she'd really splurged on the outfit. "The whole thing cost $1,000," she said. "But it's so beautiful, I just couldn't resist it."

A tiny bright red heart decorated Katy's coat above the strapless bustline. "I painted it with nail polish to cover a little cigarette burn," she confided.

The youngest and cutest couple in the room were thirteen-year-old Mannie Manheimer and Alana Ladd. Mannie's the son of PHOTOLPLAY publisher Irving Manheimer and Alana's father is a good-looking actor you may have heard of—Alan Ladd. Alan and Sue also were present.

Pat Boome helped end the party with a big bang. Pat was asked to sing at the end of the program. As he looked over the celebrity-packed audience, he said, "If you want to know the truth, I'm going to act as well as sing—I'm acting like I'm not scared." He grinned as he added, "Boy, am I shaking inside!"

Pat needn't have worried. His natural charm and talent immediately won over the audience. He was a big hit, and when he finished up with a hot rock 'n' roll number, everyone in the room clapped and stamped their feet. And Eddie Fisher rocked the most.

The crystal chandeliers were still swaying as everyone headed home. It was a spectacular evening, and many of the guests echoed Miss Novak's parting remark, "It was so nice, I can hardly wait until next year's dinner."

We wager that if the fans have anything to say she will be there.

At leading stores cross-country, or see buying guide on page 118
Rebel in a Button-Down Collar?

(Continued from page 55) That Tony Curtis was "impetuous," others mentioned his friendship with a newcomer, Marlon Brando, who understood home the gossamer eudaimon. Then hot rumors began coming off the sets of "City Across the River" and "The Prince Who Was a Thief" and interviewers began serenating that young man's conversation's give and take. But the consensus was: Another rebel type, wait and see.

Tony was a rebel, in his own way. In those days, he'd arrive for an interview wearing a twill jacket and a broad collar; a little loud even for Hollywood), a navy blue sports shirt (no tie and no button-down collar either) but with his shoes highly polished. No one knew how he got his shoes, admiring—in his own way. As he admitted, he donoted on clothes, collected shoes as other men collected pipes and would consider himself a success when he could buy suits by the half-dozen. Not a ten-shirt rebel, by any means.

All the same, Tony Curtis, then as now, is his own kind of rebel. As Bernie Schwartz has pointed out, "Tony made his attempt to use his Hollywood moniker to hide his pride in the Schwartz family and tradition. And as a kid who barely skinned out of a boyhood of juvenile delinquency, who refused to forget in all its painful detail his New York street-gang education, he was bound, in ways, to rub some people. "You're a sissy if you let them push you around. You're a sucker if you don't fight." Until Tony found and fulfilled his ambition to be an actor, his fists were better developed than his character. Inevitably some of this stuck right up to and into his early Hollywood years.

But, says Tony today, "I wasn't a rebel then. I was scared." Hollywood was a big step from the Bronx, where only a few years before he'd been dragged off the streets by a truant officer and told to straighten out or else.

"People resented me even in films," Tony will remark thoughtfully, "I'd come on screen with a nice face, nice clothes, a nice smile; and they'd say, 'That guy's the image of Marlon Brando.' I think they hated me. It was the same thing in real life. Such was this fighting, sensitive boy's picture of himself in relation to his new world, and how could he bring himself to be a rebel—perhaps—but not likely—it was true: certainly his roles in such films as "Johnny Stool Pigeon" might have reinforced the impression. True or not, the feeling may even hang on today.

But such painful lapses in self-confidence are not the whole explanation. Tony Curtis of the Bronx hit Movietown as an exuberant, handsome beecofe hero with curly black hair. He was madly devoted to his father, to his mother, to his grandmother, to his grandmother's house, and indeed to all he loved, and yet to his recurrent fear of judgment and rejection.

When Tony came in from the East, fresh from a GI education at New York's Dramatic Workshop and a couple of seasons in the off-Broadway theatrical dungeons ("In those days off-Broadway, he really meant 'off'—over in Newark, mostly!"") his great idol among the movie heroes was Cary Grant. That he selected the suave persona, the epitome of the Hollywood star, as the charm of Mr. G. for his model sets him apart at once from the Brando-type rug chewers, that's for sure.

"He was the best actor I knew," says Tony, "so I admire Cary. He used his talent to cover up a bit of shyness when he first began courting Janet Leigh. Such secret difference on the part of this tall and handsome youth who had already dated Hollywood's prettiest was

unperceived by the ordinary observer at the time, but it was there. When Tony first called Janet at home, he announced in his best nasal drawl to her mother, who answered the phone, that it was the famed Mr. G. who wished to speak to the daughter of the house. (Janet's never admitted she was fooled, incidentally.)"

Tony was afraid Janet wouldn't talk to me," Tony says. He admits that he used to save Cary Grant's pictures, at a time in his life when other boys were collecting ball players.

But perhaps Cary would not have said, as Tony did in a typical Curtis sound-off recently, "I don't see why we have to go in for that phony stuff. It says in the official studio line that I'm 'a well-known Hungarian actor.' Well, Hungarian he was. Actor he was, in Budapest, but not a very successful one. Right now he's a tailor, as he's been ever since he landed in this country.

Hardly a belligerent statement, merely the truth, yet a lot of people hearing such remarks didn't look under the surface to see that "rebellion" was coupled with the warm and winning Curtis charm. This too is evidence that Tony's state of rebellion, if there ever was one, is an out-of-the-ordinary sort of thing.

Today it is this odd combination of rebellion and charm, of mischievous humor and serious aspiration, that is the secret of Tony's heartwarming effect on people—made him a hit in Paris, for instance, when he went there to make 'Trapeze.' Those French taxi drivers were rare, really rare," says Tony, smiling in remembrance. "Driving at night, they always sing—and loud.

"They've got a real great attitude, the French people. They really believe in 'live and let live,' and the right of the individual to be an individual—and to do whatever he wants. If I felt tired and my feet hurt after standing around the Kodak offices, I could go over to the Champs Elysées and take off my shoes—nobody gave me a second look."

One evening after a hard day on the "Journey to Beirut," Tony gets the same aching feeling as changing for dinner. In striped jersey and old slacks—the work clothes for his strenuous Hecht-Hill-Lancaster role which he did before ''Sweet Smell of Success," the one he is doing for the same outfit currently—he just walked around the streets of Paris until he found "this little Italian place where you buy food to take out. I got a pizza and some fresh fruit," he relates, "and ate them in the back of the Georges V hotel. Nobody even gave me a second glance—except some Americans I ran into on the steps of the hotel. They gaped at this country, obviously wondering how I got past the doorman.

Ask Tony whether this exuberant urge to independence, which luckily he shares with his lively and uninhibited young wife, gets turned around backward into fancying that he can spout out a few lines and make yourself a threatening storm. "Sure we squabble—or used to," he mutters over a jutting chin. "And don't make me say, 'What a great country this is!' That gets me, and has for years, is the way these things get built up. You know, for a long time Janet and I have been treated like spoiled kids, not allowed to grow up. May-be we've even been held back, but now we're growing up fast. We plan our careers and our futures—and Kelly Lee's—like adults. That's why we've formed the New Actors Studio."

"Talking about Tony's exuberant honesty, which is sometimes misunderstood, and referring once more to the difference between the Bernie Schwartz type of rebel as opposed to the Marlon Brando-torn-t-shirt school, it seems that there was a recent hassle in the press about something Tony had blurted out in this connection."

"Curt?"

According to the reports, Mr. Curtis had visited New York City and observed some of the students of the famed New York Actors Studio in action, and had sounded off somewhere when he thought of their and their "method"—which includes elaborate mental and emotional exercises such as pretending to be an inanimate object like a tree or a pine-cushion, for example. He quoted...

"I was in New York shooting for 'Sweet Smell of Success,'" says Tony. "All I did was point out that this so-called 'method' has been practiced in Hollywood for fifty years before they came along. That's all."

But what about the early career of Tony Curtis in Hollywood, when he was all but tagged a rebel in a plaid jacket, a friend of Marlon Brando, and all that?

"Marlon Brando has his own special quality," says Tony. "He didn't learn it from that group in New York. Actually, all their mumbo-jumbo amounts to is what they think is technique.

Yes, the newspaper reports of the discussion included the word "copycats" as part of the Curtis critique on the acting art. And Curtis's defense of "method" was...

"They belittle everything that goes on in Hollywood. And they think in order to be a success like Marlon you've got to be rude, slowly and walk around in dirty clothes. Strong language"

"Did I say those things?" Tony grins. "All I know is what I read in the newspapers!"

There you are, sit back and look at this boy who speaks his mind when he has the urge, who insists on his right to eat pizza on the boulevards of Paris, who swings back lustily when he thinks the production manager or his wife, who is as proud of the fact that his father is a tailor as he is of the one that Bernie Schwartz was born in Manhattan's Hell's Kitchen—a boy who wears his pants-striped suit and button-down collar with authentic flair, who can kiss a girl's hand as they do it in Paris, and half-jokingly in his case, yet naturally, too. And you've got to believe it, these things are basic character.

Even if he doesn't like the word.

"If you mean I'm a rebel because I like Hollywood, don't have a yen to ride down Sunset Boulevard on a motorcycle and dare the world to strike me down, and have my picture made up in a pine-cushion," says Tony Curtis, "you've got something."

The End

WATCH FOR: Tony Curtis in United Artists' "Sweet Smell of Success" and U-I's "Mr. Cory."
Her love story... will have a happy ending

She knows that she's in love for keeps... and, of course, she's dreaming of the kind of home that will keep their young romance alive for a lifetime.

Bit by bit—little by little—she's having the fun of collecting lovely personal things that will give that "dream home" warmth and character—things that will identify their home.

That's why a Lane Cedar Chest has become a tradition—symbolizing the importance of the future home in a lasting marriage—lives on and on, shaping the dreams of girls in love who plan for genuine happiness in the years ahead.

LANE Cedar Hope Chests

The gift that starts her future home

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. In a Lane—your treasures are safe and private under lock and key—fully protected from moths, dust, dampness. Send for FREE booklet, "There's a Lane Hope Chest For You," helpful guide to hope chest collecting. LANE, Dept. 708-Z, Altavista, Va. In Canada, Knechtels, Ltd., Hanover, Ontario.

By the makers of Lane Tables and Lane Bedroom and Dining Room Furniture.

OVER 100 STYLES AND FINISHES... AS LOW AS $49.95... EASY TERMS AT MOST DEPARTMENT AND FURNITURE STORES
If you have four days in Hollywood, add Tanner Gray Line Tour No. 5 to your activities. This trip will take you through Universal-International Studios and Disney's, as well as past Columbia Studio's ranch and along the streets where many star homes are located. The Columbia ranch with its towering false fronts and its quaint streets is a great shot from the street, even if cameras are not permitted on picture lots. Time required, 3 hours. Cost, $4.30.

In the afternoon you should take Tour

TO HOLLYWOOD FROM:  BY BUS  BY RAIL FIRST CLASS PULLMAN  BY RAIL COACH  BY PLANE FIRST CLASS (MEALS)  BY PLANE COACH

<p>| | | | | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Atlanta</td>
<td>$220</td>
<td>$125</td>
<td>$265</td>
<td>$209</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boston</td>
<td>350</td>
<td>174</td>
<td>350</td>
<td>233</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chicago</td>
<td>228</td>
<td>109</td>
<td>240</td>
<td>167</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dallas</td>
<td>179</td>
<td>88</td>
<td>162</td>
<td>125</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Denver</td>
<td>137</td>
<td>73</td>
<td>127</td>
<td>95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Detroit</td>
<td>250</td>
<td>126</td>
<td>272</td>
<td>189</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Paul</td>
<td>195</td>
<td>109</td>
<td>231</td>
<td>178</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New York</td>
<td>325</td>
<td>161</td>
<td>332</td>
<td>218</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Louis</td>
<td>196</td>
<td>104</td>
<td>217</td>
<td>161</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

TRAVEL NOTES: All fares include ten per cent federal transportation tax. First-class rail fares include rouxette service, where that is unavailable, the prices above provide lower berth cost. Check your local rail agent for family plan fares, for great savings. Plane fares listed are for scheduled flights only. All prices are approximate.

If you have four days in Hollywood, add Tanner Gray Line Tour No. 5 to your activities. This trip will take you through Universal-International Studios and Disney's, as well as past Columbia Studio's ranch and along the streets where many star homes are located. The Columbia ranch with its towering false fronts and its quaint streets is a great shot from the street, even if cameras are not permitted on picture lots. Time required, 3 hours. Cost, $4.30.

In the afternoon you should take Tour

No. 1 to the Huntington Library. This tour is made daily, except Mondays when the library is closed. It's also closed during the entire month of October. Children under 10 are not admitted to the library, but the gardens are interesting and the grass is a delight to play on. Tour takes 3½ hours and costs $3.10.

If you have five days in Hollywood, spend the fifth on a trip to Knot's Berry Farm (more about it under "Things to See and Do"). The Tanner Gray Line—from June 15 to October 1—sends an all-day trip to the Farm on Sundays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

If you have six days, spend number six in Catalina (more about it under "Things to See and Do").

In lieu of the Catalina trip, you might visit Forest Lawn Memorial Park in the morning, the Los Angeles County Museum in Exposition Park in the afternoon.

In case you have more time than a Swiss watchmaker, we have listed below a number of worthwhile half-day trips.

Rim-of-the-World Highway will provide a trip of around 180 miles, your shutter clicking with every turn of the wheels. Take the San Bernardino Freeway and turn north toward Arrowhead Springs to the highway marker designated Santa Claus Village. Some people say their children have been more taken with Santa's workshop, his real live reindeer and his helpful elves than they were with Disneyland.

To Santa Barbara and return (about 200 miles) is a wonderful day's outing, particularly during February, March and April when the coastal hills are an emerald carpet, wild flowers add a festive note and a bright sun beats down. Another great time to be in Santa Barbara is during the week of the full moon in August when the Old Spanish Days Fiesta is held. Have dinner at Harbor House, at the end of the
is to leave for Honolulu. The Lurline sailing is a photographer's festival, with ser- pentine banners billowing in the wind, passengers madly waving, the band playing "Aloha Oe"—what an experience!

Love mountain scenery? Want panorama shots of L.A., Hollywood, Beverly Hills and the beaches? Drive through Griffith Park (Veroment Avenue ends at the divided highway entrance to Griffith Park) and turn onto Mulholland Drive as you leave the Planetarium area. From Mulholland you should be able to catch breathtaking glimpses of the Los Angeles alluvial plain on one side and San Fernando Valley on the other. The hillside houses are owned by picture people. Tip: Be cautious when crossing mountain intersections; for some reason, mountain dwellers tend to consider themselves alone in the world and drive as if they were riding a comet. Obey the fire warnings—no smoking, no open fires. This drive will take you to the sea and you will find yourself in Santa Monica. If you want to continue along the Coast Highway, northbound, you will spot Holiday House just beyond Bel Air. It is restaurant, cocktail lounge and motel, and from its dining room your camera will take in the entire sweep of Santa Monica Bay. And in the corner booth you just may note Jane Mansfield in her latest drag ("D") designates Diners Club service.

Now that we’ve thought out a brief stopover visit for you, let’s assume that you are a real leisurely vacationist, doing Hollywood brown, with time to spare. Wonderful for you! And following you’ll find more things to do and see for longer visits.

However short or long your Hollywood holiday may be, there are several excellent means by which you may arrive at your glamorous goal. You may wing your way by plane, via a number of wonder- ful sky routes such as American Airlines’ nonstop flights direct to Los Angeles from most key cities in the country. You’ll enjoy their famed luxury Mercury service aloft, with its spacious lounges, superb meals and distinguished fellow passengers, all at no extra fare. Or you may arrive by train, by way of the famous Santa Fe, for instance. On its wonderful new Hi-Level El Capitan you’ll ride in comfort in reclining coach chairs high above the ordi- nary train-level. Excellent, inexpensive food, dome-type lounge cars allow you to start your vacation sightseeing the moment you step aboard. If you plan a really leisurely trip, you might travel by bus. Trailways Tours, for example, will plan your sight- seeing and hotel arrangements, if you prefer it that way, at the same time offering you the treat of air-conditioned buses with big picture windows that afford a top priority view of the passing scenery. Getting there is part of the fun!

You may find joyous relaxation in weekend visits to Palm Springs, with side visits to nearby, Palm Desert and Hemet, where the Ramona pageant, based on Helen Hunt Jackson’s unforgettable Indian story, is held during April and May; San Diego, with side trips to Mt. Palomar atop the Mexico at Tijuana; Santa Barbara, wonder- ful to see, as well as Solvang, which American Danes constructed to assuage their homesickness for Denmark; and Laguna couch, a coastal town no traveler should miss, with its fabulous and unique Pageant of the Masters, based on the world’s art treasures.

**Places To Stay**

No attempt can be made in our limited space to list the outstanding motels in southern California because there are, literally, hundreds of picturesque, clean, modestly-priced caravansaries in which a traveler could be happy overnight or for months. However, noted below are some of the great hotels of the region with brief descriptions.

**Ambassador (D), 3400 Wilshire Boulevard.** This No. 1 home away from home is sur- rounded by trees. The astonishing of views and the unusual "found" arrangement for rooming the photographer with dazzling possibilities wherever he looks. It is also within walk- ing distance of Bullock’s-Wilshire and I. Magnin (two of the finest specialty shops in the country) and is opposite the original Brown Derby. A bungalow (east- bound) to downtown Los Angeles and (westbound) to Beverly Hills, Westwood and Santa Monica passes on Wilshire. The Ambassador is the home of the Cocosnut Grove, the Greater Los Angeles Press Club and Dalzell Hatfield Galleries, has tennis courts, a pitch and put course, a heated swimming pool and several enticing specialty shops. Reservations essential; rates from $12 for two.

**Bel Air (D), 701 Stone Canyon Road, Bel Air.** For the seasoned traveler who prefers a leisurely and quiet vacation the grounds are a kodakolor delight; reservations always; rates start at $18.50 for two, but plan on about $23.

**Beverly Carlton, 905 West Olympic Boulevard, Southwestern corner of the intersection of Olympic Boulevard and Canon Drive in Beverly Hills.** This chic, modern hotel boasts an excellent of canyons from which grand pictures can be made. Brian Donlevy was one of the original tenants, other celebs like the pool. Res-ervations essential; rates for two $13 up.

**Beverly Hilton (D), 9675 Wilshire Boulevard in Beverly Hills.** Southern California’s newest. Rooms on west side have lanais from which stupendous pictures can be made. Rooms on east have picture windows affording views of the north side of the Hill. Hollywood hills, Los Angeles. The Traders (see “Places to Eat”) is the show area. Heated swimming pool, several excellent restaurants, and a cocktail lounge that is strictly from Mars—everything in this world and many from the next. Res-ervations essential; rates from $16 for two.

**Beverly Hills Hotel (D), 1941 Sunset Boulevard, Beverly Hills.** Perhaps the most popular of the B.H. hotels because of its excellent parking facilities and its proximity to shops, plus its surroundings and prestige. It would be almost impossible to visit the uninitiated tourists and find the grounds or from a window. Several chic dining rooms: The Polo Lounge cocktail room is the rendezvous of the great as is the Fifth Avenue Room is the dine and dance spot (cocktail or evening dress is suggested) and remember that it is closed on Mondays. Swimming pool, tennis courts (that’s Ginger Rogers in a two windy and a cabana across the way) and a boutique that will drive the average girl out of her pastel mind. Tariff: $16 up for two.

**The Biltmore, 5th Street at Wilshire in downtown Los Angeles.** Beverly Hills Square garage directly east. Your pictures in and around the Biltmore could include greenery, stationery (Beethoven, L. A. version of the Biltmore) and the memories of a city whose height limit has been—until recently—thirteen stories. (Limit now is twenty stories.) Philharmonic Auditorium, where the light opera season and concerts are offered, is across the street and the Biltmore Theatre (one of L.A.’s two important legitimate houses) is in the hotel. Rendezvous Room is fun, open from noon until 9 p.m. weekdays, from 7 a.m. until midnight, closed on Mondays. Reservations essential; rates, $12 up for two.

**Chapman Park (D), 615 South Alexandria, in the Wilshire District.** A block and a half from Wilshire and one and five minutes away from the Hollywood Bowl. (A block directly across the street, but slightly west, from the Ambassador. Main building was renovated. Bungalows set in flower-choked grounds are charming. Oratoria in the walled garden is a wonderful spot for weddings. Reservations, of course; rates, $10 up for two.

**Chateau Marmont, 8221 Sunset Boulevard (on the Strip).** A palm-surrounded restaurant with the architecture of France’s chateau country. This is the hostelry at which many of the foreign stars, making films in Hollywood, are domiciled during their stay. Reservations essential; rates, $14 up for two.

**Franciscan Motor Hotel, 2630 North Cahuenga, above the Cahuenga Freeway.** This is a motel, but it is so unusual that it must be mentioned. It lies along a hilly ridge overlooking the freeway running from downtown Los Angeles to San Ferd- nando Valley, thus offering an inspiring vantage point for the shutterbug. The owners keep it spotlessly clean and decor- ated in tune with the seasons (delightful at Christmas). Better write for reserva- tions; rates, $8 up for two.

**Garden Of Allah (D), 8152 Sunset Boulevard.** Completely redone since its Alla Nazimova, Greta Garbo and Errol Flynn days, it is a traveler’s delight. Dining room, cocktail lounge, heated swimming pool, a block from Schwab’s and Google’s
(young players' hamburger haven) and opposite Frascati's. Reservations absolutely; rates, $12 up for two.

Hyatt House, 5547 West Century Boulevard. This spanking new ultra-modern inn is just a robin's hop from International Airport, where you can rent a Hertz car and give your old wheels, Hyatt House, a favorite with airline personnel for luncheon and dinner, and there is a cozy cocktail lounge. Rates: $10 up for two.

The near-Frank Lloyd Wright architecture of the hotel was approved by Mr. Wright himself. The pool is new and attractive. Great headquarters spot for the traveler who plans to catch radio and TV shows. $10 up for two.

Miroam (D), where Wilshire Boulevard meets Ocean Avenue in Santa Monica. If you are an inlander and have never before seen the ocean, The Miramar is the place for you. It lies high on the Palisades, but you can see Santa Monica Bay from the area are suspended. Best pictures are to be taken in the morning, when the sun at one's back awakens the Bay's bright blue. The Miramar consists of a main building and a series of bungalows, the latter drop-in spots for celebs. Reservations always; rates, $12 up for two during late fall, $15 up during depths of Eastern winter or height of Eastern summer (please come to Califomia to escape cool and heat.)

Plaza (D), 1637 N. Vine Street. Opposite Hollywood Brown Derby and one-half block south of Hollywood Boulevard, this is a block hotel. It is convenient to the midst of everything—Pantages, shops, radio and TV studios. $8 up for two.

Roosevelt, 7000 Hollywood Boulevard. Opposite Grauman's Chinese, a block from the Capri Theatre (at whose doors are the great film premières held) the Roosevelt is big, comfortable, and busy. The cabana rooms around the pool are delightful, and there are spots in every direction demanding to be recorded on film; the pool area, particularly, is stolen from the South Seas. Rates: $10 up.

Stalter, Figuerua (pronounced Fig-you-rea) is a small, convenier, and very modern downtown Los Angeles. Second newest hotel in the area, the Stalter is a worthy member of its chain and a photographer's field day. Bring your money belt because, as the hotel and within walking distance are bank-breakers and worth every penny. Cafe Rouge for breakfast and Terrace Room for dinner, usually amid the battle of a horde of happy conventioneers. Reservations positively; rates, $12 up for two.

Westwood Manor, 10527 Wilshire Boulevard in Westwood (home of UCLA). The Manor is the resting place chosen for visiting celebrities and sta-dum who rent other digs—new, chic, a landscape view from every window. Reservations essential; rates, $10 up for two.

Places To Eat

There are, literally, thousands of excellent restaurants in and around Los Angeles. Nowhere else in the world, probably, can you be transported to the midst of anywhere of any type of any kind of any time of any kind of any taste at any price, to the extent that it would be impossible to list even a majority of the four-star plate-and-spooneries, so the index below is made up of spots patronized by celebrities and/or those that possess international reputations. The symbol “D” after a restaurant name indicates that Diner's Club charge accounts are honored. Prices quoted do not include liquor.

IMPORTANT PHOTOGRAPHIC NOTE: In some restaurants you will be permitted to take flash pictures of your own party; in some you will not, because there have been those in the past who have abused the privilege. Many "celebrity" restauranteurs do not allow even knowing and tactful professional photographers on the premises; so, naturally, no amateur shutters are allowed. This is something that you should be aware of before you set out on your photo shopping tour and that you might also like to announce at the moment when you are seated. It is polite and better to ask permission than to be refused.

In general the following list is arranged in alphabetical order of the restaurants. Interior photography is not always possible, but the people within the places you will find interesting and worth recording. Reservations are essential in practically all places, and those with a dash of “D” are Diner's Club establishments.

Here Honey and Jane look over another tourists' mecca, the famed Moulin Rouge

Brown Derby (D). The “hat” Derby (and this makes a great picture when snapped from the back seat of a convertible directly to the south) is located at 3377 Wilshire Boulevard. Coffee shop opens at 7 A.M., dinner dining rooms from noon until around 11, every day. The Beverly Derby, 9550 Beverly Boulevard, is across the street from the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, is open for luncheon and dinner. Los Feliz Derby, 4500 Los Feliz Boulevard, has a coffee shop that opens at 7 A.M., closes at 2 A.M.; the dining room is open for luncheon and dinner. The Hollywood Derby, 1628 North Vine Street, is probably the most famous of all, and is always filled with celebrities. Cesar's, 7650 Sunset Boulevard, is open from noon until around eleven p.m. Reservations are absolutely necessary in all Derbies except possibly on Sunday. There is an extra charge by Stocker Street between Crenshaw and Wilshire, the latter being open on a 24-hour basis, and is smaller, less crowded at the dinner hour than the other locations.

Captain's Steakhouse (D), 301 South La Cienega Boulevard, on Restaurant Row. This spot specializes in seafood flown in from where-have-you (mahimahi from Hawaii, lobsters from Maine, prawns from New Orleans) and the celebrities thru-and-thru from as wide an area. Open daily from 5 p.m. until 2 A.M. Reservations necessary, tariff fairly high.

The Castle (D), 828 S. Robertson Boulevard, makes a great spot for those who want a picture—turret, stone walls, drawbridge, etc. Also has really good Caesar salad and charbroiled steak. Open daily 11 A.M. to 2 A.M. Prices reasonable.

The Board, 1710 Doheny Drive in Beverly Hills. Serves dinners from 6 p.m. except Mondays when closed. This is one of the great restaurants of the world, a star hangout. Exterior photography is possible during week, vintage cars going in and out, the gourmet scale everywhere, i.e. every expensive. Reservations absolutely essential, unless you merely want to pick up a Steak and go to the bar.

Clifton's Cafeterias. If you are in downtown L. A. and want to catch a quick bite at a pittance, as well as an interesting flash-color picture or two, there are four Clifton's Cafeterias where breakfast, luncheon and dinner; Woody's Brookdale is at 648 South Broadway and palmy Pacific Seas is at 618 South Olive. Prices are $1.00 to $1.50 a meal. The Clifton's Cafeteria, at the west end of the Sunset Strip, remains the photographer's hangout. Luncheon on weekdays and Saturdays from noon until 3:30 (buffet) and Sunday brunch, served until 11 A.M. (closed Monday.) A brunch is served from 11, also buffet. Prices are reasonable, food like shepherd's pie, Welsh rarebit and English trifle.

Cove (D), corner of 7th & Berenda, just a hop, a walk and a jump from Doheny Drive. Serves breakfast, luncheon and dinner through the week, dinner only on Saturday and Sunday. Food in the French manner, tariff medium (fish, etc.) to high (steaks, specialties).

Don The Beachcomber, 107 N. MacArthur, Cadden Place, Hollywood. One-half block north of Hollywood Boulevard, 2 blocks east of Highland Avenue. This is the original Beachcomber's, established by the colorful Don his name, legally, during the war to "Don Beachcomber" and who now holds forth in Honolulu and Tahiti. This spot specializes in tropical drinks, raised on the roof, atmosphere and fun. Great flash picture scenes in every direction. Tariff not inexpensive by any means, but food superb. Open every day from 5 p.m. to 2 A.M. The Duck Press (D), 2535 E. Olympic Boulevard (east of downtown L. A.). If you yearn for quail, venison, pheasant under glass, or practically any other game en
tree, the Duck Press is for you. King Gable usually has his ducks prepared at this spot, as do most California sportmen. Open weekdays 11 a.m. to 11:30 p.m. Sundays and holidays 4 p.m. to 11 p.m. Expect to be won by

Fox & Hounds (D), 2900 Wilshire Boulevard, in Santa Monica. An Old English-style tavern of proportions never dreamed of in Old England. Luncheon and dinner daily. Reservations; prices fair but tall.

Frosconi's (D). There are three of these Belgian-cuisine restaurants in the L. A. area—8177 Sunset Boulevard (diagonally across from Schwab's) is one of Joan Crawford's favorites; serves luncheon and dinner every day except Sunday, when it opens at 5 p.m. 1056 S. La Cienega (on Restaurant Row) is open as above, and so is 951 Wilshire in Beverly Hills. The Sunset location has an exterior patio that would make a good snapshot. Prices are moderate to expensive.

Gotham Delicatessen (D), 7050 Hollywood Boulevard. This is a hangout for the young Hollywood players who dig a midnight snack. Spot is open from 9 a.m. until 1 a.m. weekdays; closed at midnight on Sunday. Fine fodder at tender fees.

Hamburger Hamlets. How would you like a cheeseburger manufactured out of 1/4 pound of charcoal broiled ground sirloin, plus two strips of crisp bacon, plus a slathering of cheddar cheese, plus a final garnish of French dressing, price $1.50? Don't drown in your own juices, f'eaven's sake, until you get the addresses: 8829 Sunset Boulevard (on the Strip); 389 North Bedford Drive in Beverly Hills, or 19435 Weyburn Avenue, Westwood (home of UCLA). The Hamburger Hamlets are owned and operated by Harry Lewis, who was once a Warner Brothers star. Nowadays, in addition to turning out fabulous food, he also marches into the kitchen and whips up—via top-secret recipe—a brand of lobster bisque ($5 per copy) that fetches gourmets from hither, not to say thither and yon. Live a little.

Jack's at the Beach, on the Ocean Park Pier, Ocean Park. From the restaurant you get some great shots of Santa Monica Bay to the north and east, and of the Palos Verdes hills to the south. As for the restaurant, super. If you can snag a table in front of the windows you'll never forget the view—or the food. Dinner served from 5 p.m. until about midnight. Closed Mondays. Movie rendezvous, so reservations are advised, and prices are high. After dinner you might pop over to the Aragon Ballroom for a few dances to Lawrence Welk's Champagne Music.

King's Arms, 4323 Riverside Drive, Burbank (short distance west of Warner Brothers studio). Looks like a medieval castle in miniature and the parking lot attendants who take your car are dressed like grooms of old. The great oaken door opens into a small entry in which Excalibur is imbedded in concrete; a nearby plaque explains that anyone who can withdraw Excalibur from its stone is rightful ruler of England. Well, you can always try! (Hilarious, but not too clever.) Inside there is a "round table" bar, a massive fireplace entirely encircled by banquettes and small tables. Beyond this are two dining rooms, each with unique attractions in keeping with the King's theme. Food is superb, prices moderate to uppish. Open weekdays from noon until midnight or so; open Sundays from 3 p.m. Don't miss this one—but make reservations.

NOTE: A companion restaurant is the Queen's Arms, on Ventura Boulevard in the San Fernando Valley, but at present it is so overwhelmingly by hungry locals that it seems somewhat unfair to burden the staff by adding more standees to their inevitable queue for dinner. Its decor is not as interesting as the King's Arms.

La Rue (D), 8633 Sunset Boulevard (on the Strip). From across the street (Sunset) you can get a fine shot of this most chic of Flimflam's dining spots. From the exterior it looks as if a sidewalk cafe should be nestling beneath its awnings—a clue to the French cuisine that has made La Rue famous. Dinner served from 5:30 daily except Mondays. Reservations essential. Tab will be impressive, but so will be your fellow diners, your surroundings, the service and the food. If you're only moderately hungry, ask for Queen's Pancakes—and remember to note the date. Unforgettable as a first kiss.

Liuau (D), 421 N. Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills. Don't miss a picture of the Liuau exterior, in color preferably. One of the most photogenic restaurants in the world and worth half a dozen shots. The interior is quite as enchanting and the tall, handsome man who will, in all probability, greet you is Steve Crane. Liuau is open for dinner every evening; cuisine is Cantonese, but the steaks are excellent, too. Tariff high, and worth it.

Lucyte's (D), 5444 Melrose Avenue (two blocks east of RKO Studios). Luncheons and dinner served daily except Sundays when the "Closed" sign is up. Within the vein-covered walls there is a courtyard (rustic tables, striped tablecloths) worth a color shot, but better keep your camera in its case inside because Lucyte's—particularly at luncheon—is a prime movie spot, especially patronized by RKO, Columbia and Paramount. Reservations essential, better count on $5 for two for luncheon, $8 to $10 for dinner. Cuisine Italian.

Ming Room (D), 358 S. La Cienega (Restaurant Row). Owned by Bruce Wong who has worked in almost every Oriental picture ever shot in Hollywood, this beau-

... HOW TO LOOK LOVELY THOUGH EFFICIENT

Trust young moderns to find a way... a way to crowd into one short day all the taxing, mothering, clubbing, gardening and housekeeping, and still meet him at 5:30 looking lovely. It takes smart planning, even to your make-up... Magic Touch.

This blessedly simple aid to loveliness is a creamy compact. A fingertip does it, in seconds—hides the freckle and blemish, freshens the color, adds the fresh, young look. But more, it lubricates, protects your skin all day—ends tedious bedtime greasing. It's a natural for today's casual living—the easy way to be effulgent on busiest days. You get Magic Touch at all variety stores and better drug stores, and pay only 45¢ or $1.00. Hard to believe, 'til you look in your mirror! It's made for the modern woman—people like you!—by Campana.

The Make-Up of Young Moderns.
tifully decorated spot opens during the week at 4 p.m. and serves until around midnight; Sundays it opens at 3 p.m. Prices in line with Restaurant Row checks.

Musso and Frank Grill (D), 6667 Hollywood Boulevard. Serves breakfast, luncheon and dinner every weekday; closed Sundays. You haven’t lived until you (with a star at each elbow) have pressed your fork into the “Musso Special,” a flambéed steak. Back room could be transported intact to New York and would find itself at home. Prices moderate.

Naples (D), 1508 North Cahuenga, one-half block north of Sunset, just east of CBS. This unpretentious, cramped little bistro is a favorite coffee and pizza place for players from Columbia Studios and CBS. Open for breakfast Monday through Saturday, 10:30 a.m., close at 2 a.m. Original is located at 1614 N. Argyle (block east of Vine, block south of Hollywood Boulevard) and the younger brother is situated at 5511 Melrose Avenue, not far west of Lucey’s. Incidentally, there is a parking problem at both locations, so in case you are driving, spot your favorite Nicodell, then circle the block to the nearest parking lot and walk back.

Oyster House (D), 666 N. La Cienega Boulevard (on Restaurant Row). This place is new, rather New Orleans in feeling, and perfectly in keeping with the Louisiana-style dishes at the Carousel Room and somewhere there is a charming patio under sheltering trees—an excellent shot in black and white or color. The food is just as intriguing: giant hamburgers, ham sandwich, fish sandwich, clam chowder, even pop fish (as in fish sandwich). The menu is brief, but everything on it is divine. Open Monday through Saturday, 11:30 a.m. until 4 p.m. This is worth going out of your way to visit. Who needs a dinner reservation when you can accompany your sandwich (85¢ to $1.10) with Café Melange, 35¢.

Perino’s, 3107 Wilshire Boulevard, Wilshire District. One of the great restaurants of the area. Here the cuisine is the Continental, with Argent and Maxim’s in Paris. It is also one of the most expensive restaurants in this or any country, but worth every penny. The service is particular and you enjoy the knowledge that your chef, a native from Texas, a socialite from Gotham, and a maharajah from India may be your next-door neighbors. Luncheon from 11:30 a.m. to 2 p.m.; reservations suggested; tab for two about $8.

Ready Room (D), 365 N. La Cienega (on Restaurant Row). Johnny Wilson, USC athletic great of yesteryear, is the boniface at this charming tavern-type restaurant. Reservations are not necessary; the city in the opinion of those who should know. Luncheon from noon until 2:30 weekdays; dinner from 5. Saturdays and Sundays at 7:30. Reservations suggested; tab for two about $8.

Romanoff’s (D), 140 South Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills (one-half block south of Wilshire, 2 blocks west of Beverly Drive). The restaurant is managed by an afternoon shot as it faces west and the texture of huge doors and brick walls provides interesting background. No interior photography permitted—not even probably. Romanoff’s is, however, a gentleman of modest stature but stratospheric wit and poise, is usually about, being charming to his many-carated crowd. A cautious visitor may patronize the bar and view the dining room where there are certain to be some of the famous panhandling themselves on Lucullan food. Plan on at least $15 for two without beverages or tips. Luncheon and dinner daily except Sundays when the Crowning Place is open. Though the view from the Place is worth the price, reservations are not necessary.

Santa Ines Inn’s Fireside Room, 17310 Sunset Boulevard, Pacific Palisades (quarter of a mile from the junction of Sunset and Pacific Coast Highway). Breakfast, lunch and dinner are served in this charming dining room with its tremendous fire-place, its balcony overlooking Sunset and its glass wall overlooking the Inn’s swimming pool. Prices are reasonable and there are at least six excellent vantage points from which to make good pictures. There’s an unusual gift shop in the lobby.

The Sawdust Trail (D), 1735 N. McCadden Place (same side of street but up a notch from Don, the Beachcomber’s). This place trout lakes from which you can catch your own dinner, if you want to know your food that well. In addition to sea and lake foods, the steaks are tender with age, and the salads are crisp as a new-minted twenty. Expensive, and worth it, reservations wise, dinner served 7 nights each week.

PC and Cock. There are three members of this delightful family which brings a touch of famed Southern hospitality to the Coast. All serve luncheon and dinner every day (Bantam Cock and 477 don’t on Mondays). Bantam Cock is open only after 4; Veddy social and white-gloved is the 477 South La Cienega location (reservations essential) and veddy festive it is during the holiday season when Santa and his reindeer are the main attraction. The third, Bantam Cock (newly enlarged and re-decorated at 643 N. La Cienega) is informal and gay. The San Fernando Valley address is 3250 Ventura Boulevard, the headquarters of many Valley players (stage, screen, radio-TV), but you’ll be just as welcome if you were Bob Hope.

Tallyho (D), 8750 Beverly Boulevard. This is an English tavern type, cheerful, cozy, and source of excellent viands. Reservations suggested for dinner, served for 5 p.m. until midnight every day. Tariff about $7 for two.

Tam O’Shanter, 2980 Los Feliz Boulevard. On your way to the Glendale Southern Pacific station, or to Forest Lawn Memorial Park, this is an excellent place to visit. The waitresses are dressed as Scottish lassies. The beamed rooms, several with fireplace, are charming and the food reasonably priced. Try the deck steak (two boneless ground sirloin patties with a layer of cheddar cheese between) served with shoestring potatoes. Who’s dieting?

The Traders, in the Beverly Hilton Hotel shop area (motor entrance on Santa Monica Boulevard). Don’t miss this one if you dole on Cantonese food. Exterior pictures can be made any time during the afternoon or by flash later (dinner only is served from 5 on). Either Don Avellier or King Wong will greet you and see that you are seated to advantage. Have stuffed shrimp as an appetizer and include Oyster Beef in your dinner order. Very expensive, but you have a real dinner of your life amid romantic surroundings. Always a cabl somewhere nearby.

Villa Capri (D), 1735 N. McCadden Place. A favorite rendezvous of the local Italian community and such greats as Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Sal Mineo and Frankie Laine. Espresso coffee and Cappuccino (if you’re over 21) are delights of the house, and the Italian dinner of your life amid a choice of veal or fish is followed by a fruit tart or chocolate mousse. Always a cabl somewhere nearby.

Villa Nova (D), 9015 Sunset Boulevard. Another of the great Italian restaurants, this one colorful clientele and excellent food. Remember the old school roundelay “Ninety-nine bottles, hanging on the wall”? The origin of the name? Now, Wil Wright’s. No trip to Hollywood can be considered complete until the tipper has surrounded an ice cream masterpiece from Wil Wright’s. There are 5 locations, open until 1 a.m., and the original is at 9015 Sunset Boulevard, South Beverly Drive in Beverly Hills; 10879 Lindbrook Drive, in Westwood Village (UCLA); 8253 Santa Monica Boulevard; 8641 Sunset Boulevard (on the Strip); in the Century Plaza Hotel at 20th Street, and another just above Santa Barbara Avenue in the Crenshaw District.

At the exciting Coconut Grove, visitors like Honey King, Jane Lynn are welcome.
bands during the season from Memorial Day until Labor Day), riding, golfing, bird-watching (at the farm) and turning mahogany in the sun. (Catalina tans are beautiful and long-lasting if not acquired too fast; speed takes you to the hospital). You can catch the boat train at the 6th and Main station of Pacific Electric at 9 A.M. Boat leaves Wilmington at 10 A.M., docks at Avalon as the chimes are sounding noon. Boat returns at 3:30 P.M., but there are a number of comfortable spots in which to spend the night if you feel lazy. Adult fare, around $7 round trip, children, around $3.50. Or you can fly leaving for Avalon at 9:30 A.M. or 3:30 P.M. daily. Return at 4 P.M. or 10 A.M. the next morning. Fare $12 round trip. The flight takes 20 minutes during which you can pick up some breathtaking maritime sights. Chinatown. Don't invest your time at this delightful street at 900 N. Broadway if you have visited New York's or San Francisco's Chinoirs. Otherwise, don't miss it; your camera will go wild. Dozens of exciting pictures (the wishing pond, the dragon tower, the beautiful, button-eyed tolo), dozens of good restaurants. Forest Lawn Memorial Park, a must-see item, this is at 1712 Glendale Avenue, off San Fernando Road. Perhaps the most famous cemetery in America, it is also proud of the number of weddings performed in its three churches: Wee Kirk O' the Heather, duplicating the Glencarin, the Scotland parish church where Annie Laurie worshipped; The Little Church of Flowers, pastel white, and the church where Thomas Gray wrote his "Elegy in a Country Churchyard"; the Church of the Recessional, similar to St. Margaret's in Rottingdean, England. You see the "Last Supper" and the superb statuary. Griffith Park. With the Planetarium, you might enjoy Traveltown with its miniature railway and Fern dell, where picnickers by the score spend their summer days. Planetarium shows are given Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights at 8:30 P.M. (small charge). Matinee performances on Saturday at 3 P.M. Sundays at 3 p.m. and 4:15 p.m. Hollywood Bowl. Concerts July and August, seats start at 50¢. You'll get great flash pictures if you are near the stage, otherwise telescopic lens and time exposure will do the trick. Huntington Library, 1151 Oxford Road, San Marino, is a photographer's delight. The grounds and the gardens are spectacular, for the former home of railroad tycoon Henry Huntington lies high and mighty above the surrounding terrain. No camera permitted inside the galleries, where are displayed Lawrence's "Pinkly", Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse" and Gainsborough's "Blue Boy." There is a small entrance fee; children under 10 are not admitted; library is open every afternoon except Mondays, closed the entire month of July. Knott's Berry Farm, located in Buena Park, easily reached by the Santa Ana Freeway and Highway 39 southbound, this delightful Farm is still operated by its founder owners. There are two restaurants, the Chicken Shanty and the Steak House (closed on Fridays) where you can get one of the best dinners of your life. Afterward stroll the authentic frontier town that has been assembled from abandoned Western ghost villages, brought board by board and bullet hole by bullet hole by packrat's nest from their original locations. There are two restaurants, the Chicken Shanty and the Steak House. See the Gay Nineties show, and pan for your own gold, but keep out of the jailhouse. Everything is free roaming one or two of the rides and food, of course, and no one will want to depart. 

**FREE!**

Large 4" x 5"

GLOSSY PHOTOS

TV, RECORDING and MOVIE STARS

A wonderful once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to get FREE PHOTOS of your favorite stars of Green, Radio, and TV is available.

In conjunction with the current national publicity campaign launched by affiliated units of the entertainment field we are able to supply free photos for any purposes of just about every known personality in show business.

To receive your FREE PHOTOS please print your request on your letterhead and mail the following to FILMLAND PHOTOS, 1124 No. La Brea Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

"FREE PHOTOS of (Name)"

All requests must be accompanied by a letterhead for authenticity.

**FREE!**

THIS MONTH ONLY—100 FACSIMILES OF TOP STARS AUTOGRAPHS

FILMLAND PHOTOS Dept. 611A 1124 No. La Brea, Hollywood 38, Calif.

**FREE!**

Please rush the set(s) of pictures I have checked off below. Enclosed is $3.50 for each set checked to cover handling and mailing costs.

Name

Address

City

State

Enclosed $3.50

Check

Cash

Money Order

I have Enclosed $3.50

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 (shrinking) took place.

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

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

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

La Brea Tar Pits. These are located in a landscaped park just between Ohrbach's and May Company Wilshire. It's free, and you should roam through it—keeping close rein on any children in your party because there is constant excavation going on—within clearly marked and roped-off areas. Keep the camera handy and some of the members of your party on the huge concrete bears and sabre-tooth tigers that have been installed to give modern man some idea of the intrepidity of his forbears.

Los Angeles County Museum, Figueroa Street at 39th Street, maintains permanent exhibits on art, history and science and contains several temporary art exhibits, such as the Edward G. Robinson and the Chrysler collections. Don't miss the costume gallery which includes the clothing of some of Hollywood's long-time stars, to 3:30 p.m. Mondays, Thanksgiving, Christmas. Free.

Marineland of the Pacific, reputed to be the largest aquarium in the world, is situated on the Palos Verdes Peninsula between Redondo Beach and San Pedro, at Portuguese Bend. Don't miss it. Admission, $1 for adults, 90¢ for servicemen, 50¢ for children. This fee will let you spend an afternoon or evening. Stamp your hand if you wish to go in and out of the tank area. In addition to the Oceanarium building, there are a refreshment stand, large gardens with tables and benches, a huge restaurant-cocktail lounge with a breathtaking view of the Pacific (you really can see Catalina on a moderately clear day) and a motel. All are immaculate. Everyone receives a souvenir.

At the Oceanarium the shows are given from 10:30 a.m. until 4:30 p.m. There are three different 15-minute displays of the inmates, and these are given in rotation throughout the day. You can visit the porpoises; get set to shoot them fast.

Missions. Father Junipero Serra founded the first on July 16, 1769, in what is now called Old Town in San Diego; the last, in Monterey, in 1797. If you want to learn about California missions, you should do this much research in advance: Send $2.75 to Brown and Nourse, Publishers, 100 Edgehill Drive, San Carlos, California, for a copy of a slender volume entitled "California Missions" by Floyd Ray. It includes a list of the Missions, the dates of their founding and over 80 superb photographs. You will treasure it for the rest of your life and leave it proudly to your great-grandson.

Movie Studios. If you know a Big Wheel, or better yet a Colossal Wheel, you might secure a pass to visit a sound stage. Otherwise, the best way to see a studio is on the Studio Tour which runs $3.50.

Olvera Street. Opposite the Old Plaza on Main Street in downtown Los Angeles, this restoration of the first street in El Pueblo is fascinating for the eyes, award-winning for the camera. Best to visit at night. Be sure to squander 50¢ on a trip through the old adobe and listen with your imagination's ear to the tinkling of a ghost guitar in the long grass, dust.

Radio and TV Shows, at NBC, CBS, and so on. Order tickets to your favorites by mail at least a month in advance. If your trip is spur-of-the-moment, check with the Information Desk in the entrance of each of the broadcasting stations.

Southwest Museum, 234 Museum Drive (the white building looming over the Pasadena Freeway) is open 1 to 5 p.m. daily except Mondays and holidays and contains enough Indian lore to set Custer to carving arrowheads in his grave. This is the place to lose the youngsters while you take pictures from the various tower levels. Admission free.

After you've seen Southwest Museum, turn left onto Figueroa and go to 4603 North to view a replica of a Spanish colonial ranch of the 1800's, authentically furnished and Sundays. Free. Bring along a scrape and have a friend snap you as a throwback to the days of the Dons.

DANCING

Bar of Music, 7351 Beverly Boulevard. Dancing and entertainment from 9 p.m. nightly; a fun spot, informal dressing okay. Minimum on Saturdays. Check for dinner around $10 for two.

Ciro's, 8433 Sunset Boulevard (on the Strip). This is one of the top spots in California. Floor shows at 10:30 and 12:30 nightly. Cover charge and prices are what you would expect, since Debbie and Eddie are likely to be at the next table. Peggy King and Andre Freven across the room. Reservations essential. Dress, afternoon or cocktail attire.

Coconut Grove, in the Ambassador Hotel. Another celebrity spot: expensive, reservations essential. Dress: chic but not the white satin formal.

Copenhagen, 9070 Roosevelt Hotel (Hollywood). Dancing nightly to the music of two alternate orchestras; Saturday afternoon dansante, and Monday is mambo night. Tab is reasonable ($12 for two without beverages) and dress what you would wear to a club dance at home.

Mocambo, 6220 Sunset Boulevard. More expensive, a nightly affair with a sitting charge, reservations essential. A showplace for the celebrities. The music is fine and it's a great place to people-watch. There is an up-town club, Mocambo II, for $3.50 a couple. The charge includes an appetizer, cocktail, or after-dinner drink.

The One Forty, 6235 Wilshire Boulevard, is one of the places to see music stars. Lighting is spectacular and the crowd is smart.

Oscars, 6215 Wilshire Boulevard, is for those who know what they like. It's a sophisticated crowd and it's a high-class place. A very popular spot, especially with the Hollywood elite. It's a high price, $5.50 a couple. The music is good, as it should be.

The Roadhouse, 5525 Wilshire Boulevard, is one of the top spots in the city. It's a great place to see and be seen. The music is good and the atmosphere is exciting. It's a fun place to visit.

The Park, 6357 Wilshire Boulevard, is a good place to visit. It's a casual place with good music and good prices. The crowd is smart and the atmosphere is very pleasant. It's a great place to take the family.

The Tiffany, 6215 Wilshire Boulevard, is a very popular place with the Hollywood elite. It's a very expensive place, $5.50 a couple. The music is good and the atmosphere is very pleasant. It's a great place to take the family.

The Whisky a Go Go, 8141 Sunset Boulevard, West Hollywood, is a very popular place with the Hollywood elite. It's a very expensive place, $5.50 a couple. The music is good and the atmosphere is very pleasant. It's a great place to take the family.

Other dances include all-night dancing at the Ambassador Hotel, 2121 Wilshire Boulevard, at the Hollywood Bowl, 2001 Hollywood Boulevard, and at the Hollywood Palladium, 6235 W. Sunset Boulevard, every Friday night. The Hollywood Palladium is a very popular place with the Hollywood elite. It's a very expensive place, $5.50 a couple. The music is good and the atmosphere is very pleasant. It's a great place to take the family.

THEATRES

A listing only of those offering fare other than standard movies:

Beverly Canon, 205 N. Canon Drive, Beverly Hills. Foreign films.

Biltmore, 5th Street between Olive & Grand, downtown L. A. Legitimate house, showing Theatre Guild attractions and others.

Carthay Circle, 6318 West San Vicente Boulevard, one block south of Wilshire, between Fairfax and La Cienega. "Around the World in 80 Days," produced by Mike Todd, alias Mr. Elizabeth Taylor. Don't miss this fascinating film with David Niven, Cantinflas, and practically everyone else in Hollywood or Elstree. Matinees, $1.75 up; evenings, $2.50 up.


Four Star Theatre, 5112 Wilshire Boulevard. Foreign films or roadshow specials.

Greek Theatre, in Griffith Park. An outdoor arena, functioning in the summer only, but offering such goodies as Harry Belafonte in concert, light operas and such. $2.50 up. Tickets must be secured well in advance because a subscription list takes up every seat.

Horseshoe Stage, 7458 Melrose Avenue, between Fairfax and La Brea. This theatre is usually taken over by groups, but call Hollywood 2-6666 in case there may be an extra seat or two. At this writing, "Desire Under the Elms" is playing.

Huntington Hartford Theatre, 1615 North Vine, opposite the Hollywood Derby. Le- gitimate shows. This is a beautiful theatre, light dinner is served at reasonable prices before curtain and beverages between acts. Tickets from $2.20 up.

Pan-Pacific Auditorium, in the Gilmore "Island" (so-called because it is surrounded by commerce and residential areas) south of Beverly Boulevard, between La Brea and Fairfax. This showplace is used for the Ice Follies, the annual Home Show, the Antique Show, and ice-heavy games.

Pantages Hollywood, at 6233 Hollywood Boulevard. This is a movie mansion, but you should catch a picture there because it is the theatre in which the Academy Awards are handed out each March.

Pasadena Community Playhouse, the cradle...
Places To Get Glamour

Make this vacation an occasion to re-do yourself on a grand scale. While in glamorous Hollywood, why not take advantage of the opportunities for glamour that the stars too are happy to prize?

For a makeup treatment, call Max Factor, Hollywood 2-6131, for an appointment. Give the salon about two days notice and allow an hour for your charming. You will be given a free street makeup, which will express your good points and disguise your less than perfect features. Your only obligation is to buy $3 worth of cosmetics, which you would want to do anyway. The salon located at 1666 North Highland Avenue, a half block south of Hollywood Boulevard.

For a new hairdo, telephone the House of Westmore, 6638 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood 7-2541, and watch the daily (except Sunday, of course) fashion show. 1. Magnin's, Vermont near Wilshire, shows business girl fashions every Monday from 7:30 p.m. until 9:30 p.m. Alvéna Tomin stages a well-rounded collection of smart fashions at Barraclough's, 6220 West 3rd Street, every Tuesday night.

For a chance to put your new fashion knowledge to work, visit the chic salon of Don Loper, 132 South Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills, just a few steps south of Romanoff's. You could buy a $50 ball gown here, but you could have it for a song. Have a hairdo, be frank with the saleslady about your needs and you might well walk out with a treasure that will mean a new social season.

For delightful California fashions "at a price," try the Town and Country Market, which is directly south, across Third Street, from the Farmers' Market. It consists of excellent shops and quaint restaurants.

For a raincoat that is strictly Californian and will bring about spasms of envy in the hearts of everyone back home, hire yourself to the incredible shop of Irene Barra-

Barra.
Colle, 9753 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, has a stock of unique weather predictions, ready to go, but if you can wait two or three days she will whip up a construction of any style or color you wish.

For that perfect conversation piece about that warm dip into Hollywood, there is a golden rule: "If you wear it up in Hollywood," go to the Dell section of the Farmers’ Market, where you will find the silver shop of Walter Wright, the Salvador Dalí of the earlocks, the ringmaster of the quirky. Priced at an honest dollar, and you will be astonished to discover how far your vacation savings will go at this artist’s counter.

What to Wear

Let your wardrobe for Hollywood be dictated by two things: the season and your interests. Don’t pack everything you own—or at least, don’t pack everything you wear. (Ok, this is a stock of unique weather predictions, for sure.) If you are unusually tall or exceptionally heavy, take yourself happily to Lane Bryant, 233 North Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, and come out ready to pose for the best picture you’ve ever had snapped.

Calendar of Hollywood Events

April: In Palm Springs, Desert Circus Week, with Western garb, kangaroo court, celebrities in a Main Street lockup (memorable pictures), parades, charity ball; in Hemet, movie stars elsewhere; Hollywood Bowl, Easter Sunrise Service, also in the Rose Bowl in Pasadena, at Forest Lawn, on Mt. Rubidoux, Riverside.

May: Newport to Ensenada International Yacht Race; Hollywood Park, beginning of horse racing, continues to middle of July.

June: Catalina Island welcomes the flying fish home from their southern sojourn with gaily lighted yachts; San Diego County Fair at Del Mar’s fairgrounds next to the race track built by such film greats as Bing Crosby, Pat O’Brien and Fred Astaire.

July: Beginning of the Hollywood Bowl Symphonies under the stars, beginning of the Laguna Beach Band; in Long Beach, Miss Universe Pageant.

August: Solvang’s Danish Days described elsewhere; Newport Harbor’s Flight of the Snowbirds (small sailboats) at last year’s late Humphrey Bogart served as crew for the film, "The Big Sleep," if a kindriness the old salts at Newport will never forget; in Santa Barbara, Old Spanish Days Fiesta under the full moon; Los Angeles Nisei Week, if you’re lucky enough to have Japanese friends, you may enjoy the tea ceremonies, the judo tournament or the fashion, talent, or baby shows.

September: In Huntington Beach, Twins Convention, not to be missed if you are a pair of twins, with oldest, most freckled, youngest, oldest, etc.; Los Angeles County Fair at Pomona, which this year shows only photographs in the art exhibit, so you can see what the big boys are doing with flash. Pack a range-finder; on San Pedro, the fishermen’s Fiesta, blessing the fleet, dancing in the street, parading the lighted and decorated fishing boats.

October: From October until January 1st the great pictures and pictures premiered in order to make them eligible for Academy Award consideration. Watch the daily papers or theatre marquees for the magic phrase “World Premiere.” Bleachers are always full for two-thirds of the fans and nearly all celebs will pose.

November: In Long Beach, All-Western Band Review, including 75 bands from schools and military groups, with prizes for best bands and majorettes.

December: Christmas, Christmas everywhere—when you get there. A dressy outfit or knitted suit is perfect; for warm weather pack two street dresses or a variety of separates. You may not think you’ll need it, but a cocktail dress usually can be used in Hollywood. Cardigan sweaters are indispensable and a stole can add flair to a dinner dress and keep you unbothered by draft or air conditioning. Don’t forget, too, your evening purse. By all means, take a bathtub suit and cap and don’t forget those indispensables: nylon lingerie, stockings and pajamas. For leisure hours, pack the slipper slippers and a comfortable robe. And leave room in your luggage. One of the delights of travel is to buy things you can’t find back home and which will later remind you of the fun you had.

无知 to Hollywood: April in California is lovely, and a shirter, cotton tweed suit or dress or a linen sheath is ideal. Bring a warm coat and a cardigan. May is Hollywood’s dual-personality month. Up until the middle of the month weather is usually summery and bright and the first of the dressing gowns have begun to appear. About May 15th the high fogs begin and hang on until late as late as the first to fifteenth of July. Sharp winds and dew at night can make a warm coat or a dress in packable jersey welcome. But don’t be fooled by the fog. You can blister red if you lie on the beach too long. June weather is more of May with the exception that the days are longer and the danger of sunburning at the beach much greater. For parties, white will be the color most worn; fabrics will be floating nylon, printed chiffon, pastel organdy. Bring along, or plan to buy, a playsuit, cotton pedal pushers. July and August are high summer months, the days being hot and sunny; the nights, chilly enough near the ocean for a warm jacket (fur, cashmere, or lined wool). The Hollywood Bowl concerts are on (check the local papers for program) but be sure to dress warmly in a sweater and skirt and take along a laprug if you have one in your car; the summer dew is penetrating. September is the hottest month of the year. Darwin—cotton drip—dries will seem pure gold. One pure silk shantung or silk tweed will take you anywhere in style and a cardigan will protect you against air conditioning. The beach season, which opens with the Memorial Day holiday, closes with the Labor Day weekend, although some of the best beach weather arrives slightly later and often lasts through Thanksgiving.

Go, Go To Hollywood!

For help in making your Hollywood vacation plans, get free, complete travel information by mailing this coupon to:

PHOTOPLAY TRAVEL DEPT.
121 N. LaSalle St.
Chicago 1, Illinois

Please send me free travel literature about coats, routes, etc., from my home city to Hollywood, California. I am planning to make my trip about ... There (Date) will be ... in my party.

My name: ... (Please print)

Address: ... State:

Phone number: ...

(This offer expires December 31, 1957)
Heston Sounds Off

(Continued from page 50)
who wants to land on the front pages of every newspaper in the country and wreck his career."

"There are other reasons, too," Chuck pointed out. "I think it goes back to one's childhood almost. I was brought up by parents who believed in 'clean living and Sunday churchgoing' in honesty and integrity. When we came down from the woods of Michigan to Illinois so that I could attend high school, I was what you'd call a country bumpkin—big, gangling and green."

The change was great for the teen-age boy who had spent most of his life alone, roaming the beautiful wooded areas that belonged to his family. At New Trier High School in Winnetka, Chuck found himself left out. "The kids in school were a smart lot. They had cars to race around in and parties on their minds. I was homely and self-conscious," Chuck recalls, perhaps with some exaggeration. "My hair hung in my eyes and more often than not I was broke. I never felt I wanted to belong to a crowd like that."

Looking back, it seems unbelievable that Chuck never had a date all through high school. But it's true. "Books and acting cluttered my mind, not girls or parties. In fact, at the one affair I did go to—the big graduation dance—I didn't last long. My parents drove me over to the school auditorium and dropped me off. I wasn't too keen on going in but I didn't have much choice. After taking one brief look at the laughing crowd, I turned around and fled. This simply was not my kind of fun. Still isn't. I'm a homebody. I like to putter around the house, listen to music, sometimes cook up a batch of spaghetti, play with Fray."

When Chuck entered Northwestern University, though, something special did happen to the country boy from Michigan. Sitting two rows in front of him in Fundamentals of Theatre Practice B40 was pert, dark-haired Lydia Clarke. "I remember even the sprig of artificial holly she wore—that first day I saw her," Heston fondly recalls. But he kept his admiration to himself until one afternoon after class when Lydia casually asked him how she should speak her opening line in their one-act play. The line was (Chuck's never forgotten it): "My frog is dead." He suggested she say: "My frog is dead," with emphasis on the frog. That did it—Chuck fell in love.

The next time Lydia wandered back-stage after a school performance, Chuck was ready. He fumbled but managed in the end to get a date. "It was wonderful," he says, and terrible.

"I didn't have a cent in my pocket. So I took Lydia to the college hangout, crossing my fingers I'd meet someone I knew there. But I did fumble a dime. Lydia and I had one cup of coffee each, over three hours of talk about everything from Shakespeare to Barrymore. It was the cheapest date we've ever had."

Chuck maintained this practically in fact—that he knew from the start that Lydia was right for him. "She was sincere about everything—or tried to be—and kind and warmhearted. Also, we had the same kind of upbringing." For the next three years, Chuck proposed to Lydia regularly, and just as regularly she refused. Since then, Lydia admits that she thought the big lumberman from Michigan looked as wild as the woods he'd come from. Besides, she was young and marriage was not in her plans. The theatre was her love.

It was wartime and Chuck was in the
Army Air Corps and his morale had sunk to its lowest. "I'd just given up all hope of Lydia's consenting," Chuck says, "when one morning I received a wire: 'I have appeared from abroad'.

They were married in Greensboro, North Carolina, on March 17, 1944, just before Chuck left for overseas duty. "Lydia wore a lavender suit with a flowered hat. She walked to the church we got caught in a sudden downpour. The flowers wilted and the suit was limp and I expected tears. All Lydia could say was, 'If only I had had more flowers, it might have done them some good.'"

After his discharge at the end of the war, Chuck and Lydia went to Asheville, North Carolina, as co-directors and leads in "The Band Wagon" at the Thomas Wolfe Memorial Theatre. But Broadway had always been their goal and with only dreams they went to New York, where they found a thirty-dollar-a-month cold-water flat. "We shopped frugally, shared the markets and struggled valiantly for a niche in the acting profession," Chuck says.

Bit parts, a television walk-on came their way. "About this time, women began to notice the tall, good-looking young actor, Charlton Heston. How did Chuck feel about his sudden popularity? "I don't think I do now and as I did in high school," he says. "I like attractive women and enjoy their company at a party but I don't want to enter into any relationship outside of marriage that isn't a purely friendly and platonic one. Anything else is out.

"But don't misunderstand me," he quickly goes on to add. "I'm as appreciative of a pretty girl as the next man. This attraction is not unbringing, a sense of right and wrong, or honor, if you will, that makes an extramarital relationship to me so repugnant."

"And how should a wife feel about the fact that she might be attractive to other women?"

Heston claims it depends upon the husband. "Lydia knows perfectly well that she is my love in fact my first love. And, I think, that means everything."

"How do you make Lydia feel secure in such a situation?"

"That's difficult for a husband to answer, swears Chuck. "I'm going to consider the question. But I suppose it's being aware of her as a person. To let her know that you appreciate the way she thinks and the way she looks. To let her know that you enjoy talking over your ideas, your problems with her and that you recognize that as an individual she needs—to feel loved, to feel wanted, to feel important in your own right. That's why I would ask Lydia to give up playing in which she was interested. I suppose being aware of the little things that women think important and that men often don't understand is good for a happy marriage. Things like smiling at your wife across a crowded room when you've separated, or holding her hand when she seems overwrought, or having frank days, not noticing how hard she may have worked getting the slippers to fit. I guess it all adds up to thinking less of yourself and more of the other person."

"But isn't Lydia ever jealous?" we prompted.

"I don't think she'd mind if I told you. Yes, Lydia has been at times. But I think that's only natural, for any of us. But for the rest of the time, Lydia is a perfect wife. She seldom displays her jealousy. Unlike some couples, we never have any after-the-party-is-over arguments. You know, the guests have gone home and the woman says: 'Why were you so attentive to that young niece of Bill Jones?'

"In their early struggling days, Chuck scarcely had time to give another woman a tumble. For a while there was one television job after another. First commercials, then small dramatic roles and finally meaty leads. In 1950, Hollywood beekoned and Chuck made his first film, "The Seven Year Itch." Chuck was shuttling between New York and Hollywood films for ten years, though, they kept their marriage solvent and their love alive.

"TO REACH THE STARS"

In most cases your letters will reach a star if addressed care of the studio at which he male his picture. If you have no luck there, try writing to each individually, c/o经纪人 or agent. Many stars are doing their own business, and I may insist publicity shots are with two actresses instead of one. If any act poses with only one lovely girl, chances are she's a groupie and will pick it up and make a news item out of it. With two, well, it's not so easy.

"Yes," Chuck declared, shifting his long legs under the table, "there are a hundred opportunities for a man of my age. But why? An intelligent actor realizes that most women aren't really interested in the man himself, but in his name. In our profession, you soon learn there are certain women who collect romances with famous names like other women collect Dresden teasers. It's not flattering to any man to feel he's nothing but a trophy to be displayed on a shelf. But then again doesn't any intelligent man realize this? Love is made up of lots of things: devotion, beauty, strength, loyalty, sanctity, with himself, who, in his right mind, would jeopardize all this for a casual fling? I've yet to meet a married man who was unfaithful to his wife who wasn't, at heart, discouraged with her."

"You've got to know what you want and realize when you have it," Chuck explained seriously. "Then there's a situation you can handle."

"What about the adored young ladies who somehow get hold of a star's telephone number?"

Chuck laughed loudly. "It happens to almost every actor. Usually when you're out of town, generally on a personal appearance tour, when you're staying at a local hotel."

"How do you handle it?"

"I use Dick Powell's famous line," Chuck replied, with an impish grin. "Dick always answers, 'Gee, honey, I'd love to meet you. Just a minute. Wait till I ask my wife.'"

"No, I have an easy working formula. Kiss your leading lady in the morning, lock yourself up in your dressing room for lunch, kiss her again in the afternoon. By six o'clock when the director says, 'Wrap it up,' you're ready to go home—to the woman you know best, the woman who's gone through laughter and tears with you, the woman who's now the object of your adoration and the happiness of a constant marriage."

Thirteen years of marriage without a single whisper of gossip for the Charlton Hestons has proved this is a pretty common experience. With luck, it can be made to work in Hollywood. The End

DONT FAIL TO SEE: Charlton Heston in Paramount's "Three Violent People."
Thrice as nice

Anacin® for the head

Tense, Nervous

Headaches Need

This Relief

A survey shows 3 out of 4 doctors recommend the famous ingredients of Anacin to relieve pain. Here's why Anacin® gives better total effect in pain relief than aspirin or any buffered aspirin:

- ACTS INSTANTLY: Anacin goes to work instantly. Brings fast relief to sources of your pain.
- MORE EFFECTIVE: Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not one, but a combination of medically proven ingredients.
- SAFER: Anacin simply can not upset your stomach.
- LESSENS TENSION: Anacin also reduces nervous tension, leaves you relaxed, feeling fine after pain goes. Buy Anacin Tablets today!

EACH TABLET contains:

- 200 mg. Acetylsalicylic Acid, a salicylate
- 30 mg. Acetaminophen, a phenacetin derivative
- 25 mg. Caustic Soda, a pain reliever

Maybelline Nothings Do Much To Make Eyes Beautiful

Giant Actual Photographs of 8 x 10 Movie Scenes 12 for $1

Free with order: Over 600 Movie Fan Photos

You'll love these giant beautiful scenes taken from your favorite movies. Exclusive, terrific offer.

Send No Money 3 for $1.50

Maybelline Maxara, Solid or Cream Form...$1.25

Maybelline Automatic Eyebrow Pencil...$1.00

Maybelline Iridescent Eye Shadow Sticks...$1

Blonde Mothers and Daughters

Bring Out SHINING RADIANT COLOR...

with new "Lotion" shampoo

Specially for BLONDES...Made at Home, FRESH AS YOU NEED IT!

Nothing, Do So Much To Make Eyes Beautiful

Beautiful eyes are your most important feature, so bring out all their hidden loveliness with Maybelline, the safe, natural-looking eye makeup—preferred by women of all ages, all races. Nothing does so much for a woman.

Maybelline

MAYBELLINE

Nothing Does So Much To Make Eyes Beautiful

SHORTHAND IN 6 WEEKS

Famous SPEEDWRITING shorthand. 130 words per minute. No symbols, no dictation. Easy to learn, write and transcribe. Law cost, over 20,000 graduates. For business and Civil Service. Typing available. 5th year. Write for FREE booklet to:

Speedwriting

Dept. 347-35 W. 42 St., New York 18

BLONDE

Mothers and Daughters

Bring Out SHINING, RADIANT COLOR...

with new "Lotion" shampoo

Specially for BLONDES...Made at Home, FRESH AS YOU NEED IT!

Yes, that's what you said. The one from "Monsieur Beautique". Doris' inheritance from her father was definitely on the more serious side. William Kappelhoff was a dedicated musician of the old German school of Wagner, Bach and Beethoven. His greatest love was the organ, an instrument confined in Cincin-

taxi to the great music houses, which he scorned for their frivolity, or to the great churches, which could offer little in the way of remuneration to a man with a growing family. When Doris arrived there was a four-year-old son Paul who was already going through shoes and clothes at an alarming rate. To provide for his family, William Kappelhoff tutored in Ger-

man, taught piano, violin and voice, served as a music coach in the public schools, worked nights as choral director of the biggest Gesangverein in the city, and then on Sunday found his personal release in playing the Masses on the organ of St. Mark's Church. It was an arduous program, and it did not make for a con-
genial home life. At any rate, Doris found the first clue to Doris' insipidness today that she must have time to enjoy her family. There are to be more clues, all equally bitter.

Shortly after Doris' fourth birthday, the Kappelhoff family moved into Victor Welz's large downstairs apartment into a duplex of their own. It was a move of only a few blocks, but some of the happy musical bedlam was lost in the move. Life became more ordered, more disciplined. Doris was entered in the nearby St. Mark's elementary school, and because of her ex-
ceptional aptitude for music her father started her out on a rigid program of piano instruction. He also helped her as a gifted instrumentalist, with an uncanny ear for harmonics, and possibly he was right. Her mother saw her as a gifted dancer, with an unquenchable love and remarkable physical coordination, and she, cer-
tainly, was right. Doris was too young to care.

For all her present shyness, at school Doris was a spirited younger of whom her teachers still say, "If any excitement was being stirred up, you'd always find Doris in the middle of it." When life turned bitter for Doris, after she had been twice divorced, her mother decided to conceal her from the world, and they went to bed with hard professional patience and smart cracks. Of her school days she once quipped, "I had more freeks than anybody, and more boy friends than freeks."

The fact that at one point she agreed to support this state-

ment. It is true that she easily rated as one of the most popular girls at St. Mark's and later at Regina High School, but not for the usual reasons. Quite the reverse. Actually she was a very lonely girl, al-

ready making her first down payment on the price of stardom. When the other kids were racing home from school, Doris was sedulously on her way to the only school that really meant anything to her, the Mount Adams Dance School con-

ducted by Harry Hessler. To a large extent, Doris' popularity and exciting leadership in school can be explained as wish fulfillment. With her outside life so narrowly limited, school time became her playtime.

It is no secret that aiding and abetting Doris in her ambition was her mother. Many nights Mrs. Kappelhoff worked until dawn, designing and sewing costumes for her daughter; and many were the nights too, that William and Alma Kap-

pelhoff did not see eye-to-eye on the turn their daughter's career was taking.

105
Both were sensitive people and artists, the one serious and classical, and the other gay and full of life, and the vast gap in temperament was proving impossible to bridge. When Doris was eleven, William quietly withdrew from the family circle, and the resulting divorce was to be traumatic for both of them. Some writers have tried to ascribe Doris Day's success to the frustrated drive of a girl trying to compensate for a broken home, but their gifted personality transcended all. Her drive and ambition had always been with her.

The difference between a great dancer and a dancing star is a subtle thing. It may be too much to say that Doris at twelve was a great dancer, but there can be no doubt that she had that subtle something that distinguishes a star. She was impatient to prove her right foot, and the big idea was born. Before the evening was over, Mrs. Kappelhoff and Mrs. Doherty were watching the team of Doherty & Kappelhoff in the city-wide contest, against scores of adult contestants, they won a $500 prize as the best team. On the strength of their youth, they received nationwide publicity, and on the strength of the publicity Hollywood called, and Doherty held up a weak and wavering, but nevertheless beckoning, finger.

There was never any real question of what they were going to do. Jerry and Doris were good. After that they got together and practiced daily by the hour. Within a year the intense concentration, and the pressure, and the magnetic appeal of the Hollywood pictures proved too much for the two. It was a difficult problem, I guess. The question was, "How?" In the end it was decided that Mr. Doherty would continue to work at his job with a Cincinnati dairy and thus provide a sure income against the uncertainties of Hollywood. Mrs. Doherty and Mrs. Kappelhoff would take Jerry and Doris to the Coast.

Stories about Doris Day tend to discount her connection with Jerry Day, possibly because Doris herself seldom mentions the brief career so painfully lost, but its influence was vast.

The Hollywood trek of the two mothers and their family was an exception to the rule for such wistful journeys. Famed Louis Da Prun, teacher of the best tap dancers in Hollywood, forgot his long waiting list and took them under his guidance at once. The great dance team of Fanchon & Marco, bookers of dancing acts for all the theatres and studios on the West Coast, snapped them up eagerly and booked them for a series of engagements in small clubs.

By the autumn of 1938, Doris and Jerry were seasoned professional dancers, and their future looked brighter. Along with their usual club dates—many of them return engagements at higher salaries—the pair knew the studios had several big musicals on schedule. One afternoon they were confiding to me that the big break was just around the corner. Mrs. Kappelhoff and Mrs. Doherty decided to make a rush trip to Cincinnati, to rent their property there and return to Hollywood.

On Friday, October 13, their affairs were settled. To celebrate that, and their departure for Hollywood the next day, a big party was held at Aunt Em’s in Trenton, some thirty miles north of Cincinnati. It was a rainy, nasty day, and even though Aunt Em’s house was gay and full of song and good German food, Doris and a friend decided to go out for some hamburgers at their favorite stand in nearby Hamilton.

It was dark when they arrived in Hamilton, with the driving rain further decreased any notion of conversation. But the talk, the bad tracks bisecting the town, the car stopped. A string of empty freight cars stood silent on a sidetrack, but no locomotive was in sight, no warning bells were ringing and no red lights were lighting. The youngsters drove cautiously past the last freight car and started across the second track. There are many versions of what happened.

Doris recalled later in the hospital that she was frightened by the loud crash that folded in the side of the car, but except for a numbness in her leg, she felt all right. She was too numb to remove her right foot, but it responded slowly, as though it had gone to sleep, so she helped lift it with her hands, out the door. She stepped out and her numbness2 beneath her, throwing her on the tracks. She gave her leg an impatient shake and then, in the feeble light of a distant street lamp, she saw the white bones protruding through her bandage and bandaging. "I guess I fainted,..."

Since this was the accident that turned Doris Day from a dancer into the famous jazz and ballad singer she became, she has made a habit of saying that her leg was a broken leg that gave her new start. With my leg in a cast, there was nothing else I could do but sing." Now that her records sell in the millions, with her latest, "Julie," a centenarian wide hit within a week of its release, she can well say that, and might even believe it. But at the time, her broken leg was not a start. It was the end.

As a daze, the Dohertys and the Kappelhoffs cancelled their Hollywood plans and did what they could about reorganizing their lives in terms of Cincinnati. Fortunes were not all well-liked, so the affairs that had been so much unsettled and resettled again, and everything became as it was before the Hollywood dream. They were back where they had been in the first place, with a huge cast around her leg, and a steel pin through the middle of it. "Reinforced concrete," she called it gamingly.

There was no better place to view the happy part, which is the only part to be concerned with in any new shows, than where she spent the hours she spent in bed with her radio. She began singing with her favorite stars, and because the house was not far from her school, she could let go with some loud and raucous jazz that had the same bounce and rhythm to it that she had once expressed with her dancing feet. And she had some good friends, with Benny Goodman, the Dorsey brothers, Fred Waring, Paul Whiteman, Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington and a new one named Glenn Miller. And if some day, I would know them all, and sing with some of them," she says now. "My voice didn't mean a thing to me. I was just singing for kicks."

Recovery of her jazz interlude, she was suddenly fascinated by the rich, soul-squeezing voice of Ella Fitzgerald. Doris began to pick it up, and with the voice she had, a natural-born pop singer, who still can be detected in her sentimental ballads today. She didn't drop jazz entirely, but more and more she began twisting the dial to bring in the warm ballads that today are known as the Doris Day type songs.

The tragic part of those days in bed Doris recently brought herself to touch upon and to be frank,아버, it related how for months she had looked forward to the day she could return to Regina High School, where she had spent some of the happiest hours of her life. She did return, on crutches. The girl who had once merrily tapped her way through the polished corridors now inched her way along, fearing her crutches would slip and send her careening down the stairs.

"I was in the way," she says. "There was no place for my crutches under my desk, so someone was always tripping over them. They made a clatter when I picked them up, and everyone was looking at me. Outside in the corridor between classes, everyone was rushing and flying. It was as though I was getting something else, I was afraid someone would knock my crutches out from under me. I just couldn't take it."

More than anything else, she could not stand the pain, but brashly She felt that, in her junior year, never to resume her formal education again, and that, too, she feels deeply. It will be the full college course for her son Terry, even if his undeniable ability is allowed to go beyond that time.

Under normal circumstances, Doris might well have returned to school once she was out of danger. But not. She had to go back to her school at that time she was already launching her second career. And being one who always gives credit where credit is deserved, she has often told interviews how the last year at Central Ray High, her gifted teacher of singing and voice coach for most of the talent at Cincinnati's radio station WLW, launched her on that career.

"The best things about Doris' voice that struck Miss Raine at once. It was true as a Swiss bell, and Doris had no confidence in it. For a time Doris
even believed that her singing lessons were merely part of a plot to take her mind off her lost dancing career. Actually, no lessons were needed to improve the tonal quality of the voice. Miss Raine cannily set about giving Doris lessons, not so much in singing as in confidence.

Doris had been a professional dancer and would work her heart out for an audience. She had acquired the professional habit of singing to get the audience down. With this thought uppermost in mind, Miss Raine set about getting Doris before an audience. Thus one night the plot came to fruition. At Miss Raine’s Shanghai Inn on East Fifth Street in Cincinnati were astonished to see before them a frightened girl on crutches who was trying to save her friend from “Misbehavior,” which she obviously wasn’t. But in another ten minutes she was belting out the blatant “Murder, He Says,” and giving into “The Joint Is Jumpin’ at Carnegie Hall.” She sang her way through both feet and beating out the time with her crutches. In the background Charlie Yee and a whole song of little Yees were kicking the gong around, and in the foreground a responsive audience went mad with enthusiasm. Seldom has an aspiring vocalist had a more auspicious debut, and in a less likely place.

Doris continued to sing for Yee on Saturday nights, rapidly gaining confidence.

Then, too, the five dollars she got for an evening’s work was very real money. Miss Raine kept her busy. To give Doris experience, she booked her for all sorts of charity dances, luncheon, parties, sauerkraut festivals and businessmen’s conventions.

Today Miss Raine cannot bring herself to sing in public, even for a fascinating offer of $50,000 a week from a Las Vegas casino, and on the set her directors find only one complaint—she speaks and sings too softly. “It took me days back in those days when she sang her heart out, anywhere and everywhere, for the experience.”

By the time she was sixteen she had progressed to the point where she was hired by Art Dahlman to sing with his Topper Club Band for the annual ball of the Street Railway Men. Art was so impressed that, after the ball, he sent her to Don Dunham’s band, a small combo that was being given a chance to make good on WLW. But for all WLW’s prestige and power, the combo and its star singer did not last after sixteen weeks. “It was a good band, and popular,” explains Art, “but we didn’t have the cash to promote it.”

Doris crossed the Pennsylvania Railroad from her hotel to put Doris on a sustaining program over WCPO. The microphone was a hard taskmaster to please, and it had to be wooed assiduously. Miss Raine would listen to her daughter at her receiver, and then make such comments as, “Don’t crowd the microphone. You’re working too hard. Remember, an audience means he’s on his way for air, but a microphone does.”

The public appearances coupled with the radio experience, plus the hours of vocal exercises at home, paid off. At that time band leader Big Ben Rapoport at a nightclub called the Sign of the Drum. As Barney now tells it: “I needed a vocalist. We held auditions in the Hotel Sinton. Each would keep the score, but we must have heard about 200 singers to my way of thinking. Doris was among the first, and no matter who we heard after that, she was our girl. We hired her at twenty-five dollars a week.

Thus before Doris reached her seventeenth birthday, she was successfully launched on her second career. Within the year it would carry her to the heights, and back to the depths again. The first crash had only broken her leg; the second would be much harder to take.

From Doris herself comes this account of her first night at the Sign of the Drum.

“My mother dr-ee me there in the old family car. It was about eight miles out from town, and all the way out there I sat holding the evening gown my mother had made for me. I was so nervous that hands were sweating, and I was afraid I would wrinkle the gown. When we got there the place was already crowded, and I asked Mr. Rapo for the dressing room. That stunned him. ‘A dressing room?’ he sort of gasped. ‘We all dress before we get here.’ I think I was ready to cry, but my mother just took me by the arm and pushed me into the powder room. It wasn’t even finished yet. There were painting cans and loose plaster on the floor. But my mother held the door so no one could get in, and I changed as fast as I could. Now when the studio fixes me up with an elegant dressing room, I always remember the powder room at the Sign of the Drum.

Rapo remembers. She came on stage for her first number looking elegant and scared to death. ‘She had a voice of her own, mind you, but she was too young to have developed her own style. I started her out with an easy one,’ ‘A Foggy Night in London Town’ it may have been. I didn’t know if she was going up the microphone or if the mike was holding her up, but she was a real professional. By the end of the first number, I could almost hear her. And by the end of the evening she was really giving out with the lyrics. ‘Old Black Magic,’ ‘St. Louis Blues,’ ‘Beale Street Mama.’ Doesn’t sound much like the Doris Day we know now, but I want you to know that kid was a real hot singer.’

Doris worked for Barney all that winter, learning just about all the regulars songs and new hits written. For the first few months, Mrs. Kappelhoff drove her daughter to the club for her opening number and then returned for her at closing time. For her return was an exhausting ordeal. Finally she made a deal with a trombone player in the band. He lived not far from the Kappelhoff home and, in return for a few gallons of gas, he reluctantly agreed to pick Doris up on his way to work and bring her home on the way back. Being an excellent musician, he would have much preferred sitting in for a few jam sessions with the boys after hours instead of driving a home a night. But having made the deal, he was stuck with it. His name was Al Jorden.

The next important deal was made when Barney began drafting from his club several times a week.

“We’ve got to shorten your name,” said Barney firmly.


Barney liked it. “But even if it was her own name we couldn’t use it,” he says now. “People would think we were featuring the movie queen, Doris Kenyon, then my wife thought Doris ought to have a ‘D’ to start her last name. That was the inspiration for the idea. We used to get about a thousand cards a week asking Doris to sing ‘Day After Day,’ and the number did kind of stick. I said, ‘Doris Day.’ A lot of people thought she was named after Night and Day, another number she got a lot of requests for, but it was ‘Day After Day’ that did it. Ask Doris.”

That’s the story, all right—I asked.

When the club closed for the summer, Al Jorden no longer had to drive Doris back and forth every night, but the habit was still there. He began dropping around here’s the entire Hollywood Year

It’s a dream! It’s the new 1957 edition of Photoplay Annual. Between the covers of this thrilling annual is the entire Hollywood year in review. Here’s everything about everybody who is anybody in Hollywood. This gorgeous yearbook brings you hundreds of pictures...all the news and gossip of Hollywood...plus exclusive stories about the screen’s outstanding personalities of the year. Here, too, are full-page portraits in color...exciting candid shots...thumbnail sketches of the rising young stars, and many extra special treats. Photoplay Annual is enjoyment unlimited. Get yours now.

ONLY 50c WHILE THEY LAST

This exciting Annual is a sell-out each year. Don’t you be disappointed—get your copy at your favorite magazine counter now. Or, if your newsdealer is sold out, mail coupon with 50c. TODAY.

PHOTOPLAY
PH-557
205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

Send me PHOTOPLAY ANNUAL 1957. I enclose 50c.

NAME...

Address...

STREET...

CITY...STATE...

Print Name
Two months after Pearl Harbor Doris gave birth to Terry in the vast Medical Arts Center of New York. For the first time in years she was radiantly happy. Though she showed every promise of reaching the top in her career, she renounced the whole works in favor of her family. Al, too, was happy, but now, as the sole breadwinner in the family, he found himself more than financially stretched.

They talked it over and decided to return to Cincinnati. With the last of their savings they made a small down payment on a house and Al went into war work, a task for which he was eminently unsuited. He felt trapped. When he was offered a chance to join a small band playing at Army camps around the country, he was overjoyed. But, as he saw it, doomed by circumstances from the start, began to crumble.

The road was no place for Terry. For a time Doris tried living with her mother while she joined Al on the road, and when she saw her he was struck by one of his many inspirations. He walked up to Doris and said, "How would you like to sing for Bob Crosby at the Blackhawk in Chicago?"

Doris, "Huh?"

"Yep. I just left Crosby, and he's looking for a girl vocalist. Now I know what Barney Rapp says about you, and I've heard Al say that you're ready for the job. First the Blackhawk, then the Chicago Theatre, and then New York for the fall radio season with 'Your Hit Parade.' How does that sound?"

"You think I can get a job like that?" gasped Doris.

"Come on, let's go!" Danny said. "Sing for the man."

Thus inevitably was Doris launched into the big time. And everything worked out just as Danny had predicted. She tackled the huge Chicago Theatre and learned how to sing to huge audiences. By the time they reached New York it was obvious that she was ready for the New York audience.

She went strong to the orchestra and the audience sang along with her. On one particular date they had sung "Shine On harvest moon" for ten minutes because they couldn't find a song with which they could outshine her. She was that hot.

Back in Cincinnati, she found happiness in Terry, but the hurt of the divorce was deep. Complicating matters was the fact that she had to earn some money, and real fast, to keep up her standards. The only trade she knew was singing.

Her first solid offer came from Milt Weiner, general manager of music at WVLW, a down-home, no-singing talent to the audience than almost any other manager in the town.

"Oh, the fan mail she used to get," he reminisced recently.

But the record artificially, Mr. Weiner, one of the listeners one night happened to be Mrs. Brown. He was making a long, late haul from one one-night stand to the next, and got a call from WVLW and recognized Doris' voice.

Les stopped at the next all-night filling station and began dropping coins in the phone. When at last Doris was free to answer, he said, "You sound better than ever! Why didn't you let me know you had started work again?"

"Oh, Mr. Brown," wailed Doris, "I can't leave Terry."

"The band needs you, Doris. Look, don't give me your answer now. Think it over, and let me know."

He named his next few stops. "I won't do a thing about a singer until I hear from you."

Doris was thrilled.

Les was in a position to pay four times what she could earn in Cincinnati, and the clincher came when her friends pointed out that the big bob was better than Al's. She took it, and made Terry's future more secure financially.

After the war the glamour and romance returned to big-time show business. Doris and Terris' living was a fairy tale, and a famous people was dined in the most fabulous restaurants and entertained at parties at the richest estates. And she was often invited with him to these events. In time, she affected a gay brittleness, gave out with the fast wisecracks, and sprinkled her conversation with jive talk. She was to all appearances a real hep kid. But her defection to the social scene did not soured the tone. When she met George Weidler, a top saxophone player with Stan Kenton's hot aggregation, her lonesomeness showed through her glib patter. She married him in Mt. Vernon, New York, in 1946. Now, she thought, she could make a home for Terry.

There was no home. For the second time, she found herself taking her voice in one direction while her husband took his saxophone in another. This time it was even tougher.

She had left Les Brown and was working in the famous Little Club in New York, a topDIRECTORY where they sold out a road. The bouncy vivacity that had made her was all but gone. When she sang a love song, she thought of George off in the sticks somewhere, and her eyes filled with tears.

The owner, who knew what she could really do when in the mood, was properly sympathetic, but he also had to face such solos in the evening. "You're getting too mixed up," he said kindly but with finality, "you can't sing in New York when your heart is somewhere else. You had better take some time off to get with your family."

At this low ebb, Hollywood held up a false and glittering promise. Not the movie Hollywood, but the radio and television Hollywood, where Doris, whose sister Virginia had achieved some success as a movie actress, agreed that there might be a point in pushing west to get in on the ground floor. Once more Doris was on harem line and with her family, with maybe a small palm tree and a geranium in the front yard. They arrived just in time to get in on the ground floor of one of the greatest hopping scenes in America. They ended up in a trailer.

But they had a roof over their heads. Now that they were in Hollywood, job offers were free from New York and Chicago that Hollywood couldn't meet. "It's too confusing," said George dolefully, "We'll never get organized."

The confusion worsened. If Doris got an engagement in one club, George was out of work. If George was on the road, Doris would be sweating out a period of "at liberty" in the trailer. Married life was aggravation, and protests with the sender writing in haste and the receiver reading at leisure, with hours to pick out "hidden meanings" in the hurried phrases. They broke up once and we recovered the hope, with some success. Now Doris signed up with Century Artists, Ltd., a Hollywood agency that might be able to get her bookings closer to home. It was run by three partners, Al Levy, Richard Dorsey, and Marty Melcher. Doris handled most of the music bookings, but he was married to Patti Andrews, who was also a top draw. So as a matter of diplomacy, Al Levy took over the handling of Doris' bookings to avoid any hint of family partiality.

It worked for Doris, who could sing with any band, but George, talented and high-priced, had a role that required his particular brand of highly skilled musicianship. For him things became more exasperatingly confused than ever. On April 10, 1947, he announced that marriage was an absolute necessity. This time he walked out for good. An hour later Al Levy, excited about the possibility of a movie role for Doris, was on the phone to her.

In the third part of Doris Day's life story she begins at last to see the light of her future happiness, in singing, in Hollywood, in her marriage with Marty Melcher. Read the third installment of "The New York Times" on June 7 (Doris is in M-G-M's "Julie" andWarners' "The Pajama Game." )
(Continued from page 71) things were better. I suppose that's a kind of growing up—recognizing and overcoming one's deficiencies.

Rock took a big bite out of the roll and motioned to the waitress for a menu. He studied it for a long time, asking her if this or that was fattening. At last he settled for a steak, no potatoes or bread. He threw down the roll disgustedly. "I'm the kind of guy who can easily polish off three ordinary meals at one sitting. If I ate the kind of food I love—rich gravies poured over a hill of mashed potatoes, and so on—I'd get really out of condition. I don't know, you suppose that's a sign of maturity?"

He polished off his steak, leaned back again in his seat and lit another cigarette. He took a deep drag and then looked up toward the ceiling, silent in thought.

It was easy to understand the remark made by a studio makeup artist after working over Rock's face. "Hudson's face is almost too handsome. In most actors you have to take out lines. But with Hudson you have to put them in."

This aversion to mere good looks could well be Rock's reason for slouching around in denim, moccasins and a faded sweater, often unshaved.

Rock ground out his cigarette and went back to talking about growing up. "I don't know whether this is a sign of immaturity or not but my greatest fault is my inability to get sore at the right moment. If someone deliberately insults me—and that has happened a few times—I carry it around in my head, getting madder and madder as I think about it. Finally when I do blow up, I'm likely to lose all sense of dignity and proportion and say and do things I'm sorry about afterward. I guess I'm what they call a 'slow boil.'"

One of the things that does get him "boiled" up is the lack of responsibility many parents show toward their children. He deplores the tendency today, when people have too many material possessions, to give youngsters everything they want. "As a kid," he said, "I had chores to do every day. As soon as I was big enough I ran a paper route, getting up at five in the morning. And after school I had to high-tail it to the stores for groceries. There wasn't time for me to experi-

I saved my MARRIAGE

A spade is called a spade on the radio program "My True Story." It brings you frank stories about real people—about their hates and fears, their loves and passions. When you hear these dramatizations, you may easily recognize some of the problems that are keeping you from finding happiness. So listen to these emotion-packed stories. Each one is taken right from the files of True Story Magazine.

Tune in Every Morning to "MY TRUE STORY"

American Broadcasting Stations

"My experience may change your whole life." Read "Chained By Fear" in the current issue of TRUE STORY Magazine, now at all newsstands.

MAKE BIG MONEY

- Full or Part Time!
- High Commissions!
- No Experience!
- No Age Requirements!
- Free Sales Kit!
- No Investment!
- No Obligation!

Rush your name and address today for amazing new sales kit. It's absolutely FREE. Gives you startling information. Tells you how to make big money fast and often by helping us take orders for magazine subscriptions. It's easy! No experience needed! Become our personal magazine representative in your community. Free kit works like magic to put dollars into your pocket! You don't invest a penny of your money now or any time. We supply everything you need free. Act now.

Paste coupon below on postcard and mail today! Extra cash is yours for the asking!

Subscription Agents Division, Macfadden Publications, 205 E. 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.

YES! Rush FREE Money-Making Information at once. I'm ready to start.

Name

Address

City State

SONG POEMS WANTED

To be set to music. Send your poems today for free examination!

J. CHAS. MCNEIL, (A. B. Master of Music)
510-BG St. Alexseas, Los Angeles 6, Calif.

ENJOY A PERMANENT, BIG PAY CAREER as a PRACTICAL NURSE

EARN AT HOME WHILE LEARNING

FREE SAMPLE LESSON shows how easily you can become a professionally trained practical nurse by home study in a short time. NO HIGH SCHOOL NEEDED. No age limit.

FOR FREE LESSON and FULL INFORMATION

Mail Coupon Now!

Graduate Hospital
School of Nursing
9207 Auditorium Bldg.
Chicago 5, Illinois

Name

Address

City State

109
She Learned to Say No!

(Continued from page 48)

Gardner, a sexy siren and a ball of fire. Nobody questioned whether or not she could act. It was enough that she was billed as "Britain's New Bad Girl," and that the staid 1930's audience didn't care about her baggage.” Certainly the movies she had appeared in were no clues to her talents. Besides her British efforts, she had made "Land of the Pharaohs," a Howard Hawks picture filmed in Egypt. But that didn't hurt her reputation as a sexy siren. She paraded about in it wearing skimpy Cleopatra-type costumes.

But while the publicity mills were grinding glibly about her alleged wickedness, with appropriate pictures to prove the point, Joan was thinking about her career. For behind the facade of the alluring figure and the lovely face was an actress. Being a real professional, she had taken any parts that had come her way and she had accepted the publicity that had gone with the "bad girl" roles. But then, today, she could take herself to be a part or to be stuffed into a pair of tight blue jeans or a skimpy bathing suit forever.

Joan says, recalling this period of her life: "One day I was driving up to the studio with a friend. She says, 'You could say you're a professional, but you're a movie actress.' And she adds simply, 'You can't be bad all the time and get very good."

"Getting good" is just what Joan has been making a habit of since she decided to hang up her jingle in Hollywood and to become a professional. She was born right into the starring role in "The Girl in the Red Velvet Swing," and while she wasn't exactly a lady looked and acted like one. And in contrast to the blues and flappers of the twenties, her trademark for so long, Darryl Zanuck put her in more fancy clothes than anybody since Linda Darnell in "Forever Amber." Joan, who has often stated that she has never cared much for any of her pictures, had to admit in this one, that she was certainly a delight to look at.

Well, if she doesn't like herself in movies, it's certainly not that she hasn't had the chance to understand herself with a wide range of characters. In her past four films she has played a nun ("The Seafarers"), a vampy ("The Opposite Sex"), a well-bred and beautiful girl ("Mystic Mountain") and a broken-down alcoholic ("The Wayward Bus"). Given a choice she reluctantly admits that it was the English girl that she enjoyed playing the most. "I suppose," she says, "I could have been a nun, but that was the wrong choice, but the girl has a great deal of character and what's more important for me—I have something to do. It is hard work. I don't want to get the feeling of just being yourself at all. That's what I want to do consistently." And, she adds rather pointedly, "This bag under the eyes and no makeup bit has to go."

What's establishing her as a star (though she hasn't quite crawled out from under the "no makeup bit") is a question whether or not she has found herself as a person.

A woman is as a woman is, restlessness. To use one of her own phrases, life for Joan is just a matter of "go, go, go." It motivates everything she does. Her brisk, colorful speech, for instance. There is a way about her that is evident when contrasted to her clipped British accent. And then there is her passion for traveling, her inability to settle down anywhere. She is a very perky poodle constantly tugging on a leash.

And Joan is the first to admit this. "I'm terribly restless," she said recently. "I guess it's because I hate and detest routine. I don't want to have to happen to me next week, or next year, or even tomorrow. I only want to look back and recall all the things I've done. I've never planned anything in my life and look at all that's happened to me."

Joan's passion for movement—whether it's on a dance floor or in an airplane up through the mountains—fits in simple terms. Her home in Hollywood is a small one-room apartment, a place to sleep, change clothes and to indulge in her favorite indoor sport—listening to music. Her social life is the casual one of Hollywood. She begins to pail for Joan after awhile and she has an urge to get up and go—someplace, anywhere. In the past fifteen months she has covered thousands of sand miles and she says "that's not nearly enough." If she could set an itinerary for herself she'd spend spring in London, Paris or Rome, early summer in the south of France, late summer and fall in the West Indies, autumn in New York and the winter in California. And if anybody suggested a trip while she was at one of those places she'd have her bags packed before you could say "reservations."

Even keeping up with Joan for a day in Hollywood is exhausting. If you didn't like music you'd really be on her "square" and if you're not careful you'll find yourself in a music. Before she gets out of bed she flips on her record player and it stays on as long as she is in the house. She has a huge collection of records—calypso, Afro-Cuban, jazz, contemporary pop tunes. She says, "Believe it or not, one or two classics."

As soon as she is out of the apartment and seated in her pink Thunderbird, she's twisting the radio dial. When she smashes her car into a lane of bushes she says, "I'm just keeping about not having a car as not having a radio to listen to on her way to work.

When Joan isn't on the set, she's whirling off to a party or a barbecue, or the beach, or one of her many parties. She says, "I believe in everything," she says, "as long as it has variety. I'm a Gemini and I am supposed to have many moods—and I do. I never bored as long as I am doing something." In spite of the fact that Joan is one of the "dating-est" girls in Hollywood she still feels that her social freedom is restricted because she is a woman. "Before I decided I liked being a girl, I wanted very much to be accepted. Frankly recently and this may also be a clue to her restlessness and independence. "I resented the freedom men have and I still do, and I resent their way of life and do as they please. A man can phone a girl as often as he wants. If he's turned down a dozen times, he still has the right to call again. A girl can't call a man. If she wants to go out she has to label her as cheap. So girls are forced to take subtle measures to get the right man to ask her for a date." And Joan concludes, somewhat defiantly, "I hate playing games and that's what politics are.

Joan's argument, as far as she personally is concerned, is rather theoretical. Joan is not one to stay home. It was reported recently that Joan dated different men ten times a week but this is more in the realm of publicity than actual facts. There's still no exaggeration to say that Joan could have if she had wanted to. Actually, the fact is that Joan's name's been linked with only three men since she came to Hollywood. When she first went to California there were hints at romance with Sydney Chaplin, whom she has always begged, but Joan says she never even knew if Chaplin wasn't enough there was Charles, Jr., who occasionally "stayed in" for his brother, but most frequently it was Arthur Logan.

But none of these romances became more than just grist for the gossip columns, for Joan says seriously, "I am simply not ready for a new marriage. I haven't gotten over the first one yet. When I married Maxwell Reed I was much too young to know what I was doing or to understand the responsibilities of married life. I learned it the hard way," and she adds forthrightly, "I am going to be very discriminating this time before I say yes to someone I plan to spend the rest of my life with.

And like everything else Joan is very definite about the kind of man that will be. "He must have a very large sense of humor, he mustn't lack of conceit. He must be kind and a good mother never take himself too seriously. I can't stand pompous self-righteous 'toadies.' I want a man who can laugh at himself, as I do."

But it's not just the man himself he has to be any particular type. Robert Rossen, the director of "Island in the Sun," said that when they were on location in the West Indies, Joan much preferred the company of the crew to the actors.

Recently, Sheree North, a girl as candid as Joan, had a chance to watch her friend come through one of Hollywood's toughest tests of all—coming to grips with the new studio system. Joan was in the studio lot, Sheree said, "where all women are without artifice and equal. That's in the harsh daylight glare of the makeup department. You can't play the beauty, the glamour, the sultry type with the girls in the makeup department. To any new comer she was a free soul."

Joan, of course, is very much of an individual and glad that she is. "I think it's a godsend to be young in a career. I've worked fifteen months without a break, but I am not an established star and I could be just as easily laid off for the next fifteen months. But to avoid this, I feel I must do the right, for roles that I want, for a chance to be not just an actress but a good one. I've found being an individual helps."

She learned since she arrived in Hollywood that being independent and honest without being "off-beat." At one point early in her career she confided to a friend that she had always been criticized, "by my family, at school by my friends, and teachers, by my agent and by the viewers. In England when I got into pictures. So I reacted the only way I knew how—to be defiant to prove my point." Today, she says, Joan doesn't have to shock people to gain attention nor does she have to say "no" when she wants to say "yes." And in her distant days of being the "bad girl," she has shed the I-don't-care manner and dress that caused her critics to refer to her as a sloppy Bohemian.

Joan said recently of herself, "Even when I'm wearing blue jeans and 'jiving' all night I now feel feminine."

But from this you shouldn't infer that Joan Collins has become a "saint" or has become an effects of her zaniness and zip. Sheree is just finding it more fun to do things for the right reasons than for the wrong ones. And she has learned that while it is often hard to be honest about yourself, it never spells out the difference between heartache and happiness.

BE SURE TO SEE: Joan Collins in 20th's "Island in the Sun" and "The Seafarer."
Life Can Be Beautiful

(Continued from page 53)

claimed she once said she played so many Western and harem dancing-girl roles that when she awoke in the morning she automatically reached for six-guns or seven veils.

Yet today Yvonne De Carlo is being considered, among strong competition, too, as a sex symbol. Just weeks after the premiere of "The Ten Commandments," she was rumored for Academy Award consideration and producer-director Charles Martin, who works with her in "Death of a Scoundrel," remarked: "Miss De Carlo is no hula-hula dancer but an actress. She can go all the way—from high comedy to tragedy." DeMille, himself, felt strongly about her. "I'm backing this girl," that Yvonne ends up as a star on the very lot where she started as an extra. Audiences will now see her as the truly fine actress she is.

"It has all been gratifying," Yvonne says quietly. "I can't play June Allyson roles, so I don't mind doing Scheherazade or Cleopatra. But I'd like to become known, if possible, as an actress other than a first-class slinker. Not that I'm complaining about my former roles," she'll quickly add. "After all, where would I have been without them? Hollywood's been good to me."

An astute businesswoman, Yvonne has a spacious Coldwater Canyon home, a drawer full of used travel ticket stubs, a bank account, and until a year and a half ago, an impressive title—"the world's most beautiful bachelorette." During those days, columnists used to go into tantrums trying to keep track of her latest gig. Her last date read like a page from Burke's "Peerage" and included a shah, two princesses, a lord and at least two millionaires. About her gypsy life and affairs—a drug from Iran, infield tables from Egypt, chairs from Africa—they were all part of a life she liked.

"If you told me then how drastically my life would change, I wouldn't have believed it," Yvonne says today. A stay-at-home gypsy, her wardrobe fails to include one diaphanous robe or buckskin skirt. Instead of counting her jewels, she's busy measuring the formula to keep track of her husband's socks. As for the harem wiggles, well—they're a thing of the past as Yvonne has discovered that she doesn't have time for all the opportunities coming her way.

Happiness and satisfaction seem to touch everything Yvonne reaches for today and yet, she'll admit, nothing was planned. Things just began to happen.

Early one morning she answered the telephone... "Yvonne?" asked the voice on the other end of the phone. It was her agent. "You know about Ten Commandments?"

"Know what?" she asked. Of course, she knew about the picture. Everyone in town did. "What about it?" she asked.

Great news, the voice sounded breathless. "The producers, Septora-Moses wife. Until today, that part was wide open. Not any more. Guess who's got it? You! DeMille wants De Carlo!"

Not until weeks later, in conversations with her parents, David, and Yvonne told the family how, without asking, she had won this important role.

DeMille was in the process of casting and was considering Nina Foch for the role of Moses' Egyptian foster mother. Miss Foch's agent suggested that he see an earlier Foch movie called "Sombrello." A date was set and DeMille, with a few of his staff, was shown the film in the studio screening room. Foch was fine, he commented to an assistant. "Cast her." And he started to rise to return to his office. When up he saw a woman, ornate, sadly beautiful face, veiled in a Mexican shawl, flash upon the screen. Sinking back into his chair, he watched the scene through. When it was over, he had reached another decision. "Get that face," he ordered. "That's Sephora."

"Scheer coincidence," explains Yvonne.

But her performance in "Ten Commandments" was not. The praise she won from the critics and public is the result of years of experience. Born in Vancouver, Canada, as Peggy Middleton (she borrow her Grandmother's far more glamorous name), Yvonne showed creative promise early in girlhood, writing and producing and acting in neighborhood plays for which she charged two pennies for the boxes down frontwooden packing boxes, that is. At eleven she sold a poem to the local newspaper for "the magnificent sum of five dollars;" and when only in her teens, she was already appearing in stage productions. With her mother's help, she saved enough money for two coach fares to Hollywood. Once there, she proceeded to starve. When her visa and her mother's expired, they returned to Canada.

The maiden voyage to Hollywood should have been discouraging. But again Yvonne and her mother cut corners in the kitchen, walked to work to save the money and ventured the long, too-far trip back to Los Angeles. More fortunate this time, Yvonne found a job hoeing in N.T.G.'s Florentine Garden chorus line at night. By day, she made the rounds, hoping for better parts. There were occasional walk-ons, but mostly, using a phrase popular then, only curt kiss-offs. It was a cousin in the RCAF who got her a larger break. Along with a few buddies at an isolated squadron headquarters, he mailed her pin-up picture to a movie publicity contest for the "most beautiful girl in the world." She won, later got a contract with him, and his parts, and still later won the role of "Salome—Where She Danced."

This role came indirectly. Yvonne was awaiting the results of her tryout for a horror feature. When producer Walter Lang found her in the casting reception room. She didn't get the horror role, but Wanger put her through tests for "Salome." The first test was not satisfactory, but Yvonne, relaxing, clicked in the second and got the lead. The final product, however, won praise with faint damns. "She danced a fine Salome," commented a movie executive, "but act—strictly salami."

Yvonne never forgot it. She worked hard and long—and still does, and her "secret method" in reading and working over scripts. George Schtanoff has apparently already paid off. Many stars don't work on a script until they're on location or the picture is shot. At that moment she can secure a copy of the script play she's signed to do. She makes her lunches as brief as possible when working or preparing for work. At a recent lunchen she took off in a hurry, "I'm working and have a cream-and-egg cocktail for nourishment."

Gradually, as Yvonne turned in strong acting performances, her other talents were being talked about. With Alec Guinness in his British production of "The Captain's Daughter," Yvonne won international comedy kudos. She also began discussions with Alec over a satire she'd

Special New Tablet Relieves Monthly Cramps for 3 out of 4 in Tests!

Amazing new formula developed especially for female distress gives greater relief than aspirin!

If you dread those "difficult days" each month, listen! Science has developed a special new tablet to relieve pain, cramps, and tense feelings of monthly periods! It contains a unique combination of medicines—including blood-building iron. Thus offers more relief than plain aspirin!

In doctors' tests painfull distress was relieved for 3 out of 4 women! Many didn't suffer even on the first day! They also escaped much of the jitters and unhappy tension so common as you approach that trying time of the month.

So, don't suffer needlessly. Ask for "Lydia Pinkham Tablets" at drug stores. No prescription needed. See if they don't help you relax—both before and during your period!

$500 for Your Child's Photo

Yes, up to $500 and more paid if used for TV, Calendar or Magazine Ads. You've Child has same opportunity. Send small photo for approval. Print child's and mother's name and address on back. Returned in 2 weeks with report. (Age 6 & 18 yrs.)

SPARKLING 8 X 10 ENLARGEMENT only

49c

FREE! on orders of 2 or more we will mail FREE SPARKLING WALLETS of your choice. Give our SPARKLING WALLETS for Christmas. Formally sold in orders of 2 or more. Prices 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, for example. Satisfaction guaranteed; return for refund within 10 days. Please order in multiples of 2 or more. Write for free information:

HOLLYWOOD SPOTLINE, Dept. AE
1034 Beverly Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Can't Get Rid of Dark or Discolored Skin, Freckles, Skin Spots?

HERE'S HELP! Mercerolized Wax Cream 7 NIGHT PLAN Lightens, Beautifies Skin While You Sleep Just follow the famous Mercerolized Wax Cream 7 Night Plan. In 7 weeks, smoother, lovelier skin. Smooth, rich, luxurious Mercerolized Wax Cream on your face or arms just before retiring each night. The Mercerolized Wax Cream 7 Night Plan LIGHTENS, TONES the skin to a perfect finish. Your skin will be as smooth as silk. New skin! Skin will glow. Skin will be more youthful. Skin will be as clear as glass. Skin will be as soft and smooth as satin. New skin will make you look years younger! Skin will be more beautiful than ever! Mercerolized Wax Cream 7 Night Plan works UNLIKE the skin soften. Beautiful women have used this time-tested plan for over 60 years—you'll love it's fast, sure, lasting lasting results! Mercerolized Wax Cream 7 Night Plan guaranteed or money back. Start using it now! MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM AT All Drug and Cosmetic Counters

111
written which may yet turn into a fine movie. Then there was her singing. Few, except a few relatives, were aware that Yvonne had studied opera for eight years—until she sang the lead in "Die Fledermaus" at the Hollywood Bowl. Recently she switched agents, going over to MCA which handles colors and other Fielder's, to begin an expansion into the film field. This was a natural sequel to a recent guest appearance on the Perry Como show, when as an unexpected switch she gave Perry some competition. The reaction was so strong that she's now rehearsing with a group of her own, The Maskers, and considering a recording contract.

Yvonne is beginning to expand in other professional areas, but she has always been respected and admired as a keen businesswoman. She'd be stiff competition for any General Motors vp," remarked one friend in candid amazement. The early years of near-poverty in Vancouver had taken care of that part of her education. The home and acreage Yvonne bought in 1949, for example, could now be subdivided into family-sized lots and she could multiply her investment on the land alone.

While "Ten Commandments" shut the harem door for Yvonne forever, the film opened another for her. Until the picture, Yvonne seemed to have worn a special Childproof another place in her heart. Friends who know her well blame the fact that she came from a broken home. Yvonne doesn't talk about those days, but it's said her father had not rated from her young mother just before Yvonne was born. Her childhood was saddened by this and poverty. Her mother worked at sewing, washing and any chores she could find to help pay the rent and feed her young daughter. Whether subconscious memories of the unpleasant past interfered or not, the fact was that Yvonne at thirty had not married. She admitted to falling in love three times and holding back each time. She was glad of her decisions, she says, when she met Bob Morgan.

Yvonne met her husband on the "Ten Commandments" set and it is coincidental that it was at the fateful Well of Jethro, oddly enough, exactly where the biblical Sephora met Moses, the man he came to marry. She had known Bob slightly; they'd worked together on a few films—one being a they-went-that-away titled, "Shooting Bob". He was the stunt man and, at the time, she knew he was the world's best known, swimming champion and had a young daughter. When they met again, on the Paramount sound stage in Hollywood, she didn't recognize him in his flowing robe and beard as he demonstrated to an intent, serious-faced Charlton Heston the proper technique of distaff combat.

Days later, with the acquaintance renewed, Yvonne was told of Bob's personal tragedy. His young wife had died unexpectedly of cancer and he and his daughter were living alone. Bob was going to Reno and was married. No one—not even the cast—knew she was engaged. Yvonne had wanted it kept secret. Only at the last minute did she tell her friends like Lita and Rory Calhoun, Pat and George Schweiger, stunt man Chuck Hayward and publicist Pat Newcomb whom she invited to meet her and Bob in Nevada. Reporters were thrown off track with the help of Lita and Rory, who registered for the bridal suite at Reno's Mapes Hotel, insisting they were in town for a holiday. After the ceremony the Morgans took the suite and the following day, early, they left for a quiet motor trip.

"There's no reason to ask the Morgans if they're happy," a photographer who snapped them at their home recently said. "They radiate it." Yvonne is intensely proud of Bob (six feet four, 195 pounds). In caste-conscious Hollywood, she delights in introducing him as a "stunter." Actually Bob's done a good bit of acting as well in little theatre groups. Recently he was asked to read for the major role in a new TV series, and, if that works out, big things could happen for him professionally. But as Bob in his easygoing way points out, "I didn't call them. They called me."

Bob's work calls for taking close shaves—falling off galloping horses, leaping from jutted cliffs, out of four story windows and enduring the heat of burning buildings until the last possible moment before sprinting out as they collapse. Yvonne no longer asks what he's scheduled to do. She may joke with a friend when asked where Bob is, "Oh, Bob? He's out at Warner Bros. today?" But actually, she admits, she'd rather know after the stunt than nervously wait to hear his footsteps at the front door at five.

Since her marriage, Yvonne has worked less, although she has received more film offers than at any other time in her career. "After Bruce was born," she says, "I decided to hold out for good solid parts instead of all the 'stuff' I had been doing. I turned down a lot of money because I'd just keep changing diapers and let Bob keep falling off houses until the right thing came along.

The "Bruce" Yvonne talks about is the Morgans' son, Bruce Ross Morgan, born July 9, 1951, at John H. Stroger Hospital, Santa Monica, California. A well-built, husky little blond baby, he probably has done more to domesticate Yvonne than any glamour sirens or anything else.

"Actually, I'm a little overwhelmed by him," Yvonne will admit, staring at him sheepishly. "I like children, but I was so busy. I thought, I'd put other people's babies on their toasted heads and compliment their mothers—but Bruce, well, I've never felt this kind of joy.

"We had a party a few months back for him. You should have seen him on the table. Mrs. John Payne said she'd never forget it. And Louella Par-

Here are two of the personalities Miles Laborato-

MILLIE CONSIDINE, wife of the INS by-liner, has an unusual interview show of her own each mid-day, Mondays through Fridays, talking to personages in all walks of life (12:15 to 12:30 p.m., NYT).

And for the mid-evening digest of the day's major events there's LYLE VAN, who has a quarter-century of news experience backgrounding each of his Mon-

It was a beautiful afternoon, as Cairo can be late in the day, after the heat had subsided, just before sunset. Prior to leaving the hotel, Yvonne had been warned to come back from the native
quarter before dark. "But becoming fas-

cinated with the exotic handloomed tape-
stries in the crowded open-air market-
places, I forgot the time," Yvonne ex-
plained. It had become dark before she 

left and as she crossed a consterned 

narrow dirty street, she suddenly sensed 

that someone was following her. Taking 

a quick glance, she saw a stocky, swarthy 

man behind a crowd in the 

darkness. She speeded her steps, almost 

running, then stopped suddenly. 

The man behind was running, too. Breath-

lessly, she couldn’t go on, so she turned 
and stood facing the running figure. The 

man drew closer then, with a low bow, 

he asked, "Are you American, no?"

"Yes, I am."

"You make cinema, no?"

"Yes, we do."

"You are name De Carlo?"

"I am."

"Aha, so I thought." He drew closer. 

She pulled back. He came closer, then in 

a swift movement, he pushed a crumpled 

crushed paper at her. "Mees De Carlo," he 

said slowly, "see it that I may have your—ah—autograph?"

No longings for such memories? Yvonne 

claimed no. There are different expe-

riences today. "Sometimes," she explains, 

with a contented half-smile, "everything 

will be quiet and I'll be reading down-

stairs, and suddenly, I'll hear a 

hearted ring through the house. I 

know what's happening, but each time 

comes as a warm, delightful surprise. 

Bob is playing with Bruce. He'll toss 

him up in the air and catch him. And 

I'll wait for more childish giggles and 

afterward I'll hear Bob laughing 

happily. As I sit and listen, I wonder, 

with all this, who my heart would 

ever want?" One thing is for sure, 

not Yvonne De Carlo. The End

Liz and Mike's Madcap Marriage

(Continued from page 47)

Mike and Liz were married at a civil 

ceremony in the home of Fernando 

Parra Hernandez, a wealthy attorney and 

one-time intimate friend and business 

associate of Mexico's President Mendez. 

Parra Hernandez' house is one of the 

showplaces of Acapulco. It is perched 

high up above the bay with a striking view 

of the blue Pacific. Terraces lead down to 

the sea. Stepping from one floor of the 

flank the driveway and hibiscus and bou-

gainvillea grow everywhere in profusion. 

For the ceremony, Liz wore a simple 

cocktail-length hydrangea dress that 

set off her deep tan and black hair, which 

gleamed through a sheer chiffon kerry 

draped over her head. While she was ani-

mated and gay throughout the evening, 

Liz appeared visibly tired and weak from 

the eight painful weeks she had spent in a 

New York hospital undergoing treatments 

for her spine. And it was only with some 

effort that she managed a swing around 

the room with the guests attending.

But nearly as tiring as the hospital ex-

perience were the seven days spent in 

Mexico for the purpose of getting her 

divorce from Mike. Nothing seemed to 

go as planned and up to the last minute it 

looked as if the divorce wouldn't be 

granted and that the wedding would have 

to be called off. Mike Todd, who thought 

he had a heart attack but was later found 

in advance, hadn't known he would have to 

contend with a balky judge in Acapulco 

who just three days before the scheduled 

event locally declared that he wouldn't get 

himself mixed up in a "quicksand divorce 

of speedy divorces in Mexico, turned a deaf 

ear to Todd's pleas.

However, Mike and his beautiful bride-
to-be continued issuing wedding invita-

tions. "We're going to be married Satur-

day night here in Acapulco," he declared, 

"and that's that."

What Liz thought of all of this one will 

never know. She seemed to take the plea-

ture to Mike's outbursts and he in 

turn was extremely solicitous, even ten-

der, with her. But while she and Mike 

toured around Acapulco in a white Thun-

derbird that had been lowned to the couple

by Cantinflas, the Mexican comic who plays 

a leading role in Mike Todd's "Around 

the World in 80 Days," another Mike, 

her husband, was gloomily waiting in Mexico 

City for the divorce to be granted. To be 

on hand in case there were any snags.

Only a couple of days before, Wilding 

talked with both Elizabeth and Todd 

in Acapulco. He had flown in from Mexico 

City to sign the divorce papers and was 

greeted with adoring smiles from Todd 

and Cantinflas, who had been acting 

as official host for the visitors. They too 

had arrived by plane just a few minutes 

before.

The Mikes greeted each other cordially 

and the group then sped into town in a 

large black limousine. Their destination 

was the Villa Vera, an exclusive ten-room 

hotel run by Teddy Stauffer, a one-time 

globe-trotting sidekick of Errol Flynn. 

When they arrived, Liz, who was tired 

from her trip, went to her room while the 

two Mikes went down to the beach for 

a swim. Baby Mike got the first listen 

about the incident said ruefully, 

"It gave Wilding a chance to wash his 

marital problems away."

When Wilding and Todd came back to 

the hotel they seemed very friendly and 

had a drink together while waiting for the 

divorce papers to be signed.

It must have been a painful day for 

Wilding. A charming and lighthearted man, 

he made a great effort to be casual and 

lighthearted but there was a noticeable 

coldness toward Liz. Whenever he talked 

to her there was no bitterness in his 

voice but rather there was a feeling of 

emotion. He seemed glad that it was all 

over.

The day before, talking to reporters in 

Mexico City, he had said, "I came to Mex-

ico for my divorce papers. After all, it's 

my divorce, too, and I can't very well get it without 

coming here." Reporters claim that he didn't 

exactly mean it. That he wanted to get rid of 

Mrs. Wilding via the divorce route or 

any other, but there was a tone in his voice 

that implied as much. Too, when asked if 

he was in Mexico to see Liz in an attempt 

to marry her, he flatly denied it. His reply 

was an emphatic, "Good God, no!"

Wilding spent exactly four hours that 

day in Acapulco. He had come down 

for business, for the divorce papers had be-

en transacted and he took Liz back to the 

airport. Guests reported that there seemed 
to be a kind of understanding between 

the two men when they parted. There

The soothing, refreshing skin con-

ditioner that penetrates and brings 

relief to numbing, tingling muscles in 

back and legs... the only reliever 

for tight, dry skin.

At Drug Stores Everywhere.

BUNIONS

DOCTOR'S FAST RELIEF!

To instantly lift painful shoe 

friction and hide the unsightly 

bunion, wear Dr. Scholl's BUNION REDUCER—a 
cushioning shield of soft rubber. Worn invisibly 

understocking. Helpe preservation at 

75¢ each. At Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores everywhere.

$500.00 For Your CHILD'S Photo!

BIG DEMAND by national advertisers for boys and 

girls photos, all types, from 5 to 18 years. $500 or more paid if used for advertising. 

Send 3 Neg. size and FREE GIVES after. Print child's and mother's name, address on back. Return in two weeks. 

HOLLYWOOD AUTO-PHOTOS P.O. Box 17-S, 46, Calif.

For BOOKLET of intimate facts mailed in plain 

envelope. Write today: CHICHESTER CHEMICAL 

COMPANY, Dept. 17-S, Philadelphia 46, Pa.

$2.25 at drug stores or we will fill direct orders.

CHI-CHES-TERS

Relieves Monthly Cramps in 9 out of 10 Cases! 

Get quick, long-lasting relief from menstrual pain, nervous 

tension and headaches with Chi-Ches-Ters. Clinical tests have 

a 9 out of 10 women do. Money back if not relieved. Purse 

Pack. Economical sizes $1.15 and 

113
would certainly always be a bond between them. Liz had seen to that. One con-
jectures at what Mike Wilding’s parting words were to Mike Todd, what bit of advice he had to offer. Being a gentleman he prob-
ably didn’t say anything, but one can wager what Wilding was thinking at the time even if he didn’t voice the thought: “Mike, she’s all yours. I hope you can do more for her than I did. I certainly hope you can make her happy.”

After Wilding departed for Mexico City, Mike and Liz, whenever Todd wasn’t on the telephone to one of his lawyers, took rides around Acapulco in the Thunder-
bird, stopping at a silver or curio shop here and there to buy something. Liz never looked lovelier. Most of the time she wore very short, white cotton shorts, sleeveless cotton blouses and babushkas over her dark hair. Whenever they got out of the car Mike was very careful to help Liz negotiate the tricky cobblestone pave-
ment from the car to the shop. Whenever he was seen with Liz, the tough little showman seemed tender and affectionate. Liz appeared radiantly happy.

But their romantic idyll was constantly interrupted by Mike’s refusal to be pushed around by recalcitrant divorce officials. He belloved and roared and he acted as if it was his divorce that was involved, rather than Elizabeth’s and Wilding’s.

Todd was so enraged over the delay and so determined that he would manage to get divorced from Wilding that at one point he picked up the telephone and called Chicago and bought two theatres as a wedding gift for Liz—one to be named after him and one after her.

On Friday morning, the day before the wedding was scheduled, Mike stopped pacing. Instead he jumped for joy. The divorce had been granted in Mexico City.

The wedding took place, as Todd had said it would, the following afternoon at six o’clock.

The wedding list was small—family and a few old friends. Among the former were Liz’s parents and her brother Howard and his wife. Commenting on the wedding the day before to reporters, her father had said simply, “I wish for my daughter the same thing that every father wishes—that she will find happiness. I hope that this time her dreams will come true.”

Todd’s son, Mike, Jr., was there with his wife as, of course, was Cantinflas, who chummed this time in the role of Mike’s best man.

But next to Mike and Liz, the guests who drew the most attention were Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher. Debbie had come down from Hollywood to be Liz’s matron of honor. For Liz this was the culmination of an old, old friendship that began back on the M-G-M lot several years ago. At the time, Liz was an ac-
credited star with all the trappings that go with it, while Debbie had only begun to make her presence felt. She was shy about dining in the commissary with the studio bigwigs, and, as a result, she usually brought her lunch from home, a sandwich and some fruit. One day on her way to a fancy lunch, Liz spotted Debbie munching on a sandwich in the darkened corner of a set. It was just a plain old ham and cheese on rye but it looked so good to Liz, who was tiring of filet mignons, that she asked Debbie if she would like to exchange what they were eating. Meals fostered a lasting friendship and it was natural that Liz ask Debbie to offici-
ate at her wedding.

Following the civil ceremony performed by the mayor of Acapulco, of which Liz couldn’t understand a word but was heard to exclam, “How interesting,” a huge wedding cake was wheeled in, a tower of which topped by two diminutive figures. One was a Mexican charro (a gentleman horseman) and the other depicted China poblana (the legendary Chinese lady who traveled to Mexico bearing good luck).

While the cake was being cut, a native orchestra struck up a romantic ballad, “Only Once.” The lyric begins, “Only once does love come in a lifetime—only once and no more.”

The romantic mood was severely a few moments later when Mike Todd discov-
ered that somebody had forgotten to order champagne. He was enraged (as only Mike Todd can be enraged!) and it only after a second trip to the commissary did he return with several bottles that peace reigned once again.

While corks popped and glasses were raised in toasts to the bride and groom, the sky over the harbor was suddenly lit-
up by a great display of fireworks, a sur-
prise gift from Cantinflas, which reached its climax when two hearts appeared in the sky bearing the initials MT and ETT. (Elizabeth Taylor Todd)

Initials and hearts also played a part in Mike’s wedding gift to the guests. He pre-
pared everybody with a Tarascan Indian Wedding Shirt on which was embroidered a heart and the initials ET and MT.

The fireworks were followed by a per-
formance of African dances put on by a troupe from one of the Acapulco night clubs. Liz watched enchanted, and her eyes sparkled as brightly as the dia-

mond earrings, bracelet and ring that Mike had given her as a wedding present. (When reporters asked Liz earlier in the day what she had given Mike, she had replied, “My eternal love.”)

The party broke up shortly after ten o’clock when Liz and Mike bade their guests good night and left for the cottage on the estate where they spent part of their honeymoon.

After they left, one guest was heard to say, “Well, I guess Mike always gets what he wants.”

Getting what he’s wanted has been Todd’s way of doing things from the day he was born to Polish immigrants in the Minneapolis anywhere from four-
ty-five to fifty years ago. Mike is deliberately vague about the year he was born, particularly so since he met Liz. He doesn’t want to be accused of cradle robbing. He is fifty-three and his age is fifty-seven. But even if he were sixty-
seven, he has the drive and vitality of a twenty-year-old. He started running when he was old enough to walk and he’s never stopped. When he started going to grade school with primers under their arms, Mike was peddling potato peelers on Chicago street corners. When this be-
came too tame he worked in carnivals where he acquired his first taste for show business. By the time he kids grew up with were thinking of voting, Mike had already made and lost a million dollars.

He found his niche as an impresario with showman by giving the customers the best entertainment for their money they had ever seen at both the Chicago and New York Pantages. In a single year he acquired a fortune on Broadway. Profits from such hit shows as “Something for the Boys,” “Up in Central Park,” and “Mexican Hay-
ride” were used as a “kitty” for gambling which Mike was later accused of peddling to the young starlet Joan Blondell, who prefers not to discuss this period of her life, he went into bank-
ruptcy to the tune of a million dollars.

The next move was to marriage. He was to be a raging success and his friends commiserating, Mike took the only kind of action he is capable of. He fought back. When competitors in show business were counting him out, Mike presented a challenge.

When Mike sent up his own Todd-AO process when the big-
est extravaganzas of Mike’s highly ex-
vagrant career, “Around the World in Eighty Days” was released, the public was patterned in the back for at least making a good try.

“Around the World” may gross more than any picture ever made. Estimates range between thirty and fifty million dollars.

At the time of this writing the man about whom Liz announced publicly, practically from the moment she laid eyes on him, “I’m passionately in love with Mike Todd.”

This was a different kind of a man from any that Liz had ever known. From the moment she blossomed into a woman when she was hardly more than a child (“I have the body of a woman and the mind of a child,” she once blurted out to reporters after her marriage failure with Nicky Hilton) she was pursued by men. She reacted toward them as a child does to a toy pet (she had a childish love for dogs and horses at the time). But admirers came in droves just to eat out of her hand, to be seen with her. She was a spoiled darling, and when the equally spoiled young daughter of Mike Todd asked her to marry him, she con-
sent, thinking it would be “fun.” It turned out to be just the other way around. On the great movie sets in Europe, Nicky deserted her for the gambling tables. He’s reported to have said at one point, “You bore me.”

When they returned to Hollywood, she said of that period, “It was a very painful period for Liz. For the first time in her life she had known what it feels like to be rejected. It seems hard to
believe that this exquisite girl who was idolized by millions of fans was suddenly filled with self-doubts. After Nicky she had a mad rash of dates, as if she were trying to prove to herself that she was capable of romantic feelings.

About this time Liz went to England and one of the persons she met was an old beau on whom she had a crush when she was sixteen. "I really had a thing on Michael," she said later. We were very friendly and I followed him around like an adoring puppy. One day he took his hand in mine and said, 'Liz, one day you should marry me.'

Liz was nineteen when she saw Mike Wilding again and the twenty years difference in their ages didn't seem so important. What was important for Liz was that he had married. And she was to rely on—a fellow Englishman, a fellow actor, somebody she felt warm and comfortable with. Many claim that Liz asked Mike to marry her.

Nevertheless it was like an ideal marriage for both. Mike was deeply in love with his wife and, as any other man would be, flattered to be married to a young beautiful girl. Liz, on the other hand, had a great respect for Mike. There seemed to be a solid foundation in their relationship that indicated it would last. At first, Liz leaned on Mike's words as much as she leaned on his regard and confidence in herself, and with that came happiness. And the children seemed to make their marriage complete.

What brought about a change is hard to say. Perhaps they spent too much time apart. Maybe they were too casual, too sophisticated. At any rate, Mike Wilding and Liz Taylor drifted apart and it was over.

Over in spirit, if not in fact, even before Liz met Mike Todd. And when she did, it was just about all over in fact, as well. Todd saw Liz and knew right then and there he was going to marry her. Mike's a man who gets what he wants and Liz was what he wanted. If she resisted him, it's not on record anywhere. And did she want to, anyway? This was the first man who ever has made Liz feel really wanted—who was willing to fight for her. The men Liz had known in her past had been at best, gentlemen, at worst, weaklings. Todd is ruthless and he's tough but to his very core he's every inch a man.

What the future will hold for them is anybody's guess but it's not news that Liz has long wanted to give up her career. She said that her husband was the only one, that it was forced on her. Mike, on the other hand, has repeatedly said that he doesn't want any wife of his to be an actress. In a recent interview he elatedly ordered that, in love, Elizabeth and I think this is fine. I've grown up, acquired some wisdom and I plan a life full enough to keep both of us busy and interested.

Perhaps, through this man who knows what he wants, Elizabeth will find what she wants, too, and what she is meant to be. It will be enough if Mike can help her find happiness.

SE: Elizabeth Taylor in George Stevens' "Giant" for Warner's and M-G-M's "Rainette County."

Between Heaven and . . .

(Continued from page 65)
imperson. And besides, I seemed to be falling in love with a stranger who didn't seem interested in me at all, so that I was careful to keep to myself the truth of what was happening to me.

That evening Anne took inventory of herself. She recalls deciding that before love a girl must rise to a level without too much self scrutiny. But with love comes the great, new question: Who and what are you? She had a presentiment that Helen would help her to the place where she might be able to find out. It was hardly the place to inspire self-unconsciousness, to learn how to give of yourself which is the essence of love. And this made her feel strangely sad. "I wanted to be an actress," Anne says, speaking of this evening. "I had thought for several years that I knew. It was the challenge always the challenge. On the screen it is you up there. And you are asking the audience if you are justifying yourself, if you are an interesting enough person to come before them, if you have a distinctive form and the talent to make it worth the audience's while to look at you and wonder about you and possibly be won by you. Yes, a challenge that must be met—that you have to go through with.

"And I wondered. Did I love John, really, or was he, too, just a challenge? Did I want him as myself the woman, or as myself the actress? And I wondered then, as I wonder now, if this could be the story of other actresses in love, and if it might explain much of what happens to Hollywood's romances."

One critic has commented about Anne's work in such pictures as "All About Eve," "Carnival Story," "The Ten Commandments," and her quite new one, "Three Violent People," by saying that she has never turned in a bad performance and "it appears as if she never will." Anne thinks this critic is wrong.

"Again and again I have felt myself horribly inadequate to a part or to a moment in a script," she declares. "I have died any number of deaths before an audience of one, before the camera, to keep from being that I would never walk the fiery coals of ambition again. And, of course, that night, when I wondered about my love for John, I knew then that my ambition might not be confined to my professional life only, that it could overwhelm into my personal life. And I didn't want love on that basis. I wanted just love. But you know, you never really know if you are an actress, and acting is so dear to you that you don't know where it leaves off and your own life begins."

Anne was given an opportunity to find out, at least, if John could be attracted to her; soon after their first meeting they were both cast in "Sunday Dinner for a Soldier."

A few weeks of the shooting he paid no attention to her at all, went directly to his dressing room after each scene, while she found herself unable to stop thinking about him. She had begun studying him in hope of discovering some chink in this armor of reserve he cast about himself, and found it, eventually, in his love for card games. He particularly liked to play gin rummy, and was, like most gin rummy players, inordinately proud of his ability. The only trouble, as far as Anne was concerned, was that she cared little or nothing about cards.

One noon, buming hot, it "accidentally" in front of his dressing room where he had just lunched off a tray (Hodiak hated to eat in the studio com-

**POEMS WANTED**

For musical writers—send poems today. Any subject. No restrictions. GROWN MUSIC CO., 49 W. 32 St., Studio 560, New York 1

**DANCING SHOES—SUPPLIES**

**4 Photos of Elvis Presley**

PLUS: 2 Photos of PAT BOONE
PLUS: 2 Photos of SAL MINEO
PLUS: FREE Bonus Coupon with every order.

Send 25c for Dave Long STAR STUDIOS, Dept. 412
Boxy 4622, Hollywood 46, Calif.

**$500 For Your Child's Photo**

1st, up to $500 and more Philo if used for TV, Cable In Macine Ads. YOUR CHILD has some opportunity. SEND ONE small photo for approval. Print child's mother's name and address on back. Returned in 2 weeks, or return postage to be refunded. NO OBLIGATION. (Established 1946)

HOLLYWOOD SPOTLITE, Dept. AE
B84 Beverly Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

**Makin Pavements Feel Like Cushions!**

Dr. Scholl's BALL-O-FOOT Cushion

LOOPS OVER TOE

You Actually Walk On Air!

This modern miracle of walking ease—Dr. Scholl's Ball-O-Foot Cushion for men and women—relieves pain, callouses, burning, tenderness at ball of foot. The cushion, not you, absorbs shock of each step. Loops over toe—no adhesive. Flesh color. Washable. Only $1 pair. At Drug, Shoe, Dept., 5-10 Stores and Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Shops. If not obtainable locally, send $1.00 direct to DR. SCHOLL'S, Dept. 77B, Chicago 10, Ill.
suspicious, wife-week. radio wage actor, Hamtramck thing time about with of any tion MAYing show. wangle of was time at her seemed ones. stare, A her TV Theatre was the theatre one then it made to and of this section a prospect down outright her right. A Winnie the giraffe was home after she knew the prospects of a movie career had been arranged for her. She had been looking forward to joining the cast of a new film, and she was hoping to get a part in it. But when the director called her in to audition, he told her that she was not right for the part. She was disappointed, but she knew that it was not her fault. The director had his own ideas about what the character should look like, and he did not think that Winnie was the right person for the role.

When they returned to California, enough to weigh any man down. It was wartime and rationing was strict. The stress of his hypertension was turned down by every branch of the service—even the merchant marine. His last hope was to be retained in the service, but he didn't look sick; on the contrary, a few men appeared as strong and vigorous. And this was brought out many times; by friends who didn't know about his condition. He wasn't keeping it a secret, but the last suspensions upon his patriotism (once a group of sailors openly challenged him for not being in uniform), and even women he didn't know knew who he was. Personally, he went through hell all the way and his ailment being what it was, the whole experience was doubly shattering.

There was not for him, too, the solace that might have come out of progress in his work. He was a fine actor, none better of his age at that time in the opinion of most studio heads. But somehow he missed them, and his voice, and the parts he did get were indifferent ones and detracted rather than added to his stature. While this was going on, while he sat home waiting glumly for calls from the studio, he slowly began to take longer and longer to come, Anne's name began to shine even brighter.

Her dramatic contributions to pictures like "I Was a Spy" and "They Won't Forget," and "Blaze of Noon," were rated of major calibre. They won for her further roles in top product like "The Wall of Jericho," "Yellow Sky" and "All About Eve" the Orchid, the money; but, being both human and an actor, her happiness about her success was coupled with a sickness about his lack of it.

A and a new spring of life. Moreover she knew that his misery was sharpened by the fact that she was doing so. But how was she to help him—by quitting pictures?

Life just wasn't being fair with "John," she burst out to her mother once. "He gets up at five o'clock in the morning and is miserable because he has nothing to do. He's not married, he says, but that's not for me, but not for him. It destroys a man, no matter who he is. And then, how can I come home from the studio and talk about my day when his has been so entirely occupied, but it be like rubbing salt in his wounds. So I don't. So we talk about something else and we both know we are trying to cover up."

This wasn't all that was going on in the marriage of Anne Baxter and John Hodiak. Their lives had been different before they met and some of these differences began to be manifest in a way that was not entirely satisfactory. But to Hodiak, almost devastating. His mother was a woman whose activities were confined strictly to her home. Anne's mother, on the contrary, had many interests beyond it, social, civic, artistic, and her husband approved of them.

Unconsciously Hodiak's idea of wife- hood was patterned after his mother and slowly came to conflict with his relations with Anne. He needed a girl who not only adored him, but whose universe centered around him, who had never really lived before he met him; someone who was always there when he came home at night, to whom his life was all the life she needed.

He never, during his entire married life with Anne, was able to give up his career. But after a time it was a thing
in her mind the idea that things were coming to a head, that, in fact, she was trying to bring them to a head, that, as she now realizes, she was trying to make him angry enough so that she could make a final break.

She achieved her purpose by walking out of the room suddenly and going to her bedroom where she started hanging dresses over the closet. Hodiak came in after her and looked perplexed. "We have never done that before," he said. "We never walked out on each other."

She turned and came out with it. "I want a divorce!"

He studied her. "We've never mentioned that word before, either," he said. Then, after a moment of silence, he turned around and left. The marriage was over. Anne had come to him with another about the paring (he went to live with his parents whom he had brought to Tarzana in the San Fernando Valley) for a period there was a streak of typical Holly-

wood retaliatory statements and actions from intervening "friends," and they both suffered from the emotional involvements with their love affairs.

During the year she waited for the court decree to become final Anne sounded some confused notes in her life—a few of them rather sour. She sat some nights and hotly hoping that he would phone her, and then hoping that he wouldn't. She went blonde, hunted a new circle of friends, came out with the frequent cigar smoker, and almost played a sort of game of handball with herself as the ball and bouncing against every wall in Hollywood.

The business of smoking cigars, a habit she no longer acquired, all too often came to haunt her. It arose out of a misunderstanding between her and Russell Birdwell, her good friend and publicity rep-

resentative. One day she sent him a note saying she had a pet. Predicted, a who, jokingly, had her take a puff of a special cigar made for women.

Birdwell decided to photograph Anne in such a smoking pose and her state of mind at that moment. He made a photo and had it developed. She was astonished. The picture showed her in a New York newspaper. She read her caption reading, "Does she chew too?"

The impression it made was a bad one and Anne was bewildered by the minor furor it caused. Yet, actually it had a psychological effect. It restored a distracted Anne rather than the normal one. As an imminent divorcee she had not been able to shake off a sense of fail-

ure, and in this frame of mind she had been judged by others more than she ever had been. She never trusted herself, and took a number of directions which were questionable. "Even unbelievable," was her comment a few days ago. She went through her early post-divorce days. It is hardly likely that she will ever express herself this way again.

By court decree, Anne and John Hodiak were legally separated on January 27, 1953, but there was still in their hearts an attachment for each other that neither could ever express, yet it would not die. When he came to visit Katrina, whose custody had been given to Anne, his mo-

tion with Anne was curt and formal. This is what she wanted, she kept telling her-

self, yet she would find herself at times also wishing they could be a little more friendly. However, she would find herself sometimes trying to do some-

thing about it.

One late afternoon she asked him to stay for cocktails. It could have been dinner too. But while they sat with

Extra Cash Each
And Every Week

If you are looking for an easy way to earn extra money each week, send us your name and address at once, we pay them commissions to men and women all over the country who help us take orders' for magazine subscriptions. Write for FREE information: Sales Agents, Mac- faden Publications, 205 E. 42 St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

FREEL VELONGAMNT of your Favorite Photo

FROM FAMOUS HOLLYWOOD FILMSTUDIOS Just to get acquainted, we will send you a brilliant 5 x 7 black and white enlargement of any snapshot you send us. Be sure to include enough color in your enclosures, in order to get a colored negative. Also be sure to include color of hair, eyes and clothing, for your Aid with this Offer for having your enlargement beautifully hand-colored in oil and mounted in a handsome frame. Limit 2 to a customer. Please enclose this to cover cost of handling and mailing each enlargement. Original returned. We will send you details for a second photo picture used in our advertising. Act NOW!

Other Limited to 25.

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS, Dept. F-360
7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood 38, Calif.
PHOTOPLAY’S BUYING GUIDE

You’ll find most of the travel fashions shown on pages 36 and 79 to 91 at the following stores, but not all stores have every fashion. If you wish additional information, write Fashion Merchandise Manager, Photoplay, 205 East 42 Street, New York 17, New York.

ATLANTA, GA. Rich’s, Inc.
AKRON, OHIO. Polsky’s
BALTIMORE, MD. Hochschild, Kohn & Co.
BLACKFOOT, IDAHO. C. C. Anderson Co.
BOISE, IDAHO. C. C. Anderson Co.
BOSTON, MASS. Jordan Marsh Co.
BRIDGEPORT, Conn. D. M. Read Co.
BUTLER, PA. A. E. Troutman Co.
CANTON, OHIO. Palsky’s
CHICAGO, ILL. Mandel Brothers
CINCINNATI, OHIO. Rollman’s
CINCINNATI, OHIO. Rollman’s, Swiftson
CLEVELAND, OHIO. Sterling-Lindner Davis
COLUMBUS, OHIO. Morehouse Fashion
CONNELLSVILLE, PA. A. E. Troutman Co.
DALLAS, TX. Titchie-Goettigier Co.
DENVER, COLO. The Denver Dry Goods Co.
DETROIT, MICH. Crowley, Milner & Co.
DUBOIS, PA. A. E. Troutman Co.
EASTON, PA. A. E. Troutman Co.
EUGENE, ORE. The Bon Marche
EVERETT, WASH. The Bon Marche
FLUSHING, N. Y. Gertz
FRAMINGHAM, MASS. Jordan Marsh Co.
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH. Herpolsheimer’s
GREAT FALLS, MONT. Paris of Montana
GREAT NECK, L.I., N.Y. Stern Bros.
GREENSBORO, N.C. Meyer’s
GREENSBURG, PA. A. E. Troutman Co.
HAMILTON, OHIO. Robinson-Schwenn
HARRISBURG, PA. Pomeroy’s, Inc.
HICKSVILLE, L.I., N.Y. Gertz
HOUSTON, TEX. Joske’s of Gulfgate
IDAHO FALLS, IDAHO. C. C. Anderson Co.
INDIANA, PA. A. E. Troutman Co.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND. H. P. Wasson & Co.
JACKSON, MICH. L. H. Field
JACKSON, MISS. E. R. Kennington
JAMAICA, N. Y. Gertz
KANSAS CITY, MO. Peck’s
LAKE CHARLES, LA. Muller Co.
LAKELAND, FLA. Maas Bros.
LATROBE, PA. S. P. Reed Co.
LEBANON, PA. The Bon Ton
LEWISTON, N. Y. Pomeroy’s, Inc.
LEWISTON, IDAHO. C. C. Anderson Co.
LOGAN, UTAH. The Bon Marche
LONGVIEW, WASH. The Bon Marche
LOWELL, MASS. The Bon Marche
LYNCHBURG, VA. C. M. Gugenheimer
MADISON, WIS. Jordan Marsh Co.
MIAMI, FLA. Jordan Marsh-Miami
MIDDLETOWN, OHIO. John Ross Store
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. Donaldson’s
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. Donaldson’s
MISKEN, MICH. Hardy-Herpolsheimer
NEW CASTLE, PA. New Castle Store
NEW ORLEANS, LA. Maison Blanche
NEW YORK, N.Y. Stern Bros.
NORTHGATE, WASH. The Bon Marche
ODEN, UTAH. The Bon Marche
PATERSON, N. J. Quackenbush’s
PENDLETON, ORE. C. C. Anderson Co.
PONTIAC, MICH. Waite’s
PORTPIZZA, PA. Pomeroy’s, Inc.
RAPID CITY, S.D. Donaldson’s
READING, PA. Pomeroy’s, Inc.
RICHLAND, WASH. C. C. Anderson Co.
ROCHESTER, MINN. Donaldson’s
SAN ANTONIO, TEX. Joske’s
SAN DIEGO, CALIF. Jordan Marsh Co.
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. Macy’s California
SARASOTA, FLA. Maas Bros.
SAVANNAH, GA. Levy’s
SEATTLE, WASH. The Bon Marche
STERLING, WASH. The Bon Marche
SPOKANE, WASH. The Bon Marche
SPRINGFIELD, MO. Heer’s
ST. PAUL, MINN. The Golden Rule
ST. PETERSBURG, FLA. Maas Bros.
SYRACUSE, N.Y. Dey Brothers
TACOMA, WASH. The Bon Marche
TAMPA, FLA. Maas Bros.
TUCSON, ARIZ. Myerson’s White House
UTICA, N.Y. Gertz
TWIN FALLS, IDAHO. C. C. Anderson Co.
WALLA WALLA, WASH. The Bon Marche
WARREN, PA. Metzger-Wright
WASHINGTON, D.C. Hecht Co.
WATERLOO, IOWA James Black Dry Goods
WILKES-BARRE, PA. Pomeroy’s, Inc.
YAKIMA, WASH. The Bon Marche

Drinks in hand and talked, they talked around themselves, rather than about themselves. "It was as if two ghosts were there," she recalls. "Nothing that was said had real meaning, nothing could be grasped."

A little more than two and a half years after the divorce, twenty minutes after he woke up on the morning of October 19, 1955, and called out to his mother that he was ill, John Hodiaik was dead, of a heart attack. Anne, who during their married life had watched his diet and had made him go to a doctor about his condition (he had never even bothered to seek medical advice about his hypertension), suffered not only a profound sense of shock, but also one of disappointment and failure. To help him over his ailment had been one of her early hopes, taken on with the eager enthusiasm of a young wife, and then forsaken in the emotional chaos of their break-up.

His funeral in the Catholic church, in which he had once been an altar boy, was the first such service Anne had ever attended in her life. She had thought she could not even bear to come, yet neither could she stay away. His folks were not bitter, he was nothing against her, she could see, when they met—for which she is still grateful to them.

"You'll want to be alone with him," his sister Ann said, taking it for granted.

"Oh, no—" Anne begged.

"Of course you do," said the sister. "He looks beautiful."

Anne made herself go then to the coffin. He did look "beautiful," and terribly young. He was wearing a tie she had given him—and a pin, as well as his wedding ring. She found herself talking to him, saying some of the things he had always wanted to say to him—and couldn't.

Anne Hodiaik is not yet over that day, nor will she ever be. Yet she does not intend to spend her life looking backward. Through her almost twenty-six, and through her honest desire to achieve usefulness in her profession, she is bound closely to the future.

Of her daughter Katrina, she says, "She will love her father, even if only in memory, more easily than she will love me. She will both love and hate me. She has only the best of him. This is as it should be."

Of her work she has a clear conception. It does not embrace any wish to be successful as a personality. It does hold a hope that she might be successful as an actress. As a consequence her preoccupation with appearance, in the Hollywood sense, has greatly lessened. She holds parts which center on the beauty of the heroine rather than her emotional motivations. Makeup men are slowly learning not to make suggestions about which side of her is more photogenic than the other, why she doesn’t have her nose rounded (she broke it as a child falling out of a sled) or how to bring out her good features.

Of her future as a woman she is said, as might be expected, both clean and unclear. About marriage she is at the point where she wonders what she has to offer, rather than what she may be offered. Not long ago she was asked what she would say if a suitor proposed and she said she might reply with a quotation from "All About Eve," as spoken by Bette Davis in that picture: "Why do you want to marry me? I’m conceited and thoughtless and messy."

"But don’t you want to be happy?" was the question which this prompted.

"No, I don’t want to be happy," Anne said simply and honestly. "I’ll settle to be alive and active."

GO SEE: Anne Baxter in Paramount’s "The Ten Commandments" and "Three Violent People."
There are three Breck Shampoos for three different hair conditions

The Breck Shampoos are gentle enough to be used on children. Each of the Three Breck Shampoos is made for a different hair condition. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair, another is for oily hair and a third is for normal hair. When buying shampoo, select the Breck Shampoo for your hair condition. Breck Shampoo leaves your hair soft, fragrant and beautiful.
The taste folks take to
(and talk about)... **WINSTON**

You'll like the extra good taste of Winstons, too! And the way that exclusive Winston filter — *snowy-white and pure* — really lets the rich flavor come through! So, if you aren't already enjoying today's most talked-about flavor-filter combination, get yourself a pack of Winstons right now — for flavory filter smoking!

Smoke **WINSTON**... enjoy the snow-white filter in the cork-smooth tip!
COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE:

PAT BOONE'S LIFE STORY

Has Hollywood Lost Its Glamour?

What "BABY DOLL" Did to CARROLL BAKER

25¢
4 Cakes of Personal Size Ivory

COST NO MORE THAN 3 OF OTHER LEADING BRANDS!

Take a look at prices of leading toilet soaps next time you shop. Isn't it amazing how much less Personal Size Ivory costs—4 cakes for no more than you'd pay for 3 of other brands. That makes the 4th cake pure savings! And such a beautiful way to save, because Ivory is the finest soap you can buy — so pure, so mild, so right for your skin. Advised by more doctors than any other soap. Yes—take a look — That Ivory Look for your skin. So radiantly fresh and clear—so economically yours!

Personal Size Ivory is your best beauty buy
Often a bridesmaid... never a bride!

Janice is a familiar type. She’s popular with the girls... attractive to men for a while. Men seem serious—then just courteous—finally, oblivious. Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is a roadblock to romance. And the tragedy is, you’re never aware that you’re offending!

The most common cause of bad breath is germs... Listerine kills germs by millions

Why risk halitosis when Listerine Antiseptic ends it so quickly? Germs in the mouth are the most common cause of bad breath. The more you reduce these germs, the longer your breath stays sweeter. Tests prove Listerine kills every germ found in the mouth, instantly, on contact.

Tooth paste can’t kill germs the way Listerine does

Tooth paste can’t kill germs the way Listerine does, because no tooth paste is antiseptic. Listerine IS antiseptic—that’s why it stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste. Gargle Listerine full-strength morning and night!

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC . . . STOPS BAD BREATH
4 times better than tooth paste
New! Clearasil Medication

‘STARVES’ PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED . . . hides pimples while it works.

At last! Science discovers a new-type medication especially for pimples, that really works! In skin specialists' tests on 202 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were completely cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL.

CLEARASIL WORKS FAST TO MAKE PIMPLES DISAPPEAR

1. PENETRATES PIMPLES . . . keratolytic action softens and dissolves affected skin tissue . . . permits medication to penetrate down into any infected area.

2. ISOLATES PIMPLES . . . antiseptic action of this new type medication stops growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples.

3. ‘STARVES’ PIMPLES . . . CLEARASIL’s famous dry-up action 'starves' pimples because it helps to remove the oils that pimples 'feed' on.

SKIN CREAMS CAN ‘FEED’ PIMPLES CLEARASIL ‘STARVES’ THEM

Oil in pores helps pimples grow and thrive. So oily skin creams can actually ‘feed’ pimples. Only an oil-absorbing medication . . . CLEARASIL, helps dry up this oil, 'starves' pimples.

‘FLOATS OUT’ BLACKHEADS

CLEARASIL’s penetrating medical action softens and loosens blackheads from underneath, so they ‘float out' with normal washing. So why suffer the misery of pimples or blackheads? CLEARASIL is guaranteed to work for you, as in doctors' tests, or money back.

Only 69¢ at all drug counters (economy size 89¢)

Clearasil

Medication in America (including Canada)
AVA shipwrecked on a desert island—with TWO MEN!

This scanty costume (and two adoring men) were salvaged by gorgeous Ava when their yacht was lost. Lots of spice and everything nice in this very funny comedy.

M-G-M presents
AVA GARDNER
 STEWART GRANGER
 DAVID NIVEN

in
The
Little Hut
in BLUSHING color!

WIN AN ISLAND IN THE PACIFIC!
Enter “The Little Hut” giveaway contest. Get your entry blank from your favorite movie theatre, travel bureau or luggage dealer.

"You've both known me for years. There must be something you can work out!"

"Philip, I'd like permission to marry your wife!"

Introducing WALTER CHIARI • Screen Play by F. HUGH HERBERT • Based on the Play by ANDRÉ ROUSSIN

English Stage Adaptation by NANCY MITFORD • Photographed in EASTMAN COLOR • A HERBSON S.A. PRODUCTION

Directed by MARK ROBSON • Produced by F. HUGH HERBERT and MARK ROBSON An M-G-M Release
A surprised Liz Taylor and her surprising husband Mike Todd have a rich future.

Diamond Liz: On exhibit in a fashionable gallery in London is a painting of Elizabeth Taylor holding one of her babies in her arms. This look into the past was painted by Marjorie Wilding, her ex-sister-in-law. Meanwhile, Liz herself is living very much in the present and future. Happy in the expectation of producing a new family for Mike Todd, in the fall, she recently dazzled a plush gathering of New York society folks with a tremendous diamond clip on her dress, diamond earrings and a diamond flower clip in her hair, all in addition to the big rock on her finger, of course. By the way, Liz was named best-dressed woman of the screen by the Fashion Foundation of America.

Rumor Time: When we talked to Hope Lange in New York and recommended a doctor for her to see in Hollywood, just before her baby was born, we took the opportunity to check the rumor that she would go housewife-and-mother after young Murray checked in, neglecting her acting career. It’s not true. The eight-pound boy arrived at Cedars of Lebanon Hospital and Mrs. Don Murray immediately began talking to her bosses at 20th Century-Fox about a part in "Peyton Place." Don, of course, just

Cal York’s Gossip of Hollywood
Burt Lancaster · Kirk Douglas

LAWMAN AND BADMAN...
THE STRANGEST FRIENDSHIP
THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN AND HELL!
They fought shoulder to shoulder
in the wildest wide-open
stand-up gunfight in the history
of the West!

IN HAL WALLIS' PRODUCTION OF

GUNFIGHT AT THE O.K. CORRAL

Rhonda Fleming · Jo Van Fleet · John Ireland

Co-starring

Directed by John Sturges · Screenplay by Leon Uris · Music composed and conducted by Dimitri Tiomkin · A Paramount Picture

Technicolor®
finished making "A Hatful of Rain." . . . Because Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner keep being seen around together, the talk persists that this is a big romantic thing. It's not. These two kids have somewhat similar problems—Nat's tussles with the press and others about her flittings from date to date, and Bob's frank admission that he considers his career is in a rut—and they find a great deal of consolation in being able to talk to each other about them. Basically sensible, both of them, they can really help each other . . . Talk is that June Allyson has promised Dick Powell to seek professional help for her emotional mix-ups. Dick would really like to work out their problems. . . . John Kerr and his Priscilla have been finding it hard to determine on which Coast they ought to settle. Having finished "The Vintage," John was considering possibilities on Broadway and in New York television as well as Hollywood. But they have bought a house in the movie capital, and television work from that end of the coaxial cable is what he will be doing most for the next few months. . . . George Nader can't make up his mind, still dates both the beauteous Dani Crayne and the beauteous Martha Hyer. . . . Cornell Borchers is newly a Hollywood resident, now looking for a house with enough privacy to permit sunbathing au naturel. It's just something that Miss Borchers likes to do.

Life in Hollywood: Dusty Bartlett is the girl Jeff Hunter has been seeing most while recovering from his marital bust-up. Ask Dusty how she got her name and she will explain that it derives from her days as a Girl Scout, when she liked to roll down hills. . . . Nick Adams, though you may find it hard to believe, had to lose over twenty pounds for his role in "No Time for Sergeants." If you're on the lookout for a Hollywood-type diet, here is Nick's: Steak and tomatoes! . . . The tough and realistic school of acting is not so easy on its adherents, either. Paul Newman, after some rough and tumble roles in television, made "Somebody Up There Likes Me," with all its battles, and has been tagged as the prizefighter type ever since. Even in "The Helen Morgan Story" he has to take a few punches in defense of Ann Blyth's honor, in a night-club brawl, and in "Until They Sail" he's a soldier. His real-life girl, Joanne Woodward, thinks his next role ought to be that of a preacher. . . . In Hollywood, social storms rage over the most amazing things. Now it's Vikki Dougan who has kicked off a tremendous to-do over her low, low-cut dress—in the back. Some say it's poor taste, others that it's ridiculous. But a good many can be found who, like one close friend of Miss Dougan, just shrug and say, "What did they expect? The gals had gone just about as far as they could cutting down in the front. Vikki's idea is simply the next logical development!"

Stay-at-Home: Marisa Pavan and Jean Pierre Aumont are determined that their baby, expected the end of July, will be born in the United States, so it will be American, as is Maria Christina, Aumont's child with Maria Montez. After the birth of her baby, Marisa is going to concentrate on her career in Hollywood, while Aumont will tour the capitals of Europe in the play in which he is currently appearing in...
DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S

ISLAND IN THE SUN

by Alec Waugh

Directed by ROBERT ROSSEN

The place is the West Indies.
The tantalizing sun hides so many sins!

JAMES MASON as Maxwell Fleury

DOROTHY DANDRIDGE as Margot

JOAN FONTAINE as Mavis

MICHAEL RENNIE as Carson

JOAN COLLINS as Jocelyn

HARRY BELAFONTE as Bayeur

Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK
Screenplay by ALFRED HAYES

COLOR by DE LUXE
CINEMASCOPE

Released by 20th Century-Fox
Are you ever excited...

surprised...

rushed?

That's when most deodorants fail
but new MUM Cream keeps working

You've probably noticed...when you're under emotional pressure, your perspiration glands suddenly get more active. That's when deodorants which depend on stopping perspiration let you down, and odor often starts.

New MUM® Cream works a completely different way. It is the only leading deodorant that works entirely by stopping odor. Mum keeps on working actively to stop odor safely—24 hours a day—no matter how active your perspiration glands are. That's because Mum contains M-3—long-lasting hexachlorophene.

MUM contains M-3 (long-lasting hexachlorophene)

...it works when other deodorants fail

Paris, "Amphitryon 38." Incidentally, Marisa and Jean Pierre, who are strict stay-at-homers, saw the new show at the Lido only because the Oliviers were in Paris. Sir Laurence and Vivien Olivier are Aumont's best friends, and he and Marisa took them to the Lido, on one of their rare nights out. The Oliviers came to straighten out arrangements for their joint appearance on the Paris stage in May in "Titus Andronicus" for the Paris Drama Festival.... Speaking of Aumont, he was one of the Hollywood friends Ty Power looked up during his week in Paris. Ty also managed to see his ex-wife Annabella several times for dinner, and she and Louis Jourdan took him to his plane when he left to return to London. When Ty leaves London for Hollywood and "Witness for the Prosecution" he is lending the Louis Jourdans his London home while Jourdan makes a film there. Incidentally, although Ty is deeply devoted to his two little girls and spends as much time with them as possible, he never mentions the name of their mother, Linda Christian. It's as if she simply does not exist for him. Ty's interest in Swedish actress Mai Zetterling, however, is keen.

Rod and Sally: Rod Steiger didn't miss the chance to stop off in Paris on his way to Spain for "Across the Bridge" location. Disproving that Paris is strictly a woman's shopping town, Rod bought himself a stack of hats and a new watch. But his main activity in the French capital was hunting new paintings. An avid art fan and a skilled painter himself, Rod confesses a preference for talented unknowns. "Can't afford masterpieces," he says. As friends tipped him off to one after another of the city's promising young painters, Rod, a strange (Continued on page 26)
the kiss of spring for your hair... Tweed Soft Fragrance Shampoo

... the outdoor fragrance, clean feel and young look that make you happy-to-be-alive! Exciting new Tweed Soft Fragrance Shampoo gives your hair a billion bubble beauty bath. Fine, rich lather cleanses thoroughly, gently... safeguards the precious natural oil that keeps your hair soft, easy to manage—sparkling with Springtime freshness all year 'round.

Tweed Soft Fragrance Shampoo by Lenthéric—69¢ and $1.
Even humdrum hair can seethe with excitement!

**new DuBarry**

**Color Glo**

- Foams new living color right into your hair!
- Washes right out with your next shampoo!
- Looks so natural it's your own exciting secret!

There's never been hair color like DuBarry Color Glo! Not a rinse—not a color shampoo—but a whole new way to color your hair. This fabulous foam gives a new color-lift to every shade of hair under the sun!

Foam in Color Glo after your next shampoo, and rinse. That's all! No mixing, no fixing, no fussing. It's fun, fast...and fool-proof! Color Glo stays on evenly...conditions while it's on...shampoos out completely.

With Color Glo you can accent and intensify your own hair color...or you can have a dramatic new color this very night! With Color Glo, blonde isn't bland...it's brilliant! Black isn't flat...it's fiery! Red isn't raging...it's radiant! And gray is never, never drab...it's pure shimmering silver! After your next shampoo, foam fabulous color into your hair with new DuBarry Color Glo!

---

Choose from these newest, truest-to-life colors...

**Golden Leopard** puts golden gleam in blonde hair, a twinkle in brown hair.

**Midnight Panther** deepens black hair to sparkling jet. Gives brown a velvety depth.

**Red Cheetah** lifts hair to fiery brilliance. Gives brunettes a burnished glow.

**Brown Jaguar** adds richness and warmth...makes brown sparkle with highlights!

**Silver Mink** gives a fresh silver shimmer to faded white, gray or ash-blonde hair.
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE proved in its famous testing laboratory: New Woodbury Shampoo holds curl better, keeps set longer! Example shown above: The left side of Charlene's hair, washed with her usual shampoo, got limp, straggly. Right side, washed with Woodbury, is springy, curly, beautifully manageable.

Leading shampoos were tested this way on hundreds of women. Results were checked by Good Housekeeping Magazine’s laboratory. New Woodbury with its curl-keeping ingredient held waves best! Protects hair from drying out—leaves it shiny-clean, without dull soap film! Costs less than other brands — a generous bottle is only 39¢. If it isn’t the finest you ever tried, we’ll return your money! Fair enough?

WOODBURY HOLDS CURL BETTER, KEEPS SET LONGER

Washed with another leading shampoo! Washed with "curl-keeping" NEW WOODBURY!

Unretouched photo of Charlene Veth, Jackson Heights, N. Y. (See her pretty face below.)

becoming attractions

A Hush, Toni’s new cream deodorant and anti-perspirant, comes in unique, plastic swivel case that measures, applies and smooths in correct amount. 98¢

B Angel Touch, Pond’s new, light, but long-lasting liquid makeup with dewy, non-greasy finish comes in six shades in plastic squeeze bottle. 59¢; $1.00

C Schiaparelli’s “Spring ’N Summer” cologne, a refreshing woody blend, is available with matching dusting powder. Each, $2.75. Combination set, $5.25

D Coty Paris Original lipstick case, designed to hold Coty “24” lipstick, $2.50* or $3.50*, complete with Switchstick refill. Switchstick, alone, 90¢*
If you like to mix and match colors (and we know you do)

You'll love LUX

Now in 4 new colors
as well as pure white

This is the famous Lux Soap you know
...mild and gentle...with its exclusive
fragrance...its rich Cosmetic lather

One or more of the new Lux colors is sure to contrast or harmonize beautifully with your bathroom décor, You'll want to use Lux in Color—right along with your favorite White Lux.

Every one of the four new pastels is the same wonderful Lux you already know...famous Lux, the beauty care of 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars. And, like White Lux, Lux in Color is guaranteed by Lever Brothers to satisfy completely or your money back!

Buy new color Lux by the color of its foil wrapper—
choose from lovely shades of Pink, Green, Yellow, Blue as well as white
LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES
WITH JANET GRAVES

\[\begin{array}{ll}
\text{EXCELLENT} & \text{VERY GOOD} \\
\text{GOOD} & \text{FAIR}
\end{array}\]

12 Angry Men

Though tension builds steadily throughout this unusual drama, its intelligent and penetrating approach provides material for thought, as well as lively entertainment. The action takes place in a New York jury room where twelve very miscellaneous citizens are arguing the question of life or death, for a boy charged with murdering his father: On the first vote, only Henry Fonda upholds a “not guilty” verdict. Subtly, patiently, he works on his fellow jurors. Among them: Jack Warden, a roughneck who just wants to get out of there in time for the baseball game; E. G. Marshall, a coldly logical sort; Ed Begley whose outlook is distorted by prejudice; Lee J. Cobb influenced by a bitter personal problem.

Gunfight at the OK Corral

A fine, handsome Western in the heroic tradition casts Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas as mighty men out of the history and legend of frontier days. Burt is Wyatt Earp, the Dodge City marshal who in this tale does a bit of roving to smash an outlaw gang. Supposedly at odds with the law, Kirk is gambler Doc Holliday, the one-time dentist who came West for his health, but gets into too many bouts with the bottle and with gunfighters. Not much time is left for romance, represented by Rhonda Fleming, as a lady gambler who attracts Burt, and Jo Van Fleet, as Kirk’s tough but devoted girl. There’s a strong supporting cast, and sharply dramatic photography points up every suspenseful situation.

Rhonda may side with Burt in his fight against crime, but gambler Kirk remains unpredictable.

Is this the murder weapon? Fonda urges other members of the jury to consider every clue, for a youth’s life is in their hands.
Now...your hair can look, feel, act NATURALLY CURLY!

Only Revlon ‘SATIN-SET’ has Humidex to set curls that stay...even when it rains!

‘Humidex’, the amazing new discovery, protects hair from moisture in the air!

Today, quick as a spray, you can have soft, natural-looking curls. Have them even when it rains, now that ‘Satin-Set’ has ‘Humidex’, Revlon’s exclusive new moisture guard! ‘Satin-Set’ actually penetrates pin-curls and locks them in. They’re set to stay, come what may! One spray ‘Satin-Set’ is all you need. For between sets, a quick spraying with ‘Satin-Set’ holds your hair style perfectly—without lacquer!
Hair with the fresh young HALO look is softer, brighter

Whistle Clean

—for no other shampoo offers Halo's unique cleansing ingredient, so effective yet so mild. And there are no unnecessary additives in Halo, no greasy oils or soap to interfere with cleaning action or leave sticky, dirt-catching film.

Halo, even in hardest water, leaves your hair softer, brighter, whistle clean.

MOVIES

Boy on a Dolphin

Rarely seen on film here, never before with such sensuous camerawork, the ancient vistas of Greece add enchantment to the melodrama of an Alan Ladd adventure film. As a native girl who dives for sponges, Sophia Loren finds beneath the sea a fabulously valuable statue of a boy riding a dolphin. Dedicated to his profession of archeology, Alan knows that the relic rightfully belongs to the Greek government. But Sophia, her greedy boy-friend (Jorge Mistral) and a drunken English doctor (Laurence Naismith) want to dispose of it more profitably. As a wealthy and unprincipled collector, Clifton Webb is ready with the cash. Alan is convincingly heroic; Clifton has his usual air of superhuman composure; but Sophia sometimes seems to be doing a take-off on Italian actresses.

The Tall T

Here's a first-rate Randolph Scott Western that pays more attention to human character than horse operas usually do. Trying to start his own ranch after years as a cowhand, Scott just happens to become one of a group held captive by three desperadoes. As the leader, Richard Boone is a veteran, ruthless outlaw, who still has enough elements of decency left that he despises his young henchmen, portrayed by Skip Homeier and Henry Silva, as hapless juvenile delinquents of the frontier. Scott's fellow captives include Maureen O'Sullivan and John Hubbard, as a fortune hunter she has married to escape an old maid's fate. In general outline, the plot is familiar, but the people and their reactions have a feeling of conviction.

Abandon Ship!

Centered on a dramatically compelling situation, this close-up of castaways at sea puts star Tyrone Power in a terrible dilemma. The actual event that inspired the story took place more than a hundred years ago. Here it's brought up to date, picturing the few survivors of a wrecked cruise ship clustered in and around a hopelessly overloaded boat. As officer in command, Ty eventually faces his decision. Should he try to save all his charges, at the risk of losing all of them? Or should he better the chances of some by casting into the sea the ill, the injured, the weak, the old? Officer Lloyd Nolan, mortally hurt, urges the second decision. Ship's nurse Mai Zetterling, who loves Ty, and Moira Lister, as a socialite short on morals but long on courage, back him up. Though the idea is arresting, it takes on a certain dreariness in the telling.
This Could Be the Night

M-G-M: CINEMASCOPE

Fresh and funny, sly and romantic, this comedy matches prim, winsome Jean Simmons with a Runyonanesque crew of lowlifes—who are mostly pretty good guys and dolls. To add to her schoolteaching salary, Jean takes an evening job as secretary to nightclub owner Paul Douglas. Overcome by the fact that she's a "college broad" and a "greenhorn," he is determined to shield her. Young newcomer Anthony Franciosa cuts a striking figure as Paul's partner, a wolf who finds he has higher ideas about Jean. Promptly, he shies away, wary of the "tender trap." The other nightclub people are equally picturesque. Julie Wilson is the voluptuous and knowing singer. Promising new Neile Adams is a sassy, sexy dancer on the job; off it, she's a shy, bespectacled girl whose chief yearning is to be a good cook. Joan Blondell seems to be the typical stage mother. And bus-boy Rafael Campos has a strange reason for wanting Jean to coach him in algebra. Neatly dialogued, engagingly acted, it's a thoroughly enjoyable movie from start to finish.

The Naked Eye

FILM REPRESENTATIONS

The countless photography addicts will find plenty of fascinating material in this easy-to-look-at documentary. Though it starts with a history of the development of the camera, it is not at all a technical study. It moves on, from Daguerre to Matthew Brady to the great photographers of today, showing the varied and dramatic uses of the camera. The latter part of the movie is devoted to the life of Edward Weston, pictured through his work. But the makers of the film have tackled too big a job, trying to cover an entire art in seventy-one minutes, and the results are sometimes patchy.

The Little Hut

M-G-M: EASTMAN COLOR

Credit the good looks of Ava Gardner and Stewart Granger and the deft comedy talent of David Niven for most of the entertainment values in this mild farce. Promising more spice than it delivers, it makes those desert-island cartoons come to life. A yacht wreck lands the three on their tropical paradise. Before this, we've seen them back in London: Stewart as a big-shot, all-business industrialist; Ava, as the neglected wife; David, as the "friend" who escorts her during her husband's frequent absences. Now Stewart happily and efficiently turns Robinson Crusoe, to fit out their island with various niceties of civilization. Sulking in his lonely hut, David presently comes up with the astonishing suggestion that under the circumstances Ava ought to share her favors between the two men. To complicate the ensuing arguments, a third man appears.

Dragoon Wells Massacre

A.A.

Another satisfying Western follows a hopeful trend by trying to get some complexity into its characters. Its plot is that old reliable, used in many good movies—putting a chance-met group into a situation of deadly danger. Led by cavalry officer Dennis O'Keefe, these people are trying to reach a fort before Apaches wipe them out. Mona Freeman, a spoiled Easterner, has rejected Dennis to seek a more comfortable life with Casey Adams. Trevor Bardette, a grizzled marshal with an amusing weakness for gambling, has two prisoners: Barry Sullivan, a debonair adventurer; and Jack Elam, a sinister-looking but pathetic outlaw, whose life has been ruined by his ugliness. The group also includes gallant Katy Jurado and bruisish Sebastian Cabot, who has been selling guns and liquor to the Indians.

Wear any bathing suit you please—any time you please

ALL SUMMER LONG!

The answer is simple: change to Tampax® internal sanitary protection. Tampax requires no belts, pins, pads, supports of any kind. Tampax does away with chafing, irritation...is cool and comfortable at all times. Tampax gives you freedom...freedom of motion, freedom of mind. You feel unembarrassed, socially secure (Tampax even prevents odor from forming). Carrying is convenient, changing is fast, disposal is easy. Don't let another summer go by without Tampax! Get your choice of 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior) wherever drug products are sold. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.
The rush of modern living occasionally leaves everyone a little too tense and taut. Next time, do as so many busy, modern women do...let MILES NERVINE help you calm down and relax—to feel your best again. Also, use gentle, but effective MILES NERVINE whenever you're too restless to sleep at night. MILES NERVINE relaxes you, lets you sleep—naturally. Follow the label—avoid excessive use. MILES NERVINE has a long record of satisfaction in use. Buy it in effervescent tablets or liquid at any drugstore.

Soothe nerves... feel calm and tranquil with MILES NERVINE

At any drugstore... No Prescription Needed!
Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Ind.
because you are the very air he breathes...

He's yours, and you know it. It's love, and you show it. What fabulous fun, being female, at a time like this! Don't let anything mar this moment. Double check your charm every day with VETO... the deodorant that drives away odor... dries away perspiration worries. (Remember, if you're nice-to-be-next-to... next to nothing is impossible!)

VETO is for you in more ways than one. Cream, Spray, Stick, Aerosol Mist. One touch of VETO dries away perspiration worries!
Debbie comes out

A nice girl but not glamorous, until...

First, she darkens and silks colorless lashes and brows with a touch of rich Kurlene eyelash cream every night.

Kurlene® tube 50¢* jar $1.00*  
*plus tax

Second, Debbie shapes uneven brows. With gentle Tweissors, the only tweezers with scissor handles, she plucks wayward hairs from under brows. (New coil flattens eyes and face.)

Tweissors® 75c

Third, Debbie’s undramatic eyes become bright, sparkling. She uses Kurlash eyelash curler to give a bewitching curve to her lashes... new beauty to her eyes.

Kurlash® $1.00

See what Debbie’s eye beauty plan can do for you! Kurlash products at your local department, drug or variety store.

The Kurlash®  
Company, Inc., Rochester 4, N.Y.  
(Also available in Canada)

MOVIES

Don Burnett unwittingly stirs up emotional storms, including one in Laurene Tuttle

Untamed Youth  
WARNERS

Don Burnett makes an impression as an attractive newcomer. Mamie Van Doren does a vigorous rock ‘n roll number. And that’s about all you can say for this odd melodrama. With sister Lori Nelson, Mamie is sentenced to pick cotton on a sort of prison farm run by brutal John Russell, secret husband of Laurene Tuttle, who is the local judge. As Lurene’s son, Don comes along to see what is happening to the young “prisoners.” Supposedly, they’re being overworked as well as mistreated— but all hands turn out to rock ‘n roll every evening!  
ADULT

Last of the Badmen  
AA; CINEMASCOPE

Chicago detective George Montgomery is called upon to combat a new outlaw gimmick that is the most interesting feature of this Western, handicapped by the way it’s presented. George’s predecessor has been the victim of the trick, and now our hero asks to be put through the same routine. With fake posters in circulation, he’s represented as a wanted man, jailed on his arrival in a frontier town. The gang (Douglas Kennedy, Robert Foulk, James Best) promptly spring him. Then he’s forced to take part in their robberies—as the only unmasked member of the gang. So the reward on his head goes up and up, while the outlaws plan eventually to turn in his remains (through an intermediary) and collect. George sticks with it dangerously close to the moment of collection, in the effort to identify the brains behind the scheme. To lend an air of realism, there’s a solemn running commentary in the Dragnet style. This slows the pace, telling you what you can already see on the screen.

Suave James Craig, storekeeper who sold the ammunition. To hide their purpose, he and his pals join a Quaker group and adopt their garb. Quaker lass Angie Dickinson and dance-hall gal Dani Crayne supply romance.

Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison  
39th; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

Deborah Kerr and Robert Mitchum have never appeared to better advantage than in this remarkable film, partly a suspenseful incident of the Pacific war, mostly a delicate study of the relationship between two human beings. Bob is a traditionally tough marine, dedicated to his corps. Deborah is a dedicated nun, though she has not yet taken her final vows. The two meet on a deserted island that is eventually captured by Jap forces. Under John Huston’s direction, their struggle to survive is beautifully counter-balanced by the interplay between two utterly different personalities that for this interlude find a common ground. Inevitably, Bob falls in love with his companion, though he treats her with deep respect—except for one drunken lapse. The outcome can be foreseen, but any possible feeling of disappointment is forestalled. Bob’s speech indicates the rough, unlettered man; Deborah’s (with a hint of musical brogue), the cultured woman. There’s the suggestion that they would never have suited each other under normal circumstances. Under these, their situation is touching.

BEST ACTING: DEBORAH KERR, ROBERT MITCHUM

Shoot-Out at Medicine Bend  
WARNERS

The nice “Friendly Persuasion” influence hits the Westerns in this agreeable Randolph Scott item. With two other former soldiers, Randyl returns to Nebraska to find that his brother has been killed by Indians, unable to defend himself because his gun wouldn’t fire. Randy goes after

Deborah and Bob face invading Jap forces with two kinds of heroism, equally strong...
I dreamed I was Twins in my maidenform* bra

I'm beside myself with joy! For when I walk down the street, everyone I meet looks twice at my glamorous Maidenform lines! The duet of dream bras: On the left, Pre-Lude* Six-Way; on the right, the same bra in a slimming long-line version. And each can be worn six-ways: strapless, with straps any way you like, for every neckline in your wardrobe! And whichever way you wear them—you'll agree they're the most comfortable, the most curve-snugging bras you've ever worn! Bandeau, 3.00. Bandeau, lightly lined, 3.95. Long-Line, 5.95.

HAT: EMME SUIT: TOWNCRAFT

*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. ©1957 MAIDENFORM BRASSIERE CO., INC
Discover the poise that comes when you’re sure of yourself!

How marvelous that clean-all-over feeling, that sure knowledge that you’re at your sweetest, your freshest! How much happier, more confident you feel, knowing there’s not a chance in the world of “offending”—since you discovered the “Lysol” way!

“Lysol” belongs in your regular grooming routine. Just a teaspoonful added to your douche guards against “embarrassing odor,” gives you a sense of complete cleanliness that nothing else seems to equal.

Indeed, “Lysol” means new freshness, new daintiness for you. For “Lysol” is more than a cleanser, more than a deodorant. It’s an active germ-killer that gets into folds and crevices and kills odor-causing bacteria on contact. Its thorough action lasts!

Try new mild “Lysol” brand disinfectant today. Write for free booklet (sent in plain envelope) on medically-approved way of douching. Send your name and address to “Lysol,” Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. PP-576.

---

over the Editor’s shoulder...

The stars reveal a number of confidences—and do so we

A Medal for Marksmanship

Whenever a Hollywood star drops in on us in the New York offices, it causes a marquee-sized flurry, and there’s no work done for the rest of the afternoon. Not so with the Hollywood office. They’re used to stars out there. So when Ben Cooper stopped by for a visit on his first furlough from the Army, he nonchalantly plopped himself in an easy chair and settled back with a copy of Photoplay “to catch up on things.” Ben reports that the soldiers nicknamed him “drag along” and “skip along” because his bad back made it impossible for him to keep up with them on marches. But they changed it to “Hop-along” on the rifle range—for he came in third, and won a medal. “Hopalong” or “drag along”—whichever you wish—but come back soon, Ben.

Fun with Father

We called Vic Damone, who was staying at the Essex House on his last visit to New York, to tell him how much we like the photographs of Pier he took for our fashion story on pages 78-79. “Thanks,” he said modestly, “I had a good subject.” Pier enjoys posing for him, and so does Perry, their twenty-month-old son. “He’s a hambone,” laughs Vic. Perry kept trying to get into the pictures, and when Vic motioned him away, he’d run behind his Daddy. Then, just as Vic was ready to snap the shutter, he’d pull his Daddy’s leg. Literally, “I thought he’d rip the trousers,” says Vic. And then there was the dog. Usually, he’s good as gold, but this time he wound up biting the baby. Between the dog biting the baby, and the baby running to Daddy for help, Vic had quite a time. “But it was fun,” he sighed.

Glamour—Then and Now

We enjoy reading your letters—every last one of them. Matter of fact, that’s where we get some of our best ideas. So when so many of you wrote us asking for a story about the old-time stars and posed the question: “Are the current movie queens like Mansfield, Russell and Monroe as queenly as Harlow, Dietrich and Bow?” we asked tiny but titanic Sara Hamilton to find out. We thought Sara, who’s been a confidante of the stars for years, ought to know—and she did. We’ll let you be the judge, when you turn to page 62.

And speaking of glamour (your own, this time) have you ever had the urge to want to copy the hairdo of a movie star? Well, just when you’re most concerned with getting yourself an attractive new hairdo for summer, along comes Harriet Segman, our Beauty Editor, with a big story on Hollywood hair styles featuring the coiffures of Natalie Wood, Doris Day, Ann Blyth, June Allyson and Debbie Reynolds—and complete instructions from the studios for cutting and setting each. Watch for it, in our next issue. As a matter of fact, we can’t wait until we see it in print ourselves!
It’s Just an Old G.I. Custom with a Brand-New Japanese Twist!!

The uproarious saga of those hilarious heroes who “took” Tokyo in OPERATION KIMONO!!

JOE BUTTERFLY

starring AUDIE MURPHY • GEORGE NADER

KEIKO SHIMA • JOHN AGAR • CHARLES McGRaw • FRED CLARK and BURGESS MEREDITH

DIRECTED BY JESSE HIBBS SCREENPLAY BY SY GOMBERG, JACK SHER AND MARION HARGROVE PRODUCED BY AARON ROSENBERG A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

As JOE BUTTERFLY, the lovable con-man!
NEEDLE NEWS

732—Neat wrap halter to make in two versions. Trim one with colorful embroidery, or sew in solid and gay stripes. Pattern, embroidery transfer. Sizes small (10-12); medium (14-16); large (18-20). State size.

578—Cuddly animal-face pillows. Children love them. Simple to sew. Directions for three 10-inch pillows; transfer of faces.

7035—What little girl wouldn’t love this ruffly, posy and bunny-trimmed sundress? Ruffled panties, too! Children’s 2, 4, 6 included. Pattern, transfer, directions.

7109—Brighten kitchen towels, curtains, potholders with gay cross-stitch motifs. Looks like gingham appliqué. Six transfers of 5 1/2 x 6-inch motifs. Quick, easy!

624—Swan basket in simple crochet makes a stunning centerpiece. Perfect for fruit, flowers. Directions for 11-inch basket in heavy 4-ply jiffy cotton. Starch stiffly.


EVENING IN PARIS DEODORANT STICK

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

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

It's the only pincurl permanent that's actually

WEATHERPROOF!

Soft, shiny curls! Guaranteed to last longer than any other pincurl wave!

It's always fair weather when you and Pin-Quick get together. Pin-Quick curls stay firm and springy in all kinds of weather—and they're locked in to last! New Pin-Quick's Lano-Clear Lotion babies each curl with lanolin as it waves in soft, casual curls. And wonderful new Silicone in Pin-Quick gives your hair a new lasting sheen.

Pin-Quick's 5 times faster, too. It's the only pincurl permanent with a neutralizer... you can dry it safely in minutes with a dryer—or in the sun. Rain or shine, look your prettiest with new Weatherproof Pin-Quick. $1.75 plus tax.

New Siliconed

PIN-QUICK

by

Richard Hudnut

Richard Hudnut guarantees new Pin-Quick to last longer than any other pincurl permanent—or your money back!

not a seam to cut you anywhere!

Silf Skin Pantie Girdle is so firm... so friendly... has no crotch seams to cut and bother, yet moulds and controls beautifully! Make the “inside-out test” and discover that only Silf Skin exclusive seamless knit is just as velvety smooth on the inside as it is on the outside—feels so good next to you. Full-fashioned... preshrunk in white, also in black. Nylon elastic, $5.95. Silk elastic, $10.95. As shown, $5

NOW AVAILABLE IN SILF SKIN’S SUPER CONTROL
An extra-firm knit that combines amazing support and spring-back with comfort! $5.95

sight in his black leather jacket and bright red shirt, was kept running from one to another. Rod has been busy showing the sights of Europe to his wife, Sally Gracie, as a reconciliation present. She stayed with him in Spain all through the filming. A family is the first item in their plans for a new life together.

Lucky Cannes: Wonder what will happen to the Hollywood stars who choose to attend this year’s film festival in Cannes? Something nice has happened every year to at least one. Grace found her prince. Olivia de Havilland met her Pierre Galante. Kim Novak climbed out of the starlet rank into star place as a result of the publicity received at the festival. Kim has just been named one of the most popular foreign stars in Germany. Before the festival last year, they had hardly heard of her. Incidentally, Olivia will make nine personal appearances at American Army bases in Europe this year, for which she will receive the total sum of one dollar.

No See, No Talk: Ingrid Bergman has taken to wearing costume jewelry, something she never did in Hollywood. but the exquisite emerald necklace she wears on special occasions is the real McCoy. It’s a present from Rossellini, who sent it to her from India. One of those occasions was when she danced the rumba one night in Paris’ famed Lido Club with Ernest Hemingway, who was visiting the club with his wife and saw her seated with friends. After great exclamations of joy and greeting, they took to the floor and did a fancy rumba together. One of Ingrid’s favorite anecdotes about her children concerns Robertino, seven, a student at a Paris boys’ prep school. A reporter wanted to interview the boy and thrust a micro-
phone in front of him, Robertino glared at the mike, then said, "I refuse to speak to people I can't see."

Far from Home: What love will do! One of Hollywood's most glamorous and sophisticated beauties, Susan Hayward, now calls little Carrollton, Georgia, her "main home." What's more, she proves it by climbing into the cab of one of her new husband's trucks to do her housewifely shopping. This stops traffic downtown, of course, as all of Carrollton turns out to watch red-haired Mrs. Eaton Chalkey back into a parking space in front of the supermarket, just like any other Georgia housewife....

Our Paris correspondent reports that a chance visit to his barber, Desfosses, the swankiest in the French capital, revealed an appalling aftermath to Yul Brynner's visit to that city. Yul's bald head became such a fad that the barber reported an average of half a dozen males a day getting a clean head shave. ... John Derek was a slight puzzlement to American newsmen who met him at the London airport when he recently flew in from Hollywood for his picture, "Women of the Night." John has always complained of the "Pretty Boy" tag and wished aloud the press would treat him in a more realistic and rugged manner, yet he wouldn't allow himself to be photographed because he hadn't shaved...

1. Is your feminine daintiness well protected at all times?
2. Can the rush of nervous perspiration be controlled?
3. Is there a sure way to put an end to ugly perspiration stains?
4. Is one bath a day really enough for an active girl like you?

Marisa, Jean Pierre and daughter Maria came home for good reason

and his face was showing the effects of a rather rough flight. ... Jose Ferrer tried to smoke a pipe between courses at the conservative Claridge's restaurant in London—a thing which isn't done by Englishmen who appreciate good food—and was subtly but severely reprimand by his waiter. ... Princess Grace's daughter will learn deep-sea fishing as soon as possible, says her fond father!

Girls who know the answers use Arrid— to be sure!

You owe it to yourself to get 100% on this test. It's a cinch you will, too, if you're smart enough to use Arrid daily.

For Arrid is the most effective deodorant your money can buy. Doctors prove that Arrid is 1 1/2 times as effective against perspiration and odor as all leading deodorants tested.

Why? Only Arrid is formulated with the magic new ingredient Perstop. That's why more people have used and are using Arrid to protect against odor and perspiration than any other deodorant.

What's in it for you? Just this!

1. Arrid keeps you safe morning, noon and night! Rub Arrid in —rub perspiration and odor out. When the cream vanishes you know you're safe. And approachable any hour of the day or night.
2. Arrid protects you against all kinds of unexpected perspiration. It keeps you dry even when anxiety or excitement cause your glands to gush perspiration.
3. Arrid stops perspiration stains. Used daily, it keeps your underarms dry, soft and sweet. There's never a hint the situation's getting warm. Saves clothes from ugly stains even on hot, sticky days.
4. Arrid's rubbed-in protection starts on contact—keeps you shower-bath fragrant for 24 hours! Remember—nothing protects you like a cream. And no cream protects you like Arrid. No wonder Arrid is America's number one deodorant!

*Don't be half safe. Be completely safe. Use Arrid... to be sure.

43¢ plus tax.

*Carter Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants.
at last...  
a deodorant talc  
that gives you  
all-over body protection!

april showers  
deodorant talc

The smart woman's new beauty secret... April Showers Deodorant Talc used freely under arms, around waist, on feet... all over. Fine quality imported Italian talc combined with odor-killing Hexachlorophene protects where ordinary deodorants never do. Only 50¢, plus tax.
ends dull, dry “thirsty” hair—replaces your natural beauty oils so each and every strand shines with new natural color brilliance

Helene Curtis

Lanolin Discovery

THE NEW HAIRDRESSING IN SPRAY FORM

Unlike ordinary hairdressings which “coat” your hair—make it oily—LANOLIN DISCOVERY Hairdressing is pure greaseless lanolin in a mist so fine it is absorbed by each strand of hair. In just seconds you get the same beautiful results as brushing 100 strokes a day.

$1.25 and $1.89

both plus tax

spray . . .
brush . . .
that’s all!

Used and recommended by beauticians everywhere. Available wherever cosmetics are sold.
PHOTOPLAY CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Across
1. "— at the OK Corral" (init.)
7. Former film idol who became father of TV’s Margie
13. Ursula’s husband (init.)
14. British sub crew in “Above Us the Waves” belong to this outfit (init.)
15. Brave on film, once haunted by offscreen scandal
17. “— Your Face Before Me” (song)
18. Carradine’s role in “The Ten Commandments”
19. Pop classic, title tune of a Gene Tierney hit
20. A former wife of 15 Across acquired these initials with her next marriage
21. “Love — Tender”
22. “It’s a Sin to Tell a —” (song)
23. Serious type of film
25. “The Tattered Dress” villain
27. Films’ Doc Holliday (init.)
28. Oscar-winners do this well
32. Freberg or Kenton
33. “The Greatest Show on —”
34. TV’s Robin Hood (init.)
35. He married Ava, Lana, etc.
36. Flyer’s bride, formerly wed to a cameraman and a brewery king
39. “Westward — the Wagons!”
40. Locle of “Abandon Ship!”
41. “That Old — of Mine” (song)
43. “The Big —”
44. Wagner might have been called this as a kid
47. Heroine of 1 Across
53. Jimmy Stewart’s last role
55. Garment Lamour made famous
56. Mrs. Anthony Steel
58. Mrs. Miniver (init.)
59. “12 — Men”
61. Kelly Curtis’ mother
62. Young Crockett killed one
64. Locale of “Ten Thousand Bedrooms” and “The Monte Carlo Story”
65. Youngest sister in “Ten Thousand Bedrooms” (init.)
67. Youngest sister in “Ten Thousand Bedrooms” (init.)
69. Blyth, Sheridan and Miller
70. Star of “The Way to the Gold” (init.)
71. Injured officer in “Abandon Ship!” (init.)
72. “The — I Love” (song)

Down
1. Cary and Kathryn
2. “— Blaine”
3. Hayward’s role in “With a Song in My Heart”
4. “Sanctum”
5. “— Young Lovers” (song)
6. Wagner and Hunter recently played noted Andrés
7. “Can — a Coward”
8. Alan is; so is Sue
9. Mother of Rebecca and Princess Yasmin
10. Nickname of film mermaid who’s forsaken the water
11. ”Pepe — Moko”
12. Former Tarzan, but no hero to a lovely redhead and a lovely blonde
13. “On the — de la Paix” (song)
21. Currently seen opposite Hudson and Curtis
22. What the director says to cameras start rolling
24. Once movies’ George M. Cohan, now Lon Chaney
25. “Written on — Wind”
26. »The Deadly Mantis” uses many a camera —
27. Miss Brooks (init.)
29. “Nightfall” star (init.)
30. Most Oscar also-rans are good —
31. “Spring Reunion” star (init.)
32. George Stevens — Ferber are among the creators of “Giant”
34. “— and Dolls”
36. Are Jayne’s gowns too —?
37. Films’ Wyatt Earp (init.)
41. Jean Parker, Margaret O’Brien played this role in “Little Women”
42. Danny Thomas’ former TV wife
44. Musical instrument in “Friendly Persuasion”
45. “—, Not Much” (song)
46. She played the James boys’ mother
47. Currently cast as a nun
48. Producer-director of “The Ten Commandments”
50. Rossana Podesta’s historic role
51. Celina in “The Tea House of the August Moon”
54. Actress attendant at the Monaco wedding
55. Costello’s partner (init.)
56. Star of “Shoot-Out at Medicine Bend” (init.)
57. Heroine of “Kelly and Me” (init.)
58. “Boy — a Dolphin”

Answers to Crossword Puzzle on page 96
ABANDON SHIP—Columbia. Directed by Richard Sale; Alec Hume, Tyrone Power; Jutta, Mai; lettering: Frank Kelty, Lloyd Nolan; William McKinley, Stephen Boyd; Edith Middleton, Moira Lister; "Cookie" Mervyn, James Hayter; Mrs. Kendra, Marie Lohr.

BACHELOR PARTY, THE—U.A. Directed by Delbert Mann; Charlie Sanders, Don Murray; Walter, E.G. Marshall; Eddie, Jack Warden; Arnold, Philip Alphonse; Kenneth, Larry Blyden; Helen Samson, Patricia Smith; The Executioner, Carolyn Jones; Julie, Nancy Marchand; Hostess, Karen Norris; Girl on Stool, Barbara Ames.

BOY ON A DOLPHIN—20th. Directed by Jean Negulesco; James Cagney, Alan Ladd; Victor Parma, Clifton Webb; Phaedra, Sophia Loren; Government Man, Alexus Mastroi; Riff, Jorge Mistral; Dr. Hawkins, Laurence Naismith; Nilo, Piero Gigliani.

COUNTERFEIT PLAN, THE—Warners. Directed by Montgomery Tully; Max, Zachary Scott; Carol, Peggy Castle; Louis, Mervyn Johns; Bitsi, Sydney Tatro; Duke, Lee Patterson.

DEADLY MANTIS, THE—U.I. Directed by Nathan Juran; Col. Joe Parkman, Craig Stevens; Dr. Ned Jackson, William Hopper; Marle Blaine, Alis Talton; General Mark Ford, Donald Randolph; Sgt. Pete Allen, Pat Conway; Prof. Anton Gruber, Florenz Ames.

DRAGON WELLS MASSACRE—A.A. Directed by Harold Schuster; Louis Ferri, Barry Sullivan; Ann Bradley, Mona Freeman; Capt. Matt Kiardan, Dennis O'Keefe; Mary Faye, Katy Jurado; Tuupa, Jack Elam.

GUNFIGHT AT THE O.K. CORRAL—Paramount. Directed by John Sturges; Wyatt Earp, Burt Lancaster; Ike Holliday, Kirk Douglas; Laura Bannock, Rhonda Fleming; Kate Van Fleet, River, John Ireland; Doc Clanton, Lyle Bettger; Cotton Wilson, Frank Faylen; Charles Bassett, Carl Holfman.

HEAVEN KNOWS, MR. ALLISON—20th. Directed by John Huston; Sister Angela, Deborah Kerr; Mr. Allison, Robert Mitchum.


LITTLE HUT, THE—M-G-M. Directed by Mark Robson; Susan (Lady Ashmore), Ava Gardner; Sir Philip Ashmore, Stewart Granger; Henry Brittingham, Brett, David Niven; Mrs. Walter Calhoun; The Rev. Brittingham-Brett, Finlay Currie; Mrs. Brittingham-Brett, Jean Cadell.


SHOOT-OUT AT MEDICINE BEND—Warner Brothers. Directed by Delmer D. Daves; Cap Devlin, Randolph Scott; Clark, James Craig; Priscilla, Angeline Dickinson; Nell, Diana Crane; Malinard, James Garner.

TALL T, THE—Columbia. Directed by Bud Boettcher; Pat Brennan, Randolph Scott; Usher, Richard Boone; Bertha, Teri Moret; Mamie O'Sullivan; Midlothian, Arthur Hunnicutt; Billy Jack, Skip Homier.

Tarzan and the Lost Safari—M-G-M. Directed by Bruce Humberstone; Tarzan, Gordon Scott; "Flasher" Hawkins, Robert Beatty; Georgia Dean, Yolande Donlan; Diana Penrod, Besta St. John; "Doodler" Fletcher, Wilfrid Hyde White; Carl Krush, George Conlin; Dick Field, Peter Arne.

THIS COULD BE THE NIGHT—M-G-M. Directed by Robert Wise; Anne Leeds, Jean Simmons; Rocco, Paul Douglas; Tony, Anthony Franciosa; Ivy Coriande, Julie Wilson; Paty St. Clair, Adams; Crystal, Joan Blondell; Leon, J. Carrol Naish; Hussein Mohammed, Rafael Campus; Mrs. Shea, ZaSu Pitts; Steve Devlin, Tom Helmore; Wally London, Mervyn Vye.

12 ANGRY MEN—U.A. Directed by Sidney Lumet; Jury, #1, Henry Fonda; #2, Lee J. Cobb; Ed Begley; #3, E.G. Marshall; #7, Jack Warden; #11, John Hill; Betty, Samantha, #3, John Fiecher; #5, Jack Klugman; #6, Edward Binns; #9, Joseph Sweeney; #11, George Voskovec; #12, Robert Webber.

UNTAMED YOUTH—Warners. Directed by Howard W. Koch; Penny, Mamie Van Doren; Tony, Lyn Nelson; Tropp, John Russell; Bob, Don Burnett; Bongo, Eddie Cochran; Mrs. Steele, Lucrene Tuttle; Baby, Yvonne Lime.

VINTAGE, THE—M-G-M. Directed by Jeffrey Hayden; Lucienne, Pier Angeli; Giancarlo Barone; Mel Ferrer; Ernesto Baradello, John Kerr; Leanne Morel; Michele Morgan; Edward Urbanski; Theodore Bikel; Louis Morel, Left Erickson; Etienne Morel, Jack Mullaney; Uncle Tom Ten, Joe Verdi.

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

...IN EXQUISITE FORM

And such a desirable you, in Contour Witchery! Its gentle flat Ribbon-Wire*, exclusively ours, outlines each cup separately, molds your natural curves to new beauty, and there's no center wire to irk you.

A perfect evening bra with its removable, movable shoulder straps, yet equally adaptable for daytime, all the time. Try Contour Witchery's 6-way magic today—and you'll always ask for Exquisite Form bras.

A, B, C cups in embroidered cotton with wafer-thin lining. Long-length torso version... style 8132, $10.00.

Style 4432 (illus.), white and black, $3.95

...GOWN BY SAMUEL WINSTON

At Your Favorite Store, or Write to Dept. F-6. Exquisite Form Brasliner Inc., 155 Madison Ave., N.Y.C., for Nearest Store.

THE LADY IS YOU!

Exquisite Form brassieres give you X APPEAL

(T.M. Reg.

N.Y.C., the most fashionable way to be at the height of fashion!
I'd say Kirk Douglas tries to be charming always and everywhere. . . . And that Cary Grant is always charming, without trying. . . . Not too long ago Lex Barker was quoted: "My highly publicized marriage to Lana (Turner) had everyone wanting to bet it wouldn't last." I like Lex. I hope he didn't take too many of those bets. . . . Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger, to avoid arguments, have two television sets. . . . I'm so weary of reading articles about "The Real Marilyn Monroe." Honest Marilyn will tell those pretenders that she doesn't know The Real Marilyn Monroe. . . . Diana Dors, come back. All is forgiven. . . . Talking about sex bombs, Oscar-toting Dorothy Malone is going to find it hard to stay out of slinky dresses from now on—on screen, anyway. . . . On the set of "Loving You," Elvis Presley greeted me with, "What's been shaking with you?" I told him I thought he was the shaker, the wiggler. "I mean," said Elvis, "what's moving? Is your hi-fi putting out a solid message?" Anyway, I stopped Elvis and this jazz by inviting him to hear the latest Lawrence Welk record. . . . Don Murray is the most honest and sincere person holding a Screen Actors' Guild card. In fact, you don't believe he's for real. . . . Jayne Mansfield insists she's a shy girl. "I'm shy—but I got this fantastic build-up, and now I can't let anyone see how shy I am."

June Allyson's slacks are sometimes baggy, but she's still sexy in them. . . . Katharine Hepburn once told me that blue jeans never fit right until after they've been worn in the rain. . . . I think Ingrid Bergman should be ordered by law to make another movie immediately. . . . Anita Ekberg said it: "I like champagne. It's so bubbly. I like bubbly things. They give me goose bubbles."

I find Natalie Wood more interesting off-screen than on. I'm also the fellow who thinks Natalie is the best of the young, promising actresses. . . . Rita Hayworth listens to records while in bed. . . . Deborah Kerr is not temperamental, and explains why: "I'd never fight for a better dressing room. You can't see the dressing room in the movie." . . . Jose Vincente Ferrer y Cintron is the full name of Jose Ferrer. . . . Sophia Loren supposed to be the greatest Italian discovery since Gina and spaghetti. . . . Joan Collins is a swinger. Generally English actresses aren't hip, but Joan is more typical United States than Grace Kelly. . . . When asked why he worked so hard, Gordon MacRae (movies, television, records, night clubs) replied, "I've got eleven people to support. Twelve if you count Uncle Sam."

I know Shelley Winters is trying to find herself, but on the way she found Tony Franciosa. She seems satisfied. . . . Tony Curtis has stopped wearing those high tab collars. He looked like a con man. . . . A generation ago this nation was excitedly informed: "Garbo Talks!" Be prepared for the latest exciting information: "Bryner Has Hair!" . . . Mamie Van Doren is cooperative, willing, etc. As Mamie puts it: "I'm good-natured. I want people to look upon me as a sweet girl." . . . Kim Novak had finished dancing with Mac Krim, and she turned to the orchestra leader at the Cocoanut Grove and said, "Would you please play the other side of 'True Love' for us now?" That's Hollywood for you.
You're Prettier than you think you are!
...and you can prove it with a Palmolive bar!

Here's Proof that Mild and Gentle Palmolive Care
Cleans Cleaner, Deeper, Prettier!

When you wash with your regular soap—in the ordinary, casual way—you leave beauty-robbing hidden dirt behind. But what a glorious difference after a 60-second Palmolive massage! You'll look fresher, lovelier! And to prove that hidden dirt is gone, rub with a tissue. The tissue will stay snowy-white. *Proof* that Palmolive care cleans cleaner, prettier!

Yes—new complexion beauty is yours in just one minute with Palmolive Soap. Because Palmolive care removes hidden dirt that casual cleansing misses. And only a soap as mild as Palmolive can cleanse so deeply without irritation. Start Palmolive care today, and see your true complexion beauty come through!
½ the time! ½ the work!

RICHARD HUDNUT'S

New Quick

New QU
only permanent
dare wash at once!

Never before could you wave then wash! It's the
loveliest wave in the world—and it's shampoo-fresh!

So easy! No need to shampoo first!
Unlike any other home permanent, Richard Hudnut's
new Quick has Crystal Clear Lanolized Lotion. A lotion
so pure yet penetrating, you can wave without washing
first—and shampoo right after you wave! It's so easy! As
soon as your wave is finished, you shampoo instead of rins-
ing. No need to wait a week to wash away "new perm"
frizz and odor. No fear you'll wash out or weaken your
wave. It's locked in to last with Crystal Clear Lotion!

Wave and wash with ½ the work!
Quick's the quickest! Only Quick's exclusive Crystal Clear
Lotion penetrates so fast, it lets you wrap more hair on
each curler and still get a firm curl to the tips of your hair.
So you get a complete new-style wave with just 20 curlers
- ½ the winding time - ½ the waving work! Shampoo
instead of rinsing and, right from the first minute, your
new Quick wave is lanolin-soft, sweet to see and be near.
Use Quick today and be shampoo-fresh tonight!

2 new-style waves for the price of 1
Crystal Clear Lotion can be recapped.
Use ½—Save ½. $2.00 plus tax.
(1-wave size, $1.25 plus tax)

Home Permanent by Richard Hudnut
Actors Are Fine People

We here in Marietta, Ohio, were host to the world premiere of "Battle Hymn," the true story of our own Colonel Dean Hess, Rock Hudson, Jock Mahoney and Dan Duryea, who are the stars of the picture, and Ross Hunter, who is the producer, were brought by a caravan of cars from the airport, and when they entered Marietta, they were taken to the hotel via a torchlight parade. Hundreds and hundreds of teenagers followed Rock's car to the hotel. Some of us got inside and went to the bottom of the steps and yelled, "We want Rock!" Others did the same outside. Finally, Rock came out on a balcony, and talked to us until they made him go inside.

The next day was a "cake and autograph" party for teenagers. But since we had to go to school until 3:30, by the time we got to the Field House, there was such a crowd of older women that hardly any M.H.S. teenagers got in. We never gave up, though, and finally they had to take Rock back to the hotel in a police car.

Thursday afternoon, Marietta saw the biggest parade she ever saw or ever will see in her life. All the stars, Colonel Hess, Air Force officials, floats, bands and many other things were shown off to Marietta. Rock, Jock, Dan, Ross and Colonel Hess were mobbed all through town by people wanting to get their pictures and shake hands with them. Thursday morning, Rock had been given a Doctor of Arts degree from Marietta College at the annual Founders Day ceremony. He looked like he was so proud over the fact he could bust.

Thursday night was really the big time. We have only three small theatres in Marietta so in order to accommodate the thousands who wanted to see the movie, we had to have two showings at each of the theatres. Before the first showing at the Colony, which is our largest theatre, all the stars were to make an appearance at the reviewing stand in front of the theatre. Our M.H.S. band played until all the dignitaries arrived. All of a sudden, as we were playing while the stars came up on the platform, Jock Mahoney grabbed the baton and started directing us. Rock followed suit, only with his finger. The whole band went into hysterics. We are known as the only band in captivity to be directed by Jock Mahoney and Rock Hudson at the same time.

Rock, Dan, Jock and Ross talked to us until they had to go into the theatre. We all loved them. Marietta and all the people will never forget when they were here. They were all lovable, down-to-earth people. If there were more stars like them in Hollywood today, it wouldn't be given so much criticism. They all had fine parts in "Battle Hymn."

I think we should hear more about Jock Mahoney and Dan Duryea. They're all fine people as well as actors. Ross Hunter and Rock are the best! They won the hearts of all the people in Marietta, and we'll be their number one fans for years to come.

Tobie Wright
Marietta, Ohio

Arc We In a Rut?

I have been a reader of your magazine for a number of years and for the first time I have decided to voice an opinion on it. I buy other magazines only if they happen to have a story on one of my favorite stars, but I buy Photoplay because it is Photoplay. I realize that you must concentrate on the stars who are in the public eye, and to please your readers you must give them stories about stars they like. However, would it be asking too much for perhaps just one page of your supposedly terrific magazine to cover someone like Kathryn Grayson or Maureen O'Hara—or perhaps a special feature acquainting the young fans of today with the old Hollywood, and what we missed while we were in the cradle? How about stories about people who have really contributed something to the industry as, for instance, Vivien Leigh, Olivia de Havilland and others too numerous to mention? I have yet to read an article on Ida Lupino, a terrific actress.

I could go on and on about what my dream fan magazine would contain. I know people have different tastes. I, too, like Debbie Reynolds, Tab Hunter, Janet Leigh, etc., but enough is enough!

June Parker
Dixon, Illinois

Here's one reader we feel is going to enjoy the story in this issue, "Has Hollywood Lost Its Glamour?" with pictures and comments about many of the old stars,—En.

No Rut, Says Mrs. W.

I just have to write this letter to let you know how pleased I was with the April issue of Photoplay. There were no stories on Natalie's boyfriends, nothing on Liz's marriage problems and no Elvis Presley!

I subscribe to four movie magazines. As each arrived at my mail box, they all seemed like duplicates—that is, until Photoplay came. Here was a different one, and I was so happy. Doris Day, Pier Angeli, Jacques Sernas, Anne Baxter, Monty Clift—it was so nice reading about these stars for a change!

I can truly say why Photoplay is the largest-selling movie magazine. Thanks for being different.

Mrs. T. C. Willman
Appleton, Wisconsin

Favorite Actor Is Different

He doesn't look or act like any other star. He is an individual! He has a style of his own. He is at ease in any role. He has played a bushel newlywed, a small-time hood, a sex-hungry cowhand, a rocket-ship cook, a punch-drunk boxer, a frightened young soldier, and was convincing in each part. Now, with his fine part in "The Rainmaker," I believe Earl Holliman will get the recognition he deserves.

A Fan
Longview, Texas

Continued

Address your letters to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters not published in this column. If you want to start a fan club or write to favorite stars, address them at their studios.—En.

Rock Hudson, gowned for honorary degree from Marietta, charmed the town. So did Dan Duryea and Jock Mahoney.
Unretouched photo of the hands of Mrs. Fran Miggins of New York City. Jergens Lotion was applied to the right hand only.

Reach for Jergens...and stop "Detergent Hands"

In a scientific test*, over 450 women soaked both hands in detergents 3 times a day. In a few days, left hands not treated with Jergens Lotion became coarse and red. But right hands, treated with Jergens, stayed soft and smooth. No other lotion tested this way kept hands so lovely. Jergens Lotion stops all chapping and dryness. It doesn't "glove" hands with sticky film...it penetrates to help replace natural moisture lost to summer sun and wind, indoor and outdoor chores. Only 15¢ to $1.

*Notice to doctors and dermatologists— for summary of test write The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Dean Miscast?

I was reading a magazine the other day in which someone stated that James Dean was miscast in the movie “Giant.” I am inclined to agree on that point, but think she should have had the courtesy to say that he gave a very realistic portrayal of Jett Rink. I think he was the greatest actor and watched him grow from bit parts to a star.

Mrs. John K. Parks
Mt. Holly, New Jersey

You Ask Questions

I have just seen “Battle Hymn,” and think it is one of the most moving stories I have ever seen. Will you please tell me who played Lt. Maples? He gave a wonderful performance.

I want to add that of all the Hollywood magazines published, yours is the best. It has better pictures and stories than any other magazine.

(Miss) Sandy Barnhart
Muscatine, Iowa

The young man you ask about is James Edwards.—Ed.

Was Nick Adams in “Rebel Without a Cause”? My friend said he was. I disagreed. Who is right?

M.T.
Rahway, New Jersey

Nick Adams had the part of Moose in “Rebel,” so I guess your girl friend wins this argument.—Ed.

My friend and I had an argument about the movie “From Here to Eternity.” She said Ernest Borgnine didn’t play in it, and I said he did. Who is right?

Melba and Helen
Last Creek High School
Last Creek, West Virginia

You are right. Borgnine played the villain.—Ed.

I have just seen “Rumble on the Docks” starring Jimmy Darren. Could you please give me some information about him?

Gail Barberstock
Aultman, Pennsylvania

James Darren was born in Philadelphia June 8, 1936, the son of Virginia and William Ercolani. His parents still live there. In May, 1956, while waiting for an elevator in the Brill Building, New York City, young Darren was spotted by Joyce Selznick of Screen Gems, Columbia Pictures’ television subsidiary. She introduced him to Harry Pong, Columbia’s Eastern talent representative, and three days later Jimmy was signed to a contract. He prefers serious dramatic parts or Westerns. Does his own horseback riding, as he lived on a farm for five years. His hobbies are tennis, baseball and automobile riding. He also likes to get lost in a good philosophy book. He is 5’11” tall, weighs 170 lbs., has brown eyes and black hair.—Ed.

Hollywood’s Good-Will Ambassadors

For almost ten years I’ve been a reader of Photoplay. I have written to “Readers Inc.” before. I hope you will publish this one.

I’ve been working at the American Film Festival in Palm Springs, and I’ve had the opportunity of meeting wonderful people like the Van Heflins, the Yul Brynner, the

Anatole Litvak, Mitchell Leisen, Hedda Hopper, Lana Turner, Joanne Dru, Joanne Gilbert, Beverly Tyler. I don’t know what the delegation, as a whole, thought about our country, but if it was wrong, it cannot be helped now.

But I want to mention specifically the Craig Stevens—Craig and his wife, Alexis Smith—who were so wonderful to everybody, and were chosen by the reporters as the most cooperative people of the whole delegation. They were so natural, so unaffected, so friendly that when they left it was not only I, but lots of people who thought we were parting from our closest friends. In Alexis, we found not only beauty and grace, but refinement and culture. In Craig, friendliness, education and intelligence.

Don’t you think that when you have such wonderful good-will ambassadors from Hollywood, it should be made known to everyone?—

Marta Amore
Montevideo, Uruguay

Reason to Believe

I am writing in reference to a young boy who I think will be one of the future stars of our time. His name is Phil Virtuoso, Jr. He hails from the Bronx, and is barely eighteen years old. He is a very handsome Latin type with dark, flashing eyes.

I was chosen to write from over 200 girls because I am the president of his fan club. This club was organized a year ago, and because of his appearance in “Rock, Rock, Rock” has grown tremendously.

Phil was born January 31, 1939, educated in the All Hallows Institute, was graduated at the age of fourteen, and entered High School after that. At the age of fifteen, his mother took him to see “The Innocents” and he then realized that he wanted to become an actor. He decided to study dramatics, chose a school from the phone book, and received six months of intensive training at this school. The head of the school wrote a script for him, and that summer he portrayed a man of twenty-four. At the end of the stock season, he studied with a mobile theatre, then, because of conflicting hours, transferred to the High School of Young Professionals. In 1955, he was a resident member of the Pocono Playhouse, spending a season there, and in 1956 landed a part in Paramount’s “Beau James,” with Bob Hope, and then

came the part in “Rock, Rock, Rock.” Fifteen minutes after the first rehearsal, Will Price, the director, Max Rosenberg and Don yon yon Hefala singled Phil out as the featured dancer of the film. Because of the above, all his fan club

George is a hero to the fans
members are hoping to see Phil rise to stardom.

LINDA MICCHETTI, President
Phil Virtuoso Fan Club
Bronx, New York

Request for Space

Just a letter to let you know how much I liked the April issue of Photoplay. I especially liked the moving story, "Know Not the Face of Fear"—a wonderful tribute to a lovely lady, Lauren Bacall.

And that article, "Alas, He's No Hero to His Cat," is one of the best I've read about George Nader.

Thank you very much for one of the best issues of Photoplay since I started reading it.

Now, if you would only give some space to a really talented actor and a wonderful guy, William Campbell, my cup would run over.

MRS. WILLIAM CAMPBELL
Dixon, California

Hollywood, Wake Up

Why doesn't Hollywood wake up to the fact that it is wasting one of its most talented actresses—Lana Turner. She is beautiful, glamorous, and certainly an excellent dramatic actress as she has proven in such pictures as "The Bad and the Beautiful" and "The Rains of Ranchipur."

There is one way her talent can be put to use. Let her star in "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" with Paul Newman and Burl Ives as co-stars. A combination like that couldn't fail at the box office or at next year's Oscar ceremonies.

WILLIAM S. YOUGUE, III
Montgomery, Alabama

Jacques on the Shelf?

It is about time someone finally heard the call of the public and printed some pictures of Jacques Sernas! It was a welcome surprise to see pictures of him in the April issue of Photoplay. Nothing is more disappointing and discouraging than to pick up movie magazine after magazine only to throw them down in disgust without finding a single picture of Jacques.

He has great talent as he has proved time and time again. It is amazing how he can be kept on the shelf so long without someone recognizing this talent and signing him to a real contract and giving him a chance in a full-length movie.

Very few of my friends have ever heard of him so why not let the world find out more about Sernas?

MISS KAY MECH
Buffalo, New York

PIER ANGELI LOVES LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO

never dries—it beautifies
thick and creamy...
blessed with lanolin!
needs no after-rinse!
of course, it leaves hair
more manageable!

NO WONDER IT'S THE FAVORITE SHAMPOO OF
4 OUT OF 5 TOP HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STARS
New and lavish
PINK CAMAY

scented like perfume from Paris that would cost you $25.00 an ounce... blended with pink cold cream

Probably the most lavish soap that ever pampered your skin (yet costs no more than ordinary soaps)

Kept fresh and fragrant in Pink Pearl foil

© The Procter & Gamble Co.
THE PAT BOONE STORY

The wheel of fortune turned—to make him in two years a top record star. Now phenomenal Pat is moving in on Hollywood—for a whirl at stardom.

BY SYLVIA ASHTON

On a slate-gray, bitter cold afternoon in February, a young couple from Leonia, New Jersey, bundled their three children in snowsuits, mittens and galoshes, and locked the front door of their snug little home. For Pat Boone, his wife-Shirley and their youngsters were leaving for Hollywood.

When Pat shut the door of his house, he also closed a chapter in his life. Behind lay Pat the singer, whose records had been on the top ten list for thirty-eight out of fifty-two weeks and who, measured by the fan-club yardstick, is the country’s most popular vocalist. Ahead for Pat lies a career as an actor, complete with a long-term contract with 20th Century-Fox and a starring role in his first picture “Bernardine.” For twenty-three-year-old Pat whose only acting experience has been in amateur productions at North Texas State College this offers a great challenge. Everybody is rooting for Pat who keeps asking, “Can this really be happening to me?”

Continued
In New York, Pat's whirl-around-the-clock schedule keeps him hopping

Even as he turned the key in the front door that blustery winter's day, Pat couldn't believe that it was true. He put his arms around Shirley and said, "Honey, let's keep our fingers crossed." Then he picked up two-year-old Linda and handed her to Eva, the nurse, who was sitting in the back seat with baby Debbie and Cheryl, affectionately known as "Cherry." Pat and Shirley climbed into the front and they drove off to the airport.

As they flew westward through the darkening sky Pat thought back over his life. Of the wonderful twenty-three years that had made history for Pat Boone. Hollywood seemed a long, long way from the tiny stage of the Belle Meade Theatre in Nashville where he had made his professional debut at the age of ten. Pat, of course, had been singing ever since he could talk. And even before that. Neighbors recall Pat at the tender age of two, crawling all over the Boone house in Nashville, crooning to himself as he went. One of them says, "We all said that Bing had better watch out." And when he was older he had sung in the choir at church, and whenever there was a gathering of friends and neighbors Pat would be called upon to sing a hillbilly or cowboy song. Even then Pat had a way of making the folks listen.

Continued

For Pat there's still time for his young family

From classroom to gym at Columbia University, to rehearsal hall and mike at CBS, with stops along the way for recordings and interviews, Pat's is a busy day. His class schedule, already extra-heavy, left no time at all to play football!
Pat, with Cherry, two and a half, Linda, two, Deborah Ann, eight months, had hoped for a boy, called each one "Mike" before birth. In his own case, Charles Eugene Boone got nicknamed when his parents, wanting a girl, chose "Patricia!"
In Hollywood, it's a new career, a different tempo for Pat as he learns whenever he started to sing. There was an earnest sincerity about him that seemed to touch people's hearts even when he sang the simplest cowboy ballads or one of the fine old hymns.

That night on the stage of the Belle Meade, when Pat was introduced as "the next Bing Crosby," nobody, certainly not Pat, could have conceived that this prediction would some day come true. Pat sang a Western called "Single Saddle," and all he remembers about it is that he was dazzled by the footlights, which nearly came up to the top of his head, and frightened by the sea of blank faces that stretched out in front of him. But even after a resounding roar of applause had followed
the tricks of a movie star's trade

his small figure into the wings, Pat didn't believe that they were clapping for him. Even now, with fame reaching out to him, he doesn't think he's much of a singer. "I simply can't imagine myself as a really big singer," he said recently. "I know all these things are happening, but it seems to be happening to somebody (Continued on page 92)
You’re Going, Audrey!

While she strides forward to greater triumphs, Audrey’s critics ask: Can the gamin grow up as an actress and find the dream she lost along the way?  

BY CARL CLEMENT

One morning not long ago Audrey Hepburn stood at the window of a large, comfortably furnished hotel room in Paris gazing at the traffic passing below. She alternately sipped from a hot, steaming cup of French coffee and nibbled on a biscuit. She was pondering a question that had been asked a moment before: Had she found a formula for success?

She turned away from the window, put down her cup on the small, graceful French table next to her and answered quietly, “I think you must be definite and determined to succeed. I have faith in believing that if you do something for the right reason it has a blessing on it. And I believe,” she added, “it’s important to analyze yourself and decide exactly what you are best able to do and then do it.”

Has this definite and determined girl who certainly has a blessing upon her really succeeded? It would certainly appear that she has. By any standard, Audrey seems to be sitting right smack on top of the world. Not since Garbo has a new actress been welcomed with such fervor and adulation. From time to time stars have exploded in the skies over Hollywood: sultry *femmes fatales* like Hedy Lamarr, fragile waifs like Janet Gaynor and Luise Rainer, distinguished ladies whose names are preceded on the screen by Miss (Greer Garson and Deborah Kerr) and, of course, the rounded blondes in the shape of a Marilyn or a Jayne. Audrey never fitted any of these clichés nor did any of these clichés fit her. After seeing “Roman Holiday,” one critic said of her, “Amid the rhinestone glitter of the current glamour crop, she shines with the authenticity of a diamond.” Audrey has been shining ever since, brightening the box office with such hits as “Sabrina,” “War and Peace,” and the just released “Funny Face,” with Fred Astaire. In two plays, “Gigi,” which helped to discover her (Continued on page 82)
Eva Marie Saint and Jeff Hayden have made two like-minded friends.

Dana Wynter has inadvertently given her husband Greg a first anniversary problem.

Eritchka Choureau came and went after one role, but Tab Hunter's life is changed.

Keenan Wynn and Debbie Reynolds both are thinking about the next generation.

Bob Wagner has uncovered a new talent that had Jane Russell a trifle confused.

Exclusively Yours

Yul Brynner is still laughing about the rumors the columns printed about him.

New talents but old problems for Tab Hunter, Dana Wynter, Yul Brynner and
Brave Girl: When M-G-M's "Designing Woman" was previewed in the studio projection room, Gregory Peck himself came to call for me and personally chauffeured me to Culver City—with his off-stage bride, Veronique Passani, as chaperone. Lauren Bacall came to the screening too—her first public appearance since the tragic death of Bogie. It was a painful experience for her, because all through the shooting of this gay comedy her heart was heavy with the terrible secret of Bogie's fatal illness, which she had to keep from him at all costs. She had desperately hoped that he would live long enough to see her in it. In one scene, where Lauren and Greg are seen romancing on a boat in Balboa harbor, Bogie's own boat, the "Santana," was anchored in the background, and Bogie, feeling strong enough at that time to join them on location, was sitting on the sundeck, out of range of the camera. At the preview Lauren's eyes fought back the tears at this scene, as Kate Hepburn, who sat next to her, pressed her hand comforting. Facing a lot of people again was also difficult. Lauren later confessed to me that she was so nervous that she would have to see the picture again to really appraise her performance. But you never would have suspected it from the gallant way she carried it off.

Incidentally, Kate's unexpected appearance at this press screening was a tribute to her great friendship for Lauren. Ordinarily, Kate shuns the press like the plague and has never been known to show up at one of her own screenings. But she felt that Lauren needed her. Their friendship began when Kate made "The African Queen" with Bogie and it has grown with the years. Kate and Spence Tracy were the last visitors Bogie saw before his final curtain.

The Great Lady: Who's going to be the one to lure Garbo back to acting again? Ever since her retirement more than two decades ago, George Cukor, Rouben Mamoulian, Otto (Continued on page 86)
Stepping onto a movie set was like stepping into a nightmare. The cameras looked like menacing cannons; the director, an ogre. To Jean Seberg, playing Joan for Preminger was truly trial by fire.  

BY BEVERLY OTT

Outside a building just off Broadway in New York City, on a brisk October morning, early-bird traffic was in its usual snarl. Producer-director Otto Preminger was in one of the creeping cars, on his way to supervise the final tests to find the actress for his “Saint Joan.” It was time and more than time for his decision. The search had been conducted through movie houses and magazines. Eighteen thousand girls had applied. He’d spent five weeks on the road, here and abroad, himself seeing three thousand of the candidates. Yet the industry wiseacres still didn’t believe that he was going to cast an

Continued
unknown. He could understand their skepticism. "Joan" was to be a million-dollar production. He would be gambling a fortune on an amateur. Then there was the matter of the tight shooting schedule. Production would begin in January, finish in early March and the picture would have its first showing in May. The girl he chose would have to have more than talent. She would need, in one plain, unvarnished word, guts. On a set Otto Preminger was known as a merciless perfectionist. On "Saint Joan" he could be nothing else. He had no choice. Too much was in the balance.

But even a merciless perfectionist could be troubled by a conscience. The Seberg child he'd seen in Chicago, for instance. Something in his mind had clicked; he knew at once that

A modern Saint Joan in saddle shoes watches pros
she was a possibility. And so, rehearsing her for her test, he'd been rough, shouting at her, bullying her until she was nearly hysterical. He'd called her a ham, a phony, told her she couldn't act, couldn't take it. And suddenly she'd whirled, faced him. At that moment she could have been Joan of Orleans herself, glaring at the whole of the English army, her tone as deadly as a French sword. "Mr. Preminger," she had said, "I'm going to rehearse this scene until you drop dead!"

There was a tiny, reminiscent smile on Otto Preminger's lips as the car stopped in front of the building and he got out.

Upstairs, a girl sat alone in a large, bare room. Sat stiffly, like Alice trying desperately to satisfy the Red (Continued on page 104)

Said Richard Todd, "It's not easy to jump into a classic role—"
Has Kim Novak gone Hollywood? Some say yes, but maybe it’s just that a shy little girl is at long last finding out . . .

WHAT MAKES HER A STAR

BY HILDEGARDE JOHNSON

It was early morning, the sun scarcely above the horizon, when Kim Novak came out of the Columbia dressing room where she’d spent the night. Yawning, she checked in at the wardrobe department, climbed out of her sweater and slacks, into one of the glittering gowns designed for her title part in “Jeanne Eagels.” She stood still for the boring job of having a costume fitted, until a pin pricked through. “My, you’re fidgety today,” the wardrobe woman said amiably, and to her amazement she heard the once shy and gentle actress explode. “I’m not fidgety!” Kim announced. “I’m temperamental!”

Accounts of that incident—some of them exaggerated and distorted—went around Hollywood fast. As short a time as a year ago, nobody would have dreamed of saying a harsh word about Kim, quiet and soft, that lovable white kitten of a girl. Now the stories have started, about quick brush-offs to the press, an alleged air of self-importance, emotional storms, set delays.

They’ve started because Kim is now a star. Remember, “Jeanne Eagels” gives Kim her first real leading role. For all the publicity she’s had, all the awards—Photoplay’s Gold Medal, Hollywood Foreign Correspondents’ Golden Globe, Boxoffice Magazine’s Top Ten—she has never before been asked to carry the whole weight of a major movie on her slender shoulders as title-role star. (Continued on page 96)
Making a movie in Greece was exciting, living in a rock 'n' roll home was fun. But at times Alan Ladd was ready to give up the ship. • BY MAXINE ARNOLD

THE RELUCTANT
WITH A SCREECHING OF WHEELS in the cold early dawn the Oriental Express stopped inside the border of Yugoslavia. A hundred yards away was Greece, but before they could reach there, Alan and Sue Ladd had to face a glowering Yugoslavian official. “You cannot cross the border without papers,” he snapped.

“But nobody ever returned them to us,” Sue, who can speak German and French, explained patiently. According to instructions, the travelers had filled out two originals and two copies for Customs, had given them to the porter. He had never given them back, Sue said. We have to get to Greece, she went on. My husband is an actor...

“Please,” the official interrupted impatiently. “You will get dressed. You will get off the train.” As Sue and Alan Ladd (Continued on page 107)
The Dream
That Lasts a Lifetime

You say two magic words: "I do" — and immediately, you're not just you, you're half of a duet: wife, lover, friend, sweetheart, helpmate and keeper of the home. It's a big responsibility, but it's one that every girl dreams of, from the time she's old enough to dream.

Vera Miles, who's pictured here, was a bride herself last spring, when she became Mrs. Gordon Scott. Vera says, "I never cared much for personal belongings, but when it comes to the things that make a house a home, I've learned. Somehow, when you're deep in the throes of some big emotion, you don't want to think in terms of sheets and pillowcases and silverware and china and glass. That all seems too (Continued on page 114)
He left the stage to try the movies, discarded blue jeans for respectability, courted love, then fled. Today Marlon Brando reaches out in a new direction.
Outside the Japanese orphanage a heavy-set young man wearing dark-rimmed glasses sprawled on the green spring grass and sang gay songs for the little children who crowded around him. They were simple old-fashioned songs like "Old Black Joe" and "Oh, Susanna." The Japanese orphans, charmed by the American stranger, spiritedly applauded after each number, shouting "Hallo," the only English word they knew, to show their appreciation. The singer was Marlon Brando, who was in Japan making "Sayonara." The day the picture was completed he had asked one of the Japanese players to take him to an orphanage that he had visited the year before when filming "Teahouse of the August Moon." It had been built around an old Buddhist temple. Marlon, who had filled up the back of his car with flowers and candy, watched the children in their classrooms. When they were let out to play he romped with them on the orphanage grounds. He tossed them up in the air, carried them around (Continued on page 110)
Looking backward to the torrid Twenties and tempestuous Thirties—to the era of mink-lined limousines, voluptuous vamps, patent-leather sheiks, the question is...

Has Hollywood Lost Its Glamour?
Can Jayne Mansfield revive the golden era of gilded glamour?

Turn the page for a glimpse of the glittering past.
When Jayne Mansfield showed up at a lavish party recently she made a grand entrance, wearing a sheath of shimmering gold that hugged her body as closely as nature would allow. Casually trailing $20,000 worth of champagne mink, junoesque Jayne matched stare for stare. One of the female guests snapped cattishly, "What's she trying to do—set the clock back thirty years?"

"I sure hope she does," was the fervent reply of a nearby male.

The next morning, answering her critics in a bikini fashioned from what, one photographer cracked, "must have been the smallest leopard in the world," Jayne flared: "Hollywood's getting to be a community of staid married couples. After all, this town was built around glamour, not babies!"

And so it was. Those early years of Hollywood— they were the brightest, maddest, gayest and wildest in the history of motion pictures. It was the golden era of movie queens and movie kings, of sudden wealth, spectacular glamour, of tragedy and scandal, of pomp and show and circumstance.

Locked behind the wall of silence that encompassed pictures in the Twenties lies this whole fantastic world of silent movies and its people—Valentino, Norma Talmadge, the Gish sisters, Wally Reid, Garbo and Gilbert, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin.

The mansions that rang with their festive parties stand quiet and serene in the smoggy sunshine of Sunset Boulevard. Most of them are remodeled beyond recognition, some have become pitifully passé. The bright spots that found the old-time stars at play are no more. Only a remodeled Cooconut Grove, where Joan Crawford kicked up a wild Charleston, remains; a monument to an era gone forever, along with its gayety. The Daimlers, (Continued on page 88)
Link between oldtime glamour and new was Lana Turner, first to draw attention to the exciting possibilities of a simple sweater.

Songs, dances and lissome legs, here being preserved in cement, were Betty Grable's contribution to war effort—highly valued, too.

The sweater girl concept of glamour-by-measurement reached its most exciting fulfillment in Marilyn Monroe and Jane Russell.

A throwback to the past is the unforgettable Marlene Dietrich, here swathed in swan's-down and 200,000 diamonds for night club.
To YOU from TONY:

Sa-Wad-Dee*

I’m writing this from Rome, which is wonderful enough for me, a fellow who’s never ventured out of the United States before I signed on with Columbia to make “The Sea Wall” for Dino De Laurentiis. But the real wonder, which I haven’t recovered from yet, was finding myself a working resident of the “King and I” country—unbelievable Thailand—and its amazing capital city, Bangkok, for seven weeks. Putting Perkins in Bangkok is like topping a strawberry nut sundae with a pickle. But, believe it or not, it worked out fine!

“The Sea Wall” also brought me here to Rome, which I’ll tell you about, but first let me get some of the delightful and strange adventure of Thailand off my chest. I was pretty nervous about venturing into a strange land for the first time, and wanted very much to make a good impression. My friend Bill Holden had told me the kids out there are hungry for bubble gum, which they rarely get, so I took two cases with me. Both of them were gone within two weeks—and, I hope, did a good job for American-Thailand relations!

We really went to extremes in that country, which is very hot, about like New York during a hot spell in August, only there it goes on all the time. Actually, one of the crew kept a record, and he reported that (Continued on page 102)

Tony Perkins in a Siamese sampan on Bangkok’s river—a fine place to be!

*Siamese for “Greetings!”
DORIS DAY’S
COMPLETE LIFE STORY
LAST INSTALLMENT

Nothing in her life before can match the joy Doris has as Marty’s wife.
ESCAPE TO HAPPINESS

BY GEORGE SCULLIN

At the very moment of her deepest despair, the sun broke through for Doris Day, and a new life was born

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE: From the time she broke her leg to the time her second marriage ended, Doris Day lived in alternating happiness and despair, triumph and defeat.

Doris Day was numb after the emotional turmoil of her second marital breakup on the April day in 1947 when her agent, Al Levy, took her over to see producer Michael Curtiz about what might be her first movie role. Curtiz was planning to produce and direct a musical called “Romance on the High Seas.”

“Sing for me,” Curtiz directed in his strong Middle European accent. “Obediently Doris launched into “That Old Black Magic.” And burst into tears at the second line. In desperation she started the loud and raucous number called “Murder, He Says.” It was dismal.

“And what’s more,” she wailed, paying no attention to Levy’s alarmed shushing, “I can’t act either. I’ve never acted in my life.”

Fortunately, this honesty impressed Curtiz favorably rather than otherwise. He signed her for the picture and to a personal contract as well. At the end of one of the most unlikely auditions in Hollywood history a girl headed for stardom walked out of the producer’s office clinging to the arm of her agent and weeping.

Curtiz was not out of his mind. He knew Doris could sing. Everyone in the entertainment world knew that. What he signed up was that rarest of combinations—naturalness and honesty. As for acting, he would handle that scene at a time, and do his best to keep acting out of it. He wanted Doris Day as she was, not as she would be in heavy makeup and with studied mannerisms.

Then began for Doris a bewildering period that she has since referred to as “Doris Day’s daze.” Her leading man was Jack Carson, the gay but innocuous story involved an assortment of romantic shenanigans on a boat trip to South America, and everywhere that she turned there were dancing girls, musicians, lights, cameras and Michael Curtiz.

She made mistakes. Her biggest mistake, and one that took her years to overcome, was that she could never remember to act like a star. On her solo numbers she had no difficulty in dominating the mike and the camera, just as she had dominated the audience as a night-club and radio singer, but when it came to asserting her starring role in a group scene she was always deferring to other actors. They might have lesser, or even insignificant, parts, but if they were experienced, with “names” especially (Continued on page 111)
She isn't me, insists Carroll Baker, who admits it hurts when people talk about the girl who made her famous.

BY RICHARD GEHMAN

I feel bad about Baby Doll

The picture "Baby Doll" set off one of the most excited public controversies in recent movie history. A national news magazine called it "just possibly the dirtiest American-made motion picture." Cardinal Spellman, in an unprecedented move, denounced it from the pulpit of St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York. Billy Graham, refusing to see it, said, "I don't like to see anything to blunt my spiritual life." Other religious groups added to the uproar, and the headlines were fanned by director Elia Kazan's sharp defense of his work. The critics, joining in the clamor, battled among themselves as to whether the film was art. A New England theatre chain, having made up its mind, announced that "Baby Doll" would not be permitted on its screens. Southerners were furious at its sordid picture of life in the South, and it was banned in Memphis (Continued on page 98)
BIG NEWS IN SWIMSUITS!

MEMO: In Hollywood, where (more than in other parts of the country) girls really have a chance' to get out and get under the sun, swim fashions make news—and this year's crop of swimsuits promises to make a big splash everywhere! Important newcomer is the knitted swimsuit in cotton or wool combined with elasticized yarn to better shape the figure. Knits are newest in vivid off-beat stripes and bold patterns. Still going strong—the elasticized swimsuit in faille or satin, newly floral printed or sparked with a raised jacquard pattern. All-time favorite, the cotton suit, you'll find in skirted or boy-short styles with 1957 favoring the soft, pastel, delicate look of this romantic fashion year. Look for the new high-in-front, low-in-back swimsuits with built-up halter necklines contrasting with back plunges dipping lower than ever. Slim lines continue to be important, happily achieved by use of figure-molding inner construction, a new side zipper. Here, and on the following pages, the stars make beach news.

Hermine Cantor, Fashion Editor

continued

To buy swim fashions, see information and stores listed on page 116

Dashing stripes to light up the beach in Valerie Allen's sun-loving cotton knit with Lastex suit. It has a new high halter neckline, is molded over its own detachable nylon bra. By Jantzen. Sizes 10-16. $16.95

SEE VALERIE SOON IN PARAMOUNT'S "THE JOKER IS WILD"
Now, an **INSTANT MAKE-UP**

You'll look just the way you want to look... in 12 seconds!

It's a modern miracle! Now you can look your very prettiest *instantly*—from the minute you wake up every morning. And you’ll do it in 12 seconds with Creme Puff* by Max Factor . . . because it’s *instant* make-up . . . the most exciting news in beauty since mirrors were invented.

In just 12 seconds—you’ll smooth on a complexion so fresh, so flawless, so deliciously natural-looking . . . your face will be "dressed for inspection" before you can stir up a cup of instant coffee!

All you need is Creme Puff. In one velvety disc are sheerest powder, dewy base and delicate complexion tone . . . blended to apply all at once with a caress of the puff. Carry Creme Puff in your purse. Use it anytime—anywhere. Instantly—you can be the Face He’d Love to Face.

Refillable Ivory Compact, 1.25; or Golden-tone, 2.25; Refill in metal case with puff, 85¢. All prices plus tax.

Max Factor’s **CREME PUFF**

*CREME PUFF (TRADEMARK) MEANS MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD CREAMY POWDER MAKE-UP.

**MAKE YOUR OWN 12-SECOND TEST**
SEND FOR A "TRY-SIZE" CREME PUFF
Max Factor, Dept. C, P. O. Box 941, Hollywood 28, Calif.

Please send me a “try-size” Creme Puff compact so I can try this new Instant Make-up. Also send me FREE Max Factor’s booklet "You at Your Loveliest." I enclose 25¢ to help cover cost of postage and handling.

My skin coloring is (check one)
 unfair  natural  medium  olive (pink & white) (creamy) (ruddy) (golden)

Name___________________________________________
Address__________________________________________
City___________________________________________Zone________State________

Offer good in U.S.A. only
Genius at work... this bra adroitly crescent-inset to set a precedent in shaping. You’ll feel the lithe lift the moment you try one on! From 2.50 in laces, cottons, colors. Ask for Petal-Pusher® by Hollywood V-ette®.
BIG NEWS

IN SWIMSUITS!

continued

MEMO: Beaches and lakes are coming alive with blooming prints like lovely Roxanne's full-blown roses on gleaming Lastex. Star sheath swim-your figure its artful and skirt. Assisting, an inner bra of light foam laminated with jersey. Point of interest: the squared neckline, a balanced square at the back. Swimmers or loungers note—the floral print takes fashion honors this season in the sun. More news for sun-worshippers, lower right: Roxanne's smooth figure-wrapping maillot in elasticized nylon and cotton, a clear definition of the long-bodied look. Note the sleek tapered maillot legs, a flattering fashion line, all ease. Contrasting with the high, unbroken front, a low dipping back, sparked here by a pleated nylon streamer insuring a sensational exit line. It detaches, then adds a separate white halter strap for swimming. High on the list for summer: the low, low back. 

continued


SEE ROXANNE IN COLUMBIA'S "THE YOUNG DON'T CRY"


To buy swim fashions, see information and stores listed on page 116
BIG NEWS IN SWIMSUITS!

continued


Black or sun coral with white, turquoise with black. Inner bra. Sizes 10-14. Under $20. Suit, alphabet terry beach towel by Rose Marie Reid

MEMO: Bright new star on the Hollywood scene, Pamela Curran, makes fashion news for you, top left, filling the knit bit in swimsuits. Here, elasticized cotton knitted into a polka-dotted maillot, generously scooped front and back, with straps built-up to make the torso more so. She turns beach siren, top right, in a sheath suit given the luxury treatment with glittery golden Lurex trimming the bow that streams from a flattering bosom cuff. The built-in curve control's accented by a streak of gilt down the sides. Make a quick-switch, left, in Pamela's stunning Lastex suit embroidered (for the first time) with a raised jacquard tapestry print. Strong on neckline, long on shape, it stars plunging halter straps that tie under the bosom for an Empire look, goes to tapered boy shorts below.

Continued on page 81

There are so many good reasons why

“Simplicity Patterns are my favorites,” Melisande Congdon, a lovely singer from “My Fair Lady,” told us. “I can find the fashions I like; I can sew them myself; I can look smart on a singer-with-aspirations income!” Melisande has the voice and personality to make her dreams come true! Photographed at home, she is wearing Simplicity suit 1954, blouse 1727.

“I use Simplicity Patterns,” says Gretchen Wyler, star of “Damn Yankees” now in its second year on Broadway, “because I love the styles, and between rehearsals, radio and TV, I have little time. But you don’t need a lot of time with these easy Simplicity Patterns.” Gretchen is wearing Simplicity 2068.

“Sewing is my hobby,” says pretty Betsy Palmer who stars in just about every medium. Frequently on leading TV shows, she has just finished Paramount’s “The Tin Star” with Henry Fonda. Married to a leading New York physician, Betsy is also a talented homemaker. “With Simplicity I find exactly my kind of clothes!” Here in her library, she is wearing Simplicity 2031.

more women choose Simplicity than any other pattern!

Buy your copy of the Summer Simplicity Magazine at newsstands and pattern counters... 35¢
Sew like a star and look like a star!
With Simplicity Printed Patterns, you

*can make Pier Angeli's summer wardrobe,*
photographed here by husband Vic Damone

Like Pier, you can write your own fashion ticket with your sewing machine. She entertains at home in a fresh-looking shirtwaist with huge unpressed-pleat skirt and little puffed sleeves, the bodice sparked with rows of white ruffled lace. In Bates Disciplined silver gray cotton. Coats & Clark's zipper. Pattern No. 2126. 50c

Looking heavenly for a night out with Vic, Pier chooses a delicately-hued floral print in Peter Pan's sheer cotton lawn. It shapes a full-blown dress with flattering high, round halter neckline. Adding a romantic note, the soft little capelet in Indian Head Everglaze cotton satin, lined in matching print. Pattern No. 2091. 50c

SEE PIER ANGELI STARRING IN M-G-M'S "THE VINTAGE"
Down for the mail and set for a morning romp, Pier loves these separates, the cowl-collared overblouse printed with clown dots and worn over tapered pedal pushers. The cropped, midriff-baring version is paired to little cuffed shorts. Both fabrics are Everglaze, crease-resistant cottons by Peter Pan. Pattern No. 2075. 50c

Almost a wardrobe-in-one, Pier's simple-to-sew pattern made here in Peter Pan's blue woven satin-striped cotton. The playsuit has a boat neckline, drawstring waist, and a come-what-may attitude as long as the swirling skirt is handy, tied-on with its attached waist-wraping cummerbund in solid blue. Pattern No. 2073. 50c

Simplicity Printed Patterns may be purchased at leading stores in your city

* For other pattern views, sizes and yardages, turn to page 94
To look at her now you'd never know... but her face "broke out" an hour ago. The 2-step Medicare Set saved her then. Medicare Stick saves her now.

Set of Creamy Masque and Medicated Lotion (Light or Medium Shade), $2. Medicare Stick, $1. All tax free. On Canadian counters, too.
BIG NEWS IN SWIMSUITS!
continued from page 76


Sunny favorite, the cotton swimsuit, seen this year in soft, romantic prints or bolde-the-better stripes like Pamela Curran's choice, above right. The fashion lesson here: how to have a smashing figure with rhythmic stripes, horizontally wavy, shaded from light to dark. Cotton satin is the fabric, elasticized at the back to better hug the figure. Imagination for the beach, left, in Roxanne's gored princess sheath, the back zooming to a new low. Fanciful part: a high-low neckline, accented with white satin, to wear whichever way suits the mood—high, halter style or folded down like a shutter to shape an Empire bodice. Newest beach fancy.

To buy, swim fashions, see information and stores listed on page 116
Look Where You're Going, Audrey!

(Continued from page 47) and "Ondine, which settled her private life, she gained acclaim.

Her marriage, in spite of dire pronouncements that Mel Ferrer is at worst a Sven-gali and at best a "difficult" man, has apparently confused the critics and been a smashing success. Audrey and Mel appear to enjoy working together almost as well as being together. Right after her marriage, she said, "I've been restless, but that's over. I didn't know where or what I wanted to be. Now I do. Wherever Mel is I'm home."

But in spite of such success and happiness, some friends of Audrey's, who have known her since the days when she was a hoofer in London night clubs and who share in her thoughts, say that Audrey often seems wistful for the past. Certainly not the past of her rootless childhood, or the terror-filled days during the war as an adolescent living in Holland under Nazi occupation, but the past of her youth when she was planning the life she wanted to lead and the things she wanted to do. They claim that Audrey suddenly found her career moving so fast that there wasn't time to ask herself: "Is this what I really want? Is this what I should be doing?"

Once she wanted to be a ballet dancer. After the war she spent three years in Amsterdam attending a ballet school and then moved on to London to continue her studies. One ballet instructor said of her, "If she had wanted to persevere, she might have been a leading ballerina."

Audrey never became a ballerina. For practical reasons it was necessary for her to get a job in the chorus of the London production of "High Button Shoes." She got other jobs in night clubs, modeled, got bit parts in British films. The ballet became lost in the shuffle of other activities. In fact, when she had the time and money to study again it was the theatre she turned to.

Again there was the same intensity on the part of the ambitious Audrey to be an actress. Not just the enlargement of the role of a pretty girl (at the time Audrey's face was helping sell Lacto-Calo-mine, a popular beauty preparation) but to be a serious dramatic actress. She attended the theatre as often as she could and studied under British character actor Cyril Aylmer, who praised her "poise and motion." At the time she gave friends the impression that she wanted to play nothing less than meaty Shakespearean roles, and they marveled at her "iron will."

She wasn't trying to impress her friends. This wasn't a "great star" bit that she was playing. She had a sincere aspiration to be an actress and a good one.

As in the case of ballet, Audrey never played Shakespeare or the Old Vic and there are those critics of her acting who say she never will. That, in the sense of being able to project a part, she's not an actress at all, but instead a person of tremendous charm and presence who is capable, as one critic put it, "of placing blinders on an audience, so that when she is on stage, it becomes virtually impossible to look at anyone else." She also has a great ability to communicate her innermost feelings to the audience. This is a rare and unique thing, but it is more closely related to character and personality than to the specific art of acting. Audrey plays herself, and most people would be disappointed if she didn't. If you are a woman, for instance, this is how you would like to be. Particularly, if you are as physically imperfect as Audrey. By any beauty parlor or beauty contest standards she is hopelessly ill-proportioned and unsymmetrical. Her teeth are crooked, her frame is lank and yet somehow she comes off as a ravishingly beautiful girl. She is the living embodiment of that old adage about beauty being more than skin deep.

To realize the long and special process that went into creating this unique personality, it is important to thoroughly understand her bizarre background.

Audrey's mother, the Baroness Ella van Heemstra, belongs to a noble Dutch family. Her father, J. A. Hepburn-Ruston, was a dashing Irish adventurer and sometime businessman who preferred to make his home in Belgium. It was in Brussels that Audrey was born on May 4, 1929. In Brussels that Audrey was born on May 4, 1929. Audrey has very little recollection of her early years except that her father was away on business most of the time and there was nobody to play with except two half brothers (her mother had been divorced) and a variety of animals that roamed wild on her father's country estate. Audrey recalls that unlike most other little girls she didn't play with dolls. "They never seemed real to me."

She was a quiet, reflective child given to daydreaming and dressing up in her mother's clothes. When she was older she went to school in England. She learned to speak Dutch, French and English fluently. Later, an unpleasant association with the Nazis paved the way for a familiarity with German.

When Audrey was seven or eight her father, who had taken up with a British Fascist, was no longer a member of her family. The same declaration, simply left his family, never to be heard from again. As one who knows the family later recalled, "He left no recollections to which Audrey or her mother wish to cling." Nobody knew what happened to him. Whether or not he is aware of his daughter's fame.

After war was declared in 1939, Audrey and her mother moved from England back to the Netherlands to live in the safety of the family castle. But, a few weeks after they had settled in Arnhem, where the van Heemstras had a family home, the Nazis invaded the Netherlands and the family was forced to flee. Audrey's father, the only healthy member of the family, was captured by the Nazis and sent to a labor camp. Audrey was then twelve and her mother decided to take her and her younger brother to England. They were allowed only a small bag of clothes and left behind a fortune in jewels. Audrey was then thirteen. They sailed from the Netherlands on the MS "Bremen" and landed in Liverpool. They had not even been able to buy enough food and clothing to feed themselves the whole trip. After their arrival in England, they were placed with a Dutch family in London. It was a heart-breaking experience for Audrey. She now had to start her life all over again. She thought about going back to Holland, but decided to stay. She found it was easier to forget that she had ever been there.

On her way to school—she was eleven at the time—she carried messages to the underground in her shoes.

In England Audrey had friends and relatives who were delighted to have this charming girl of whom they had memories only as a child. England was heaven. After (Continued on page 84)
SPORTS GIRDLE KEEPS YOU IN BEAUTIFUL FORM...

whatever form your special fun takes! And it's such a comfortable way to be beautiful on the beach, trim on the tennis court, sliver-slim when you bowl! Kleinert’s pantie girdle is made of pure natural rubber. It's velvet-textured outside and skin-side...never feels sticky. It's perforated to let your skin "breathe"; has a non-roll top. It slims you the second you slip it on...yet gives you "no-girdle" freedom! Pink or white; small, medium and large. About $2.
four years of occupation Audrey gorged herself on all the things she had been deprived of—cakes, cookies and chocolates. For the first time in her life people worked back and forth behind her and did all the “wrong places,” she said. When her hand wasn’t in the cookie jar she was busy circulating in London—visiting agents, taking ballet and acting lessons, posing for photographers, and sporting off-beat beauty, combined with a pixie-like naiveté and innate dignity, beguiled everybody who met her.

For a soaper or later she would catch the eye of the movie companies. But when she did, it was not an actress they had in mind. She was merely asked to be decorative. She discovered the Guignol comedy, “The Lavender Hill Mob,” by appearing in one brief scene as a saucy cigarette girl—black stockings and all—but it was enough for her to be considered for something better. When a frothy little comedy about high jinks on the Riviera was casting, the pretty girl with “legs” was suggested for a supporting role. As Audrey recalls, the day the producer interviewed me, everything went wrong. I had a terrible time finding a stocking that didn’t have a run in it. The zip got caught in my dress, and when I finally got to my agent’s office the interview with the producer lasted exactly a minute and a half! I was sure I’d failed.

That may have been the most important minute and a half in Audrey’s whole life. Of course, she got the part, which took her to the Riviera. While she was shooting a scene in the lobby of the Hotel de Paris in Monte Carlo, she met and dated Colette, the late and great French novelist whose play “Gigi” was being cast in New York—without success. Audrey went over to her and said, “Vous êtes ma Gigi!” The starlet, who had a way of making you feel that you couldn’t have proclaimed Audrey’s stardom any more fittingly. She was a star the moment she spoke her opening line in “Gigi.” The New York critic, Brooks Atkinson, commented: “Miss Hepburn is an actress. Spontaneous, lucid and captivating.”

When her name went up in lights a couple of weeks later, she is said to have danced with the producer to see what looking up at it, sighed, “Oh dear, and I still got to learn to act.”

This was not prompted by girlish modesty. She felt she would have to do something to correct the situation. But at the same time, she wasn’t so dewy-eyed that she wasn’t aware of her star in a star. From that moment on, Audrey says, “I just concentrated on consolidating her foothold in a heaven strewn with fallen stars,” one writer said.

For Audrey this meant work, work, work. A typical day in her schedule and disciplined schedule that worried her friends and often annoyed her critics. “This training thing is a pose,” one said after A. A. Milne’s “The Saucy Sailor” and played opposite a woman that seemed even closer than lovers. They seemed more like brother and sister—anticipating each other’s thoughts and gestures. As a result nobody would be more than a “comrade,” she was told a few weeks after the closing of “On Stage” that Audrey and Mel would be married in Switzerland.

It was pure speculation on what had been Mel’s attraction for Audrey. After all he was thirteen years older than she, she had been married four times (twice to the same wife) and had four children. But, as everyone well remembers, he does have that rare quality in an American man, he makes a woman feel like a woman. He is also a stimulating and contemplative type of man. Of his subjects and above all is sophisticated and cosmopolitan, qualities that appeal to Audrey.

While Audrey and Mel have traveled constantly since their marriage, they manage to live graciously and comfortably wherever they are. Audrey is by no means a domestic type but she does try, she says, “to make a home for my husband under whatever circumstances we have.”

In “The Nun’s Story,” the actress that travel with them wherever they go has two filled with just personal possessions, like a favorite set of silver candlesticks, records, books and pictures. Their constant attention to each other’s needs and tastes has caused them to refuse to believe they are happy together.

That, instead, their relationship is a kind of master-to-slave one, with Mel directing Audrey’s career as a stepping stone for his own.

Normally gracious and placid, Audrey explodes when she hears this analysis of her marriage, and she has heard it many times. It’s hard to believe that she feels called upon to answer and refute, “Why do people keep on saying that Mel makes all my decisions, decides what I am going to play and with whom and where? I, of course, ask his opinions about such things. Any wife would. And I respect his judgment. But Mel is scrupulously honest about it, not giving an opinion unless it’s asked for. This is because we do want to keep our careers separate. And the fact that we value them so much doesn’t mean that we wouldn’t give them up if we felt our personal happiness was at stake.”

As a couple Mel and Audrey have been lucky in being able to combine marriage and a career. While Audrey was in Paris making “Funny Face” and later “Love in the Afternoon” with Gary Cooper and Maurice Chevalier, Mel was working for Warners in “Paris Does Strange Things.” Later, they went south of France, shooting “The Vintage” for M-G-M. Weekends Mel would pop into his Thunderbird and pick up his wife at the airport, and they would spend the two lovely days together tussling in the sun, playing tennis and finding little country inns in which to “hide out.”

When Mel took off recently for Mexico to make “How to Marry a Millionaire,” Audrey was right by his side. She had turned down all offers just to remain with her husband. “I don’t plan to go to work until there’s a real one,” she said. With “The Nun’s Story,” she said, “These six months I’ll be able to spend with Mel and I feel that’s very important. Acting is, of course, important, but probably, always be. But marriage makes a difference.”

But friends who know them well are divided on how long this idyll can last. Some say forever. That this hazardous, talented couple have such a reality and are so well-disciplined and analytical about themselves that it would be hard to think of them falling at anything in their careers that their careers are indestructible, according to this group.

But others wonder, particularly in the case of Audrey, whether or not she isn’t too coolly intellectual, too calculating in her activities, and the effect this has on her about her. These friends say she will never really be able to fulfill herself as a woman or an actress until she does throw off her mask and lets herself be guided by her heart.

But that’s all up to Audrey. In the past, there were her friends and critics to help her find her way. But now she stands alone. It’s time that she could take the turning point in her career. The chance to fulfill herself as a great actress. Only a few doubt that she can accomplish this. And that for me that for the first time in her life, at last, she knows where she’s going. The End
Must a woman live forever in the shadow of her mother-in-law?

You’re married. You love your husband. He loves you—deeply. But you feel in his love for his mother an older, more powerful pull. Can you shake him free of his mother’s grasp without destroying your own marriage? What does a wife do when the other woman is her own mother-in-law? Learn to know The Second Mrs. Burton. Let her share her struggles with you. You’ll want to make a place for her in your life. You can get the whole story—even while you work—when you listen to daytime radio. Listen to THE SECOND MRS. BURTON on the CBS RADIO NETWORK.

Monday through Friday. See your local paper for station and time.
Quiz Party: If I had my own quiz show, here are some of the questions I would ask: Why did Los Angeles judge award Linda Christian custody of her two children? How did Princess Margaret, Duchess of Kent return from Europe recently to continue her search for a new millionaire husband in Mexico and Cuba, she left both children behind? It is rumored in Hollywood she refused to allow Tyrone Power to have them with him in London because she told him he would then forfeit his rights to the children forever. . . . When Tyrone returns to Hollywood this summer to present film "Witness for the Prosecution," following his location trip to Mexico where he is filming "The Sun Also Rises" opposite Ava Gardner. Could she be determined to marry a man other than Tyrone? (Before Christian), when he and Lana Turner were Hollywood's most blazing romance! And now that he is an eligible bachelor, can he still be without the flame be rekindled? My prediction is no. . . . How does Edmund Purdom, Linda's former heart interest, whom she now claims owes her $5,000 for helping to finance his trip to Europe last year, have the effrontery to announce his engagement to Alicia Darr, his ex-wife, Tiita, and their two youngsters have been evicted from his home? Linda, who is eminently unselfish, says she will never allow herself to be evicted from the home of others because Edmund refuses to support them? . . . Isn't it true that Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas are basking in the new New York Festival, and in preparation for a baby "dahl"? Why do Hollywood studios send stars like Anita Ekberg on good will junkets to foreign countries only when a star's name is good? When it seems to some, is to create bad will? . . . How many of the new young faces in Hollywood today can you name who will still be stars twenty years hence, as are Garbo, Merle Oberon, Claudette Colbert, Fred Astaire, Cary Grant, Joan Crawford, Bing Crosby, Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Taylor, James Cagney, Spencer Tracy, Kate Hepburn, Loretta Young and Errol Flynn—just to name a few—all of whom are still working and still tops? .

Talented People: Ever since Bob Wagner did an impersonation of Jimmy Stewart on TV's "What's My Line?" he has been using his heretofore hidden talent for mimicry to fool his unsuspecting friends. The other day, he called James Russell and did such a perfect imitation of Clark Gable that Janie was completely taken in . . . Eva Marie Saint and Don Murray are rumored to be a most winning couple, with Don Murray working together at 20th Century-Fox in "A Hatful of Rain." Now Eva Marie and her director husband, Jeff Hayden, and Don Murray are in Europe, so we can an inseparable foursome. Observing them together you are seeing the kind of young, normal married couples you'd find in any home—loving community, instead of in a set. . . . It's a beautiful sight to see two people considered too dull to get into print very often. . . . When Ginger Rogers was in New York recently to help exploit her new record, "Two Women," she went on her usual shopping spree at Bergdorf-Goodman, where she ran into an old chum, Nancy Kelly. Nancy, eyeing Ginger's divine figure, sighed, "Here I am, trying to squeeze into a size 14 because I've put on weight since the baby was born, and you take a size 7?" Whereupon Ginger retorted, rather wistfully, "Don't compare me to you any time, Nancy. You have something that no figure can buy—your baby daughter!"

Love Stuff: Although Elvis Presley confesses that he considers Valerie Allen the most beautiful girl on the Paramount lot, he has never dated her. For one very good reason, Valerie's heart has been claimed by Mack Gray, and perhaps not even Elvis wants to cut in on a guy whose nickname is "Killer!"
is Tommy Sands the new Elvis?

Now—for the first time—the complete Tommy Sands story. Don't miss this exciting book on a new skyrocketing performer. TOMMY SANDS—His Life Story—Over 125 photos.

If your newsdealer has sold out, use this coupon

BARTH HOUSE, INC.
205 E. 42 ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

SIRS:

I ENCLOSE 35c. PLEASE RUSH THE NEW TOMMY SANDS BOOK TO ME.

NAME..............................................................

ADDRESS...........................................................

CITY........................................ZONE......STATE..............................

NOW AT ALL NEWSSTANDS—35c
Has Hollywood Lost its Glamour?

Whole palaces were leveled throughout Europe to supply Marion Davies' beach resort home at Malibu with its proper brie-à-brace. The walls were hung with priceless paintings from abroad, and solid gold knobs and fittings graced the innumerable bathrooms.

Viewed a visitor from the East to this Babylon of the West, "It's beyond belief. In almost every home you see old masters and fabulous antiques." The Benedict Canyon estate of Harold Lloyd boasted a private golf course, waterfalls and swimming pools.

Charlie Chaplin owned a block-long movie studio on the corner of La Brea and Sunset, maintaining his own crew, prop rooms, advertising and publicity staffs. A huge pipe organ in his home near Pickfair pealed forth its somber melodies late into the California night.

Behind Fatty Arbuckle's home stood a private gas pump, where friends could fill up their cars to their heart's content. A buffer for debauches, it was always ready for anyone who cared to drop in. Homes were overstaffed with servants and proud peacocks romanced the lawns—a mark of true opulence. Parties were rowdy or elegant. Or both. Invitations to Mickey Nellen's gay fetes naturally included all-night swimming. Orchestras played as butlers nonchalantly handed liquid refreshments in crystal goblets to the bathers as they swam. Or sank.

Or both. Uninhibited gayety was in order. But on the whole Hollywood strove for elegance, honor and decorum. No overstaffed parties of the era, in a large frame house that was in the actual process of being moved from one part of the city to another—As the house slowly rolled down Wilshire Boulevard, the guests within waxed merry.

A famous Charles Ray party lasted through dawn with the music going strong and the drinks flowing freely. When morning arrived, the guests were down to their last bottle and the hostess replenished till daybreak. When the sun rose over the hilltop, Charlie, holding his wife Clara by the hand, made an announcement. That day Charles went bankrupt. Taking leave of his friends, he was reduced to becoming an extra. He never rose above this, for the caste system then was rigid.

For sheer booniness there has never been anything to equal Pickfair, with Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford the acknowledged King and Queen of Hollywood. They ruled as Britain's Royal command and, until such an invitation was received, no one could count himself a social success. Visiting royalty, social lions, famous people such as Bernhard de' Malis, Pola Negri and Marquis Henri de la Falaise, the service was elegant and the taste impeccable. The finest silver and china and food, liveried servants—one behind every door—and it was here at Pickfair that a plump young starlet was to meet defeat. Her name was Joan Crawford. But that comes later.

The Gloria Garbo symbol of suavity and high-style elegance, her Mack Sennett days and marriage to Wallace Beery far behind her, Gloria reached out for class. When huge aigrettes in comb form and gold-embroidered suits and dresses covered miles of chinchilla fur were the order of the day, Gloria outdid everybody. She outdid many of them in husbands, too. And now she's quality but busy.

The hysteria that shook Hollywood when Gloria snagged the handsome Marquis Henri de la Falaise as a husband was frightening. Met by a delegate of bigwigs from Europe, the Marquis, who was a world traveler in his own right. From Europe, Gloria and her bewildered Marquis found themselves in a mile-long parade, waving frantically from the rosebed. This was the Miami party. A side street that lined the boulevards. Bands played, streamers streamed and across Hollywood Boulevard huge banners read, "Welcome Home Gloria and Hank."

Later the glamorous Connie Bennett stole the still-bewildered Marquis and annexed him as her own. But as Queen of the Paramount lot, Gloria reigned supreme. So famous was Negri that a guardsmen draping the Marquis was ensconced in the dressing room next door. Then the feud was on. Learning of Pola's abhorrence of cats, Gloria had every alley cat within miles rounded up and placed in Pola's dressing room. The howling and yowling, the snoonings and groanings and the beating of breasts that followed were fearful indeed. Finally, it was decided to deport Gloria to the Kingdom of Paramount in the East while Pola reigned in the West.

When the finals broke they were neither subtle nor dingy in consequence. The murder of handsome director William Desmond Taylor inadvertently involved Mary Miles Minter, the latest threat to Pickford's crown, and overnight ended her career. The death of handsome Wally...
Reid, victim of dope, stillied the gaiety for a while.

Fatty Arbuckle, the rotund funny man, sank into obscurity after a feminine guest died under sensational circumstances following a rowdy party given by the comie. The trial made headlines for weeks, with fans agog over the wild and woolly doings of Hollywood. Defeated and dejected, Fatty, for a time, hung about the fringes of the bright world that had once been his and then was gone.

It was the era of clear-cut talent classification. The heroes were always heroes and never since has there been a more virile and handsome group of men. Thomas Meighan, Earl Williams, Dustin Farnum, Harold Lockwood, Conway Tearle, Richard Barthes, James Kirkwood, Richard Dix, Rod La Rocque, Ronald Colman, Carlyle Blackwell, Ramon Novarro, Jack Gilbert, Ricardo Cortez and of course the Barrows.

Lionel, tall and stalwart, survived from the earliest days of movies to take his place as a leading man. But it was John, with his marked handsomeness, that brought distinction and perfection of talent to the screen. Long before his disintegration—which certain producers made capital of—John Barrymore was the greatest of his day. Unhappy, hell-bent on self-destruction, John married his beautiful leading lady, Dolores Costello, and began the pitiful trek down hill. The long walk that joined his bedrooms with the daytime living quarters was at one time lined with cages of snarling wild animals that reduced the visitor, to say nothing of his wife, to shivering wrecks.

Makeup reached a peak never dreamed of with Lon Chaney's "Hunchback of Notre Dame." Sentiment oozed from the movies of Janet Gaynor's and Charlie Parrel's "Seventh Heaven," and the "spectacular" of the Twenties, DeMille's "King of Kings," made history. Comedy reached its peak with Harold Lloyd, Harry Langdon, Laurel and Hardy, Buster Keaton, Ben Turpin and the world's greatest pantomist, Charles Chaplin.

The women of the silent Twenties were every inch and every pound real women. No one starred a drooping lettered or figure. Norma Talmadge, dark-eyed and beautiful, was the reigning queen of romance, with sister Constance, Colleen Moore and Dorothy Gish as the bright comedians. Lillian Gish literally reduced the paying audiences—20c to 50c on an average—to blubs of anguish in "Broken Blossoms" while snappy, peppy Bebe Daniels went to jail for speeding. For fifteen days the Santa Ana jail was the mecca of all Hollywood as Bebe played the gaiy hostess in her flower-decked cell.

It was the era of slogans, with Barbara LaMarr the woman "Too Beautiful to Live" and Mae Murray "The Girl with the Bee-Stung Lips." Corinne Griffith became "The Orchard Lady," dainty Marguerite Clark "Little Queen" and Mary Pickford "America's Sweetheart." Lilian Tashman, "The Lady of Taste," was the first to introduce an all white-and-red decor, and phonograph hit of the Twenties Theda Bara was "The Vamp."

"Born under the shadow of the Sphinx and reared beside the Nile," according to her press agent, Theda Bara was stout and gentle lady born Theodosia Goodwin in Cleveland, Ohio, who dearly loved nothing better than a good dish of corned beef and cabbage—a secret well kept from her fans and even Hollywood itself. With the advent of the Twenties, Theda's bare-bosomed glory slowly faded away and the statuesque Betty Blythe became the beauteous Queen of Sheba and Clara Bow the "It Girl."

In the late Twenties two events occurred

WE'VE ADDED SOME BRAND NEW STARS AND BRAND NEW PICTURES STARTING WITH #248.

Check the list below for your favorites. All handsome 4 x 5 photos, glossy stock, just right for framing. Send your order today.

CANDIDS

1. Lana Turner
2. Betty Grable
3. Ava Gardner
4. Alan Ladd
5. Tye Cady Power
6. Gregory Peck
7. Esther Williams
8. Elizabeth Taylor
9. Carole Wilde
10. Frank Sinatra
11. Rory Calhoun
12. Peter Lawford
13. Bob Mitchum
14. Burr Lancaster
15. Bing Crosby
16. Dane Evans
17. June Allyson
18. Gene Autry
19. Roy Rogers
20. Sunset Carson
21. Diana Lynn
22. Doris Day
23. Montgomery Clift
24. Richard Widmark
25. Perry Como
26. Bill Holden
27. Gordon MacRae
28. Ann Blyth
29. Jeanne Crain
30. Jane Russell
31. John Wayne
32. Audie Murphy
33. Jane Leigh
34. Paulette Goddard
35. John Haver
36. Guy Madison
37. Mario Lanza
38. Scott Brady
39. Burt Lancaster
40. Shelley Winters
41. Richard Todd
42. Dean Martin
43. Jerry Lewis
44. Susan Hayward
45. Terry Moore
46. Tony Curtis
47. Gail Davis
48. Piper Laurie
49. Debbie Reynolds
50. Jeff Chandler
51. Rock Hudson
52. Stewart Granger
53. Debra Paget
54. Dale Robertson
55. Marilyn Monroe
56. Gene Tierney
57. Pier Angeli
58. Mitzi Gaynor
59. Marlon Brando
60. Aldo Ray
61. Robert Taylor
62. Robert Wagner
63. Jeff Richards
64. Russ Tamblyn
65. Jeff Hunter
66. Marge and Gower Champion
67. Rita Gam
68. Charlton Heston
69. Steve Cochran
70. Richard Burton
71. Julius La Rosa
72. Lucille Ball
73. Jack Webb
74. Richard Egan
75. Jeff Richards
76. Pat Crowley
77. Robert Taylor
78. Jean Simmons
79. Audrey Hepburn
80. Gale Storm
81. George Nader
82. Dana Wynter
83. Diana Dors
84. Judy Busch
85. Patti Page
86. Lawrence Welk
87. Alice Lon
88. Buddy Merrill
89. Hugh O'Brien
90. Jim Arness
91. Sanford Clark
92. Vera Miles
93. John Saxon
94. Deon Stockwell
95. Diane Jergens
96. Warren Berlinger
97. James MacArthur
98. Nick Adams
99. John Kerr
100. Harry Belafonte
101. Jim Lowe
102. Luana Patten
103. Dennis Hopper
104. Tom Tryon
105. Tommy Sands
106. Will Hutchins

FILL IN AND MAIL COUPON TODAY!

WORLD WIDE, DEPT. WG-6-57
112 Main St., Ossining, N. Y.

I enclose $ for candid pictures of my favorite stars and have circled the numbers of the ones you are to send me by return mail.

NAME

STREET

CITY

ZONE STATE

Fill out and mail coupon today. Send cash or money order. 12 pictures for $1; 6 for 50c.
Talkies were on their way.

Hollywood had never seen the equal of the sizzling love scenes between the beautiful Garbo and the dashing Jack Gilbert, who were divorced only a few weeks before Garbo’s marriage to her broken heart—the first real fatality of the talkies; an idol whose soft and timbrelless voice cost him his title of “King of Lovers.”

And then came Pickford, of which the newspapermen were the first to cross the border, one Lupe Velez, leaped into the long arms of a lanky cowboy named Gary Cooper, and the “jealously guarded flame” did a nosedive into low comedy.

To friends in her Mexican home or to friends anywhere, Lupe would scream, “Look at him. He is bee-oo-tiful!” and was herself around the galloping Cooper. It was a front-page three-ring circus from first to last, and the “last” came when Coop, gradually stepping from Westerns to drawing rooms, trekked off on a big game safari in Africa with the Countess di Frasso and came back a gentleman in taste and clothes. And saw Lupe no more.

And then the status of the movie star gradually changed, during the years of the depression. Fans now began to regard their idols as less than god-like. Rather they were men and women who talked and blabbed and gabbled like everybody else. With this awareness, much of the old glamour slipped away. Possibly forever.

The stars themselves willingly stepped down from their pedestals to gossip, by way of conduct magazines. Hidden families were disclosed, romances were discussed and aprons were donned for housey-wousey photographs.

Out M-G-M way, a curious thing was happening. From the 145-pound bouncing cut-up, a new Joan Crawford emerged in the most amazing metamorphosis of the times. Gone was the poutness, the wild red hair, the thousand-dollar freckles that literally covered her big-egged face, in their place stood a beautiful woman. Dubbed by her studio “Empress of Emotion,” the new Joan was chic personified.

On all the front pages from the Times to the Sun, Joan has survived the longest and strongest. Her clothes, her moods that vary and confound, plus a kind and generous heart, are the epitome of glamour.

She had found her own true love in no less a lad than Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., scion to the royalty of Hollywood. Together they prattled in a new language of love, understood by no one but Joan and Doug. Between bites of mustard on crackers—Joan’s favorite slimming diet at the time—they woosed and married while Doug’s stepmother frowned disapproval.

Mary Pickford never accepted Joan. At one point, “America’s Sweetheart” is said to have snapped at her new daughter-in-law, “Don’t you dare make me a grandmother!”

For her first formal reception at Pickfair, Joan chose a handsome gown with a sweeping train. But even before the drawing room was reached, a rending sound revealed the worst. The train had been tripped by prudding feet. In horror and embarrassment, Joan fled, later to flee the marriage itself.

With the onrush of talkies, desperate movie moguls sought experienced “speaking” people from the Broadway stage. Unsure of their stars, they took no chances, and soon Hollywood sound stages were crowded with the imports. With the advent of the New Yorkers, Hollywood took on a new air of sophistication. Voices toned down, homes grew less ornate, hairdos became sleeker and Adrian of M-G-M became the designer of the age. The chi-chi and doo-dads were rapidly becoming passé.

Accents were added to intrigue and amuse as the long line of foreign actors poured in. Garbo had already won acclaim as the greatest actress of all time and now came Dietrich.

Paramount Studios arranged a studio party for the press, eager to glimpse the startling and saucy creature of Germany’s “Blue Angel.” The day finally arrived, the press arrived and Dietrich arrived, arrayed in a long baby-blue organza gown, accentuating her plump figure, topped by an atrocious flouncy pink hat and carrying a pink parasol over one shoulder.

The press gaped, Paramount gulped while her mentor and guide, her mustachioed director, Josef von Sternberg, stood defiantly by.

She caught on fast, this Dietrich. The organdy along with the pounds disappeared, the hair grew lighter, the eyebrows grew higher and a beauty, a rarely beautiful woman emerged. Freely she talked of her little Maria in Germany, and the ever obscure husband, Rudolph Sieber, who today operates a chicken ranch somewhere out in the San Fernando Valley. It’s all “different” with him. Until a new day dawned not only for Marlene but the entire feminine world.

She took to pants in mannish trousers, coats and hats she straddled her stiff and unmovable duck with a smoothness of control for women had dawned and a new Dietrich was born. Alone, strange and never again the warm and friendly Marlene of old.

Gone were the days when the French vamps with wide-slit eyes, long, lanky bodies, and shiny, red lips could have their way with men. The color of their eyes and their lips changed and they found to their great surprise that they were not as popular as in their heyday.

Dietrich at the age of 50, the French vamps at the age of 42, were surprised and taken aback to find that the men had grown as tired of them as they were of the women. And so they changed. And were surprised to find the men still the same.

In the years ahead, the crown once worn by Francis X. Bushman as King of the Movies came to rest on the brow of Clark Gable, the most virile and rugged he-man of his generation. And young and unknown to Gable at that time, the girl who was to make tragic history as his future Queen, Carole Lombard, sailed away for a honey-moon in Europe with Frangois Tragic Bill Powell. And brokenhearted Clark Gable. What a hand of sorrow Fate was destined to deal them. With a girl called Jean Harlow.

She had appeared on the scene all of a sudden, it seemed, this Snow White beauty called Jean Harlow. Actually Jean began as an extra in Clara Bow’s “Saturday Night.” Jean was discovered at the beginning of her career, she was marked for notice, stardom and death. And she knew it.

“I’ll die young,” she confided. “There is something I must learn in this space of time.” And not later than the year after, the Platinum Blonde was dead. And in the years ahead not one of her many imitators was ever able to take her place.

Gable, never one to get a girl right, saw the beautiful body, who gave little thought or time to it, let alone applying a tape measure, was the sex queen of the era. On-screen, that is. Off-screen Jean was a warm, friendly, impulsive girl, who wanted only a home, husband, children and peace. In producer Paul Bern, a charming man, she saw her dreams come true. Or thought she did.

But the wedding of Paul Bern killed himself in the bedroom of their home and the aftermath of rumors all but destroyed her. In despair Jean later married cinematographer Hal Roach, a marriage that ended in divorce.

The second act of this tragic drama begins to unfold with Carole Lombard’s divorce from William Powell. A short time later, she was in the arms of the king—star Clark Gable. With Carole—a woman among women, a man’s woman, a beauty, a forthright dame beloved by everyone—it was a grand day to be married. At the sight of the worshiping Carole, Gable, adored her, married her and, in a way, died for her. In her anxiety to get back to her husband from a 1942 bond tour, Carole took a night flight home and found him lying on the mountainside.

Fate now closes ranks for the last act of this four-star drama. Harlow, still searching for love and happiness, found it in Carole’s former husband, Bill Powell. Jean liked Bill Powell with an ache that could

---

"Every Woman Wants My Man"

Why do so many marriages go on the rocks? What makes a woman covet another’s husband? Why do married men “play around”? These are some of the questions that are answered in the new American Broadcasting Stations TUNE IN EVERY MORNING TO MY TRUE STORY

"I knew my husband’s mother was fully capable of murder." Read "Home Wrecker" in June TRUE STORY Magazine, now at all newstands.
Hollywood thought it would never again see anything like the Valentino craze, but when the Nelson Eddy rage reached its fervent peak, it seemed like the good old days all over again. Worshipping women threw themselves prostrate on his lawn, and letters of proposals poured in by the thousands. But history began its deadly repetition. Even as the team of those early lovers, Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne, were forced by fervent fans to marry or suffer extinction, demands were made on Nelson and Jeanette MacDonald, his co-star. When Jeanette chose to marry Gene Raymond, and Nelson to wed Mrs. Sydney Franklin, interest in the pair began to wane. They had let down the world and the world returned the compliment.

The glamour procession continued as a young Viennese starlet floated nude before a camera and made film history. Though husband Fritz Mandl made futile attempts to buy up all prints of "Ecstasy," and later divorced her, ravishingly beautiful Hedy Lamarr was already on her way to fame and fortune in Hollywood. So was a well-proportioned brunette who strolled suggestively down a street in a minor item titled "They Won't Forget." They didn't. Dark tresses turned blonde, Lana Turner worked her way up through films like "Johnny Eager" and "Ziegfeld Girl" to become one of the top all-time glamour queens.

Plump little Margarita Cansino was getting nowhere as a hoofing extra. But renamed Rita Hayworth, with hair tinted a glorious titian, there was no stopping her. And Betty Grable of the legs turned glamour into one of the great box-office attractions of all times.

A pretty, pleasing starlet of the twenties, Sue Carol, gave up acting, became an agent and married her client, Alan Ladd. As a new-type killer in "This Gun for Hire," the blond, slight Alan became the rage. It was mainly due to Alan's appeal and Sue's help that the last bar between fan and star was forever lowered. The love, marriage, home and children stories given out by the Ladds brought on a whole new standard of relationship between Hollywood and the public. Glamour gave way to coziness, and mystery to intimacy. Then came Pearl Harbor, and Hollywood took to uniforms. With stars of the motion-picture screen joining the common cause of freedom, the last shreds of glamour began to fall away.

The de Havilland-Fontaine sister feud, the Rita Hayworth-Aly Khan nuptials, MM wiggling across the screen with that gleam in her eye, helped recoup some of the lost glamour. Then Marlon rode into town on his motorcycle and threw those last bright shreds to the wind. Today only Jayne with her leopard skins and Debra Paget, with her jewel-studded limousine, can hold a candle to the queens of yester-year.

Summing it up for Photoplay, Gloria Swanson, looking back on the glorious and glamorous past of Hollywood, says, "The glamour associated with Hollywood in the Twenties and Thirties merely reflected the glamour of the world at that time. There was a freedom and abandon everywhere. Added to this, Hollywood had all the excitement and thrill of a new industry. In a sense we were pioneers. We were working and playing in the last frontier of what had been the wild and very wonderful West."

THE END
Pat and Shirley were probably happier in their little home in Denton than they had ever been in their lives. Pat, after he had enrolled at college, went down to Fort Worth the same day and eventually landed a job singing hillbilly songs on a local program. Finally, he secured a home that night and said, "Honey, we're going to be all right. I just signed up for a big TV program." And added with a sheepish grin, "For fifty dollars a week."

"Fifty dollars," shouted Shirley, who was then several months pregnant. "Pat, it sounds fantastic!"

All he could say was, "Shirly, baby, I'm just so happy.

After little Cherry arrived, Pat and Shirley didn't think there could be any greater happiness for them. "We were every bit as content then as we are now," Pat says. "For days. We possessed few worldly possessions, we only had ourselves, but we felt this was everything. Of course, we didn't eat quite so well as we do now," he says. "We were living near enough to the city to have lunch at the barber shop and eat spaghetti and meat balls.

But at that very moment, though Pat didn't know it, fame was nearly in the palm of his hand. A few weeks before, he had received a letter from "Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts" program suggesting that he send in a couple of recordings. Pat had made them and then forgot about them. It was Shirley who thought of him and doing something about it in the first place.

Pat's records along with hundreds of others piled up in Arthur Godfrey's study and it was at this point that Arthur would listen to a batch of them. One day his daughter, Patricia Ann, who had been sampling her father's audition record collection, rushed up to him and said, "Daddy, I've just heard the most wonderful singer. He's a boy from Texas named Pat Boone."

While Godfrey had never heard Pat sing, he had been fascinated. "His voice is like his father's, who is nearly as famous in the entertainment world as the great Godfrey himself. He's Red Foley of "Grand Ole Opry" fame, now with his own TV show, "Ozark Jubilee." Red's an old friend of Arthur's and he had once casually mentioned his son-in-law in a letter to Godfrey. But Red and Pat both deny that there was anything to do with the young singer. In fact, Pat says, "There was no doubt in anybody's mind that whether or not I made the show would depend on my talent and my talent alone."

As soon as Godfrey heard Pat and met him in person, he predicted that he would be a great star. He confirmed what Ted Mack recommended to Pat after his first amateur hour appearance, "I've watched them come and go in this business," Mack said, "and I've learned that it's the person with the luck."

One of Godfrey's family recalls that Shirley and the children would often show up for TV rehearsals. "Little Cherry would choose to follow just the right man," she would wave to Godfrey and say, "Hello, Mr. Apter Goppie."

Arthur didn't have to teach Pat very much. He'd already appeared on TV, but Pat was grateful for any advice he could get.

Godfrey was sincerely sorry to lose Pat. But for his young protégé's sake he was glad that Boone had landed his own program, to start this fall over ABC-TV, and could understand why any young man would be reluctant to turn down a contract that guaranteed him a minimum of $50,000 a year.

What has Pat got as a singer that he has been named "Most Promising Male Vocalist," by both Billboard and Cash Box magazine and has sold over six million records for Dot?

For one thing Pat is vocally a split personality. On the one hand, he belts out rock 'n' roll and roars husky ballads, but on the other, when he does ballads, he sings sort of soft and whispy, Pat says of his two voices, "It's not something I deliberately do. I just naturally sing that way."

He can handle rock 'n' roll and up-tempo songs but no matter what I sing you can recognize both voices as me."

Pat Boone doesn't want to be tagged as a rock 'n' roll star, however, and this he feels takes him out of competition with Elvis Presley for the rock 'n' roll crown. "I'll stay with it but I definitely do not want to be known as strictly a rhythm singer. I want to be known as a fellow who can sing songs."

For most any other person this wouldn't mean much, but Pat, who likes to be able to keep fellow happy and busy. But not Pat. In spite of his record as a singer, his tremendous popularity, he has doubts about himself as an entertainer. He feels that his voice is getting tired of him, that he might lose his spark. It's this honest self-appraisal that prompted Pat to follow Shirley's advice and keep on with his education. For he feels that in his next term he'll turn his attention to teaching. In a classroom, or as a producer of educational programs on TV.

Right at the moment Pat is on a leave of absence from Florida State University, where he is a senior, majoring in speech, with additional courses in English, broad-casting and fine arts. He plans to go back to college in September, and hopes to finish his studies before he has to turn his attention to teaching. Not only has Pat kept on with his education but he very well may grad..."
...FOR TODAY'S LOOK OF CASUAL LOVELINESS

In case you haven’t noticed, the siren is “old hat” these days. No more silly attempts to look sultry in shorts—or café-society in an apron. And brisk modern living has ended the studied effect in make-up, too. Casual loneliness has taken its place . . . the fresh young look of Campana’s Magic Touch. This modern make-up whisks on in seconds, with fingertips. Hides blemishes, smooths complexion, adds glorious color. But more—its creamy richness lubricates and protects your skin all day, and ends the need for elaborate bedtime creams.

It’s the easy new way to look smart and fresh, no matter how crowded your daily schedule is. Magic Touch (such a perfect name) at all variety stores and better drug stores. 6 shades—only 45¢ or $1.00. Hard to believe, ’til you look in your mirror!

The Make-Up of Young Moderns

P 93
PHOTOPLAY'S
SIMPLICITY PRINTED
PATTERNS

No. 2126. Dress. Misses' sizes 12-18; juniors' 11-15. Size 14 takes 4% yards of 36-inch fabric. Use 3% yards of 3/4-inch lace for bodice trim and didn't notice what was going on."

Both families were so worried that they wouldn't just go and get married that they prevented their dating for a while, hoping that everything would simmer down.

About this time Red Foley moved to Springfield, Missouri, for his own program and wanted Shirley to join him. That's when Pat and Shirley decided to elope. They were both nineteen and very much in love. Pat says, "It came as a kind of shock to our parents at first. She has an innate sense of good taste about what to wear on most occasions. Back home she was always considered to be the prettiest dressed girl in town. And that didn't mean going out and buying big things. Either. But when Shirley asked herself, "What do I wear to a big Hollywood party? Should I go out and buy myself something glamorous and chic, or am I going to wear something more simple, more like the way I always did at a party, 'You wear what you usually do and you'll be the prettiest girl there.'"

"And," Pat said later, "I was never so scared in all my life. I couldn't get over the fact that we were in the same room with so many big, important people. Everybody we had ever seen in a movie was right there, and I thought, ‘What are we doing here? Then I heard Ernest Borgnine introducing me. It was a very flattering introduction and suddenly I was on, facing that wonderful audience like a hero in a movie. That really made it all worthwhile."


No. 2075. Shirts, pants. Junior sizes 11-17; teens' 10-16. To make in junior 13, use 2 3/4 yards for shorts; 2 1/2 yards each for pants, long shirt; 1 7/8 yards for short shirt. All 36-inch fabric and didn't notice what was going on."


Buy Simplicity Printed Patterns at leading stores everywhere.
Wonderful new kind of shampoo...
flatters your hair like diamonds and mink!

You'll say Cuticura Squeeze-Bottle Shampoo is a girl's best friend when you see how gloriously your hair twinkles...how enchantingly smooth it is...how easy to manage.

Better than soap shampoo—better than soapless shampoo—combines the best features of both!

Cuticura Squeeze-Bottle Shampoo is that “cosmetic ideal” research chemists have long been striving for—a perfectly balanced combination formula that cleanses, glamorizes and conditions better than either a soap or a soapless shampoo alone can possibly do. It protects the natural oils—needs no special rinse.

No waste—no spill—no breakage!
You shampoo faster—use only half as much. Ideal for the shower—for all the family. 6 oz. 79¢. No tax.

Send 10¢ (no stamps) to cover mailing for travel size Cuticura Soap and Squeeze Bottle Shampoo. Address Cuticura, Dept. TS-76, Malden 48, Mass.
What Makes Her a Star?

(Continued from page 55)

The experience had a peaceful and lasting impact on her. "Kim disappeared during the filming," Mac Krim says. "She became Jeanne. Now it's nice to have Kim back. Now Kim is it's true, of course. It's not proven yet . . ."

According to co-star Jeff Chandler: "As a person she's unpredictable—warm and frigid one day, cold and withdrawn the next. It's a difficult part she's been playing—violent, beautiful, tragic. Before I worked with her, I thought it all the same for the most experienced actress available."

The transition to Kim's role was made as fresh as possible. The new role was known as Joan, the performance began with a dream, thrusting beyond the confines of her professional life to touch her deeply as a person. The signals were all against her to begin with. George Sidney, director of "The Eddy Duchin Story," or a girl bar in 'The Man with the Golden Arm,' or a small-town girl in 'Picnic.' Then they were sure she shouldn't attempt 'Jeanne Eagles.' I believed she could. I stuck my neck out."

So did Kim. Meeting the challenge, she threw herself into the part with bowehearted concentration. "Jeanne Eagles," Krim explains, "I had more notes—filed and cross-filed—than I could hold. The notes folder was bigger than the script! I learned my lines early, so that each morning I could pore over my notes to get the feeling for the scene ahead, not just the words of the dialogue. Jeanne's favorite songs were 'Elegy' and 'The Prison Song.' Every morning on the set, we'd play a Caruso recording of Elegy. I learned to sing it in English. Before the death scene, I read and re-read a poem written about Jeanne, tender and sad. "Singing God made thee with broken wings..."

For Kim, preparations began six weeks before shooting, with daily and nightly dancing and drama lessons. When the movie went into production, she found herself on demand for all but three scenes in the entire script. She would be called each morning later than five to be at the studio by six. After hairdressing, wardrobe and makeup sessions and her breakfast, she'd step before the cameras at eight-thirty. At six or seven in the evening, her working day supposedly over, she had her hair washed and set, ate dinner, studied lines for the next day's shooting. She never got to bed before one. Saturdays, she worked with her secretary, Martha, telling -care of the mail, personal and household shopping, all the invitations for appearances and endorsements. Sundays, she rehearsed her next role.

Just once, nature staged a rebellion. Kim was staying that night at the Malibu beach house she rents from her singing teacher, Harriet Lowe. 'It's lovely cottage with wide windows, furnished in Early American style, with a huge fireplace. The sound of ocean waves soothing her, Kim went to bed after midnight. Her telephone service called at four-thirty A.M. to give her a bruise reveille. Kim answered—and slipped easily off to sleep again, leaving the phone dangling from the hook. Her next awakening was more urgent. Outside her window were two big men trying to tap on the pane and shining a flashlight on the sleepy star. The sheriff's sub-station in Malibu had been burgled, and the law was on hand to get Kim to the station on time.

When a girl has been working under such pressure, is it at all surprising that she wouldn't want to give way to flare-ups of temperament? What I'm surprised is the fact that Kim could frankly admit the lapses. 'Temperament, after all, is emotion unleashed. For weeks, Kim had been living with her emotions spilling torrents of feeling pour out before the camera. To quote Mac Krim, "The emotional and physical strains were murderous."

But this part had a strange effect on Kim. "I got very nervous," she confesses, "yet basically I was calmer than I'd ever been. I was more in control of myself. Mac came on the set quietly one day and watched me do a dramatic scene. He was amazed at the change in me; she adds proudly, like a young child. "I was," Mac admitted. "During the filming, I think Kay has been a frightened little girl. Suddenly, in 'Eagels,' she was handling herself like a Jean Crawford or Barbara Stanwyck—with authority and confidence."

"Mac watched me walk out of the scene and smile and talk to people. I never could do that before. I couldn't shake off a deep emotion I'd just played. He says it was probably a lot of work."

Mac with his comparisons, Kim with her confidences are describing the same person: a young actress who had attained the stature of a star. For a while she seemed to Mac and everyone else to understand the actress, Kim, she began seeing John Ireland, who was separated from Joanne Dru. In spite of rumors, this was not. It may have been actor Ireland, it might have been any sympathetic and attractive actor that Kim happened to meet. At this time in her life, she was tightly involved in her work. She needed someone who had shared and could understand her professional problems. Perhaps, too, she was a little gun-shy-struck. The Number One dressing room contained half a dozen suitors. Convinced for the first time that she was an important part of this magical world of acting, she may have wanted to be more than a player."

The Gold Medal actually had an even stronger impact on Kim. "It meant a lot more than an award has. It was my first big award, and my father was there to see me receive it. It meant so much because I was chosen by the people who run Photoplay and see the movies. They are the ones who decide. Of course, with my free-floating anxiety, the minute I knew of the Gold Medal, I thought 'Where do I go from here?"

The week after the Gold Medal banquet, Kim's birthday came around, and the cast tossed a gay on-the-set party for her. There was a huge cake. There were flowers in purple or green, naturally: violets, lilacs, tulips. It was all charming, the fun, director Sidney gave Kim's dad an extra's role in a crowd scene. The next day, Kim's parents celebrated their wedding in a time Kim ordered the cake, with an inscription reading: 'Happy Anniversary to the new star, Joe Novak.' It was too much. It came all at once: the absorbing, exciting life; the Photoplay Gold Medal; her birthday; her parents' anniversary; the award from Hollywood's foreign correspondents, telling Kim that she was famous and beloved from North to South America and far-off Asia.

Suddenly, the picture was finished. For the last time on the set of "Jeanne Eagles," the wind was "Bu-uh-uu-uh!" And the last take was over. Kim had learned to work as a star, living in utter concentration with the Jeanne Eagles role. Now, she, a 21-year-old fronted her course in learning how to live with herself, the star. Facing the fact that she was no longer little Marilyn Novak, shy, unsure, groping to find herself, she began to glow. She became Kim Novak.

In the middle of that last morning—a working day!—Mac Krim heard a familiar voice on the phone. It was Kim. For a moment he couldn't believe this. "Loey, put on blue jeans and go bicycling or horseback riding," she suggested happily. "You'll have to leave Jeanne Eagles home," Mac warned. She promised. "While she

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE ON PAGE 30

Across

1. Gunfight
2. Farrell (Charles)
3. R. T. (Robert Taylor)
4. R. Roy (Roy)
5. Errol (Flynn)
6. I see
7. Aaron
8. "Laura"
9. N H (Nora Haymes)
10. Me
11. Lie
12. drama
13. Carroll (Jack)
14. K D (Kirk Douglas)
15. act
16. Stan
17. earth
18. Richard Greene
19. Arias (Shaw)
20. Linda (Darsell)
21. Ho
22. Utah
23. R. C. (Greer Garson)
24. Martha (Hyer)
25. Action!
26. Cayguy (James)
27. the
28. trick
29. (Eve Arden)
30. A R (Aldo Ray)
31. Losers
32. Anna [Maria]
33. Annie
34. N S (Sheree North)
35. L N (Lloyd Nolan)
36. Man
37. Margaret
38. B L (Burt Lancaster)
39. Beth
40. Virginia (Jean)
41. organ
42. No
43. Aines (Moorhead)
44. Kerr (Deborah)
45. C. B. (DeMille)
46. Hayworth
47. (Machiko)
48. Gun
49. Dance (Abbott)
50. Randolph (Scott)
51. P L (Piper Laurie)

Down

1. Grants
2. Utah
3. Forman (Jane)
4. Inner
5. Hello
6. Two
7. for
8. A Ladd
9. R. (Hayworth)
10. Est (Esther Williams)
11. ie
12. Lex (Barker)
16. Rue
was doing 'Jeanne Eagels' there was no fun in Kim," Mac explained later. "She was exhausted all the time. When I met her that evening, though, she'd already gotten Jeanne Eagels off her shoulders and was ready to be herself again.

But is that easy when you have been working with such intensity, if you have been swept up in new honors, new experiences, can you go back, just like that, and be your old self? Kim herself was wise enough not to try. "First," she said, "I’m going into a hospital for a complete rest." And so she did, checking in at Cedars of Lebanon, though she postponed her plans to take a cruise, after shooting ended. "I’ve been having headaches. I can’t sleep. For the first time in my life, I’m aware of my health. When the doctor suggested the hospital, he got no argument out of me. I had put off ‘Pal Joey’ long enough for me to get good and rested again. After the hospital, I want to go to my beach house and walk beside the ocean for the health of it. I love the beach, picking up driftwood, watching the surf. It fascinates me. I can stare for hours, always expecting something to come up on the beach with it. The sound of the ocean soothes the nerves.

Beyond this time of rest, Kim has more definite plans for her life. Mostly, she plans to enjoy it! ‘I haven’t had much time to do anything but work, but I certainly intend to have a little more social life now. I don’t mean running out to big parties, not that sort of social. I like small dinners, riding, movies. I intend to learn to relax.’ I’ve taken my health so for granted. I’ve always presumed I’d be able to snap back after working the way I have. Now I’d like to have not to snap back, but to learn to take it a little easier as I go along.

‘Tonight I’ll have a date with Mac. We probably go to see a double feature and have a late dinner. Tomorrow night, I have a date with the doctor who gave me this ring. Isn’t it beautiful? It’s pure purple at night, but during the day it looks like an emerald.’

Around her delicate wrist, there’s a charm bracelet that bears a record of her Hollywood life. Her first picture is my first picture. This one is from Norma Kaseil, for being one of the Top Ten in Boxoffice awards. These two little dancers are from Josh Logan for ‘Picnic.’ This gold medal is for George Sidney for ‘Jeanne Eagels.’ The one with the calendar is it’s my birthday. This is the world with pearls in it—the-world-is-my-oyster sort of thing. Who gave me that? Uh, yes... This little gold book I gave myself. It has its favorite quotation in it: ‘To thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou cannot in time fail to any man.’

Honesty, self-awareness, enthusiasm—qualities like these sometimes lead Kim to speak too revealingly of herself. But the same qualities have led her to stardom. ‘Where do I go from here?’ With all her sensible plans, Kim can’t answer her own question. She goes next into ‘Pal Joey,’ in a role that has been especially built for Kim Novak, to put her on an equal footing with star Rita Hayworth. Opposite both actresses is Frank Sinatra. In the past, he has aroused Kim’s personal interest, but this sidelight suggests fascinating developments.

George Sidney, who worked with Kim so closely on the Jeanne Eagels film, can’t make any precise forecast of her future, either. ‘I hope she will make it on her own,’ he says. And he adds, with a director’s appreciation of the suspense angle, ‘Who can tell how Kim will end up?’ The End
I Feel Bad About Baby Doll

(Continued from page 71)

and Atlanta. On the other hand, many of Carroll's old friends thought that her return in direction and acting and photography.

By the time "Baby Doll" was released generally to the public it was notorious, and the rumor that it was based on Carroll's own affair was a roaring business. The reaction of the moviegoers was mixed. Some said, "What was all the fuss about?" Others denounced it as "trash." Those who were either hard-tried and people of the Roaring Twenties were as furious in its defense as others were in denunciation, and the members of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences Carroll Baker's portrayal of the Mississippi farm girl called Baby Doll worthy of an Oscar nomination.

"I never expected all that to happen," Carroll Baker says now. Talking of Baby Doll as though she were a real person, she adds, "I feel very bad about the fuss she caused. I feel that she was a very innocent child, very sweet, very pure. It hurts my feelings when I hear people say she's a moron."

Which is very interesting when you consider that Carroll herself is likely to strike people as a more girl than woman, perhaps, and perhaps even more than a girl. There is a certain innocence sweetness about her, almost a colorlessness which is evident in the way she sits down, folds her hands and prepares to carry on a conversation. And there is a kind of serenity.

While the commotion over "Baby Doll" was going on, Carroll Baker was living quietly about her daily life with her husband, preparing to have a baby of her own. Baby Doll, too, went on being her own sweet, serene self while anger and passions boiled about her. And three months after Carroll's baby was born, seated in the sparsely furnished living room of her new apartment in uptown Manhattan, she still gave a distinct impression of similarity between herself and the girl she had portrayed—although it was also clear that she would be the first to deny it.

"I haven't really been much affected by Baby Doll," she said, looking fragile and serene. "Nor is her claim of detachment unreasonable. Carroll is a product of the Actors Studio, a meeting place for young people who follow the "method" school of acting. They practice an almost complete immersion of self in the role while it is being played and an equally complete detachment afterward. Karl Malden and Eli Wallach, the male principals in "Baby Doll," also follow the "method." They believe, and Carroll does too, that they can think about their parts, after they have played them, with some objectivity, as though the role has nothing to do with their personal personalities.

Yet there was a significant warmth in the way Carroll spoke about the young girl who was the subject of so much hot discussion. "I don't think that sex always had the upper hand in Baby Doll's life, as some people insisted. I didn't feel that she was a moron, I felt she was native innocence. Anybody doesn't feel that was primarily sexual, but that she wanted love and affection, the way any person does. And I felt she was frightened. I really felt very bad when I heard people talking about her—"

On the other hand, to prove her detachment from the character, Carroll described her feelings the first time she walked down the long red carpet at the premiere. "I didn't feel at all that it was me,"

Carroll went unnoticed in brief role in "Easy to Love" with Esther Williams
things we really love. It's a little bare, right now, but we're getting there." The place looks like hundreds of thousands of others occupied by young couples living on modest incomes.

That is just what the young Garfeins are. Neither has yet really begun to cash in, in a big way. During this past theatrical season, Jack directed Shelley Winters on Broadway in the N. Richard Nash play, "Girls of Summer," but it closed after a few weeks. Carroll was well paid for her work in "Giant" and "Baby Doll," but her price per picture has not yet begun to approach that of a major star. Today the two are comfortable, but they are by no means rich. The baby has a full-time nurse who lives in. "She might as well get used to a nurse," said Carroll, "because there probably will be times in the future when my work will keep me away from her a good deal of the time."

There is also a cleaning woman who comes in to do heavy work a couple of times a week. For the most part, Carroll does the housework herself—the cleaning and dusting, all the cooking, and the dishwashing after meals.

Her daily routine neatly combines her three careers. She manages to be housewife, mother and actress simultaneously. She gets up around ten each morning, goes directly to the nursery to spend a few minutes with the baby, makes breakfast for herself and Jack, then reads the newspapers. Shortly after the baby was born, she was getting up on schedule to nurse her. "But then," she said, "I got an infection and I had to stop. I cried for days when I had to give it up."

After getting Jack off to his work and doing the breakfast dishes Carroll plays with the baby a little more. Presently a secretary comes in to help her answer mail. "The mail has been so terrific I could never answer it all by myself," she said. "I've heard from all kinds of people who apparently read things into the movie. Actually, people didn't seem to realize that nothing obscene was intended. In the scene that was most criticized, it was meant to be a lyrical scene, a matter of spiritual growth and discovery on the part of Baby Doll. Yet I've had letters that indicate that people didn't understand that at all. Some girls from a parochial school wrote to me the other day and said they felt they didn't want me to act in parts like that. On the other hand, I've had hundreds of letters of praise from foreign countries. There, those in positions of authority in such matters aren't nearly as severely censorious. People can go to see a film and make up their own minds. And most of them seem to have grasped the real point of the picture—the lost, hopeless life those people down in that Southern town have."

"But the best part of the mail," Carroll continued, "was that I had letters from all sorts of people I knew years ago—teachers, old friends, kids I went to school with in Pennsylvania and Florida, names I'd long since forgotten. It's wonderful to know that people remember you, and I try to answer every letter."

I asked Carroll how much of her mail seemed to favor "Baby Doll" and how much was against it. "I thought I would get many protest letters, but first," she said, "because of what I read that some people were saying. But only about ten per cent of my personal mail has criticized me or condemned the movie."

Two mornings each week, Carroll goes across town to work with a group in the Actors Studio. This is typical of her conscientiousness. Far from feeling that she is a finished, experienced actress, she insists that she still has much to learn. And she believes that the best way to learn

---

Beautiful Complexion

SHEER MAGIC by Campana

This creamy liquid beautifier is very quick and easy to use and produces a beautiful effect on your complexion.

39¢ and 79¢ at better drug and all variety stores

---

draw me

you may win a $375.00 scholarship in professional art

Winner gets a complete art course—free training for a career in advertising art, illustrating or cartooning. You are taught, individually, by professional artists on the staff of the world's largest home study art school. Many successful artists today have studied with this school. For over 40 years it has been preparing talented beginners for careers in art. It's an accredited member of the National Home Study Council.

As winner of contest, you also get a complete set of drawing supplies and a series of valuable art textbooks. Try now for this free art course!

ART INSTRUCTION, INC., STUDIO 3957
500 South 4th Street, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota

Please enter my attached drawing in your "Draw Me" contest.

Name:__________________________ Age:____
Address:________________________ City:__________ Zip:__________
Occupation:______________________ Phone:_____

---

99
When this is in print, Carroll will have just turned twenty-six. She was born in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, previously celebrated only for its striking blast furnace and parties in and around the St. Peters-
burg area, and before long she was earning a living from her dancing.

A young girl thinking to be a professional, and ready to strike out on her own. "I worked nearly every night and finally saved enough to go to New York, my teacher encouraged me, and up I came."

Carroll landed a job in the chorus of a night club, where she drew the attention of a wealthy furrier named Lou Ritter, who had been in trouble and asked her to marry him. She accepted, and for the next eight months she did nothing all day except wander about her nine-room Park Avenue apartment and shop for expensive clothes. In the evening she and her husband would go night-clubbing. It was too much for Carroll and she sued for divorce.

Carroll moved to a small basement room. For a while she could find only in Elmhurst, Long Island. Then began a long period in which she made the rounds of every TV studio and stage casting director's office..."If you show up often enough they'll begin to remember you," she said.

One stroke of luck took her out to Hollywood, where she made a bit part in an Esther Williams picture. "Easy to Love." Then she came back to New York. Presently she got some jobs in television commercials, and after months she was given a job on one of the local stations, giving the nightly weather report.

The following season she got her first Broadway role in a nightclub, in a Broadway show called "Escapade."

Across the street, "End as a Man," directed by Jack Garfin, was enjoying a long run...

After Carroll graduated from high school, her mother decided to move to Florida. Carroll's younger sister, Virginia, was not in good health, and Mrs. Baker believed that the Florida climate would be better for her. "I thought I might go to drama school at Carnegie Tech in Pittsburgh," Carroll says, "but neither of my parents had money enough to send me there. So I thought I would go along to Florida with my mother and sister. It was a lucky move. Mrs. Baker had chosen St. Petersburg, and soon after arriving Carroll went to study with a dancing teacher. That led her to various jobs..."
Dollars Can’t Buy a Finer Deodorant!

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

Why Pay More?
25¢ plus tax

Lander Chlorophyll Stick Deodorant
At all 5 & 10 cent stores

Finish High School at Home
$500.00 PAID for your Child’s Photo

CASH payments made for children's photos, all types, ages 1 mo. to 18 yrs. by national advertisers. Hundreds selected every month for use in advertising. Send ONE small photo for approval. Print child's and mother's name, address on back. Also 2 FREE gifts for photos selected. Returned 2 weeks. NO OBLIGATION.

WAYNE SCHOOL (LL-27) 2527 Sheffield Ave., Chicago 14, Illinois

TURN "so-so" hair glamour-bright and see how exciting life can be! With Marchand’s Golden Hair Wash, you can lighten just a shade or go dashing, dazzling blonde—safely, easily at home. Or add sunny highlights, gleam dark hair with bronze. Golden Hair Wash, complete in one package, has been the favorite home hair lighter for over 50 years. Lightens arm and leg hair, too.

Never a dull moment
when you're bright BLONDE

Be a gay blonde char

MARCHAND’S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

Siamese movies are rarely shot on the street and we were the first foreign troupe to work there, we created a stir. Some of the people didn't seem to have much to do, because they just gathered in groups of about a thousand or more and sort of watched, but they were very friendly. I mean they didn't go into their pockets and pull out ivory, which you know how a makeup man will come out when you're working on the set and pat off the perspiration on your forehead with a piece of tissue? You think nothing of it, of course; it's his job. But in Bangkok, a couple of times, it was a young Siamese girl who sort of took it upon herself to do it for me. She is the only one I ever felt was strange, she was just being helpful.

The girls there are all very pretty. The girls and young women do a lot of hard work in the fields and factories and it seems to me they work and the men work very strenuous the work the prettler they are. Why is that I don't know.

I got to learn quite a few words in Thai, at least, because the kind of call was for "fried egg" nam for "water," nom for "milk," ron for "hot," yen for "cold," sapphire for "peapple" and so on. Especially important was sa-wad-dee, which is the greeting word, which you use for "How do you do?," "Good morning," "Good evening," and all the other greetings. One word which I remembered pretty easily was the one for "singing" and "play" and I stuck the kind of word it sounded like the person was saying, "long playing."

But even knowing the word for "milk" couldn't always get it for me in Bangkok. Except the Siamese were very good-natured, very helpful, but often when I asked for it in Siamese, when I went shopping. To keep cool in the steam-

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, and you may write to each one individually, c/o Screen Actors Guild, 7750 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 28, Calif.

Allie个人 Artists, 4376 Sunset Drive, Hollywood 27
Columbia Pictures, 1438 North 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 38
Republic Studios, 4042 Radford Avenue, North Hollywood
20th Century-Fox, 10201 West Pico Boulevard, Los Angeles 35
United Artists, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Los Angeles 46
Universal - International, Universal City
Warner Brothers Pictures, 4000 West Office Avenue, Burbank

milking heat I drank a lot of a bottled orange juice called "Green Spot."

Not having milk is more of a hardship for the Siamese, I guess, than it was for me. There are a lot of working, unwell poor people, yet they were always cheerful.

Down in Petchburi the farmers were so poor it was unbelievable, and they wore the most out of date clothes, but they had a cheerful air and a greeting for you as you went by. And the kids were fabulous. Once I got caught out after the show, I was out in the rain and it was pouring down. Yet they always had a cheerful wave and a greeting for you as you went by.

Along with the poor people, the royal family and the officials and everyone else we met were just as friendly. I had brought with me a small portable radio, working on a battery, and my heart sank when I was told that I needed a license to bring it into the country. But the customs people were so very nice, they let me keep it. So I kept in touch. In my experience. There's always a repertoire of sporting phrases. The writer says "Yes" anyway, and then brings you a plate of roast ham.

With the help of the radio I became familiar with Siamese music, which is a little repetitious but very charming. The orchestra seems very much like one of ours, and they like to tackle Western tunes, too. It's really wonderful to hear the "When the Fall Leaves Rake Spain" or a rock 'n roll number, which they call "lock 'n loll."

One of the nicest Thais I met was a publisher friend of Photograph's, Udom Yenrungsri, who was very interesting and he had had much of Indian experience. He even brought back home with me. I told him that I started a fad among the boys in Bangkok. They made sort of a joke about it and I even got a little bit of a feeling that was the day. I have a couple of them quite often, and many of the young fellows in Bangkok are now wearing their shirts with the pattern inside, their favorite shirt, the kind very much. I wore them all the time, except when in costume, since they were comfortable and cool and I hadn't brought much clothing with me. Udom told me that they didn't have many, but many of the young fellows in Bangkok are now wearing their suits with the pattern inside, too.

Udom's picture of me out in a boat and gazing at the temples may make me seem like a tourist. Actually, I was anything but. Our seven weeks were crowded with work, and hard work, almost every day. But I did get around to see quite a few of the intriguing sights of that fabulous country. My favorite method of seeing Bangkok and its people was by riding the streetcars, or tramcars, as they are called there. The cars are high, so I got a good view of everything. I was probably the first American the Siamese had ever met riding on their streetcars, and they treated me as a new and interesting thing.

I have heard the Siamese had been by the head, they wore the same hat as the Frenchmen had, so I kept offering a five- or nickel, worth just about five cents in American money. But none of the conductors would ever take it. I guess they thought that since I was sightseeing I was entitled to free rides, as a matter of na-

(Continued from page 66)
The Siamese and many Chinese who live and work in Thailand take their Buddhist religion very seriously, of course. In fact, we couldn't quite finish the picture there because of that. We returned to Rome with one more scene to be done, that of a Chinese funeral. The Chinese actors in Thailand felt it was disrespectful to the spirits of their ancestors to stage a mock funeral.

Here in Rome I had more adventures, seeing this wonderful city with its ancient ruins and catacombs. I tossed a coin in the Trevi fountain, where the "Three Coins" picture wound up, and saw the Coliseum and the ruins along the Appian Way. I also filled up on ice cream and fresh milk. But perhaps you'd be more interested in some of the personal things that happened.

For instance, a very curious thing was when Jo Van Fleet and I put on a make-believe Oscar ceremony, for the cameras. As you probably remember, Jo won "Best Supporting Actress" honors last year, and so she was scheduled to give out the Oscar to the "Best Supporting Actor" this year. Since I was lucky enough to get a nomination for that award, and we were both in Rome, the Academy people thought it would be smart to make a film of Jo presenting the wonderful little statuette to me—just in case. They figured that if I didn't win, I'd at least have the film to comfort myself with!

And that reminds me, while I was in Bangkok I heard the wonderful news about my winning the Foreign Press Correspondents' award. Since I couldn't very well commute back to Hollywood to pick it up, much as I'd have liked to, I sent a cable to my friend Vera Miles, asking her to accept it for me—in "Friendly Persuasion" language. "It will please me if thee will accept my award," I cabled her, and then added, "And send those hamburger buns you promised!" She never did!

Another thing I did in Rome was to have lunch with the writer Ben Hecht. I was anxious to meet him because my dad made his big hit in Mr. Hecht's famous play "The Front Page." Dad, when I was only five, and I don't remember much about him, so I enjoyed listening to Mr. Hecht reminisce. He told me that when producer Jed Harris suggested my dad for the leading role of the editor, he objected strongly. He says he was very glad he was overruled! Another thing I discussed with Mr. Hecht is the possibility of my doing his picture "Aphrodite," along with maybe Ava Gardner and Elsa Martinelli. It would be a challenge.

Another thing I did in Rome was go shopping for clothes. You know how all the girls who arrive here head straight for the renowned fashion shops? Well, I didn't exactly do that but I did buy a dinner jacket—my first. Up to then I'd been renting them.

It's been marvelous traveling in strange places, not just as a sightseer, but as a working actor. And it's been especially nice to be able to write to you Phonoplay readers about it. I should have written sooner but I'm a lousy letter writer, I'm afraid. I've seen new places, met wonderful people, in Italy and in Thailand and en route in between. And I've loved every bit of it. In fact, I told Irwin Franklin that I intend to go back to Bangkok on my honeymoon. And I will too—provided I'm the right girl, of course! But for now, I'm kind of looking forward to getting home—and finding an apartment for myself. The End

PETER PAN
little X*
now in "flying" colors

Complete figure control
plus
Complete freedom of action

Two criss-crossing stretch panels slim waist,
slank hips, smooth tummy—yet
let you move freely. Nylon power net,
dainty trim. Girdle, panty girdle—lovestrip pink,
bluebird blue, sandpiper beige, white, black. 5.95
And color match your little X with famous Hidden Treasure®
bras in above colors. Finest cotton broadcloth. 3.50

PETER PAN FOUNDATIONS, INC. * NEW YORK * MONTREAL

Elvis Presley Album
A Few Copies Left

If you act now you can get a copy of the original Elvis Presley Album. This is the book that made history. This is that book that is now a collector's item. Here's the thrill-filled story of his life—over 100 pictures. Rush 25c for your copy—today.

Bartholomew House, Inc.
Dept. 6, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. WHILE THEY LAST

PLAY RIGHT AWAY!

Any Instrument
Now it's easy to learn ANY INSTRUMENT—even if you don't hope to make a career of playing it. There's a whole new, thrill-filled approach to learning music today. Your local music store has our \"Play Right Away!\" book. Read the reviews—read the letters it's received! Here's the \"Helping Hand to Music\" and the \"Helping Hand to Happiness!\" Both just 25c.

FREE! Large Studio Portraits Of Any of These Favorite Movie, Radio, TV, and Recording STARS!

Tab Hunter Richard Egan Tony Curtis Pat Boone Ralph Bellamy Robert Wagner Hugh O'Brian John Derek
Elizabeth Taylor Andy Devine Merv Griffin Marlon Brando Eddie Fisher James Dean Grace Kelly
Natalie Wood Tony Curtis Audie Murphy Marilyn Monroe

FREE Catalog. Listing over 1000 Stars! Just send in the names of your favorite star. Be sure to enclose 10c for postage and handling of EACX photo that you order. Limit 10 to a customer. 

STUDIO PHOTOS Dept. 165 Box 36231, Hollywood 38, Calif.

Corn, Callous, Bunion Pain Stops!

Super-fast Nerve-Deep Relief!

No waiting for relief when you use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. They stop pain at its source — ease now or light stress — remove corns, callouses one of the quickest ways known to medical science. New skin-matching color; worn invisibly. Try them! At Drug, Shoe, Department, 5-10c Stores.
She was early. Awfully early. “You’re the first.” She had smiled sympathetically when he let her in. She guessed that he’d seen a lot of girls come in for screen tests.

So she stayed she might be late. But now she was glad she would have some time to herself, before the others came. In a few hours the room would be busy and she’d be in front of the camera. For them, she’d have to give her name, her age, her hometown, her ambition. Easy enough, if she could keep her voice steady. “My name is Jean Seberg. I’m seventeen years old. I could publish a book. I want to be a very good actress.” Just the facts, none of the dreams.

Then she would do the scene from “Saint Joan.” Not so easy.

She leaned back in the chair and tried to relax, but her mind wouldn’t stay still.

What time would it be in Iowa? Dad, Mother, Grandma, Mary, Kurt, David. What were they doing? What were they saying? They were waiting and wondering, too. “I go it by my lone...” It was the first sentence she’d ever spoken and her mother said it was prophetic. She would see the words she always saw right beside—tangible or—by her lone. But she’d never before been so far away.

She’d always wondered how her parents married up surviving the tomboy stage, until she must have been a terror. They hadn’t cracked a smile when she’d decided to become a brain surgeon, and made her name rate in the world. They’d watched her study the day she borrowed from the doctor, and listened while she recited the sections of the brain. And they’d gotten pretty good at dodging when the look up bullying and practiced with the dishtowel in the kitchen.

She was well on her way to setting a record for borrowing books from the public library, so they hadn’t been surprised when she signed up with the theater, she’d never be a railroad engineer.

Sometimes she wished she could be more like Mary. Mary was twenty and gentle and sweet and domestic, the nicest sister in the world. Smart, too. She’d made Phi Beta Kappa and had a real athletic streak. She’d probably only one girl in Marshalltown who had the chance to go to college and didn’t want to go. Jean Seberg wanted to. She’d never try for Broadway, even if she had to starve in the process.

Well, here she was. She’d been nervous at the reading in Chicago, but it hadn’t been quite like this. She hadn’t expected a test for the latest thing. Her mother had met the plane when she came home from summer stock and brought along a letter from the Otto Preminger office. She’d have to try it. If she’d acted she could come to Chicago and audition for Mr. Preminger.

The search for “Saint Joan” was a publicity stunt, of course. She couldn’t imagine that her elocution teacher had both—reload to send in her name. Still, the audition would be good experience; she might learn something.

Later, someone told her there were two hundred and fifty girls in the auditorium. She’d heard the scene. It looked like Ingrid Bergman or Audrey Hepburn. One by one they had stepped up to begin the “perpetual imprisonment” scene. “Perpetual imprisonment! Am I not then—to you very much,” said Otto Preminger.

And Jean Seberg sat with her mother and thought, “Please make him listen to me.”

Her turn came. The director asked her name, her age, and then, “What are you doing now?”

“Trying to get out of going to college,” she’d answered.

She’d kicked off her high heels and started the scene. He’d listened. He’d given her a screen-test contract. She was flown to New York to study and was called home again. Two weeks later, she’d returned to New York. There were two other finalists, a girl from Stockholm and a girl from New York City, and they’d studied for the tests together.

And here it was. This was the day they’d been working for. . . .

“Let me get a picture before you strangle these three. It’s in this room off Broadway, and you’re photography Bob Willoughby grinning at her. She grinned back, sheepishly. She hadn’t realized she was holding the flowers sough.

Bob Willoughby had been assigned to photograph “Saint Joan” from beginning to end. He’d met Jean Seberg in Otto’s office and had been especially impressed. She was a small girl, with a mop of hair that came to her shoulders and made her look a little mousy. At the moment she looked lonely, too, and it was getting close to lunch. She’d asked her if she’d like to have lunch with him.

He asked her if she’d ever been to Greenwich Village. She shook her head.

“You’d like to try it?”

“I’ve never been anywhere.”

In the Village, he bought her a little silver cross, for luck, and she came alive, glowing with pleasure, as though it were a piece of jewelry. She’d seen. . . .

So went the day “Saint Joan” was chosen. It was a tense, firing day, and it wasn’t very glamorous. But the undercurrent of excitement that ran through the memorable, one Jean would never forget.

One of Preminger’s staff says, “The other two girls were very talented. Their work had gloss. They knew acting tricks that Jean would have to learn. The little mouse was less professional. But when she started to act it was as if a switch had been turned on. Something electric came through. Tony Perkins has that kind of quality, but Jean seemed to have more.” When the was watched Jean, we realized what Otto Preminger had seen, back in Chicago—

The day dragged on into the afternoon. There were some last meetings at the rushes, and if he wanted any more footage he would call the girls in on Friday. Jean prepared herself to wait. She supposed things had gone all right. She could hardly believe she had it. It was in my dressing room when Mr. Preminger came down,” she remembers. “He saw the smiles and asked who had given me the flowers. ’I got them for you,’ I told him. ’I like flowers and I bought them.’

“I’ll send you flowers the day you start the picture,” he said.

“I knew I had the part. I felt wonderful and frightened and terrible. Terrified about the way I’d spoken to him at rehearsal. I’d never hated anyone before in my life, but I had hated him that day. And when I talked back to him the way I had, I’d been proud of myself. I’m ashamed now. I know now that it was important for him to find out if the person he chose could take criticism.”

Jean Seberg began her new life. They cut her hair and it seemed to give her face new life. They told her how to wear makeup. They let her go her home to see her family for four days.

She’d never imagined such a homecoming.

The governor of Iowa himself met her at the airport and presented her with a golden ear of corn. The city of Marshalltown gave her a watch. Flashbulbs flashed. TV cameras ground away. There was a parade through the main street, with “Welcome Home,” and “We’re Proud of You” signs in windows. There was an eight-foot poster of her on the stage and the head on her shoulders began to spin. Friends called and stopped by the house, the press came in from Des Moines.

There were television appearances, magazine layouts. And in the midst of it all, she realized she’d hardly had a chance to see her family. She hadn’t reckoned with this side of fame.

Before she was ready, the real world came to her. She was the baby girl and it was hard for her family to get to her. But at the airport her mother smiled, “I guess all along you’ve been getting ready for something special to happen to you.”

Back in New York, she began to wonder if she was ready. The studio had set up a press brunch, she’d been. She’d read interviews, but it was one thing to read about them, another to give them. What would they ask? What would she say? On the way to the bruch Otto Preminger saw that she was nervous.

“There’s something I’d better tell you now,” he said, “Your parents will be there.” He’d flown them to New York to surprises her. But it was afraid the surprise would be too much for her.

While members of the press watched her screen test, Jean stayed in another room. “Such a week,” she says, “I couldn’t reach for a chair, or grab the bed. I sat down and let them into the room where the reporters were. There were about a quarter and fifty of them. Flashbulbs were popping, my parents were smiling, and I felt like a girl still a little dappled. She told me she’d cried through the test.

“Richard Widmark was there. It was the first time I’d met him, and he told me he was shy about press conferences, too. I was terrified. There were so many people and so many questions, all at once. ‘Shall I tell the truth?’ I whispered to Mr. Preminger.”

‘Always tell the truth,’ he said. Then he looked out over the crowd and smiled. ‘They’re very nice people—individually,’ he said. And everyone laughed.”

After a short time in New York, the girl who was to be the new Jean of London. She was given a suite at the famed Dorchester Hotel, which was to be her home for the next four months. Once her clothes were in the closet, she reached to the things she’d brought from home, the gifts from people she’d never met. A medal which had been blessed by the Pope at a visit to Brazil, a watch presented to her by the Irish maid in the New York hotel.

There was the tiny figure of a knight, which had come with one of her first fan letters. “Dear Jean,” the little girl had written. “This little night [spelled just that way] I found in my breakfast food. I hope it brings you good luck.” And then there was the scrapbook of her life, a gift from
She took the scrapbook on the desk and sank down into a soft, deep chair, and fingered the silver cross around her neck—
The next two weeks were full ones. She took riding lessons and French lessons.

There was a London press conference, and this time there were no photo-op opportunities. And then Otto Preminger called for a reading of the script. It would be the first and perhaps the only time that the complete cast of principals would sit together. They sat at a board-meeting-type table, with Preminger at the head, Joan at his right, Dick Widmark at his left.

The schoolgirl from Marshalltown, Iowa, faced the camera with a certain grace that was the result of the English stage and movies. Sir John Gielgud, Richard Todd, Anton Walbrook, Finlay Currie, Barry Jones, Margot Grahame, Felix Aylmer. "I felt that they wouldn’t have taken the risk of putting an unknown into such a big picture unless they were confident she would do well," Gielgud remembers. "But what a terrible ordeal for that girl, reducing her to this role." "It was a small room and it was crowded. They were doing a documentary on the filming and there were lights and cameras. In addition, the publicity people around it. It was a way done to make an experienced actor terribly nervous. It must have been a deathly ordeal for Jean." Jean had a way of doing things that she didn’t use it a great deal. Both she and Dick Widmark knew their lines. "It was obvious," Gielgud says, "that she had a very good natural emotional quality. She didn’t have to try to put her little self into the part. Dick and I were very interested in this part of the picture."

With Christmas coming, Preminger knew that his new star would be a homesick star. He thought it would help if he announced his gift early in the season. "I can’t put it under the tree," he told her.

The gift was a trip to France. Two days before Christmas, they clipped her hair to a length even shorter than a crew cut, after which American newspaperman Tom Ryan and Bob Willoughby flew to Paris. Preminger arranged a meeting with Ingrid Bergman, who laughed and said: "That’s a fantastic idea. It seems to grow shorter every generation." And then, growing serious, Ingrid told Jean that the role of Saint Joan was "the greatest role in the world." She was right.

Another highlight of the week was to visit Dior’s, where Preminger bought her an evening gown. If she felt less glamorous than she’d dreamed she might feel, it may have been due to the fitting request. "They asked if I’d please promise to wear a wig when I wore this dress," Jean grinned.

On Christmas Day, Jean stood in the house where Joan was born, in Domremy. She saw the little church where Joan was burned, and the river into which Joan’s ashes were thrown. The things she felt then were hard to put into words. "She was pretty good at the way I was going through. She’s a gifted little actress," said Richard Todd on the set one day. "But she’s under a tremendous strain. It’s not easy to jump into one of the all-time classic roles."

The kidding on the set helped. Todd told her about the union that the "youngsters" had formed. Finlay Currie was particularly pleased to be one of the "youngest." "We always work according to union rules," explained Richard. "Anyone who does a scene in one take is dunned out of the union. Anyone who comes in knowing his lines gets a black mark."

It was doubtful that she was eligible for membership. In the first place, she was too young. And in the second place, she knew

know each other, preferably without outside interference. But this was a big new film and a new girl. It was news, and Mr. Preminger gave permission for a press call.

They all came, forty or fifty reporters and cameramen adding to the pressure of the first day of shooting Joan had ever had in her life. But she was amazing. In between shots she came off the set and talked to the cameramen and gave them her absolute attention. When they wanted a shot of her thrusting her sword, she answered, "It’s not typical. Joan doesn’t fight, you know." She was thinking. And she was in absolute control of the situation."

Jean has another memory. "The first scene was the courtroom scene with the Dauphin. It was the first time I’d ever seen my face in a megaphone."

The lights didn’t bother me so much, but those cameras! They looked like big cannons, aimed right at me."

And the press. It seemed as if they all came at once. I barely remember what I said to them. But finally I said, ‘I have to go,’ and ran away. I just couldn’t take it.”

Bob Willoughby confirms both accounts. "One of the actors, Patrick Barr, took her by the hand and led her over to the press. She sat down in a chair and I was surprised at how calm and assured she seemed. Then I happened to walk around behind her. Calm, my foot. She had one hand in back of her and was hanging onto Patrick’s hand for dear life!"

It might be said that Jean Seberg led a double life during the production. She was the girl who jumped into the arms of Sir John Gielgud in Otto Preminger’s office soon after she arrived in London and found herself in a role. What should she say? What should she call him? Mr. Gielgud, Sir John, John? Finally she settled for, "How do you do, Sir John Gielgud, and where are we shooting to this morning?"

She was also the girl of whom Richard Todd said, "She has beautiful manners and she’s very modest. But she isn’t too deferential. She doesn’t appear to be afraid, and that makes her so much happier to talk to. She’s interested in a great many things and she doesn’t talk about herself, which is nice. I like her for that. Then, too, I like her for the fact that she picks the anyone’s brains. She watches and listens."

Each time Sir John did a scene, Jean was on the sidelines, watching and listening. He brought her candy bars and asked her to do any favors she might for him. She asked her to work with the English crossword puzzles. He asked her to go to dinner one evening so that she could meet Dame Peggy Ashcroft, another English theatre great.

Everyone seemed to have their own way to make her feel at ease. Another evening, production designer Roger Furse invited Jean and Preminger to his home to dine with Sir Laurence and Lady Olivier. Everyone was there, and almost everyone had something to say. As they were both introduced, Sir Laurence spoke to Jean. "I don’t need to ask you how it’s going,” he smiled. “I’ve asked everyone else and they say it’s just wonderful.”

"You’re a good sport," Jean told him. "I wish I were going through.“ “She’s a gifted little actress,” said Richard Todd on the set one day. “But she’s under a tremendous strain. It’s not easy to jump into one of the all-time classic roles.”

The kidding on the set helped. Todd told her about the union that the "youngsters" had formed. Finlay Currie was particularly pleased to be one of the "youngest." "We always work according to union rules," explained Richard. "Anyone who does a scene in one take is dunned out of the union. Anyone who comes in knowing his lines gets a black mark.”

It was doubtful that she was eligible for membership. In the first place, she was too young. And in the second place, she knew
then went to Girls' Nation in Washington, D.C. We didn't get much accomplished though. There was a lot of dissension between the North and the South.

"I graduated last spring and my elocution teacher recommended me for summer stock at the playhouse in Cape May, New Jersey. I played Claude in 'Clandestine,' and I won the role of Mrs. Carroll's and Madge in 'Picnic.' But I didn't look like Kim Novak, darn it!"

Still, there were some things she couldn't talk about, things that would hurt her. She'd heard that when people became movie stars their old friends were hesitant about keeping up the friendships. She didn't want that to be true. She found herself being careful about her letters. She wrote:

When she wrote a letter she'd had dinner with Sir John Gielgud, it sounded as if she were name-dropping. She never mailed the letter. She'd wait until she got back. Telling them in person would be different.

They'd been behind her all the way when she was testing for "Saint Joan." They were not nosy. The only thing that was that she was going to get the part. Some of them were talented kids, waiting for their break. She happened to get hers first and she didn't want it to make a difference.

And what a difference. She thought she was in love twice, but she knew she was young and fickle and spoiled. Would an intelligent, respectable young man have been much interested in involving an actress who loved her work? She thought of actresses who had happy marriages, and she could only hope that someday she'd be as lucky. Then, too, she thought of the letter she'd received from a farmer.

"Somewhere," he'd written, "you may have the fortunate difficulty of deciding whether to become a great actress or a great woman. I hope you decide to become a great woman."

But what about her acting future? And what would happen to her in Hollywood? On the screen, she knew, some stars were "sold" on the screen, but above all on the basis of a great performance, the result of years of training. "I don't have any technique or training yet," she found herself thinking, "All I have to sell is myself. People say that Hollywood is superficial. If I lose myself by being around superficial things, I'll have nothing."

She talked to Otto Preminger about her fears and he told her that for every phony in Hollywood, there are any number of very fine and very real people. But would she ever get to Hollywood? Newsmen were asking Mr. Preminger about her next role, and he was saying that he had immediate plans for her. The papers were wondering out loud about who would play the young girl in his production of "Bonjour, Tristesse." Deborah Kerr and David Niven had been signed for the other leading roles.

She wanted the part because it was a great part. But she wanted it, too, because it would mean that she'd done a great job in "Saint Joan" and that Mr. Preminger had confidence in her.

It was on a Friday night that Jean and some of the production people climbed into the car to drive to London. A few minutes later, Otto Preminger came out of the office building and got into the front seat beside the driver. As the car rolled past the studio gatehouse, he turned to Jean. "I've given Ed Sullivan permission to announce your next role," he said.

It meant she would play the part in "Bonjour, Tristesse." There were congratulations and there were jokes. "You've lost so much weight, I thought you'd be playing Gandhi," somebody said.

As the car neared London, the talk died out. Preminger glanced back at Jean. She was sitting in her corner, with the lunchbox and thermos on her lap. It had been a hard day. But, then, most of the days had been difficult for her. With more experience, she knew, she'd learn to relax—then things would be easier for her.

The car stopped for a traffic signal and the light from a street lamp shone through the window. It shone on her face. The face of a future star.

The End

**The Reluctant Traveler**

(Continued from page 57)

looked at each other in dismay, then out the window at the back, unhappy country side. "What," Alan mused, glancing at the official speculatively, "would Errol Flynn do now, I wonder?"

But it was not really a laughing matter. Not for Alan. This reluctant traveler, on his way to California, could not prevent himself from thinking about the "Dolphins" with Sophia Loren and Clifton Webb, might well have asked himself, "What in the world are Sue and I doing here?"

Faraway places hold no attraction for Alan Ladd. Adventure is his meat professionally, on the screen; but off it there is adventure aplenty for him in just following the sun from the studio at the end of a day to the Ladd home in Palm Springs. An exciting script, a strong role, an excellent cast—they are alluring enough to get him moving, to take him far from California. She's tired of them.

But even they would not be enough if Sue weren't able to be with him, if he couldn't take along the heart beat of his home and family.

"I'm not too available that way," Alan admits. "Once my roots are planted, I don't want to move."

Sue, too. "Greece?" she had said uncertainly, when 20th Century-Fox announced that the whole picture would be shot abroad. That meant a long stay. "Greece!" Alan had replied, and had begun getting homesick immediately. "I always want to come home before we even start," he admits. "I just don't like to go anywhere I've never been before."

Nor had it helped, this trip, to know that they would be gone three and a half months, when the family couldn't go along. That they would be on location in the Aegean Sea off a rocky little island called Hydra, on which there were no housing facilities available. That they would spend 112-foot yacht rented for them by the studio. For one thing, Sue has a sad way of getting seasick on boats.

And now, as they sat in the stalled train for our last hour in the Yugoslav railways officials debated whether it was really necessary to put them off, even their temporary yacht home seemed hopelessly far away. At last a friendly Greek fellow passenger managed to impress the Yugoslavs with the fact that Alan Ladd is a famous American cinema star. That taking him off the train would be a mistake. "It would be quite an incident," the passenger pointed out. That was enough, and the train finally rolled across the border and on to Athens.

There, it seemed, half the population of the country was waiting for them. "It was
so different!” Sue recalls. “They are a happy people, and they knew Alan. They met us at the train with Greek dictionaries and all sorts of gifts. The crowd practiced crying in our car.”

Their floating home was called the “Daphne,” a former patrol boat, and was anchored off Hydra, which is a quaint island northwest of Athens, on rock, with cobblestoned streets and houses stacked in pastel-colored tiers, one straight up above the other. It is four hours by boat from Athens, completely isolated, with no telephones.

Sue was to discover that she was a better sailor than she had suspected. “For some reason she didn’t take the little motions of the boat too hard,” Alan explained. “It was the rough hotel in Greece that caused him. We went about the way the “Daphne” moved. “When we were in heavy water this boat would rock, roam, rock and roll. Dance around and tables would go smashing from one side to the other—and it didn’t bother Sue at all.” As for Alan, he could even do his callisthenics aboard her. “I’d go out on the main deck and do handstands, with the boat jumping under me like a bucking bronco.”

An aquatic home has its novelties. Alan, a former free-style swimming and diving champion, could dive the twenty feet off the side in the morning and swim to work; the camera barge was usually about 200 yards away. Alan and Sue had a charming suite, including a big bedroom with full-sized bed, a den and a gray marble bathroom. Above that was a dining room, card room and galley. Below deck were six double-bunk rooms and an extra bedroom for any guests who might drop in.

“Sue makes any room our home,” Alan says. She puts flowers and magazines around, and they tucked up the children, even sleeping on the cabin top. Sue, also, contributed to the décor. “About half the company went to a benefit art exhibit on the island. We climbed 400 steps to get there and then the motor caught fire and blew. No lights. Everybody was running around with candles trying to see the exhibit.” But it was a benefit, so Alan bought a picture by candlelight.

Social activities, to a large degree, of necessity, limited. There was no theatre, no restaurant. “We would go from one boat to another for dinner, for a change.” The boats included a summer cruiser used as a floating hotel by a dozen or so families, the “City of Athens,” and the “S.S. Neraida,” formerly owned by Count Ciano, Mussolini’s son-in-law, on which Clifton Webb and his mother live, and the Sandpiper, where Sue and the children live at the top of the hill. “The car was about forty years old, and the driver kept turning the gas off and on to save gasoline.”

One gala evening Alan and Sue entertained the children and local clergy at the local tavern. “Alan collected some musicians who played the bazaar, an instrument like a mandolin,” Sue relates. “We walked downtown the cobblestoned street, and by the time we got to the tavern we’d picked up fourteen people from the company.” They bought wine for the whole party, had a festive evening, and the tab ran after $20 apiece for Sue.

Only one man spoke English in their international crew of nine, which included Italians, Greeks and a Chinese cook named Mike. Mike had been lost at sea off the coast of Greece for two days. He’d married a Greek woman “and he speaks nothing well now—not even Chinese.”

But Mike could make himself understood when anyone invaded his domain, the galley. One day Alan decided he wanted to make a salad. He chopped up tomatoes, onions, garlic, lettuce. “Just the usual salad, but I wanted to season it the way I like it.” Mike stood watching over Alan’s shoulder while he threw in the spices. Tension was obviously mounting. Suddenly, without a word, Mike wheeled away.

“What’s the matter with Mike?” Alan asked, adding more garlic.

“He’s upset,” the crew member who could speak English explained.

Mike was so upset that he was hanging over the side of the boat, violently ill. In the excitement his false teeth fell into the water and Alan, feeling responsible, gave him the money to replace them. As he adds, “That was the most expensive salad I’ve ever made.”

Mike’s idea of a perfect dinner was fried mashed potatoes for an appetizer, then soup, meat and potatoes. There were no kitchen appliances, no toaster or broiler or even an oven aboard. They made toast by frying it in a pan. When Alan and Sue got too hungry for American food they’d order by radio from the American Air Force base in Athens. “They would send us chicken and steaks. And when we went to Athens we’d stop at the PX at the base and get hamburgers, Cokes, Tabasco sauce, relishes—all those things you miss,” says Sue. Out of experience, Alan and Sue had taken along some portable like pancake mix, which proved a real luxury.

Occasionally Alan and Sue would go quietly into the galley late at night, when Mike was asleep, and prepare Alan’s informal snacks. “Alan likes to eat late, and he’s used to getting it himself—or me getting it,” Sue says. “He won’t ask anybody else. I think that’s one reason he doesn’t like to travel. He likes to be home—where he can raid the ice box.”

But take Alan’s word for it, this location trip was tougher on Sue. “No telephone. Sue went out of her mind if he grins. “Alan’s the worrier,” Sue retorts. “When we were where they had phones, if I’d called home every time Alan said, ‘Don’t you think you ought to talk to the kids? we’d still be over there, working to pay off the phone company!”

Actually, that was the tough one—being separated from their family. Otherwise, as Alan says, “We’ve traveled enough so that we can adjust to about anything. I don’t want to go, but nothing really bothers me after I get there. Sue and I’ve bunked in a trailer on movie locations. The two of us used to sleep in an upper berth on hospital tours.”

As in some measure a substitute for the family, Alan and Sue would talk to little Piero Giagnoni, nine-year-old Italian actor in “Boy on a Dolphin.” They would talk about America, about the kids, about baseball. “He was a doll,” Sue says. “And Piero was a doll. Big brown eyes, sensitive face, such a smart kid. If he needed it, I’d step on Piero, just as I’d step on David. I taught him English, and he taught me a lot of Italian. I’d never known. He really wanted to learn.”

One day they had Piero over for lunch, and Sue made pancakes for him. Another night they went to a restaurant. “We missed David so,” Sue relates. “And I made him say his prayers, not a word of which I understood.” On a night like this, thinking of their own nineteen-year-old son, the tears were about ready to give up the ship.

It was hard not being together with the family on Thanksgiving, for instance. Alan had a trip in Athens, looking at each other over an untrouped turkey and a bowl of fresh fruit. Saying nothing, lest they say too much. They called home, “and when I hear the kids’ voices I started to cry,” Sue says. When she cried, she triggered them all off. Carol Lee put David on the phone, and when Alan heard his gravel snuffle he choked up and handed the phone back with love in his voice, with nobody saying a word.

Missing chapters in the family scrapbook, important family firsts, that can never be replaced. Such as not being with David when he saw his first picture, Jaguar Productions’ “The Big Land,” in a Warners projection room. “I don’t think I was very good,” he wrote. “I rode the horse and the cow and the car. But I don’t think the rest of it’s good.”

Riding the horse had been a big victory for David. He was supposed to ride like the villain in the picture, but when Alan and Sue talked of getting a double for him. Then he was made to humidify when he found out the double would be a girl.

“Daddy, I can do it. Please let me,” he’d begged.

“David, I can’t take the chance. You might get hurt—”

“No, I wouldn’t. I’ll show you,” he said. With which David had immediately taken off another picnic, the box like the very wind. He had won his point. And now he thought the riding was “okay.”

Another family first: Carol Lee had sent her parents some new photographs of her and her son, nine-year-old Piero. Anne, as the young 20th representative in Greece had flipped, saying, “Get a set of these out to the studio in Hollywood. They’re looking for a boy to act opposite the nine-year-old Benda Ol社会效益.”

On the trip Sue took Piero along. He talked about himself and family, as the children were sensitive to, for events happening fast. “Too fast when you’re thousands of miles apart. But Alan and Sue have never seemed in my memory. Alan and Sue are all that children are adequately provided for, Alan wants Sue with him.

“Carol Lee was with the children. She’s every bit as good as Sue,” Alan says. “She’s more like I am. Laddie was with them, too, and Johnny Betz, who’s like my own brother, always stays at the house when we’re away. If anything ever happens, we know we could have a home for nine people. Friends of ours like the Bendixes, the Demarests and the Eddie O’Briens all had them over for dinner. And we kept in constant touch—”

They heard from Carol Lee almost every day, and all the children wrote fairly often. Sue would write a family letter every day and a personal letter.
to each of them twice a week. Report cards were sent two weeks after and care-fully scrutinized out there in the boat in the Aegean Sea. "If their grades weren't good enough, we'd wrap them up. Cancel all leaves.

Once a week Alan and Sue made the four-hour boat trip to Athens and called home. Confused phone calls, usually, fading out at about every third word, with the children talking in their sleep. The telephone exchange in Athens did not open until three P.M. With the ten hours difference in time, "we'd just barely hear voices really—sleepy voices. It was especially hard to recognize in the small hours of the morning," her mother recalls.

They'd usually call at six P.M. Athens time. As Alan says, "We figured that about four in the morning was the best time to catch them all. David gets up and leaves for school around 7:30. Laddie would be at his fraternity house in the afternoon. Lonnie and Carol Lee would be in and out. At noon I guess they're all there. And it's a bad gamble at five in the afternoon or at eight in the evening. But if we called at four A.M. we knew darn well they'd all be there."

"Go wake up everybody," Sue would say. And finally, "Get Lonnie on the phone." Silence, then, "We're trying, Mommy. Carol Lee would say. "She's coming—I think."

Sometimes there would be a small crisis to be solved, like the time their walk-in deep freeze had gone off while the kids were at the house in Palm Springs. Three hundred chickens in storage from the ranch had rotted "and melted into the wood." They were using gas masks and smoke signals but this wasn't working. The help was threatening to quit, for their quarters were right over the basement.

"They're fumigating," said Carol Lee. But the deep freeze might have to come out.

"How?" her dad said anxiously. "We had to knock down the basement wall to put it in."

"That's how it has to come out," she said.

"Oh, no!" Alan gasped, thousands of miles away. "Don't do that! Think of something else."

Six days of waiting brought an air-mail letter to explain how it was straightened out, but by then another small crisis had occurred. The brother Laddie's car seat had caught fire on the Hollywood Freeway," Carol Lee recalls. Her brother and a frat friend were driving along the freeway in his convertible, when a passing motorist threw a cigarette into the back seat. It burst into flame, and they had to pull off the freeway and put buckets of dirt on it—

Half a world apart, and there were important little personal decisions to be made, too.

Like Lonnie, belle of the ninth grade, explaining to a good-looking high-school junior that she still can't go out alone in the car with him. Yes, she knows she's the talk of older girls who can. "But that's one of the few things my mother has asked me not to do. And I can't do it—"

And there was the matter of David being all fired up about taking drumming lessons. "You'll have to ask Dad next time he calls," Carol Lee told him. When their parents called that week, she alerted them.

"David, when I was in school, they didn't have drumming lessons. There were only three girls who were taken out to learn the clarinet," Alan told him. But I can't afford it. I've always wanted to play the clarinet," Alan told him. "But I can't afford it. I've always wanted to play the clarinet. If you want to study clarinet, now, I'll see that you get a lesson."

David, who worshiped his dad, took up the offer. He was really dedicated to doing Alan proud on the clarinet. As Carol Lee wrote, "David's teacher says he's never seen a kid learn so much so soon." David was determined to learn to play "Onward, Christian Soldiers" for his dad and "Sweet Sue" for his mother by the time they came home. But as that day neared it was apparent that "Onward, Christian Soldiers" would be about all he could manage.

For Sue and Alan, remembering the Yugoslavia trip, it was almost as if getting home as it had been getting over there. And their new Jaguar Production, "The Deep Six," was scheduled to roll—

The sun shines brightly over the Aegean, but all around it were dark clouds of political crisis. Cyprus was one hour away. Four hours away, the Suez Canal had been sealed to Egyptian travel. Travel was tight. Americans and Britons were evacuating the Middle East. Boats and planes and trains were jammed and it was almost impossible to get reservations. The final scene for "Boy on a Dolphin" rolled to an end only just in time for Alan and Sue to keep their reservations aboard the Mauretania. For there was a boat—but the boat didn't make them. At Le Havre there was a big storm and the liner couldn't get into the harbor. For seven hours Alan and Sue sat in the boat station waiting.

Out in the Atlantic, fog shrouded them in Alan went up on the bridge and talked to the navigators, passing the time. "Why don't you move this thing!" he said, looking in the binoculars. "This is like a region to do want to get home, don't you?" they said. Then they told him. A freighter had just missed them by a coat of paint, right where the Andes Doria was down. New York and, true to pattern, pandemonium. They were twenty-four hours late and all train and plane reservations were gone. There was a train at six that might have picked them up if they could have been whisked through customs. It was another thirty then. They were whisked—leaving a whole army of bags on the other side of the compartment.

"Don't worry, Mrs. Ladd. It will catch up with you in Chicago," the porter said. A rush to Pennsylvania Station, to make the train just in the nick of time. Then, a pull on the bell of pure relief for the long ride. As the speeding train hurtled through the plains and mountains, their spirits soared. The long journey would be over.

At last, they were home. The house was shining and waiting. Every window carefully washed, every floor lovingly waxed, by their family's own hot little hands. Womanly work, if there was any to be done, was there. The deep freeze was purring away, just as though it hadn't almost been an international incident. New teen-aged faces, boy friends of Lonnie's, were floating in the air. And a very proud David brought out a shiny clarinet and played "Onward, Christian Soldiers" straight through, not more than a little off-key. At last, a relief. A well-known producer has been holding a great script for Alan. Great part. Great director. Great budget. In short, great.

"Africans?" repeats Sue weakly.

Four pairs of eyes on one. "Africans!"

"Forget it," says Alan into the phone, in a tone that means "Forget it." Alan and Sue are home. Home with the heartwarming memory of all those friendly faraway faces. But the. Good old future will be the same as it was. This is just where they will remain.

But the phone keeps on chattering. "Africa, huh?" says Alan. "Tell me some more about that script."—THE END

GO SEE: Alan Ladd in 20th Century-Fox's "Boy on a Dolphin," and Warners' "The Deep Six."
Some of the stories coming back from Japan are tender and moving. M-G-M called a party for the Japanese press, and Marlon was in a fit of the bends altogether. It was peaceful, and uneventful that he felt he had to prove he didn't care at all by being rebellious and offensive, was content to sit quietly in a corner the entire evening. "He’s even shyer than Japanese," said one of the Japanese newspapermen in wonder, and they liked him for it.

He's a little bit in wonder about those stars too. "I don't know how to do it. They don't bother you," he says, almost in awe. "I went into a Hong Kong store to buy something, and a lot of people started peering in the window. But this time I came out there was a big crowd, but no one pushed at me, or asked for autographs. They quietly parted and made a path for me to walk through."

There were short episodes. But there are others too, both confusing and disturbing. There is the report that Marlon has lost his fervor for acting, that he has become hard to work, and has almost completed, the psychological Western he's been writing called "Burst of Vermilion," which he intends to produce and direct, as well as act in. He expressed his feeling of being an outsider, and then there were other reports. That Marlon has become interested in Buddhism, Marlon has re-discovered religion. Recently he has written a story closely related to the fact that Marlon was going to give up acting. Another alluded that he wanted to go into the ministry.

And still far away from where the gentleman in question in able to answer these reports himself, he's stirred up a tempest of claims and counterclaims. His fans worry, "Doesn't he care about movies anymore? Is he going to stick around long?" "I know he said he wanted to do "Teahouse of the August Moon,"" wrote one fan, "to promote a better understanding—buts, nevertheless, he's away too, and there's talk he'll make still another picture in Japan. That's being away from home too long! People forget. As it is, even now Marlon's appeal seems to be fading. If they aren't careful, he will be replaced by someone else. There's no one else, anymore (he used to be close to the top) and the magazines don't write about him anywhere near as often as they used to. Why not? Where is he?"

And then there was the old Marlon Brando of "Waterfront"?" Frankly, these questions worried many people, for despite the fact that he's achieved stardom and almost achieved maudlin, people were more interested in the life of the projector. And the people who know him. He seemed like a short cut to heaven, but it left him restless, and when

You won't see it in any other magazine!

"I'm giving it to photoplay only," said Dick Powell about his own frank story revealing the truth about his separation from June Allyson.

Watch for the July issue!

To those who were watching and observing him closely, it was an electrifying statement. Here was a man who could fight for his integrity; who could do good things when he was acting (as Mark Antony in "Julius Caesar," as Terry Malloy in "On the Waterfront") but who'd never before had the courage to say that he wanted to reach out directly to people. Now he was ready to do it.

From Japan, the reports of his kindness, his sympathies, his wanting to do good, genuine things as something of a shock. Yet they needn't have. Basically, he’s been that sort of person underneath, yet he seems to have worked over-time, as in a Chinese laundry. A close friend of his relatives that when Marlon came home from Shattuck military Academy he told his father that he wanted to be a minister, because he felt that some day he would have to come to say, "His father studied him closely and said, "You can reach out to people in an audience box—and you can teach them something." That’s when Marlon decided he wanted to be an actor.

And, if you were looking for the signs, you could have seen them in his childhood when he begged a friend not to step on some ants in his presence "because they have a right to live too," and in his early days in Hollywood, when he shocked a new producer by showing disdain for a top-notch producer, "I didn't like the animal trophies in his office. "All those slaughtered animals!" he's supposed to have said with a shudder, when someone asked him to make them for the producer.

There were other signs too: He paid for a year’s worth of visits to a psychiatrist when he was having psychological problems. And he agreed to do Ed Murrow's "Person to Person," as he put it, "Mr. Murrow is making a contribution."

There were signs then that Marlon was coming out of his shell, but only now is it clear that he isn’t afraid of being the kind, gentle person he always was, potentially. Instead of hiding behind the face and voice of the character he's portraying, he isn't afraid to become the kind of person he'd like to be. Screen writer Louis L'Amour, a friend, says, "Marlon is still growing. He still has his best work to do. He has that sort of preparation...as far as he can go, and will go."

This was partly responsible for his break with Joanne Brerger. "Joanne," he once said succinctly, "still has some growing up to do." He might have added that he himself did too—and that they were growing in different directions. He might have said it, but he didn’t need to. It was something he felt.

A career, love, peace of mind—these are the things that Marlon is fighting for. Today at times he acts like a man who is fighting for his soul and his conscience. All his life he has been shy and gentle something to be ashamed of. Now he’s less afraid to reveal this side of his nature. The steps toward maturity have been slow, but he has come a long way. As one of his friends put it, "Marlon has recently discovered that living is more important than anything else. I think that if acting ever became an obsession or a major occupation or a means of expression, if it ever became more important than love or friendship, he’d give it all up. His search for faith goes on. Some day, he’ll find it, and himself—and I think he’ll find happiness when that day comes, too."
Escape to Happiness

(Continued from page 69)

if they were actors whom she remembered from her movie-going days in Cincinnati, she was more apt to see them underground, wonder than bounce her scene off them and take the camera for her own.

Curtiz, who has been known to get excited, was the only one who kept pace with Doris. When retakes were in order, he blamed himself, the cameraman and stagehands, or some vague airplane that had put a buzz in the sound track. He never blamed Doris. And Doris remained by working so hard that Curtiz was moved to remark, "Such application! No complaints. Always cheerful. With her around, the whole set seemed to have forgotten to get tired."

Every director who has worked with her has said much the same thing since, but Doris had a special reason for working hard on her last picture. She thought the good was only part of it. Actually, she did not think she was making good, nor did she see any point in raising false hopes that she would ever make a second picture. Every director was affected by the manner in which she was surprised to find herself still a member of the cast. She was hard-working because only by losing herself in her role, by driving herself to the point of exhaustion, could she return to her lonely hotel room—living in their trailer home had become unthinkable after husband George Weidler’s departure—and find any peace in sleep.

The girl who appeared in the finished production of “Romance on the High Seas,” was a gay, vivacious blonde without a care in the world, slightly-adopted head. And that was the girl the movie reviewers and Hollywood writers believed she was. But that was not the girl who dragged herself home alone each night. At twenty-three Doris saw herself as a mother who rarely saw her child, as a wife who had miserably failed not once but twice in holding her husbands. Work was not merely the road to success, but an antidote to misery.

The sensitive Curtiz felt some of this conflict that was seething within his star. From the start he discouraged her seeing any of the other stars sharing the set. Once she expressed doubt about a scene, and asked to see how it turned out. “I liked it,” he said firmly, “and that’s good enough for a director.” And Doris saw the frivolous blonde on the screen, she would try to redeem herself in the next take by making her a solid, serious-minded girl.

Thus began an odd policy that Doris has continued to this day. She will not see her rushes, and only when forced to attend the premiere of one of her pictures will she endure the ordeal of seeing herself as others see her. Today she has a good reason. It is in conflict with the accepted theory that an actor should study himself on the screen. She wants to give himself for his next roles, but it works.

She explains it this way: “When I study a script I develop a mental picture of the woman I am playing. I study that woman. By the time I am said to be so feminine, that woman is very real to me, and I know just what she will do.”

“You actually become that woman?”

“To the best of my ability, yes.” She crinkled her nose. “I am not that woman. I am not a woman. I try to look at that woman up there on the screen, and I don’t like her. Like in ‘The Man Who Knew Too Much,’ for instance. In some of the terror scenes I looked just awful. My mouth was crooked, my hair was all unruly, my dress was very much a sack. If I had seen the rushes of that—well, I’ll tell you one thing. I was held in the rushes, and then told him he was ruining me.”

“But I thought you did a marvelous job.”

“That woman didn’t do me,” Doris said emphatically. “In that situation, she was supposed to look awful, and as long as I was her, I knew it. Tears, madness, mouth, everything. But me, personally, I don’t like to see myself looking like that. As I say, if I had seen the rushes, the next day I could have fixed it. But I didn’t. And that was the only way the woman looked real. So I don’t look at the rushes. As long as it’s a picture about that woman, I keep myself out of it.”

But Doris did not encounter this dual personality, only the woman in the picture. “Romance on the High Seas,” with Jack Carson carrying the laughs in his inimitable style, was just light enough and fast enough for Doris to succeed without putting too much strain on her limited acting ability. At once Warner Brothers starred her in another picture, and then another, warning her meantime to acquire all the makings of the leading lady.

“You’re a natural without lessons,” she was told. “They can’t improve you, but they might give you some wrong ideas. Just leave good enough alone.”

The odd thing about it is that, unsuspected by herself or anyone else, she was doing a superb acting job all the time. She was type-cast as the wholesome, unworldly young woman, the perfect girl, the one in thousands, the one in millions. Thereby she gave to her career a stability that she might never otherwise have found. And she was forever being asked: “When is the real Doris going to come?”

At ten she had started her professional dancing lessons. At an age when most girls are giggling over their first dates, she was in bed with a shattered leg, her dancing career over. When other girls were going to the high school prom, she was singing for college proms with Bob Crosby’s orchestra. At age nineteen she was on the road with Les Brown’s band, and when they were beginning their first serious romances, she was already a mother married, and mother. And more other girls saw their lives filled with humdrum reality and envied Doris her gay and romantic life in big-time show business, she saw the harsh reality of her work and envied them their special teenage life filled with a sparkling magic of its own. She did not play the girl next door. She acted out her dream of that kind of life and was her dreaming, easy-living, romantic dream that added the extra lift to her films.

If her first films were repetitious they had their rewards. With her first paycheck she was able to bring her mother and younger sister to California. In the first time in years she was with her son. One of the big moments in her life was when she moved her family into a small, but enviable two-bedroom in Hollywood Valley.

Movie fame also brought her big radio assignments, among them the Bob Hope show, and big recording contracts. Within two years of her first movie assignment, she had been heard on the air in series, radio and in recording royalties. In 1948 she recorded “It’s Magic,” still one of her favorite songs, and watched it soar over the million mark in a matter of weeks. “It’s Magic” seemed to be the theme song of her career, but it had anything but a magic influence on her private life, unfortunately.

Special New Tablet Relieves Monthly Cramps for 3 out of 4 in Tests!

Amazing new formula developed especially for female distress gives greater relief than aspirin!

If you dread those “difficult days” each month, listen! Science has developed a special new tablet to relieve pain, cramps, and tense feelings of monthly period! It contains a unique combination of medicines—including blood-building iron. Thus offers more relief than plain aspirin!

In doctors’ tests painful distress was relieved for 3 out of 4 women! Many didn’t suffer even on the first day! They also escaped much of the jitters and unhappiness so common as you approach that trying time of month.

So don’t suffer needlessly. Ask for “Lydus Pinkham Tablets” at drug stores. No prescription needed. See if they don’t help you feel worlds better—both before and during your period!

CROOKED TOES?

This highly effective device of soft, flexible rubber —
Dr. Scholl’s TOE-FLEX — tends to gradually straighten crooked or overlapping toes exercising an even outward pressure. Worn invisibly, Very comfortable. Sizes, Small, Medium, Large, Only 70c each.

Troubled with Unwanted Hair?

MALER’S INC.
DEPT. 587-G
PHILADELPHIA 19, PA.

Send 54c for illustrated 16-page booklet “New Radiant Beauty!”

BLONDIES

Wash Hair Shades Lighter

FAMOUS Swedish Way!

The women of Scandinavia have always been envied for their glorious blonde hair. Now, without tars, rinses or that old, bleached look, you can safely give your hair the radiant, golden shine and shimmering highlights that men loved. Called BLONDIES, this new Swedish "elan" shampoo, made especially for blondes, and prepared at home—fresh as you need it—builds into a richer, gentler lather that’s just right for delicate blonde hair. Contains ANGELIC to lighten and shine as it shampoo. Washes away the dingy film that keeps hair dark and dull looking—gives it lovely luster and flattering highlights. Fine for children’s hair, too! Get BLONDIES today! At 10c, drug and department stores.

111
Having twice failed in marriage, she became convinced that love was not for her. More and more she spent every free moment at Hidden Valley, shunning society with the fanaticism of a recluse. Once in a while she attended Army camps and horse-pitals with Bob Hope, then joining them to a landing in Pittsburgh so narrowly missed a collision that even Hope turned green. As their plane zoomed skyward, the other plane inches, Doris decided that if she ever got safely back to earth, her days of constant travel would be over. Today she will do nothing if only Marty and Terry can be with her. She made a trip to Marakesh, Paris, and London with "The Man Who Knew Too Much," she is uneasy until she gets back home. "Marty and Sally live in the family," she admits. "They love to haggle in weird Arab bazaars, or find strange shoes in Paris or London, but me, if I can't find what I want on Wilshire Boulevard, I don’t want it. I don't want to be quite so much traveling while I was still too young."

Another by-product of her young days that matches her unwillingness to travel is her reluctance to appear in public as an entertainer. Where once she would sing into the small hours seven nights a week for twenty-five dollars, she now flatly refuses $25,000 a week to make a couple of nightly appearances at some lavish Las Vegas casino. Except in the cause of charity, she limits her work to recording sessions and movie assignments where her audience is made up exclusively of professionals.

This reluctance can be traced back to "Young Man with a Horn," in which she co-starred with Kirk Douglas. It was a strong production, but the studio felt safe, because Doris knew all about music, about jazz and jam sessions. About one-night stands and about young men who played horns, having been married to two of them, and it was her toughest assignment. The movie sets of night clubs and theatres were too real. The situations and dialogue were too real. They carried too many overwhelming painful memories. Every day Doris had to force herself to belt out a few songs she had once sung for kicks, and what the director thought was a girl coasting through a natural part, the girl just went along. Her withdrawal from public entertainment dates from that time.

Out of the eighteen pictures Doris made for Warner Brothers, only one other revolved around true dramatic ability, but this time with happier results. That was "Storm Warning," in which she made her first venture into terror. As things turned out, it was one of the few pictures which removed any doubts about Doris Day as a dramatic actress, it felt comfortably covered by having Ginger Rogers, a proven actress whose name alone could sell the picture, play the minor role which was only secondarily supported her in the secondary role of her sister.

A few days after its premiere Doris was dragged, almost forcibly, out of her seclusion at Hidden Valley to attend a party at Warner Brothers. She looked Hollywood glamorous to all but Doris Day. "You have to come," she was informed. "There'll be some people there you simply have to meet."

Doris dutifully went to the party, was caught up by the social whirl and passed unbosomingly from one group to the next. In time, and to her immense relief, she found herself in a quiet corner where she could see without being seen. She began to relax a little. A few more minutes went by before she was aware of a silent bulk beside her. "I thought you looked a little as she had previously thought, a protrusion of Hollywood work. With an inward gasp she realized it was Alfred Hitchcock, a man so notoriously shy that he had always been to put up his favorite exercise of eating rather than make a public appearance in a studio commissary.

But of Mr. Hitchcock is shy, he is also the murder-master of Hollywood, whose film excursions into the more sinister aspects of crime have made him a connoisseur of sophisticated dialogue, dramatic acting and exotic sets. His first apprehension at finding Doris Day beside him dwindled as the minutes went by and she made no overtures to speak. It dawned on him that he was in the presence of a person even more shy than he, an emboldening experience. It even encouraged him to speak.

"You are Doris Day, are you not?" he asked in his meticulous Oxford English. She yielded a frightened smile and a nod of assent.

"You can act," she said accusingly.

Embarrassed expression covered her face. No one had ever accused Doris of that before.

"I saw you in 'Storm Warning.' Quite a way you've come, Miss Day." And he turned away.

TOP SECRETS

Wish you could copy Natalie Wood's part hero? Or try Doris Day's easy, to-core-for shorty cut?

* Photoplay has arranged to bring you complete, easy-to-follow cutting and setting instructions from the stars' own hairstylists!
* See the July issue for four pages of Hollywood hairdos.

PHOTOPLAY FOR JULY

Wish you could copy Natalie Wood's part hero? Or try Doris Day's easy, to-core-for shorty cut?

* Photoplay has arranged to bring you complete, easy-to-follow cutting and setting instructions from the stars' own hairstylists!
* See the July issue for four pages of Hollywood hairdos.
talent or her way. "Uncertainty and on painful mistakes at first and developed with growing confidence. In "Lullaby of Broadway" she did some of the most difficult steps the art has to offer, including the trick of dancing up and down a long flight of stairs.

Doris Day was dancing again. She had a happy home-life. Her studio was happy with her talents and perfectly willing to pay her her cut if the pictures were fun to make. But to her, one question now became paramount.

"Can I act?"

She quit the studio. She quit to freelance, to wait for some producer—any producer—to give her a solid dramatic part. It is a rough decision for any actor to make. Rougher still for Doris, who had a million-dollar dividend when one of the big studios would call her next door," but little more than her own intuition to assure her she could act. As one critic remarked, with more fineness than charity, it was like one circus comedian to wait for an offer from grand opera.

Doris had plenty of offers. She was too valuable a property to remain ignored. But her ways would be protected all wanted to star her in the same sure-fire roles that had helped keep Warner Brothers a prosperous concern. She turned them down, but a gnawing desire that part of her Lonely years of breaking into Hollywood, in which hard work was her only antidote to misery, were now taking their toll. And she had worked harder than she or anyone else knew. Even an experienced actress could toss off with the lift of an eyebrow what had been an ordeal for her, and the difficult lines that she had mastered were not so rigorously strained by the production plus training as they were of sheer perseverance. To mental turmoil was soon added a health problem, memories of which are tender to relate.

At this critical point she wanted comfort only from Marty, from Terry, and from her mother. Least of all did she want to be hunted by the press and interviewed over television and the details of her private life. In return for this "lack of cooperation," the Women's Press Club of Hollywood voted her their "Soup Apple Award" of their disapproval. Upon receipt of this news, Doris came close to collapse.

"It was the lowest period of our married life," Marty admits frankly. An offer from M-G-M to star with Jimmy Cagney in the highly dramatic "Love Me or Leave Me," a turning point in her professional life. The picture was based on the life of Ruth Etting, a famous singing star of early radio and speakeasy days, who in private life was the unhappy victim of too many bouts with the bottle and with a husband whose tenderness seldom rose above a belt on the jaw.

Marty, who had given up his role as agent in favor of keeping business out of the family, who longed to let his wife find herself in a difficult role, but her friends were horrified.

"How can you play Ruth Etting?" she was asked countless times. "You don't dance!"

And a paragraph of letting whatever you think of your fans. They know you as the wholesome girl down in the high-necked gingham dress. How can you let them down in a picture that deals with sex and booze and even murder?

But Doris went ahead. She turned in a performance so outstanding in its dramatic intensity that it won for her the International Laurel Awards Poll conducted by motion picture exhibitors. On the strength of tickets purchased at the box-office window, Doris Day was the top actress of the world, successful as never before.

Shortly before the end of shooting on "Love Me or Leave Me," Doris ran into Alfred Hitchcock.

"Now," he said.

"What?" asked Miss Day.

"The Man Who Knew Too Much."

"Good."

It was one of the shortest negotiations in Hollywood history, but then, because of the length of the title, it was pretty conventional for those two at that. Doris knew she wanted to work for Hitchcock, and Hitchcock knew he wanted Doris for the remake of his all-time favorite movie. Need it be mentioned?

With the release of "The Man Who Knew Too Much," Doris made permanent her right to be called a dramatic actress and a star of the first magnitude. Then came "Doris Day," her first opening as a producer company called Arwin Productions, which happens to be Mr. and Mrs. Martin Melcher. Now she is busy with "The Pajama Game," a vehicle for the full measure of her triple-threat talent, as a singer, as a dancer and as a dramatic actress.

But it is not in the flowering success of her current career, deeply satisfying though it is, that the real climax of Doris Day's story comes. It is in her personal life, her fresh hold on the world, created by her years of struggle, of pain and joy.

In part, this fresh look arose from her recent work. "When Marty and I were working as business partners on "Julie," Doris says, "it made us realize how important family life is, so I think that is the most important realization that has ever come to me."

But the climax is more than that, too.

Last summer Doris took a serious operation. It had been a near disaster. She had to go to the hospital she asked her doctor, "Will I be able to play tennis?"

Thinking she was asking only if there would be pain, the doctor, knowing tennis style, he answered, "Nothing of it. You can play all the tennis you want."

Whereupon Doris hired an instructor and put in an hour a day on the courts the next week. When she reported her progress to her doctor, he was appalled. "I didn't mean you could play tennis now," he protested. "I meant after you had recovered from your operation."

"Oh, that," said Miss Day. "I recovered from that the day I left the hospital."

That's Doris Day on the health side. But more important, her "rest" in the hospital had been a time to think over other matters. As a result, she had decided that she was going to learn about baseball, and swimming, and tennis, and fishing, and all the other sports she had never had a chance to try. Now she was picking them up instinctively. She would recapture her youth while she was young enough to enjoy it, and old enough to appreciate it.

That's exactly what she's doing, with enthusiastic support from Marty and Terry, who are enjoying their roles as sports instructors to the full. And Doris is having more fun than she ever dreamed possible.

All the confusion and all the indecision are gone. And what will happen in the future? Back once more to the drifting, drinking, mindless world of the film stars? Not if she can help it. Doris Day is going to have a job running her family and her home. Whatever will be had better be in the direction of making all three of them richer, more satisfying, more her own— or she will bat the charming philosophy right in the eye. And that goes for the fortune, too.

WATCH FOR: Doris Day in Warners' "The Pajama Game."

What Do 3 Out of 4 Doctors Recommend to Relieve Pain?

A survey shows 3 out of 4 doctors recommend the famous ingredients of Anacin Tablets to relieve pain of headache, neuritis and neuralgia. Here's why Anacin® gives you the total effect in relieving pain than aspirin or any buffered aspirin:

- ACTS INSTANTLY: Anacin goes to work instantly. Brings fast relief to source of your pain.
- MORE EFFECTIVE: Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin is not a medication but a combination of effective, medically proven ingredients.
- SAFER: Anacin simply cannot upset your stomach.
- LESSENS TENSION: Anacin also reduces nervous tension, leaves you relaxed, feeling fine after pain goes. Buy Anacin today.

World Wide, Dept. WG-6-57
63 Central Avenue, Ossining, N. Y.

Send me 100-page pattern booklet XI. I enclose fifty cents.

NAME.
STREET.
CITY.
ZONE. STATE.

SPARKLING
8 X 10
ENLARGEMENT
only 49¢

Cervine, one-way only. Original enlargement will be returned in your order. Size, color, and style may vary from the example. Original enlargement must be sent. Changes of style are subject to service charge of 50c. Please allow 10 days for delivery. Send 50c for booklet.

What Do 3 Out of 4 Doctors Recommend to Relieve Pain?

A survey shows 3 out of 4 doctors recommend the famous ingredients of Anacin Tablets to relieve pain of headache, neuritis and neuralgia. Here's why Anacin® gives you the total effect in relieving pain than aspirin or any buffered aspirin:

- ACTS INSTANTLY: Anacin goes to work instantly. Brings fast relief to source of your pain.
- MORE EFFECTIVE: Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin is not a medication but a combination of effective, medically proven ingredients.
- SAFER: Anacin simply cannot upset your stomach.
- LESSENS TENSION: Anacin also reduces nervous tension, leaves you relaxed, feeling fine after pain goes. Buy Anacin today.
The Dream That

(Continued from page 59) trivial. And yet, the minute you settle down to the everyday living of marriage, those are the things you spend your days with, and they get to be all important. I know."

Vera, who jumped headlong into an early marriage at eighteen, after knowing the boy a month, was floored by the enormity of the job she'd undertaken. Her youth, spent living in Y's and supporting herself since she was fourteen, hadn't prepared her for the job of being a homemaker, and the day-to-day business of keeping house was difficult. For many reasons, her first marriage was never happy. Her second marriage, to Gordon Scott, has been different.

"When Pete and I (I guess I'll never be able to call him Gordon)—when we decided to get married, it may have seemed sudden, but we'd had a long time to get to know each other, and I'm glad of it. It gave our love a chance to simmer, a chance to develop, and for me to think things through and plan the kind of home we'd have."

"I must have been thinking of marriage unconsciously ever since I started my collection of fancy china about a year ago, and put it on a shelf in the kitchen that I called my shelf. It got me started thinking in terms of making a home for Pete, of building something for us to share together."

"Isn't it odd, I've always felt that here in America, where we teach our girls to be secretaries, actresses, teachers, file clerks and writers, we teach them almost nothing about the most important job of all: the business of making a home. My own little girls, Debbie and Kelly, will start early learning about the things that make a home. After all, a homemaker is what every girl wants most to be—so why not teach her as much as possible, as soon as possible?"

We think Vera's thinking sound, and we agree. Whether you're living at home, reforming a house that's been under way awhile or, most happily of all, getting started as a Mrs. in a brand-new household of your own, you want to learn as much as you can about linens, sheets, towels, silver, glass and china, for they're the little things which make a house a nicer place in which to live. And here are tips—some are Vera's, some ours—to help you do it!

Set a Pretty Table: You're lucky—you can be as new-fashioned as you please, and still be in the best of style. "My grandmother never saw a place mat in her life," says Vera, "but I wouldn't be without a set." You, too, can have attractive, inexpensive place-settings for every day and choose them from among styles frilly as organdy or sturdy as plastic. And your tablecloth needn't be white, as Grandmother's most likely was. It can be almost any color of the rainbow, or something that even the rainbow hasn't seen: a pastel sprinkled through with the glint of gold, or a vivid, bold print, or a print. You can have a tablecloth that's been treated with a finish to make it stain-repellent, or you can have one that's plastic-coated. And if you want it, you can have a beautiful cloth of light-as-air lace, woven of strong-as-steel Dacron. It's all yours, for just the taking.

"In making a selection, however," Vera reminded us as we spoke, "point out that the pattern in color and design should..."
complement both the china and glass of the place setting and blend with the color scheme of the rest of your room. Also be careful about the size too. For instance, if you choose one of the new oval tablecloths for an oval table, you won’t have horrible folds of a rectangular cloth gathering and hanging limply at the sides.

To test your table linen for quality—and the test is just about the only thing you’ll find hasn’t been improved upon—it’s the same one Grandma used. Simply slip your fingernail under the seam of the hem. If the stitches are tiny and firmly placed, you’ll have a hard time penetrating, and the tablecloth will last longer than if the stitches are loosely placed and easy to get through.

**Choosing Your China (and here’s a page right out of Vera’s scrapbook):** Get re-acquainted with three good words, while you’re about the business of selecting your dishes. They are: porcelains, earthenware and pottery, and they’re the three major groups into which dinnerware falls.

Porcelains (also called china) are made of highly-refined clays fired in a kiln at intense heat. You can see a shadow of your hand when you hold it to the light, hear a bell-like ring when you tap it with your finger.

Earthenware is fired at a lower temperature and for a shorter period of time. It must be glazed before you can use it. Pottery is made of unrefined clays in their natural state and is less highly fired than earthenware. It’s heavier, more transparent, and because it’s porous, it’s non-resistant.

In expense, the three groups rank roughly in the order given.

Select your dinnerware according to your taste, your plan for living and your pocketbook. “But by all means choose a pattern you won’t tire of,” warns Vera, “one that will blend nicely with your color scheme.” (She chose eggshell white.) If your pattern is one that comes in open stock, you will be able to buy individual pieces later on, whenever you want to. To what you’ll probably want at the outset will be butter plates, luncheon plates, salad plates, dessert plates, and teacups and saucers—in a service for four, at least. Later on, you’ll add other pieces such as cereal bowls, multiplied by the number of settings you have, and fill in (whenever breakage occurs).

**The Glaze of Glass:** “This much is clear as crystal: it’s easy to shop wisely for glass, when you know the facts,” laughed Vera. “But it’s getting those facts.” Perhaps you aren’t an expert either, but you’ll look like one if you watch for good design and proportion in the glassware you buy. Each piece should be easy to hold and well balanced. It should “feel right” when you hold it.

In buying stemware, be an “expert” and see that the stem and the base, and the base and the bowl, are firm joined, since these are the points at which breakage most often occurs. Good glassware has the glow, luster or clear sparkle of fine crystal. It would be asking too much to insist that every piece be entirely free of bubbles, waves or specks—but it wouldn’t be doing so to insist that these marks be few, and in inconspicuous places.

If the glassware is decorated by etching, cutting or engraving the cutting should be sharp and true, the etching bright and clear.

All home accessories pictured, at leading stores everywhere.
To buy swim fashions shown on pages 72-81, phone the stores listed below, mentioning Photoplay. Or write to store nearest you, enclosing a clipping of the item you wish to order.

**Jantzen striped swimsuit**


**Cola of California printed sheath suit**


**Flexees nylon streamer swimsuit**

CHICAGO, ILL.—Fashionette SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.—Vogue Shop NEW ROCHELLE, N.Y.—La Rose Shoppe NEW YORK, N.Y.—Saks-34th Street

**Rose Marie Reid dotted swimsuit**

DETROIT & NORTHLAND, MICH.—Kline's, Inc. HARTFORD, CONN.—Florence Travis LONG BEACH, N.Y.—Rita's LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Bullock's Downtown

**Surf Togs sheath swimsuit**

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—May Co. LOS ANGELES, KY.—Levy Bros., Inc. NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Kraus Co., Ltd.

**Brilliant jacquard swimsuit**


**Catalina striped cotton swimsuit**


**Sea Nymph Hi-Lo swimsuit**


**Rose Marie Reid alphabet towel**

DETROIT & NORTHLAND, MICH.—Kline's, Inc. ST. LOUIS, MO.—Struugs-Vandervoort-Barney

Clear and distinct. Pressed glass should not show prominent marks or ridges.

“I started off with one good basic set of glassware,” offered Vera. “Tea glasses, water galleys, and sherbet glasses—eight of each.”

**Set Your Place in Silver:** In the matter of silver flatware, there are two roads to take. You could take the high road of “sterling” and slowly build for a lifetime of service. The other road is to buy the quick road of “silver plate” and round up your silver service quickly and inexpensively.

Sterling silver (“It’s easy to recognize because it cannot be soldered on the piece”) is made almost entirely of silver, with a small amount of alloy added to give extra strength and durability. Silver plate, on the other hand, is made up entirely of copper, which is subsequently silver-plated (though suitably suited for service) and is made of a basic white metal which has been coated or “plated” with silver. The quality of the plate depends, ton how heavy the coating plating is, and how well pieces are reinforced with additional silver at points of wear. The heavier the piece of silver plate is, the better it is considered to be. It’s not of the silver you’re using that determines the quality.

“Of course, sterling is the best,” Vera agreed with us. “But if your budget won’t allow it, you can choose plated silver if it’s guaranteed to fulfill the marked quality: the weight determines the quality.

“Sterling silver flatware is another alternative to sterling, and some of the reliable silver houses are now making stainless that is both attractive and well-made. Points-of-purchase to keep in mind when buying stainless steel are as follows: make sure that each piece is not the same thickness throughout, but that it is “rolled” so that it is thickest at the points of stress, and then tapers for balance and good design. Hollow-handled knives, and skillful finishing are also quality notes.

If you aren’t buying a complete set outright, the best idea is to build your service a place setting at a time. In other words, you’ll want to buy one each of: salad fork, butter spreader, cream soup spoon, luncheon fork, luncheon fork, teaspoon. And then start all over again when the place setting is complete. You’ll have a wide choice of very decorative or simple patterns, depending on your taste and the decor of your house.

“A service for four would seem to be the minimum—anything over that, really nice to have,” suggested Vera. Remember, when the set of silver you choose, such as candelabra, serving dishes, tea sets, can add gracious living to your home and last a lifetime.”

**Tips on Towels:** The more loops the merrier (the heavier the better) they might apply to toweling and terry cloth, for the more loops the more absorbent the terry cloth will be, and the “thirstier” the towel when you apply it to your skin. Good towels feel soft and fluffy, even after many washings, and it’s a good idea to buy the best quality you can afford and to stay with the well-known brands.

In addition to bath towels, you will want and need face towels and washcloths, fingertip towels for guests and an extra supply for weekends. But if you aren’t one-track—mind girl normally, try to get that you are not the subject of towels and colors; you don’t want too many colors confusing the bathroom color scheme. Two good basic colors (or one solid color, one contrasting) are best for expressing your color sense. (Vera has one set of black towels.) And you’ll want the rest of the bathroom accessories—curtains and mats, for instance—to blend into a harmonious whole.

**The Best of Bedding: Percale? Muslin?** I can never remember the difference,” admitted Mrs. Scott. So we looked up the answer. It’s easy to see the light, and to discover the difference between percale and muslin. Percale is both up to the sunshine. Combed percale is tightly woven of long, even threads, and feels like silk. It’s more expensive than muslin, which is loosely woven of heavier cotton, and lets the sunshine through in larger doses when you’re making the test.

“If you’re not using a contour sheet, sheets should be large enough to stay tucked in the bed, which means a use of says Vera “—especially if you’re a gymnast like Gordon.” Fortunately, they’re made in standard, extra large, and fitted sizes, so that you know you’re getting the bed sheet you need for the type of bed you have.

Sheets and pillowcases, which is to be white, now come in a garden-variety of colors and pastel stripes, flower-splashed patterns, and delicates. “I bought so many I had no more storage space—and had to get a hope chest,” laughs Vera. “Actually though, it’s such a handsome piece of furniture to add to our dressing room or what have you.”

Vera thinks a suggested list of bed linen should include six sheets for every bed—two on the bed, two in the laundry, and two for the hope chest.

**Blanket Statements:** Covering the subject neatly, she made the blanket statement that covers should give warmth. That’s the primary function of blankets and for that reason, wool is most preferred. There are, however, a good many blankets of which blankets are currently being made, such as nylon, Orlon, Acrylic and Dacron, used alone or in a blend, which often offer the added features of washproof and non-allergic, “I use cotton comforters for the girls’ beds,” said Vera. “They’re less expensive than wool, but don’t offer as much warmth for the amount of weight. However, it’s cozy ideal.”

A good woolen blanket should be soft and fluffy to the touch and slightly “springy.” The nap should be even, and the weave, regular. You don’t get warmth from mere weight, you get it from the layers of air and “pockets” built into the blanket, so the finer and the closer the weave, the more ‘pockets’ of air there are, and the warmer the one will be.

Blankets not only come in a wide range of colors, solid or printed, but there is an assortment of sizes too: for a standard double bed, a blanket should be 80 by 90 inches for a standard queen size, 90 by 100 inches. There are, however, king-size blankets which measure 90 by 109 inches.

Summing up: your home (and the things you have in it) reflect the kind of person you are. Show it wisely, you—and the people in it—will agree that “home is where the heart is.” “Making a home for her loved one is every American girl’s dream,” explained Vera. And fortunately, it is a dream that lasts forever. The End

YOU’LL SEE: Vera Miles in Paramount’s "Beau James."
"Such a difference in comfort..."

...the new Kotex napkin with gentle Wondersoft covering won't rub, won't chafe, fits perfectly—gives you the instant and complete absorbency you need.

And the new Kotex belt has a special clasp that won't "dig in" like metal. This self-locking clasp holds the napkin securely, never lets it slip or slide. The specially-woven elastic, too, stays flat and snug—the edges won't curl or twist.

Talk about comfort...this is it!
THERE ARE THREE BRECK SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS

A mother likes a gentle Breck Shampoo for her children - and for herself. Each of the Three Breck Shampoos is mild and gentle in action, yet cleans thoroughly. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. Select the correct Breck Shampoo for each member of your family. A Breck Shampoo brings out the soft, natural beauty of the hair.

The Three Breck Shampoos are available at Beauty Shops and wherever cosmetics are sold.