XCLUSIVE: Tony Curtis Reveals His Bout With Psychiatry

Monroe at The Crossroads: Trouble Ahead?

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Complete Directions

kolsky Blasts the New Look in Hollywood's Men
Breck Hair Set Mist

A NEW, SLENDER CONTAINER FOR THE FRAGRANT SPRAY THAT HOLDS HAIR SOFTLY, BEAUTIFULLY IN PLACE

Breck Hair Set Mist, a fragrant spray, is available in an attractive new container. This slender package is easy to use and economical to purchase. Breck Hair Set Mist is gentle as nature’s mist, yet its delicate touch holds your hair softly in place for hours. A damp comb renews your waves without respraying. Breck Hair Set Mist provides a quick, easy way to make lasting pin curls, too. Fragrant as a bouquet, Breck Hair Set Mist contains lanolin, which leaves the hair soft to the touch and brings out the natural lustre and beauty of your hair.

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New **MUM®** stops odor...**without irritation**

**So safe for any normal skin you can use it every day**

If you've ever worried about underarm stinging or burning from using a deodorant daily or right after shaving or a hot bath—now you can set your mind at ease.

New Mum Cream is so gentle and safe for normal skin, you can use it whenever you please, as often as you please.

Mum Cream gives you the kind of protection you can't possibly get from any other leading deodorant—because it works a completely different way.

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**MUM® stops odor 24 hours a day with M-3**
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Nothing to stop you from rushing headlong into a clear, fresh pool, a mountain spring, a briny surf! When it's time-of-the-month, you can still keep cool! You can swim wearing Tampax—the internal sanitary protection that really protects while it keeps your secret safe!

Doctor-invented Tampax® is invisible and unfelt when in place. You can wear it under the sleekest bathing suit—and no one will ever know! You can dive, swim, be a living mermaid—and Tampax won't absorb a drop of water!

Any time, anywhere, Tampax is the coolest, nicest, most comfortable sanitary protection you can wear. No belts, pins or pads to chafe and bind. Nothing to bulge or show. Nothing to cause odor.

Take off for a breezy beach at a moment's notice! Say "goodbye" to "problem days" with Tampax! It's easy to change...simple to dispose of...convenient to carry. Why, as much as a whole month's supply tucks away in your purse! 3 absorbencies: Regular, Junior, Super. Wherever drug products are sold. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.
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ROCK HUDSON in a giant new triumph!

THE MOST DANGEROUS BIG-GAME IN AFRICA ...MAN!

ROCK HUDSON
DANA WYNTER
SIDNEY POITIER

WITH WENDY HILLER • JUANO HERNANDEZ • WILLIAM MARSHALL • SCREEN PLAY BY RICHARD BROOKS
BASED ON THE BOOK "SOMETHING OF VALUE" BY ROBERT C. RUARK • DIRECTED BY RICHARD BROOKS • PRODUCED BY PANDRO S. BERMAN • AN M-G-M PICTURE

Famed book on the screen with shattering impact!
New sunshine yellow shampoo puts sunny sparkle in hair!

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Brunette? Blonde? Redhead?

You'll thrill when you see how your hair responds to the conditioning benefits of new SHAMPOO PLUS EGG! It's just what your hair needs—for new life and luster, for rich silky softness. You'll love the "feel" of your hair—the way it manages.

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 liling sunny sparkle it puts in your hair! Try it once, you'll use it always.

Economical 29¢, 59¢, $1.

CASTS
OF CURRENT PICTURES

BEAU JAMES—Paramount. Directed by Melville Shavelson; Jimmy Walker, Bob Hope; Betty Comp ton, Vern Miles; Chris Nolan, Paul Douglass; Allie Walker, Alexis Smith; Charles Froboise, Deren Mc Gavin; Bernie Williams, Joe Mantell; George Jessel, Joyce Donan, Thespian; Producer, Horace McAlmon; Dick Jackson; Richard Shannon; Arthur Johnson, Willis Bouchey; Sid Nathan, Sid Melton; Al Smith; Walter Carlet.

BUSTERY RAION STORY—The Paramount. Directed by Sidney Sheldon; Buster Keaton, Donald O'Connor; Gloria, Ann Blyth; Peggie Coursen, Rhonda Fleming; Kurt Bernander, Peter Lawre; Larry Tripper, Larry Keating; Tom McGuire, Richard Anderson; Joe Keaton, Dave Willock; Myra Keaton, Claire Carleton; Buster Keaton (7 years old), Larry White; Ethel Carie, Jackie Coogan.

DESH, SET, and 9th. Directed by Walter Lang; Richard, Spencer Tracy; Beauty, Katharine Hepburn; Mike Cullen, Gig Young; Peg Castello, Joan Blondell; Svetlana, Joe E. Brown; Morocco, Joe Randell; Miss Warning, Neva Patterson; Smithers, Harry Elberie; Anie, Nicholas Joy; Alice, Diane Jergens; Cathy, Merry Anders; Old Lady, Ida Moore; Receptionist, Rachel Stephens.

GARMEN JUNGLE, THE—Columbia. Directed by Vincent Sherman; Walter Mitchell, Lee J Cobb; Alan Mitchell, Kerwin Mathews; Theresa, Gia Scala; Artie Ranier, Richard; Lee Hackett, Valerie Freisch; Tito Renozo, Robert Loggia; Kate, Joseph Wiseman; Tony, Harold J. Stone; The Or, Adam Williams; Mr. Paul, Wesley Adley; Dave Bronson; Willis Bouchey; Fred Kenner, Robert Ellenstein; Tito's Mother, Celia Lovsky.

MAN AFRAID—U.L. Directed by Harry Keller; Rev. David Collins, George Nader; Lita Collins, Phyllis Thaxter, Helene Constand; Tim Homers, Carl Simmons, Eduard Franz; Lient, Martial, Harold J Stone; Hilde Fank Fleder, Judson Pratt, Nune Wallis, Reva Shaw; Ronnie (Stinko) Fletcher, Burch Bernard; Maggie, Mabel Albertson.

MONTE CARLO STORY, THE—U.A. Directed by Samuel A. Taylor; Marguerite de Croes, Jack Badding, Colette Stephain; Count D'ivo della Fiula, Vittorio De Sica; Mr. Bleakley, Arthur O'Connell; Jane Bukley, Natalie Trundy; Mrs. Freeman, Jane Rose; Sophie, Clelia Matania; Albert the porter, Albert Rabassat; Hector, the Maitre, Mischa Auer.

BEACH FOR THE SKY—Rank. Directed by Lewis Gilbert; Douglas Bader, Kenneth More; Thelma Bader, Muriel Pavlow; Johnny Sanderson, Lyndon Brook; Turner, Lee Patterson; Mr. Joyce, Alexander Knox; Nurse Bruce, Dorothy Alison; Harry Day, Michael Warren, Robert Desonts, Sydney Tafer; "Woody" Woodhall, Howard, Marion Crawford; Peal, Jack Wading; Stroudfield, Nigel Green; Stater Thorold, Anne Loon, Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh Douglas, Charles Carson; Air Vice Marshal Leigh-Mallory, Ronald Adam; Air Vice-Marshal Halahan, Walter Hudd; Cramley-Milling, Basil Appleby; Police Constable, Philip Stainton; Flight Sergeant Mills, Eddie Byrne; Sally, Beverly Brooks; Warrant Officer West, Michael Ripper, Citizen Pilot, Derek Blomfield; Douglas Bader's Mother, Avice Lapcone; Adaptant of Prison Camp, Eric Pohlman; Flying Instructor Pearson, Michael Gough; Bates, Harry Locke, Warrant Officer Blake, Sam Kevi.

SAINT JOAN—U.A. Directed by Otto Preminger; oat Joan, Iacopo Senegali; The Dauphin (later Charles V), Richard Wurmbrand; Dona, Richard Todd; Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, Anton Walbrook; The Earl of Warwick, John Gielgud; The Inquisitor, Felix Aylmer; John de Stangens, Harry Andrews; de Courcelles, Harry Jones; The Archbishop of Rheims, Vivian Craik; The Master Executioner, Bernard Miles; Captan des Hore, Patrick Barr; Brother Martin (loose), Kenneth Haigh, Robert de Braundcourt; Archie D сумм as Biche de la Trémouille, Margot Grahame; La Trémouille, the Lord Chamberlain, Francis de Wolf, an Esquatch Sable, Victor Maddern; "Bluebeard" (Gilles de Rais), David Oxley; The Steward, Sydney Bromley; Warwick's Officer, David Langton.

SOMETHING OF VALUE—M-G-M. Directed by Richard Brooks; Peter McKenzie, Rock Hudson; Harold Keith, Dana Wynter; Elizabeth Newton; Wendy Hiller; Kiman, Sidney Poitier; J.Napo, Juano Hernandez; Laneer, William Marshall; Jeff Nanton, Robert Beatty; Henry McKenzie, Walter Fitzgerald; Joe Matis, Michael Pate; Latho, Ivan Dixon; Karen, Ken Renard; Pitch Doctor, Samual Jackson; Adam Marenco, Frederick O'Neal; Waitbato, John J. Akar.
He held her for the first time ... and knew there'd never be a last! The love story of a guy who gave up City Hall for the arms of a beautiful girl!

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BEAU JAMES
THE LIFE OF JIMMY WALKER—NIGHT—MAYOR OF NEW YORK

Starring

Bob Hope • Vera Miles
Paul Douglas • Alexis Smith • Darren McGavin

Guest Stars—George Jessel • Walter Catlett • Technicolor®

Produced by Jack Rose • Directed by Melville Shavelson • Screenplay by Jack Rose and Melville Shavelson
Based on the book by Gene Fowler • Dances and Musical Numbers Staged by Jack Baker
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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.
He called them 'clowns' and 'little girls', and when they weren't listening—he called them wonderful!

Nobody knew he had a girl—not even the girl!
How to Be a Movie Reviewer

What does it take to be a movie reviewer? We asked our own Janet Graves to tackle that question and her answer was, “You’ve got to like movies.” Janet has been “liking” movies ever since she was able to toddle down the aisles of her neighborhood theater. And she had very definite opinions of what she did and didn’t like even then. Like practically many of you did, as a child she filled scrapbooks with pictures of popular stars. (“I guess my favorites were Ronald Colman and Humphrey Bogart.”) When she grew older she wrote letters to Photoplay and argued with the movie reviewer when she thought her favorites weren’t given respectful treatment. Later, Janet, who grew up in Philadelphia, took to writing letters to the Morning Ledger blasting or praising the reviews of the motion picture critic, Eric Knight. Mr. Knight was so fascinated by Janet’s correspondence that he arranged an appointment to meet her. They became fast friends and his wife helped Janet get a job in David O. Selznick’s story department.

Janet, who has been reviewing movies for Photoplay for five years, sees over two hundred and fifty a year. Even though Janet sometimes looks back on the screen heroes of her childhood she admits “there are more good actors today.” Janet’s enthusiasm for movies is still undiminished and at the end of the day she likes nothing better than to curl up in front of her TV screen and to look at—you guessed it—old movies.

Grace Note

Each morning we are greeted with a stack of letters on our desk from readers, and it is one of the pleasures of each day to take a few minutes off and read what you have to say about Photoplay.

The other morning was particularly exciting. Nearly buried in the avalanche of mail was a thin pale blue envelope with a foreign stamp. In one corner was engraved—the Palace, Monaco.

Yes, it was from Princess Grace. She requested that we send her the two back issues in which she had been featured on the cover. We promptly air-mailed three copies of each, delighted to know that Her Serene Highness hadn’t forgotten the days when she was just plain Grace Kelly, movie star. We speculated what Grace would do with the covers. Hang them over Princess Caroline’s bed to let her know how beautiful and famous her mother had been? Or will they turn up on a new stamp for Monaco? We don’t think that L’Office des Emission de Timbres, which has the say in this, could make a prettier choice.

Hollywood’s Indestructibles

You have been pressing us for stories on stars like Cary Grant, Joan Crawford, Barbara Stanwyck; all the favorites that never seem to grow old. Starting next month in two installments we will explore the fabulous lives of twenty-two of Hollywood’s most durable stars—“Hollywood’s Indestructibles.” The author is Dick Sheppard who is both an author and actor and young enough to be the son of any one of them. Asked why he had chosen to write about this group instead of actors his own age, Dick’s reply was, “They are my favorites because they are the best models for any young actor or actress who not only wants to get to the top, but stay there.”
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.
Foul Play For Kirk!

If anyone deserves an Oscar this year, it was Kirk Douglas. His moving, unforgettable portrayal of Vincent Van Gogh in "Lust for Life" was the greatest thing I have ever seen. It was not a simple role to play. Van Gogh was an intense, complex individual with a precariously balanced personality, difficult to capture. But calling upon his extraordinary skill, Douglas did not merely portray Van Gogh—he was Van Gogh, to the very last detail. I protest the injustice that was done Kirk! What's the matter with Hollywood?

SANDRA ORLOB
San Francisco, California

Newcomer Neile

I just saw "This Could Be the Night" and I wonder if you can tell me something about the wonderful girl in the night club who wins a stove in a cooking contest. I think her name is Neile Adams.

BARBARA JONES
Chicago, Illinois

We'll Take Your Dare, Kathleen

I've read your column for years, and now I just dare you to publish this letter. For years, I've read people's letters saying that all actors are snobs and don't care about their public. Believe it or not, there is one who is an exception to this rule—Rock Hudson. I recently saw him in "Written on the Wind," and thought that he was superb. I also thought that he was not too busy, but just said he was to keep the public away. So I wrote him, asking for his autograph. Then I saw him in person and realized how wrong I had been and that he really was busy. He was so nice to everyone that I wished with all my heart I had not sent my letter because of its bluntness. But he did receive it, and this busy actor sat down and personally autographed a picture of himself and his wife. Right now, I feel rather humble, and Rock, if you read this, I wish to offer my personal apology. All actors are not snobs. Some, like you, are wonderful.

KATHLEEN McLAURIN
Bronx, New York

Gossip Can Be Honest

May I congratulate you on your excellent magazine? I am a very serious moviegoer and have been buying Photoplay for a number of years. I particularly like "Exclusively Yours." Radie Harris seems to have a really personal, truthful and most entertaining way of telling the reader all he wants to know about films and their stars. I do hope we can have many more articles of this kind.

JOHN UDBY
New York City

You will—"Exclusively Yours" is a monthly feature.—En.

Ode to Tab

Here is a poem which I wrote about Tab Hunter. I am president of one of the Tab Hunter fan clubs and would love you to publish this poem.

I've never felt this way before
Can it be that I am sick?
I've lost my heart to someone
But not any Harry, Tom or Dick.
Elvis doesn't thrill me
Rock doesn't make me swoon,
Not even with cute Tommy Sands
Do I ever want to swoon.
I never flipped for Tony
Yul Brynner leaves me cold
I'm not even coy toward Frankie-boy
(Maybe, he is a bit too old).
But there is one guy I sigh for
He is so really cool
When I hear his disk of "Young Love"
I positively drool!
Although I know I'll never be
"The Girl He Left Behind"
I do wish I could meet him once
I wish he'd be that kind!
He's the only one I cry for
My eyes I always dab
When watching a dramatic scene
Played by my boy, Tab.
Yes, the moment I first saw him
Cupid sent his dart
Three thousand miles from Hollywood
Straight into my heart.

WENDY WOLCHOK
Great Neck, New York

Please Tell Me,

I saw Robert Stack in "Sabre Jet" and "Written On the Wind," and I think he is a wonderful actor. Can you tell me something about him? Your magazine is wonderful—keep up the good work!

JUDY OLIN
N. Kingsville, Ohio

This is Neile's first picture. She was born in Manila, Philippines of an English father and a Spanish mother. She started her first years traveling back and forth to Hong Kong for an education. During the war, at the age of nine, she broke through enemy lines to smuggle messages to the Allies. Later, she and her mother came to the United States where Neile finished her education.

She broke into show business as a dancer. Was featured in "Kismet" and "The Pajama Game," in the same role that gave Carol Haney and Shirley MacLaine their film breaks.

During the run of "Kismet" a man came backstage to congratulate Neile. He said she was too young but that in a couple of years he might be able to do something for her in Hollywood. He said his name was Joe Pasternak. Two years later, as promised, he gave Neile a featured role in "This Could Be the Night."—En.

Please continue.
JANE POWELL starring in "THE GIRL MOST LIKELY"
AN RKO RADIO PICTURE IN TECHNICOLOR - A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL RELEASE

...pretty day
...pretty girl
...prettiest complexion under the sun...

a Lux Complexion!

"When I'm out in the bright sunlight or under movie spotlights—that's when I really appreciate Lux—and the way it keeps my skin soft and smooth," says Jane Powell.

And even when the sun doesn't shine—you'll have a special glow of your own—with a Lux Complexion. For Lux, with its rich Cosmetic lather, its mildness and gentleness, can do as much to keep your skin soft and smooth as it does for any Hollywood star. Then Lux adds this delightful bonus—the Lux fragrance, best-liked soap perfume in the world.

Lever Brothers unconditionally guarantees your complete satisfaction with Lux—or your money back. For a complexion you'll love—and he'll love, too—use Lux.

9 out of 10 Hollywood stars depend on LUX

New! Now Lux comes in 4 lovely pastels, as well as pure white.
We Agree on This One

When I first saw Tony Perkins, it was on
a television show and I could have bet my
bottom dollar that this young man, virtually
an unknown, had what it takes to be a
great actor. Then, when I saw "Friendly
Persuasion," I knew I was right! Now, in
"Fear Strikes Out," he does a wonderful
job.

Tony has poise and charm, and all he
needs now is good publicity. By this, I mean
more stories in Photoplay. Maybe a feature
such as "A Day in the Life of Tony Per-
kins," with photographs from the time he
gets up in the morning and has breakfast,
goes to the studio, then lunch, work again
and home to his apartment to study his
script or to go out for the evening. I believe
most of your readers would like to know
how and what goes on in the normal day
of a movie personality.

JOYCE POLLACK
Cicero, Illinois

Your thinking is right in line with ours.
Keep watching Photoplay for the next year
and each month you'll get your wish.—En.

Rating the Movies

I am writing in regard to "Over the Edi-
tor's Shoulder" in the May issue. You ask
the question, "How Do You Rate the
Movies?" It drew my interest immediately
because I have been an avid movie fan
nearly all my twenty-one years. Actually, I
have seen so many pictures that I know
automatically what I will like by finding
out what type of picture it is and who is in
it, and then I can decide in about a minute
whether I want to see it. By doing this, I
can narrow my movie-going down to two or
three times a week, because I can't afford
to see them all. There are, of course, cer-
tain actors and actresses that I wouldn't
miss, no matter what.

I don't really pay much attention to the
story, all I ask is that there be plenty of
action. I'm really very easy to please when
it comes to movies. The only kind that
doesn't hold any interest is horror movies
and I find, to my own horror, that these
are the pictures that are usually shown on
weekends when children flock to the thea-
ters.

I am always faithful to my favorite stars.
I have seen every one of Doris Day's pic-
tures; Jean Peters and Jennifer Jones run
very close seconds. I read reviews mostly
for the fun of it because everybody has a
different opinion. But the only opinion I
trust is my own.

NORMA JENKINS
Clarksdale, Mississippi

Build Up

You deserve much praise. You're not
costantly printing stories on divorce. In-
stead, you try to build up marriages, in a
way give the couple the courage to go
ahead. Please keep up your marvelous work.

MARY KEPPLINGER
Winona, Minnesota

Continued
KLEINERT'S PRESENTS A WATER-TIGHT CASE FOR BEAUTY!

Fabulous fashion caps with a Magic Inner Rim that keeps hair really dry! Yes, Kleinert's Sava-Wave swim caps are the prettiest caps afloat, and the most efficient ones money can buy. Shown here...just two of the stunning caps you'll find in all the newest swimsuit colors. Top, Pagoda Rose; about $5.98. Below, Clematis; about $1.69. Colorful Kleinert beach bags, from $1.

Cabana beach bag in pink, aqua, yellow, black, $3.98
Start enjoying this new safe way to feminine daintiness.

Only the Lady Sunbeam has the "Compact" shape and the exclusive MICRO-TWIN HEAD.

Enjoy new freedom from nicks and cuts this safe, gentle, quick way.

ONLY the Lady Sunbeam has the "compact" shape and the shaving head with one edge especially honed to shave legs, and the other edge especially honed for underarm use. Ends muss and fuss, nicks and cuts of soap and blade. The Lady Sunbeam's gentle, sure performance eliminates irritation caused by blade shaving and gives you a new easy way to keep neat, fresh, dainty. Your choice of 6 lovely colors.

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READERS INC.

Here's Hopper

I would appreciate it greatly if you would print a picture of Dennis Hopper, with some information about him. I think he has great talent. Thank you.

JANE MERICAN
Toledo, Ohio

In 1954 Dennis Hopper arrived in Hollywood, without any previous professional acting experience, to become an actor. Two months later, he was under long-term contract to Warner Bros.

He was born May 17, 1936, in Dodge City, Kansas and was raised on his grandparents' wheat farm.

Later the family moved to La Mesa, near San Diego, California, and he attended high school there. He graduated from Helix High School in June, 1954, and worked at odd jobs around San Diego. In November of that year, John Swope, who operated the summer playhouse at La Jolla where Hopper worked during the summer of 1953, urged Dennis to take a chance at Hollywood. He obtained several parts in TV shows, and when three studios offered him contracts, he decided to sign with Warner Bros. with the result, he hit it big in "Giant."—Ed.

Everybody Loves Doris Day!

Doris Day is my favorite movie star. Why is it that the public prefers fireballs like Kim Novak, Anita Ekberg, Diana Dors and Marilyn Monroe? Doris is a wonderful person. Her acting, singing and dancing are terrific. Why can't the public praise her as much as they do those others? Doris works hard at her profession—it takes no work at all to dress half-nude as they do.

M.O.
St. Louis, Missouri
Pip Piper Speaks Up

I read Beatrice Seekin’s letter with great interest with reference to the stars of yesterday, so beloved by our parents. I am too young to have known them all, but I have imagination.

I have just arrived from England—on the Queen Elizabeth. First magazine I bought? Why, Photoplay, of course. I flew out here from New York, yesterday, and read it on the plane.

Because the movie queens of yesteryear intrigue and capture my imagination (my own mother worshipped at their shrines), I am sending you my own tribute to them—some still living, some dead, some forgotten;

Where Are They Now? These days fan magazines are full of the doings of those sexy bombshells, Monroe and Dors. That sultry child of glamour, Brigitte Bardot, whose face has been likened to a peeping peke, slick-chick Debbie Reynolds and a host of others. But what has become of the stars of yesterday? Where are they now, those forgotten ones who built the bridge over which our stars of today wiggle their triumphant way?

Remember Gloria Swanson with her own brand of sophisticated glamour? Back in the '20s hers was a name to conjure with, and she can still draw the crowds.

Next came smouldering Pola Negri, woman of the world, the very personification of seductive sin. Making a debut in “Forbidden Paradise,” she followed this by “The Women He Scorned.” Why, even the titles sent a delicious thrill down our spines. Alas, her day was short-lived. Pola, once a terrific box-office sensation of the '20s, now lives a quiet life in a secluded part of Hollywood. Still beautiful, it is rumored she may make a comeback.

Don’t think that all was sin and seduction in the '20s. What of virtue and innocence, and the famous Gish sisters? “Orphans of the Storm” hypnotized yesterday’s movie audiences, and if Lillian touched our hearts in “Broken Blossoms,” she tore that long-suffering organ to shreds in “Way Down East.”

Sin and virtue! Yes there was a share of both, and if we wanted the thrill of adventure, we got it from Pearl White in “Perils of Pauline.” “To be continued next week” was a famous slogan then, and left the children of that era unable to rest until the next week and the next episode. Pearl missed deaths by a hair many times in these adventurous pictures but she finally died in Paris.

Others came and went. Voluptuous Mae Murray of “Merry Widow” fame, lovely Lili Damita, tearful Mae Marsh, pansy-eyed Janet Gaynor, and red-haired Clara Bow.

Then came still another screen type—the one and only Greta Garbo. Her debut in “The Kiss” with John Gilbert introduced a different type of acting, and appealed tremendously to the sophisticated public; Greta Garbo still appeals to young and old alike.

The above names are still household words, so let’s honor them, for because of these early pioneers, a great industry has sprung up. Yes, the movie queens of yesteryear have indeed built the bridge over which our present stars dance so blithely.

Pip Piper
San Joes, California

Continued

Now you can enjoy the full beauty of lovely radiant hair more often

with

Lady Sunbeam

CONTROLLED HEAT
HAIR DRYER

Enjoy new hair drying speed, comfort and convenience

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.

Your Choice of Colors

pink
turquoise
yellow

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**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 ingredients in Halo. No greasy oils or creamy substances to interfere with cleaning action, no soap to leave dirt-catching film. Halo, even in hardest water, leaves your hair softer, brighter, whistle clean.

**READERS INC.**

**Stanwyck Supporter**

This is a congratulatory letter to Photoplay. You may all take a bow! You have won this accolade because you have finally given an award, long overdue, to Barbara Stanwyck.

You asked if fans support their favorite stars. I can't, of course, speak for anyone but myself but this I can tell you—I see all Miss Stanwyck's pictures.

So three cheers! Your sound judgment, good taste and obvious discrimination are indeed uplifting.

MARGARET C. INGHAM
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

**A German Version Of Monroe**

I always read your wonderful magazine, Photoplay, and I'm so glad to have a chance to buy it here in Germany. In your letters column, I saw a little picture of a girl who looks like Ava Gardner. Now, I ask you—don't you think I look a little like Marilyn Monroe?

In about two months, I will make a trip to the United States. Do you think I will have a chance on television?

ILSE SATTLER
Hamburg, Germany

**Contest Competition**

I'm so glad you published the information about the Photoplay contest prize winners in the May issue. My daughter, Jean May, tried so hard in that contest, in the hope she would win one of the smaller prizes. But when she read the unique and attractive way in which the winning contestants had the stars arranged, she realized then she never had a ghost of a chance of winning.

Thank you for telling us about the artistic entries that were sent in. You surely have lots of energetic and painstaking readers.

(Mrs.) IVY HILLS
Salkum, Washington

**Fashion Firsts**

I have just been looking at the wonderful fashions in Photoplay. Could I order a catalogue from your magazine? I think the clothes are simply beautiful.

DOROTHY OLSON
Allen, Minnesota

Photoplay does not issue a catalogue, but does feature each month exciting new fashions. To assist you in purchasing them, we also feature in Photoplay a list of stores throughout the United States. You can also order the item from the store nearest you by enclosing complete information as to your size, color, selection and a clipping of the item from the magazine—En.
HOLLYWOOD SAYS:

Benvenuto Sophia!

By Ed Wilkes

Italian actress Sophia Loren, the star of three major Hollywood films: 20th's "Boy on a Dolphin," U.A.'s "Legion of the Lost," "The Pride and the Passion" recently bounced off a plane in California to pay her first visit to the United States—a long-awaited event on the part of us Hollywoodites.

The reception accorded one of Italy's most exuberant and voluptuous exports (38-24-38) was as overwhelming as her dimensions. Sophia was the guest of honor at a succession of parties and easily lived up to her billing as the "most beautiful Italian girl since Venus."

Sophia, who is in Hollywood to make Para.'s "Desire Under the Elms" with Tony Perkins and Burl Ives has traveled a long way in a very short time. Eight years ago she was a dirty, half-starved Neapolitan street urchin. Today, she makes more money than any other movie star in the world.
I CAN'T imagine Jayne Mansfield shy . . . Did you ever notice that actresses who play movie stars in pictures aren't? . . . Frank Sinatra was never greater than at his recent engagement at the Mocambo . . . Frankie was the master; singing all his great songs, and even kidding himself several times during the evening. The show was great.

Martha Hyer is a very different type blonde, who finally appears to be coming into her own and stardom . . . As for me, I'd rather watch Tony Perkins perform at a party than on the screen. Very interesting . . . Elvis Presley is a singer who doesn't have to learn new lyrics with every new song, because Elvis isn't selling the words. . . . Asked Eddie Fisher for a definition of Hollywood, and he told me: "Hollywood is a place where a person is doubtful what to do, especially after he has done it."

Jerry Lewis, if he weren't a successful comic, is the type of fellow who might own a magic shop—selling cigars that explode, etc. . . . I don't believe I'll ever see a movie junket without Ann Miller. . . . Everyone has two businesses, their own and show business. A sponsor can tell Doris Day how to act and rewrite a script, but would you hear a holler if Doris told him how to manufacture lipstick? . . . Asked Tony Curtis for a definition of Hollywood, and he told me: "Hollywood is a place where a fellow never has to struggle about making a living until he makes $1000 or more a week."

Natalie Wood will outgrow her leather jacket . . . A movie studio after dark, calm and practically deserted, is one of the most fascinating places I know. . . . And man! What those cleaning women must know! . . . Tennessee Williams' real name is Thomas Lanier Williams. . . . Even after it's explained to me carefully, I don't understand how Arthur Loew, Jr. can romance Joan Collins one night and Susan Strasberg the next. A fellow can't be that versatile. . . . I wonder what Ingrid Bergman has done with her Oscars. . . . How about a musical version of "The Front Page" with Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra, Mr. Cohn? . . . Stewart Granger is the cook in the family. Paul Newman is a good cook, and so are Lex Barker and Jeff Hunter to mention a few . . . I'm always astonished when an actor is a good cook, although I know that in the leading restaurants and hotels the chef is a male. . . . In fact, I don't know of a female chef in a prominent restaurant. Do you, Duncan Hines? . . . Asked Debbie Reynolds for a definition of Hollywood, and she told me: "Hollywood is a place where the stars twinkle after they wrinkle."

Wonder what Bing Crosby is honestly thinking while watching Perry Como on TV . . . I like Bob Hope's remark: "Crosby dressed for calypso years before it became popular." . . . Always the best show in town; Celebrities being interviewed at a movie premiere.

You get such things as an interviewer truly believing Jeanne Crain is Zsa Zsa Gabor . . . Asked Kim Novak for a definition of Hollywood, and she told me: "Hollywood is a place where you can afford what you've got, you're entitled to something better."

I never expect to see John Wayne attending classes at the Actors Studio and becoming an advocate of The Method. Know what? It would ruin him . . . Whenever I hear a starlet rap Joan Crawford, I know the starlet would love to be another Joan Crawford. . . . The sign in the window of a Beverly Hills shop read: "Sale—Slightly Irregular Sweaters." And Deborah Kerr wondered if the gals buying them were slightly irregular. . . . Asked Jeff Chandler for a definition of Hollywood, and he told me: "Hollywood is a place where nothing is more needed and more valuable than a spare reputation."

That's Hollywood For You!
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!
LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

WITH JANET GRAVES

Saint Joan  U.A.

The wonderfully alive young face of newcomer Jean Seberg (at left) is perfect for the role of the farm girl who rallied soldiers of 15th Century France to fight the invading English. And an all-round splendid cast points up each brilliant line in George Bernard Shaw’s tribute to Joan of Arc. Richard Widmark climbs triumphantly out of his action-movie rut to play the foolish, pathetically weak Dauphin, who does not dare to claim the throne of France until Joan—with the power of God behind her—earns him the right through her battle victory. As her gallant comrade in arms, Richard Todd warmly portrays the single-minded fighting man, putting more faith in the sword than in the cross.

Others among England’s foremost actors come into prominence in the climactic scenes of Joan’s trial. With his superb assurance, John Gielgud plays the Englishman who wants her burned for purely political reasons—nothing personal. Finlay Currie, Barry Jones and Felix Aylmer are church dignitaries; Harry Andrews, a very English priest who hates Joan for her nationality. Serious as the theme is, its treatment is full of Shaw’s slashing wit, getting in gibes at both the French and the English. While youthful Jean is occasionally out of her depth in a role of such grandeur, her performance has a beautiful sincerity and balance, marking her as an important find.
NEW!
Only child's home permanent with SQUEEZE-BOTTLE EASE...

gives curls that last a year!

Curls really take because comb-tip squeeze bottle saturates hair far more thoroughly than any other way.

Now, no need to take chances using Adult Permanents on your child's hard-to-curl hair. Lilt Party Curl really overcomes problems of curling young hair. And Party Curl is so much easier, faster for you to apply on a fidgeting child. "Squeeze-Bottle Ease" ends messy dippings for you. Now just squeeze on lotion from comb tip on bottle. Hair is so thoroughly saturated, soft curls last even a year!
Office workers Katie and Spence pretend they're off on a cruise.

Just for the moment, Dana Wynter makes Rock forget danger.

An interested spectator sees Kenneth More court Muriel Pavlow.

MOVIES

Continued

Desk Set

20th: Cinemascope, De Luxe Color

Never mind those mechanical brains (though one of them figures in the plot of this crackling comedy). You never saw such neatly clicking cooperation as you get here from Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. As always, Katie's volatile style contrasts beautifully with Spence's shrewd underplaying. She's the bright, regretfully unmarried head of a radio network's research department. He's the efficiency expert whose report, she is sure, will replace her and her girls with a mere machine. Breezy co-worker Joan Blondell is Katie's ally in the fight against the robot invasion; Gig Young is the old stand-by beau. Here's office life at its liveliest.

Beau James

Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor

After scoring a genuine acting triumph with "The Seven Little Foys," Bob Hope does another real-life role and again creates a sympathetic, complex character. He's cast as Jimmy Walker, good-time New York mayor whose city returned his affection—but didn't, in the end, look on him with full respect, as his political career ran into scandal. Bob gets sturdy support from Paul Douglas, as the practical Tammanyite. The mayor's domestic problems are treated with unusual frankness, Alexis Smith playing the estranged wife who stands by him on public occasions, Vera Miles playing the show-girl who wins his love. All these are seen as part of the colorful 'twenties.

Something of Value

M-G-M

Shot in Africa with an Anglo-American cast, this vigorous, violent film generates steady excitement. Two Americans take the leads, portraying native-born Africans. Rock Hudson performs solidly as the white man who sympathizes with the country's original inhabitants, until the terrorism of the Mau Mau forces him to take up arms. Sidney Poitier is the Negro raised almost as Rock's foster brother, but shoved into the ranks of the Mau Mau by insults to his pride. Similar to dramas of America's frontier, the picture compares Dana Wynter, as Rock's tender-minded bride, with Wendy Hiller, as his sister, a true pioneer woman. Scenery shows why Africa is a beloved country.

Reach for the Sky

Rank

High among Britain's most able and attractive actors, Kenneth More draws a sure-fire role as the fabulous airman Douglas Bader. No fiction-writer would dare to concoct such a story as Bader's; it just happens to be true. Portraying the flyer of England's early air age, More gets across the picture of a man of action thrown into a terrible situation when a needless crash costs him both his legs. And he shows us a stubborn, indomitable man as he painfully learns to walk again, doggedly determined that he must fly again. Muriel Pavlow is pert and likable as the girl who meets and marries Kenneth after he has been maimed. In general, it's a straightforward saga of courage.
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
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-77, Box 280, New York 16, N.Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

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9393—Smart little terry beachcoat to sew in a jiffy—enjoy all summer. It wraps and ties conveniently, has a giant "carry-all" pocket. Misses' sizes 12-20. Size 16: 3⅛ yards, 35-inch fabric

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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.
Like climbing right into a bouquet

Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder pampers every inch of you...

with its lilting bouquet, its satin-soft touch. And that exciting fragrance

men love lingers on your skin hour after hour...

as if you had stepped from your bath right into a bouquet!

Cashmere Bouquet Cosmetics... for all your beauty needs.
New Spray-Set
by the makers of
Lustre-Creme...

SETS HAIR TO STAY THE SOFTEST WAY!

See lovely TERRY MOORE,
in "BERNADINE"
A 20th Century-Fox Production in Cinemascope.
Color by De Luxe.

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. 3½ oz. can—a full ounce more! Only $1.25 plus tax.

MOVIES Continued

The Monte Carlo Story
UA, Technicolor
There’s no mention of Monaco’s young royal couple in this gay comedy of the little Riviera realm, but Marlene Dietrich and Vittorio De Sica are as urbane and handsome a romantic pair as you’ll ever see. Dead-broke gamblers both, they make the mistake of setting their fortune-hunting sights on each other. After they have discovered their error, they team up, posing as brother and sister, with designs on wealthy Americans whose yacht has just arrived at Monte Carlo. As a naive widower from Indiana, Arthur O’Connell is easy game for Marlene. But Vittorio can’t feel anything but fatherly toward Arthur’s pretty and amorous teen-aged daughter, Natalie Trundy. It’s all light-hearted fun, against dreamy and luxurious backgrounds.

Man Afraid
U-I, Cinemascope
With suspense as its chief aim, a modest thriller neatly fills the bill. As a minister and family man, George Nader kills a young burglar who has invaded his home and temporarily blinded his wife (Phyllis Thaxter) with the flick of a rope. Already conscience-stricken, George is further tormented when Eduard Franz, grief-crazed father of the dead boy, begins a campaign of revenge, centered on threats against George’s own little son (Tim Hovey). A simple story of action, the picture has welcome touches of human understanding, instead of the usual outright dedication to violence.

The Buster Keaton Story
Paramount, Vistavision
Moviegoers who feel twinges of nostalgia for the old silent-film days will find some satisfaction in this easygoing yarn of early Hollywood. Expert comic in his own right, Donald O’Connor plays the well-remembered Keaton, presented here as a solemn clown who can reach success but isn’t sure how to handle it. And failure, with the advent of the talkies, is a real blow. Ann Blyth is the gentle girl Don finally marries; Rhonda Fleming is the dazzling star he thinks he loves. High points in the movie are some fine old Keaton gags, nicely executed by Don and supervised on the set by Buster himself, though he doesn’t appear.

The Garment Jungle
Columbia
Though New York’s clothing-industry center is a fascinating and unusual setting for a movie, it’s reduced here to a locale for over-simplified conflict, good guys vs. bad guys. Returned from overseas service, attractive Kerwin Mathews joins pop Lee J. Cobb’s firm. Gradually, Kerwin realizes that Cobb is dominated by Richard Boone, racketeer hired to keep the union out of the shop. Gia Scala, union organizer’s wife (finally widow) stands by Kerwin in his fight; so does Valerie French, as a sophisticated buyer, Cobb’s girl.
Love is a game any number can play... especially in the afternoon...

1. "How many men in my life before you, Mr. Millionaire? I will itemize them...

2. "Item 1: a handsome red-headed algebra teacher—who first called me Miss X...

3. "Item 2: a very sweet boy who is now a missionary in French Equatorial Africa...

4. "Item 3: a riding instructor—formerly a Cossack. Item 4: an English duke...

5. "Items 5 through 9 inclusive cover a bicycle tour I took with a group of exchange students...

6. "Item 10: a businessman from Brussels... Item 11: the chauffeur of the businessman..."

In any other city... at any other time... the American millionaire would have known she was only pretending to be as experienced as he was... but this was Paris... in April... in the afternoon!

Produced and Directed by BILLY WILDER

with JOHN MCGIVER • Screenplay by BILLY WILDER and I. A. L. DIAMOND • Based on Novel by CLAUDE ANET • Musical Adaptation by FRANZ WAXMAN.

**EVENING IN PARIS DEODORANT STICK**

- **7081**—Keep cool and pretty in a wrap-around halter top. Make in embroidered solid color, or gay stripes. Misses' 12-18 included. Pattern, guide and transfer

- **712**—Sunburst of radiant colors in this four-patch, easy-to-make quilt! Charts, directions, pattern of four patches, yardages for both single, double beds

- **7074**—Gay little shell pocket in easy crochet holds a Washcloth. Use heavy cotton for terry towels, lighter for linen. Directions for holder and edging

- **566**—Weave these gay Swedish designs on towels, aprons, mats—anything made of huck. Attractive throughout your home. Charts, directions for four designs

- **7020**—Crochet a stunning TV cover with graceful center medallions. Directions for 22-inch cover in No. 30 cotton. Make smaller in No. 50, larger in string

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.
She's brushed out her new Bobbi wave—and right away (without resetting) her "Souvenir" hairdo looks pretty as you please.

Just brush it! That's it!

No resetting—no "breaking in"
with Bobbi—the special permanent
for casual hairstyles like these

You get a soft, natural Bobbi wave and your casual hairstyle in just one step. Simple pin-curls and Bobbi lotion—that's all. No separate neutralizing. No resetting. Bobbi's as easy as setting your hair and your wave is in to stay—carefree and casual—week after week.

Softly feminine—that's "Daffodil.
Only Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent lets you brush out a soft, natural wave the very first day. Just brush it. That's it!

Bobbi is the only permanent specially designed for carefree haircombs like "Calypso." With Bobbi you just can't get tight, fussy curls.

Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent complete with "Casual Pin-Curlers" for faster, firmer pin-curls. Can't crimp, rust or discolor hair. $2.00

New! Bobbi Refill—Everything you need (except pins) to make your casual hairdo permanent. $1.50
Our Correspondents Report:

Ceylon: Bill Holden, who is here making "Bridge On The River Kwai" and recently was voted Number One Man at the boxoffice, received a wire from John Wayne, former boxoffice king, stating simply, "You sneak!"

Bill who's on location in a camp in the jungle of Kitulgala, helped the cast and crew get over their "jungle fever" by thinking up all sorts of projects to get their minds off the heat: He set off some firecrackers one evening after work, had some "fire balloons" made, got a pet monkey and two parrots which were named as mascots, and learned to play some tom-toms made by the Singhaese. Bill's partner in crime was Jack Hawkins, his co-star in the picture, and his lovely wife Ardis sat by and watched. The Holden-Hawkins Act was a self-appointed morale team, designed to keep up the spirits of the all-British crew, away from their homes and their wives for much too long.

Paris: Marisa Pavan Aumont sends her original designs and sketches for dresses to her mother, who expects to have them made up in Hollywood and will sell them in a dress shop she's opening in Beverly Hills. Mrs. Pierangelie will name the dress shop after her two famous daughters. P. S.: Marisa designed all her own maternity clothes. It's true: Elvis Presley's record are all the rage in Russia. Described as the latest "non-socialist-realist" craze, Pres-ley records, transferred from bootleg U. S. discs to discarded hospital X-ray plates, are selling for about $12.50 each in Russian rubles. "Hound Dog" cleaning up, but no royalties for El. Hollywood: Likes and dislikes—Hollywood is reading Bosley Crowther's "The Lion's Share," the well-researched and well-written history of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Martindale's and Marion Hunter, where the stars shop for their reading material, report they can't keep it in stock. Crowther, motion picture critic of the "New York Times," is tops in his field. But they don't like "Too Much, Too Soon," the Diana Barrymore "confessional" written in collaboration with Gerald Frank. Gene Fowler wants to retile it "Too Much, Too Late—Too Bad," and Hedda Hopper suggests "Long Day's Journey Into Oblivion." Perhaps it's all because it's too much, too close to home . . . . At Raf's Record Bar in Beverly Hills, where the stars buy their discs, three favorites are reported: Sinatra, Belafonte and Nat "King" Cole in that order. Biggest sellers are: Sinatra's "An Evening With You," Belafonte's calypsos (in preference to "An Evening With Belafonte") and anything

Debra Paget, here with Joan Evans, has troubles—but they aren't men!

Kim Novak goes to concerts with her sister. At home, she likes flamencos

Mike Wilding dates Marie MacDonald, but does he have plans for the future?
Hear Pat Boone sing...!

"BERNARDINE"
"TECHNIQUE"
"LOVE LETTERS IN THE SAND"
in the motion picture especially selected by 20th Century-Fox to bring Pat Boone to the screen!

20th CENTURY-FOX presents

AMERICA'S NEW SINGING STAR IN HIS FIRST MOTION PICTURE!

BERNARDINE

(The dream girl in every fellow's life!)
in CINEMASCOPE and COLOR by DE LUXE

starring

PAT BOONE TERRY MOORE JANET GAYNOR DEAN JAGGER

PRODUCED BY SAMUEL G. ENGEL
DIRECTED BY HENRY LEVIN
SCREENPLAY BY THEODORE REEVES

Based on a play written by MARY CHASE and produced by IRVING L. JACOBS and GUNTHRIE McCLINTIC
of Cole's. Also big is the Eydie Gorme album, the one in which she jets into the vocal stratosphere with "I'll Take Romance." Teenagers "dig" Elvis Presley's "All Shook Up," while their moms are buying the same disc for the other side, "That's Where Your Heartache Begins." . . . Kim Novak does her record buying in flamenco and show tune albums.

**Big Scenes and Bodv-Building:** The big man in Jayne Mansfield's life, Mickey Hargitay, has a small role in her next movie, "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" They never appear in a scene together—just carry on a trans-continental feud via television. In the movie (which turns out to be a good-natured spoof of television in the screen version) he loses her to someone else. In real life, however, they've been inseparable, with Mickey giving her an extensive course in body-building in their after-hours workouts together. Jayne says it's done wonders for toning up her muscles—and besides, their "routine" comes in handy at parties and premiers. According to reports, they expect to be married soon. . . . Incidentally Jayne, who was blasted by the press for the unladylike way she acted at Sophia Loren's cocktail party given by 20th (when she stood behind Sophia in a gown cut down to there and posed till the photographers got their flash bulbs ready) seems chastened by the experience. She hasn't been at a party given for Sophia since.

**Things We Wonder About:** We wonder what plans Mike Wilding is making for the future, now that his marriage to Liz is over. Will he return to England, to resume the career he gave up for Liz? . . . It must be quite a job for Debra Paget to manage "protection" for her crystal-studded Cadillac. How does she do it? She made the mistake, just once, of leaving it parked in the CBS parking lot for an afternoon, and returned to find that memento-seekers had pried off the crystals on one side of the car. It will take $500 to replace them . . . What is Farley Granger doing these days? Remember him? . . . Do Debbie and Eddie ever play their "How I Love You Pretty Baby" for the benefit of Carrie Frances?

**Music at Midnight:** Latest of the stars to turn vocalist for the benefit of the juke boxes is Bob Wagner, whose "So Young" and "Almost Eighteen" were put on wax at an all-night music session recently. Bob was on a personal appearance tour and had no other time available, and Liberty wanted the recording cut immediately, so Bob arranged to get to the studio at midnight and worked straight through till 8:00 a.m. Natalie Wood, who'd been with him earlier in the evening for the opening of a drive-in theatre in San Diego, was there to keep him company and to ply him with coffee when things got dull—so the whole thing turned out to be as much fun as work can ever be!

*Continued*
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 pincurl 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 pincurls. 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!
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. **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!

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**Arrid**

Don’t be half safe. Be completely safe. Use Arrid... to be sure.

43¢ plus tax.

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**INSIDE STUFF Continued**

Paris Landing: Anita Ekberg blew into Paris the same day as the Queen of England, which rather took the wind out of Anita’s sails but was a great relief to husband Anthony Steel. After posing for the tens of photographers who crowded around her, Anita demurely covered her low-w-w cut dress with a chiffon scarf. Anita is unhappy with the habit newspapermen have of putting her measurements next to her photograph. “It’s like putting a person’s bank account next to his name,” she says. And Anthony Steel asked reporters to deny the story that she was pregnant, adding, “My wife is an actress, you know. She doesn’t need that kind of publicity.”

The Volcano Gone Quiet? We thought Shelley Winters had changed—that for a former volcano she had certainly become both cooperative and quiet in offering to accompany her fiancé Anthony Franciosa on his tour to plug “Hateful of Rain,” even though she had been by-passed for the movie version. And then Shelley reverted to type! Shelley and Tony were on their way to bid at an auction when a photographer tried to take their picture. Shelley whispered that she wasn’t wearing any lipstick. Tony objected to the camera and a free-for-all ensued. After the damage had been done, Tony issued an apology, offered to pay for the camera and Shelley (we hope!) went home to put on some make-up. Incidentally, Tony’s a free man, now that his divorce from his former wife is final. All of which should mean that he and Shelley will be getting married soon—but so far, they haven’t set the date.

Clamor About Glamour: The most sought after role in town is that of “Jean Harlow,” whose life story Producer Jerry Wald is readying for the screen. Marilyn Monroe, Jayne Mansfield, Kim Novak and Carroll Baker are among those bidding for it. Some bidding!... Mamie Van Doren will wear a “movable” gown in Paramount’s “Teacher’s Pet,” Edith Head created it. The dress contains thousands of crystal drops on small strings, which move all the time, whether Mamie does or not—and Mamie does, too. ... Don Loper, one of the colony’s better-known “gownologists” says: “The uncovered look has had it. The gals are going for more tasteful creations.” Chiffon dresses are very much in vogue and Don’s favored colors this season are his “Pink Mink” and “African Orange.” He’s doing a big business, too, in leather sports coats to match your sports car. Who has that kind of dough?... Best figure in Hol-
lywood? Edith Head, who's dressed most of them and received better than a half-dozen Oscars for doing it, says Liliane Montevecchi has one of the best she's ever seen. Liliane will have an all-black wardrobe to show it off in "Sad Sack."

**Favorites of the Film Set:** Hollywood has its television heroes over which the gals swoon as avidly as film fans swoon over them. You should see them when Jim ("Gunsmoke") Arness, Hugh (Wyatt Earp) O'Brian and Jock ("Range Rider") Mahoney walk into the room at a party. They're their stars.

**Heroes of the Younger Set:** James MacArthur, Helen Hayes' talented boy, a solid click in his first RKO film, "The Young Stranger," may not make another film until the summer of 1958. A student at Harvard, he is only available for movie work during the summer months. He turned down a role in "Peyton Place" this summer and RKO passed up its option on his services because they had no property for him. So, instead of appearing before the cameras this summer, he'll probably hop a freighter to Europe.

Want to start a Tommy Sands Fan Club? Tommy already has 1,000 clubs going for him, bringing in over 15,000 pieces of mail a week. He's a fan too—of Elvis Presley. They worked together on the Colonel Tom Parker circuit throughout the South. Nice kid. Should do big things picture-wise under Executive Producer Buddy Adler's guidance at 20th-Fox.

Continued
is Tommy Sands the new Elvis?

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INSIDE STUFF

Personal Triumph: Why make pictures? Judy Garland will earn more from her personal appearances at the Flamingo (Las Vegas), the Dallas State Fair, and the Greek Theater (Los Angeles) this summer than she ever did in a full year of movie-making.

Hubby Sid Luft is negotiating for a date in London, and our French correspondent reports that “All Paris is waiting with fervent anticipation for Judy Garland’s appearance at the Olympia in September. As soon as it was announced, the orders started pouring in.”

Coming Soon: Look for Ernest Borgnine in the “Life of Pancho Villa.” He’s planning to make it in Mexico this fall with his partner, Sam Weiler. With the aid of a mustache, the resemblance is remarkable. . . . Why was Ann Blyth cast as “Helen Morgan”? Because, she made the best test of the eighteen lensed for the part. Director Mike Curtiz said her tests “were just plain wonderful.” And Jack Warner, who made the picture, believes she’s going to add the biggest laurel of all to her career. Ann’s that good. . . . John Mitchum is starting to give his big (and better known) brother, Robert, a run for films. His latest for Columbia will be “The Mad Ball,” with Jack Lemmon. . . . If you ask Dick Powell, and we did, Tami Conner, recently signed by 20th Century-Fox, will be a big star. All she needs is the right role. Well, Dick, how about finding it for her?

International Love Affair: Etchika Choureau, the girl with the name that sounds like a sneeze and a figure that looks like a whistle (and a personality that captured Tab Hunter’s heart) is
back in town again making “Darby’s Rangers” for Warners’. The lovely twenty-three-year-old French actress who starred in 15 French, Italian and German pictures before coming to the States, met Tab Hunter while they were making “Lafayette Escadrille” together. He asked her to Gary Cooper’s cocktail party one day after work, she accepted, and that started that. As Etchika put it, their romance took place in a movie by day, and at the movies at night. Tab, who’s usually adept at parrying questions about love, came right out in print recently and admitted he was real “gone” on the girl. It was the first time he’d made such an admission, and his fans think it’s great. What does Etchika think? “Ees very nice. But he nevair tell me!” Etchika does admit, however, that Tab sent her a pressing of “Young Love” the minute it was released and that they corresponded while she was in Paris. Asked about marriage, Etchika replies that she hasn’t considered staying here permanently—and besides, nobody’s asked her to yet. For the record, Etchika’s tiny, demure and gentle. She has a petite figure (34, 22½, 34) green eyes and long blond wavy hair. Though she understands English better than she speaks it, she’s managed to pick up some good American slang. She likes “les hamburgers,” thinks Tab is “a veree nice guy” and anyone who does her a favor is “a leering doll.”

Invitation to a Memory: A party to remember will be the one the American Export Lines toasts this month (July) aboard the Constitution to launch 20th Century-Fox’s “An Affair to Remember.” Very swank, with food being flown in from all over the globe. And, it’ll be a picture to remember, too, as Deborah Kerr and Cary Grant are at their best. Believe me, it’s great.

Champagne Props: “The Mad Ball,” starring Jack Lemmon and Kathy Grant, which is now being filmed at Columbia, promises to be one of the funniest comedies of the year. The plot centers around the efforts of some G.I.’s in France to throw a strictly-against-the-rules party for the officer nurses. Director Dick Quine had the unique idea that the mad ball scene, which climaxes the movie, should be filmed at night to get the actors in the party spirit. And speaking of spirits, Roger Smith, who has a featured role, let me in on a secret. Not all of the drinks being slipped to him by the prop men were the usual colored water. About every third take, the bubbles in the champagne were the real thing. No wonder Jack Lemmon, Mickey Rooney and Arthur O’Connell were cooperative in the retakes. Undoubtedly, this is the kind of realism in film-making they would like more of. The End
All about a little Mississippi riverboat gal who taught a sophisticated bachelor about Love, a stuffy town about Fun ... and an ultra-modern family about Happiness!
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You'll love DEBORAH KERR in Leo McCarey's AN AFFAIR TO REMEMBER

REVIEWS

//// INCREDBLE SHRINKING MAN, THE—U-I: Ingenious, haunting science-fiction film pictures Grant Williams as an average man who shrinks to minute size. (F) May

//// KELLY AND ME—U-I: CinemaScope, Technicolor: In a pleasant, sentimental comedy, ham vaudevillian Van Johnson is put in the shade by his partner—a truck dog. Piper Laurie helps the team to film fame. (F) May

//// LITTLE HUT, THE—M-G-M, Eastman Color: Mild farce strands pompous Stewart Granger, wife Ava Gardner and her admirer, David Niven, on a tropic island. (A) June

//// PUBLIC PIGEON NO. 1—U-I, Technicolor: Red Skelton's showmanship lifts a creaky raper about a timid soul taken in by con-men. Janet Blair is his loyal sweetie. (F) January

//// SHOOT-OUT AT MEDICINE BEND—Warner: Agreeable Randolph Scott item. To get crooked James Craig, Randy and two fellow Civil War vets pose as peaceable Quakers. (F) June


//// STRANGE ONE, THE—Columbia: Youthful Ben Gazzara does a striking debut as a bully in an overdrawn drama of a southern military school. George Peppard is a likable cadet. (A) May

//// TALL T, THE—Columbia, Technicolor: Good horse opera, unusually strong on character. Rancher Rand Scott, Manon O'Sullivan and others are held as hostages by outlaw Richard Boone and his gunmen. (F) June


//// 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

//// THIS COULD BE THE NIGHT—M-G-M, CinemaScope: Fresh, sly romantic comedy casts Jean Simmons as a prim teacher hired as a secretary by night-club owner Paul Douglas. Anthony Franciosa scores; so do dancer Nelle Adams, singer Julie Wilson. (A) June

//// 12 ANGRY MEN—U-A.: Tense, intelligent jury-room drama. Henry Fonda maneuvers prejudiced fellow jurors into serious judgment on a boy's trial for murder. (F) June

//// UNTAMED YOUTH—Warners: Odd melodrama set on a sort of prison farm, brutally ran. Lori Nelson and rock 'n' rolling Mamie Van Doren are befriended by Don Burnett. (A) June


//// YOUNG STRANGER, THE—U-I: Teenager James MacArthur scores in a thoughtful study of family relationships. Kim Hunter's his mother; James Daly, his movie-producer dad, who fails the boy in a crisis. (F) March
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The current movie heroes are boys trying to do a man's work. Most of them are adolescent, and this applies regardless of age. These heroes include boys who'd like to be men. Some play tough guys, like Paul Newman and Marlon Brando. Some are rebels like the late James Dean and the current Sal Mineo and Elvis Presley. Others, like Tony Perkins, shown on this page, play it shy and boyish. What's wrong with this new look in Hollywood men? Why are the old, reliable favorites—Clark Gable, Jimmy Stewart, Gary Cooper, John Wayne and company—still carrying the big box office burden and running away with the heroine at an age when they might well be settling down to pipe and slippers? Does the fault lie in the way these stars are being handled, or in the stars themselves? To each his own, and every generation has its own heroes. Let's face it: The actor is never isolated from what is happening around him. The garish, giddy Twenties had sleek, smoldering (Continued)
Valentino. The grim depression Thirties had a two-fisted Cagney and Gable, realists in a rough world, while the smooth Melvyn Douglas and David Niven offered an escape to dreamed-of elegance and sophistication. World War II found the ideal hero of sterling strength and character in the rugged persons of John Wayne, Gary Cooper, Jimmy Stewart and Gregory Peck.

Then abruptly, during the early years of postwar confusion, a strange new movie idol appeared. Clad in T-shirt and blue jeans, serious, moody, an individualist to the core, Montgomery Clift was a far cry from any of the previous screen-hero styles. And in his wake, off the Broadway stage, mumbling, brooding, scratching, sexy and confused, came the first of the modern movie heroes—Marlon Brando.

Gable—The King—had been dethroned. But Brando, and the actors who followed in his footsteps, had no desire to be King. They knew in the 1950’s Kings have no power and are out of style.

These years belong to the rebels and the teen-agers. On waves of teen-agers’ adulation, Jimmy Dean became a cult and singing idols—Elvis Presley, Pat Boone, Tab Hunter, Tommy Sands—were carried to stardom. The surge of rebellion runs the gamut from young Sal Mineo to the (Continued on page 111)
Tony Curtis  Don Murray
John Saxon  Sal Mineo
John Kerr
FEW people, strolling along Fifth Avenue on a balmy spring day, noticed the couple—the spare, spectacled man taking long, brisk strides, the girl trotting fast to keep up with him, her face turned toward him, smiling and adoring. A few did a double take when they glanced at the girl—because she was wearing a mink coat that flopped around her ankles—and galoshes! Her blonde hair hung about her face in lank strands, and not even a trace of lipstick livened her pale features.

Marilyn Monroe didn’t give a hang that the crowds who would have mobbed her a short time ago didn’t gather. That Marilyn—the one who carefully displayed her charms in tight-fitting dresses in public and kept even a lone interviewer waiting for hours while she applied and reapplied her make-up before she could get up courage to see him—that Marilyn was gone forever.

She didn’t need her anymore. “Everything I ever needed or wanted in my whole life, I have,” she thought, gazing fondly at her husband, “Except the baby, of course. Then it will be perfect!” Her blue eyes filled with the tears that always come when she’s especially happy.

Arthur Miller pressed her hand. But he wasn’t smiling. What concerned him at the moment gave him no reason to smile. On May 13th, he had to go to court, to answer two charges for contempt of Congress, a result of his refusal to name names when he appeared before the House Committee on Un-American Activities last June even though he did not invoke the Fifth Amendment and denied that he had ever been a Communist.

To the newsmen who asked him whether Marilyn was upset by this when the charges were first announced, Arthur had replied crisply, “Nobody is exactly overjoyed.” But if Marilyn was upset then, she wasn’t now. She was prepared to follow her husband along Fifth Avenue, to the ends of the earth—or to jail, if need be.

Or was she? Can Marilyn Monroe really turn her back on stardom, with all its ego-swelling wealth and adulation and security? It is a decision she will have to make now. She is at another crossroads in her life—and time to decide on a turning is running short.

She has arrived at this point during the past year, by another of the puzzling personal revolts that have marked her behavior in the past.

At the beginning of 1956, Marilyn never had it (Continued on page 90)

by ALEX JOYCE
For love of Arthur Miller, she's forsaken old friends,

turned her back on Hollywood. Where does she go from here?
by RORY CALHOUN

Cindy, Oh Cindy

"Lita and I didn't plan to give an interview on our new daughter, Cindy, until Photoplay's photographer, Bob Beerman, took these first pictures"

I want to thank you—all of you—who sent Lita and me your good wishes for Cindy Frances. Your telegrams, letters and cards gave us a wonderful feeling.

Frankly, Lita and I hadn't planned to have any pictures taken of Cindy until she was a few months older, but when Bob Beerman (Photoplay's photographer, and an old friend) stopped by one Sunday afternoon we let him take a peek at her. Cindy was sleeping, and Lita, Bob and I tiptoed into the nursery. "Ah, she's so cute," Bob cajoled, "couldn't we take a couple of shots?" We weakened and agreed—but it wasn't easy. Cindy wasn't at all cooperative. (Continued on page 107)

"All those baby books we read say even a tiny baby must feel loved. Cindy will never fall short on that score—Lita's afraid I'll spoil her completely! On her crib we hung a little cross. Every day we thank God for sending her to us."
This story began with a telephone call from Dick Powell. Tensely, he said, "So much has been written about our marital troubles recently that we'd like to give Photoplay the true facts on..."

THE THREE WEEKS WE'D LIKE TO FORGET

They were three weeks that seemed like something out of a nightmare, the kind of nightmare that leaves you spent and exhausted when you wake up in the morning, feeling vague about what it was all about and knowing you couldn't remember the details if you tried. Your heart races, your fingers are clammy and your mind is a blank. It takes you a moment or two to realize you're safe in the friendly familiarity of your own room, with yellow sheets on the bed and shafts of sunshine sifting through the light organdy curtains. Seeing that you're up, little Pamela comes in to you to ask, "Could I go to Anne's house after school today? Please?" And suddenly you know you're back in the world of reality! You blot the nightmare out of your mind, and sometimes, when you're busy, you think you've succeeded. Only every once in a while, little snatches of the dream come back to haunt you.

For Dick and June Powell, three weeks of nightmare started on February 22nd, when the newspaper headlines screamed out to a startled public, "June and Dick Call It a Day" and "Dick Powells Separate After 11-Year Marriage." June, the "perfect wife" of so many screen marriages, admitted painfully that she had not been able to make a go of her own. "We have not been getting along in the past few years, even though we have both tried very hard," she said. "I have decided that Richard and I have the best chance for happiness if we are apart." Dick verified the report. Speaking soberly and from the heart, Dick said, "It's true that we have not been getting along, but I thought it was worth giving it another chance. Unfortunately, June did not agree. I think that (Continued on page 96)
“I promised you—and here they are—my pictures, just developed,” says Tony Perkins. “Now you see why I love Siam!”

“Who'd ever thought I'd get to visit this wonderful Technicolored country? Here I am posing for my Siamese friend Udom Yenrudi atop the Pagoda of Dawn with the watery city of Bangkok in the background. Temple or wat crawling is a favorite pastime for tourists. How do you like the shirt? I had several made. Some fun, eh wat?”

“Time off from 'This Bitter Earth' I spent rubbernecking from the stern of a sampan or the front end of an open-air streetcar. Those floating taxis were great for getting around the city, called the 'Venice of the East.' Everybody's your friend in Siam—including the pigeons.”

“Life for the Buddhist monk is not all meditation. This monk wanted me to join him in a badminton game. To enter the Temple of the Reclining Buddha in the background, you must take off your shoes. Seemed like a great idea!”
Her real name is Dorothy E. Maloney. She was born January 30, 1925, in Chicago, but she's a true Texan in spirit, her family having moved to Dallas when she was three months old. She attended Ursuline Convent and Highland Park High School, where she won five scholarship offers. She modeled at Neiman-Marcus from kiddie right through campus clothes. When in a play aptly named "Starbound," at Southern Methodist University, she was spotted by a movie talent scout, but it took her four months to make up her mind to accept. When she did, her parents laid down a list of rules: no cheesecake pictures, no lone dates with men, no visits to plush night spots. She kept the rules until they agreed that she was old enough to be released from them. She made her movie debut in "The Big Sleep" in 1946, and has made over thirty films. Most of them were the "girl next door" or "understanding wife" variety, until she bleached her natural brunette tresses to chestnut blonde to play the married woman who had an affair with soldier Tab Hunter in "Battle Cry." It opened producers' eyes to the fact that she is one of the sexiest actresses on the screen. She doesn't think that she is sexy. But she has many male admirers who do. The list of men she has dated reads like a male Hollywood Who's Who. Among them: Richard
Dorothy Malone?

Courted by famous stars, winner of an Academy Award,
her name is news. Yet nobody really knows her. Why?

Egan, Frank Sinatra, Liberace, Tab Hunter, Scott Brady. She has also dated lawyer Bentley Ryan, producer Roger Corman, oil man Rulon Nielsen. She admits that she was engaged for some time to a Texas doctor. She has recently acquired her second home, and is furnishing it herself. In it are two phones, for which nobody in Hollywood has the numbers. They are for exclusive use of her family and friends in Dallas. She manages to spend as much time in Dallas as in Hollywood. Although she keeps turning down proposals, she says she wants to get married. She has a shrewd mind for money, has interests in a mink ranch in Montana and a millinery shop in Texas, has put her own funds into pictures that made profits. She dresses simply, seldom wears a hat and doesn’t care for fur coats. She has been described variously as witty, shy, explosive, calm. The fact that she wears dark glasses even at lunch in the commissary has led some people to call her affected. The lowest point of her life was the death of her brother Will, struck down by lightning on a golf course at the age of sixteen. The highest point of her life was the winning of the Academy Award for Best Supporting Actress this year for “Written on the Wind.” Months have passed since fifty million people saw her on TV that night—and they are still asking:

“Who is Dorothy Malone?” For all her fame, she remains puzzling and contradictory. To solve this enigma, Photoplay questioned Dorothy. Here are her answers:

When did you begin to click in Hollywood?

When I changed hair color and did “Battle Cry.” Up to then I was only the sweet, girl next door type. I thought I’d get some strange fan mail reaction. But strangely enough I received only perfectly lovely letters.

But I certainly disappointed a date I had one night after I’d made that picture. I turned up in a little suit and looked just like a regular human being. He apparently thought I’d turn up in a black velvet slinky dress. He couldn’t figure it out. Apparently I wasn’t the type he hoped I’d be.

Did your family help you in your career?

I’ve always had the feeling that they’d rather I’d stayed at home. They were noncommittal, which they have been on almost all important decisions in my life. Of course, it’s been the effect of them on my life which influences my decisions, whether they give an opinion or not. Many of my decisions are based on what I think they would think, maybe wrong or right, and on the things I learned when I was little. My brother, Will, who was killed by lightning a few years ago when he was only sixteen was the only member of the family who really was enthusiastic about my being in the movies. He’s the only one who really gave a positive reaction to what I was doing. Mother might say “I don’t know why you want to be in the movies.” He would say “Dorothy is okay.” That’s all he’d ever say, but I’m sure he was the only one who thought it was okay for me to be in the movies and away from home. My family wasn’t too happy about my playing the role I did in “Written on the Wind.” But after they saw it, they felt all right about the job I did.

Were you ever discouraged?

During the years since I first came to Hollywood, many times I was discouraged. Many times I didn’t get the part I wanted and sometimes it was hard to get any work at all.

When I was home, after my brother’s death, I started doing public relations work for the Girardian Life Insurance Company. They gave me the two Afghan dogs I have now—I call them my Girardian Angels.

I was home for a couple of years. Then a producer who remembered a part I had been in, called me back to Hollywood. (Continued on page 104)
"Ever since I was a slum kid chased by the cops, I ran. There was only one destination—a psychiatrist's office. This is what happened there—the story I couldn't tell until now."

It was a beautiful day, clear and sunny, the kind that makes a person feel glad to be alive. I slammed the door of my car and stood for a moment, looking up and down the street. There were some kids playing ball in a vacant lot, a policeman passing the time of day with a grocer on the corner. The sound of laughter and juke box music came from the open door of a bar. A nice day. For everybody, it seemed—except for me.

Glad to be alive? I was anything but! Walking down the street was an effort. I looked at the buildings for the number, hoping I wouldn't find it. But there it was. I stood for a while, just looking at it, until I knew I couldn't put off going inside any longer. My hand on the door-knob was clammy. I pushed it open, and my heart started to pound so hard I could feel it. I, Tony Curtis, was going to see a psychiatrist.

This is the story of what happened inside that office, from that day, four years ago. Six months ago, I couldn't have told it. It struck too deep, was too painful. But now, I feel that I can talk about it, fully and freely.

Why? Because I feel it may be of help to people. Some friends of mine warned me, "You know what will happen. Some people will think you're putting on a Pagliacci act, crying on (Continued on page 93)
In which fabulous people are glimpsed at work, at play, in the privacy of their homes

BY RADIE HARRIS

Lucille Ball and Radie Harris discuss the days before Lucy banked her first million

With Kay as “Queen,” the “King” seems to have regained all the happiness he once shared with his beloved Carole

Travelogue: Since I am the original "have evening dress, will travel" gal, and the sight of a plane, a train or boat has the same effect on me as diamonds have to Liz Taylor or Paulette Goddard, I went to the opening of the new Sheraton Hotel in Philadelphia and then flew on to Hollywood for a three-week holiday whirl. Happily, I have a faculty for being in the right place at the right time, and again my good luck brought me to the Coast at the height of the social season. Some of the high spots—the gala premiere of "Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison," at Grauman's Chinese, followed by Anita and Buddy Adler's supper dance at Romanoff's; Greer Garson's dinner dance at the Club Seville, honoring Jayne Meadows and Steve Allen; a weekend at Palm Springs as the house guest of Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz. These were just a few of the events and places I covered on my non-stop social marathon. What a mad race.

Down Memory Lane: Reflecting back on these happy memories now, it is difficult to single out any one event as the most exciting. Hollywood was still discussing the Academy Awards. I don’t know whether you were satisfied with the results of this year's elections, but at the parties I attended, the opinion seemed to be that Ingrid Bergman won the "best actress" award on a tidal wave of sentiment for her American comeback more than for her actual performance as Anastasia; that Yul Brynner didn't rate an "Oscar" for his "King and I" portrayal, excellent as it was, because he was merely recreating a role he had played on the stage for two years and that Kirk Douglas should have won, because he brought such histrionic skill to his characterization of Vincent Van Gogh in "Lust for Life" that his own identity was completely submerged; that Jimmy Dean shouldn't have been a nominee in the regular lineup but should have been given a special posthumous award; that the sweeping victory of "Around the World in 80 Days" won the unanimous approval of everyone—especially lovely Liz Taylor.
Queen Liz: Mrs. Todd couldn't care less about her career now, but Mike, who saw a rough cut of "Raintree County," has been predicting to everyone that Liz, who was overlooked in this year's nominations, would definitely be in the running for an Oscar next year. Actually, this Metro film may well be Liz' last screen appearance. She is expecting her heir or heiress in October. (With two Wilding sons, she's hoping this "Act of Todd" will be a daughter.) In the meantime, while awaiting this blessed event, she, Mike and her Wilding offspring will spend the summer in the most beautiful and expensive villa at Cap Ferrat, on the French Riviera. This is the kind of indolent, luxurious life that Liz adores, and it won't be easy for Metro, to whom she is still under contract for another two years, to lure her back to work. In her choice of a second "Mike," she has obviously found the perfect husband—a man who can complement her laziness with his vitality, her youthful acquisitiveness with his adult experience, her extravagant desires with his generous

Clifton Webb well-wishes Sophia Loren's young sister on her singing career

Greg Peck and his wife Veronique refuse to match rebuffs with an unknowing and officious receptionist

Hats Off To Bacall: Lauren Bacall, to whom pain has been too familiar a sight this past year, isn't wearing her sorrow on her sleeve, but is facing a future without Bogie as he would have wanted her to—with no self-pitying tears but

Arguments continue to blaze in Hollywood over the choice of Yul Bryner as top male winner in the Oscar derby

Can the invasion of new comers like Tommy Sands cut out the old Hollywood favorites? Date Molly Bee nods yes

with laughter among friends they once shared together. I lunched with Betty at Bogie's favorite restaurant, Romanoff's, and she spoke freely and candidly about her late husband and the children's reaction to the loss of their father—but not for publication. "Anything I say, Radie, must remain a confidence between us as friends," she warned me. "I have been offered fabulous sums from publications all over the world to write about my life with Bogie, especially during the last year of his fight with cancer, but I have turned them all down, I refuse to commercialize my memories and my personal life. These

What Ladies Didn't Meet: I talked to Anna Magnani who, pounds thinner than on her last visit, looked as glamorous as any Hollywood star, in a pearl-gray satin evening gown and chinchilla stole, and as she answered questions in her own halting English or through an interpreter, I couldn't help but wonder what went on in her mind when she watched Ingrid Bergman accepting her award in a filmed interview from Paris. Here was the actress who had replaced Magnani in Roberto Rossellini's affec-
Ingrid, here with family, celebrates what cynics thought couldn't happen

are sacred to me, Bogie and our children.” To which I add “bravo!” There are too many stories being written now that sacrifice good taste in exposing the most intimate secrets of one’s private life for the sensationalism they arouse, and the film sale that inevitably follows.

A Ball With Lucy: “I Love Lucy,” No show could be more appropriately named for its star, for to know Lucille Ball is to love her. Lucille has never forgotten that I was on her bandwagon long before she and Desi Arnaz began to count their first million. Lucille can never do enough to express her appreciation. No sooner had I checked into the Beverly Hills Hotel, when her beautiful flowers of welcome arrived and she herself was on the phone, “Hey there, girl, when are you coming down to visit us in Palm Springs?” she greeted me. “We drive down every Thursday night after the show and stay until Monday, so you just name the date and the guest suite is yours.” Well, who am I to turn down an invitation like that? On my weekend visit, we had cocktails with Kay and Clark Gable in their private bungalow on the Grounds of the Tennis Club. It was wonderful catching up with the “King” and his beautiful “Queen” for an informal visit like this. Clark, with his graying temples and bronzed body from his holiday in the sun, looked handsomer than ever, and it was obvious that in his marriage to Kay he has, at long last, regained the happiness he once shared with Carole Lombard and never thought he’d find again.

Modest Greg: It was in Palm Springs, too, that I caught up again with Veronique and Greg Peck. I had gone to the screening of “Designing Woman” with them at M-G-M and had visited their Beverly Hills hilltop home for my first glimpse of six-months-old Anthony, their cherubic, blue-eyed baby son and now they were spending the weekend at La Quinta and had invited me to dine with them at The Beachcombers.

After gorging ourselves, we stopped by the Racquet Club for a nightcap. Greg, with his usual modesty, announced to the man at the door, “I’m not a member, but we’d just like to come in for a nightcap.” “Only members and their guests are admitted!” snapped back the officious receptionist. And only an actor like Greg, in return for this rebuff, wouldn’t toss his weight around. He just laughed, and turning to Veronique and myself cracked, “I guess I better start doing TV, so guys like this can recognize me in the future!”

More Happy Memories of the Hollywood Scene: Set-visiting at 20th-Fox,
young ideas from Hollywood

From thousands of letters Photoplay received in the last six months, here are the questions you asked most often. On the following pages of this special section are the answers from the stars!

Will Kathy Grant talk about Bing now? 60

With the things he does, can Elvis be God-loving? 62

Can a marriage survive Hollywood? 64

Is Tab really serious about singing? 66

What’s the latest Hollywood fashion fad? 72

Can you tell me how to copy the stars’ hair styles? 68

How can I have a wedding like a star’s? 76

Can you help me find the job I want? 81
For a while, her romance with Bing Crosby was rapturous. Then—it was hopeless. Yet from it, Kathy Grant has learned that . . .

LOVE IS NEVER A
A LITTLE girl lay by the side of a dusty, lonely road. She was scarcely conscious; badly hurt. The sun beat down upon her crumpled body and she whimpered with pain. 'I am going to die,' she thought. And then a fine handsome cowboy galloped up on his horse and rescued the little girl. She looked at him and saw that it was Hopalong Cassidy. 'Where are you taking me?' she asked.

"To Hollywood, to be a movie star," said Hopalong."

Kathy Grant tells this story—a dream from childhood—to show how she became a movie star. "Not that simple, really," she laughs, "but I've had the dream a long time. I had lots of dreams to keep me company when I was growing up. I must have been lonely," she admits candidly, "but I know it was my fault. I had a lot of imaginary playmates, though. But the only one I remember by name is Lulu—the bad one. She really was a little devil. Every time something bad happened, Lulu was to blame."

"And who is to blame for unhappy things today?" I asked. Kathy knew what I meant, for she had promised not to evade the question of her romance with Bing Crosby. In the two years they'd gone together, their romance had hit the gossip columns, the front pages and the cover lines of magazines throughout the world. Some stories had been kind, but many had been cruel, filled with innuendos and misplaced motives. Reading some of them I'd thought, "How can a youngster like that take it?" I asked Kathy and listening to her talk about herself and about her (Continued on page 105)

by SYLVIA ASHTON
God is my refuge

"I know how it sounds when some people start talkin' about God. But there comes a time in a man's life when he has to say somethin'. I think now's the time to tell the truth about me—Elvis Presley—and what I think. I want to tell about the time when I was as low as I could get, and I got down on my knees and prayed. Now, maybe a lot of people will say that what happened next was a coincidence. They got a right to think that if they want to. . . . But I don't. I think it was a plan of God. . . ."

Elvis Presley walked over to the large mirror in his hotel room and looked at himself. He ran his hand through his long chestnut brown hair, then slowly tugged one end of the silk string tie he was wearing, sighed and dropped his head. His usually squared shoulders slumped.

The room reflected Elvis' dejection. A sagging bed in one corner was piled high with suitcases, clothing and his guitars. On a desk branded with cigarette burns a battered fan labored helplessly against the hot humid air that settled over the room like a damp sheet.

Gene Smith, Elvis' cousin and traveling companion, sat in the corner mopping his face with a damp handkerchief.

"Tired, El?" asked Gene.

Presley nodded his head. "But it ain't the work. Never did mind it." He glanced around the room. His eyes fell on two slightly crumpled newspapers lying beside the faded armchair in which he had been sitting. He turned his head slightly so he could read them. He sighed heavily.

“Stuff like that gets me weary,” Presley said pointing to the headlines.

On page one in large bold type was a story headlined "Pastor Flays Elvis. Elvis Presley is morally insane." The story, quoting the clergymen, said in part, "The belief of unholy pleasure has sent the morals of the nation down to rock bottom and the crowning addition to this day's corruption is Elvis Presley-ism."

Next to that story, still on the same page was another: A prominent Los Angeles judge, commenting on a serious case of juvenile delinquency, said, "It is strange that in all these cases involving boys under age, everyone has been wearing an Elvis Presley haircut. I wish," concluded the judge, "that Elvis Presley had never been born."

Gene eyed Elvis critically. He had traveled a lot with his cousin and knew him as few people did. At the moment, he knew that Elvis was depressed.

Depressed and disgusted like he'd been when he read that he'd pointed a gun at a Marine. How many people had read the (Continued on page 100)
westward — ha!

“Hollywood is grand, but we wouldn’t sorrow,” says Shirley MacLaine, “if we left it tomorrow!”

Seeing’s that you asked me,” said Shirley MacLaine, as she curled her feet under her in the barrel chair and almost disappeared into her knees. “Yup. I like it here.” She flashed a lightning smile that lit up her face.

“Lots of people say that Hollywood is a good place to work, but no place to live. You know the idea—long on fame and fortune, but short on personal happiness. I don’t think so.” Shirley rolled her tongue around in a gesture that acknowledged thought and locked her arms around her knees. “I think happiness (Continued on page 102)
on the upbeat

A minute ago there was casual banter, laughter, the sound of an orchestra tuning up. Now, there is only silence. The conductor raises his arms, waiting for a cue from the engineer in the glass booth. At a microphone dangling from the ceiling stands a young man, bronzed, tow-headed. He is expectant, tense. He moistens his lips. Suddenly the small room is flooded with music as the orchestra plays the opening bars of the first in a new album—Tab sings.... Is he serious about it? Or is this new career just a lark? “I don’t even hum well,” he once said. The trouble was, he had no faith in himself. But fans who liked his singing have given him that faith. As these intimate photos, taken when Photo- play spent an afternoon with Tab at Dot Records Studio, reveal, he is taking his singing seriously—because this is his way of saying, “Thanks to you.”
"This record has to be right. I can't stand on 'Young Love.' I owe too much to it. And to all the fans who've stood behind me. I just can't let them down... Only a few seconds to go. Just time for a sip of water.

Feel scared inside, maybe I'm too tense, pushing too hard. I mumble the words in my sleep. The melody races through my head every waking minute of the day. Hours and hours of rehearsal. And I thought making a picture was hard...

Here goes. Everything fine right down to the last bar and then the orchestra and I hit a sour note. Perhaps because we're all so beat, we start laughing. But it breaks the tension. I undo my collar, take off my sweater.

Everybody's feeling all right now. It's like we're doing it for the first time... But on the playback, I wonder. Is this my best? Will my fans really like it? I sure hope so... 'Cause, I'm singing this one just for them."
Nicest thing about movie stars' hairdos—their carefree, born-beautiful look. Second nicest thing—it's easy to copy at home

A slave, she admits it, to a daily shampoo, June Allyson can set her pert page boy in a speedy two minutes. June's hair is very fine and naturally curly. While still damp, she parts it diagonally, from temple to crown on left side. Two large, standing pin curls form fluffy bangs. Sides are set with one large, flat curl over each ear. June brushes rest of hair over her hand, turning ends under. Long clips behind ears help shape page boy. A fast squirt of hair spray sets it to stay. Special charm of June's hairdo is its bounce. On page 90 Ethel Neefus, her hairdresser for 14 years, tells how June's soft, fine hair gets its body and spring.
The girl with round face and baby-fine hair can take her cue from Debbie Reynolds, who cheerfully owns up to both. For Debbie's personal views, her studio stylist's professional opinion, see page 90. To copy Debbie's hairdo exactly, follow sketch, above. Top is set in nine stand-up pin curls, wound toward face. Row of small, flat pin curls at sides is followed by two rows of larger curls, gradually increasing in size toward back. Three rows of large curls in back are wound toward face. To comb out, top is brought forward in soft, full bangs. Sides and back are swept up in high, wavy pony tail with ends flipped neatly under.

Continued
“I like to wear my hair short because it’s easy to keep—long, too, because it’s so feminine,” confides Natalie Wood, who doesn’t really have to make up her mind. Like most girls with an oval face, she can wear either length—and does. “When Natalie’s hair is long, it looks best brushed back,” says Jean Burt Reilly, chief hair stylist at Warners’. “Short, it can be brought forward without smothering her small face.” A shortcut in every way, Natalie’s gamin hairdo (shown here) requires no setting, needs only to be combed into place. Feather cut, with bangs and sides tapered to fall into points, back is shaped to fit nape of neck. To learn how Natalie skips the awkward stage between long hair and short, see page 90.
Demure as dynamite, Ann Blyth’s medium-length hairdo follows no fashion trend, just looks beautiful. Gentle and feminine as well as flattering, it is also easy to set. Soft waves on top are formed by two rows of standing pin curls, a third row of flat curls. In each row, one curl is on left side of part, two curls on right. Sides and back are set as shown. On page 90, read how Ann keeps her thick, dark hair always lustrous and manageable.

Doris Day’s tumbled topknot has a carefree, combed-with-an-egg-beater charm achieved by clever cutting, setting and combing. About setting, first: Hair is parted just off center. Two rows of very large, standing pin curls on top are rolled over two fingers and wound toward face. Flat curls on crown are wound in reverse direction. Hair in back is swirled to point at nape of neck, sides sleeked flat and held in place with clips while drying. Cutting and combing directions on page 90.
feathers and fancies

"Ever notice how it’s usually one girl in a crowd who starts the new fashion trends?" asks Lee Remick, attractive young newcomer in Warners’ "A Face In The Crowd." "She’s the one who’ll turn up in the maddest sun bonnet, the gayest swim cap, the giddiest sandals. She’s cause for masculine comment wherever she goes, and wherever she goes, girls imitate her." Pointing to our collection of fine and fancy beach accessories (most of them pure fun!) Lee smiles and says, "This summer, that girl is going to be me!" It can be you too, in Hollywood fashions designed to start a trend at your favorite seashore or mountain resort: A. Birdcage beach bag in turquoise cotton, Kleinert’s, $5. B. Head-turning swim cap in water-repellent velvet. Aqua Modes by U.S. Rubber, $8. C. Eye-stopping "pear" beach hat in braidied straw, by William J., $25. D. Petal swim cap, a rose in rubber, by Kleinert’s, $6. E. White beaded ropes, spaced with "gold" by Coro, each, $4. F. Navy sun spots on a large white silk square, by Glentex, $2. G. Black kid thong sandals caught with natural wood buttons, by Bernardo, $8. H. White plastic bracelets, in varying widths, each, $1. Gilt bangles, each, $2. Both, by Coro. I. Long-stemmed carnations, to bloom on playclothes, by Flower Modes, each $2.25. J. Skimmer flat in "orange sherbet" kid, by Capezio, $10. K. Fleet-footed mule in black and white stripes, accented with cherries, by Oomphies, $8.

*Plus tax

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROCKFIELD AND BRUCE KNIGHT
FOR STORE INFORMATION ON ACCESSORIES, SEE PAGE 112
THE FUN: Norma Moore, of "Fear Strikes Out," in a skirt patterned with cool summer refreshment: slices of watermelon in green and aqua, or pink and orange, $9

THE FANCY: A coordinated piqué blouse—feminine and frilly—in green or black. $6. Hat by William J.

THE FUN: Virginia Gibson, of "Funny Face," wears sleek patio pants (watermelons again!) $9; the black piqué poncho, $8. All separates, sizes 5-15, by Jo Collins

THE FANCY: A saucy "lemon" sunhat by William J. Sandals with a blossom to bob on your toe, by Capezio

To buy fashions, see information and stores listed on page 112
Max Factor's new Hi-Fi Lipstick

When Hi-Fi touches your lips, you'll see glowing color never possible before! You'll feel Hi-Fi's glide-on moistness that never dries your lips. No need to blot Hi-Fi or wait for it to set... ever. It stays on until you take it off! Discover this dream lipstick — created by Max Factor from his make-up research for color TV. Buy Hi-Fi Lipstick. $1.25 plus tax, at any fine cosmetic counter.
a most unforgettable day

WHEN Linda Darnell married Captain Robbie Robertson recently, we thought it was one of the loveliest informal weddings we'd seen, and for the benefit of you who expect to be in a wedding party soon, we asked her how she'd managed to do it all in just three weeks. First off, she ordered her wedding invitations "rush," choosing ecru stationery, script engraving and matching reception cards. With help, and a little luck, they went out the required two weeks before The Day, and answers were prompt. (That's something to keep in mind the next time you receive a wedding invitation in the mail!) When wedding gifts started coming in, Linda listed them for "thank you" notes to be sent later, and set them out on display. Her wedding dress was ready early: it was pale pink peau de soie, not as traditional as white, but highly fashionable. (Continued on page 79)
When she believes in you, you kinda start believing in yourself.

It isn't just that Ma understands, even when you don't say right out what's troubling you. She helps too. Not by telling you what to do. More by seeing the good in you when you can hardly see it yourself. Like Esther Hunter aid to Fay the other day, "Why, when Ma believes in you, you kinda start believing in yourself." Everybody in town feels that way about Ma Perkins. You would too if you met her. And you can meet her. You can get the whole story—even while you work—when you listen to daytime radio. Hear **Ma Perkins** on the **CBS Radio Network.**

Monday through Friday. See your local paper for station and time.
your golden hour ... your own special time ... when you alone can know the wonder of a warm SweetHeart bath

Such a lovely interlude, your own SweetHeart Bath. The quiet luxury of a little leisure. Then the warm glow, and the fresh, lively tingle your skin adores. How SweetHeart manages to make you feel so good is SweetHeart's own special secret. We can tell you this much though: SweetHeart's blossom-light fragrance, graceful oval swirl and gentle, gentle softness are only part of it. The rest? Well, try SweetHeart for your hands and face or all of you and see.

now "glamorapped" in new gleaming foil

because SweetHeart adores you so!
Though photographers were legion, the dignity of the ceremony was maintained by Linda's inviolate rule of "no photographs at the altar." Afterward, Linda and Robbie greeted their guests in the charming courtyard outside the chapel. (As a guest, you congratulate the groom, only extend your wishes for her happiness to the bride, and—most probably—kiss her.) At the reception later, Linda and Robbie danced their first dance as Mr. and Mrs. (the first dance is traditionally reserved for the bride and groom), enjoyed the wedding dinner, cut the wedding cake and shared the first slice in the hope that their life together would be equally sweet. (Guests are invited to the reception to have a good time—so go ahead and do it! It's permissible—and proper—to introduce yourself to other guests.) You can stay till after the bride and groom have left, as Linda's guests did, but if you're there when the bride throws her bouquet, don't catch it unless you're a bridesmaid. You might wind up being the bride at the next wedding, but you would surely give Emily Post a bad shock!

Photographs from Linda's own wedding album: On their return from the altar, Mr. and Mrs. Robertson smile happily (above). Left: True to tradition, the bride and groom cut a slice of wedding cake.
COOL NEW LOOK... "Coral Ice"

NEW CRYSTAL-BRIGHT BRILLIANCE FOR LIPS AND FINGERTIPS

It glitters...it dazzles...it crackles with excitement! It's the new, all-the-rage color by Cutex...an electric spark of coral, flashed with a potent touch of pink. Breathtaking the way "Coral Ice" lights up your spring and summer fashions! Bewitching the way it brings out the secret fire in you! And wait till he sees you with this "real cool" look! So tempting—it's tingling!

YOU'LL LOVE creamy, lasting Cutex Lipstick...and the matching nail polish (both regular and iridescent Pearl) that wears longest of all!

"Coral Ice" Swimsuit by Cole of California.
what you don’t know about

JOB-HUNTING

Are you a teen-ager looking for a summer job? A housewife seeking ways to pad the family income? Or maybe planning to take that big step and embark on a career? Whatever the case, you are probably asking yourself: What am I best qualified to do? What will I most enjoy doing? With a bewildering array of more than thirty thousand occupations to choose from, it’s not easy to select the one that suits you best.

To help you find that job and to avoid the pitfalls that lie in the way of a successful career Photoplay asked Maxine Block to talk with Hollywood’s top stars so that they might pass along to you their own formulas for getting ahead—tips on how to make your job pay off in happiness as well as cash; ways to help you move ahead in a career.

For three months Maxine Block knocked on the dressing room doors of the stars and on the doors of Hollywood job counselors, employment agency heads, personnel managers and prominent business executives.

One fact everybody agreed on. Do what you like and like what you do. Set your goal and never take your eye off it. “Most of Hollywood’s best-known actors and actresses,” said one studio head, “began their careers performing the lowliest chores, but while they made the rounds of producers’ offices or clerked in stores they never forgot that (Continued on page 83)
BLONDIES HAVE MORE FUN THAN ANYBODY?

You'll find out when you blonde your hair with Lady Clairol® Whipped Creme Hair Lightener. Actually silken your hair as it lightens it... in one fast action! Lady Clairol whips instantly to a soft, rich cream... never runs or drips. Nothing like it for ease... for speed... for clear, even tone. Leaves hair easy to manage... never coarse or brassy. For a glamorous change in your looks... your personality... try amazing, new Lady Clairol. The Whipped Creme makes the fabulous difference!
JOBS-HUNTING  Continued

they wanted to act—often against strong advice to quit and stop reaching for the stars.

Find out what you do want to do—and then get behind it and push. Susan Hayward says, “The best way to keep someone else from choosing your career for you is to have interests and ideas of your own. Weigh everyone’s advice but in the end make your own decisions. You’ll work ten times as hard to make your job a success.”

And Esther Williams adds, “If you merely dream how nice it would be to have some extra money but have no real objective in mind, you may not make the necessary effort to get the right job or even keep it after you have it. So, don’t take a job unless you are determined to do your best.”

And Pat Boone insists that, “Education is the best investment for getting a new job.”

“There are kids,” Pat says, “who get themselves summer jobs, fall in love with the independence and the money, and then don’t return to school in the fall. This, I believe, is a terrible mistake, one that they will regret all their lives. From the beginning Shirl and I insisted that we’d let nothing—my singing, our marriage, our children—interfere with getting an education.”

But Pat has learned, too, that you have to work for the things you really want in this world. He learned respect for a dollar at the tender age of fifteen.

“Dad put me to work digging ditches at fifty cents an hour. I remember at the end of the first day I was so bone tired I could hardly get the shovel off the ground empty, to say nothing of lifting a load of dirt.

“After that session with the shovel I knew (Continued on page 109)
introducing

PAT BOONE

in

BERNARDINE

What goes on in a young man's mind when he thinks about girls... especially a Bernardine on the banks of the Itching River? If you've ever been in love, you'll enjoy this tender tale of youth and romancing, adapted from 20th Century-Fox's new musical hit

In Sneaky Falls, Idaho, by the banks of the Itching River, there exists a dream place for young men. There, mothers have to coax their sons for spending money and ask permission to stay out late. There, every girl is Bernardine and the word 'No' is never spoken.

There were four "Shamrocks" gathered around Arthur Beaumont as he spoke; four who were no longer boys and not yet men. They had reached that wonderful and terrible age, seventeen, when they wanted all the world, yet felt the world did not want them. Not to be permitted to drink beer was the worst insult; not to have a date positively calamitous.

They were seated in the back room of the Shamrock, a hamburger and beer joint which they adopted as their after-school headquarters. Here they spoke of such weighty subjects as girls, boats and their cars or "goats" as they called them, and listened to such weighty music as bongo-calyipso. As they listened to Beau the walls of their haunt, papered with signs swiped from elsewhere by generations of Shamrock habitués: THIS POOL FOR USE OF HOTEL GUESTS ONLY, HALF MILE TO SKI JUMP, DO NOT DISTURB, THIS WAY TO THE ZOO, etc., literally disappeared for them. Instead, they saw the banks of the Itching River, with a beautiful girl sitting by its waters, the breeze stirring her long blond hair.

Beau himself had never been more carried away by the sound of his own words. He spoke in his usual soft tones, his smile dreamy and faraway, as if unaware that the news he was imparting could change the lives of his comrades and, in fact, of all young men the world over. For Beau this was quite typical. (Continued)
He was, to quote one fellow's mother, "a sensitive, delicate youth with elegantly weary mannerisms. The raising of an eyebrow, the flick of a finger could, and usually did, send the other boys off to do his bidding. Yet he had none of the outward toughness usually found in a leader. One of the boys, Morgan Olson, who wouldn't lower himself even to comb his hair, had this toughness in his manner. And George Friedelhauser, an intelligent, upstanding all-American type fellow, had it in his build; he played football.

Beau had a far more dangerous quality than toughness; he had charm. Nobody knew quite what was happening when Beau got hold of him. Without half trying, sometimes without even meaning to, he wheedled his way around parents and teachers alike and arbitrated the sharpest differences among the Shamrocks. He was their undisputed leader and voice of authority.

"Sneaky Falls... Sneaky Falls, Idaho," whispered Sanford Wilson, the rebel among them, to whom any place other than home seemed romantic.

"By the banks of the Itching River," murmured Friedelhauser.

"Where every girl is Bernardine," Beau reminded them.

"Even ladies'" man Marvin Griner, with a line that had half the girls in Wingate High hooked, forgot them all as he thought of a girl who never said "no."

"Bernardine," they each said softly, as if afraid she could hear if they spoke too loud. And one of them began to hum a tune, thereafter known as Bernardine.

Up until Beau's inspiring talk, the day had been going badly for Wilson, but that was nothing particularly new for him. He was an impulsive character, constantly in hot water which his fierce moods got him into and his friends got him out of.

An then this morning. Mason had brought him the bad news. Mason was not a bad Joe, considering the fact he was a teacher. But they'd been in the high-school locker room, getting dressed for gym, when Mason came in. "I've just come from a faculty meeting," he said, "and you, Wilson, are flunking practically every subject. What's the matter, too many girls?"

That was a good one, Sanford thought. He never had the problem of getting rid of a girl because he didn't have a girl to get rid of.

Beau, who'd been with him, interposed. Sometimes Beau could be helpful. "This is a clean-living man, Mr. Mason," he'd said. "He gave up girls a long time ago."

Mr. Mason attacked Wilson's other main reason for being. "Then, what is it? Boat racing?"

Caught for a quick reply, Beau answered for him again. "That's what keeps him sane, Mr. Mason. Mental hygiene, that's what it is."

Unimpressed, Mason warned, "Well, the mailman will hand your mother a nasty shock Monday morning. Wilson. Mr. Dykers wrote her a note."

Old Dykers and his note. The fellows had rallied round him in sympathy and elected to call an emergency executive session at the Shamrock. Beau had taken his favorite spot at the window; Griner hadn't come with them, some doll was dropping him off in her convertible. Friedelhauser and Olson stood in critical attention at the jule box, listening to a trumpet solo and nursing their Cokes. Wilson just sat alone, slumped over a table in gloom, finding the activity around him an added irritant. He brooded over his troubles, one at a time: Not only was there the prospect of flunking, but he had to have a date for a shindig at the Black Cow that night and where was a girl to come from?

Meanwhile, Friedelhauser and Olson, who were discussing the trumpet, gave him the opportunity to raise his problems. Friedelhauser thought the artist stank but Beau was of Olson's opinion. "Listen to that noise—that cool, cool noise," Beau said.

"Friedelhauser is right," said Wilson.

"That guy's strictly O.T.—Out to Lunch."

Casually he broached his subject. "Mister Bongo opens at the Black Cow tonight."

They looked at him warily. Olson spoke: "If this means a bite, my allowance is four week's overdrawn."

"And I'm clean," said Friedelhauser. "However, to show you I have a forgiving heart, I'll give you Mister Bongo on record." He pressed a button on the juke box and put in his coin. Out poured Bongo's latest hit.

"Out of a box!" sneered Wilson. "You got to see Bongo to know him."

He illustrated on a couple of tables Bongo's rhythmic technique, producing such a racket that Ruby McDuff, the manager of the Shamrock, appeared glowering in the doorway. "What's goin' on?" she demanded. Dead quiet descended.

Beau turned on the charm and pacified her. Wilson took a twig of Coke to calm his nerves. "Anyway," he boasted, "I'm going to the Black Cow tonight. And for the benefit of you bankrups, I'm loaded."

His statement had the desired effect. They gathered "round, all but Beau.

"But I'm going with a girl," Wilson added. "Get Christine, Beau, to find me a girl and we'll double-date. I'll pick up the tab."

"What girl, Wilson?" Beau looked up disgustedly. "Name me one girl who would date you—just one?"

Griner's entrance saved Wilson from the embarrassment of answering. But he was no.

"What?" Griner glared. "I've told you, Wilson, don't come to me for sparse parts any more. I fixed you up with four different girls and I'm still living down your reputation. Your technique stinks."

"What time do I get for technique?" Wilson answered. "You blind-date me with a girl ten miles out of town—I get there at eight-thirty and have to be home by ten. Where's the time for technique when you get a mother like mine waiting for you? I'm just out of practice."

Beau patted Wilson on the back. "Don't worry, Fobo. Remember there's a dream place for guys like us. In Sneaky Falls, Idaho..."

Abruptly Wilson dug into his pocket for a coin, walked over to the phone booth and, looking at the boys as if something great were about to happen, dialed long distance. They exchanged worried glances. "This is Vice-Commodore Bidnut of the Shamrock Yacht Club," they heard him say into the phone in an altered bass voice. "I want to talk to person-to-person to Sneaky Falls, Idaho. A Miss Bernardine Mudd—Mudd, with a double 'd', please."

A blank expression suddenly came over his face as he turned to his buddies. "She's getting the routing," he said with wonder.

"Must be a new girl," said Olson.

The others listened open-mouthed at Wilson's next words. "I'll verify that, operator. If you give me you number I'll call you back."

"Cute voice—must be a cute girl," he said more to himself than the boys. In alarm they saw what he was up to as he stepped out of the booth. "Operator Twenty-Two," he whispered. "Think of it, a new girl in town! And she won't know a thing about my reputation which I don't even deserve."

As Wilson hurried down to the phone exchange to get a gander at Operator Twenty-Two, the others promptly emptied their pockets for his bail.

Arriving at the phone exchange, Wilson parked in front of the building. Beau's parting remarks kept ringing in his ears. "I just want to leave you with one thought for the day—the password for success," he said, dropping it like a pearl: "Technique! My boy, you've got none! Absolutely none."
Wilson shook off this awful thought, and straightened up once inside the reception room. He turned to the clerk that he had trouble getting an Idaho number, and came down to investigate.

“I can’t dial it again,” he said, “because my pet monkey ate the piece of paper it was written on.”

The clerk, a bit bewildered, but still unsuspecting, called Mr. Cantrick, Operator Twenty-Two, to come out with her toll ticket on the Idaho call. Wilson, who had been keeping up a line of chatter, stopped dead as she came in sight. Jean Cantrick was blonde, five-foot-two, with eyes of blue, a delight to look at, and just the right size for his arms. The gang’s Bernardine theme song filled his head, his mouth felt parched, his legs weak and quesy, but it was a nice queasiness, not the kind that came upon him at exam time.

“Sneaky Falls?” he heard the clerk say. “Curious name.”

“It certainly is!” said the superintendent, suddenly interrupting and reading the rest of the ticket. “It was written on the wall there, and I didn’t think of it. You see, there is no Sneaky Falls. I’ll count three, then blow the police whistle!”

Outside the building Mr. Bidnut stood pat—having found Bernardine, he refused to believe she was anywhere near her. He walked twenty minutes or two hours, till he saw her come out of the building. He singled her out almost immediately from the stream of people, and made his way to her side. But all she did when he offered to drive her home was look right through him, just what he needed. She seemed to have forgotten the semblance of technique. “I’m really a solid guy, Miss Cantrick,” he stammered. “Ask Ruby McDuff at the Shamrock or anybody at Wingate High.”

Her lack of response was disconcerting and the fact that her bus was coming didn’t help matters. “I can’t tell you my life story standing here,” he said, and then went on to his lady’s bongo-calypso deal at the Black Cow tonight.

She didn’t give him so much as a backward look as she boarded her bus in the middle of his sentence. There was only one thing to do, he reasoned: follow in his boat.

When he rang the bell of the boarding house she saw her enter, she opened the door, all ready to let him have it. Seeing the woebegone expression on his face, however, she smiled despite herself. After a while, she conceded: “What time do they start to rock and roll tonight?”

Wilson didn’t drive home; he floated, going sheer instinct like a horse who has lost his driver. He couldn’t wait to call Beau. “I got it made—Beau—the most gorgeous custom job you ever saw in your life,” he explained over the phone.

“Seen a horse, a goat, or a girl?” Beau questioned.

“I have found Bernardine. Wait till you see her! Griner—that wolf—and Friedelhouser and Olson! They don’t have to do me favors any more with blind dates and spare parts.”

“You’re bragging, Fofo. Just give me a true report. Did you meet the girl? No elaborating. Just facts.”

“Meet her? We’re in love. If you don’t believe me, come in at the Black Cow later and take a glimpse at her. I repeat, glimpse!”

Later, as he sat in the Black Cow with Jean, he was in such ecstasy looking at her over their Cocktails that he hardly heard Mister Bongo, though the noise was deafening. One by one the boys sneaked in to get a look at the new girl. Beau went first to get his personalized cocktail, and wore an expression of complete surprise on his face. “Men,” he reported to the fellows who were still waiting outside dizzily for their turn. “Fofo has found the one!”

“And gentlemen, get it straight,” he warned as Olson vaulted over the side of the car and headed for the Cow. “The typical possessive property of Vice-Commodore Bidnut. And whomsoever shall try to poach will answer to the Committee.”

Olson returned and climbed back in as Friedelhouser said slyly. “Nobody will have to poach. Considering Wilson’s outstanding record with women, this captive bird will have flown the coop by midnight. Tomorrow I’ll get a haircut, an executive modified flat top.”

But this time the fellows were wrong. Wilson had evidently changed the course of his history with women and Jean’s influence was none too happy in Idaho. He had won the race that Sunday. Wilson won the race but was disqualified because he wouldn’t obey orders to come in and have his boat inspected. Drunk was happy in Idaho, but he detected the course, doing figure eights. He was still riding high the next morning. Cleo the Wilson’s maid, was the first to notice the temperament change that had come over him. “That boy took a shower this morning,” she told his mother, “with real water! That boy’s in love!”

“Can I see him?”

“Good gracious can you? Sanford’s only a boy—in love with his schoolmates and his boat.” She couldn’t believe her son was growing up, almost didn’t want him to. Yet he came down and said “I have this dream of being a fisherman, of being immersed in dreams that were definitely not about boats nor schoolmates.”

He thudded back to his schoolday world when Cleo delivered the mail with the Dyke’s home. He watched his mother’s face stiffen. Then she cried, “Fullerton Welly was right! We do need a man in the house.”


“For your information, Mr. Welly asked me to marry him—last week.”

“That sneak! That last word in nothing!”

“Mr. Welly was right.” His mother’s lip trembled. “I haven’t the weight and authority to prevent you from wanting your own way. But get out of the Shamrock—to make you study so you can graduate. You need a father!”

“You’d marry Fullerton Welly just to see if I graduate?” Wilson asked unbelievingly.

“It’s one good reason.”

It was then that Wilson decided he had to grow up fast. This was a man-sized situation, and all he got to do is crack a book,” he promised. “Beginning tomorrow, you’ll— I’ll stay in every night and study till I pass those exams. Starting tomorrow,”

“It’s always tomorrow, Sanford.”

His mind raced ahead. “Tonight I got to do the very important—.”

Like a general he laid his plans out at school, letting Beau in on them. He would have to sew things up with Jean, get her to wait for him during the two weeks he’d be in Idaho. The date this evening would have to be something special, memorable. “I want to drive somewhere nice—with dancing in the Blue Grotto, maybe.”

As usual, reliable Beau grasped the situation. “I’m beginning to see. It’s Paris. You have a twenty-four-hour pass. In the dawn you leave for the front to begin your regiment.”

“That’s it!”

“I’m with you, Fofo. Tonight you’ll order everything wrapped in a towel! Just wait till it comes.”

If he had been a girl Wilson would have flung his arms around Beau’s neck in gratitude. “How are you going to do it, Beau?”

“If for a bulletin at the Shamrock.” Beau made a little circle with his forefinger, signifying all would be well.

Beau hurried home to execute his plans. Taking Friedelhouser and Olson along as accessories. They headed for the garage where, hidden under a tarpaulin, he showed them a sports runabout of breathtaking beauty. The wheels were black, the batteries on a work bench. The fellows gasped.

“This was no goat, it was a gazelle. "It’s Bernardine on wheels!” said Olson.

“IT’s a car,” said Beau. “My brother is not using it at the moment. He’s in an Air Force igloo in Alaska.”

“His car will impress Bernardine all right,” said Friedelhouser, “but still won’t get Wilson into the Blue Grotto.”

Wordlessly Beau flashed his brother’s draft card. The two were duly impressed. “Get it, Beau?” he instructed. “I’ll go in and tackle Mother.”

Mrs. Beaumont was a trusting woman who still believed in her sons. Still, when she got a whiff of the latest bit of news, she was rather startled. “Mom, I dreamt that Lee was home on leave. I have extrasensory super-nuclear perception, you know.”

“You have?”

“I’m so sure he’s on his way that I would like to do something nice as a surprise. Easy. Even a little thing like putting his car in shape. Take my word, he’s coming, Mom.”

Mrs. Beaumont clasped her hands in wonderment. “Then do it, Arthur, do it!”

The car job took the boys three hours of solid toil. And no sooner were they out of sight and on their way to the Shamrock, when a taxi drove up in front of the Beaumont home, with a returning native inside—a handsome, strapping young man of twenty-four—Lieutenant Langley Beaumont, home on a wing, and to any girl a dream. His face had just been hearing about the extrasensory perception from Mrs. Beaumont, shook his head unbelievingly, and looked on spellbound as his long-absent son bounded into the living room.

“Where’s Beau?” he asked, looking around.

“At the Shamrock—where else?” said
BERNARDINE
Continued

his father in a hardly enthusiastic tone. Like a homing pigeon, Langley followed the boy as he interrupted a truly touching scene in the parking lot. The fellows were gathered around Wilson who was studying his passport to the Grotto, the Lieutenant's draft card. "Remember Fofo," they were telling him, "technique.

Without a word, and with perfect timing, the Lieutenant plucked the card from hiserson's hand and was off before the guys could say "Bernardine." Necessarily made Wilson ingenious. "Since the Blue Grotto is so crowded," he said to Jean, "let's try eating under the stars." Accordingly, he left her in the car and stopped at the Greasy Spoon for hamburgers and Cokes, then drove to a roadside rest on a cozy country road. He cut into a vet with a picnic table, turned up the volume on his radio, and parked. "Want to dance first or eat?" he asked.

"Eat." They spread their blanket on the table and the girl attacked her hamburger ravenously while Wilson watched, lovesick, the thought of not seeing her for two weeks making him tense and anxious. His hand stole over, just to touch her, when Beau's voice came, as if from outer space: "Technique, Fofo, technique.


"Nothing, nothing. You know, you're very beautiful, even eating. Do you have a bedtime?"

Opening her handbag, she provided one from a strip of snapshots, photo vending machine variety. Her preparedness miffed him, but he had no time for non-essentials and grasping her hand, upset a Coke bottle. A few drops spilled on her dress and as he rubbed the spot, embarrassed at his clumsiness, Beau could keep?

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"I'm sorry if you're still hungry but time is running out. We have to make the most of tonight.

He crushed it to her savagely. "Jean—my Bernardine!"

Startled, she repulsed him. "Sanford Wilson! I am not your Bernardine!"

"You don't understand. It's our last night together for a long time to come."

"I'm positive of it," she said, picking up her handbag and vanishing.

Dazed, it took Wilson a few minutes to run after her. By that time Jean had fumbled her way in the darkness, along the lonely road and disappeared. What had happened was that a car shoemaker lent her a Thunderbird with a Lieutenant. "Any trouble, young lady?" he asked politely, and offered to drive her to town.

"Thank you, I'll manage."

"At least you to the Blue Grotto. You can phone for a cab from there."

She sized him up and got into the car. Once inside the Grotto, they started to dance.

Wilson, in the meantime, sought out Beau and consolation. "To think," said Beau, "if you had only let her finish that burger, it might have changed the course of your whole life."

"I know, I know," he mumbled, and picked up the phone for the tenth time. "I just can't feel like going home." He explained his nervousness, then sagged with relief when he heard the girl's voice. At the end of the conversation, he reported, all smiles: "She said she'd wait for me until after exams."

Then a terrible thought seized him. If he broke in for two weeks, every week in town was Jean. And if he didn't, he'd wind up with Fullerton Weldy for a stepfather. Again, he slumped in despair.

"I have it!" said Beau, suddenly snapping his fingers. "I'll post a schedule at the Shamrock. Griner will take Jean out three times. Friedelhauser a couple times, and—"

"No! Don't trust those characters! They're smooth operators. They would let Jean finish a hundred burgers. You're the only one I would trust, Beau."

Beau reminded him that he'd never get a clearance from Christine. A large thought took hold in his brain as he heard his brother's Thunderbird pul up. "What's this with the girls, he said. "Can it be that Providence has sent us brother Lee for this purpose?"

Wilson was electrified.

Beau called a next morning early to report success with the Lieutenant. "Your troubles are practically over," he promised. "The Lieutenant will do it."

That day, overwhelmed by his good luck, Wilson boasted to his mother. "Mom," he said, "those exams. They're in the bag."

But Mrs. Wilson, not having quite the optimism of her son was not convinced, and decided, then and there, to take action of her own. She would get Vernon Kinswood to study with Sanford Wilson.

Vernon was different from the other boys; this she knew, he read books. Beau called him "a morbid type who would unfortunately get somewhere." Vernon had habits like wearing knitted socks, and going to the bank every Friday to add to his savings account. The way to his mind, Mrs. Wilson knew, was through his bank account, and he had no trouble at all securing his services for a promised check.

When she broke the news to Wilson, he wasn't enthusiastic, but that afternoon found him holed up in Sanford's room—a routine established for the rest of the week, at the end of which, Wilson, unable to take his tutor any longer, left him at the public library one night and slipped off to the Shamrock. Here he noticed a startling innovation: Olson cracking a book. Olson was not so deep in intelligence as Wilson, but he couldn't look up and offer a devastat- ing comment: "That chick of yours is a dream floating by in that Thunderbird. I just saw her going by with Langley.

"She'll have expensive tastes when you get her back," Friedelhauser put in. "She won't go for burgers in a basket any more. What a comeback to ratttle around in that old wood-burning goat of yours."

Sanford hadn't thought of. That one trouble not even over when a new one was on the way—that's life, he complained. There was nothing to do but get another car, that was for sure. "I'll sell my boat," he said, finally, with his spirits determined.

His declaration produced a sensation among the boys for it was a Bernardine of boats, but unhappily none had money. "Mayo, you would form a syndicate," Wilson offered.

Before anyone could answer, a voice, bitter and denunciatory, was heard in the doorway. It was Kinswood, looking for a job.

Surprisingly, Beau greeted him like a Shamrock brother. "You've never seen our clubroom have you, old Kinswood?" he asked in dulcet tones. "Abiding friendships have been sealed in this room."

Kinswood, the smart one, was taken in. "I have never rejected any sincere overtures of friendship."

"Gentlemen, a drink for Kinswood," Olson got him a Coke.

"We have a little fund for entertain- ing guests," Beau explained, "and I'm leaning forward, as though addressing a board meeting. "Gentlemen, I make a motion that we desist calling our friend Vernon Kinswood a slob."

"And to add a slob any longer," said Friedelhauser.

Kinswood looked almost human, he was so full of gratitude.

"The next step," Beau continued, "is positive integration against negative segregation. Every Shamrock has to be a specialist. Wilson is a great boat racer and Griner is a great operator with the girls. And see, you don't care much for girls, your classification is boat owner."

"But that takes money!"

"Do you mean you have no money in that bank where you drop in every Friday afternoon?"

Gone was the bonhomie as Kinswood looked into a sea of hostile faces. Thus, for the slender 500 of the public, a few hundred dollars, Vernon Kinswood found himself owner of the boat, BERNARDINE, MUDD II, and a brother Shamrock.

Through the last days of the two weeks of exile, the fellow suffered with Wilson, calling for his sleepless body and driving it to school. Beau conned Mr. Mason into giving him advance notice as to whether Wilson passed. "He'll turn gray over the week end," he pleaded. When Wilson heard the good word, he fainted—almost. He wasn't used to anything nice.

Recovering his strength, Wilson felt a new sense of power and raced home to prepare to tell his mother. He smiled inscrutably and spoke in a low conversational voice. "What if it turns out that I flunked, Mom?" he played with her like cat and mouse.

"We'll have to speak to Fullerton Weldy and see about summer school," was all she could say.

"Fullerton Weldy. Summer school. You have no faith in me, Mom." And acting his age, he crossed to the sideboard with its assortment of liquor bottles and poured himself a green liquid.

"Mom, the next time you have the urge to serve crème de menthe, remember that I'm the man around here."

His mother stared unbelieving. "Sanford, don't tell me! You've passed?"
"Was there any doubt of that?" he replied in bored tones. "The morning you got that note about me, didn’t we make a bargain?"

Mrs. Wilson embraced him and fumbled for a handkerchief. "This calls for a celebration. I’ll call Fullerton Weldy to take us to dinner.”

Her son recoiled. "Fullerton Weldy, you said! That isn’t the bargain we made. I promised these exams to show you we didn’t need any guy in this house."

"Sanford, a wild statement like that means we made a bargain between us! It was you who promised to throw him out if I passed!"

"Why, Sanford, I never . . . " she stopped and fumbled for words. "Now that you have passed and are going to college, you might try to be an adult, not a child who just consults his own likes and dislikes."

He looked at her harshly, feeling betrayed. "I took a big gamble looking myself up for two weeks," he said bitterly. "A chance you don’t even know about—that could have affected my entire life and happiness. But I did it for you. Do you dare to imagine what it means to me. Well, I’m only glad that every woman isn’t like you." He finally tore out of the living room, leaving his mother in tears. He went to the other woman.

Waiting outside the phone exchange in the new goat he had bought on Bernardine’s account, Sanford came to an important conclusion. When he at last saw her, he said, "It’s been a hundred years, Bernardine," he said. "Get aboard, we’re taking off for Sneaky Falls, Idaho."

"What are you doing here, Sanford? What’s Sneaky Falls? I can’t go. I have a date," and she waved to Langley’s car which just rolled up. "So long, Sanford."

Sanford couldn’t believe it, he just couldn’t believe it. Something was wrong. He didn’t know what to do nor where to go till he found himself headed toward the Shamrocks. Griner greeted him at the gate. "Prince," he said gently, "the lieutenant is going to marry Jean."

There was a long low whistle from every one. Wilson sat down slowly, his face white. "But couldn’t he when I’m in love with her?"

"Serves you right!" Friedelhauzer said. "We would have dated her gladly. But you wouldn’t trust your friends—you had to get what you wanted immediately."

"I didn’t get outside talent. I got my friend, my pal to fix it up for me. He did fix it, too—for his brother. That’s what this dirty double-crosser did!" he caught Beau with a blow under the chin that sent him sprawling. The boys roared at Wilson but Beau said quietly, "Let him alone."

Wilson left the den alone and got into his new goat. There was no place to go; not home, last place, he said to himself. His mother, his friend, all were against him. Whom could he believe? What was left in life now? he asked himself. But if he did the anathema, there he headed for the open country. So deep in thought that he noticed the skunk which ran across the road in front of his car too late. Swung to the left and ran into an irrigation ditch, turning over. Luckily Wilson was unhurt and climbed from under the wreckage only to find that his goat was demolished.

"It was! I telephoned Mrs. Wilson to the police station when they reported the finding of the overturned car, then went home with her to wait for news from the goat, who was nowhere to be found. Cleo greeted the pair. "He just walked in," she said quietly, "and he’s all right."

Weldy immediately took charge. "I think that this heart talk is indicated. Want to come with me, or would you rather I went alone?"

"No, please, I’d rather you waited down here." She hurried up the stairs when she saw him packing his suitcase. He had joined the Army, had his physical and been accepted within the space of a few hours. He was leaving that night. He would take Mrs. Wilson a while to find her voice. "All right I won’t marry Fullerton Weldy."

She waited, expecting her son to fling himself into her arms. But nothing happened.

"Weldy?" he said in a far-off voice. "I don’t care about that anymore."

She didn’t understand. His only other problem had been attending school, she thought. What could be bothering him? She turned away and got the answer as her eyes took in the little snapshot of Jean Cantrick stuck in the drift in mind, a slight, mellowed it, then looked at her son in a different manner. He turned his back to hide his torment, but she saw. She wanted to take him in her arms, but wisely said, "Why don’t you?”

There she found J. Fullerton Weldy busy tallying up figures of the cost of the accident. "You must reduce the weekly allowance to this boy—restrict the use of the money you must—" she said.

She fixed him with a weary smile. "Fullerton, this boy, as you keep calling him, has joined the Army. He’s leaving right now on the north train."

He stared at her in dumb amazement. But nothing numbs this man. He would straighten everything out in the morning he concluded—he knew the general.

"No, please, interrupted Mrs. Wilson, "this is a decision a man has taken. It’s not for you nor me to reverse it."

"We mothers think that nothing in creation is good enough for our sons. We don’t want our sons to ‘do life’—we’ve lived, love the way we’ve loved, or die the way we’ll die. We want the miracle! We want them to walk into the future a brand new way—over a bridge of rainbows!” She turned directly at Weldy. "And we go about it with balance sheets, petty punishments and restrictions until one day—like now—they suddenly find themselves in the valley of adulthood."

During the months that passed, Sanford wrote often and it was with delight that Mrs. Wilson learned he’d be home for the holidays. It was nearly Christmas—six months since she’d seen him—when Weldy escorted her to the station to meet Sanford and welcome him home on his first furlough. The older man, having learned his lesson, kept a discreet distance behind Mrs. Wilson as the train pulled in. He waited with a tentative smile—and sly apprehension—while Sanford kissed his mother and got a chance to practically lift her off her feet. Then suddenly aware of Weldy, he impulsively walked over and offered his hand to his erstwhile enemy. "Glad to see you, Weldy," he added as he gave his mother a brimmed over with gratitude.

By the time they reached home, Cleo had prepared biscuits and coffee, but walking over to the sideboard Sanford said, "That I’d rather have a drink if it’s all right. Crème de menthe still a favorite around here?"

Mrs. Wilson started nervously, then braced herself and answered as calmly as she could. "Still a favorite."

The young man grinned at his mother and Weldy, breaking the unspeakable tension in the room. He went to the sideboard and filled the glasses with neutral. "To us," he said. "To all of us."

"I hope you’ll have a good time," his mother said a little later. "The boys are home from college."

"I don’t want to see any of them," Sanford turned, answering savagely. Then, recovered his humor: "What I meant was—I didn’t come home to waste my time with a bunch of strangers."


"Well—yeah—school friends. Sometimes things change when you’re in the Army. He put out, muy bien! Trying to give the impression of great peace and contentment. “Think I’ll go up and unpack—if you don’t mind.” He gave them all a warm smile and started up the stairs without a word.

"I do hope our surprise will work," said Mrs. Wilson to Weldy.

"Don’t worry, my dear, don’t worry." At the entrance of his room, Wilson could go no further. There in his favorite armchair, with the same familiar smile that Wilson had grown to hate in his thoughts, sat Arthur Beaumont. He acknowledged Wilson’s approach with a half-reluctant perceptible elevation of an eyebrow. It was a ghastly moment for Wilson. He closed the door and leaned against it, tried to say something but couldn’t. The tears mounted. Nothing stirred in the room. Then a happy cry, leapt from his chair and planted his fist in Wilson’s face, knocking him into a bass drum—the one that Wilson had carefully preserved for years.

Working himself loose from his uncomfortable new quarters, Wilson started for Beau in a fury. But before he could lift a finger, he stopped dead. From outside his room, floating up and filling the room came the voice of the Shamrocks. They were singing "Bernardine!"

Wilson was laughing now. Spon-taneously he stepped on only shoulder and together they joined in the chorus: “By the banks of the Iching River . . . " There were other Bernardines, Wilson thought. The End

Adaptation from Hymn script by Peggy Tumb.
“June’s page boy is trimmed bluntly,” says hairdresser Ethel Neeffe. “Only sides are feathered, a bit in front for springy, upturned curls.” Blunt cutting gives June’s soft hair body and fullness.

So frequent shampoos. June, who’d as soon skip her shower as her daily shampoo, half-dries hair with a home dryer, then sets as shown on page 68. Freshly washed hair looks twice as thick and fluffy.

“Debbie is small and has a small face,” says William Tuttle, head of M-G-M’s make-up department. “She looks best with her hair swept back and caught up in a pony tail.” “It’s easiest to manage that way, too,” confides Debbie. “Especially when I’m traveling without a hairdresser. Because my hair is baby-soft, I use hair spray after combing, then comb through again quickly before spray is dry.”

Natalie Wood proves that a girl can grow to any lengths for a pretty hairdo—without suffering through the straggly, in-between stage. “While Natalie is letting her hair grow, we keep it in shape by blunt-cutting the ends a bit,” says Jean Burt Reilly. A loose permanent gives Natalie’s straight, fine-textured hair body and a little curl. Non-oily hairdressing adds both control and sheen.

“Although my hair has some curl,” says Ann, “it’s so thick and heavy I need a loose permanent to avoid nightly pin-curling.” “Ann’s hair is taper-cut to give it spring,” says Bill Tuttle. “Also, dark hair looks softer with feathered edges.” For the sheen and smoothness that give thick, dark hair its lush beauty, Ann shampoos every four days and gives herself a monthly conditioning treatment.

Marilyn at the Crossroads

(Continued from page 44)

so good. By holding tactics, possibly picked up from baseball’s Joe DiMaggio, she had brought mighty 20th Century-Fox to its knees, winning a fat new contract that permitted her to select her own films and directors and gave her the right to make films elsewhere. If there were any skeptical souls left who scoffed at her yearnings for better things, they got their comeuppance when, in February, Marilyn announced that she would co-star in “The Prince and the Showgirl” with Sir Laurence Olivier, no less. But the skeptics held their stand, refusing to acknowledge that Marilyn had anything to do with it and gave credit for the coup to her manager, partner and guiding mentor, the ever-present photographer, Milton Greene.

Enter Arthur Miller. He stole into the picture discreetly, via bicycling dates with Marilyn in Brooklyn and cozy dinners at little out-of-the-way restaurants where the lights were dim and newshawks nonexistent. And he claimed Marilyn’s heart so completely that soon her former whole-souled affections for Lee Strasberg, director of Actors Studio, and his wife, Paula, Milton Greene and his wife, Amy, were getting second priority.

In the little frame house in Flatbush where Arthur’s parents, Augusta and Isadore Miller, lived—an exact counterpart of the one in their son’s greatest play, “Death of a Salesman,” she found warmth and love. Dostoevski and “The Brothers Karamazov” forgotten, she prattled with Mother Miller about Arthur’s favorite dishes and learned to make stuffed cabbage. And in June, in both a civil and Jewish religious ceremony, Marilyn and Arthur were married.

But she couldn’t go back to making stuffed cabbage for Arthur again. She had to make a picture with Sir Laurence Olivier. So—after some difficulty in obtaining Arthur’s passport because of the Congressional charges against him—they set out on a venture that could have put the wackiest comedy script to shame. At her first press conference, there was such a riot that both Millers and Oliiviers had to barricade themselves behind a smock bar. Grave poetess Edith Sitwell, sipping gin and grape juice with Marilyn and Arthur, pronounced her “a remarkable woman,” while an English lady journalist wrote, “The most prominent thing about her is her spare tire.” Finally, to escape pursuit, Marilyn hid in a hearse-sized limousine—which only gave rise to further cracks about “the body” within.

On the “Prince and the Showgirl” set, things were scarcely less hectic. The first kiss of Marilyn and Sir Laurence was reported to “last all day.” But the sweetest thing light did prevail. In short order, there were stories about sharp disagreements. Said Marilyn icily when the cameras finally ground to a halt, “There were no more rows than the usual disagreements in making any film.” Said the gallant Sir Laurence, “Miss Monroe is a fine actress. She lived up to my expectations completely.”

Through it all, Arthur Miller strode stoically, and Marilyn went right on reaping a crop of headlines that exceeded a press agent’s wildest dreams—which continued when she returned, with the rumor that she was expecting a baby. “No comment,” said Arthur drily. “Some things,” cried Marilyn, “should be private.” On this slim shred, stories appeared that described Marilyn’s emotions, even her visit to an obstetrician, in great detail—stories that had not a word of corroboration from the Millers themselves. (Continued on page 92)
New! The only permanent you dare wash at once!

Leaves your hair soft, sweet and instantly shampoo-fresh!

Takes ½ the time, ½ the work! RICHARD HUDNUT’S New Quick

So easy! No need to shampoo first!
Only 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! So easy! When your wave is finished, you shampoo instead of rinsing. 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 exclusive 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. You get a complete new-style wave with just 20 curlers—½ the winding time—½ the work! Shampoo instead of rinsing and, from the first minute, your new Quick wave is lanolin-soft, sweet to be near. Use Quick today—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.)
All these shenanigans disguised some changes in Marilyn that were far more significant. Suddenly under Arthur's tutelage, her attitude toward her career was switched. She shocked old business associates by turning up for conferences demurely dressed and on time. She showed them further by listening attentively, and making decisions with shrewdness and authority they never suspected she had. And she wouldn't lift a finger to obey her MGM plans to make "The Brothers Karamazov," her cherished dream, she didn't even put up a fight for it.

This new friend knew her well opined that Arthur Miller had become Marilyn's Svengali, and she was letting her career go to pot.

One person who might well share these sentiments is Billy Miller, Greene. She upped and gave him his walking papers, Greene countered by seeing lawyers. "I don't want to do anything to hurt her career," he said. "But I did vote that half of her salary go to her, and practically gave up photography." Snapped Marilyn, "He knows perfectly well that we have been at odds for a year and a half. Why? He has never been completely mismanaged by Greene. He made secret commitments without informing me. He has mismanaged the company completely.

Puffing thoughtfully at his expensive cigar, a 20th-Century-Fox executive merely shrugged. There was a time when the problems of Marilyn were enough to make him take to him from time to time, but he said no more. "Better come to her senses," he says. "It's a threat. He's thinking about the days when Marilyn's name meant millions to the studio. He's thinking, in particular, what kind of a hit the film "Stop." It was a fine picture that won critical acclaim for all—including Marilyn. At the box office, it did well enough, but in comparison with her previous films, it failed. The tag line Monroe wasn't magic any more.

A cynical intimate of Marilyn's also takes a dim view: "Arthur Miller is just another prop. First, it was her agent, John Loos. Then, when she was married was Natasha Lytes, her drama coach. While she was married to Joe DiMaggio, she was torn between the two of them, and there was no love lost between Natasha and Joe. Then, she threw them both over and took up with Milton Greene and the Strasbergs at the Actors Studio. And now, Miller. I'm wondering if she really knows what she wants.

To the lonely orphan girl, all the people named were, she thought, fulfillments in her lifelong search for the love and security so far unknown. Parent images. Fathers and mothers, she never had.

The one who was closest of all—closer than even Arthur Miller, because she was a woman and a fellow woman only gives to another—is Natasha Lytes. And strangely, it is Natasha, another outcast, who holds the greatest hope for Marilyn's future happiness with Arthur Miller.

"Oh yes, I think it will last," she explains, her brown eyes snapping. "I hope so. I give her my blessings. He's a talented man. I don't think she'd have caught him out. It should work, my heavens! He's far cry from that other guy!"

Marilyn is just as positive that Arthur Miller is right for Marilyn as she was that Joe DiMaggio was wrong for her. In the spacious living room of her charming onestory white brick French Provincial home in Beverly Hills, Natasha smiled wryly as she sat, legs crossed, in a comfortable club chair. A shaft of sun lighted her prematurely gray hair.

"I was a Doctor, had conscience," she said. "I raised her like a child. I'm thirty-six, only six years older than she, but I always felt sixty years older."

"She knew she could come to me," Natasha adds, "I raised her with a faintly Germanic accent. "I had a friend in me, and I say it very humbly."

The living room was alive with subtle reminders of Natasha's first exposure, under Natasha's guidance, to the world of culture. It was Natasha who introduced her to art, good books, good music, good manners, a comfortable personality.

Classic-crowded bookshelves flanked the fireplace before which Marilyn so often curled up on the rug. Those books were like chapters in Marilyn's life. The Bible, Hebraic, "The Boys' and Girls' Own Book." By one Arthur Miller, a book called "Wisdom of the Sands" by French author Antoine de Saint-Exupery, a gift from Marilyn in which she had fearfully inscribed, "Because I met you, I'm learning."

There were no visual reminders of Marilyn. I never got an autographed picture," Natasha explained sheepishly. "We were so close, you couldn't distinguish us."

Her eyes sparked as she told the true story of Marilyn's romance with Arthur Miller. They met during the year Marilyn and Natasha were sharing an apartment on North Harper Street in Hollywood. Miller had come to Hollywood to dispute a deal with Columbia which didn't make the rounds of Natasha. Marilyn did. She met him at a cocktail party.

"She fell in love with him then," Natasha declares. "Nothing ever happened, but she told me excitedly that this was the end of the line."

They met several more times in the company of mutual friends, and Marilyn's infatuation seemed to possess her. She told Natasha that Marilyn had been visiting a living room to the former Mary Slattery was founder,

then in the same breath she'd add disconsolately that he'd probably stay married for the sake of her two children. The last time she was there, Natasha went on. "You don't go on suffering. She met DiMaggio and married him. But I knew all along she had the feeling for Miller. I told her I was married and there wasn't anything. Marilyn, it will come. And when it happened, I knew it was meant for her. She has a strength, a kind of love, a love of her life. If it's right"

But what of the problems? Miller's indictment for contempt of Congress? "If she loves him," Natasha said quietly, "I think she'll go through anything with a man. I think she loves him that much now."

And what of a baby? Smiling, Natasha fingered a simple silver chain around her neck bearing a name and the initials of my daughter," she explained. "A very old silver medal with a figure of the Christ Child on it. When Marilyn had to be operated on for appendicitis, the doctors feared her fallopian tubes would have to be removed. Marilyn was so distressed at the thought that she might not be able to have a child, and on the day she was to be operated on, I gave the talisman to her."

During the operation, Marilyn clutched it in her hand. When she left the operation room, she clutched it to her children. The fear that her fallopian tubes might be infected proved to be unfounded.

"She wore the talisman for a long time after that," Natasha smiled. "On a silver chain around her neck. She always wanted to find a man she loved, and have a child."

Yet Natasha has one reservation about the marriage, that stems from her first meeting with Marilyn, back in 1947. She was an unknown starlet named Norma Jeane Dougherty then, sent by Max Arnow of Columbia with the hope that Natasha could do something with her.

"She wore a red knotted dress and her hair was disheveled," recalls Natasha. "She had just like lots of little girls who come to me. What struck me was that she was very, very closed. She was so much in a shell, she couldn't talk. She was fully aware that she had a dire need of what I had to offer."

Natasha beseeched her to stop tormenting herself with childhood hangovers. "Let me do it for you," she begged her. "Stop milking it. Otherwise, you've mastered of it, always the victim. Come one day to the point where you are grateful for every misery you had, every foster home. Then, you can go to the point where you mother and father didn't know what they were doing, so you won't have that bitterness. Don't drown in self pity."

One day, a troubled Marilyn came to her and confessed, "I've posed in the nude." Natasha told her, "Marilyn, it's done, so forget it. But don't do it again." Later, when the news came out, she was terrified. Natasha was no good at matters of a personal nature. She held onto things, and was able to tell the truth about it.

Natasha frowned. "But she is still so terribly insecure. That's dangerous. With faults, people are much better."

But what about being strong. Then you carry them, and it inhibits them even more. This is definitely true of Marilyn. You have to be very delicate. She's always on the defensive.

Is Arthur Miller the person to keep that delicate balance? "Often, artists are people who can't live what they paint or write. But Miller paints himself, what he writes, I say fine. But I don't know."

Does Marilyn? Maybe. Maybe not. But at the moment, there are strong indications that she's just found the security she has longed for.

For the first time in her life, she has the courage to go without makeup, and the promptness, and the promptness, and the promptness, and the delaying of it. As some think, for her, this is a new kind of freedom—freedom from the bondage of her body. For years, she had thought that her face looked like all she had. Now, she doesn't. Her tardiness is a thing of the past, not because Arthur Miller has goaded his wife into promptness, but because she is no longer afraid to meet people, forever stalling the fearful moment when she would have to come face-to-face with them, because for too long all people were strangers.

She is no longer afraid to speak her mind. She can make her own decisions, because she has gained self-respect.

So strong is her faith in herself and in her ability, she can now handle him in the face of the Congressional contempt charges. An M-G-M executive revealed that one reason she gave the studio for holding off any approach to her about "The Brothers Karamazov" was that she wanted to be near her husband during his trial. The other reason: Marilyn told them that she was expected to gain a divorce.

So, above all, she gained confidence—enough to put one of the most valuable careers in the world second, and marriage above all else.

It looks as if Marilyn Monroe is going to take the turn—nothing to happen.
Running Scared

(Continued from page 55)

the public shoulder. You don’t want that, Tony.” No, I can’t. But I’ll risk it, for the sake of a lot of folks I know won’t feel that way. Folks who have written me—teen-agers and adults, too—saying that they were troubled. They heard I was going to a psychiatrist, and they want to know whether I’d advise them to do the same and what my reactions were.

Well, truthfully, the first time I went I was scared stiff. But I wasn’t going to show it—not me! After all, I knew pretty much about what went on in a psychi- atrist’s office.

“Where’s the couch?” I tried to make the question sound breezy. But I was surprised that there wasn’t a couch in sight. Everybody knew that was standard equipment—the place where you stretched out and bared your soul.

I tried to keep up the banter as the doctor waved to a comfortable chair, and I sat down on the edge of it. “What do I talk about?” I burst. “Sex?”

He smiled. “If you like.”

So I told him about my first girl. When I was going to P. S. Eighty-two in New York—I was going on twelve years old—I fell in love with a cute little blonde who wouldn’t have a thing to do with me. I used to pass notes to her which she would tear up and throw away. She treated me with terrible disdain, and once when I tried to put my arm around her, she slapped me. I felt miserable.

Then I got acquainted with Ann. She had her troubles, too. There was a big scar on her face as a result of an accident she had been in. None of the guys would go out with her and somebody told me that she gave kissing lessons in the back of the school, so I asked her.

“Sure,” she said, “ten cents a kiss.”

I told her I hadn’t have a dime, but she said that didn’t matter. She’d trust me. We went walking and when it was about dark she sat down with me on a bench under the Elevated steps. She told me to kiss her, so I did.

“You’re terrible,” she said, “you don’t even know how to puck up.”

Looking back on it, I guess we were both terrible, but we were a couple of lonesome kids, and we became friends.

“No, isn’t that exciting?” I asked the doctor.

“It must have had some meaning for you,” he replied, “or you wouldn’t have remembered.”

I leaned back in the chair. It was funny, but I didn’t feel nervous anymore. I felt relaxed and at ease as I hadn’t felt in ages.

I mention this to show that my experience with an analyst was not a long period of agony, as a lot of people say their “treatments” have been. The relationship between the doctor and me was like an easy conversation between friends, with only a few periods when I became disturbed.

One of these concerned my first real fight.

There was this kid who didn’t like me. In fact, we had a mutual dislike, which blew up one day while we were playing on a roof top. He knocked me down and kicked me in the groin. The pain was terrific. He kept on kicking at me. I tried rolling back and forth to get out of the way and then, finding a piece of broken glass lying on the ground, I hid it in my hand. When he jumped on me, I slashed at his face with the glass. Blood gushed all over. Yelling in pain, he grabbed at his face and ran down the stairs.

... yelling all the time at the top of his lungs.

After awhile, I dragged myself down the stairs and over into an alley way until the pain subsided. My body ached so I couldn’t straighten up. Then I sneaked home, went to my room and changed clothes so my mother wouldn’t find out. If she had asked me, I would have told her the truth—that at that time I wasn’t addicted to lying. I never forgot this—even years later I’d get riled up when I thought of that kid.

For a long while afterwards, this same kid kept hounding me. One day in class at school he got me so mad that I couldn’t control myself. In anger, I jumped on his back, started to pull at his hair, and twisted his ears, hard, until he yelled. The teacher sent me to the office of the principal, a Mr. Reskob. He said to me: “Bernie, we all have a cross to bear. You’ll have this the rest of your life, whether it’s related to your family or something that bothers you in business. I don’t tell you to take things lightly, but the kind of viciousness you displayed today by jumping on the boy’s back and screaming is not the answer. You must find another way to get off the kick.”

There was always with me this feeling of sudden violence I couldn’t control, just under the surface, even when I became an adult.

Like the morning, shortly after my discharge from the Navy, when I woke up feeling particularly disturbed.

For some strange reason I felt drawn back to my old neighborhood, so I got dressed, put on my new suit and tie and took a subway train from the Bronx to the Seventies where I used to live. As I

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remembered

I described him to a kid who pointed out where he lived, and said that he was working. I hung around the neighborhood... went to the corner and got myself a chocolate egg cream, walked around some more, and sat down on a doughnut. I called my mother and told her I'd be late coming home for dinner. Then I sat down on the front stoop to his place in the street.

Just at dusk a figure came down the street and I recognized him at once. He walked up to me, stopped, and said, "Wait a minute—don't tell me. Why you're Bernie Sans!"

With that I came up off the stoop, and I must have hit this boy as hard as I ever hit anybody in my life. He flew about twelve feet. I looked down on him and started to cry.

As I told my analyst about it, I looked down at the floor. But I couldn't hide the feeling of shame that I could feel was reddening my face. So I seized at a straw—an incident that was always a source of secret pride to me. I didn't realize that it was also an outburst of violence, this time directed at things instead of people.

I had taken a kid's dare—I had to, to show how tough I was. I jumped from the roof of a six-story building, across the alley to the roof of a four-story apartment house. Believe it or not, this was still a big thing to me, a sort of symbol of success. It was as if I was saying to myself, "Maybe I'll fail as a career sometime, but even if I do nobody else can ever say they did anything like jumping off that roof!"

My analyst pointed out that this feeling is not unusual, that people aren't normal who don't have a craving for achievement. But now I could see that I had used it as a protection against my terrible insecurity.

In spite of the tough act I put on, most of the time I was shy and withdrawn, and other kids used me as a "patsy" just for laughs. Once I took another dare—one that in later years cost me a big dentist's bill. All of the kids at school used to be sent to the dentist's office on Seventy-second Street. If you had a white card, it meant your teeth were to be cleaned. A blue card meant you needed filling. A pink card meant pull.

One day a kid said to me, "Bernie, you want to make a quarter?"

"Sure."

"Well, all you have to do is take my card to the dentist, and when you come back I'll give you two-bits."

I did. The dentist pulled out one of my rear molars. It wasn't until years later when I came to Hollywood that I could afford to have a tooth replaced. And I never collected the quarter.

Things like this made me suspicious of everyone to the point that I began to feel there was some weakness in me. To this day I can't see anything funny in what people call "ribbing." I hate to be the butt of a practical joke. Like the one a couple of publicity guys played on me at the studio when I first began to work in pictures. I was so anxious to make good I fell for anything people told me.

I'd played a cowering deaf mute in one of my first pictures and these guys kept telling me afterwards that since I had done so well the studio was going to cast me as spineless characters forever. They kept building up the idea for days until I finally burst in on the casting director and said, "If you think I'm going to play those kind of parts you're crazy!"

"What are you talking about?" he asked.

"We don't have anything planned for you right now."

I was so angry I wouldn't talk to the publicity guys for days.

I went to the analyst three times a week. His office became a pleasant, familiar place. There was a soft rug on the floor, and the colors were restful. The sun streamed through the windows in the afternoon. It didn't make it any easier for me to tell him all these things.

Sometimes, I'd come home shaken, as a result of having relived one of these experiences in our talks. Janet was wonderful—patient and understanding—though it must have been tough on her, too. But gradually, from the analyst I was learning something very important—the great influence of a person's childhood experiences on his behavior as an adult. Now, I was beginning to understand why I did things I was ashamed of, in spite of myself. Why I kept on running away from them—and myself—for so long. When I learned that it was merely a reaction set by events in my childhood, which I could not control because I didn't understand it, it was as if a great burden had fallen from my shoulders.

But it took many a long talk in that analyst's office before I could bring myself to talk about the thing that was bothering me most of all, because I felt terribly guilty about it—so guilty that I often woke up in the middle of the night, thinking about it. It was the death of my younger brother Julie, who was run over by a truck driven by a drunken driver when I was thirteen, and died in the hospital a day later.

A few weeks before the accident, a friend of mine named Mike took me to see a movie at his church. When he went up to the altar rail and told me I didn't exactly what he did. He was horrified.

"You've committed a sin," he said. "Now something terrible is going to happen."

I didn't know. I still blame myself for a lot of reasons.

"You know," I told the analyst, "I always felt sort of responsible for Julie. I was always afraid, I had the notion that he lacked, but there was a sort of calm wisdom in Julie that I didn't have. I remember that one day when he was tagging after me to school, I looked around and he was standing there looking at me and I found him sitting on the steps of a church, just sort of dreaming. I bawled him out. He looked up at me in his gentle way and said, 'Don't hit me, Bernie. I just don't feel like going to school today.' So I didn't make him go."

What made me think of that? Was it because of the guilt I always felt that I hadn't "looked after" Julie as well as I should have?

There was a lot more to the discussion about the death of my brother. As I talked about it with the analyst, I began to find I hadn't cultivated the feeling of guilt about it to the point that I could never discuss Julie's death with my parents or anyone else without breaking down, the agony of the memory of that time a few years ago. I might have had the same result if I'd taken my problem honestly to a close friend or anyone who would listen just as analytically.

One of the things about analysis that I'd never known was the way a simple, casual question can sometimes lead to an amazing revelation. This happened to me, when during one of these talks about my brother's death, the analyst asked, "Did your brother ever have any other accidents?"

It came over me like a sudden shock—something I had never thought of—than a few months before the fatal accident my brother Julie had been knocked down while crossing the street, and stayed in bed for a few days, and then the bump on his head. A feeling of relief surged through me. I couldn't explain why.

I think the analyst put his finger on it when he said, "You know, having a conscious about a thing is one thing: blaming yourself, having a feeling of guilt about something was that unavoidable is another."

In the beginning of my analysis I was having four-and-a-half months of anticipation, expecting that I'd find the secret of everything in one blinding flash. I was afraid that somewhere in the tangled jungle of my mind we would come up with the discovery that I had resented my mother or my father. I soon discovered that it was not a case of counting them off, until you come to the one that's bothering you.

A lot of right during these sessions, things I remembered came in short bursts.
For example, in one hour I thought about a teacher I had called Mrs. Delaney, and how sorry I felt for her when her mother and sister died on the same day. And how close I felt to her because of the sympathy she gave me when my brother died a few weeks later. How I was able to share my grief with her, but couldn't talk about it to my own parents... About the day two kids jumped me and gave me a broken nose. (My mother came home from the store just as they were finishing the job, and she chased them with a new broom—gave them a terrible whacking)... How close my father and I were. How he built me little boats out of wood for presents because we were too poor to exchange gifts... The petty thievery that might have sent me to jail if it had continued.

The big moment I had half expected when a white spotlight would point out the one thing that had caused all the worries and feelings of guilt I experienced never came either. Instead, I began to realize that I was going through a gradual re-education with respect to my own life experiences.

For example, for a long time I assumed a sort of wise-guy attitude to cover up my lack of self-confidence. I remember how, when I had been signed to a contract at Universal, I flew out to the coast and sat next to a fellow with whom I struck up a conversation. He asked me what I did, and I told him I was going to Hollywood to be an actor with Universal.

"Very interesting," he said, "but how does it happen that you chose that company?"

"Oh," I said, "they were all after me (a big lie), but this is the studio where a young actor gets a break. Now you take a place like Warner Brothers. Nothing. Why, they even let Clark Gable go over to Metro."

My companion laughed. Just before we landed he introduced himself—Jack Warner!

Nobody would have believed that this was a session of psychoanalysis, if they could have seen me and my analyst laughing over that one! Everybody has an idea that it's all grim torture, and it's not. To put it as simply as I can, it's just a matter of getting to understand yourself. Sometimes the process is painful, of course, but much of the time it isn't.

All in all, I'm glad that I did go through psychoanalysis, because the experience has helped me to understand the emotional and intellectual changes I have undergone in my life up until now, and freed me from the fear and guilt that had made me miserable. But as I said in the beginning, consulting an analyst is a step to be taken only after consultation with the family doctor, who may point out many other ways in which to achieve a better understanding of oneself and to apply common sense to one's problems.

If my failure to point to one important revelation that analysis produced to make me a better human being seems like an anti-climax, let me say that the secrets of a happy life were written down for everyone long ago. You can read them in the Bible. You can find them in the everyday life of ordinary people in the unselfishness of your friends, the love of your family. There lies your security, your insurance against fear, the answer to your emotional problems. But sometimes, as in my case, it takes a long road to arrive at what you should have known in the beginning—that all people are essentially good, and you're not so bad yourself.

The End

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After the initial shock, a few people in the Hollywood know said it wasn’t as surprising as it seemed. There had been rumors of trouble in the Powell household for weeks. Dick and June, and even their children, had habits of coming up on the gossipmongers’ tongues, linking her with a number of Hollywood leading men. Others surmised the problem was with little Miss June, the bombshell. The situation, according to one source, was this—June’s matured as a star and as a woman since their marriage, and Dick doesn’t realize it.

And so, when I was invited for the interview, I approached with mixed feelings, just as they had mixed feelings when they discussed it with me. As a long-time friend of both, I would have preferred to hear it from them, and as decent, normal human beings, they would have preferred nothing to be written, but as stars, they know that stories will appear in print anyway, and they’d rather that this one were done from truth, than from hearsay.

When I interviewed them both, late one afternoon a few short weeks after the home scene was in the breakfast room preparing for a dinner engagement and Dick arrived a few minutes later. For two hours we chewed over their difficulties and the possibilities for their future together.

It was neither awkward nor unpleasant, as might be expected in a similar situation with any other couple. They were as always, full of banter. Their laughter came easily, as did the minute flare-ups over minor points of disagreement involved in our discussion. Beneath the surface of the both the laughter and the arguments were the underlying impressions that there were two people deeply in love and profoundly disturbed over their seeming inability to iron out their differences.

Dick had suggested we talk about the three weeks they were separated, an unhappy period both would like to forget. It was evident, however, that neither had any intention of proclaiming that, now they had all their problems again, their basic problems had been solved. June and Dick are the first to admit that as of this writing, there is no obvious solution.

“Sorry it’s so hard to keep something together,” said June, and Dick nodded in agreement.

They are held together by a bond of love, a fact which complicates the situation. If they did not love each other the divorce would be relatively simple; divorce.

To begin with, neither June nor Dick wants a divorce, the recent rift was a separation and only a separation, requested by June in the hope that such action, even though drastic, would enable them separately and alone, to see their troubles objectively.

“When you separate,” said June, “it is temporary. When you divorce, it’s permanent, and I don’t want that.”

It was a great outburst of comprehension in his voice, “you wouldn’t have asked for a separation unless in your heart you really wanted a divorce.”

June looked at him in despair, the sort of despair it is for a man to feel. Dick was wondering if he will ever understand. It was a spark that set them off; June insisting she wants only to mend the marriage, Dick reasoning that if it couldn’t be mended at home together, then June’s request for a separation had meant she was thinking of a permanent split.

It was a small point, but indicative of the strife that stems from their lack, on so many subjects, of a central viewpoint.

In the instance of the Powell marriage, as in every other marriage, there are two sides to the story. Each of them is right on many points, and each is wrong to a certain degree—but each thinks he is right from beginning to end and it seems an impossibility, held together by their love.

In reality the trouble began long ago, perhaps even as far back as the day they first met. There was immediate attraction; for Dick June was, in his own words, “the cutest little character I ever saw.” For June, Dick was not only attractive, he was Dick Powell the movie star, he was established and important in Hollywood, and he was an older man. The last is an important factor, for as such he held appeal for a girl who had grown up without a father figure.

It may as well be said; there is a strong possibility that June’s initial affection for Dick was the result of a father complex. It is further possible that any man June married would have been viewed the same way by her, because of her innate need. There could hardly have been a lonelier childhood than hers. Her very first memory is of riding in the back seat of a car, her mother in front with the driver, a man June doesn’t remember. It was a balmy day, spring as she recalls; she couldn’t have been much more than three years old. The man and her mother held together.

Next Month’s Cover Girl:

NATALIE WOOD

Can she beat the Hollywood jinx?

had been talking earnestly for a long time but June had heard none of it until her "voice" suddenly cut like a knife across her mind.

“Hi, I couldn’t do that! I couldn’t put her in a home!”

June was too young to comprehend the actual meaning of her mother’s words, but she caught the tone and the sense of it, and it is a painful memory that set the keynote for the remainder of her childhood, the idea of being a child-bride that cried out for love and companionship—and a mentor.

When she was twenty-one, Dick seemed to fulfill these needs. That he loved her there was no doubt. He was a charming man, an amusing companion, and he also filled the security gap. He was successful, he knew his business from the inside out, and he was, to adjudge in which June was newly involved, she looked up to him as her advisor.

As for Dick, the youthful June had all the appeal a man of forty could wish. She was young and gay, and he was enchanted by her naiveté.

Put these two together, joined by a love that grew as their years together progressed, and you could hardly blame Dick for wondering if the person he married was the person he had hoped, and you could judge them the perfect couple.

But with these passing years came the rub. If time does not stand still, neither do people or situations. In 1945 Dick was already a mature man, not likely to change in his habits or patterns of life, but June grew up, literally, as Mrs. Powell. As a matter of course of her naiveté which Dick had admired. She became a star in her own right, and proved to be a shrewd businesswoman as well. She also became a personality in her own right, and with maturity, no longer felt the necessity of leaning on Dick for guidance and protection. If there had been a flaw in their marriage, it was gone now. She viewed the marriage as a normal partnership in life. Dick, on the other hand, continued to regard her as he did from the beginning: a child-bride who needed him, and he could not help being difficult to find a more kind-hearted man than Dick Powell, and in his affection for June he continued to make household decisions without consulting his responsibilities.

Dick also felt that June put too much emphasis on affection, that she needed continual reaffirmation of his love. In discussions of recent years June has pulled up his hands in a gesture of helplessness that she tried, but I can’t reassure her enough. There isn’t enough love in the whole world to make that girl happy.

For at least two years they have been admitting to each other they cannot find a common ground. In February, chafing under what she felt was over-direction, June blew up, much in the manner of a teen-age girl who has been spanked by her father. She asked that they separate.

The next month, Friday, February 22, June packed her luggage for a trip to Palm Springs, and left the house and daughter Pamela. Dick stood in her dressing room watching her, and arguing the point of separation.

"You won’t go without me,” he said.

“You can’t live without me and you know it.”

June folded a pair of slacks neatly into a suitcase. “I’m tired of being told what I can and can’t do.”

“Very well,” she said.

“You don’t even know how to get to Palm Springs,” he said.

She flared up at him. “I’ve been there a million times. If you think I’m not an idiot! I don’t want you telling me how to get there—I can find it myself!”

He told her, however, and when June reached South Pasadena, a point not vantage, she called the number, she also reached her Waterloo. She stopped the car, went to a public phone and dialed her home telephone number.

“Hello!” she said. “Where is Palm Springs?”

To Dick’s credit, he didn’t say I told you so. He is not that kind of a man. Instead he laughed, and so did June. It is this happy faculty for laughing at themselves, that makes the marriage more than worth saving. In the midst of the most serious argument one will say something that strikes the other funny, and the ice is broken as well as the argument itself.

When June eventually reached Palm Springs, admittedly via Dick’s explicit directions, June phoned to advise Dick she had arrived safely. She called him a second time, to say good-night. Of such stuff is marriage made.

Eleven years together make a bond, a sharing of little things, that few people can ignore.

The next day, Saturday, despite the company of Pamela and her secretary Beatrice, June was lonely (the unspoken assumption is that she missed Dick), and at noon the threesome left for Los Angeles.

In the interim, the Edgar Bergens had, to use a word, been themselves in the middle. Edgar had flown to Palm Springs to make certain June was all right, and after he flew back to Los Angeles on Saturday he had phoned Dick and asked him to come for dinner that night. Unaware of this, Frances Bergens, also worrying about June, had telephoned her in Palm Springs and invited her for dinner on Saturday.
The upshot was that the 'separated' Powells had dinner together that evening with the Bergens.

"She ate," says Dick, "I wasn't hungry.

"You know the first thing he said?" June asked me. "He walked in and said, 'Darling, you look terrible. You look as though you've lost five pounds.' I said 'I look fine, thank you.' And then I looked in the mirror and he was right. I looked absolutely awful."

During the three weeks of separation the Bergens as well as other friends spoke to them frankly, pointing out the difficulties each already knew existed. Without exception their friends hoped for a reconciliation, not only for the sake of the children, but for June and Dick themselves. Says June, "But you can't learn anything from your friends. We must work it out for ourselves."

That Saturday night June stayed with the Bergens, Dick went home. On Sunday he arranged to move to the apartment of his daughter Ellen, in New York attending to the birth of her brother Norma's first child. When June returned home from the Bergens, she saw Dick's trunk on the front porch, its suits laid over chairbacks, hangers strewn here and there. The finality of it struck her forcibly, and she had to consciously restrain herself from weeping. She must not give in; their only hope lay in sorting things out while apart from each other. She asked Dick to come back for dinner with her and the children after he had moved his things into Ellen's apartment.

Almost every night of that following week, Dick had dinner with June, mostly at home. Separately, they made dinner engagements with other people, then broke them at the last minute, irresistibly drawn together.

"I don't know what we talked about," says Dick. "Mostly the kids, I suppose. We spent some time talking about a new school for Rick. And of course I kept telling June that our separation was ridiculous, that it was serving no purpose.

Neither does June recall clearly the conversations of that week. "All I remember is that suddenly we found ourselves behaving as we should have before we separated." If there was occasional laughter, there were also many tears. It was a bad week, so bad that June reacted as she always does to unhappiness; she became ill. On Friday she went to work in "My Man Godfrey," feeling half alive.

The studio doctor was worried about her and offered to go out to the house the next day to check her condition, but June declined on the basis she didn't want to spoil his weekend. That night she went to her mother's house for dinner. Saturday she felt worse, and lonely to boot, because Dick had gone to Palm Springs for the weekend, unaware of her illness. On Sunday she weakened with a fever of 104° and telephoned her personal physician, Dr. Conolly, who examined June's chest, and shook his head. "You have pneumonia," he said. "Have someone take you to the hospital right away.

When Dick returned to Hollywood that night he was straight to the hospital, heard the news from the servants, and dashed off to the hospital. He couldn't stay long because he was due at a dinner given by the Justin Darts, and in all courtesy could not break the engagement at such a late hour.

"But," he says, "I had dinner with her at the hospital every night from then on."

"No you didn't," says June.

Dick shuts his eyes tight for a minute, trying to remember. "All right, half the nights, anyway. Besides, you ordered it from a restaurant and it was too cold to eat."

"I had it catered because the doctor..."
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wanted me to eat lots of red meat. And the night it was cold, you didn't get there until 8:30, when I was half finished. It was warm enough for me."

They spar like this, and at the same time Dick is wondering if June has had a decent lunch that day. As Dick says, "when you live together for eleven and a half years it can get pretty frightful. But when you separate from somebody after eleven and a half years, that's more frightful."

"At home," says June, "he insists on dinner every night at seven, and then he gets home after eight o'clock."

"That was a very important meeting that night," says Dick.

"Business, always business," says June. "You should have married a telephone." Unexpectedly, they grip at each other.

June was in the hospital six days, and the following Saturday Dick drove her home.

"He put me in the living room. And then he went flying."

"Well, you were healthy, weren't you?"

"So there I was," says June, "at eight pounds lighter, and healthy—and lonely."

And Dick refrains from making the male observation that, after all, she had asked for a separation.

She suggested that day that when he finished flying, he come back and have a cocktail with her.

"You really want me to?" said Dick.

"Of course. And besides, it's your house."

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s its accompanying dogs, horses, hens, helters, etc. Dick laughed. "When I told Morgan (their business manager) about it he groaned and took a phenobarbital. 'You kids can't do this!' he said."

For the hopeful husband that evening, there seemed little hope. They had dinner at Jack's At-The-Beach, and all through the meal and into coffee and dessert, Dick argued with June that their separation was nonsensical, that it was serving no purpose. June, still physically exhausted, was on the verge of tears. She must stick it out; if she missed her as he said he did, perhaps in time he would come around to seeing her viewpoint. She had read somewhere that we quarrel only while there is still hope of understanding. If that was true there was still hope, but there was certainly more of it if they could see each other occasionally and discuss their differences, rather than facing the same old situations day in and day out at home.

The upshot was that they drove home, still separated, and Dick was angry. He dropped her at the house and left, tearing around the lake on two wheels of his car. It was the first real clash they had had since the separation, and June stood at the door and listened to the fading sounds of his car winding down through the trees to the main road. She went to bed, but she couldn't sleep. If he was angry enough to drive that way, he might kill himself. For hours she imagined all sorts of horrible things happening to him, and at 2 a.m. she picked up the phone next to her bed and dialed the number of Ellen's apartment.

"Richard? I love you and I miss you, and I want you to come home."

"Oh damn!" grumbled Dick. "Now I have to get dressed all over again."

But it was a happy-type grumble.

Thus ended the three weeks.

As I talked with them there in her dressing room, June slipped out of her robe and into a dress that zipped up the back. "I wish they wouldn't insist on rear zippers on new clothes," she said, and backed up to Richard. "Please," she said, and as he obliged she grinned at me. "That's another reason I need him."

They need each other for many reasons. With all their differences they have a great deal in common. They have their love and their laughter and their children (neither of whom is old enough to realize the recent rift), and a life together of twelve years this coming August.

But they also need understanding, otherwise their love and their conflict make an insoluble combination. It would seem this common viewpoint can be attained only if Dick will realize that June has grown up, and that given the chance, June will prove it to him.

If the understanding did not come with a separation, it will have to come out of living together in the future. The separation, in its brief duration, proved nothing. It was a bitter experience for both, a three-week period they would like to forget. The one thing they learned from it is that while they may not be able to live in true happiness with each other, they most certainly cannot live in a state anywhere near approaching happiness when they are not together.

The three weeks of the nightmare are over, but the shock of it remains. Perhaps now that it is over each of them will be more ready to give, to understand, to change and to grow. It has been said "the anger of love renews the strength of love" but love needs more than either anger or strength. It needs flexibility if it is to survive at all.

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**Plan to See:** June Allyson in Universal-International's "My Man Godfrey."
(Continued from page 62) next day that the gun was a toy that Elvis carried in his car for laughs. That the Marine wanted to forget about the whole thing.

Suddenly Elvis turned from the papers and said to Gene, "Anybody down in the lobby?"

Gene nodded. "About fifteen or twenty folk, I guess."

"Would you ask them to come up?"

Elvis asked.

Gene left the room silently. In a few minutes he returned. Following him through the door were several teenage girls, a man and his wife, two youths in their early twenties, an elderly woman, a policeman, a taxi driver, a towel-and-apron delivery man and a bellhop.

The women were seated in chairs, all of them wide-eyed at being invited to talk with Elvis. The men shuffled around and either sat on the floor or on the long sofa near the window.

Elvis thanked them for coming to the room, then said, I guess you saw the stories about me in the papers, today."

Most of the group nodded or murmured nearly inaudibly "yess.""

"Is there anything you can do about those stories in today's papers, Mr. Presley?"

"Sure, the carroll queried.

Elvis shook his head and smiled.

"Wouldn't do anything if I could," Elvis said. "Can't stop people from thinkin' and I got no right to stop 'em from sayin' what they think. Just wish some of those who say things about me would give me a chance to talk. Wouldn't be easy, tryin' to tell a preacher or a judge that they was wrong, but I'd like to."

"Nobody knows what's inside me. I got a heart and feelings, too, and I get hurt when I hear people talk bad about me. And you know, I think some of them people would be kinda surprised at what I had to say."

Elvis thought for a moment. He shifted his rugged six-foot-two-frame in the chair and then, as though he were speaking to a great audience instead of a small group, he began to talk. It took him a long time to say what he felt, but as the moments went by the visitors knew they had been allowed to take part in a rare and intimate experience. This is what Elvis said.

What I'm goin' to say I haven't said to anyone before, because I know how it sounds when some people start talkin' about God. But there comes a time in a man's life when he has to say somethin'.

So now I think it's time to tell the truth about this Elvis Presley and the way he thinks.

I'm not trying to sound like a fellow who's any more religious than anybody else but there's not a day that goes by that I don't think about God and pray hard to show my gratitude to Him.

Even when I was a kid I thought about God. My mother and my father taught me that when I did something good, God would be pleased. And when I did something bad, He would be angry.

Like other kids I didn't understand much about Him and behaved because I feared his wrath. When I meant that until I was older I didn't realize that the best way to show love for my Maker was to take what He had given me and try, the best way I know, to make somethin' of myself.

I never expected to be anybody important. Maybe, I'm not now, but whatever I am, whatever I will become will be what God has chosen for me. I can't be any other way. That I believe. Some people I know, can't figure out how Elvis Presley happened. I don't blame them for wondering that. Sometimes I wonder myself.

I think it all started the day I walked into my Daddy's bedroom and found him sitting there, with his head in his hands. I guess he was pretty deep in thinking, because when I said, "What's the matter, Dad?" he looked up suddenly, and I saw that his eyes were all watery.

Now you've got to understand. I was about thirteen then, and I guess I loved my Mom and Daddy as much as any son could love his parents. There have been times in my life when Daddy was strict with me, and times I think when he was too easy. But after everything was said and done, he was my Daddy, and anythin' that hurt him, hurt me.

So when I saw him look up at me like that, almost crying, I got scared. I had never seen him that way before. I guess he thought I was old enough to know a few of the more serious things in life, so he told me what was bothering him.

He knew that a few months before, while on his job as a truck driver, he had hurt his back. At first, he had laughed it off and told Mom and me not to worry. Now, he said, I ought to know the truth. The injury to his back was more serious than he thought, and it looked like there'd be long periods of time when he wouldn't be able to work at all. This meant we were having trouble getting enough money to live.

Dad said what was bothering him now was the bills that were piling up. He couldn't find any way to pay them. He said that he needed a man in the world, but that he wanted to be a good husband to his mother and a good father to me. And now it looked like we were going to have real hard times.

When Daddy got all through explaining this to me, I went to my room and sat on my bed, with my head in my hands. The more I thought about it, the more I realized how much things had changed in the little seventeen years old, there wasn't going to be very much I could do to help. So I did the first thing that came to my mind. I got down on my knees and asked God to show me some way I could help my parents.

A week later, things began to happen. Up till then I hadn't been doing much, although I had sung at Sam Phillips. I met Sam the year before. I was in the making a record so I went downtown to see him. I'd heard he had a company called Sun Records. Well, Sam wasn't in but his secretary told me it would cost me four dollars to hear myself sing. I made a record, took it home and listened to it. It wasn't very good. But I heard the record and I knew that if I ever wanted to become a singer I was going to have to do a lot of learnin'.

I kept on singin' and started to save money. By the time I had enough money I bought my first car. I bought a used car and Sam agreed and make another record. This time he heard me and told me he'd teach me what he knew. We worked together for a long time, and then he helped get me a couple of my records played on the air, they didn't cause much of a commotion. I'm tellin' you, I was pretty discouraged.

Now maybe I'd like to tell you more by than what happened next was a coincidence.

They got a right to think that if they want to. But I don't. I think what happened was the plan of God. And I'll always think so.

It was a week after my Daddy told me about his trouble that things started to happen. I was sittin' in a movie tryin' to blow myself up a little when the usher, who was Ma's friend of mine, come up to me and said, "Elvis, your Mom's outside. She's been lookin' for you everywhere. I thought to myself, something happened to Dad. When I got out on the sidewalk, Mom grabbed me and said, "Quick, Elvis, they want you down at the radio station. They just played your latest record and the people that heard it want you on the air. You'd better scot right down on.""

Well, that's just how it all started. And it hasn't stopped since. I didn't plan any of this, it just happened to me.

But along with all my records and my singin' came all those words in the papers claimin' I was gettin' all the kids stirred up and in trouble. If I thought for one minute that they contributed to juvenile delinquency I'd go back to driving a truck.

I wish that those who criticize me could understand what effect it has on my heart when I see those words in print. Those people know, they just must know, if they will look into their own hearts, that a twenty-two-year-old fellow from Tupelo, Mississippi do not and can't contribute to juvenile delinquency.

For instance, I've cut my hair in a way that I like and feels comfortable with me. A lot of youths my age now have their hair cut the same way. Some of them get into trouble. And because their hair is cut like mine, it's Elvis Presley's fault that some confused young guy has done
something that makes him look wrong. Some performers have trouble finding something to do with their hands. Others don't know which way to walk, or turn, or even how to look.

Now, when you're in the stage, or even rehearsing in front of movie cameras and just my face shows, I have to move. I have to move my legs, my body, my head, my hands, eyes, everything. Once I start to sing, I don't know what it is, something happens to me. Maybe it's the crowd, maybe it's me, maybe it's the music, maybe it's the song. After that I'm just singing.

Rudy Vallee was the Vagabond Lover. But at least they could understand why their friends felt that Sinatra was the best or why the girl of yesteryear experienced a funny kind of feeling over a Rudy Vallee record. Can't they understand that some people like to hear me sing?

Those who like my records buy them. Those who don't like the way I perform on stage go to see someone else. That's the way it should be. I wander among some way I could get everybody to understand that. People have a right to their opinion. Of me, of others, of anything.

'Course some of the things they say about me are true. I like cars. All kinds. I have my Cadilacs and my Messerschmitt and now I have another. A little red racer. Seats one. I'm going to drive back to Memphis in it this week.

And when they say I like to ball it up and have a big time on a date with a girl, why, that's true. I have as much fun as I can. In that respect, I don't think I'm any different than any other young fellow. On a date when we go to see movies, the ones with lots of action. I don't like those "conversation" pictures where everybody just kinda stands around.

And by living it up, I mean getting with a group and doing the same things they do. Driving up and down street, laughing, telling jokes, goin' to the drive-ins for Cokes and milk shakes. And like any other guy my age, when I take my girl home I stand on the porch for awhile and try to keep from waking her folks up. I've fell over more than one set of milk bottles and stepped on more than one cat's tail since then. I wouldn't let my date put the porch light on.

I think that most people, if they think about it, can remember doing the same things when they were young.

But no matter what I do, I don't forget about God. I feel he's watching every move I make. And in a way it's good for me. I'll never feel comfortable taking a strong drink or smoking, or even enjoy comin' a cigarette. I just don't think these things are right for me.

I guess maybe I talked too much, now. A guy like me can get to yammerin' like this and never shut up. But sometimes when I read things like in those newspapers over there, I want to tell somebody that the stories aren't true. I just want to let people know that the way I live is by doin' what I think God wants me to. I want someone to understand.

The End

DON'T FAIL TO SEE: Elvis Presley in Paramount's "Loving You."
Parker may call theirs so long as they pay the rent. They rent the home on a year-round basis (rent one of these jobs for the summer season only and they bump you $10,000 on the rent). I don’t think it worth the rental period expires. It is an attached house, one of a number at the north end of the colony, and contains a housekeeper, a young boxer dog with a superficial resemblance to a bulldog, and a big, good deal of sand. The sand does not ruffle the Parker family. “We chose to live on the beach, Shirley has said with some bravado. ‘Some day we expect sand on the floor. People who don’t want sand on the floor shouldn’t live at the beach. You can’t have it both ways.’ Stephanie, the edge of her play-skin. Shirley MacLaine is absolutely right: Stephanie is inspirational. Husky, too. Pretty soon Shirley couldn’t stand it any longer and went over to the play-sun and began Stephanie into the conversation. “We’re going to take her to the doctor,” she said to Stephanie. “Yes, we are. We’re going to take her to the doctor and she’s going to break the scales.”

Stephanie’s gamin-faced mother wore a striped shirt and pedal-pushers. Loafers. This was a day off but she’d gotten up pretty early anyway, eight o’clock or so, and walked a mile and a half down the beach to what is called Malibu Pier, and then back again, happy in the feel of the sand, and then a very big breakfast that was attack of the butterflies. She loves the beach and would not live elsewhere in Southern California, although dream’s end for the Steve Parkers is a farm in Vermont: “We’ll work it and smell it and live with the seasons.” They all know what farm and where in Vermont. And one of these years, Shirley MacLaine and her gifted quail, they’ll drive back to Hollywood for the state they love the best, where even the summer nights get cold and the winters are virtually polar. And there, she says, they will farm.

Without a single regret?” The projected transference seemed implausibly drastic.

“Without a single regret,” she said. “You’re talking about career and climate and things like that, I mean? No, because then this phase of our lives will be over, and I wouldn’t look back on it if I could. Now it’s here and all, except Steve and I—we’re fine. That’s all.” That’s what I’ve been talking about, loving things and the present. But for next year or in five years or however many it is—and I don’t really think it’s that fine. That’s what I’ve been talking about, loving things and the present. But for next year or in five years or however many it is—and I don’t really think it’s that fine. That’s all.”

The test is notable for the fact that it contained no preconceived material. Miss MacLaine just did a little dance step without music, then talked about herself. The whole business is today a cherished film in Paramount archives and still viewed by charmed Hollywood onlookers. These credit Shirley with the entire triumph. She credits Mann.

“It’s the way we react to each other,” she says now. “It’s total professional ac-

DANGER AHEAD!

What is the big threat to Hollywood’s most glamorous movie queen?

August PHOTOPLAY

August PHOTOPLAY
I really just had to walk through 'Eighty Days,'" she has said. "Cantinflas had the best part. But this is different."

Back in New York after Wallis' departure, Carol Haney got well pretty soon — well, it was a month — and Shirley returned to lecture. The summer passed, and then in early Autumn in Hollywood, Alfred Hitchcock decided he needed something in the way of a fivy girl character for an old picture of his called "The Trouble with Harry." "It's a comedy," Hitchcock liked to tell listeners, "about a corpse. Very amusing." So he saw this test she'd made for Wallis and arranged to borrow her. He did so and the company went to Vermont for location filming. This was September of 1954, a month and year not liable to be passed over lightly by Shirley MacLaine.

She'd met Steve Parker in New York during "The Pajama Game" period. He was an actor-director and he later became her manager. Now he'd bel hark up to Vermont in a hurry, and on the 17th day of that momentous month and year, they were wed.

Parker now is setting up in Japan a kind of liaison business between the Hollywood and Japanese film industries. It is, to Miss MacLaine's way of thinking, a slightly risky procedure, "but I never said it to him. Wives who discourage their husbands should be flung to crocodiles." After the Hitchcock picture, she starred with Martin and Lewis in "Artists and Models," and then in the leading feminine role in Mike Todd's "Around the World in 80 Days." In the interim, national magazines and other editors got real excited over her, as well they might, and she started all over again in television.

Miss MacLaine is faintly freckled, not conventionally beautiful, and not notably small or large. In fact, she stands five-six and measures 24-34 in the usual vertical order. Her hair, coiffed perhaps in a wind-tunnel, suggests that she may at one time or another have lost an election bet, and there is not an atom of her to betray the role of film star. She takes her work seriously, however, and indeed she is hard at work at the moment helping to form a Malibu play group, for which her financial reward will be roughly nil. Again, after the completion of "Around the World in 80 Days," she was on the road in the play "The Sleeping Prince" instead of standing around Hollywood and Vine looking for autograph albums.

It was producer Wallis who became obsessed with the notion that Miss MacLaine had dramatic talent, director Mann who seconded this same notion, and Shirley MacLaine who prays mightily she can third it. Paramount officials say she has. Viewers of the rushes of "Hot Spell" are utterly sold on her. Nor would it appear likely they are wrong.

For the joy and surety build for her. First there was Shirley—and not so much. Then Shirley and Steve—and more and more. Then Shirley and Steve and Stephanie, and that was the breakthrough. Something happen with the characters, id sure. She was sunny at the beach and surf at Malibu. Like the Hal Wallis episode, it's all sort of square—and entirely happy, like a love story that wears up in the sunlight. Only this one is just beginning.
Who Is Dorothy Malone?

(Continued from page 53)

This was Lindsay Parsons and the picture was "Jack Slade" with Mark Stevens. I was very grateful to Mr. Parsons.

Eddie Rubbin, who first saw me in Dallas, is another person I'm grateful to. I would say that the other people I'm grateful to, and you might not be among them, are Sophie Rosenzweig (now dead) who coached me when I was at U-I. Also Lewis Greene who was an agent at MCA—and when I first came out. (He's now employed in another business) And Edna Benoit and Charley Windham of the Girardian Life Insurance Company. Mr. Windham gave me something to do while I was in high school. But he's not in Hollywood. He kept up my morale. To Peggy Harrison at Highland Park High School in Dallas, I'm grateful. I did all my plays under her direction and I enjoyed the part. He kind of let everyone in the picture have his own freedom of expression, at the same time keeping his directorial eye on them.

How did it feel getting the Academy Award?

It tickled me because it's the people in the business that did the voting, the actors and actresses that did it. While I was playing golf, they wouldn't have been playing golf if I hadn't had a new picture. I know the people at the studios and I know the critics. It's more like friends voting and not strangers. It's not a cold thing. It's warm. The people know what I've been doing, and I know what they've gone through. I've seen them up and down. Seen them start out little then become big stars and big producers. I've made at least thirty pictures, and all of them in Hollywood. Maybe next year, it'll be a friend of mine who wins.

I never thought of winning the award while I was making the picture. I take each picture as it comes and play by picture by picture. If someone says "What's your next picture?" I say I don't want to know anything about my next picture while I'm on the one I'm doing. I'm concentrating on what I'm on right now. Everything will be taken care of in its own time is my philosophy.

Were you nervous Academy Award night?

Yes, Academy Award night posed quite a problem, too. It was the third night of an auction I was attending. I had my eye on a certain lamp, which was up to be auctioned Award night. When I told the auctioneer my problem the night before, he was kind enough to set a price on the lamp and let me buy it then and there.

You made some thirty pictures. Why do you think it took you so long to reach the top?

I don't think of myself as having reached the top now. I would say, looking back, and this is the philosophy of me, that I guess—everything is in its time. All the delays and all the hardships go to make up your cycle, to make you ready when your time comes. An storm, for instance, may cause you to go to Paris and meet the man of your life. You go along and do your best and the rest follows. I've made a lot of mistakes that turned out to be the best thing that ever happened. And sometimes something that looks wonderful turns out badly. If my brother hadn't won a golf trophy, he wouldn't have been asked to play golf with a group of older men and we wouldn't have been struck by lightning that day. But it must have been his time.

You can't always say whether something is good or bad at the time it happens. I always say "I hope I'm making the right mistake." Sometimes it looks like everything you do is a mistake; it's how it turns out.

I went back and forth to Texas a lot when I was first here because I didn't have any family here. (Dorothy was criticized by the press in those early years for not staying around Hollywood to try to pursue her career more actively. Ed.) Perhaps if I concentrated on staying here it would have been better or maybe it wouldn't have been. But I'm very glad I did go back so much because I spent all that time with my brothers while they were growing up. And I'm particularly glad I was able to be with my brother, Will, this much.

My brother Bob is studying law and is working now for the insurance company I once worked for. He wants to end up in tax law.

What are your plans for the future?

I'd love to write—love to write a play and picture. But so far haven't gotten around to either. I'm just lazy I guess. (Editor's Note: This observation of Dorothy's hardly seems warranted since she's furnished two homes during the last couple of years with several pictures and tv appearances; recently she worked days on "Tip on a Dead Jockey," while completing "Pylon" at night, takes care of a couple of dogs, makes talks at church affairs, writes songs, both music and lyrics. She spends lunch hours and spare time frequently running to auctions to pick up pieces for the house. She seems to accomplish a great deal more than the average woman. For instance, while making "Tip on a Dead Jockey" she repainted the flowers in her new wallpaper, because when she got a picture ready for her been used with pink flowers it was too overpowering and the paper was so expensive. She's now repainting each one with white paint.)

I'm married to a happy married to the right man and to have children. I love farm life and would love to have a farm. About giving up my career if and when I marry, I used to be very vociferous and say I'd give it all up. I'm going to marry more girls said they'd give up their career and then later didn't want to. Maybe I'd give up my career and never want to come back. But I wouldn't want my husband to be depending on my giving up my career... because I just might want to go on with it. It wouldn't be fair to him to have him depending on something I might later not want to do.

What are you looking for in a man?

I don't have any set ideas. Would love him to like some of the same things I do, to have some of the same interests. I adore bright men with a sense of humor. I would like somebody who would be very casual about partying, someone to whom home-life would be as important as it is to me. I'd love to have someone who is used to dealing with people. I would like a man who has traveled a lot, and is ready to settle down on a farm. I wouldn't want to feel that I was keeping him from doing something he wanted to do. I wouldn't want to kill his ambition. If he decided to go to Paris the next day, I think there's a right person for everybody.

Were you ever engaged?

I was engaged once—to a doctor in Dallas. We're the best of friends now and I admire him tremendously. I guess it was a matter of timing. We're not ready. But I still think he's a wonderful man. I've been rumored to engaged to Scott Brady but that's not true, but I still consider him one of my dearest friends.

Your name never hits the gossip columns, how come?

I don't date a lot of people. And most of them aren't in the limelight. I date a boy from Texas and one from Baltimore and a boy who has just moved out here from the East who is in electronics. I also see Roger Corman, who is a producer at Allied Artists, and a little bit to my delight I go to a party, but I prefer quiet evenings.

What do you do for fun?

I change with the situation. I used to go back home and go horseback riding and swimming, reading, and partying and bridge playing. Right now, I'm furnishing my second home and doing a lot of shopping and painting. When I have time I play tennis (I have a court in the yard of my new home) and swim and go to the beach. I rented a beach house last summer which my boyfriend and I went out here with me. I love spectator sports. And I love to just stay home and not do much of anything. That's it!

The End

You'll like: Dorothy Malone in U-I's "Pylon" and MGM's "Tip On A Dead Jockey."
Love Is Never a Mistake

(Continued from page 61)

childhood, some things were easier to understand.

"I was born Kathryn Grantstaff, not Kathy Grant," she explained, "in Houston, Texas. When I was a little girl, my family moved to this tiny little town of West Columbia, and I lived there all during grade and part of junior high school."

Some two hundred miles away from West Columbia, in Robstown, Kathy's Aunt Frances—her mother's sister—and her husband Leon Sullivan lived. "Aunt Frances and Uncle Leon didn't have any children of their own, so they decided, 'so we visited them on summer vacations and holidays. Robstown was our second home.' At twelve, she went to live in Robstown with her Aunt and Uncle.

"Leaving my family, moving to a strange town— it all seemed pointless to me," she says without much feeling, "I made a few friends, but gradually my imaginary playmates took precedence over my real ones. It was here in Robstown that I dreamed of Hopalong and Hollywood. I don't remember where the thoughts began—or ended, "she adds softly, then suddenly, smiling, 'Silly isn't it?'

But those who remember Kathy then knew it was not silly. She was withdrawn and uncertain and unable to make an effort to win acceptance of her high school students. There is still pain for Kathy when she speaks of those days, and still surprise that she was so often misunderstood.

"I didn't know how to go about being popular," she recalls softly. "At first I didn't even realize I wanted to be. I just got off to a bad start with the kids," and she let her thoughts wander a moment. "I gues right from the beginning I did."

"I'll never, never forget the first party invitation I received from a girl who was very popular in school. But Aunt Frances and Uncle Leon and I had planned a picnic for the same afternoon. I loved those picnics—and I didn't go to the party. The next day I found out it had been a surprise party for a fellow we had introduced to all the kids. Their opinion of me was pretty low. They thought I was a snob."

Kathy recalls: "Aunt Frances was really distressed by it all. She spent many weary hours trying to impress upon me the importance of social graces and etiquette." At the time she listened quietly and agreed to change her ways, but "deep inside something rebelled against following a fixed pattern—just as it does now. I didn't mean to hurt people..." and then abruptly she adds, "Aunt Frances was very upset. She thought I was being stubborn. It was all pretty headstrong and there were times I made her pretty angry, too. She had every right to be but then again, I thought she was."

"My aunt sewed beautifully. She made all my clothes. The trouble was I wanted clothes that were different. She told me she knew best. I remember, during my Junior year, my high school Senior Banquet. I knew just what I wanted: a red strapless evening gown. But Aunt Frances made me a white organdy one with puffed sleeves, very kiddish and not proper. But I wore it. My own mother was far away. I used to think that perhaps she would have understood some of the things I couldn't make Aunt Frances understand, now I realize I was silly. I adopted another mother in Robstown, Bea Jackson, who was our Rainbow Girls adviser. Almost immediately she became "Aunt Bea" to me. I ran with all my troubles to her and she'd listen patiently and say, 'but Kathy, don't blame your aunt. She only wants you to be perfect.' I remember crying out bitterly one day, 'But I don't want to be perfect. I just want to be happy...to be me.'"

Happiness had many faces and Kathy Grant had yet to find the one which best suited her. She was still a "loner"—as she is today—but the need for acceptance, a desire for love and warmth and to draw her deeper into school activities. She went out for athletics, dramas and many school functions as she could manage—and she made friends. And without her knowledge, a group of fellow students entered her photograph in a beauty contest. She won, and this, the first of several awards, proved a turning point in her life, a segment where dreams and reality suddenly began to fuse.

"At sixteen," Kathy explained, "I was chosen Texas Rodeo Queen. One of the judges was Art Rush, who was also Roy Rogers' manager. I talked with him about my dreams of a picture career.

"Finish school. Grow up, Kathy," was his recommendations. Then think about it. Although my Mother, Dad, Aunt Frances, Uncle Leon and a schoolteacher had all said the same thing, it was Art Rush who carried authority." Kathy admitted, "So I graduated from high school and went to the University of Texas with thoughts of Hollywood, though, still in mind." A year later she won second place in a "Miss Texas" contest and the following summer left for Hollywood, where she secured a screen test through Art Rush's help.

"Hollywood's a confusing place for a teen-ager of her own," Kathy explained. "Suddenly, there was no Aunt Frances, no Uncle Leon, no Aunt Bea. And I was only sure of one thing. I wasn't going to fight the battle of a girl alone in Hollywood. At home and family always were so important to me. I didn't see myself living alone in some furnished room—or even in a girl's club. I needed to be with a family. And I needed to go on with my college work, so I enrolled at UCLA and lived with a family near campus. They became my new elders. They were wonderfully understanding." And Kathy might have added, "the girl have the needed understanding and affection she'd always searched for.

Later on, when she went back to the University of Texas for a summer course to complete her credits for her college degree, she met in her government class, "Aunt Mary Banks"—a bright, charming and friendly woman who was to be a steady support for my time for study with her own children grown. The Banks family—Gilbert Sr., their daughter Marilyn, who is about Kathy's age, and Gilbert Jr., who is in his mid-teens. Kathy speaks of the latter as my "sister and brother."

Although Kathy has her own apartment, when Mrs. Beauregard and her husband moved to California, she made the Banks their new home. Here roots were firm and deep and their understanding made the months to follow less painful. "But I'm trying to be a grown woman now," she says, "I'm determined to try to make my own home out of this apartment."

We were in her apartment when she told me about Bing Crosby. On her coffee table lay a book called "The Consolation of Philosophy." Alongside of it were a decorator's plans for redecorating the apartment—Kathy's current big project.
They seemed to symbolize what’s important to Kathy. Her thirst for knowledge, her need for a philosophy—and her yearning for a home.

The story of Kathy Grant and Bing Crosby is truly the saga of all star-crossed lovers, from the moment of their meeting to their ultimate breakup. They are not the first couple who have bridged the chasm of two decades to fall in love. But they ended it as they feared from the beginning that they must.

“The difference in our ages meant nothing,” Kathryn said softly. She smoothed back her already smooth dark hair and a strained expression came over her face.

“We were two human beings. We loved each other. He is a lonely man, a gentle man. He takes his responsibilities seriously, weighs them carefully. We were happy in a relaxed quiet way. We did not yet know what we learned later; that a man like Bing Crosby is not just a person. He is a symbol. And I was a symbol. And one doesn’t disturb a public symbol without paying an exorbitant price.”

Later, Mary Banks added further to the story.

“Kathy told me about Bing as soon as they met. She wanted him to know the family. She wanted us to meet him. It was arranged. We went to her little apartment on a Sunday evening. Kathy had read in the newspapers that it was Bing’s birthday. She bought a birthday cake. She served tea and we had a lovely time. There were no tensions, no embarrassing silences. My husband and I didn’t know just what to expect, but the visit was pleasant. Nevertheless we were worried.

“They were simply wonderful together. He is a deeply quiet man at heart. Kathy is that way too. They seemed to share a remarkable, under-the-surface level of understanding.

“There was a flowing of spirit from one to the other which went on of its own accord. This happens between a man and a woman, sometimes. Kathy has depths and wisdom far beyond her years. (She also has a very high IQ, rated tops in studio group testing.) Sometimes I marvel at herself. It was this very depth that lessened the age difference between them, but the outside world couldn’t know that, of course.

“Already some of the gossip columns had used an item or two about them. We all felt a great storm of publicity approval was building up. They conducted their friendship with distinction and dignity, but I think they knew from the start that their friendship venture on unapproved ground would be difficult.”

There were those who said that Bing Crosby was interested in a young woman because he was going through a phase common among middle-aged men. There were those who said that Kathy was only interested in him because he was a big man in the picture business.

They feared their targets with cruel precision. The climate of public opinion was no longer threatening a storm. The storm was raging and nearly at its peak.

“Despite this, Kathy and Bing seemed to be two of us. Not hysterical, not overly romantic about each other, just down to earth, and aware,” says Mary.

Some say Kathy thought, till the very end, that they would be able to work things out. She’d bought a wedding dress (and never used it). She had asked to be converted to the Catholic faith. (It was her own idea, but it was Bing’s religion.) And then their relationship seemed untenable.

Mary Banks: hazel eyes filled with unshed tears behind her glasses. She added,

“We love Kathy so much. We felt sorry for her. And for Bing too.”

“We had so much fun together,” Kathy declared. “We didn’t have to talk much. I don’t like making small talk. I almost don’t. Bing’s that way too. We didn’t need small talk.

“Silence is golden for a moment, lost in reverie. Then she jumped to her feet and cried in a too-cheerful voice. ‘Let’s have some tea! I make good tea!’

She was in the kitchen and came back soon bearing the tea things. Bending over the cups as she poured, she went on:

“There’s something the economists call the climate of public opinion. The world could not accept our departure from the accepted pattern. What had started as an ideal human relationship became muddled and confused. In time we were forced to recognize that the outcome, the outside world was more important than our responsibility to each other. But it wasn’t easy to act on that realization. It was an intellectual decision. Emotions aren’t so easily influenced.”

The lengthening shadows of late afternoon streaked across the room. A tardy shaft of sunshine caught the highlights of a beautifully hand-wrought brass tray. Kathy’s fingers traced its carving lightly.

“I brought this back with me from Korea,” she explained. “It’s lovely, isn’t it?”
Cindy, Oh Cindy

(Continued from page 47)

Usually, Cindy finishes her nap early in the afternoon and is excited to get it out of her system. Bob and I went into the living room to chat while Lita got tea. At three o'clock I poked my head into the nursery to check on my model, but Cindy was up-thirty! Cindy slept. Four o'clock? Cindy slept on. At four-thirty I went in and turned on all the music boxes in the room. It sounded like a department store Christmas, with all the music boxes playing a different tune. Take a little “Rock A Bye Baby,” mix it up with “Ba, Ba Black Sheep” and add “Little Lamb,” and you have some idea of the din. But Cindy didn’t awaken, and I went in to wind the music boxes up again. Lita said, “This baby is going to grow up neurotic if we keep doing this to her.”

Finally, Cindy opened her eyes and howled. When Cindy wakes up, you know it! I picked her up in my arms, and she quieted down immediately. “How’s my little girl?” I asked, the way I always do when I hold her, and she held out her tiny dimpled arm. “All right,” I said, real man-to-woman. “Let’s go. Reckon for my nose,” I coaxed, and she did. “That’s it,” prompted Bob. Lita and I held her and played with her and fed her, while Bob and his camera kept clicking away. Not that we were impressed with the negatives, and said, “Let’s choose one for the magazine.” But they were all so good we couldn’t make up our minds, so we finally settled on three favorites: Lita’s and Bob’s. They’re the pictures you see here, and we hope you like them.

You know, I must admit that before Cindy was born, I listened to a lot of conversation from what I can only call the young Fatherhood set. And I’ll admit I got bored—except perhaps when I’d listen to Eddie Fisher or to Guy Madison. So before the baby came I’d often play that fatherhood role: no pictures in the wallet, no dinner-party conversations about the baby and no articles in magazines. I haven’t heard of that since Cindy’s here. My resolutions have gone out the transom, and here I am, talking about her. Maybe there’s something about watching that tiny bundle of energy change and grow. All of a sudden, living personality day by day that takes you by the heart—when it belongs to you.

Before the baby came our gynecologist, Dr. Blake Watson, used to see me and say, “You can take on bets Rory. It’s going to be a boy.” I’d grin from ear to ear and Lita would look up at me and answer, “Well, really, honey, we don’t care if it’s a little girl, do we? Darlin’, whatever God gives us.”

I’d nod my head and say, “That’s the way I feel. That’s exactly the way I feel.”

Then later, when thinking about it, and get so excited I’d slap my knee and exclaim, “Boy, I can hardly wait until that boy gets older. I can take him fishing.”

“Sure,” Lita would answer quietly. "But maybe it will be a little girl.”

A month before Cindy was born, my cousin asked me what I’d want to name the baby if it were a girl, and I thought for a minute and said, “I’ll call her Sharon. Only of course she’s going to be a boy and his name will be Rory.”

Then, one evening we were sitting in the living room, Eddie Fisher’s hit record “Oh, My Love” was on the air with it almost immediately. And I noticed whenever she’d be doing the evening dishes, or maybe straightening up the pillows on the couch, she’d sing softly to herself: “Cindy, oh Cindy. Cindy, don’t let me down.” The day before Cindy was born, Lita asked: “Darling, don’t you think Sharon sounds sort of uptight?” “I don’t know,” I answered, seriously giving it thought.

“How do you like Cindy?” she asked. “Don’t you think it’s a warm, human name? And Cindy and Calhoun sound together, too. Besides,” she teased, “it’s a lovely name for a dark-haired little girl.” “What do you mean girl?” I asked, pretending to be astonished.

I didn’t say much further, but made a mental note that “Rory” sounded pretty fine, whether he had dark hair or not.

Early the next morning, Lita tapped me on the shoulder. “Darling.”

“Uh-h-h-h.”

“Darling, it’s time to go to the hospital.”

“Huh!”

“I think the baby’s coming. We ought to go to the hospital.”

I woke with a start. “How do you feel?” I asked.

“I feel fine.” Lita smiled, but the smile didn’t last long, and she closed her eyes for a minute, to blot out the pain.

I kissed her on the cheek and held her. “It’ll be over—real soon, honey.” I said and jumped into my clothes.

And then I drove our car out to the front. It was still only about 7:00 o’clock in the morning; it was cold, and we gathered in little drops on the windshield of the car and settled around us in its dampness. I put my arm around Lita protectively.

“Are you cold? Do you want my jacket?” I asked.

Lita crossed her arms and huddled in a corner of the car. “I’ll be okay,” she said softly, throwing her shoulders back—and I put my foot down and stepped on the gas. I thought we’d never get there.

When we finally arrived at the hospital, I left Lita with one of the sisters who showed her to her room. As Lita walked down the long white corridor away from me, I had the sudden, horrifying thought: “What if something should happen to her?”

The opening hours were short, and a nightmare. Lita’s mother was there, and I called Vic Orsatti and Stan Musgrove, my agent and publicist, to come down to keep us company—but even that didn’t help. There was nothing to do but worry and wait.

Some time before noon, one of the sisters started walking down the long corridor toward us; her face set and solemn-looking and I thought the worst. “It’ll be ten minutes more,” was all she said. That was all.

At exactly 12:29, Dr. Watson stuck his head out the door for a moment and announced softly and matter-of-factly: “It’s a girl.”

I was so glad it was over that for a few minutes I was numb. And then—feeling started to come creeping back. I thought of the fishing poles and the rifle and the cute little powder blue silk shirt and trousers that were my first presents for the baby, and I shrugged my shoulders.

“Welcome Cindy, baby girl,” I said softly. “God bless you.” I smiled at the “Cindy”; it was a slip of the tongue, and I thought Lita would like that.

About five minutes after the baby was born they placed her in the oxygen drawer where they put all babies for the first 24 hours, and the sister let me take a quick look at her through the glass window. Looking at that little fat-cheeked thing, so tiny and defenseless, was touching, and all I could do was push back the lump in my throat and say, “Hi ya, young one. I’m your father.” It felt so good just saying

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Cindy!

"I don't care, honestly," I answered, and the minute I'd said that I knew that it had come from deep down inside, and that I'd meant it. It slipped out naturally—"Cindy's adorable."

"Cindy," Lita smiled weakly. "I was afraid for a moment you'd stick with Sharon.

"With that dark hair? She couldn't be anything but a Cindy!" I insisted. We both started to laugh, and I felt good, and I leaned over and reached for Lita's hand.

Each day after visiting hours, I went home to the nursery Lita and I and had gotten ready for the baby. First thing, I took down the huge cow and cowpony I'd hung up on the wall of the nursery and transferred them to the kitchenette. Nobody as feminine as Cindy should sleep in a room with a cowpony! And a cowboy, indeed!

For several weeks before the baby came, Lita and I had been making the nursery ready. We'd built a new room onto our house, and we'd furnished that as a bedroom for ourselves, turning our old bedroom into a nursery for the baby. Lita had bought unpainted furniture, painted it with a marble-type paint, and I had hung huge Mother Goose toys on the wall to decorate the room. There were still a few odds and ends, and I tried getting them all finished by the time Lita came home. And the moment was a wonderful day that day Lita was released from the hospital. We'd bundled the baby into a nest of warm and fluffy pink blankets, and Mary, our nurse, sat in that back seat with the baby while Lita and I sat in the front.

The ride back from the hospital was slow and cautious, just as the one going up there had been fast and anxious. When we got home, I lifted the baby in my arms and carried her into the house. "This is the moment I'll remember for a long time," I said solemnly to Lita. "Just as I'll never forget carrying you over the threshold to our first apartment." I looked down at that tiny little face with the fat cheeks and button of a nose, and I got a warm feeling as I put her in the crib.

Both of us were thinking that this was a wish we'd been afraid to wish for, a dream we'd been afraid to dream. Lita and I had been married for nine years, and we'd wanted a baby so badly it hurt to think about it. Lita had become pregnant twice and twice had lost the baby. It had seemed so unfair to come so close to happiness, only to have it snatched away again. "God will bless our marriage with a baby," we said—and both of us believed it. Only for a long time, it didn't seem as though it would ever happen, and Lita and I talked of adopting children. We talked about it often, but never really did anything about it. And then Cindy came along.

Now I know what it really means to be happy. Sometimes I look at the baby, and I'll go, 'Hey, you're part of me. I'm half responsible for your being born! You wouldn't be here without me!' And I'll throw out my chest and practically explode with pride.

Our baby's a month old now. Shortly after we got home from the hospital, Father Kanaia came over to christen the baby. Cindy Frances, the "Frances" being Lita's mother.

There are times, I'll admit, when being a father takes some getting used to. Like the time at the hospital when Lita and I were talking, and Lita said, "You're a little weak, honey; why don't we take a holiday in Hawaii for some sun and sand."

"But the baby?" Lita wailed.

"I thought I remembered—" I said responsibilities. I'd completely forgotten about the baby for the moment. Then the time that I had an early-morning call, and Cindy kept us up till four a.m. the night before. But most times it's so natural having a baby around the house you hardly notice the change.

Driving home from the studio the other day, I started thinking: I had baby and stopped off at a children's shop. (I bought her a rattle—a little pink and white one with bows on it. It's right for a girl: I'm learning!) And then I started to hurry, for I remembered about how wonderful it would be to get home, to Lita and Cindy, to pick up the baby from her crib and say, "How's my little Cindy? How's my little baby?"

"Reach for my nose. Grab my hair." And a warm, wonderful feeling spread through me.

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What You Don't Know About Job Hunting

(Continued from page 83)
the value of money. And I thought for a long time before I asked for a quarter for a movie. I also knew that if I was going to get the education I wanted that I was going to have to save up for it. All during high school money was one of the few things I could save. Something you saved up for.

"And how much better they tasted because you did," Pat concludes.

And Susan Hayward's advice to young people is, "I was a career with older friends, your parents and teachers.

"I never wanted to be anything but an actress as far back as I can remember. Other kids wanted to be firemen one year and ball players the next, girls were torn between nursing and teaching school. It was acting or nothing for me. Of course, nobody believed I had any talent. Certainly not the booping audiences in the amateur night contests."

Undiscouraged, Susan Hayward temporarily buried her ambition to be an actress in order to help out her family. At twelve, she became the first girl with a newspaper route for the Brooklyn Eagle. At thirteen, she attended a nearby high school, and at fourteen, she worked as a model and secretary. Susan yielded her newspaper career for a turn at modeling clothes for other fat little fourteen-year-olds. It wasn't until she entered the high school that Susan was able to make her dreams as an actress come true.

Her English teacher felt Susan had real ability and urged her to become an actress. "I was terribly shy then," Susan recalls, "but Miss O'Grady urged me to join the drama club, called on me often in class so that I'd learn poise and acquire assurance and even coaxed me when I cried my eyes out because I couldn't get the lead in a school play. Bless Florence O'Grady, I only wish every girl had a teacher like her."

"I remember in high school," Susan recalls, "I selected for a term project the subject of how to become an actress. I lived with it night and day. Susan worked on the subway from Brooklyn to Manhattan every afternoon after school and steeped myself in the theatre. I was terribly scared but I managed to wangle my way into the student director's dressing room and there, I got to know the people, even the prop men and the electricians, anybody who could fill me in on the theatre. I like to think that it finally paid off."

Stars like Anthony Franciosa drifted from job to job after they got out of school. They were sort of feeling their way around. I was for all of them the same way. I'm not sure that they wanted to be actors. Had to be actors. Tony says, "Once you know what you want to do, go to it and hang on at all cost."

"I didn't give a hoot for school," Tony explains, "and at sixteen I just cut out like a lot of other kids though there wasn't any special way to be tested in. Looking back now I realize what a big mistake that was."

Tony started out as an anning hall loader, then worked the local lunch counter and was a hamburger washer in a hamburger joint, worked as a welder and then later bagged heavy lead forms in a printing plant. "My jobs," explains the intense, black-haired, hazel-eyed young actor, "were dull boring and they never lasted longer than a month or two."

Then when I was eighteen I discovered the theater and acting. A friend was go-

ing to try out for a small part in an amateur play and asked me to go along. When the director saw me, he asked if I was interested in taking a part, too. Well, I did and it went really well and a whole new world opened up for me.

A few years later Tony saw his name rise in lights on Broadway in "A Hatful of Rain" in a role that he's repeating in the movies. But while he was studying acting and looking for work in the theatre, Tony took any job that offered him "eating money."

"My principal worry was how to quit a job when there was a possibility of a part. Once I remember I was doing so well as a checker in a restaurant that the owner said that he would make me the night manager. An hour later I heard about the job I wanted so I said I needed to tell my boss that I wanted to quit. The next day I was so nervous I forgot to wear a white shirt to work. I showed up in a denim work shirt. My troubles about how to quit were over. I was fired on the spot."

Nick Adams in the same situation didn't even wait to work. He perked up working as a short-order cook in a Hollywood hamburger spot while waiting for casting directors to recognize his talent. One day while he was handling the hamburgers, a director came from a studio and Nick dashed out—neglecting both to turn off the burners and pick up his salary. Years later, Nick says, "I went back and apologised. The other owner had really given me a break. I thought, who knows, I may be back slinging hash again some day."

Incidentally, whenever you decide to take a new job, talk over the situation with your employer and explain your reason for changing. You well may need him."

Tony Perkins' father died when Tony was five. "Mother," Tony explains, "took a job and never talked about money. But I understood that things had changed. When I grew older I never spent anything. I never asked for anything. Once I earned a gallon of shoveling snow and gave it to my mother."

"One summer in Massachusetts I worked as a janitor and salesman in a record shop, other summers I spent in stock company's dressing room as a actor and working backstage. I painted, plastered, sawed, ran errands and was paid $25 a week. I helped put up the scenery before a play and the last time I was there, I remember that sometimes, late, I'd just fall asleep and the others would cover me with a piece of old canvas."

"I give the reason I learned from this was don't think any job is too menial. The best way of learning is by doing."

Doing, means taking the initiative, seeing what has to be done without being told to do it. This is the best way of proving to your boss that you can do a better job, are able to assume greater responsibilities. You can be supporting herself while she was still in high school."

"My parents were divorced when I was very little," Vera explains, "and I was the fourteenth of a family. There was nothing to do to support us, my mother worked in a hotel, first as a maid, then as a waitress. But the food didn't stretch, and many times I went hungry. My mother brought us up, she took it to be self-reliant. When I was fourteen, she was offered a good position in Colorado. The other members of the family were off and on their own. I urged my mother to accept the position and I

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Ricky Nelson
David Nelson
Sherry Jackson
Rusty Hamer

John Saxon

James Dean
Tab Hunter
Tony Curtis
Clint Walker
Marlon Brando
Robert Wagner
Roy Rogers
Teresa Brewer
Elizabeth Taylor
Natalie Wood

Richard Egan
Kim Novak
Day

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moved into the YWCA, where I made part of my expenses helping prepare breakfast and serving it before going to school.

“I also got a job at Western Union by fibbing about my age, and spending from four o’clock a.m. to midnight. When business was light I studied in the telegraph office. My grades weren’t straight A’s but good enough for me to get into college. I wanted to be a teacher; the thought of acting never entered my head.”

Vera has had many jobs since those days of delivering telegrams. She says, “I’ve found in job-hunting that the most important things is to indicate to your potential employer that you really want the job—enthusiasm, understanding of his needs is often as important as experience.”

Tab Hunter agrees with Vera about “enthusiasm” as an important qualification, but he adds, “No more so than enterprise. If you are advertising yourself for work, even when jobs are scarce.

“When I was looking for jobs during high school I didn’t realize how little I had to offer an employer. You should remember that the only job that your employer is taking a sable when he hires you—are an unknown quantity. He can only judge you by your attitude. He can’t tell what kind of worker you’ll turn out to be.

“Don’t use what I did. Somebody told me that a neighborhood grocery store was looking for a clerk. I hadn’t the faintest idea of how to go about getting a job and I was scared so that I stumbled over a crate of oranges on the way in to see the manager. Picking myself up I timidly asked him if I could be a boy to help wait on customers, do you?”

“His answer was brief and to the point, ‘No.’

“When I got outside I realized that I had used the wrong approach. I should have talked myself out of a job before I had even gotten it. I learned later that if you can show an employer why he should hire you, how you can help him make money, what you can do, why getting hired are much brighter. He doesn’t care whether you need money to go to college or buy a new car. All he’s interested in is how you can help his business prosper.”

“Girls who pass up jobs because they expect to marry after high school should seek work as a matter of security, if not necessity.”

Here are some interesting figures compiled by the Bureau of Labor Statistics.

One third of the total labor force in this country is made up of women; one fifth of the over 20 million women are married; six of every ten working women are married; three out of ten married women are working, as are two of every five mothers of school-age children. Finally, today’s schoolgirls may expect to spend twenty-five years or more working outside of their own homes.

If a girl never works after she is married, the experience gained earlier on a job is invaluable to her as a homemaker, wife, mother, and manager of the family budget.

Seven Ways to Find and Hold a Job

1. How do I find out what’s the right job for me?

If you are a teenager, aptitude tests in your school will prove helpful. Also ask your teacher about vocational guidance services. Most colleges and universities have advisors who will help you find the job you are best suited for.

In every community there are a number of agencies organized to help people find jobs. The State Employment Service is the largest. If there is no office in your community, ask your teacher, librarian or guidance counselor for the nearest branch. Feel free to ask help at the Employment Service. This is an agency supported by public funds.

Such service organizations as the Chamber of Commerce, the Rotary Club and the Kiwanis can also answer your inquiries about jobs and occupations as can your local “Y” and church groups.

2. Where will I look for employment?

In addition to the State Employment Service and commercial employment agencies, there are the help wanted columns in your local paper, the telephone directory for names of companies and signs in shop windows. And it is a good idea to let friends and relatives know that you are looking for a job so that they may offer you suggestions helps you find exactly the kind of work you were thinking about trying when you first started looking.

3. What papers do I need to start work?

Laws relating to employment vary from state to state. Check with your school principal or the State Employment Service if you are under age 18 to see if you have a work permit, and in order to get one you must produce a birth certificate. If you don’t have one apply at your local Board of Health. The Board of Education provides the work permit. It will also tell you where to obtain a social security card. Equipped with all three you are ready to apply for work.

4. How do I apply for a job?

Generally speaking a personal call is better than writing a letter. The purpose of a letter is to gain an interview. You will have to sell yourself in person. But before the interview find out all you can about the job—its duties and responsibilities. Your interview should be as brief and to the point as possible. Be perfectly frank and honest about your own abilities and capabilities. Don’t try to pretend you’ve had experience in a particular job when you haven’t. You will only be fooling yourself.

5. How should I prepare for an interview?

Appearance counts heavily in the kind of impression you make. Dress neatly and comfortably. Show that you know your work goes hand in hand. Many girls, say personnel experts, applying for jobs are overdressed and wear too much make-up. In general, that is all that is essential that your hair be combed, your face and hands clean, your clothes pressed and neat and your shoes shined.

Be sure to bring to the interview any references you may have received from previous jobs. Prepare a list of people who know you and who would attest to your reliability, experience and qualifications for the job.

6. How do I sell my personal services?

Many people prefer to work for themselves at hours that suit their convenience. Being your own boss also provides greater freedom. And there is an expanding market for the specialties of all kinds. So whether you are a teenager who wants to make a little extra money after school or an older woman who has free time on her hands and wants to keep busy, you should definitely consider selling your services. There are literally hundreds of ways to make money at home. Or on a part-time basis elsewhere. To name just a few: Canning fruit, making...
The New Look in Hollywood Men

(Continued from page 42)
disciples of the Actors Studio, such as Ben Gazzara and Tony Franciosa.

How did this strange state of affairs come about? Let me go back to the beginning.

with Mr. Brando's frequent, but irregular, visits, many of the staff who hoped to become the owner of a supermarket was anxious to have sweeping up when he first starts. But remember that skill comes slowly. But until you acquire it learn everything there is to know about the job. And do a little more than is asked of you. For example, here is advice from an executive of a large department store who hired two girls as summer replacements. "One felt that all that was necessary was to take the merchandise, put it in a bag and make the proper change. The other girl realized the job of dressing. The former, in her efforts to dress-making, helped customers by answering their questions, suggested to her department head to stock certain items. At the end of the summer I offered them a consideration job, while the first girl finished out the summer and was not hired. 'Not interested in job or in learning' I wrote on her performance report.

Don't look for a magic formula for getting ahead. There isn't any. Success requires persistence, reliability and hard work. The Exa

by many of the current male crop. An explanation of The Method seems essential in understanding them, and the method of The Method is best explained by Actors Studio director Lee Strasberg: "It stresses the world of the actor, who thinks acting is an imitation of life and the actor who feels acting is living. Unless the actor onstage really comes alive, really lives his part, some of the magic of it is lost, but it is not a superficial interpretation. We deal with the actor's inner life. Our emphasis is laid on thought, sensations, imagination, emotion."

Sounds like sense? What's wrong with an actor exploring his inner self? Not much—within limits. But some Actors Studio graduates, to quote a quote, act like they just jumped up from the analyst's couch. Women burdened with their own problems were not keen to fall for a hero with neuroses. The next disciple of The Method to become a movie star was James Dean. In the beginning, before the legends set in and reality was forgotten, Dean performed a la Brando in various scenes of "East of Eden." Many critics and audiences said so. But before the expected, Brando had attended the Actors Studio; the film was directed by Elia Kazan. Gadge's gadget is Actors Studio. Before the movies, Dean appeared on Broadway. "See The Jaguar," and "The Immoralist." The last-named won Jimmy the Donaldson and Perry acting awards. It is significant nonetheless that some critics commented that Dean was similar to Brando. The change which took place occurred on a stage sound stage.

Yet more than enough of Jimmy Dean emerged. And with Brando and The Method influence. Jimmy was sensitive, poetic and an individual. The movie producers were soon looking for "another Jimmy Dean" as they continued their search for "another Marlon Brando." The type was now firmly established. And while romance wasn't exactly in bloom Jimmy made it possible to grow later.

The content of this book brought the type more clearly in focus. The leather jacket brigade were given a label—Rebel. They were supplied with a cause. They were furnished with a membership for juvenile delinquency. According to the movies, their parents were to blame. Seeing is believing! A new mob of boys appeared on the screen—and a new one in the audience. The new crop would have walked out on Andy Hardy. Times had changed—and so had his hero.

Who are a few of the popular stars, he—

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roes today? Take Elvis. Elvis Presley, the guy standing on the corner watching all the girls go by, became a movie star chiefly because of his records.

Elvis was a movie star the minute he stepped before the camera in “Love Me Tender.” He had never done any professional acting; in fact, he had never even taken an acting lesson. I was on the set one afternoon when Director Robert Webb told Elvis: “When you do this scene, don’t try to act. Just be yourself. Acting will spoil you.”

Don’t be fooled. Elvis is a natural actor, and he is always acting. He knows what his dog’s doing at every second of every single frame. Elvis confided to a friend that he had studied Jimmy Dean. He decided to be Dean with a guitar and a song. Elvis knew he couldn’t copy Dean in appearance, but he had learned a basic requisite which appealed to teen-agers. Elvis, in his act, closed his brooding eyes and shook his bodyapt himself—when he sang. This was the feeling that the public was looking for in the brinks of self-destruction. Teen-agers got the message. Elvis got the millions.

Many teen-agers identify themselves with Elvis from music to haircut. He is their latest idol. They rebel against their parents for him. Meanwhile, Elvis is a model son, who obeys his parents. He has taken a month’s vacation in Hollywood. He buys them a new house, all with money unguished parents have given their teen-agers for temporary peace. You ain’t nothing but a hound dog, Elvis—but you earned your success.

And in Elvis’ wake, other singers rock ‘n’ roll to fame. Close on his heels came Pat Boone, followed by Tab Hunter, and more recently, Andy Griffith and Tommy Sands. While singers rate high, there are others: Paul Newman, so like Brando looks that at first it was a handicap, and eighteen-year-old Sal Mineo. John Saxon, Nick Adams, James MacArthur. From the Actors Studio assembly line came Ben Gazzara and Tony Franciosa. And Harold Prince, the standpoint of individualism and nonconformity, are Don Murray and Anthony Perkins.

Tony Perkins goes Presley one better in one department. Perkins became a movie star without a hit record; and without having been seen in a movie. A great trick. (I’m discounting “The Actress” in which Perkins had a supporting role four years ago.)

Perkins was discovered, publicized, pushed into stardom by columnists (I was a chief offender) and movie magazines. He was a star before the public saw him in his first movie, “Friendly Persuasion.” And in which he oddly enough had only a supporting role. Perkins is proof that a new face can become a marquee name overnight.

Producers believe what they read, too. Perkins’ salary bolted from $25,000 a picture to $100,000 a picture before “Fear Strikes Out” (in which Tony proves he can act) was released.

Tony, who’s compared with Gary Cooper (I wonder whom they compare Cooper with?), does his best acting off-screen. He plays a character that better-watched his mule. He’s walked on four prominent Sunset Boulevard blocks, from the Chateau Marmont to Schwab’s. Pretends he doesn’t want to go, but of course, wants to meet columnists. He drops news items while casually conversing with press agents. He writes friendly persuasion postcards to members of the press, whenever he is out of town. And he’s intelligent and quick.

“How does it feel to be a star?” Perkins was asked. Perkins replied: “Perhaps this will answer the question. On the set of ‘Friendly Persuasion,’ when I was introduced to a person, I caught him looking over my shoulder at Gary Cooper. Now when I’m introduced to a person he looks straight at me.”

Tony Perkins is, however, representative of the new group of actors who are intelligent, sensitive, confused; but in reality they are smart. Admirers feel it’s their duty to take care of the Perkins type. The new movie heroes may not be as rugged as the old favorites, but children of the new era are smarter. The fight between the minds, not by slugging it out in dirty T-shirts. (Witness Jimmy MacArthur in “The Young Stranger.”)

Hunter is Tony Perkins’ friend. Tab belongs to the new era. The young and the old—have been odd—named by agent Henry Willson. Tab had been idle for over a year, after playing in the hit “Battle Cry.” Nothing much happened after that. Then Tab recorded “Young Love” for Dot. A month after the record was released, it sold a million pressings. Tab was awarded the Gold Record. “Young Love” hit number two on the charts.

A prize many veteran singers have yet to win, Tab’s recording jolted his studio. They began to realize his potential. A new era of Elvis was emerging and Tab was one of them.

The trend is much in evidence. The rebel has been cleaned up—literally. He no longer mumbles along in a sloppy T-shirt. Most importantly, he’s dapper. Ben Gazzara, in “The Strange One,” carried on his evil doings in a spotless uniform. In the homespun “Friendly Persuasion,” Tony Perkins’ plaid shirts were not only freshly laundered, but proper fitting.

James MacArthur, John Kerr and Tony Curtis struggle in button-down collars.

And while former heroes seemed to find themselves on an analyst’s couch, new film-thros are found on campuses. The change? Not quite romantic material, but at least they discuss their neuroses in complete sentences.

Paul Newman went to Yale Drama School; Jack Lemmon to Harvard. Pat Boone aims for Phi Beta Kappa along with his law degree. Tony Curtis is a Harvard graduate, which James MacArthur will be (he entered Harvard last fall, makes films only between school sessions). Sal Mineo, also intent upon completing college degrees, is Ray Milland of U.C.L.A. and Long Island’s Adelphi College.

Their education shows, Paul Newman’s an excellent chef who takes special pride in his own cooking. Pat Boone, who can rock’n’roll with the best, lugs with him along, with a heavy suitcase of textbooks when on tour. Don Murray never seeks publicity, dressing at home. John Kerr maintains: “I like my comfort,” but dresses impeccably in neat slacks, loose-fitting jackets and soft moccasins. He “reads good books, fiction and non-fiction far into the night.”

John Kerr, an Ivy Leaguer who lives “on campus” when off, reads classics “but wouldn’t work a crossword puzzle,” writes jingles, leans towards gourmet’s tastes in food.

Those who expect Ben Gazzara and Tony Franciosa to be mumbley, scratching characters are in for a shock. They are not. Pat Boone and John Kerr. Their attitudes toward their careers? They are exciting. They regard good acting as a calling. Gazzara relaxes with canvases and a canvas bumper, who is the latest representa-tive of the Actors Studio to make it big, with “a good biography.”

So granted things change, maybe improve the next generation. But leave me to go with one thought—for a woman over twenty-five, other than a Yul Brynner or a Rock Hudson—who, in the new crop, is strong enough today to lift a woman into romance? Got you stumped, huh? This End.
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August

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Can Natalie beat the Hollywood jinx?
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FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

AUGUST, 1957

ANN HIGGINBOTTOM, Editorial Director
NORMAN SIEGEL, West Coast Editor

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COVER: Color portrait of Natalie Wood by Mead-Maddick. Natalie is starred in Warner Brothers' "No Sleep Till Dawn" and "Marjorie Morningstar."

Your September issue will be on sale at your newsstand on August 6th
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Mansfield and a Maharajah
Our new art director, Ken Cunningham, hardly had time to set up his drawing board before he was whisked out to Hollywood for a first-hand view of the stars. He arranged to have many of them photographed exclusively for Photoplay. He also arranged to have a good time in the few spare moments when he wasn't working. He was on hand, for instance, at the party pro-

with him. Jayne said she would love to if she could ride on pink elephants, Ken said later, "Jayne's presence breaks the ice at any party. Why, even the guest of honor spent most of the evening padding about in her stocking feet!"

Thanks, George
The other day we received a note from one of our nicest actors, George Nader. His letter pleased us so much, we just couldn't keep it to ourselves:
"I want to thank you for the excellent story by John Maynard ("Alas, He's No Hero to His Cat!"") April Photoplay).
One is always sort of wary when trying to get across a 'real life' point of view as you did in the article—so the immediate response in letters has been gratifying. Photoplay seems to be among the few remaining magazines with an affirmative policy of building and helping instead of tearing down and destroying—one of the many reasons it's held in such high regard."

For what his dad thinks about him, turn to page 42 for "My First and Last Words on George" by George Nader, Sr.

A Stitch in Time
The fact that she had only an hour between planes, enroute from Hollywood to Panama, didn't stop speedy Terry Moore from modeling her new fall wardrobe for us, made from equally speedy Simplicity patterns. See it next month!

Swingin' with the Stars
Next month Photoplay will really be spinning. We are preparing a complete roundup on the music craze that's rockin' Hollywood. Besides stories on the singers and inside information on what's hot on the movieland music front we will feature six of your favorite singers (Sinatra, Boone, Presley, Belafonte, Sands and Hunter) in full color, in a spread you'll want to frame.
Until next month then, keep "cool!"
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BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for the month indicated. For reviews this month see contents page.

**ABANDON SHIP!**—Columbia: Arresting idea, not too ardently handled. After a shipwreck, Ty Power commands an overloaded lifeboat, must decide which people may stay aboard. Mai Zetterling's a nurse in love with Ty. (F) June

**AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS**—U. A.: Todd-AO, Eastman Color: Colossal! Yet it's light and entertaining. Stuffy Britisher David Niven does the globe-circling jaunt on a bet in 1922, with Mexico's great Cantinflas as his valet, big stars in bit parts. (F) January

**BEAU JAMES**—Paramount: Vista-Vision, Technicolor: Bob Hope's both funny and convincing as Jimmy Walker, good-time New York mayor of the 'twenties. Alexis Smith's his wife; Vera Miles, his girlfriend. (A) July

**BUSTER KEATON STORY, THE**—Paramount, Vista-Vision: Old-time Hollywood returns to life, with Donald O'Connor neatly portraying the dead-pan comic. Ann Blyth loves him, but he thinks he loves Rhonda Fleming. (F) July

**COUNTERFEIT PLAN, THE**—Warners: British-made crime thriller. Killer Zach Scott forces engraver Merlyn Johns to turn counterfeiter. Peggie Castle's also held captive. (A) June

**DESIGNING WOMAN, THE**—M-G-M, CinemaScope, Metrocolor: Lively marital farce teams Gregory Peck and Lauren Bacall as a sports writer and a fashion designer, battling problems that include a .ganger. Another Woman. (F) May

**DESK SET—20th Century Fox, CinemaScope, DuLuxe Color:** Cracking comedy of office life, with smart Renato Salvatori's daffy assistant. Audrey Hepburn, a witty girl with a secret. (F) July

**DRAGOON WELLS MASSACRE, THE**—Warners: Satisfying Western. A one-man-gang group besieged by Indians includes afier Dennis O'Keefe, adventurer Barry Sullivan, spoiled Mona Freeman, gallant Katy Jurado. (A) June

**FEAR STRIKES OUT**—Paramount: Tony Perkins does a first-rate job as baseball player Jim Piersall, driven toward breakdown by his over-ambitious father, Karl Malden. Norma Moore is sympathetic as Tony's wife. (F) May

**GARMENT JUNGLE, THE**—Columbia: Over-simplified melodrama. Kerwin Mathews, with Gia Scala's help, fights racketeers preying on pop Lee Cobb's clothing firm. (A) July


**HAPPY ROAD, THE**—M-G-M: 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

**LITTLE HUT, THE**—M-G-M, Eastman Color: Mild farce strands pompous Stewart Granger, wife Ava Gardner and her admirer, David Niven, on a tropic island. (A) June

**MAN AFRAID**—U. I.: Modest but effective suspense story. Minister George Nader, defending wife Phyllis Thaxter, kills a young burglar and is pursued by vengeance threats. (F) July


**REACH FOR THE SKY**—Rank: Fortright saga of courage. Kenneth More ably takes the real-life role of airman Douglas Bader, who fought and flew on after losing both legs. Muriel Pavlow is his loyal love. (F) July

**SAINT JOAN**—U. A.: Fine version of Shaw's noble and witty tribute to Joan of Arc, played with deep sincerity by young Jean Seberg. Richard Widmark is the weeping Dauphin; Richard Todd, a gallant soldier. (F) July

**SHOOT-OUT AT MEDICINE BEND**—Warners: Agreeable Randolph Scott item. To get crooked James Craig, Randy and two fellow Civil War vets pose as peaceable Quakers. (F) June

**SOMETHING OF VALUE**—M-G-M: Vicious, violent closeup of conflict in Africa, shot there. Boyhood friends, Rock Hudson and Sidney Poitier become enemies when the Negro turns Man Man. Dania Wynter is Rock's wife. (A) July

**SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS, THE**—Warners: Conversations, CinemaScope, Warnercolor: True story of great adventure. As young Lindbergh, Jimmy Stewart dares transatlantic flight in 1927. (F) May

**STRANGE ONE, THE**—Columbia: Youthful Ben Gazzara does a striking debut as a bully in an overdrawn drama of a southern military school, George Peppard's a likable cadet. (A) May

**TARZAN AND THE LOST SAFARI**—M-G-M, Technicolor: African locales add interest as jungle-wise Gordon Scott aids plane-wreck survivors, Betta St. John among them. (F) June

**TEN COMMANDMENTS, THE**—Paramount: Vista-Vision, Technicolor: Overwhelming DeMille epic of Biblical times, forcefully acted by Charlton Heston as Moses, Yul Brynner as Pharaoh, many other stars. (A) January

**THIS COULD BE THE NIGHT**—M-G-M, CinemaScope: Fresh, sly romantic comedy casts Jean Simmons as a prim teacher hired as a secretary by-night-club owner Paul Douglas. Anthony Franciosa scores; so do dancer Neile Adams, singer Julie Wilson. (A) June

**WELCOME TO THE VIDEO♥ROOM, THE**—RKO, Technicolor: Tense, intelligent dramedy. Henry Fonda manoeuvres prejudiced fellow jurors into serious judgment on a boy's trial for murder. (F) June

**UNTAMED YOUTH**—Warner: Odd melodrama set on a sort of prison farm, brutally run. Lori Nelson and rock 'n' rolling Mamie Van Doren are befriended by Don Burnett. (A) June

**YOUNG STRANGER, THE**—U. I.: Teenager James MacArthur scores in a thoughtful study of family relationships. Kim Hunter's his mother, James Daly, his movie-producer dad, who falls the boy in a crisis. (F) March
There's only one Marilyn Monroe but there isn't one Marilyn Monroe picture that teases and tickles like Marilyn Monroe starring with Laurence Olivier in The Prince and the Showgirl

Some nations have a medal for Everything.
New Mum stops odor... without irritation

So safe for any normal skin you can use it every day

If you’ve ever worried about underarm burning or burning from using a deodorant daily or right after shaving or a hot bath—now you can set your mind at ease.

New Mum Cream is so gentle and safe for normal skin, you can use it whenever you please, as often as you please. And Mum Cream gives you the kind of protection you can’t possibly get from any other leading deodorant—because it works a completely different way.

Mum Cream is the only leading deodorant that works entirely by stopping odor... contains no astringent aluminum salts. And it keeps on working actively to stop odor 24 hours a day. It’s so effective—you’re safe—isn’t Mum the deodorant for you?

**MUM stops odor 24 hours a day with M-3**
(bacteria-destroying hexachlorophene)

**CASTS**

**OF CURRENT PICTURES**

**BERNARDINE—**50th. Directed by Henry Levin: Bern, Pat Boone; Jones, Terry Moore; Mrs. Wilson, Janet Gaynor; J. Fullerwell Weddy, Dean Jagger; Sanford Wilson, Richard Sargent; Lt. Langley Beamont, James Drury; Grinner, Ronnie Burns; Mr. Beamount, Walter Abel; Mrs. Beamount, Natalie Schafer; Ruby, Isabel Jewell.

**DELICATE DELINQUENT, THE—**Paramount. Directed by Dan McGuire: Sidney Ptizas, Jerry Lewis; Mike Denon, Darcey McGavin; Martha, Martha Hyer; Charlie, Robert Ivers; Captain Riley, Horace McMahon; Artie, Richard Bakalyan; Harry, Joseph Corey; Patrice, Mary Webster.


**DINO—**A. A. Directed by Thomas Carr: Dino, Sol Mine; Sherridan, Brian Keith; Shirley, Susan Kohner; Mrs. Minette, Joe De Santis; Mrs. Minette, Penny Stanton; Mandel, Frank Freyn; Guard, Don C. Harvey; Tony, Pat De Simone.

**FACE IN THE CROWD, A—**Warners. Directed by Elia Kazan: Lonesome Rhodes, Andy Griffith; Marcela Jeffries, Patricia Neil; Joey Kirby, Anthony Franciosa; Mel Miller, Walter Mathison; Betty Lou Flood, Lee Remick; Col. Hollister, Perry Waram.

**FIRE DOWN BELOW—**Columbia. Directed by Robert Parrish: Iren, Rita Hayworth; Felix, Robert Mitchum; Tony, Jack Lemmon; Harbor Master, Herbert Lom; Nat Sellers, Bonar Colleano; Doctor Sam, Bernard Lee; Jimmy Jean, Eddie Corin.

**HATFUL OF RAIN, A—**20th. Directed by Fred Zinnemann: Cella Pepe, Eva Marie Saint; Johnny Pope, Don Murray; Polo, Anthony Franciosa; John Pope Sr., Lloyd Nolan; Mother, Henry Silva.

**HIDDEN FEAR—**U. A. Directed by Andre de Toth: Mike Brent, John Payne; Hartman, Alexander Knox; Arthur Miller, Conrad Nagel; Susan Brent, Natalie Norwick; Lt. Kwansen, Kjeld Jacobsen.


**JOHNNY Tremain—**Walt Disney. Directed by Robert Stevenson: Johnny Tremain, Hal Stalmaster; Cilla Lapham, Lorna Patterson; James Oahu, Jeff York; Jonathan Levy, Sebastian Cabot; Rob Sibley, Dick Beymer; Paul Rever, Walter Sande.


**LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON—**A. A. Directed by Billy Wilder: Frank Flanagan, Gary Cooper; Ariane Chapois, Audrey Hepburn; Claude Chapois, Maurice Chevalier; Mr. X, John McGiver.

**MAN ON FIRE—**M-G-M. Directed by Ronald MacDougall: Earl Carleton, Bing Crosby; Nina Wylie, Inger Stevens; Gears Seward, Mary Pickford; Sam Dunstock, E. G. Marshall; Ted Carleton, Malcolm Brodric; Bryan Seward, Richard Eastham; Judge Randin, Anne Seymour; Mack, Dan Kiss.

**MONKEY ON MY BACK—**A. A. Directed by Andre de Toth: Barney Ross, Cameron Mitchell; Cathy, Dianne Foster; Rico, Paul Richards; Sam Pau, Jack Albertson; Voon, Kathy Carver.

**PRINCE AND THE SHOWGIRL, THE—**Warners. Directed by Laurence Olivier: Eigie, Marilyn Monroe; The Lecturer, Laurence Olivier; The Queen Damager, Sybil Thorndyke; Northbrook, Richard Widdas; King Nicolas, Jeremy Spenser.

**SEVENTH SIN, THE—**M-G-M. Directed by Ronald Neame: Fred Carins, Eleanor Parker; Dr. Walter Carins, Bill Travers; Tim Waddington, George Sanders; Paul Poulo, Jean Pierre Aumont; Mother Superior, Francoise Rosny.

**SILK STOCKINGS—**M-G-M. Directed by Ray Lunn: Mamoulian: Steve Carefield, Fred Astaire; Ninotchka, Cyd Charisse; Prince, Frank Cady; Page, Bransbar; Peter Lorr; Vassili Markosvitch, George Tobias; Batisani, Jack Muschian; Process, Joseph Bukof.

**TAMMY AND THE BACHELOR—**U.L. Directed by Joseph Pevney: Tammy, DeHite Reynolds; Peter Brent, Leslie Nielsen; Grandpa, Walter Brennan; Barbara, Marsha Powers; Professor Brent, Sidney Blackmer; Aunt Renee, Mildred Natwick; Mrs. Brent, Fay Wray; Alfred Bizzle, Philip Ober.

**WAYWARD BUS, THE—**20th. Directed by Victor Vicas: Alice, Joan Collins; Camille, Jayne Mansfield; Ernest Horton, Dan Dailey; Johnny Chisey, Rick Jason; Norma, Betty Lou Keim; Mildred Pritchard, Dolores Michaels; Pritchard, Larry Keating; More, Robert Bray.
Now! Wash away “new perm” frizz and odor!

New! The only wave you dare wash at once!
Only 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! So easy! When your wave is finished, you shampoo instead of rinsing. 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 right in with Crystal Clear Lotion!

So quick! 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, from the first minute, your new Quick wave is lanolin-soft, sweet to be near. Use Quick today—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.
About Many Things

I have a large collection of movie star photographs, and the color photographs published in Photoplay add a great deal to my collection. Please keep them coming. I have various pictures of Rock Hudson with his wife, Phyllis Gates, and in each picture, including her wedding picture, she is wearing a single strand pearl bracelet. Does this have any significance? Now that Harry Belafonte is again making a movie, "Island in the Sun," I think it would be great to have a story and pictures of him in your magazine.

I loved your article on Cary Grant in your March issue because I admire him so much and really enjoyed reading about him.

Janet Appis
Elmhurst, New York

Deadly Wonderful!

Could you please tell me if Moira Shearer starred in "The Red Shoes," a movie about ballet, released about 1951? If not, who was the ballet dancer who killed herself at the end? I thought the movie was wonderful and hope it will be re-released.

Priscilla McKain
Mount Joy, Pennsylvania

Moira Shearer did—Ed.

Honesty Is Our Policy—The Best

I would like to thank Louis Pollock for the wonderful article on Anne Baxter in the May issue of Photoplay. It was refreshing to discover that there are some people in Hollywood mature enough to know and admit their faults. Anne Baxter should be congratulated on being so honest.

 Photoplay is my gospel, as far as Hollywood goes. I enjoy it from cover to cover for I think it gives a true picture of the people in Hollywood. The articles you publish make readers realize that actors are people and should be treated as such. They are not perfect, by any means, just as human beings all over the world are not, and we shouldn't condemn them for their mistakes.

Thank you for printing such a fine magazine—it is the only screen magazine I now buy because I trust all that is said inside the covers. Don't ever let all your fans down by becoming a slanderous, gossip magazine.

Judy Littleton
Towson, Maryland

Happy Hours Sewing

I just had to thank your magazine for the article "Patterned for you by Pier" in the June issue of Photoplay. Since I love to sew, I rushed downtown the day after I received this issue and bought three of the patterns you showed. Keep them up. I'll be looking forward to the July issue with the hair styles.

Thanks again to my favorite movie magazine.

Clarretta Morrell
Austin, Minnesota

My Thrilling Interview with a Star

I have been a reader of Photoplay Magazine for years and have enjoyed every page of it. My ambition has been to write about the stars but I never had a chance until recently, when I had the opportunity of "popping" some questions at Jack Lemmon who was most obliging about giving me his answers:

Q. What picture did you enjoy doing the most?
A. "Mr. Roberts."
Q. Who is your favorite actor?
A. Marlon Brando.
Q. Who is your favorite actress?
A. Dame Edith Evans.

A Vote for Burton

Richard Burton is my favorite actor. I have seen all the motion pictures he made in America, and they are excellent, but one is outstanding—that is "The Robe." I think he portrayed the part of Marcellus Gallio with brilliance, and I think the story is a beautiful one of love and faith. We owe a vote of thanks to Richard Burton for his part in a picture that will live forever.

Edward Zlacky
Saskatoon, Canada

Q. Do you like to travel?
A. Yes.
Q. Whom do you credit with being the most help in your success?
A. No one person.
Q. What are the advantages of being a star?
A. Better choice of roles, higher salary.
Q. What are the disadvantages of being a star?
A. Continued public limelight.
Q. What was your most exciting experience as an actor?
A. Winning the Oscar.
Q. What emotion is most difficult for you to portray on the screen?
A. None particularly more than others.
Q. What particular trait or quality do you admire most in a woman?
A. Honest femininity.
Q. Do you prefer comedy or dramatic roles?
A. Neither in preference. Depends on the role.
Q. What advice would you give a newcomer on the do's and don'ts of acting?
A. Learn it like any craft.
Q. Where do you keep your Oscar?
A. Den shelf.
Q. Can you speak any foreign languages?
A. French. Un petit peu.
Q. What was your profession before acting?
A. Acting.
Q. What book would you take to a desert island?
A. "How to Find Gold in Faraway Places."
Q. What is your real name?
A. Jack Lemmon.
Q. Do you have any hobbies?
A. Gardening, fishing, music. (Piano.)
Q. What is your favorite sport?
A. Football.
Q. Do you think television will put movie houses out of business?
A. No.
Q. Do you prefer making movies in Europe or America?
A. America.

Filomena Monda
Bridgeport, Connecticut

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.—Ed.
Every time you walk into a room you're on stage!

That's true for Cyd Charisse and every girl. That's why a soft, lovely complexion is a must. That's why she uses Lux and that's why you should, too!

Your audience is waiting—and don't you know it! So you always look wonderful, with a complexion that's soft and smooth... a Lux Complexion.

Lux, with its rich Cosmetic lather, its mild and gentle ways, can do as much for you as it does for any Hollywood star. And the Lux fragrance, best-liked soap perfume in the world, is sure to please you, too.

Lever Brothers unconditionally guarantees that you'll decide Lux Soap is perfect for you, or have your money back. For a complexion you'll love—and he'll love, too—use Lux.

9 out of 10 Hollywood stars depend on LUX
Marriage, Morals and Heston

I'm getting up on the soap box for Charlton Heston, one of my favorite actors. Thank you for the wonderful story, "On Men and Matrimony," in your May issue and the fine pictures. If he's considered old-fashioned for what he believes in marriage, then I am, too. It's so good to read about a few movie stars who still believe in principles.

Also, I would like to commend Heston for his brilliant performance in "The Ten Commandments" in his portrayal of Moses. It was indeed a spectacular movie with splendid casting. You can always depend on Cecil B. DeMille to come up with the greatest in motion pictures, as well as great stars like Heston and Brynner. It certainly helped me to understand the Bible more clearly.

(Mrs.) W. H. Thomas
Bessemer, Alabama

A Gem Among Men

I frankly admit that Charlton Heston is not my favorite actor, but after reading his soul-searching statements in your May issue in "On Men and Matrimony," I find him a gem among men. He has expressed my own feelings so beautifully regarding marriage and morals that I must admit my admiration for him. If only more men and women would emulate his ideals and have the courage to live up to them, how much more true happiness they would reap! Thank you, Mr. Heston, for your personal fight for decent living.

Nadine M. Edwards
Los Angeles, California

These letters are typical of many we received praising Charlton Heston's stand "On Men and Matrimony."—Ed.

READERS INC.
continued from page 10

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Keep Singing, Tab!

I've just heard Tab Hunter's latest recording and a few other of his hits. I really think he can sing. If he keeps on making records like the ones I heard, I feel he'll really become a successful recording star. I've seen him in quite a few movies, but I'd rather hear him sing. I certainly hope he keeps on making records.

Sandra Faulken Herrin, Illinois

How We Maneuvered To Meet Elvis!

Would you like to hear about how I managed to see Elvis Presley? It happened like this:

We heard that he was going to pass through our town, and sent him a wire begging him to drive slowly through Calvert on his way to Houston. When we drove into Calvert that night, we were told that Elvis was about ten minutes ahead of us, and that we could go as fast as we wanted to—but we were cautioned to be extremely careful. After being stopped by a few red lights, my friend, Jolly, who was driving, really took off, and we came upon Elvis and his Cadillac. Jolly honked and honked until Elvis, who was sitting in the back seat, turned around and looked back. I was the first one out of the car, ran over to Elvis' car, and stuck my head in the window. Our conversation ran something like this:

Me: "Elvis?"
Elvis: "Huh?"
Me: "Will you get out and let me take a picture of you?"
Elvis: "I'm too tired to get out, Sweetie. Can't you take it while I'm in here?"
Me: "Can you roll down the window—"
Suddenly, Elvis flung the door open, and I jumped back. I was trembling so when I took the picture I was sure it wouldn't take.
Elvis: "Please hurry, Baby, I gotta get to Houston."
My friend, Jolly: "Can we have your autograph?"
Elvis: "Yeah, got some paper?"
Jolly: "Here, write a whole bunch, please."
Me: "Thanks for stopping; good luck in Houston, Elvis."
Elvis: "Thanks, hon. Now we've gotta go."
My friend, Jolly: "I got it, I got it, I got it—I got Elvis Presley's autograph."

Pat Fulton
Calvert, Texas

continued on page 32
Tender farewell: Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner say goodbye as he leaves to make a picture in Japan

A Fine Romance: Bob Wagner has been rumored to have more romances than a newspaper has pages, an hour has minutes or a year has weekends. Ditto, Natalie Wood. And then in the course of time Bob and Natalie discovered each other and it turned out to be the discovery of the year! It all started at the Photoplay party last February, at which Natalie and Bob had their first date together. They had such a good time that other dates followed: parties, premieres, long walks followed by a stop in for an ice cream soda, long talks followed by a drive out for a midnight snack. Bob, who doesn't like "romantic" publicity, explained to the press that "This is no big romance, so please don't play it that way. We're just good friends." Natalie said nothing. But when Bob left for Japan to make "Stopover Tokyo" Natalie was at the airport to say goodbye, and was so heartbroken after the take-off that she burst into tears. Since then, Bob has been telephoning Natalie long distance. The latest was a call at five a.m. and they talked for twenty-five minutes. So maybe it's not a romance, but it certainly could be love. And Bob and Natalie make a handsome couple, yes? (Continued on page 16)
She's brushed out her new Bobbi wave—and right away (without resetting) her "Souvenir" hairdo looks pretty as you please.

Just brush it! That's it!

No resetting—no "breaking in" with Bobbi—the special permanent for casual hairstyles like these.

You get a soft, natural Bobbi wave and your casual hairstyle in just one step. Simple pin-curls and Bobbi lotion—that's all. No separate neutralizing. No resetting. Bobbi's as easy as setting your hair and your wave is in to stay—carefree and casual—week after week.

Softly feminine—that's "Daffodil." Only Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent lets you brush out a soft, natural wave the very first day. Just brush it. That's it!

Bobbi is the only permanent specially designed for carefree haircombs like "Calypso." With Bobbi you just can't get tight, fussy curls.

Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent complete with "Casual Pin-Curlers" for faster, firmer pin-curls. Can't crimp, rust or discolor hair. $2.00

New! Bobbi Refill—Everything you need (except pins) to make your casual hairdo permanent. $1.50
**Journey for Elizabeth:** “When that girl loves she really loves,” is what her best friends say about Elizabeth Taylor, and in this case, her best friends really know. Despite the fact that her injured back has been giving her pain, Liz insisted on accompanying Mike to the Cannes Film Festival, which he had to attend because it was important for Mike to meet the exhibitors of “Around The World in 30 Days.” Too much in love with her husband to be separated from him for only a short while, Liz talked Mike into taking her with him and (together with a small white pillow which Mike tucked under her) off they went. At the showing of “30 Days” Liz kept biting her lips in agony, and had to go out to the ladies’ lounge to rest when the picture was halfway through. Before it was over, however, she returned to accompany Mike to the lavish supper party he was giving for the exhibitors and members of the foreign press. Liz did some of her best acting at the party, hiding her pain from the world and being charming and gay and nonchalant. They stayed there till the band played “Home Sweet Home”; it was after four o’clock in the morning.

Mike, who is most attentive to and concerned about Liz, has taken her to the most noted specialists in London and Paris, and tried to take her mind off her troubles with such gifts as a pair of exquisite diamond earrings which had to be flown out to him from Paris, and a Rolls Royce with the license plates ETT (for Elizabeth Taylor Todd). For somewhere in the neighborhood of $15,000 for three months, he has leased a villa at Cap Ferrat on the French Riviera from Lady Kenmare, a noted Riviera hostess. It has a marble-pillared staircase at the entrance, a huge ballroom inside, and the rooms are made for entertaining. Liz and Mike don’t plan to have much company while they’re there though. They live quietly, with Liz’s sons Mike and Christopher Edward, have a white poodle puppy dog to keep them company, and a small white pillow to travel with them wherever they go. If medals for gallantry in action were given to women, Liz would certainly get one.

Mike, however, is not so calm. Worried about Liz, especially because of the expected baby, he called the doctor five times in twelve hours!

**Reports and Retorts:** Pier Angeli reports that her 20-months-old Perry can outwit her when it comes to thinking up stalls to delay his afternoon nap. His newest gimmick is to pretend he has the hiccups. And he can make one glass of water last a long time. We like ... the quote attributed to Jeanne Crain: “There’s nothing so exhausting in life as being insecure.” ... The latest label for Vikki Dougan’s open-back exposure: “Reverse cleavage.” ... Frank Sinatra’s “business” about two wrestlers who met in a restaurant and one said, “I’ll toss you for the check.” So he did—out the window. ... The comment made by Mack Gray, at Doris Day’s garden party. When a sudden thunderstorm broke, he walked up to the man who played Moses in “The Ten Commandments”—Charlton Heston—and ordered, “Stop the rain!”

**Information Tease:** Ever think about what you’d have for dinner if it happened (Continued on page 18)

After waiting hours, Photoplay’s photographer used a telescopic lens on his camera to get this first “at home” shot of the Todds outside their villa.
From this day on... you can set straight hair to stay curly!

Just a quick Revlon 'Satin-Set' spray sets hair to hold... even on humid days!

Even straight hair stays curly. . . . set with 'Satin-Set'. Humid days won't wilt 'Satin-Set' curls. Now. . . . 'Humidex*', exclusive Revlon moisture guard, invisibly locks curls to stay.

Pin curls in! Comb curls in! Put curls in any way your hair pleases! You can set your hair as you always do. Then spray with 'Satin-Set'. Curls hold, even when it's hot and humid!

*TM ©1957. REVLON. INC.

SEE THE DIFFERENCE ON A HUMID DAY!

Set with 'ordinary' spray, hair loses curl fast, soon gets droopy. Set with 'Satin-Set', hair keeps curl . . . even when it's humid!
News and Nostalgia: It's been a good many years since Clark carried Vivien Leigh up the steps of Tara, but time has been very kind to Clark and he doesn't look as though he's changed much. Other people have, though, and what brings the point home is a story Clark tells about his recent trip to London. When he checked into the Dorchester Hotel there he found a note waiting for him. Opening it, he read: "Dear Father Rhett: You may not remember me but I am your little girl 'Bonnie' who was thrown from a pony in 'Gone With The Wind.' I am now eighteen years old and on my way to Switzerland. After all this time, what a shame that I have to miss seeing you here in London! Best wishes always, your daughter, Cammie King." When he read it, Clark says, he was so touched that he just stood there in the lobby, trying to choke down the lump in his throat.

Not ordinarily one to turn back the clock (even for a great movie milestone like "Gone With The Wind"), Clark manages to do so when he goes back to frock coats and double-breasted vests for "Band of Angels." He looks lakhirhett, suh!

500 Women and Glenn: One of the nicest functions for charity in a long time was held at the home of Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell. Eleanor, who'd just been elected Founding President of the newly-organized Eleanor Powell chapter of the Children's Asthma Research Institute and Hospital, did the fashion commentary at the mike, while a receptive audience sat in chairs set up on the lawn surrounding the swimming pool and Glenn recorded the whole event on his movie camera. When Debbie Reynolds, modelling a bouffant cocktail dress especially designed for her by Eileen Younger, twirled around in front of Glenn's camera amidst resounding audience applause, Glenn flushed a deep red and muttered, "I wish they'd announce that I'm taking these pictures for the girls, not for myself." Give the man credit. He was the only male present among 500 women. Incidentally, the party was a big success.

Date-line, Mexico: Now that Ava's down in Mexico, she's finally getting around to picking up that divorce decree from Frank Sinatra. After years of being too busy, too bothered or too bitter to do so, Ava decided that this was the time to make things final. And though she declares that her heart's as free as her status will be, everyone's watching developments of her romance with Walter Chiari. Fiercely loyal to those she's fond of, Ava wanted Walter Chiari to have the role of the bullfighter in her picture and wouldn't speak to Bob Evans, the actor who did get to play the role. Things got better and Ava got happier when Walter flew in for a reunion in the middle of May, and Ava told reporters, "He's great fun—has a wonderful sense of humor and is very talented. But I'm not getting married." All of which led a reporter to assume that "Ava's chary of Chiari." But Ava's not talking.

you earned more than a million dollars a year? Elvis Presley, who's done so well in movies, TV and records this year that he says, "I never knew there was so much money in the world," still sticks to this favorite dinner menu: several strips of well-done bacon, a mound of mashed potatoes, gravy, bread that's been inundated with butter and several glasses of milk. It's his favorite meal, honest!

Things we'd like to see happen: That Hugh O'Brian does get engaged to Dorothy Bracken, the June Taylor dancer (he seems so in love). . . . That Marilyn comes back to Hollywood soon to make another film. . . . That Gene Barry gets the slick comedy role he wants so badly.

The gate to his new home is fancy, but Elvis' taste in food is simple.
because you are the very air he breathes...

Moments like these are rare—and who knows when or where? When a memory is in the making, don’t let anything come between you. 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.
LETS GO TO THE MOVIES
WITH JANET GRAVES

EXCELLENT ◇ ◇ ◇ ◇
GOOD ◇ ◇ ◇
FAIR ◇ ◇

THE PRINCE AND THE SHOWGIRL

WARNERS, TECHNICOLOR

Style and warmth, Sir Laurence Olivier and Miss Marilyn Monroe, laughter and romance all add up to a movie of great charm. The time is 1911, a gala coronation year in an easygoing old England. Olivier is the stiff, conscientious ruler of a little Balkan kingdom. He sees World War I looming ahead, and he's worried about the German sympathies of his teenaged king, appealingly portrayed by Jeremy Spenser. So he seeks an evening's relaxation with Marilyn, an American chorus girl. That interlude stretches on into the next day, with shattering and hilarious consequences. Both Olivier and Sybil Thorndyke, as the absentminded old dowager queen, perform expertly. But sweet-faced, happily uncorseted Marilyn dominates.

BEST ACTING: MARILYN MONROE

A HATFUL OF RAIN

20TH, CINEMASCOPE

Though this brilliant picture tackles the tough subject of narcotics addiction, though Don Murray shows emotional power as the victim, this is chiefly a family story—and Anthony Franciosa puts across the most strongly realized, sympathetic character. Stress in Korea gave Don the habit, but he was vulnerable because of childhood neglect that also scarred Anthony, his younger brother. As their father, Lloyd Nolan demands of his sons the affection he never gave. He mistakenly judges Don as the success, Anthony as the weakling. The relationship between the brothers and Eva Marie Saint, as Don's pregnant wife, is handled delicately, while New York locales add realism.
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Richard Hudnut guarantees new Pin-Quick to last longer than any other pincurl permanent—or your money back!

MOVIES continued

Warned that Rita's looks spell trouble, Jack still believes in future happiness.

Fire Down Below COLUMBIA, CINEMASCOPE

Doing an effective comeback, Rita Hayworth surprisingly is found in a picture that's mostly masculine in its focus. As a pair of drifters, Bob Mitchum and Jack Lemmon own a boat that they hire out for odd—and occasionally illegal—jobs around the Caribbean. The contented partnership between hardbitten Bob and his more naive young friend breaks up after they agree to transport Rita, a stateless refugee, from one island to another. Inevitably, a triangular situation builds up and explodes, whereupon Jack bitterly ships out on a freighter. The height of dramatic tension comes when he is trapped in the hold of the slowly burning vessel. Involved in the rescue efforts are Bonar Colleano, Herbert Lom, Bernard Lee—and, eventually, Mitchum.

A Face in the Crowd WARNERS

Excitement, ferocious humor and plenty of material for argument make Andy Griffith's first movie a hot item. Big, ingratiating, equal to all the challenges of this difficult role, he plays a hillbilly described (with polite understatement) as a slob. Yet after Patricia Neal finds him in an Arkansas jail and senses his crowd-pleasing talent, Andy becomes a sensation on local radio, then on national TV. The influence he exerts finally goes to his head and tosses him into the political field as his ambition grows. However unsavory his character, Andy's own masculinity makes Pat's love for him believable. The acting is uniformly good, with Walter Matthau as an honest man involved in the idol-building racket, Anthony Franciosa as a cheerful scoundrel driving the bandwagon, Lee Remick as a drum majorette whose morals are untidy.

Joe Butterfly U.4: CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

War hero Audie Murphy draws an enchantingly off-beat role here, as a soldier who just can't behave in a properly military manner, for all his good intentions. He's a photographer on the staff of Yank, the Army publication. As fellow journalists-in-uniform, George Nader, John Agar and Charles McGraw want to scoop civilian newsmen Keenan Wynn on the story of the Japanese surrender. But the boys' chief efforts center on achieving a comfortable life in Tokyo. In this quest, they have the cooperation of ever-resourceful Burgess Meredith (the title char.-Continued on page 24)

Dino A. A.

Given his richest acting opportunity so far, Sal Mineo comes through splendidly in this understanding study of tenement life. When Sal is paroled from reform school, he returns to his unloving parents, gets a warm welcome from kid brother Pat De Simone—only to find that the boy looks up to him because of his criminal record. Recognizing that Sal is a potential menace to himself and to society, parole officer Frank Faylen begs psychiatrist Brian Keith to help. Affecting scenes between Sal and equally youthful Susan Kohner give conviction to the soothing influence of their gentle romance.

The Wayward Bus 20th, CINEMASCOPE

What with road hazards and its passengers' varied personal problems, the ramshackle vehicle of the title offers a lively ride for moviegoers. As driver-owner of the beat-up bus, doing a short local run in California, Rick Jason worries about his money-grubbing, alcoholic wife, Joan Collins, back at their roadside restaurant. Among his fares is Dan Dailey, who, though he's a traveling salesman, falls in love with Jayne Mansfield and doesn't realize what her profession is. Touring with her parents, Dolores Michaels is a love-hungry dame ready to latch on to any available male. They're all a gaudy but pathetically human crew, entertaining to watch.

It's August of 1945, and for Audie and Keiko Shima the war is definitely over...
The difference is clear! It's new, pure, that's why it rinses twice as clean as any other leading shampoo. No thick, hard-to-rinse oils. No artificial color. Nothing but rich, crystal-clear White Rain . . . shining with a thousand sparkling bubbles . . . to leave your hair gloriously clean . . . freshly laced with sunshine. Try it tonight!

NEW! CRYSTAL-CLEAR White Rain LIQUID SHAMPOO
MOVIES continued.

actor, a happy little Japanese fixer who knows all the angles. A tender love story teams Audie with Keiko Shima. Exasperated as ever, officer Fred Clark builds up the laughs. FAMILY

Man on Fire

Once more, Bing Crosby shows his skill at straight dramatic acting, in a touching story of a custody fight. As a high-powered businessman, he has a close relationship with Malcolm Bradrick, his eleven-year-old son—perhaps too close for the boy’s good. When the boy’s mother (Mary Fickett) and her second husband (Richard Eastham) ask for part-time custody, Bing puts up a stubborn, all-out battle. Lovely Inger Stevens, as a lawyer assisting his attorney (E. G. Marshall), takes a personal interest in the situation, and Anne Seymour also scores as a judge who makes an unexpected decision. Sensitive acting makes up for occasional haziness in the characters’ motives. ADULT

The D. I.

Capitalizing on recent headlines about Marine Corps training at Parris Island, producer-director Jack Webb stars himself as a rough-mannered, soft-hearted drill instructor. The family background of Don Dubbins makes this young recruit a special headache for the D. I., who keeps telling captain Lin McCarthy that the man’s boy can be turned into a tough marine. Pretty Jackie Loughery tries to take sergeant Webb’s mind off his beloved Corps. Though the methods of discipline often look peculiar to an outsider, the story is strikingly photographed and told with force. FAMILY

Love in the Afternoon

It’s a slender idea, but it’s done with dash, and the three stars exert strong personal appeal. Gary Cooper plays a rich American who has been around—and around and around. Audrey Hepburn is a prim-appearing young Parisienne, who has learned all about Gary’s affairs by snooping into the secret files of her dad, private detective Maurice Chevalier. Starting out just to save Gary from a jealous, gun-wielding husband, Audrey winds up with serious designs on him. The City of Light (and Love) makes a beautiful background for the frivolous goings-on.

The Lonely Man

As father and son pitted against each other in an emotional duel, Jack Palance and Anthony Perkins lend vigor to a Western of familiar outline. Tony believes that Jack, years a fugitive, is a cold-blooded killer. But the facts come out as a gang of desperadoes goes gunning for Jack. Elaine Aiken makes an interesting debut as a former dance-hall entertainer who owes Palance a debt of gratitude—but loves Tony. FAMILY

Johnny Tremain

Oddly neglected by Hollywood, the American Revolution makes a stirring subject for a forthright movie that has all the convincing detail you expect of an adventure presented by the Disney outfit. The conflict is seen from the teenagers’ angle, with Hal Stalmaster and Luana Patten among the youngsters serving as couriers and spies for the Sons of Liberty. The lively tune “The Liberty Tree” captures the flavor of the period. FAMILY

The Delicate Delinquent

Starring alone, Jerry Lewis sets out to prove his versatility, tossing in a serious song number and a dash of dramatic acting along with his well-known comedic routines. Though cop Darren McGavin at first thinks he’s a j. d., Jerry is just the lonely eccentric in his slum neighborhood, trying to get by as a janitor. In his campaign to help Jerry and other kids, Darren finally gets assistance from socialite Martha Hyer. FAMILY

The Seventh Sin

It’s pretty easy to foresee each turn of events in this drama of the Far East, but the story has a solidly inspirational quality. To break up wife Eleanor Parker’s affair with Jean Pierre Aumont, scientist Bill Travers takes her away from Hong Kong. In a small Chinese town ravaged by plague, the selfish woman learns a new outlook on life, thanks mostly to neighbor George Sanders, who is acid-tongued as ever—but, for once, gentle-hearted. ADULT

Tammy and the Bachelor

Quainly old-fashioned as its heroine, this sentimental tale gives Debbie Reynolds a good showcase. She’s a bayou lass who accepts Leslie Nielsen's
offer of help and moves in on his family while her grandpop (Walter Brennan) is doing a stretch for moonshining. Debbie's effect on the aristocratic but impractical household is amusing, and you're sure that her high-toned rival (Mala Powers) won't have a chance with Leslie.

Bernardine
20th: CINEMASCOPE, DELUXE COLOR

In his first movie, Pat Boone comes across as an utterly endearing personality. He plays a youthful schemer who tries to promote friend Richard Sargent's romance with Terry Moore. Poor Dick has a second romantic problem: how to keep Janet Gaynor, his widowed mother, from marrying solid citizen Dean Jagger. Gentle comedy, a likable bunch of kids, nice songs.

Monkey on My Back
U.A.

In straightforward style, the month's second drama of drug addiction recounts the story of Barney Ross, ring champ and war hero who acquired the habit while being treated for battle injuries. Cameron Mitchell's portrayal of Ross looks convincing; Dianne Foster is sympathetic as his bewildered wife.

Hidden Fear
U.A.

An involved but fast-moving who-dunit casts John Payne as an American cop, on leave to visit Denmark. His sister (Natalie Norwick) has been arrested for murder there. Behind the mystery, he finds, is a counterfeiting ring, with Conrad Nagel as boss. Anne Neyland attracts and baffles Payne.

Silk Stockings
CINEMASCOPE, METROCOLOR

The lilting Cole Porter score and the lively stepping of Fred Astaire and Cyd Charisse are the chief assets in this musical version of "Ninotchka," the old Garbo hit. As an American movie producer in Paris to sign a Russian composer, Fred has to contend with Cyd, a straitlaced Red. But the luxuries of Paris and the softening influence of love soon raise hob with her Soviet standards. As a flamboyant Hollywood dame, Janis Paige has some good routines.

Pat leads Ronnie Burns and Val Benedict, Tom Pittman and Dick Sargent in song

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pampers every inch of you . . .
with its lilting bouquet, its satin-soft touch.
And that exciting fragrance men love
lingers on your skin hour after hour . . .
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Debbie comes out

A nice girl but not glamorous, until...

First, she darkens and silens colorless lashes and brows with a touch of rich Kurlene eyelash cream every night.
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*plus tax

Second, Debbie shapes uneven eyebrows. With gentle Twissors, the only tweezers with scissor handles, she plucks wayward hairs from under brows. (Newcoflatters 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.
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See what Debbie's eye beauty plan can do for you! Kurlash products at your local department, drug or variety store.

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.
should she love him... give him the kisses he begged for... or should she count the cost and the heartbreak this forbidden interlude would bring?
DOUBLE COOLER!

I wouldn’t believe it was Natalie Wood if I saw Natalie Wood alone in a restaurant or at the movies. . . Frank Sinatra should record an album of torch ballads and call it “Songs For Losers Only.” . . As Sinatra says: “A guy who fights with a doll is in real trouble. Wars you can win.” . . Jayne Mansfield never blows a line on the set or a chance to act off-screen. . . I’d say Tony Perkins belongs to the “agonized whisper” school of acting. . . When blondes get old, they should let their hair get back to its natural color. . . Kim Novak typifies a silent movie star to me. . . Place a bet that somewhere in Hollywood at this moment, a fellow is telling a girl—“You oughta be in pictures. And I can help you, baby.” . . Whenever I go to the M-G-M studio, I look for the small building which has this sign over the door: “Janitors-Type-writers.” . . Actresses don’t come more beautiful than Dana Wynter, regardless of how much makeup they wear or gown they don’t wear. . . Doesn’t Elvis Presley look as if he belonged to Jimmy Cagney’s mob of hoods? Don’t hit me. I’m only casting. . . I’d say that Anne Rogers of the National Company of “My Fair Lady” has a better chance of becoming a movie star than Julie Andrews, the original “My Fair Lady.” . . Johnny Indrisano tells me that not so long ago when he was doing a fight picture, a
though offbeat type, newcomer Susan Harrison's star material, Sidney says

well-known actor hopped into the ring, tossed off his robe, discovered he had forgotten his trunks!

Audrey Hepburn is glossy; Katharine Hepburn is vital. . . . The girls actually camp in the vacant lot next to Marlon Brando's house in Laurel Canyon and wait to see him. . . . Susan Harrison isn't pretty but she is interesting. Susan is strictly offbeat, in appearance and behavior. She hasn't a phone, and if a friend wants to make a date he has to send her a telegram. She'll begin to smell "The Sweet Smell of Success" because of her performance in this offbeat movie.

Norma Shearer still looks and acts more like a movie star than Piper Laurie. . . . I wonder how Francis X. Bushman felt when he introduced his new wife to Pat Boone. . . . I say this because when Francis X. was the No. 1 movie star he had to keep the fact that he was married a secret from his fans. . . . When they discovered it, he was on his way out. . . . The teenagers know Pat has a wife and three children, but he's their lover boy, regardless. . . . Hugh O'Brian was talking about another Western actor: "What he lacks in conceit, he makes up for in egotism."

I'm tired of those tired jokes about Yul Brynner. . . . Clark Gable has a chipped lower front tooth . . . I know because I kept looking at him for two weeks on the set of "Teacher's Pet."

Director Mike Curtiz was very enthusiastic about Carolyn Jones' performance in "The Bachelor Party." Mike said: "I saw the picture twice, and the second time she gave even a better performance than the first." That's Hollywood For You.
Discovery!    Discovery!

Feminine Fabric

sheerest luxury . . . perfected protection

make New Modess your own discovery this month

Modess . . . because
Sal’s Free

I like Sal Mineo very much and have read many articles about him. However, I have never read anything about his being married. My mother insists she read in some magazine that he is married and has one or two children. I am sure this is not true and that Mother has confused him with someone else. Am I right?

MARIANNE THAU
Hartford, Connecticut

Sal is just eighteen years old. He told us recently he hadn’t even thought of marriage.
—Ed.

A Good Change

I am writing this letter because I want Elvis Presley to know how he has changed me—and to thank him for the good he has wrought in me.

I am eighteen years old and my name is Guadalupe Merlo; I’m a Mexican girl and was considered a “very bad” girl, always fighting, refusing to pray, thinking everyone was my enemy. Then I began to read about Elvis and learned that he was a good son, that he was always obedient to his parents, that he was a religious boy, and I liked what I read. Because of him, I began to change, too. I wanted to be good like he is, and I began to be good to my folks, and do other good things.

Thank you, Elvis, for changing me so much, and I hope you and your parents will have much happiness.

LEPITA (my nickname) Puebla, Mexico

What a Doll!

We are two high school girls and submit to you the following poem about our favorite movie star—that doll, Robert Wagner. We would be thrilled to see it printed in your magazine so his many other fans could read it. Please?

We think this guy’s a doll,
Naturally he’s six feet tall,
He’s full of charm and savoir-faire,
He’s got the dreamiest dark-brown hair.
His eyes are sooo revealing
They set my heart a-reeiling.
He has the other stars beat a mile
With that great big boyish smile.
In acting he’s more than able,
The critics say he’s a second Gable.
He’s perfect in every detail
Oh boy, what a doll!
The girls go around with their heads in the clouds
To be his wife they’d always be proud.
His movies top them all.
Gee whiz, what a doll!
I suppose by now everyone can guess,
It’s ROBERT WAGNER, no less.

JUDY SISLER
RUTH JACKSON
Denver, Colorado
what has she got that Hollywood hasn't?

Recently, Americans got their first look at the highest paid movie actress in the world. Her name: Sophia Loren from Naples, Italy. Adding up the names of the lady Academy Award winners in the past four years we find that one is Dutch (Audrey Hepburn), one Swedish (Ingrid Bergman) and one Italian (Anna Magnani). The fourth is Grace Kelly who in manner and speech is more British than American and as Princess Grace is now a semi-citizen of the Principality of Monaco.

Looking at the Hollywood import situation, there are no less than sixty foreign-born beauties plugging away at careers in American films—most of them (continued)
what has she got that Hollywood hasn't?  

very successfully and quite happily.

So the big question is: What's the matter with American girls? While there is a great shortage of female stars in Hollywood the dismal truth is that there hasn't been a major American actress of star calibre to burst on the scene, outside of Kim Novak, since Grace Kelly. Part of the answer seems to be that all the girls who show up in Hollywood these days turn out to be a replica of the girl next door. And about as glamorous. Pigtails and jeans may turn a head or two on Main Street but they don't cause a stampede at the boxoffice. In all fairness to our stars, it (continued on page 77)
"The last time Sal came home from Hollywood," says his mother, "we noticed that there's something new about the way he talks, the way he acts, even the way he thinks!"

I don't want to be different! I want to be just the same as I was before!" How many times I've heard my boy, Sal, say those words since he first went to Hollywood. And when he says them, his eyes flash and his chin sets, the way they always do when he's dead serious about something.

But he is different. He can't help it. It's impossible for a boy to become a famous movie star in two short years and not change!

When Sal came home to the Bronx, after being out in Hollywood there was something new about him—the way he talked, the way he acted, even the way he thought. Anybody could notice the difference. But there are some things that only his family, and I guess his mother, most of all, can see.

You'd have to know Sal as well as I do to understand how much his whole outlook on life has changed. When he was a youngerster, playing a walk-on on Broadway, he was anxious only to prove to himself that he could be an actor. "I want to be a real professional," he'd (continued on page 88)
TO MY SON, SAL!

by Mrs. JOSEPHINE MINEO
From Paris, it is a half-hour drive to Rochers, the Jean Pierre Aumonts' splendid, forest-encircled villa in the suburb Malmaison. The last time I had seen Marisa was in California, before her marriage, and I was delighted to accept for Photoplay Marisa's invitation to visit with her and Jean. As I drove up, the black iron gate was open in obvious expectation (continued)
of a visitor. A cool drink had been set out on the wide terrace, which dominates the square Napoleonic-style house. A manservant with a musical Italian accent explained, "Madame and Monsieur will be here in a minute. They said you were to make yourself at home."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when a minuscule French car shot jauntily through the gates and skidded to a stop on the driveway. Marisa Pavan and Jean Pierre Aumont, flushed and giggling like sixteen-year-olds, tumbled out.

"We're late, I'm terribly sorry," Marisa cried, "but we were out in the country. It was so lovely and peaceful we didn't realize how time was passing." Marisa looked at her husband, and the smile that passed between them showed exactly why they were late. A couple in love, walking hand in hand through a country lane—what does time mean to them?

Marisa led the way into the cheerful, sunny living room. Jean Pierre disappeared into the den for an animated discussion with a workman who was perched on a ladder, hanging new draperies.

"Please excuse the disorder," Marisa apologized. "We're in the midst of redoing the house. We're changing the draperies in all the rooms, reupholstering the furniture, modernizing the bathrooms, and, of course, getting a nursery in shape for the baby." She smiled joyously as she referred to the child she is expecting in late summer. "You know, there's so much to do in a house after it's been rented, to put it back into shape."

The neglect into which Jean Pierre's house had fallen was due less to the fact that he had rented it while he was in Hollywood than to the absence of a wife, whose love and care could turn it into a real home. Since Maria Montez' death in 1951, Jean Pierre had lost interest in this house, where each corner held memories of the past.

But now everything had changed. Love had again warmed Jean Pierre's heart as it had his home. Rochers had a new mistress.

Marisa took serious charge of the house in Malmaison upon their return from Hollywood last winter, after Jean Pierre finished M-G-M's "The Seventh Sin." She had barely unpacked their trunks when he reported to the Champs Elysées Theatre in Paris to rehearse the leading role in the play "Amphitryon 38." He was already well into his part, because Marisa had helped him study his lines on the plane from Hollywood.

"As you may have noticed, (continued on page 82)
On coiffures, Aumont's the expert. He cuts Maria's hair, counsels Marisa on the smartest styles for her.

A kiss for Marisa, and Maria says, "And me?" So Jean Pierre has a double armful.

Tender moment for the Aumonts came when Maria first called her youthful stepmother "Mummy."
Editor's Note: George Nader's father has always turned down requests for stories about his son. George explains, "My parents have no desire to capitalize on my Hollywood connections. They've developed a great interest in my work, but they'd be just as happy if I became a banker or a plumber. But my father is the person who knows me best, so I'll ask him this favor, just this once."

The other day, while reorganizing some family storage space (my wife's polite way of saying, "Clean out the garage!") I came across a battered old dust-covered packing box. Among other things, it contained ten model planes and trains, some carved wooden arms and legs for puppets, several baseball bats and moldy-looking mitts, two stamp collections, a (continued on page 93)
See Joanne Woodward immediately,” the telegram from Photoplay had read, “she’s a million-dollar rebel who’s going to be a big star.” As far as Photoplay was concerned, there had been no crystal gazing involved; the editors just returned from a private showing of advance clips from “The Three Faces of Eve” which included a scene in which Joanne reached a pitch of nearly hysteria as Jane, the girl with conflicting alter egos. For two long years 20th Century-Fox had believed in Joanne Woodward and had hung onto her contract when there was nothing for her to do except two pictures on loan-out, but when she’d made her entrance at last in a major role in an important picture, the effect was electrifying.

“Another Bette Davis,” someone in the audience said. But in meeting Joanne, the first thing one discovers is that she is too much of a rebel to be compared with anyone else. Joanne Woodward is alone and individual, she contradicts herself, confuse her friends, tells outrageously funny stories, laughs at your jokes, loves opera, despises a college sorority, longs for babies, dreams of a trip to Europe and thinks Nicky Hilton is “a rather dull young man.”

One of the most exciting and agreeably frank new movie actresses in Hollywood, she thinks people become actors because they’re searching for love and affection, admits she “dreads” marrying one man because “I’ll be so unhappy without the friendships of the other four.”

She fights with her director, but calls him “Big Daddy.” He calls her “Baby Doll.”

She can speak of shame, passion, laughter and loneliness and does so with little-girl honesty rather than boldness. She blames her career on a case of the mumps, continues to act because “applause makes me tingle,” grew interested in becoming a good actress when an older man “had faith in me” and became a professional only after “I left a good home and a wonderful father who still calls me ‘Little Girl.’”

These whacky, happy, tender Woodward truths tumbled out of Joanne one sunny afternoon in Malibu recently, as she stood, sat, rolled and yogied her way through the startling story of a girl who “never had a problem I didn’t cause myself.”

Sprawled on the sofa of the small, sea-misted “apartment-house” on the shore of the Pacific, Joanne put her chin in her hands, wiggled her toes and looked out over the white-capped ocean, letting the sun fall on her eyes. They sparkled as she remembered.

“How I love to think about the first time,” she said. “Sometimes I think it’s a lot of bunk, really; those party dress beginnings actresses are supposed to feel started them on their careers. But like them, I love to fool myself about it. I don’t know, maybe it is true.”

Joanne thought about that for a moment.

“Let’s say some of it began when I was three, the day I stood up in front of an audience for the first time. Even then I was a substitute, somebody they had to get because the star, my brother, came down with the mumps.

“I recited ‘The Wreck of the Hesperus.’ I learned it because I always stuck close to my brother, and while mother was teaching it to him, I just listened in. Imagine, an understudy at the age of three! I guess there is something to that beginning, because (continued on page 85)
A LONG WAY FROM HOME

Rock Hudson was no stranger to loneliness—but never before did he feel it as poignantly as this last time.

Rock Hudson turned the key to the lock of his hotel room door and quietly let himself in. Walking over to the telephone he lifted the receiver and asked, “Is the dining room still open?” At the answering “Si, signore,” he ordered his dinner, reflecting for a moment on how much he would have preferred a thick broiled steak and a heaping helping of mashed potatoes this evening. “Ah well,” he sighed, “When in Italy do as the Romans do.” And this was close to Rome.

He replaced the phone in its cradle and the familiar leaden sensation he’d come to know as loneliness overtook him. It was funny, he thought, how long Phyllis and he had looked forward to this trip to Italy for his role in “A Farewell to Arms.” They’d listed the museums and art galleries they’d walk through “till their legs would ache,” planned gay side trips to Naples, Sorrento and Capri, and anticipated the glorious weekends they’d be spending together, always together; but things hadn’t worked out that way at all.

They’d traveled as far as New York when Phyllis had become ill. “Must be something I ate, no doubt,” joked Phyllis before she’d visited a doctor and Rock’s concern had changed to alarm when he’d diagnosed it as hepatitis and sent Phyllis to a hospital. The rest of it was a blur of Rock’s leaving for Italy alone, and daily wires and letters and telephone calls, first to a hospital in New York, and then to another in (continued on page 104)

by BEVERLY OTT
DORIS’ DANCING DAZE

Facing difficult “Pajama Game” dances, Miss Day vowed she’d do them, if she had to knock herself out. She almost did!

When Doris Day was a young girl, her dream of dancing fame ended cruelly when her leg was badly shattered in an auto accident. Gamey, she switched to singing, and thereafter spoke little about her first love. And even when her musicals called for a bit of stepping, it was always just an accompaniment to her vocalizing. But the dances called for in her new film, “The Pajama Game”—these were something different. The slick, smash Broadway hit being brought to the screen by Warner Brothers called for really fancy footwork. Doris met the challenge with a gleam in her eye and a determination that, by golly, she was going to show everybody that she was a dancer, too. That she did, as Photoplay’s visit on set for this number with John Raitt, “There Once Was a Man,” amply testifies. Dodo performed with such verve that she came out of it limping. A doctor was called—and Xrays revealed that during the dance Doris had cracked two ribs!
Watch this man!

The young man, neatly dressed in a good dark blue suit, who walked into Jim Downey's restaurant in New York looked like a reserved, successful lawyer or a rising young executive. He was neither. He was Anthony Franciosa, an actor who had yet to get a big break on the stage or in pictures.

He slid into a booth to join some friends, without asking permission. He stretched out the hulk of his six-feet-plus frame, tugged open the collar of his gleaming white shirt, pulled at his carefully knotted tie, and all of him relaxed. He joined in the banter and the laughs for a few minutes. Then his fingers began to drum on the table, impatiently. "Anybody seen Shelley?" he demanded.

Nobody had. Glowering, he jumped up, dug through his pockets for a dime, and headed for the phone booth. The conversation was brief, and heated. Slamming the receiver down, he stormed out of the booth. For a moment, he stood there, boiling, indecisive, trying to control his mounting fury. Then, while the diners gaped, he snatched a New York directory and tore it to shreds, great hunks at a time.

Many months later, Anthony Franciosa was in Hollywood, having just completed his third picture, "A Hatful of Rain." One day he took his fiancée, the above-mentioned Shelley—Winters, of course—to the Los Angeles City Hall to bid on a luxurious suburban home that was up for auction.

As they were leaving the building, a press photographer spotted them and leaped into action. Shelley, who had not anticipated being seen, was casually dressed and wore no makeup. She told the photographer not to take pictures. He persisted. Tony threatened to kick the camera out of the photographer's hand if he ignored Shelley's request. The shutter (continued on page 95)
He may hypnotize you with his charm,
walk off with an Oscar—or bash
his fist through a window.
With Tony Franciosa, anything can happen
PART I  The insistent ringing of the phone next to her bed jarred Natalie Wood out of a deep sleep, though it was ten o'clock in the morning and the sun streamed through her windows. She sat up, drowsily brushed her dark hair from her face, and picked up the phone. An executive at her studio, Warner Brothers, was calling. He said, "Sorry to wake you, Natalie, but I thought you'd like to know you're in."

"You're in" meant only one thing to Natalie. She had been chosen to play the title role in "Marjorie Morningstar," the part she had been dreaming about for months.

She managed some polite words of thanks, hung up the phone, then bounded off the bed, threw up her arms and yelled, "Yowee!" Her mother, who had been cleaning downstairs, dropped her dustcloth and rushed to her daughter's room. Natalie pounced on her with a bear hug.

"I've made it, Mother, I've made it!" she shouted. "I'm Marjorie Morningstar!"

She waltzed her mother around the room, then collapsed on the bed, laughing happily.

Yes, Natalie Wood made it. With this picture, she's no longer just a movie star. She's a top-ranking, first

"What! Getting married? Golly no, on the level. If you believe everything you read
NATALIE SHORT

class, bigtime star. And to make the triumph sweeter, she had come out on top in one of Hollywood's most extensive talent quests. For over eighteen months, Warner Brothers had been searching diligently for a young actress to play the heroine of Herman Wouk's best-seller. More than a score of actresses were tested, many of them top "name" stars. Production was held up twice.

But—what is this going to do to Natalie? The girl who, after working in movies for thirteen years, has reached the top at the tender age of nineteen?

Shirley Temple, Mickey Rooney, Deanna Durbin, Judy Garland, Elizabeth Taylor—all of them made the bigtime as youngsters, too. And all of them, despite their great success (or perhaps because of it), suffered much heartache. Their first marriages ended quickly in divorce. Their search for happiness has been long and tortuous—in the case of Judy Garland, nearly tragic. How can Natalie avoid the trouble, despair and torment that have so often wrecked the lives of Hollywood's most talented young people?

The question is a lively one in Hollywood, for during the past year Natalie has not (continued on page 90)

I'm going with every boy in town. You're just kidding? Well, thank goodness!
Photoplay asks Janet:

ARE YOU RETIRING?
Janet’s answer to our question reveals she’s a different girl who has changed her whole outlook on life!

It takes a lot to arouse the blase folks out Hollywood way. But for months, Janet Leigh has had them mystified, confused, intrigued—and stumped. Yes, the same Janet whose every move and thought had always been as open and clear to the public as the first page of the New York Times.

Strangely, it wasn’t what Janet did that caused the commotion. It was what she didn’t do. She was no longer a part of the feverish social whirl, constantly laughing and chattering brightly. She gave up her interest in a dress manufacturing company, in which she had been very active. Though she might have returned to film work shortly after baby Kelly was born, she kept putting it off for months. Rumor had it that the studio had to bring some pressure to bear to get her to go to work at last in “Badge of Evil.” This, in spite of the fact that her absence from the screen adds up to two whole years—a dangerous situation for any star.

Out of all this, one big rumor grew: Janet Leigh is retiring!

One Hollywood insider shook his head over his cocktail at Ciro’s. “I could believe it of anybody but Janet,” he said. “That girl has the greatest drive, the most consuming ambition of anyone I know. She’s the original Eager Beaver, and I don’t see how she can change.”

“That’s right,” agreed his woman companion, who had known Janet for years. “I can remember how she was a few years ago. If she thought she’d missed out on something, even being introduced to somebody important to her career, she’d be checking up on it the very next day to find out the whys and wherefores. She tore into picture sittings, interviews, anything that concerned publicity, as if her life depended on them—so much so that a lot of people put (Continued on page 80)
Like his hairline, Cooper's popularity hasn't receded a bit in twenty-six years.

John Wayne climbed into the saddle in 1930. Eighty-five pictures later he gets Sophia Loren.

STARS

Hollywood couldn't beat

Stardom doesn't last," a new player named Fredric March confided to Photoplay in 1927. Bette Davis put it another way. "I don't want to own anything I can't pack in a trunk," she proclaimed upon first arriving in Hollywood. Yet March, after thirty years, is going stronger than ever, and Bette's trunk has been gathering dust for lo, these many years.

At one time or another, every movie personality now recognized as an all-time "great" was labeled a "fallen star." At least two of them—Hepburn and Crawford—(continued on page 98)
Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn have been trading jests and gibes since "Woman of the Year" in 1942. They renew their amiable feud in "The Desk Set."

Susan Hayward's volatile personality still burns brightly after nearly twenty years of lighting the Hollywood scene. 1941 saw her in "Adam Had Four Sons."
Now that Jayne Mansfield has made Hollywood, she has only one ambition. Not to be a great actress, an artiste, a heroine, comedienne or another Garbo.

"All I want to be," says Jayne, "is a star. A glimmering, shimmering star, the 1927 variety in a 1957 setting. The word 'star' always had a special meaning for me," she explains frankly, "and I want to do everything I can to fulfill it." This, despite the fact that in fulfilling it she's brought down a storm of criticism on her silver-blond head.

Like the furor she kicked up at Sophia Loren's recent party.

Jayne arrived, took over and reduced the soirée to a shambles in a matter of minutes.

In a skin tight, pale blue lame
They say her boom is a

bust. But a look at another

side of Jayne reveals

there's much more to

Mansfield than meets the eye

by SARA HAMILTON

sheath, slit to the knee on one side and exposed to the elements on all others, Jayne minced into the Crown Room of Romanoff's and voom—no more Sophia.

As one, the photographers moved in as Jayne in a shockingly low-cut gown leaned over Sophia, across Sophia, around Sophia and in front of Sophia, refusing to budge until they had had their fill. And most photographers are decidedly hard to fill.

At a gala premiere a few evenings after, Jayne again stole the spotlight when her best beau, muscleman Mickey Hargitay calmly hoisted her into the air in front of the theatre. In that prone position, balanced beautifully on Mickey's strong hands, Jayne obligingly signed autographs for clamoring (continued on page 101)
has Tony lost his heart?

He was alone and a stranger in Italy—but with Natascia Mangano, Tony discovered why Rome is called “The City of Lovers.”

Next? What’s next?” he asked. “Next... we go to one of the most famous cathedrals in Rome,” she answered, and took his hand to lead the way.

They spoke in halting English and Italian, pausing every once in awhile to translate for each other, and they smiled a great deal.

His name was Tony Perkins, and he was tall and dark and looked like an American college boy but happened to be a movie star. Her name was Natascia Mangano, and her eyes hid the hint of laughter, and she looked like the movie star who happened to be her sister Silvana.

Six days of the week they had worked together on “This Bitter Earth,” a Columbia movie; on the seventh, they made a tour of Rome.

“I don’t do this for every American,” Natascia said in halting English, and with the hint of a smile.

“I should think not. You’d wear out too much shoe leather!” he answered, and they both laughed.

It was Tony’s last day in Italy. In a few hours, he would have to fly to New York. They held hands as they walked on the sun-baked Roman boulevards and stopped at an outdoor cafe for a lunch of spicy sausage pizza and glasses of red chianti wine. They saw the Bridge of the Angels and the Coliseum, and the Sistine Chapel and the basilica of St. Peter’s. In between, they talked of their homes and their families and their friends and their futures. And then, for awhile, there was no need to talk at all. The girl rested her head on his shoulder, and it was as natural as though it belonged there always.

In the crowded city square, Natascia proves to Tony that a girl (especially if she’s his guide) is sometimes worth looking up to
has Tony lost his heart?

continued

After pausing for refreshment, Tony and Natascia tossed pennies into Trevi fountain to insure his return someday.

At the top of the long flight of steps of the Spanish Plaza, the Sistine Chapel—and a view of the city—waited to welcome them.

The vendor in the flower market didn't know a word of English but when Tony said, "I'll take a dozen" somehow he understood him fine.
They rode out to the Coliseum in a horse-drawn carriage that made automobiles seem surprisingly unromantic. With so much to talk about (and so little time) the drive back was all too short.

In the park they rested and made friends with a stray puppy dog. It was the perfect way to end the day, for parks are meant for sweethearts.

Too soon, it was time to part, time for oceans and a continent to separate them. But in Italian “arriverderci” means “so long,” never “good-bye.”
A “Grace”-ful Future: Although both Her Grace, Princess de Monaco and Prince Rainier had hoped their first child would be an heir to the throne, I have a sneaking suspicion that Grace is secretly glad that “he” turned out to be a “she”—because when Princess Caroline grows up and marries her Dream Prince, she’ll wear the same beautiful bridal gown that Grace wore for her civil and religious ceremonies. Immediately after the nuptials, Grace presented the Helen Rose creation, M-G-M’s $4,000 wedding gift to their departing “High Society” star, to the Philadelphia Museum, with the understanding that if she ever had a daughter it could be borrowed back for her wedding day. Incidentally, it is not within the realms of impossibility that Princess Caroline might well be a future royal candidate for the hand of Bonnie Prince Charlie—which would make his Aunt Princess Margaret very happy. It is hardly a state secret that “Meg” is fascinated by the people in the entertainment world. A few summers ago, I sat next to her Royal Highness at the Café de Paris, where Noel Coward was the star attraction. And I couldn’t help but notice that the Princess kept surreptitiously looking over in our direction. The next night, at a Palace ball, she reported breathlessly to Doug Fairbanks, Jr.,

“I went out to the Café de Paris last night to see Noel, and guess who was at the next table? Rex Harrison!”

End of a Chapter: When two people have once loved each other enough to want to get married, and they fall out of love and want a divorce, it is a heartbreaking experience, especially if it ends in any bitterness or hatred. But what is even sadder is, when there is no emotion left. I’m thinking now of Ginger Rogers and Jacques Bergerac and the impersonal way their marriage disintegrated. Ginger, painfully aware of the failure of her three previous marriages, had tried desperately to make her fourth one a success. But when she realized that she was fighting the same losing battle with Jacques Bergerac as she had with Jack Briggs, Lew Ayres and Edward Culpepper, she packed all her bags and flew
Erratic and unpredictable, Frank Sinatra's moods have alienated some people, but his complete honesty wins our respect.

East, leaving Jacques to his bachelor freedom in her beautiful home.

When the story broke in the papers, Jacques was having coffee with some friends. He read the Page 1 "exclusive," embellished with a large photo of Ginger and himself, taken during their days of connubial bliss, and his only comment was, "It's a good picture of me, isn't it?"

Joan of Heart: I once wrote an article about Joan Crawford in which I said, "She even boils an egg with passion," and I meant it. In all the years I have known Joan, I have never known her to do anything in moderation. She loves or hates. She rides the clouds or she hits bottom. She is the over-indulgent mother or the strict disciplinarian. She is the adoring wife who changed her name three times and always remained Miss Joan Crawford, married to her one true love—her career. And then a little over two years ago her fourth husband, Alfred J. Steele, came along and now, to everyone's surprise including her own, this glamour queen, whose relentless concentration on a career has obsessed her for more than three decades, has announced that she won't make another picture for a year, while she devotes herself to her role of "housewife!"

From now on, our Joan will be permanently based in New York. As soon as she and Alfred move into their new Fifth Avenue apartment the twins and Christopher will be enrolled in private schools in the East. Nineteen-year-old Christina is a drama student at Carnegie Tech, but I strongly suspect her young blonde beauty will lead her to the altar faster than it will to a stage career. If she's smart she will learn the secret it took her mother so long to discover—that

Henry Fonda, here with bride Countess Franchetti, likes publicity now.
no career can ever be as rewarding as a happy marriage.

**Mmmmm Monroe**: The definition of an old-fashioned parent is supposed to be a mother who knows she is going to have a baby before a columnist does. If this is true, it will be the first time on record that Marilyn Monroe will ever be called an "old-fashioned" girl! Marilyn refuses to confide this top secret to any member of the press, but neither has she confided in her two closest friends, Paula and Lee Strasberg, so I am inclined to discount the report as someone's misplaced sense of rumor. If this news flash were true, Marilyn would surely be so ecstatic that she wouldn't hide this happy news from Lee, who stood up for her at her wedding to Arthur Miller, and from Paula, who has been her dramatic coach and confidante ever since they worked together on "Bus Stop" and "The Prince and The Showgirl." Mind you, I'm saying that the stork rumors aren't true as we go to press, but could be by the time you read this.

**Movie-ing Along**: Isn't it an interesting commentary that Audrey Hepburn, who has had, perhaps, the most meteoric career of any young Hollywood star, has only made one film ("Sabrina") in Hollywood? "Roman Holiday" and "War and Peace" were filmed in Rome; "Funny Face" and "Love In The Afternoon" in Paris, and her next vehicle, "The Nun's Story," will be made in the Belgian Congo. Imagine seeing the world and getting paid for it too! . . . If I were asked to pick out a promising actor, I'd name Rick Jason. . . . When Henry Fonda was playing on the New York stage in "Mr. Roberts," and a leading radio commentator asked him for an interview, he retorted: "Why should I help you make a living?" But now that he's made his first independent film, "Twelve Angry Men," (incidentally, a fine one), and has a big financial stake in it, he's eagerly receptive to appearing on every radio and TV show that will help plug the picture. . . . It was Joe E. Lewis who made the classic remark, "I don't care what anyone else says about 'My Fair Lady,' I liked it!" Similarly, I don't care what his detractors say about Frank Sinatra, I like him! I have never found him unapproachable or rude, and he has the rare virtue of complete honesty. If he doesn't like you, he doesn't pat you on the back to find a place to stab you! . . . This has certainly been Rex Harrison's lucky year. First, the hit of his life, "My Fair Lady" and now the love of his life, Kay Kendall.
The first time Jean Seberg came to New York in the fall of '56 she was just a 17-year-old girl from Marshalltown, Iowa with a dream in her heart, stars in her eyes and a letter in her pocket inviting her for a screen test. Less than a year later, she returned for the press preview of "Saint Joan" and the fulfillment of that dream. It was a sunny Thursday afternoon when Jean sat huddled in a chair in the Astor Theatre, gasping at the first sight of herself on the screen, and alternately weeping and clutching the hand of a studio woman next to her as the picture unfolded. "It was the longest picture I ever saw," sighed Jean. Completely unnerved, she had to be taken home and put to bed with sedatives at the picture's end. When she awoke the next morning, she didn't need the telegrams and flowers to tell her she was a star. It had happened quietly on the screen hours ago! (continued)
The newspaper reporters and magazine writers who'd seen "Joan" loved Jean, and she was besieged with interviews. "Please don't make me sound as though I'm six years old," Jean begged. "Please make it sound as though I'm eighteen or," she added mischievously, "nineteen." Asked about the changes stardom has brought, Jean declared, "The biggest thing that's come into my life with 'Saint Joan' is the airplane. These days, I fly to Europe as casually as I used to go to Sioux City. Luckily, I love to travel." She paused for a moment. "Clothes are a problem, though. That sixty-three-pound limit!" When she got to New York Jean went on a shopping spree with our fashion editor and chose five dresses designed for mileage. "They're perfect now and will be fine all year. They're for me," says Jean triumphantly. They're for us too. (continued)
wishing on a star
continued

At odd moments during the week (though not very often) Jean still felt like a Miss from Marshalltown instead of Jean Seberg, star. There was the morning she shopped along Fifth Avenue for presents for her family, and the only comments made about her were those about her short haircut. There was the night she went to a party in Greenwich Village and not one guest recognized her. And the afternoon with Photoplay’s writer, Dick Sheppard, whom Jean had met when both played in summer stock. They had a date to see a matinee, and we snapped them as they were about to leave the photographer’s studio. Jean was wearing the dress she calls her favorite: A simple black sheath with a bloused jacket in brilliant colors (left). Dick’s clothes, of course, are his own and not for sale! At Sardi’s after the show, Jean and Dick talked and laughed, caught up on mutual friends and each other.

“I think, more than anything else, I want to develop as a human being,” Jean said vehemently. It was the cry of a girl who’d found stardom but knew she had not yet felt its full impact on her young life.

A bloused jacket (high fashion this season) in paisley cotton, over a black cotton sheath. By Jonathan Logan, 5-15, $17.95

To buy fashions, see information and stores listed on page 100
Can a doctor live like a human being?

Can a doctor be a devoted husband to his wife, a loving father to his children? Can he ever afford to feel angry, hurt or proud? Or must he always put his family and his feelings second? Does a man give up his right to live like other men when he takes the Hippocratic oath? Day after day, Dr. Jerry Malone and his family live out this conflict. Live it with them on radio. You can get the whole story—even while you work—when you listen to daytime radio. Listen to YOUNG DR. MALONE on the CBS RADIO NETWORK. Monday through Friday. See your local paper for station and time.
CALYPSO BEAT
exciting new off-beat shade in
Max Factor's new hi-fi Lipstick

It's a laughing color and the prettiest yet
There's no blotting, no drying, no waiting to set
It sways to a rhythm that's excitingly sweet
Dances on your lips in Calypso Beat

From down in the land of the sun and the sea
Comes your new fashionable personality
A new lipstick shade of happy character
Hi-Fi Calypso Beat by Max Factor
A girl who has enthusiasm for living and clean-cut good looks is a girl Bob Wagner thinks it's fun to be with

let's talk about
SUMMER ROMANCES

Here are tips from the stars to help you put the "heat wave" in your heart this summer

Romance is always in season, but like a marigold, it seems to thrive in the summertime. You have more free time, and there are the long weekends, the beach parties, picnics and outings ahead to make the summer one Big Whirl and the man involved a Big Wheel in your life. But summer romances sometimes seem to be a variety all their own, and so we asked several pertinent (and impertinent) questions of your favorite movie stars. Their answers were both helpful and very revealing.

Bob Wagner believes that summer romance has a good deal in common with romance at any other time of the year. "It has to have a beginning," says Bob, and offers six words of advice for the girl who wants to begin it. "Be attractive, be active, be accessible."

Be attractive: "Or maybe I mean attract-able," adds Bob. "What registers (continued on page 75)

by ELLIN THOMPSON
MORE BLONDES MARRY MILLIONAIRES?

You'll find out when you blonde your hair with Lady Clairol® Whipped Creme Hair Lightener. Actually silkens your hair as it lightens it...in one fast action! Lady Clairol whips instantly to a soft, rich cream...never runs or drips. Nothing like it for ease or speed...for clear, even tone. Leaves hair easy to manage...never coarse or brassy. For a glamorous change in your looks...your personality...try amazing, new Lady Clairol. The Whipped Creme makes the fabulous difference!
with me is the girl with the well-brushed, well-scrubbed look. A casual type of beauty. Natural, neat, nicely groomed—you know the kind of look I mean. And I like it when a girl smells nice, too."

**Be active:** "My type of girl is one who's full of honest enthusiasms, whether it's for golf, tennis, swimming or just sitting on a blanket enjoying a picnic lunch. I like a girl who likes to do things, and I'll enjoy doing them with her." (That's sound advice, too, for the girl who wants to meet a man like Bob and what girl doesn't? You're much more likely to stumble upon each other when you're out playing tennis, resting up between swims on the raft or waiting for the next tee on the golf links than you would if you were lying in the hammock, waiting for him to stumble on you.)

**Be accessible:** "I like a girl who has a warm, outgoing interest in people, and most of all," adds Bob, "a little more than average interest in me." Which should give you a clue to what Bob (and any other man) likes: a girl who's vitally interested in him as a human being. Being friendly is half the secret of having friends, and what is romance but a deep feeling of friendship for someone of the opposite sex?

And it's normal to want to have good relationships with people of both sexes. Aside from the fact that men like Bob dislike "girls who make cracks about other girls," it's wise to remember that it's usually women who do the planning and inviting to group beach parties and picnics. Having girl friends not only rewards you as a person, but helps you keep in the swing of things. ("Besides, they might have brothers or cousins," Bob adds with a grin.)

When we asked him, Tab Hunter got right to the heart of the vacation problem by saying, "Maybe it's obvious, but I'd say that if you want to meet men, go where the men are. Most men love sports—so when you're picking a place look for good tennis courts, a nice place to swim and maybe some good horses. Any hotel that has top facilities for young people is much more likely to be stacked with eligible males than some place where (continued on page 103)"
Luxurious Necessities

Modess . . . because

New MODESS with “Feminine Fabric” . . . brings you sheerest luxury—perfectioned protection. Only Modess® has this new cover. Regular, Junior, Super.

New TEEN-AGE by MODESS. The first napkin specially designed for girls in their teens. Slim, yet extra absorbent. New cover—with a dainty pastel design.

Box of 12, 43¢. 2 for 85¢

MEDSTAMPONS. The softer, safer tampon. Regular, Junior, Super.

Box of 10, 43¢. 2 for 85¢

COETS. Quilted cotton squares. Better than plain cotton or tissues for use with cosmetics.

Box of 40, 23¢. 2 for 45¢

MODESS BELTS
Custom-tailored for luxurious comfort. 50¢

GET THESE LUXURIOUS NECESSITIES AT YOUR LOCAL

BEN FRANKLIN STORES
AND SCOTT STORES
foreigner lies in the old adage about the grass being greener. But that is true, if the tariff on foreign stars isn’t soon raised, half of the grass will have moved over here!

Foreign talent is certainly not new to Hollywood. As far back as 1912, the great Sarah Bernhardt, a Frenchwoman, lent her presence to film. According to a New York flier titled "Queen Elizabeth," later there were Valentino, Pola Negri, Dolores Del Rio, Dietrich, Carmen Miranda, Maria Montez, Greta Garbo, Anna May Wong, Danielle Darrieux and Simone Simon—made their mark here but eventually returned to la belle France. Britain’s great Vivien Leigh, hailed as the most screenful Ashley of the Atlantic, has won her top awards and a considerable American following but remains rooted in her beloved England.

Formerly the situation was kept pretty well in balance, Garbo and Bergman, for example, were huge successes, but fellow Swedes Sigrid Sassoon, Viveca Lindfors and the late Martha Toren were not. Pier Angeli (now Maria Montez’s sister-in-law, “hag-age”) has a secure spot in the hearts of American film fans, but Valentina Cortesa and Bella Darvi returned to Europe.

Nowadays, with foreign film industries flourishing, millions learned to grow their sights squarely on America, and are migrating in numbers never before seen in Hollywood. At one time it was the British, then the Germans. The Italian contingent that led the crowd but today new stars are arising from all corners of the globe. From Japan Milko Tako snatches Marlon Brando in Warners’ “Say MARA.” From she hails Shirley Yamaguchi, after seeing her luminous beauty in “Japanese War Bride” and “House of Bamboo.” From India comes lovely Anju Kashyap, who most recently appeared in U-I’s “Battle Hymn” with Rock Hudson. Finland sends us Taina Elg (“Les Girls”, G-M-G); Eva Bartok comes from Hungary (she starred with Dean Martin in M-G-M’s “Bedtime”). Irene Papas is from Greece; Elizabeth Mueller, from Switzerland; Victoria Shaw, from Australia. To play opposite Gregory Peck in “The Purple Plain” the producers chose a willowy 19-year-old Win Min Than—from Burma. South of the border, Mexico has gifted us with Katy Jurado (in Allied Artists’ “Massacre at Dragon Wells”). From Serita Michael Arz Bing Crosby’s romantic interest in M-G-M’s “Man on Fire” is a Swedish lass named Inger Stevens.

In the impact of the foreign stars on the American public, Italy continues to play the biggest role. Song-bird Anna Maria Alberghetti (“Ten Thousand Bedrooms”), Pier Angeli and sister Marisa Pa van (Universal’s—International’s “The Midnight Story”) are equally settled in American film careers. Things look promising, too, for such lovelies as Rossana Po desa (“Helen of Troy”), Elsa Martellini (“The Seven Little Poes” and Gil Scala, Bob Taylor’s co-star in M-G-M’s “Tip on a Dead Jockey”). And though Anna Magnani, Gina Lollobrigida and Sophia Loren are now firmly settled, the world, forgetting the ball rolling belongs to Silvana Mangano, soon to be seen opposite Anthony Perkins in Columbia’s “This Bitter Earth.”

At the age of seventeen, Silvana became an international sensation, in the fullest sense of that much misused term, in 1949’s “Bitter Rice.” Clad in revealing rags (thoughtfully hiked up to the thighs), and long black nylon stockings, she gave the role “voluptuous” its most vivid definition ever. There was also some pelvic boogie-woogie that shook the natives like nothing since Jane Russell’s famous hay-socks in “The Outlaw.” The bells again, in a subsequent appearance as “Anna,” a girl torn by conflicting loves.

At this point, the American press began to investigate the entire field of Silvana Mangano. Concurrently, Silvana slipped into the background, leaving center stage to associates like Gina and Sophia.

Lollobrigida and Loren are now en-grossing. Gina is titillating the moviegoing public. Gina Lollobrigida is known, among other things, as “the most famous seven syllables since ‘come up and see me sometime’” (so she seems to the several titles, tendered her by bug-eyed admirers, is “the most beautiful Italian since Venus.”

According to Sophia, battle began at the Italian Film Festival two years ago, when both were present. “I was a young girl, just twenty, while Gina was twenty-seven and internationally known,” comments Sophia, with a scrupulous accuracy born of knowing that the aura statistics will compare most favorably in, say, fifteen years. “You might have thought she would at least have stopped to say a few encouraging words. But no.” For Sophia’s fans had demanded and got twice what she had been paid for “Bread, Love and Dreams.” When the third film in the series was about to get under way, Gina asked for half the previous season’s producers balked and replaced her with—Sophia. “Now she is well known—as Sophia Loren, but as a rival to me. That is bad for her,” Gina confides outlay. Sophia rang all the press in the position of having to do something more than I do.” This last was delivered in a tone strongly intimating that they might just as well ask Sophia to climb the Matterhorn in this altitude. I am sorry to hear Gina say such things about me,” crisply replied la Loren. “Her personality is a limited one. She was marvelous as the middle daughter, but she cannot convincingly portray a lady.”

Both girls rose from poverty (Sophia from birth, Gina after the family finances were demolished by war) and both got their start in bits. All the difference is in our comic strips, except that the characters are photographed actors and actresses, and the dialogue balloons are represented as smoke rings.

A Gina lover said: “I was walking along minding my own business when this man came up to me and said that he wanted to put me in movies. I got very angry and told him that I had stopped working five years ago.” Mario Costa was on the level, and a bit part led to a career that has spanned thirty films, international acclaim and plenty of money in the bank. Her performance is commonly commented: “Her fantastic rise to film stardom is due largely to two things: a small amount of talent and a large amount of publicity.” Ruthless! Gina’s ability as an actress is almost unbelievable, her (Italian equivalent of an Oscar), plus numerous other prizes and favorable critical comment.

She has put her way past phonograph promoters, has provoked much consternation with the assertion repeated frequently and emphatically, that “Gina knows what is best for Gina!” This takes the form of obeying all scripts and publicity material, doing all of her own makeup and designing all of her costumes right down to lingerie and brassiers. A tireless worker who tolerates no nonsense during working hours, she has even known to order lunch sent up for breakfast in which her work displeased her—though everyone else was perfectly satisfied.

In the management of her career, Gina gets an immeasurable assist from her doctor, Dottor Maniolo. “My doctor, my manager, my photographer, the custodian of my happiness and well-being—I knew this the first moment I saw him,” Gina says of her companion. “I am not married, I knew at that same moment, returns her handsome and witty spouse, “was there that woman who would make my life impossible?” At the time of their marriage in 1953, the international vogue for their separate careers—Gina in films, and Miklo as a surgeon. After her two unremarkable appearances in American films shot abroad, Miklo is now shelving his own work to take over as Gina’s manager and has been happily at the helm ever since. And after several years of paralyzing inquiries about motherhood, Gina went into retirement. But coming up are opposites Anthony Quinn in “Hunchback of Notre Dame” to await the birth of her first child.

In the latest chapter of Loren vs. Brando, Sophia clearly has the upper hand. Thanks largely to an unresolvable contract snarl with Howard Hughes, Gina is still not free to accept commitments in Hollywood. She can only say helplessly as Sophia is set to become the latest victim of the most spectacular launching of a newcomer in years. After her current appearance opposite Alan Ladd and Clifton Webb in 20th Century Fox’s “Sons of Liberty,” the star she will next be seen with Cary Grant and Frank Sinatra in Stanley Kramer’s multi-million-dollar United Artist’s “The Pride and the Passion.” This is to be followed by a role in a new version of Transparent (the sequel) in which Sophia gets plenty of attention from John Wayne and Rosanno Brazzi. Then she went into “Desire Under the Elms” for Paramount. For this she had Anthony Perkins and Burl Ives.

All of this is certainly a giant stride forward for one who bore the nickname of “steechetto”—little stick. Incredible as it may seem, the dashing little nobody-wants-it-who had pretty well resigned herself to becoming a schoolteacher—until the age of fifteen, that is. At that point, an event occurred that turned her into a dream—simple—a group of sailors whistled at her.

“I looked around and there was no other girl on the street. My heart went bump, bump, bump. They were whistling at me! I got into a cab and told the driver: ‘That’s true. I was not ‘steechetto.’” I curved in all the standard places. En-suing events have been a combination of a fantastically lush physique (‘Unbelievable!’) and a managery that has been the bane of the shrewdest publicity senses this side of Jayne Mansfield.

Discovered via a beauty contest and the fumetti by producer Carlo Ponti, Sophia fought her way up from a succession of film roles plus revealing poses in hundreds of publicity shots. To persistent hints of a romantic link with her distinc-tive face, Miss Sofia has only said “I have been in love only once. I still am. I won’t say any more.” Romance aside, Sophia provides plenty of other good copy.

Prompted perhaps by still-vivid memories, Sophia has come up with an idea based on one factor which distinguishes most European film femmes from their American counterparts—Sophia lives on a grand scale. Ex-travagantly paid (“I do not work for charity,” reported the lady),
largest bed in all Italy, in a luxurious Rome apartment she shares with her mother and sister. Sophia is chauffeur-driven through the streets of Rome in her Cadillac, other times she zips around the country in a jet-black sports car. Of Gina it has been said that she can safely handle any and all situations, but Sophia argues the protective instinct within her is such that she has been a big favorite with the casts and crews of her pictures.

Knowing of her intense desire to perfect her English, her co-workers on "Fame and Fortune" spare time teaching her bits and phrases of the language. Asked to pinch hit for a vacationing Broadway columnist, Sophia (who will be forty-odd next month) enumerated some advice on life and love in England that would never be found in the pronouncements of advice to the lovelorn column. Sample: "Brutes with big muscles can out-punch any brawny guy because you know you are wiser than they, and still you must do as they wish. This causes wrinkles." And: "The intellectual man has interests which involve him safely, leaving you plenty of time for dressing and doing your hair. Since these things are women's enduring solace, it is clear that love for a clever woman is easier.

This same session produced the now-famous remark, "Everything I've got I got from eating spaghetti. You try it. After being queried about this any number of times, Sophia finally laid it to rest upon her arrival in Los Angeles. "Of course I like spaghetti," she sighed wearily, "but I don't eat it every day!"

Breathless and snappy publicity aside, there is mounting evidence in each new Loren picture of Sophia the actress—which is her eventual goal. Cary Grant has said, "I believe Sophia will be one of your biggest stars." Recently there were rumors about putting Sophia and Gina in the same picture, and a plan was put forth to Italy's great Vittorio De Sica, who has played a large part in the careers of both girls. Shaking his head in mock horror, De Sica muttered, "I am not a brave man," and disposed of that idea— for the present anyway.

Surviving all this more or less complacently from the top of the heap is Anna Magnani, secure in her position as one of the world's great actresses. In a letter to this writer back in Rome, Anna once remarked, "Miss Magnani is a truly great artist, and it is time that America recognized her as such." What fellow professionals like Bette had been saying about her for years was confirmed, but not displayed, in "The Rose Tattoo" and crowned with an Oscar. Now it is common knowledge that, for emotional range and dramatic fire, La Magnani is bewitched.

This great talent was born out of wedlock some forty-odd years ago (the date varies) in the slums of Rome. Her father departed from the scene before she was a month old, and it was her mother, the beautiful Anna, who decided on a sojourn in Egypt that lasted for twelve years. Anna was then brought up by her grandparents, and entered a drama school at seventeen. After greater or lesser years of tireless effort in the traditional manner in both theatre and films—which got her nowhere—

Then she had a chance to watch the consummated triple crown in the variety revues staged during the cheerless 1942-43 in Italy. War and, perceiving that the bawdier and earthier the material the better from an audience viewpoint, made up her mind then and there to get her own way.

"The classic poses, the cultured accents—tripe!" hooted Anna. "For me, acting should be as natural as life." Drawing upon the resources of her slug background, she went on to become the world's foremost exponent of naturalistic acting. And the range of emotion she shows in her films (everything from exquisite grace (as in the volcanic violence) is equally reflected in her private life.

She was married in 1935 to film director Goffredo Alessandri, and separated from him in 1942. The union produced a son, Luca, now fifteen. It is when her son is mentioned in conversation that the normally animated Magnani features fall into tragic repose—eyes glint and the voice becomes hoarse with emotion. Stricken with polio at the age of eighteen months, Luca has spent most of his life in a Swiss sanitarium. "Everything I have done has been for him," she is often said. Otherwise, the marriage is chiefly noted for a statement then made by her husband—the kind of remark that has a way of coming back with a bang. Said he: "Give up the theatre, Anna. You'll never make a go of it." Alessandri is further reputed to have told his wife, "The cinema can never be for me."

Next came Rossellini. Professionally ("Open City," "The Miracle") they were perfectly mated, but mutual jealousy and suspicion turned all of Italy into one, grand and uniform, fanatic crowd at the cinema to see each other in all of the best restaurants from Naples to Florence. When Rossellini became enamored of Ingrid Bergman, Anna vowed to "break every plate of spaghetti in Rome over his head." Recently both the Rossellinis and La Magnani went to Hollywood. Paul and Paul, and the entire city held its breath. Nothing happened. "So long ago," Anna shrugged when queried about the whole affair. "Several of these facts naturally were well-known in Hollywood before Anna arrived to do "The Rose Tattoo." Producer Hal Wallis rested no easier at reports that "she worked with a bang. Said he: "Quite deadly be beautiful." But he found this to be untrue. "She was on the set every morning at 8:30. Late hours meant nothing to her," Wallis later reported. "She is a very simple, sensitive woman. And very warm—when she knows you." Other people had other memories. Tenants of her Hollywood hotel were solemnly informed, via conspicuous signs posted in the lobby, to "let your bathroom in the morning, you will be disturbing the world's greatest actress." (This was later revealed as her personal maid's handbook.) From the film's first day, what went on in "Shane" look like grammar school volleyball—Virginia Grey emerged with three cracked ribs plus numerous cuts, bruises, and welts. For this morning-after a slapping scene she wound up with a swollen jaw. "If it hadn't been rough," the petite Virginia later remarked, "the scene would have failed." And Marisa enthused: "If she ever hits me with her, I would let her slap me not only in the scenes but before and after, besides.

Of her magnificence in "Rose Tattoo," one critic stated: "It will be a wonder if Hollywood finds another good part for her, and a great pity if it does not." Currently La Magnani and producer Hal Wallis (in company with Ingrid Bergman) are working on her second Paramount film, entitled "Obsession." Whether it will be a wonder or a great pity (or, more likely, somewhere in between) will be judged by moviegoers when it is released sometime within the next few months.

England has sent over a trio of beauties who can hold their own with any foreign competition. There is Diana Wyn- ter, in looks and manner something of a latter-day Merle Oberon—the average American's idea of what the typical English girl is like. Joan Collins, a lithuanian unconventional hoHey who might be the average American's idea of what the typical English girl is not like. And lastly there is Miss Dors, who is rather in a class by herself.

Miss Dors is quite something unusual to have emerged from the land of Yorkshire puddings, and her countrymen follow her every swivel-hipped movement with all the ecstatic pride of the goose that has finally succeeded in laying the golden egg. Her advent on the international screen has brought with it the same kind of reaction that might occur, say, if someone as dignified and dependable as Lassie suddenly produced a Siamese cat.

Diana's recent Hollywood visit was somewhat unfortunate. While there, she made two films—"I Married a Woman" with George Gobel and "The Unholy Wife" with Rod Steiger, neither yet released.

Then there was the swimming-pool incident. Right in the middle of a swamp, on partying for Diana's London hairdresser, Diana, her husband and two others were unceremoniously pushed into the drink, fully-clothed. A sputtering Diana emerged from the pool with her blouse and skirt tied around her to her well-publicized form. While husband Dennis Hamilton was busy beating the supposed culprit to a pulp, Diana adminis- tered a helpful kick and rent the gentle atmosphere with a few scorching oaths not ordinarily heard in polite Mayfair circles (well, not publicly any). Then there was a flurry of miscellaneous hassles with her agent causing a breakup of her marriage—a partnership that in six years made Diana Dors Ltd. one of the biggest businesses in Britain. Diana returned to England is Diana, wiser and fifteen pounds lighter (from nerve strain). With those physical assets, however, plus talent in other departments, Diana will undoubtedly continue to be a formidable force.

Sweden's answer to all of this is, of course, luminous Anita Ekberg. After being proclaimed "Miss Sweden of 1952," Anita made small progress for two years or so until she arrived at the screen for Marilyn Monroe on a Bob Hope junket to Greenland. After that the newspapers just couldn't print enough of her. Which was very fortunate since her film appearances seemed to be working in the opposite direction.

In 'Blood Alley,' they strapped down my hair, dyed my hair, put me in an ill-fitting coat, and made me 'wade in the mud,' recalls Anita. "I couldn't even find myself in the picture." This explains the circumstances under which a studio to make screen debut as a vy, tered "pardon me, mad," took a mystified second look, corrected himself to "pardon me, lady," and walked off shaking his head. After all, there were decorative bits in a few more films, but the news items were far more interesting.

Like the account of a gay New Year's
part a couple of years ago. Anita had poured herself into a black velvet creation, and made a dazzling entrance with every stitch straining for all it was worth. There then occurred a most electrifying display of seam-splitting. "Under the gown was just—Anita!" gasped one popeyed witness. Gathering up the remnants, Anita Red for cover, later to comment, "I like tight dresses but after this...

Eventually she got her first starring role—as a harem torso-tosser in "Zarah"—and landed right in the middle of Britain's House of Lords. "A poster is now being plastered all over London," announced sixty-year-old Lord Lucas. "It shows the reeling figure, so scantily clad as to be vulgar, of Anita Ekberg, an actress." Obviously warming to the subject, seven Lords wanted to know "Who is Miss Ekberg?" Another member of the House, better briefed in the matter, volunteered that everyone has a different idea of good taste—"One man's meat is another man's Ekberg." The subject was speedily changed after that, and anyway, a studio spokesman had the last word... "What nature has given Miss Ekberg," he sagely exclaimed, "we cannot take away..."

At about the time of her marriage to stripping British actor Anthony Steel, Anita decided to call it a day on this kind of publicity. Articulate and intelligent—called charming and sedate by those who know her well—Anita has perhaps been most vocal in her demands to be given a chance at dramatics. "Of course, I am very flattered that men admire me. If they didn't something would be wrong. But now I want to be an actress."

Cornell Borchers is Germany's finest entry in the international sweepstakes since Hildegarde Neff rode to glory a few years back. Which detracts not a whit from her petite Marianne Cook, a fellow Rhine-

lander also under contract to Universal International. (Marianne is co-starring with Rossano Brazzi and June Allyson in "Interlude" and Cornell Borchers has been teamed with George Nader in "Flood Tide:" ) Cornell has the blonde, blue-eyed Nordic appeal of Ingrid Bergman (to whom she is most often compared). She also reveals an innate dignity and personal warmth that have won many fans.

The actresses previously mentioned represent only a fraction of foreign-born talent now working in American films. Deborah Kerr, Pier Angeli, Jean Simmons, Leslie Caron, Audrey Hepburn, Zsa Zsa Gabor and Corinne Calvet—many of whom are now American citizens—are examples of ranking foreign-born favorites. British film queens Glynis Johns, Wendy Hiller, Kay Kendall, Joan Greenwood and Claire Bloom have either been in recent or upcoming releases. So too for French sirens Michele Morgan, Martine Carol, Brigitte Bardot, Jeanne Moreau, Nicole Maurey, Etchika Choureau (who taught Tab Hunter to appreciate French taste) and Barbara Lander.

What makes foreign stars seem more alluring than American girls?

Part of the answer lies in that little word S-E-X.

In Europe sex is a part of life; in America it appears to be fast becoming one. Which perhaps explains why foreign film-makers look on in helpless befuddlement when some of their products, having traveled freely all over the continent, run into all sorts of censor complications over here. For example, the sight of Sophia Loren flipping pizzas in "Gold of Naples" clad in a simple peasant blouse with a tendency to keep slipping off one shoulder revealing nice Sophia, was regarded with good-natured amusement and admiration by her compatriots. Over here, patrons seeing the film gasped aloud. Another case involves the luminous French actress Martine Carol, who in a scene with Van Johnson in M-G-M's "Action of the Tiger," is seen diving from the deck of a sailboat in a bathing suit. Foreign audiences will see the same shot—without a suit. The reason? The situation didn't demand one.

The American preoccupation with certain anatomical elements as old as Eve completely defies analysis. In a couple of well-publicized cases, it borders on the absurd. But whatever it is it's been a boon to the respective careers of Sophia Loren, Gina Lollobrigida, Diana Dors and Anita Ekberg. These girls' straightforward approach to the facts of life and casual exhibition of natural assets has been box office dynamite in a country where public mention of sex is still pretty much confined to those wicked washroom walls.

The foreign stars' appeal also lies in the allure of the mysterious and the unusual. And a decided plus is their general tendency—thanks to continental sex attitudes—to work for a more balanced combination of sex appeal and acting ability. In America, a beautiful girl who can act is something of a wonder. In Europe, with rare exceptions, it's par for the course.

What of the new crop of foreign stars? Vastly commenting on their invasion of the U.S., says, "Yanks love 'em, if they know 'em." They are certainly getting to know them better than they ever did in the past. Perhaps the foreign stars will inspire the American lasses to touch up their glamour and do away with the jeans and leather jackets. To which many of the fans—male at least—say, "Hooray!"

And I'm willing to bet American girls aren't going to take the current foreign-star invasion sitting down—not for long anyway. But until they do, foreign glamour girls never had it so good.

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her down as a grasping opportunist. She was a girl who didn't miss a trick when it came to advancing Janet Leigh. I say, if she's retiring, a miracle has been wrought.

So, get at the truth of all these stories, we went directly to Janet.

The Curtis home is a large, light-flooded house, standing on an acre of ground, up Benedict Canyon in Beverly Hills. There, in the family room, two couches comfortably in a corner of a couch, shoes kicked off, the lady of the house hugged her knees and thought for a moment. Anyone who had known her before would have instantly understood that Janet's mood was a curious switch. The old Janet would have been jumping off the sofa, moving armchairs, and keeping up a stream of chatter at the same time.

"I feel," she said quietly at last, "that I've learned the important balance between relaxation and energy. Don't misunderstand. I'll always be a busy person. What I mean is—I've learned to control myself."

She went on to explain how this great change in her outlook on life has come about. After all, she turned forty. Janet, this strung girl with a compulsive need to do, do, do that was so strong it sometimes made her physically ill, into a calm, completely different individual.

"Fluffy said it was a woman's job to stay up all night," Janet said. "Tony and I talked so much about our faults, the necessity for give and take...the million and one things that married people do to be on the straight path. I think the moment of truth came after achievement. For instance," Janet went on, warming to the subject, "I have a compulsive desire to answer notes and telephone calls immediately. I've got it licked on Tony. The minute he hits the house I was after him with a list of phone numbers. I'd keep after him until he made the calls. Sometimes he'd rebel and refuse to. I never really understood that. Oh, we talked about it—analyzed it and I'd try. But I didn't really want to change. After all, my way was right. I was only trying to do the right thing."

But slowly common sense seeped through my piety. So it was natural for me. That didn't make it natural for Tony. I was being irritating...not Tony. Me! That's where I decided I should be a little less prompting and prodding. Instead, I'd give him the messages and forget it. When my attitude changed, so did Tony's. He started answering his calls in his own time. It was long after this became a pattern that I realized it had actually happened."

Janet's high-strung nervous energy and strong compulsive efficiency ran head on into Tony's easy-going, relaxed way of life when they married. They were aware of the difference in their respective natures immediately. But it wasn't until the first big battle of blending was won that they both completely understood the meaning of wanting to—not talking about. Women all over Hollywood have been inspired by Janet's endless efforts to tantalize Tony's unique and exasperating appetite. It wasn't until Janet stopped trying that the balance was achieved. When Janet's whirlwind culinary capers would want to a gentle breeze, Tony lost his yen for soda pop and jelly beans. Of late, he has been known to eat a full-course dinner with-out casting one wistful eye toward the nearest hamburger heaven. In finding answers, she has also learned the ultimate importance of reaction.

When he was cajoling, coaxing and wheedling to get Tony to buy a notebook to carry with him. For notes, telephone numbers and all the important jottings men jot. I would have gladly answered on the job, but he insisted I have helped. But no, he didn't need it. So I finally let go and skipped it. The other day he waltzed into the house with a blue faced, and was really acting the thing that he suddenly decided he needed one. I didn't even sutter when I told him it was a wonderful idea. That's my idea of the right reaction.

Actually Tony's insecurity and lack of genuine confidence kept him from taking over the responsibilities of domesticity. His lack of security and fluctuating ego made it hard for Tony to lose the pattern of a repressed, Tony's stature as an actor began to seriously grow at about the same time they discovered that Kelly was on the way. The two events worked wonders. Afraid of financial responsibility involved in buying a home, he had always insisted on renting. When he and Janet returned from Europe after filming their respective pictures, and took up a home, they decided it was time. It was time to believe in the future. It was time to buy a home. So they did. Once he got the hang of it, Tony was an expert in buying, selling, renting, disposing.

"We moved when I was five months pregnant," Janet remembered. "Tony took over. He made arrangements with the movers, the gas company, the telephone company."

Reluctantly, Janet added, "I don't know how we managed it—tonight!"

For the first time in my life, I didn't have a guilty feeling about work. Before if I wasn't working—earning my keep so to speak, I became nervous, fraught and restless. That was before. That's all. Now—no fuss—no bustle. I sat and Tony did. I was learning to relax. Resting and taking it easy were required at that time. I felt the need so I gave in to it.

Last summer, on the whole, makes a terrific difference with anyone," Janet smiled. "I know with our whole lives began to center around our baby. For the first time in my life I didn't have a daydream about the future. I was too busy adjusting to the idea that my life was going to be a whole different kind of thing."

Juliet, the baby, is a second generation, so to speak, and it appeared, from the first days of her life, that she was going to become the center of every waking thought. Kelly and Tony, as parents, felt that problem was evaporating. Sometimes silly things in effect. But the causes were not silly. They were little tell-tale flags of warning. Two individuals—strong individuals who were trying to settle into a new role, a new responsibility, a new home. Not yet learning the way to blend and still be personalities. Like their party patter. It was gay, droll, stimulating and sometimes hilarious. But each was on guard. Slowly, the Junior Bracketton began to waken. For sooner or later, one of them would make a very amusing statement...with a neat quick-silvered barb attached. Kelly got the brunt of it. There was resentment. Resentment of something not discussed, or too much discussed...but resentment. As imperceptibly as a sunrise the habit and the tension evaporated.

"It was about that time the rumors started that I was to retire as an actress," Janet said. "Because of the rumors I started thinking seriously about the future. I decided that the next first things came first. In my future Tony and Kelly will always come first. Having lost the guilty need to work, I looked at my life as a wife and mother. The next ten or fifteen years I could be wailing like a fishwife at Kelly—I gave up my career for. Now what are you going to give up? That is the infantile human nature. No, I decided. I like to work. It also keeps me stimulating and interesting with Tony. I don't want to turn into a vegetable. Tony's too vivacious."

It was a fun game when I decided on the balance. I will do too, at the most the three pictures a year, but never on long locations away from home. Then Tony is always close. Then when Kelly goes—yes, Kelly and me. As Tony was working in town on 'The Sweet Smell of Success,' I went back to work at Universal-International on 'Bag of Evil. Reluctantly, I admit.'"
right to work. Some nights Tony and I would both be so wound up in the day's work we talked for hours. Other times, it was just enough to be home, alone, tired and happy.

During those active months, they planned projects. Both were determined to paint the fence themselves when their respective pictures were over. They also were going to form a musical combo with Jackie and Jerry Gershwin, their best friends. Jerry played the electric guitar and Tony, with impatient enthusiasm started working on the flute. Jackie and Janet can't make up their minds among bongo drums, harp, piano or bass viol. The thought of Janet sawing away on a bass cello demurely behind a cello had them in hysterics. Tony even promised to take Janet to more movies. It seems her undying thirst for movies keeps him hopping. When they're working, the theatre schedules are either very early or very late. When you have to get up at five or six a.m., you can't go to the local flickers, see a double feature and get to bed by one. One night they went to dinner at a friend's home. Their host ran three movies that evening. Janet was absolutely delighted until her spouse informed her that orgy should last her for three months.

"Then all our projects went straight up in the air," Janet said happily. "Each of us received a script—individually. I liked it but turned it back saying I wouldn't do it unless Tony did. He did the same thing. It worked out beautifully. It was for Kirk Douglas' Bryna Productions and he wanted us both!"

The picture is "The Vikings" and will be filmed in Norway, Brittany and England. So Tony and Janet made plans to go abroad. "Tony and I decided when Kelly was born—where we go—she goes. We have reached," Janet said suddenly with a near look of smugness on her happy face, "a wonderful new plateau of living. "Don't misunderstand. We're not dangling our feet off pink cloud number nine. We still have our fights. But they're different. Now we want to blow off the steam and get to the crux of the problem. Find out what's to be done and do it. Somehow it doesn't matter anymore who's right. The need is to blow up and get it over with. Any complaints? Sure. suppose Tony has some too. He still forgets to tell me we've been invited to a party until the night we're due. Or he'll suddenly remember he's invited some people to dinner—the day they're due. But that's almost a joke now. We know we can always work it out. The only real problem," Janet explained with a satisfied grin, "is Tony's new efficiency. It sometimes runs into the household duties. This I don't like. If something goes wrong, he tries to fix it ("Typist?!) or calls someone, anyone, for repairs. As I have in my little black book tried and true competent people, this annoyed me. Until I realized that I wasn't home when these emergencies occurred. So who cares? It doesn't have to be my man."

Janet is fully aware that the plateau of understanding she has reached is but a resting place. Life is made up of levels of understanding—if we keep wanting to learn. The Curtis couple have reached a little deeper into themselves in this year of decision.

Janet can look back now at the girl she used to be with no regrets. All that tiring, and pushing, and striving, all that nervous energy she poured into trying to prove to one and all that she was good, or she was right—how unnecessary it was!

Looking back now, Janet says seriously, "I've found that it doesn't matter if you're right or wrong. Sometimes it's a little worse if you're right."

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I've selected gay tones for the draperies,” Marisa was saying. “I like stripes and bright, happy colors. Men are rather conformist when it comes to decoration, but I like to dare. Of course, Jean Pierre and I talked it over beforehand, as we do everything. He was in complete agreement with me on all my suggestions. But, if he hadn’t been, we would have reached a compromise plan. You see, we have tremendous respect for each other’s ideas.”

The utter simplicity with which Marisa made that statement emphasized the intense happiness glowing in her dark eyes at the mention of Jean Pierre’s name. She pronounced it with a caress in her voice.

Marisa had been transformed. Beautiful she had always been, but had she always sparked animation in her eyes, the aura of self-assurance that has nothing to do with vanity? These are the sure signs of a woman in love, who is loved in return.

Pride of possession illuminated Marisa’s face as she talked of Jean Pierre, and she was the first to admit she had changed. Until love invaded her life in the shape of this tall, blond charmer with the soft Gallic accent, she prided herself on her sense of independence and self-sufficiency. She was accustomed to look straight in the eye, with rare objectivity and honesty. This gave her an inner sense of assurance, but heightened her outward timidity. A woman needs to feel loved in order to outwardly express confidence in herself.

“Marriage has given me a moral security and a goal in life,” Marisa stated simply. “I used to be fiercely on my own. I kept my problems and thoughts to myself. Now I have someone to lean on, to pour out my heart to, to share all my thoughts. ‘I used to be very independent, much more so than my sister.” Marisa leaned back on the couch and curled her slacks-clad legs under her. Her expressive eyes, so like Pier Angeli’s, and yet so distinctly her own, held a faraway look. “Before Anna was married, she used to leave all important decisions to her mother. But I have always tried to solve my problems on my own. I had to. My mother was often away while Anna was making films abroad, and I had the responsibility of taking care of our house and our young sister, Patrizia. I used to take messages and keep track of correspondence and act as a sort of confidant. Patrizia doesn’t know all that for me.” Marisa laughed gaily.

“Then I decided to try my luck at acting. It was not an easy decision. I had developed a prejudice about the profession that I realize now was most unfair. I used to accompany my sister to the set very often, and I would say to myself, ‘What hard work this is! I could never do it.’ Quite often the press hinted that I was envious of my sister’s success. That is not true. I never felt that I was missing anything. I didn’t want to be an actress. I wanted to study languages and travel around the world to see different countries and study their civilizations.

“I was always very pleased and flattered when our friends would say to me, ‘You should be in the movies, too.’ I had registered at UCLA and was taking my studies seriously. I was beginning to relax a little, because I thought I had found my true destiny. But when I was given the chance to be in films, I couldn’t resist. I had to meet the challenge and learn for myself if I had been wrong. And I soon discovered how exciting and stimulating acting is. I no longer had any doubts or frustrations about my career.

“Yes, everything was fine. My career was coming along very nicely. I had achieved more than I had ever hoped for in life. I told myself that quite often. “Marisa stopped speaking and began twisting the gold charm bracelet that never leaves her wrist. This bracelet is symbolic of her film success, each of the charms representing one of her films.

“Yet, deep in my heart, I knew I was fooling no one, not even myself,” Marisa said softly. “My success seemed futile, because I had nobody to share it with. Before I married Jean Pierre, I didn’t know why I was working so hard or for whom. Now that I have him and the baby we are expecting, my life is full. I no longer consider it a burden I have to carry alone.

“I must confess that I had always had a prejudice against marriage just as I had against acting,” Marisa smiled, rather sheepishly. “And I was just as wrong about it. This misconception stemmed from my childhood. My father had always been very strict with his Italian mothers. He ruled us all with a firm hand. I love my freedom and independence, and I imagined that marriage would destroy it. But Jean Pierre and I viewed marriage as a form of slightly enlightened slavery, with the wife at the mercy of her husband’s will, and all freedom of action impossible. Now I realize how terribly incorrect I was. I think marriage is a wonderful partnership between two people who love and respect each other. “Jean Pierre and I each have our own responsibilities, but we usually consult each other about them. He leaves all decisions about the house and servants to me, but I wouldn’t think of making any changes without talking them over with him. And I discuss every phase of everything—consideration of the other’s point of view. We may have rushed into our marriage—our families thought we should have waited a little longer—but I don’t think so sure, we said, ‘Why wait?’ And we knew the responsibilities marriage entailed.”

Marisa and Jean Pierre were first introduced to each other several years ago in Paris. He was appearing in a play, which Marisa had gone to see with Pier Angeli and a group of friends. Later they all went backstage and got acquainted. The next day he called them up and invited the whole family out to dinner.

“I liked him instantly,” Marisa recalled. “He was so kind and well-mannered and so very interesting. And he was handsome. And then, when I was filled with admiration for his intelligence and talent. But I never thought of doing more than admire him. I never foresaw marrying a man who needed to be adored. I began to notice him more and more. One morning, I had the impression he thought I was just a little girl, and for me he was as unattainable as a star in the sky.”

Three years passed, years in which the world got to know my Marisa’s brief idol with Grace Kelly. It was January, 1956. Marisa was making “The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit” at 20th Century-Fox, and Jean Pierre was making a film on the same lot. But they didn’t meet.

Then one night Jean Pierre went to a party where Pier Angeli and Vic Damone were also guests. Jean Pierre was seated alone in a corner when he saw Pier and Vic come in. He went over to greet them.

“Where’s your sister?” he asked Pier.

“She’s home. She wasn’t invited.”

“Ah, I just do something about that,” Jean Pierre said. “Please give me her phone number.”

“I was posing for a portrait by an artist friend when he phoned,” Marisa recalled. “I was in an awful mood, depressed and blue. I had been in the dumps for months. Boys bored me; all I was interested in was my work. I stayed by myself and avoided social contacts.

“Then the phone rang and my whole life changed. At first I thought it was a joke, that Anna had asked someone at the party to put on a French accent to fool me.”

“I didn’t go to the party that night, but Jean Pierre and I talked on the phone for an hour. And I saw him for dinner the next night, and almost every night after that for two more months.

“When he proposed—just eight weeks after we started going together—I couldn’t believe my ears. Oh, I was sure. I had been so long. But how was I to know he felt the same way?"

Jean Pierre was sure almost the moment he met Marisa. He saw in her soft brown eyes the same need for tenderness and understanding that he himself had felt...
for so long, ever since the tragic death of Maria
Montez. That magnificent, volatile woman, whose
memory is ever present in the person of their
eleven-year-old daughter, Maria Christina, was as
different from Marisa as it is impossible to be. Spectacular and
dramatic, her every gesture and move-
ment made up a study in voluptuousness.
Yet, oddly enough, Marisa, like Maria
Montez, is a Capricorn. Jean Pierre, who
was born under the sign of Capricorn, is
passionately interested in astrology. Not
a day goes by that he doesn’t consult his
horoscope and those of Marisa and Maria
Christina. Jean Pierre wasn’t interested in
him because he loved her, of course, but
he couldn’t have been more delighted
when he discovered that she was a Gemini.
Yes, they are a happy family, but I
wanted Maria Christina to meet Marisa.
He had promised himself that he would
remarry only if his daughter approved of
his choice. So he brought Maria Christ-
ina from school where she was staying with
her parents. And Marisa became fast friends almost instantly.

“Fortunately, I had plenty of experi-
ence with little girls Tina’s age,” Marisa
was saying. “My young sister, Patrice is
just the same age, and I helped my mother
to raise her. They are very different in
character. Pat is soft and pliable, whereas
Maria Christina has more of a rebellious
spirit. Whenever the two of them are
together, they fight like wildcats, but
they love each other.” Tenderness crept
into Marisa’s voice.

“As soon as we were settled in the
house, I outlined a program for Maria
Christina to follow,” Marisa explained.
“It was not that she was spoiled, but she
had been used to having her own way a lot.
A man often treats a wife as a guest
whom he usually gives in to. Jean Pierre
agreed with me that she had to have some
discipline, and he left it up to me.”

“The first thing I did was to get
a governess for her, an Italian woman from
Rome, who speaks perfect French. Tina
was often lonely, when Jean Pierre and I
were busy, and it’s important for a child in
her first years to have someone
as a companion. Her governess takes her
to the Paris school she now attends, and
picks her up later in the afternoon. She
supervises her studies, and eats with her in
the evenings, when I am in Paris, at the
theatre with Jean Pierre. And she sees to it
that Maria Christina is in bed at
nine o’clock sharp.

Like a lively child, she is mind of
her own, Maria Christina often took
advantage of her freedom when she was
alone. She ate whenever she felt like it and
had no set hours for her homework. Jean
Pierre never had the heart to chastise her.
But Marisa is getting her out of these
habits.

“On weekends, of course, Maria
Christina is home all day,” Marisa said.
“One Saturday recently, she asked if I
could have lunch with us. We usually
lunch around three, as we sleep very late. I
ac-
company Jean Pierre to the theatre most
evenings and return from Paris until
late. Jean Pierre, of course, said yes, she
could lunch with us, but I
put my foot down. I pointed out to them
both that three o’clock was much too late
for a girl her age, and Jean Pierre
readily agreed with me, and
now he doesn’t interfere with my
efforts at discipline.

“Not that I believe in too strict training,”
Marisa added hastily. “My own severe
upbringing has made me more under-
standing of the need for leniency with a
child. I believe that children should re-
spect the authority of their parents, but
that parents should respect their ideas, as

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and leg hair, too.
As he leaned to kiss her again, a plant- tion came from the window.

"And me?" cried the voice. We all turned our heads. Maria Christina, a startling image of her late mother, threw her gauzy headscarf over her father's arms. She hugged her tightly.

"And me?" cried Marisa. Jean Pierre freed one arm and gently lifted Marisa from the window, where she had been sitting, and lifted her close to her. Of them hugged and kissed each other and danced around in a heart-warming display of Latin exuberance. Jean Pierre finally extricated himself from her ardent wish and waved a hasty goodbye.

Maria Christina gave a graceful little curtsey (as all wellbred French children do) to Marisa’s guest, and announced that she had to return to her address. She didn’t agree that this was an excellent idea, as we were having a grownup conversation.

"She’s quite a child," Marisa said, looking after her affectionately. "She loves clothes almost as much as she loves going to Paris to pick them out. Then in the evening she models them for Jean Pierre. We did have a serious dispute about her hair being too long, but I think she’s agreed that this was an excellent idea, as we were having a grownup conversation."

"Oh, I understand the child answered. "I just wanted to know if Papa remembers he’s got to cut my hair today."

I looked questioningly at Marisa, as she gazed at the child, who, satisfied with the reply, immediately left us alone.

"Yes." Marisa answered my unasked question with just a trace of tears. "I see you noticed that she called me ‘Mummy’ Shy! She’s usually that way unless a few weeks ago. She used to call me ‘Marisa.’ Of course, Jean Pierre has noticed it, too, and neither of us has made any comment on it to her. I’m very touched. And she’s so excited about the baby. Of course, she wants it to be a boy. Every day she asks me, ‘Has it moved today?’ and if I should say, ‘no,’ she gets very worried and says, ‘I hope you’re right.’"

Marisa and Jean Pierre also hope it will be a boy, and they have his name already picked out: Jean Claude. If it’s a girl she will be named Ariane. They want the name to be ‘American,’ so it will be an American, as Maria Christina is. That is why they are returning to Hollywood this summer, where Jean Pierre will probably make the new version of ‘Gigi.’

The Aumont household is trilingual. Marisa Christina and Jean Pierre speak English as well as they do French, and occasionally both speak in Marisa’s French, which has been heavily influenced by lessons and her association with Jean Pierre’s French friend, and she prefers to speak in that language for practice. The family speaks Italian, as Maria Christina is learning Italian. “She corrects my French, and I correct her Italian,” Marisa explained. Marisa Christina knows a small amount of English, too, so she spoke it as a baby with her mother.

The memory of Maria Montez is very much alive in this house in Malmaison, where she left the stamp of her powerful personality. Her picture is beside Marisa’s on Jean Pierre’s desk in his attic workshop, and on Maria Christina’s night stand against the light and Marisa’s. “I encourage her to remember her mother,” Marisa said quietly. “We often look over family albums together, and she is very proud of the fact that she is the daughter of a beautiful woman, and a famous actress.”

Marisa sometimes has a mental struggle between her childhood training, which bores me, and her husband’s shadow, and her own natural instincts for expression. But Jean Pierre is understanding, and she usually ends up by getting her own way. “We’ve had no difficulty in the matter,” Maria Christina said to Marisa.

"If we’re both feeling moody, we avoid each other until it’s over. If one of us is in a real temper, we talk."

"We do have occasional discussions about clothes," Marisa laughed. “For one thing, he thinks I have too many, but then doesn’t every husband? I like to have too many things, but I don’t. He approves. He thinks I should wear only things that suit me and forget about current styles. He likes me to wear close-fitting clothes with belts, and I like my hips to look a new pretence on her. I have no other choice, and I’m delighted. One of my favorite outfits is a coat-dress I designed myself. It’s loose-fitting. It seems to me that the keep right I have a belt made to match. When he’s not around I take the belt off. “But we always agree about his clothes, either," Marisa grinned. "I usually pick them, and I always bought some sport shirts by myself. They were awful, so gaudy and loud. He agreed with me and took them back.

Soon after Marisa and Jean Pierre were married, Marisa cut her hair and tried a "With your delicate little face, you should wear it short and chic like a Frenchwoman," he told her. So she had it cut close to her ears. “I must say it’s easy to have my hair up," Marisa sighed. "I prefer it just a little longer. Jean Pierre has finally come round to my way of thinking, and I’m going to let it go down in the spring.""

Marisa and Jean Pierre share a love of music, painting, and the theatre. She respects his husband’s superior knowledge of these subjects, and she listens wide-eyed when he talks about famous people. Having been a noted international star for over twenty-five years, he knows many personalities in the literary and entertainment field, and he has introduced them all to Marisa. But, with the exception of the Laurence Olivier, who are Aumont’s best friends, most of their intimates in France are from outside the acting world. He has no acting friends or buddies from his Army days, or members of his family. He and Marisa are very close to his brother, who is a movie director in France.

Marisa is an enthusiastic tennis player. Jean Pierre dislikes sports. But he patiently goes to watch her play, as he does with all her hobbies. Marisa’s French has vastly improved by lessons and her association with Jean Pierre’s French friend, and she prefers to speak in that language for practice. They say Marisa is learning Italian. “She corrects my French, and I correct her Italian,” Marisa explained. Marisa Christina knows a small amount of English, too, so she spoke it as a baby with her mother.

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Marisa has a deep-seated nature, where-as Jean Pierre is rather easygoing. “I get tense and upset over minor things,” Marisa said, “but Jean Pierre talks me out of it and shows me how unimportant they are. For him a jealousy nature, but I have learned to hide it. I don’t know that without mutual trust and confidence a marriage will never work.”

Marisa has succeeded in the dual role of the perfect mother and wife, and she does it so because of her common sense and mature judgment. These are characteristics that also served her well when she was single and made her own decisions about her career. Now that she is married to a successful actor, she doesn’t hesitate to draw upon his fund of experience. He, in turn, is pleased that she seeks his advice. As Jean Pierre puts it, “I’ve had the business end of my contracts. I have a business manager who takes care of that,” Marisa explained. "But I do consult him about everything.”

Marisa and Jean Pierre were in Paris last year, spending the last part of their official honeymoon with Pier Angeli and Vic Damone, when Marisa received the part of the Mail in "The Midnight Story.”

"I liked the story very much," Marisa recalled, "but I hesitated about accepting it. Jean Pierre had to stay in Paris to work on the script of the play he had written, and he wouldn’t have been able to go with me to Holly- wood. I didn’t want to leave him.”

They talked it over, and Jean Pierre convinced her to do the film. “Good scripts are so rare," he told her. "It would be a pity to turn down this chance. This is my first real shot at show business, and I’ve had several occasions to make it. We might just as well get used to it. Besides, what are two months when we have our whole life ahead of us?’"

Marisa recently obtained her release from her Hal Wallis contract, and now she is free to take picture engagements anywhere. Since Jean Pierre divides his professional life between America and France, Marisa will do the same, although she said that she would like to remain in Hollywood for a few years and reach the peak of her career. When they were first married, Marisa thought of giving up acting, but Jean Pierre was against the idea. “It would have been a shame to deprive the world of such a bright talent,” he told me. “Besides, he added with a laugh, ‘I’ve made fifty-seven pictures, and Marisa’s only made eight. She should have a chance to catch up!’”

“I’m certain I can keep on with my work without neglecting my husband and home,” Marisa said. “But if I see any signs of my marriage being threatened because of my work, I’ll quit Hollywood.”

My idea of happiness is not based on fame or financial security or success, but on love. It is the sole reason for a woman’s existence. I would give up everything, I would give up my career.” Marisa’s voice softened almost to a whisper. “Love is so precious to me that I don’t like to discuss it out loud, any more than I play it out loud.”
MILLION $ REBEL
(contd. from pg 45)

...continued

on Broadway I spent three years as a perennial understudy. I was always there to loop in if the star broke a leg.

Anyway I went on, and I can remember it as distinctly as though it were happening right now: the glorious sound of the applause. The marvelous, fantastic sensation of having everybody looking at me and nobody but me. I went through the poem again. More applause. I was starting the third time when mother came on quietly and hailed me offstage.

Joanne bounced around in her cross-legged position, laughed, and shook her head, making ripples down the long length of her beautiful blonde hair which was combed the way she wears it in 'Three Faces of Eve.'

She wore a pair of snug, black velvet matadors trimmed in scroiled gold braid, a very feminine but unfurlly white blouse, no makeup except for a touch of red on her lips and the barest trace of a "doo-line" under her lower lashes.

"I'm always changing my mind, contradicting myself. I guess I did start with that. From nursery school up. I did Shakespeare at nine, the nun in 'A Comedy of Errors.' I liked that because it let me look sweet and sad and get the audience's sympathy.

'Then we moved from Thomasville, Georgia, where I was born, to Marianna, and I discovered the most wonderful thing. There was a Junior Little Theatre. It was marvelous. I had found a home. We did 'Pirates of Penzance,' 'Little Women'—all the kid plays. In 'Penzance' I played the old, old pirate and had a wire coat-hanger for a hook where my hand was supposed to be. They wanted me to play the ingenue, but I scorned the whole idea. I was an actress!' Joanne threw out her arms in a theatrical flourish that was a mixture of a rock 'n' roll fling and Balinese exoticism.

'But in school I was a good student. I learned fast. I made A's without effort, except in math—in mathematics I'm still stupid. I'm certain no one will believe this, but I think I studied well because I was shy. I didn't get along at all with girls and schoolwork came easily and quickly, so the only outfit I had was doing plays. I figured that would make everybody like me and admire me.

'In the beginning that was the only purpose I had for acting. Then when I was fourteen and right in the midst of that near-hysterical phase of a girl's life, the change to adolescence, we moved to Greenville, North Carolina.

'But I was already influenced. Women never do. And at Greenville High School I met a man whose faith and understanding in me is something for which I'll be forever grateful. There just aren't words adequate enough to tell how much it meant for me to meet Mr. Albert Maclain, the head of the drama department.

'He is the one who re-introduced me to drama, to acting as being an art form rather than a silly young girl's search for escape. I had never thought of acting in creative terms. I was just getting up on the stage and having a ball. But once Mr. Maclain explained the purpose of the stage, my entire attitude changed. He was the first to realize that I was really interested and gave me his time and his knowledge.

'So I played the leads in all the school productions, 'Junior Miss,' 'Abe Lincoln in Illinois,' a lot of them. And then this grand man produced 'Joan of Lorraine,' just so I could do Joan. Oh, the way I repaid him for that favor! It's probably the first and only time in the history of the theatre they had a Joan with long hair. But it was also time for the Spring dance and I said I'd be darned if I was going to cut, even for Joan.'

'Putting her head in her hands, Joanne's expression turned sad. "Gee, that was a mean thing to do, wasn't it?"

'But it was a terribly tricky time in my life," she continued. "My parents had just divorced and if it hadn't been for Mr. Maclain and the way he generated my interest in drama I don't know what would have happened to me. I never had dates. I wanted them. But the boys avoided me. I liked to talk about art, books, literature, opera (I got an album when I was nine) and the boys thought I was a screwball. It made me very unhappy. And you know, in a way I was punished for not cutting my hair because of the dance.

'As the dance drew nearer, my excitement was almost unbearable. For once in my life I was going to be the belle of the ball. To help things along, Mother agreed to make my gown.

'Now this was just about the time strapless evening gowns had become stylish, and nothing would do for me except that.

'Mom agreed again. She made the dress because we didn't have very much money.

'And really, it was a gorgeous gown. Except for one thing. It was very loose in the back. Somehow Mr. Maclain gave this particular defect the attention it deserved.

'By the time I got to the dance I realized I was going to have a very special evening. The bodice kept slipping—down!

'The orchestra started the music and in complete, absolute girl-gushing pride, I stepped out on the floor with my king-size hero.

'I put my arms up to reach around those shoulders.'

'Joanne closed her eyes and pursed her lips and pressed her breasts together.

'She nodded slowly. "Yes, it happened. The top of the dress fell down."

'There I was. A moment ago in pride, now I was lowered in shame. I was embarrassed, my meaning, the floor would swallow me.

'But the most horrible part came next. My friends—and I use the word loosely—just stood around and laughed. They roused the tragic mood.

'I ran to the ladies' room and cried for an hour. I knew I had to come out and dreaded it. From somewhere I got the courage to re-embrace the corner of the dance floor and sat quietly, hoping I would die very soon.

'Then came another shock. My big, tall dad came and deserted me and was dancing with another girl. He wouldn't even look at me.

'Yet this was the night I learned that men, no matter what they do, are still the most wonderful people in the world.

'An older boy, he was twenty-one, came over and asked me to dance. He didn't know it, but he made the most wonderful remark. He said: "St. George, this is my dream.

'He danced with me the rest of the night. The dress behaved: He wasn't tall! At the end of the evening he asked me for another date and I accepted. A week later I discovered he was considered the biggest catch in town.

'Two weeks later he gave me his fraternity pin and we went steady for six months. A disaster had turned into the romantic coup of the year. It really made me in high school. I still have such a fondness for that boy, I must say. I remember him as the kind of person who could help the other people out instantly. I wonder what became of him?

'We separated because I wanted to act. It took a great deal of my time. I'll admit that I didn't permit anybody to intrude into my way. I developed a young and ambitious ruthlessness of purpose which isolated me from many of the activities most girls enjoy in high school. But I have no regrets.

'And when Mr. Maclain became head of the Greenville Little Theatre, one of the best in the South, it was wonderful. The group had its own building. We did what were for me very professional plays: 'I Remember Mama,' 'Years Ago,' a lot of works by the best playwrights.

'I was graduated from school at seventeen. I wanted to go to New York to act, but Daddy wouldn't let me. So I went to Louisiana State University.

'And the first thing I learned there was that Daddy had been right! He'd objected to my leaving for New York because he didn't feel I was ready to take care of myself. It may sound like a disingenuous daughter, but honestly, my father has been an endless source of encouragement, counsel and wisdom to me. Dad is very Southern. To him, I'm still a little girl. He calls me by that name and the idea that I've grown up is very strange to him.

'As I recall it now, I think when Dad refused me, I was grateful. I wanted des-
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perately to go, but I was afraid. His refusal was a kind of relief. I didn't know a soul in New York and I had never been farther North than Washington, D.C., when I was six. I lived out on the North and if you've ever been South you know that there's a world of difference between the people.

"So it was at L.S.U. that I realized how immature I was. But of course I immediately became involved in the school's drama department. It was good for me and I loved it, but I longed for a social life. I was really too young for college at seventeen. I found I was entirely on my own, eight hundred miles from home. I know now I had been too well-protected. I couldn't get used to the fact that for the first time in my life I was totally dependent on myself. Whether I went to class, whether I studied—all the things I could have breathed through in high school were suddenly personal responsibilities. I cut classes like crazy in the first semester, never studied, but still somehow managed to get fair grades.

"The most depressing part of that time was the sorority I got into and then found out that I wanted no part of it. They were the worst variety of snobs—bigoted, selfishly vain, and I'd never known her to speak unkindly to anyone.

"I said to the members, 'What about Marianne?' At the question, they looked first at me, then at Marianne. I asked, 'What's the matter?' Then one of the members said, 'We couldn't possibly invite her. Don't you know her father runs a chicken ranch?'"

I stood up, walked out and never went back. I still owe them fifty dollars for dues. I'll never pay it.

"And could you guess what those girls do now? They put out a bulletin once in a while and they invite each other and their well-known members. It's the most hypocritical thing I've ever heard. I feel sorry for all of them. What little lives they'll lead."

Joanne rolled over on her stomach and started one of the cushions with her fist. "Oh! What a bunch!"

My membership became a crisis one night when we had all the girls who wanted to join come over one evening for inspection. I saw one girl I knew. She was a sensitive, sensitive person and I'd never known her to speak unkindly to anyone.

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remember him ever being unkind. And he took care of me. He let me go everywhere with him. What a wonderful brother!

"After college father still didn't want me to go to New York. I said, 'I'm going!' and got a job as a secretary. If there's a prize for the world's worst, I claim it. I lost checks, money, misfiled the complete recorded history of one company and was an utter clerical failure. But I wanted to earn enough to get to New York.

Then, all of a sudden, Daddy was transferred to New York City! He had been an English teacher. Now he's a vice-president at Charles Scribner's publishing house in charge of textbooks.

"In New York I went to drama school for two years and learned a lot. At the end of that time, I told Dad I wanted to go out on my own. He objected. I said I was going anyway. He said that, financially, I could only expect the usual allowance, sixty dollars a month. I got a cold-water flat for twenty dollars a month and lived on the rest. You can do it. For breakfast a nickel hot dog, a nickel cup of coffee. Lunch the same. Dinner, my roommate and I hoped for dates who could feed us.

"One day I heard that 'Robert Montgomery Presents' wanted a girl to play the young lead in 'Penny.' I auditioned with a hundred others.

"That script! We read and read and read and read! Finally, the choice came down to a girl named Christine. When it was my turn I was tired and angry at having been kept all day. But I still wanted the part. So I threw away the script, kicked off my shoes, and said 'I'd heard that Barbara Bel Geddes got it.' That very successfully at auditions, and dived a whole scene from memory. I got the part. From then on I've worked steadily on TV and in the movies."

"To prove it just how steadily, 20th showcases Joanne in "Down Payment" at about the same time as her Eve role.

"What about Joanne's reported intentions of marrying actor Paul Newman once he's divorced? Joanne shook her head. "I don't understand why people think Paul and I are anything more than buddies. I go out with other men. Nobody mentions them as possible husbands. I certainly won't. I have no intentions of marrying yet, anyhow. Seriously, I like my life now."

"A few days ago, when I was home to see my parents, I took out a cigarette. There were fifteen grips and members of the crew ready to light it for me. A few months ago I lit my own. Frankly, I like the taste of tobacco."

"I like the excitement. I get a lot more respect in Hollywood than I did on Broadway, but the stage is where I really want to be successful."

"And I don't think I'm ready for marriage. In the first place, I can't take criticism as well as I should. It used to throw me into a panic. It doesn't any more, but it still makes me unhappy. That attitude wouldn't be good in a marriage."

"She threw her hands back and let them hang limp behind the sofa.

"Oh, why does a girl have to marry? I know I'm going to marry someday, but right now there are five men I like. If I marry one, I'll be so unhappy without the other four!"

"Hollywood may fascinate Joanne. But right now, this girl, though she doesn't know it, is fascinating Hollywood.

"We had been talking for nearly three hours. The sun was already down and a slight wind had come up. It would be dark soon.

"Night's coming," Joanne said. "That's a nice time for me. There's something peaceful about evening. And you can think about tomorrow. I wonder what will happen to me tomorrow?"

"We didn't answer. Who can tell? The End"
say, his baby face shining, "I want to be accepted in show business."

I was home, working as his publicist, and was told for his career, that was as far as it went. His heroes were Joe DiMaggio and Fred Astaire. He didn’t care about clothes at all. Any old pair of dungarees and T-shirt would do. I’ve seen him, at times, to be shy with his friends and because he had two older brothers, he always considered himself just “the kid brother.” Even when I gave children’s clothes to him, he would say, "Mom, why make all this fuss for a little guy like me?"

Well, that’s all gone. It started going wrong right at the beginning in pictures. Now, he’s eighteen, and his attitude toward his heroes, clothes, friends and even his family is entirely different. It all came home to me one evening, the last time he came home from Hollywood.

I was putting the supper dishes away when Sal came in and sat down at the kitchen table. He didn’t say anything. Head down, he took two slices of bread, the way he usually does, by pulling the bow on my apron string or decorating my head with a potholder. He just sat. I knew he had something on his mind, so I just waited for him to come out with it.

Finally he said, "Mom, I haven’t really hit it yet."

I could see this was one of those times when he was etter out to give her son her whole attention. I hung up the dish towel and sat down at the table opposite him.

"Why, Sal, of course you have," I said. "Look at all the fan mail you get every week."

But only shook his head. "No, Mom, I haven’t proved it to you and the family. I haven’t reached the top."

I knew what he meant, and I didn’t press my point anymore. I listened while he told me, in somewhat depression, on his face again, how much he wants to do, how much he wants to develop as an actor, how he hopes some day he can become a fine director as well as an actor. It’s a long way to go before he gets there. He isn’t my little boy anymore. He’s grown up. But at the same time, it gave me a good feeling to know that he hasn’t stopped growing. He’s still holding on to the dream.

Yes, the days when he used to rave about Joe DiMaggio and practice Fred Astaire’s dance steps on the kitchen floor are a thing of the past. Now, Yul Brynner, Spencer Tracy and Lee J. Cobb are his idols. He watches these mature actors with their individual styles and he realizes how far he can go, too. I’m a greenhorn compared to them, I tell Sal. He often tells me, "They’re polished. They’re great."

And actresses! When Sal was eleven, girls were just people to be ignored. "Only sissies pay attention to actresses," he’d scoff. But these days, the likes of Ingrid Bergman, Anna Magnani and Elizabeth Taylor. And I can tell how carefully he studies their performances, because he’ll come to me and describe one of their scenes to me, right down to the smallest facial expression!

I like to hear talk like this from Sal, because when he admires others so much, I know he has a great heart in him. We bicker a bit, but I don’t ever think he would. I know my boy too well for that. But I can tell you, it’s a real comfort to a mother to know her son hasn’t gotten a swollen head, when he gets so much flattery from so many people, the way Sal does.

But as this talk went on, he began to change. When Sal began getting a foothold on Broadway he began to take a little more interest in his personal appearance. But actually it wasn’t until he made his first big picture, "Six Bridges to Cross," that he grew particular. He noticed other actors around him were always well-groomed and neat, and he suddenly began to worry about his appearance.

It gave me quite a start when he came home after making that picture, and said to me, "Mom, do you think I can afford to have a tailor made suit?"

"Yes," I said, trying to hide my surprise. "You’re earning enough."

At first, Sal grinned happily. Then he frowned. "But I want Vic and Mike to have a tailor made suit too."

"No, Sal," I pointed out. "Your brothers aren’t actors. They don’t need custom-made suits. You do."

That’s when Sal started to improve his dressing habits. Not only did he become neater, but he developed an excellent sense of taste. I don’t go shopping with him any more. Sal knows how to manage by himself. He selects ties and socks which will match or blend with his suits. He buys sports shirts, slacks, belts so that he can coordinate them. He’s considered whether he’s lounging around home or attending a party, my son is always smartly dressed.

But I know Hollywood has done it. A few years ago he just didn’t do anything that if it hadn’t been pressed Sal wouldn’t notice. Now, Sal’s constantly meeting fashionably dressed stars and producers and, of course, he’s been influenced by their appearance. He knows that he not only keeps every garment in tip-top condition, but he separates his wardrobe in two closets—one for his best clothes and another for his everyday clothes. His only regret is that the thing that hasn’t changed is his favorite color. It’s still blue.

In the past, Sal played with kids his own age. Now he likes the company of older boys, the kinds that he’s always admired. That’s a reason for this, I believe. Sal has become more mature than the average boy of eighteen. He’s had to adjust to directors, to producers, to studio people. He’s living and working in a man’s world. Why wouldn’t he want older companionship?

His friends nowadays are the friends of his older brothers, Vic and Mike. They’re usually extras and he has to go through the trouble to gather in our living room, and they’ll sit around by the hour, just talking about anything and everything, and throwing jokes at each other. Sal’s always full of questions, especially if he’s just come back from being out in Hollywood. He wants to know what they’re doing, and all about their plans for their careers. And when he has doubts about the whole business, it gives him comfort to know why. Because he spends so much time with people in the movie business, he’s not able to have much time with people in other walks of life. But Sal wants to get to know all kinds of people as well as he can. He often tells me, "You know, Mom, I have to get to really know people. You can’t play a part well unless you really like the people you’re playing with."

And besides that, I think Sal enjoys these "bull sessions" with the boys so much because with them, he’s no movie star but just a boy. He wants to learn to get to know all kinds of people as well as he can.

It’s strange, but when my son was on Broadway, he never talked about his work with his pals. Maybe he wasn’t quite sure of his career yet and wanted to be known just as "the young guy in the gang."

But lately, I’ve noticed that when one of the fellows asks, "Sal, do you have to study your roles a long time?" Sal is happy to explain his role and his lines listen at great length. They must admire Sal’s progress and the way he’s handled his career, because they often ask him for advice.

When I saw that Sal spends more time with older boys, I don’t mean that he’s turned his back on the younger ones yet. Far from it! One day not long ago, I went downtown to make a recording appointment—he’s been awfully busy with the new records he’s been making—and when we came out of a recording studio, there was a gang of boys, fifteen years old, who spotted Sal and crowded around him. We were late for our next appointment, but Sal had to talk about the whole business to each of the boys.

When I finally managed to catch his eye and hustle him off to a cab, one of the boys called out, "When can we see you again, Sal?"

"C’mon out to the house," he yelled back, "I’ll take you there!"

I’ve always had a habit of entertaining my children’s friends at home. When Sal started acting, I often suggested he ask his friends over. After all, Sal would always make a face and say, "Aw, Mom! Why go to all that trouble?"

Today, when a director or a producer wants to talk about a script with Sal, my boy is delighted that I’m ready to entertain his guests. "It’s nice and friendly that way," he’s often remarked. "People enjoy a good, home-cooked dinner and when everybody’s treated fairly, it’s easier to talk over business. Besides, that’s the way they do it out in Hollywood."

Hollywood, again! But I’m not complaining, I’m just remarking on the influence on Sal. It’s a lot for my son—a lot of fine things. When he was younger, little incidents and unexpected setbacks used to upset him. Sal is very sensitive and it used to upset him when he had appointments like losing out in a play or someone else getting a television role he wanted. But in Hollywood, he’s found out what really counts. And the other day he said, almost in amusement, "You heard him say, ‘You can’t win all the time.’ At first, I was surprised. Then I realized my son has learned to be philosophical about show business and not allow setbacks to lower him."

Sal has learned also to be cautious. This, I feel, is too bad, but I suppose it can’t be helped. There was a time when he thought anybody and believed whatever they said.

The change came when Sal was out in Hollywood one time and had two weeks free. When he found he had no work to do, no assignments, he really began to see how other people in the business did things. Now, he’s a boy who doesn’t miss his chance. And some of the things he saw, a few times when he could see that actors were being used and pushed around by selfish producers for their own profit, really opened his eyes. "Mom, I wouldn’t want to do that me when he came home. ‘I just wouldn’t have believed that people could act that way.’"

These days, Sal knows that’s all too true, unfortunately. Certain people are constantly approaching him for selfish reasons. Sal has built up a name, and that name means money to them. And another thing. There are people who ask Sal to go on their television shows free; others want him to endorse their products; some are anxious for Sal to help them get into pictures; so, really, it’s a most marvelous fortune by signing Sal to an exclusive contract.

In order to protect himself, sometimes he’s had to become quite bitter in recent months. That was two years ago, but of course, he wasn’t famous, either. ‘The minute I find somebody wants my friendship for a business angle,’ he often told me. His brothers help Sal to see the pitfalls,
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DON'T SELL NATALIE SHORT

(continued from page 53)

only accomplished the difficult transition from child actress to top star, she has become one of the most controversial personalities in the film colony. Her numerous boy friends, her hectic "romance" with Humphrey Bogart, her extravagant behavior, her flashy cars, her minks, have brought down a deluge of criticism upon her pretty little head. "Natalie Wood," sniffed a well-known actress, "No, I don't think she'll be able to take stardom." But director Nick Ray said recently, "Don't sell this girl short. There's a lot more to her than you'll see in the beginning." "To my surprise," said Marsha Hunt, "she turned out to be utterly professional and willing to work together." "Natalie and I often spend hours together," said Elia Kazan, "and sometimes," said a close friend, "but when she's got something important to do—important to her—nothing stops her." Nothing, at least, except fear of frightening people. These three people who spoke in her favor know Natalie well. Nick Ray directed Natalie in "Rebel Without A Cause," the picture that marked her emergence from child star to professional actress. Last week, when a hush appeared with her in Warner's recent "No Sleep Till Dawn." The third girl, who prefers to remain nameless, has been one of her closest friends, with whom she has gone out in New York. All three are in agreement on one point: the question of whether or not Natalie can cope with stardom is all but academic—in the mind of Natalie Wood. "When Natalie wants something, she gets it," says Bob Wagner, one of her steady escorts. The picture that is born out by Natalie's campaign to get the part of Marjorie Morningstar. More than a year ago, when she heard that Warners' had bought the book, she went out and bought a bookkeeping course. By the time she read the description of the heroine—a small, fragile, dark-haired girl with luminous eyes—she knew she was physically and mentally fitted for the part. "I'm going to make them believe that her campaign began to roll. She had to come to New York a couple of times in the summer of 1956 to make personal appearances for two of her pictures, "The Burning Hills" and "The Girl He Left Behind." During those visits, she sometimes would vanish off the face of the earth in the afternoons. The publicity people assigned to escort her were frantic. They couldn't imagine where she was going. And when they asked her about it, she said nothing. Most of the time, Natalie actually spent the time wandering around the streets of New York's Upper West Side, the scene of Marjorie's young girlhood. She went into stores and shops, visited her own business but listening carefully to the people's speech and watching their mannerisms. Back in Hollywood, she read the book again with new understanding. Then she began to work on her own business in her conversation with friends. "Some of us," said Wagner later, "got pretty sick of it. Lay off the Marjorie bit, will you, Natalie?" "Never," said the starlet. Natalie refused to stop. "I'm going to be Marjorie," she said to friends, "wait and see." She achieved an astonishing transformation. The old gamine haircut gave way to longer curls. She acquired a New York accent. She rattled off sentences that were, in her own way, a perfectly imitative of Upper West-Sidese as Carroll Baker's Southern accent was perfect in "Baby Doll." This came as no surprise to anyone when Natalie finally picked for the part. It was no surprise to Natalie, either. "There isn't any doubt in Natalie's mind but that this part will be the one that makes her one of the greatest stars of all time," says a young man who has taken her out frequently. "The only thing that's ever bothered her about stardom is—what?" Certainly few people in Hollywood ever have appeared so bound, driven, dead-set and determined upon making a mark. "Natalie would do anything for publicity," one of her critics has remarked. So it would appear, at first glance. Last October, a columnist commented on her as follows: "HOLLYWOOD IS TALKING ABOUT: The young Natalie Wood gets into every act where she can be sure of some publicity, even posing with a California college boy 'kidnapped' by his classmates. At the moment, Natalie Wood had been on a plane bound for New York. Also aboard was a college boy who had been forced to make the trip by some of his pals as part of a fraternity initiation. At the airport, the reporters were waiting for the victim. When they spotted Natalie walking off the same plane they commandeered her. She was obliging and kissed the boy that made dangling jokes; next morning her picture was all over the New York papers. "I just happened to be there," she heat-
edly said later, "I never saw the boy before, and I haven't seen him since. I didn't 'plant' him on the plane. I didn't even know who he was or how he happened to be there until we landed at the airport and some photographers introduced us and asked me to pose with him. I was only trying to be pleasant and cooperative but the columnists made it look like the whole thing was an elaborate plot staged by me to get myself in the papers."

It would appear that Natalie is the sort of person who just seems to gravitate unintentionally toward newsworthy events. Her wide-ly renowned romance with Elvis Presley began as an honest mutual attraction between two young people. Could Natalie Help it if the wire services from coast to coast echoed with the stories? Natalie was very sincere in her friendship with Elvis. As to its publicity value to her, she dismissed it with a shrug and a "who needs it?"

"This boy," she said, "makes me feel like a little girl." Her eyes were wide, and she sighed gently as she said it. It was very effective. For a while people were convinced that Love Had Come At Last to Natalie.

Then, abruptly, the romance was no more. Elvis was out with others; so was Natalie. In Hollywood in April, she told friends she had been forced to give him up because of the publicity. She said this with a straight face, and they believed her. But probably she enjoyed the publicity while it lasted.

In April she was gadding about with Nicky Hilton, who has never been noted for his ability to keep off the front pages.

"Nicky," she said, "is sweet."

But more interesting than whether or not Nicky Hilton Will Find True Love is what makes Natalie Wood tick and whether or not she is going to find personal happiness along with artistic success and if so, how she is going to do it.

Some of the answers to these questions are supplied by a friend who has known Natalie for more than a year. "I am occasionally appalled by her behavior," he says, "and sometimes bewildered by it, but I am completely fond of her. Under that bright little face is an interesting, if immature, mind. When I first met her, I was bored. She impressed me as another mass-produced Hollywood star, brittle as a plastic toy, with the emotions of a wind-up doll. Then, after an hour or so, some of the coating began to fall away, and after two hours, I became genuinely interested in her. As a person, she shouldn't be underestimated."

For another thing, Natalie possesses notable courage and candor. She does many things for the sake of publicity. She does whatever her studio asks her to do for this reason. But she is not so overwhelmingly sold on the worth of publicity as to let false reports about her go uncorrected.

For example, one day last year, a columnist printed an item saying that Natalie had gone out to dinner with John Ireland, who at the time had just separated from his wife, Joanne Dru. The facts were that Natalie had been out for the evening with one of her regular escorts, Dennis Hopper, and another couple, and that Ireland had joined the party briefly. Natalie says, "I was furious. John Ireland! I'd never even met him until that evening. I called the writer. I told her it wasn't true. It's libelous. I said, and I genuinely thought, after about an hour. Finally, she was as angry at the man who gave her the item as I was—he was a press agent for the restaurant."

Most young actresses comport themselves in interviews as though they are walking on eggs. But Natalie is frank and she is refreshing for that reason alone.

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A young actor friend of Natalie's recalls an incident that illustrates her frankness. "Natalie was only fifteen," he said, "and we were going out on a date. I said, 'Where do you want to go?' She looked at me and said, 'Look here, I'm tired of saying where we want to go. Let's do something that'll make up our minds for us, I'm never going out with you again.'

There is another quality about her that strikes you. In contrast to some of her friends, the dominant aspect of her personality is her capability and her almost masculine will.

'This girl,' says Barbara Gould, a young actress and briefly in "The Girl Can't Help It" and who is currently working at 20th Century-Fox, 'does everything by herself. She takes charge of anything that seems to be her responsibility. When we were going to Mexico on a holiday. I dreaded it—I didn't know Natalie very well then, and I was sure all the arrangements would be up to me. I was very much relieved when she said, 'Natalie did everything. She was so efficient, I could hardly believe it. And she's like that all the time. She handles her family life herself, and that's a woman three times her age. She is so capable in any situation, it's astonishing.'

Natalie has been the major factor in the support of her family since she first became a star, she is the family's business woman, and a man of a diplomat and the financial mind of a Univac machine.

That is not quite true. Natalie is actually much more casual about her personal finances. She frequently is caught without money. At other times, she becomes extravagant, as she admits frankly. "I go on these great kicks," she said one afternoon, "like I like the idea of spending my money. I do. For a while, everything in my life was horses. I even wanted to be a veterinarian. Before that it was ballet—I was determined to be the greatest dancer in the world. Then, for a while, everything was on a pink kick. Everything in my life was pink—my clothes, the drapes and the bedspread in my room, even a whole bunch of black. You wear only that," another friend adds, "but Natalie runs that family. She is the boss. The publicity people give the impression that she is just a starry-eyed, wide-eyed teenager, but she is a genuine man. Men of a diplomat and the financial mind of a Univac machine.

That isn't quite true. Actually, Natalie was thirteen when she began going out with boys. She admits to wearing lipstick and silk stockings, but she was determined to act grown-up off the screen. Her first date—she doesn't remember the boy's name—was with a young actor. When she was told from her family house down the street to a drugstore, where they had an ice cream soda. She come to think of it, her first date was Christmas Eve, like her present dates. She still likes sodas, and seldom if ever has a drink of anything stronger. "Why drink? If I drink, I'm bound to feel bad and I'm not able to work the next day. If I work, I don't get happy—and look at the money I'll lose for the studio, not to say myself!"

This businesslike attitude is quite typical. In all business matters, she displayed a shrewdness that amazes people who have been with her when she has been caught without any walk-around money. Last Christmas, on a shopping trip, she said she was considering changing her representative and becoming the client of a new agency. She had been dissatisfied with the way her agent had been handling her. It is a chronic occupational disease that afflicts all Hollywood actors and actresses at one time or another, but it was especially important to Natalie because at the time she was on the verge of several important decisions and she wanted a sharp, shrewd bargainer working for her.

'I don't know why she thinks she needs an agent at all,' someone said. 'She's her own agent. When she's bargaining, she can be as tough as Irving Lazar." (Irving Paul Lazar is perhaps the most successful of the publicists in Hollywood, a man known for the fabulous contracts he demands from studios for his clients.)

A recent acquaintance says Natalie always-once invited him to a party. We got a surprising candor of her, she allows the truth of this statement. "I never had an allowance," she has said, "but I always got whatever I wanted. At eight, I got a small allowance, but it was no problem. Then I was going to a picture. At nine, I wanted a microscope, and I got that. Then I wanted a pogo stick, and I got that." She paused, and seemed to come up with an idea. "But," she said, "it was my money."

Still, there is a paradoxically meek side to her nature. In her relations with her parents she often seems like a typical teenager. Natalie will wait up for her to get in at night and, on a date, when the evening begins to wane, Natalie glances frequently at her watch. "I don't like to worry my mother," she says, "or make her up late."

Such times provide the only opportunities she and her mother ever get to talk. Usually Natalie is out of the house early in the morning, and her life is a very busy life. Her life is a full one. When she is not actually working on a picture, she is reading scripts or going off to interviews with directors or studying, studying, studying. And when she is not studying, she is carrying on a social life that would make the Duchess of Windsor's engagement calendar seem barren.

That hasn't been the case during the last few years, with virtually every eligible male in Hollywood, young or old, successful or aspiring, brilliant or tiresome. Her mother has not always approved of her choice of escorts. Nor has the studio. That has made little difference to Natalie, who since a tender age has been living a life that is almost exclusively her own.

Or so she would like to think. In many ways she is a rebel without a cause. She has not yet found out what satisfies and rewards her personally. In this respect she resembles millions of her contemporaries all over the world. Marsha Hunt has said, "She's terribly sure she won't 'get it all done' before she's twenty," and in that statement may lie the clue to Natalie's personality at present. She is still far from grown up; she has the same self-doubts and anxieties that bedevil all teenagers—and on top of that, she has added to these a doubt about her career, a dedication that gives her very little time for serious introspection.

'Sometimes I think I understand myself, sometimes I don't," she confided to a friend one evening. "I've been thinking of months I've been trying to find out what it is I really want—and I'm more confused than ever. It's this way—one week I hate Hollywood, the next I love life here, and the parts I play, and the people I go out with and even the palm trees and the sunshine. I think I'll die if I just get it.'

'Then something will happen—I'll get a new part, or meet a new boy, or something else nice will occur and bingo! I love Hollywood, I love the people, I even love my mother,' she added. She paused. "I don't know which side is the real side. I don't know which one is me. Sometimes I want to chuck my movie career and go and work on the New York stage. It doesn't make me any more satisfying. And yet I like the idea of being Natalie Wood, the movie star. It's really fun. I don't know if I would enjoy being a star in a part in New York.'

Natalie had been offered the part of the young girl in "The Diary of Anne Frank," but she turned it down. "I was deeply disappointed," she said. "It's a very lousy part, and I turned it down." Susan Strasberg won the role, and Natalie had been deeply disappointed (but she is hoping in the back of her mind that the film is made).

"As I see it, the main thing I have to find out now is what every young girl has to find out—what makes me happy and makes me happiest. Maybe it's what I'm doing now in pictures, maybe it's doing something else. Maybe—although I doubt it—it isn't acting at all."

"I'm restless, I'm restless, and unhappy... well, part of the time, anyhow.

Despite her inner torments, Natalie is certain of one thing. Right now, she is planning to be the best actress she can be.

On the set of "No Sleep Till Dawn" she won the respect and admiration of such seasoned performers as Karl Malden and Marlon Brando. "She's a real looker," the colossus said. "She's always letter-perfect in her lines," Marsha recalls, "and she was always on time and ready. She went through all the scenes as though she had been acting all her life—which, come to think of it, she has."

Malden said, "She's a fine young actress. I enjoyed working with her."

People have been saying that about her since she was small. The first person who said it was Irving Pichel, the director, who discovered her when she was six and had her make her first appearance in California. Actually, Natalie discovered Pichel. The director was there on location, making a movie called "Happyland" with Ann Rutherford and Don Ameche. Natalie’s mother went to watch the shooting one day and took Natalie along. While the mother was absorbed, Natalie went off by herself. "I always used to do that," she says. "I don't know why. I always made friends with strangers, on trolley cars, in department stores, elsewhere. It's a wonder I wasn't kidnapped or something."

She was only six, but she had made up her mind to get her friends to make friends with Pichel. She walked right up to him, climbed up on his knee, and began telling him a story and sang a song. Pichel was entranced. He thought she was the most adorable child he had ever seen, and told her mother so. "I will find a little part for her in the picture," he said.

Next, the director had to be led, and that night, when her father heard about it, he was even more dubious. He was not certain he wanted the child in a picture. The only one who had no doubt whatever about Natalie was Natalie. She begged and pleaded and even began to cry and kick and scream. She got her way.
group of dogs and horses modeled in clay, marbles and more marbles, three skull caps with bottle tops riveted on them and a rock collection with a sprinkling of dried lizards.

Memories are such stuff as this, and that garage incident was a reminder that time and maturity have wrought many changes for my son, George Nader, Jr. Today he is the man we visualized when we inherited the responsibilities of parenthood—meaning the care and concern that he'd have to survive when put on his own without discrediting himself. We tried to raise a gentleman. We think we did.

Until his college plans we never expected George to be an actor. I don't think he planned on it. He was more interested in writing short stories, and I still wish that at least one story could have been printed for the public. Looking back, I suppose there was an early indication that George was destined to act. I remember an incident when he was about three. We had gone on a family picnic and returned home, happy but exhausted.

His mother finally succeeded in getting George through the business of his nightly bath. But when it came time for us to hear his prayers, he was obviously bored with the same old routine and came up with a new twist. By drawing his lip back over his teeth, he created an illusion of a toothless old man and practically had me down to sleep! An act like this sprung at the end of a pretty hectic day was too much. Before we burst with laughter—we hurriedly left the room!

This last Easter, George invited sixteen members of our large family over to his new house in Sherman Oaks. During the conversation one of his aunts remarked: "It doesn't amaze me so much that George has become an actor—it amazes me that he tried to become an actor!" This started us all recalling the different children in the family and the capers they'd gotten into. George outdid them all in the childhood art of "living dangerously."

From the beginning, instead of walking he always ran. It's still a characteristic today, which accounts for his going after and getting anything he needs and wants. I recall a Sunday at his grandmother's house when dinner was announced. George was playing tag with his cousins. The playing ended abruptly when he did a sensational and unscheduled skid and nose-dived from a stair landing—smack into the very center of the dining room table! Although his mother began as the type who faints at the sight of blood, she ended up more expert at bandages than the average doctor or nurse.

Being an only child, George had to be kept busy to stay out of trouble, we realize. So we tried to give him every advantage we could afford. When we found he liked the piano, he took piano lessons, and with coaxing he will still sit down and play a duet with his mother. George took to making puppets in grammar school; he

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Next Month
TOMMY SANDS
liked chemistry in high school; so we bought him a chemistry set. Later on, when he became interested in photography, we managed a darkroom and equipment so that he could pursue this hobby to his heart's content.

If we made a promise, we always fulfilled that promise. As a result, George always knew where he stood. Parents have to be careful never to break a promise, because this mistake is heartbreaking to a child. George never had to surmount domestic problems. Our home was always open day and night for his friends, and there were snacks in the icebox and bottles of pop. We treated our son like an adult from the time he could reason. At high-school age he was given his own latchkey, so that he could come and go as he pleased. By putting him on his own, we believed he'd survive if he got into scrapes. If he did, we never knew, because he never came home running. We still wouldn't know, because George has his own quiet but forceful way of working things out. He refuses to burden or bore others with what concerns him.

It always pleases us when people comment on George's adaptability and his easy manner with everyone, including strangers. This served him well during his stretch in the Navy. For an actor especially, it's a most important asset. George has always liked to share with others. While we were glad he was growing up with what you might call "a highly developed social instinct," there were times when he carried it a bit too far.

Times like playing in a muddy creek with friends, then bringing them all into the house all dripping with mud and insisting upon them using his mother's dainty guest towels. Other times when he emptied the contents of his piggy bank to treat the neighborhood kids of all ages at the candy store. At moments like this, his mother and I were left with the vague feeling that we hadn't quite gotten the message of thrift, as such, over to him!

Although George was an actor eight years before he signed with Universal-International, he has never been driven by impatience or frustration. As a result, he's been able to keep a sane perspective, and the coordination of his maturity is beginning to pay off today. Maybe it's taken a little longer, but he can play any role within the normal limits, and be thoroughly convincing, too. George knows this, but he is not conceited. He is self-confident, and that's quite different. It's very heart-warming to witness the faith he has in his own future, and his enthusiasm about his current work in "Flood Tide" and "The Female Animal."

It's true that we've lived here for many years, but we've never had any curiosity about Hollywood. Naturally we'd be there in a flash if George needed us, but until we visited the "Joe Butterfly" set recently, we had never set foot on a sound stage or lunched in the studio commissary. I don't believe, therefore, that I am qualified to judge any actor but my own son.

But I would like, if I may, to venture an opinion. Those actors who bid for attention with unorthodox dress and defiant attitude must be devoid of humor. We've always tried to have a sense of humor about life and look on the positive side of things. Both my wife and I feel that dwelling on gloom, misfortune or past unhappiness is merely time wasted. Throughout the years I've been happy to see that George thinks along these lines, and I know it's saved him from much unnecessary anguish. With the many pressures of his career, it helps to be able to look on the bright side.

There was a time, for example, when my wife was to have a very serious operation. George was living at the beach, a spot where he developed his love for swimming, which was the chief means of building up his muscular body. He was extremely tanned and bleached to a towhead by the sun and salt water. In his haste to get to the hospital, he didn't stop to shave, he wore faded dungarees and a red and orange striped beach shirt. His mother made mild comment.

The second morning following the operation, George appeared at the hospital impeccably dressed in his new tuxedo. He held a bunch of flowers under one arm and a box of candy under the other. At sight of him his mother's near hysterical daughter made the nurse throw him out immediately. When she was out of danger and a little stronger, my wife said to me: "That visit from George was better than any medicine. His wonderful humor made me feel that all was right with the world again."

I could recite endless incidents when George chose to apply humor instead of rancor. Although we were far from rich, it wasn't necessary for George to work his way through college. We saved for that. But my theory was that he should work for extras, like his first car when he was a freshman at Occidental. He clerked in a grocery store to pay for it. Then there was that time he got a job at Bullock's, to earn money for Christmas presents.

There were and are two things that bore George. Mathematics—and wearing hats. From the beginning he almost refused to learn anything about Math, and, like most young students, George never thought he'd be caught dead in a hat. Bullock's regulations insisted that all sales persons wear head gear. With his God-given aptitude for accepting that which cannot be changed, George wore a very formal-looking Homburg—which was a couple of sizes too small for him! With a twinkle in his eyes, he would gravely place it on top of his head just before entering and leaving the store.

Generally speaking, George may give the impression of a passive person, but he's capable of kicking up a storm after weighing the issue against the results and deciding whether a fight would be worthwhile. After he had enlisted in the Navy, he tried to get him to graduate from college. Then they gave him another year of communications training at Harvard and he went right into active service from there. I never heard him complain, because it was his duty and expected of him. George has retained this same direct and realistic approach to anything he undertakes.

Naturally we would like to see George surrounded by his own family. The reasons are obvious. Besides, while he can do almost anything, he can't darn socks! Seriously, however, I wish one of his fathers could give him a son! I know he can be a son, I know he'll marry the right person at the right time. He'll make a wonderful husband, too. Love of home is instilled in him deep. Simple things like good old-fashioned "sings" appeal to him; he enjoys canned soup as much as pheasant under glass; and his sense of responsibility will extend to his family.

The first time I saw George in a picture, he was with Jeanne Crain in "Take Care of My Little Girl." If anyone expected me to rave, they were mistaken. George didn't seem to have "It" to rave about, but I am indeed proud of what I see in the screen today. You know, when he became an actor, George said he was going to be a star. I was fine with me, except I wasn't about to change mine! So I had to learn the hard way not to say, "This is George Nader" in making business calls. It always started a chain reaction.

I remember particularly well one incident of this kind that happened when I had a business appointment with a man at his home one day. When I walked into the living room, his teen-age daughter was standing at the phonograph, going over her record collection.

I said, "Hello, I'm George Nader." Her head shot up, and she covered the distance between me and the phonograph in one bound, face flushed, eyes gleaming eagerly. Then she stopped short, looked me over, and dropped with a sigh.

"You must be mistaken," she sighed disappointedly. "George Nader is a movie star!"

"I'm aware of that," I answered. "Our names happen to be alike."

"Oh," she said. "Please sit down. My father will be here in a minute." And with that, she shut back to her records.

"By the way," I asked casually, "how do you like the actor, George Nader?"

She straightened up, and rolled her eyes toward the corner. The distant faraway look came over her face. For a moment, I wasn't quite sure whether she'd heard me, or this was an entranced state caused by the latest calypso record.

Then she sighed deeply and breathed softly, "He's the most!"

George's old man got a great kick out of that, I can tell you.
clicked, the bulb flashed—and Tony lashed out with a powerful kick that sent the camera flying. The fracas that ensued included the police and Tony was taken to the police station.

He was charged with battery, and pleaded guilty. Two other charges, of malice and mischief, but no damage or money were dropped. Up for sentencing, Tony confronted with his past record—a conviction for petty theft and two drunk arrests. He burst out:

"Your honor," he sobbed, "I don't know if robbery is the right word. Maybe you won't believe it in this day and age, but I was hungry... I took a shining match from a theater in San Francisco where I worked... I wanted to hock it and get some money. It was Christmas time... I had the idea of some day returning it, but I got caught.

The judge delayed sentencing. "I had intended to grant summary probation in this case," he said. However, his face was suffused with a look of remorse as he turned to the defendant, "But I find you entirely different light on matters."

For Anthony Franciosa this statement did, indeed, put a different light on matters. At the same time as the case was in court, he was being hailed as the greatest acting find in years, and an electrifying new personality, as a result of his work in a very difficult role in "20th's "A Hatful of Rain." The Philadelphia Inquirer, in its review of the film, said:

"The establishment, at last, is accepting the fact that the American theater is not a one-man band. The leading man, in this instance, is a man named Anthony Franciosa. This is his first big role, and clearly his first big success."

Now his triumph had a bitter taste, as a result of outbursts, past and present, that he was unable to control. Why? What was the problem? Perhaps it was the moment the epiphany of charm, in the next an immensely talented, serious, actor, and in the next, the person one of his closest friends sums up in the phrase, "Wild, wild, wild." At first meeting, Tony Franciosa doesn't strike you as being an explosive, or even a highly colorful personality. His approach is direct and intimate, buttered with warm Italian smiles. Yet just beneath the surface lies that inner disturbance that may break out in tearing up a telephone book—attacking the telephone booth behind this side of Tony can be found some hidden fears and guilt that cause him to lash out at a world that has been very kind to him, a world that is very hard to understand. Perhaps this is the clash of a very gifted, too-sensitive individual against the harsh reality of that world. He is a man searching to find himself, and, in the past, that search has not been easy.

Tony, whose real name is Anthony Papaleo, was brought up in New York's 22nd Street. He is the son of the city's many little neighborhoods. Like all people who came from Italy, Tony's family left it physically, but not spiritually. They brought the tradition and culture with them and they instilled that way of life in the hearts of their American-born children.

He was raised by his mother and two aunts, in the friendly seven-room apartment in the three-story building where he was born. An uncle and his grandparents shared the apartment, and there was always plenty of life and laughter in the Franciosa household, much laughter, sometimes tears which all shared. Often his mother's sister lived across the street and Tony, with her seven daughters. In fact, for what Tony calls "A Franciosa Feast." The neighborhood was tough enough to teach Tony that he had to be able to defend himself, often with his fists. Many times, he had to take care of the older kids for stepping out of line. He always promised himself to get back at them. But such experiences left no bitterness.

Tony grew up in New York City, and "In a way, I was a little too old, you know," he says. "As I look back on it, I think I constantly laughed and had a good time and really enjoyed myself. Actually, one of my big problems in school was that I'd usually be hit by my teacher for being devilish. "What did I do?" I'd say, "I didn't do anything. I was just having a good time," I'd say. He still honestly believes that the man's most valuable virtue is the ability to have a good time.

With his highly developed flair for enjoying life, there was little room for NZ school studies. Except for basketball and the acting, he was never enthusiastic about school, to put it mildly.

When he finally emerged from the galling confines of the halls of learning, he went to acting school, and there he met a colorful animal energy with no place to go. Until then, his most exciting excursion into the great world outside East Harlem had been a visit to Times Square at the age of thirteen. So he made a beeline for the Great White Way and all its glory.

It didn't turn out to be very glorious. As a June playwriting student in the environs as messenger boy and dishwasher, he turned to more lucrative—but just as irksome—jobs as an awning installer, printer's "devel," and welder. He was a typical case of the man who expected to see the world, as a steward on the S.S. President Cleveland. But alas, a steward's life was not what it was cracked up to be. He saw top of the world, Italy, the Philippines, Japan and China through a dirty porthole.

In New York, restless and at loose ends, Tony found himself in the theater quite by accident. One night he joined a friend who was going to investigate the possibilities of getting a part in a YWCA play that was being produced. While at the auditions, an agent saw him and talked him into taking a part in the play.

For the first time in his life, a strange feeling of inadequacy began to set in during the first reading. He noticed the acting was not what it was cracked up to be. He saw the world, but the world didn't see Tony. From then on, Tony went to the theater alone. It was a special thing, going to see a play, and he didn't want anyone to break the spell for him. He was a solitary actor in his own right.

When he went to the theater, he walked for three hours before going home, thinking about the greatness and just being Tony. He had just witnessed. The theater did something to Tony that nothing else could do, and it frightened him a little.

He brought the truth to the country with them and they instilled that way of life in the hearts of their American-born children.

The west coast is where he met his wife. They went on to Los Angeles together, and there they opened a school for acting. They worked for many years together, and it was then that he decided he wanted to be in the theater full time, and that he wanted to be an actor.

Tony Franciosa has been acting ever since that time, and he has been successful. He has won many awards for his work, and he has been nominated for several Academy Awards and Golden Globe Awards.

He is a man who has been very successful in the theater, and he is very proud of his work.

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of education, he set about to educate himself. Almost overnight he changed from Good Time Tony to Anthony Franciosa, Dedicated Actor. And his new life kicked him off the world for a time, becoming a recluse.

The Franciosa high spirits never waned, but he acquired a new sort of seriousness that for him was not at all suitable. As he learned more about life and the world in which he was living, his personality began to change. Gradually he began to understand some of that power and excitement he had experienced going to see great plays with great artists. Inside him, emotional forces he had never tapped were being unleashed, and he found himself living more intensely than ever before.

Now, Tony had always had a very appreciative eye for any shapely member of the opposite sex. From the first awakenings of his manhood, girls had become his favorite hobby. Other than eating spaghetti, dancing and sleeping, there wasn't anything Tony enjoyed more than girls.

His joy knew no bounds when he discovered that a life in the theater brought with it plenty of contact with especially pretty girls, a delight which he pursued with the unbridled fervor of a kid let loose in a candy shop. In no time, he gained himself quite a reputation among his friends as a lady-killer.

But Shelley, the exotic New York bistro called the Port Said, Tony's bravado with women was put to the test. One of the club's sensuous “belly dancers” was performing. As is the custom, the dancer began to flaunt her act before Tony, more to irritate his date than to entice him, most likely. But Tony, the unabashed lady-killer, was so embarrassed by the incident that he flushed to the tips of his ears.

“Let's get out of here,” he muttered, bolting up from his seat.

“Sh! Everybody’s looking at you!” his date hissed, tugging at his sleeve. But it was all she could do to keep him from running out of the place.

After a stint with the New York Repertory Theater, Tony left the city to join the Players group at Lake Tahoe, California. There, in the wild country and freedom of the lush California mountains, Tony stretched his cramped limbs and prepared to work hard and, as always, enjoy himself.

And, to be sure, among the players in the group that summer there was a sweet, reversed, gentle young girl named Beatrice Bakalyar. She was from the mid-West. She was strongly attracted to Tony Franciosa, and vice versa.

Beatrice was not the kind of girl one chased around dressing rooms, so Tony wooed her tenderly. It was a very young love, possibly the first real love for both of them, and it was the most important love each had ever known. That they were from widely divergent backgrounds and of enormously different temperaments never occurred to them. And they were married.

The first months were everything they had hoped for. But, back in New York, the endless demands of an actor's life began giving at their serenity.

Tony passed auditions at the Actors Studio and began to study with new fervor. He snared several parts in off-Broadway shows and, in general, life was too crammed with progress and study to devote too much time and attention to marital adjustments.

A strong need developed within him: the need to share the intensity of his dedication to the theater as a way of life. Unfortunately, he began to feel that he could no longer find fulfillment for that need within Beatrice. For her part, Beatrice was not prepared for the double adjustment—first, to an entirely new life in the strange big city; second, to a man who was rapidly changing from the carefree actor she had known in a summer stock company into an intense creative artist with whom she was finding it more and more difficult to communicate. The inevitable happened: they separated.

For a while, Tony suffered overwhelming guilt. Perhaps it had been entirely his inadequacy. Perhaps he could have done more to make the marriage work out. But soon, with a heavy dose of work and the distraction of pretty faces around him, he immersed himself in his career again.

Several of the actors at the Studio had been working on scenes from an unproduced play called "End As A Man," which has since been brought to the screen as "The Strange One." A young producer, Claire Heller, decided to present the play off-Broadway, and set about casting it from the people at the Studio. For her lead she chose the intense young Ben Gazzara for the secondary lead she chose William Smithers; and among the supporting players she cast Tony Franciosa in a choice part.

When the actors were called back to work after the first break during rehearsal, Tony was missing.

"Where's Franciosa?" the director demanded. Shouts of his name brought no response, not even the sound of the theater. No Tony. Finally, somebody spotted him, right on the stage, curled up on one of the handy bunks used in the military school set, snoozing blissfully. Thereafter, whenever Tony was wanted for a scene, somebody went and pried him off the bunk. Tony still sees nothing unusual about this.

In spite of Tony's stumbles, the show was so successful that Miss Heller decided to move it to a Broadway house. There, critics gave them full approval and the cast sold out for an entire run. When Bill Smithers left the cast to fulfill another commitment, Tony stepped into his role, Marquales, the second lead. Tony was so impressed with the boy that his conscience, with the producers of another play about to be done on Broadway, "Wedding Breakfast," snatched him for the role of the romantic lover. The romantic lover was right up Tony's alley.

With two Broadway credits under his belt, Tony Franciosa was on his way to becoming a star.

But, unknown to him, there was another force working in his life. Miss Shelley Winters had seen "Wedding Breakfast" and had been so impressed by the production that she had offered the boy a role in "Barefoot in the Park." "I want to do a package of that show in summer stock," she said. The arrangements were made, and that summer Miss Shelley Winters starred in the production of "Wedding Breakfast" with an exciting young actor named Anthony Franciosa.

Shelley soon found out what all his friends have learned: it's impossible to resist this fellow who's as natural and friendly as a big St. Bernard.

Shortly after they met, they spent an evening together. Shelley offered to drive Tony home in her car. But, always the perfect gentleman and, even more, the Men, Tony instructed her to move over. "I'll do the driving," he assured her masterfully, and Shelley dutifully obeyed.

After several blocks in which Tony practically ran the car onto the sidewalks, came within inches of hapless pedestrians, and petrified Miss Winters, she shouted for him to pull to the curb and stop.

"What's the matter with you?" Shelley demanded, her voice quaking with fear. "What are you trying to do, kill us both?"

Tony smiled with the innocence of a little boy out to make a big impression and admitted bashfully, "I've never driven a car before.

It was no time for reproaches or anger. What could she do but promise to give him driving lessons? Secretly, of course. Gradually, as love blossomed in the emptiness for Tony. His long, lonely nights grew shorter, as they began to spend more time together. Less and less Tony would frequent the dance halls and ballrooms, where he would go to dance with some girl who didn't know and didn't care what was troubling him. Now, there was Shelley to care.

It has been said that Shelley Winters "discovered" Tony Franciosa. Actually, the situation was slightly reversed. When Michael Gazzo's startling new play, "A Hatful of Rain," was set for production on Broadway, Tony was signed for the part of Polo, the faithful and helpless brother of a dope addict who, through his very love and the creation of brother, was contributing to his destruction. When he got the good news, Tony realized that this would be the part of his career, this last would be the perfect showcase for his talents. Immediately he rushed the news to the one person who would understand what that meant to him, the one person with whom he could share his happiness—Shelley.

Shelley read the script and decided she would like to do the small role of the brother's wife in the play. Tony pointed out that it was not material and that she would be foolish for taking it. But, Shelley was determined that he dis-
cuss it with the producer and the author.

Tony took the idea to the men who made the decisions. As soon as Shelley was signed to a contract, the show's back-up doubled. Although he was highly regarded with great praise for her performance and very for Tony. Because of a script Terry brought her, Shelley Winters was a star on Broadway.

Not long after that Tony got a call from Elia Kazan for a strong role in his production of 'A Face in the Crowd.' No sooner that Tony finished that, when he was cast in the lead role in MGM's 'This Could Be the Night.' When 20th Century-Fox decided to make 'A Hatful of Rain,' they bargained for Tony to recreate his character in the film version of the play. Almost before the picture was completed it was agreed that Hollywood that Tony Franciosa was sure to be a strong contender in next year's Oscar race.

Despite his recent brush with the law, the whole Tony enjoyed himself since coming to Hollywood. Unlike the sulking, introverted actors that pop up at parties and night clubs, it is Tony's aim to do everything he has done before, and as a matter of fact, he finds parties quite enjoyable. Partly because he enjoys to dance with pretty girls, eat delicious food to his heart's content, and sleep as long as possible the next day.

But, when he analyses, "Hollywood is pretty much like I thought it would be, especially as far as movie making is concerned. I like it, but I think a lot of time and concentration is put on the wrong things. Too much time is spent on the technical aspects of movie making, instead of spending more time with the actor." But then, he always was a typical legitimate stage actor.

Maybe it is the old feeling of inadequacy, or merely an insecurity about his career, but whatever it is, there is still a doubt in him that his friends have always known.

One day, he had spent many grueling hours in rehearsal for an NBC tele cast. He was exhausted and irritable, when a group of fans stopped him playfully. Instantly, he was all smiles and warmth, as he signed autographs and answered the questions for over a half-hour. He said, "I just can't get over the fact that people recognize me and want my autograph.," after, perhaps from the same self-doubts, perhaps from the torment of some inner struggle of Tony Franciosa versus the world that he has yet to resolve, the uncontrollable, violent temper is his still.

His love for Shelley was perfect. On the contrary, their romance has been marked by one tempestuous scene after another.

When Tony first went out with Shelley, he found it hard to adjust to her strong independence. One night, after she had walked out on a date with him because of a disagreement and overcame them to a restaurant, a girl he knew slightly, grabbed her arm and pulled her out of the restaurant, and shoved her into a cab. The cab driver was a man with a world. Tony directed the driver to the club which was his last stop of the night where he and Shelley were to have dinner with friends. The moment they arrived, his ugly mood evaporated. He became the most courteous hostess that girl had ever seen. All went well, until Shelley called him at the club. In a few minutes, he whisked the girl out of the club and deposited her at her home before the evening had barely begun.

It seemed that as the romance heightened, Tony's tantrums became more violent. In many of the scenes from 'A Hatful of Rain,' he can be seen wearing a wrist strap on his right arm. It would seem explainable, since he plays the part of a man who has a job as boxer in a rough bar. In truth, however, that wrist strap was not needed, and Tony's temper flared dangerously a few days before filming was to get under way.

After another disturbing phone conversation with Shelley, in which they reputedly had another slight disagreement, Tony's anger started to rise. For a few minutes he smoldered and boiled inside. As he walked past the San Moritz Hotel on Park South, he exploded. He bashed his fist through a large window of the hotel, severing an artery in his wrist. He would have been in serious danger from loss of blood had it not been for a window washer who was nearby and who quickly applied a tourniquet.

The severe wound had not healed by the time filming was to start on 'Hattie,' so the wrist strap was devised to disguise the bandages and scar.

"The world is still a mystery to me," considered Tony recently. Whenever trying to figure something out, someone might describe me as moody. I don't feel moody, but I think I'm inclined to be profane more often than I should."

Although his preoccupations might appear slightly violent, as preoccupations go, Tony is right about the moodiness. His temper is unbridled, and rarely does he slip into long or serious fits of depression, or moods of any duration. Once he has it off his chest, he seems better for it and back to his charming self quickly.

His marriage to Shelley was quiet and dignified, with no Hollywood hoopla. Using their real names, Anthony Papaleo and Shirley Schrift, they were married by a Justice of the Peace at Carson City, Nevada, and no one recognized them. Shelley wore a simple white lace dress, with a blue scarf and white accessories. Tony had her wedding ring specially made — in the shape of a wishbone, in diamonds and platinum, to match a gold wishbone ring he wears on the little finger of his left hand.

"We'll go to Acapulco for a two weeks honeymoon after I finish 'Obsession,'" Tony said. "We'll rent a house for a while, but absolutely nothing. I'm not sure whether we'll live in California or New York."

Even to their closest friends, Tony Franciosa and Shelley Tony's relationship seemed like an unusual pair. But, strangely enough, they are very much alike. Their romance was bumpy, and there is no reason to suspect that it will change just because they are married. But nevertheless, they can't help feeling they are so much in love and need each other so badly that they will never part.

As one friend put it, "Maybe, behind all the noise, they've got something to envy."

Will this new life with Shelley help him to bury the bitter memories of the past, and overcome his exploding in the future? It's doubtful. Many of his problems are not so easily resolved. Whenever it is that spurs him to violent and compulsive acts, whatever brings out the warmth and charm of his personality to him, these forces are inherent in his basic nature. They cannot be changed overnight. Only years of adjustment may make a difference.

But there is one thing that will go a long way to giving him the peace and security he needs so badly: the knowledge that out of all the inner torment and strife he has emerged as a fine creative artist that, above all else, he truly wants to be. No matter what troubles in the past or in the future, nothing can ever take that away from him.

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item catalogue.
were called "office poison" and bluntly invited to leave. How could these stars weather the storms that have permanently floundered many a new actress?

Sam Goldwyn lavished all the wizardry at his command on Anna Sten, but the public wasn't buying. Luise Rainer collected two Oscars for her second and third film roles, became the talk of Hollywood, and shortly thereafter disappeared from the scene. Today it's doubtful if most moviegoers know who she was.

On the other hand, the public did know who Katharine Hepburn was, and the public lusted to see her. Paramount's publicity department had labeled Hepburn a "box office poison" and RKO barely bothered to conceal its displeasure. Having flopped on Broadway and flopped in Hollywood, Hepburn's most expensive production (at a total cost of $220,000) went and returned to Connecticut to think things over. Down to the Hepburn home came playwright Philip Barry to talk about Kate's lasting friendships, their original association had been a good omen. Having been given the ax during the tryout of a previous Barry play, Kate had gotten him the chance to write for her own company. Barry was in tears, saying he'd be "glad to see any man with your vicious disposition possibly play light comedy! I'm glad they threw you out!"

Hepburn decided on a play that he thought might be right for her. As Barry outlined the plot, Kate became enthusiastic, and in the eventual writing, he tailored the role to her measurements. With script in hand, Hepburn is said to have said, "Why should I buy my clothes? Nobody with your vicious disposition could possibly play light comedy! I'm glad they threw you out!"

Hepburn's next film co-starred her with Spencer Tracy. "You're a hit shorter than my usual leading men, Mr. Tracy," was the Hepburn appraisal at their first meeting. "Don't look so hurt, Kate. I only said I didn't think the cool reply. "I'll soon cut you down to my size." Needless to say, they've been staunch friends ever since, did their eighth co-starring stint in 20th Century-Fox's "Wuthering Heights." As far as Kate is concerned, phony glamour can still climb a tree and publicity is still something to be avoided at all costs. In the circumstance, she is still no great picnic to work with. But this is Hepburn. And she is still most adept at playing proud and unyielding women suffering agonies of circumstance. "The Rainmaker" were two recent examples, and boxoffices the country over played a merry tune. As far as the public is concerned, no one is about to hollow out the music! for a good many years to come.

Like Kate, Susan Hayward has a strong career drive. But in a town where lavish budgets and quality equipment, Susan's really has stood out. Born Edythe Marriner, a native of Brooklyn, she had enjoyed some success as an "model" before being summoned to Hollywood by Samuel Goldwyn. Her part was for a search for a Scarlett O'Hara. As an eventual reject for the great "Gone with the Wind" part, she was in the same company as Norma Shearer, Poulette Goddard, Miriam Hopkins, Joan Bennett, Jean Arthur, Bette Davis and a slew of others. Which was just dandy—except that they all had careers and she didn't. Broken and deserted, she was on the point of leaving Hollywood when Warners offered her a role in "The Kentuckian," and Barbara Stanwyck, cast at the same time, had a small feminine role in Paramount's otherwise all-male "Beau Geste." How she handled it was a vivid indication of things to come.

The great day of shooting arrived. This was the golden moment she'd prayed for. "Roll 'em," ordered director William A. Wellman, and Susan proceeded to give a performance that astonished Wellman. "Ye gods!" he exclaimed, thunderstruck. "They've sprung a red-headed Bette Davis on me!" A long-term Paramount contract followed, and soon after Susan sat around on her hands and was advised to "be patient." What happened next has two versions.

According to one, she was out on a tub-thumping kick for so-called upcoming Paramount product. It was an exhibitor's convention, and Susan had just spoken her pretty little piece and sat down. With a tinkle of the microphone, the genial Next-Next Srajanosky, under a microphone in the audience, called "Susan" and wondered something about "why we don't see this pretty girl in more pictures." That was as far as he got. Susan rose to her feet and half flung down the gauntlet. "Perhaps," she challenged, fixing an unwavering eye on the studio representative, "you'd like to see me in more pictures!" The other version has Susan grabbing the mike and launching into a hard sell for herself and the case, things began to happen after that.

She was loaned to Columbia for "Adam Had Four Sons," in which she made something of a sensation as a lusty wench. Later, Susan signed on to her old stand-by, Paramount, in a succession of pictures. Some of them were fair to good: most of them were fair to awful. Perceiving the fine talent that was slowly developing, Walter Wanger placed her under personal contract. As a lady luscious in "Smash-Up—The Story of a Woman," she hit the big time. It brought her the first of four Oscar nominations—"For the Third Time," "With a Song in My Heart," which also won a Photoplay Gold Medal award, and "I'll Cry Tomorrow". Shortly thereafter, she and Paramount—"You're Company—" signed her at a fantastic figure to a seven-year no-option contract.

At that point, she had definitely arrived—now she could afford to relax that there were no marituals, that anything at all got more intense. There was a stormy Brooklyn upbringing for one thing. And all those turkeys she had struggled through in the first place. "It's all happened again. Other memories ranked. During the making of one film, she was supposed to be knitting. The star of the picture shot a suspicious glance at Susan's knitting needle. "What is she doing with those things?" demanded Miss Big Shot. "Knitting," was the reply. "Not in my scene she isn't! And she didn't knit."

Other times when good Hayward foot- age wound up on the cutting room floor, because it made Gloria Gorgeous look sick by comparison—that wasn't going to happen. And now a series of good pictures took her to the top, Susan began jealously guarding her career as if there were no tomorrow. Interminable marital explosions didn't help either. Her behavior completely baffled one co-star, whom we'll call Joe Smith. "One day it's 'Hiya, Joe'—the next day it's 'Mr. Smith.'"
I can't figure that Hayward girl out.

As each time she went up for an Academy Award, and failed, rumors of her unpopularity in Hollywood grew stronger.

Then, what little personal happiness was left blew up, in one of the messiest, most relentlessly resistless comedies, that ever saw. Lurid, ugly details were laced out in a never-ending procession of stories. "Serves her right," chortled a body of connoisseurs. When she felt the stinging lash of the Hayward tongue. She had few defenders, and when another affair landed her on the front pages, it must have seemed as if her whole world was at its nadir, for the depths of despair at which she had arrived, and shocked all Hollywood. Finally, mercifully, everyone shut up.

Then "I'll Cry Tomorrow" was released. She didn't win an Oscar, but there were other awards, which hailed her, and rightfully so, for the big the the, as a top-flight actress. The Cannes International Film Festival gave her its annual prize as the world's best actress. And the public signified its emphatic approval by making "I'll Cry Tomorrow" the all-time favorite, a flicker to gross over four million dollars.

Since then there's been the so-so "Top Secret Affair," remarriage, and a subsequent divorce, hardly the sort of things one would expect her to do. She's still young, an actress in top form whose best years may lie ahead. With so much unpleasantness behind her, she may choose to sit it out awhile before making her next move. Or something might retire permanently. The decision, quite naturally, is hers.

Although innumerable people have pointed out the many colorful and joyous products of a career—not ends in themselves—hundreds of youngsters still throng to Hollywood with starry visions of their names in lights uppermost in their minds. To some people, swimming pools, mink, dazzling premieres and the like are still synonymous with a movie career. They have apparently never heard of Spencer Tracy.

After a sensational stage success in "The Last Mile," Fox brought him to Hollywood, launched him in a torrent of "B" pictures. Eventually his work held the promise of better things to come.

Three years after he arrived, however, everything went haywire. A devout Catholic and a married man with two children, he was sunk to the very deep end. Possibly discouraged by a career that was going nowhere, he "went Hollywood" with a vengeance—extra-marital flings, the Bad Boy of Hollywood, they called him. Unruly and sullen, he would disappear for days at a time. These things are mentioned because 1) when Photoplay published the story of Spencer's downfall, he cast did not arise as one, Spencer won new laurels as the kindly priest in Metro's "San Francisco." He had hesitated to play that part.

"I'm a Believer," he says. "But I don't know the thing that happened not long ago. I wouldn't have the courage to play a priest," he told director "Woody" Van Dyke. "I'll make you mad, Woody," Van Dyke's reply. And he did. With "San Francisco," Spencer hit the top, and two Academy Awards in the next two years for "Captains Courageous" and "Boys Town" (as Father Flanagan)—clinch it.

Film favorites being human, the saying "Into each life some rain must fall" applies to them as well as to anyone else. Some of them have had veritable floods—but it's never stopped them. They all possess the ability to pick themselves up off the sand and get going again with a minimum of self-pity. Two tenacious examples are Ingrid Bergman and Joan Crawford.

Older than fifty-six will go down as the year of the grand reconciliation—the year that Ingrid Bergman and an adoring, still-loyal American public finally got together again. That second Academy Award voted her last March added the final touch. She had emerged triumphant from a scandal of truly international proportions.

For many years, to people everywhere, the depth of her artistry spoke more eloquently than words. Then came scandal—and disgrace.

"I'll bet me on a pedesal—they thought I was a saint," she wept pleadingly. "I'm not a saint; I'm just a human being." But as America's uncrowned royals, film stars had certain obligations. And one of those obligations was to set an example. Fortunately, but there it was.

Nod did the affair end in one screaming blast of headlines. It was to drag on, with infinite monotony, for several long years. Other stars had been involved in ugly scandals, had either perished in the angry fires of public condemnation or been forgotten. But Ingrid's career was not more at risk than her. She was not so much as the baffled hurt of a love that had somehow gone wrong. To those who condemned, that hurt ran deep. But they still loved her.

A constant flow of newspaper and magazine articles, plus numerous items in the columns, never let the matter rest. Once it threatened to reach the U.S. Senate. Last summer, Ed Sullivan was caught in a withering crossfire of controversy about it which, to judge from repeated statements, upset him more than his near-fatal automobile accident. In January, Ingrid decided to call a showdown.

The New York Film Critics had awarded her their annual prize for her performance in "Anastasia." She had chosen to accept it in New York—thus ending a seven-year, self-imposed exile. "They will probably have some questions to ask," she commented upon boarding an interval plane to Paris, "but I know they will have the answers." Flying over the Atlantic, what must she have been thinking as she prepared to open this new chapter in her life?

Thinking perhaps of another trans-Atlantic trip, when she had first been brought to America from her native Sweden by David O. Selznick, star-maker supreme. She had entered the film industry from her debut in "Intermezzo" through "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "For Whom the Bell Tolls," "Casanova," "Spellbound," "La Donna Menzogne," "GPossessed"—all to the deepest satisfaction of her fans and the whole world. Helen had her Oscar, but all her portrayals were equally vibrant.

Then she left Selznick, and her career began to slide downhill. Inferior material, the studio, the bad scenes, she was cast as a nor as a wait. And in "Two Breaks," won awards as Joan of Arc. The film version—a ponderous, ponderous affair—was chiefly distinguished by her interpretation of the role. A deep and dissatisfied in Hollywood, Ingrid looked to Europe where the new realism was all the rage in films. That, she told herself, was the only way to try. Eventually, she got her chance.

Now it was seven years later, and the plane was landing in New York. Ingrid walked down the ramp to be greeted by a wave of joyous affection she had not expected. She was back.
known even at the height of her previous popularity. After all the bitter words, the pros and cons, rationalizations and sizzles, the public's opinion behavior was finally recognized for something it has always been—a private matter of conscience.

Joan Crawford, both personally and professionally, is more than once picked herself up off the mat and kept going. "The Movie Star de Luxe, the rags-to-riches Cinderella, the Lady Bountiful gowns," the columnist once wrote of her, "I have always felt that the greatest performance of Crawford's career is Joan Crawford. It is true that with her tremendous consciousness of the responsibilities and obligations of film fame, Joan has maintained a glamour facade perhaps unexcelled by any other star. But there is much more to the Crawford story than they were not alone.

Joan Crawford is truly one of the genuine marvels of show business—and not simply because her career is now in its thirty-first year. Fay Wray has commanded such a large and loyal following on the basis of such inferior material. Of the seventy-two films she has made, only a small percentage have been unmitigated failures.

When success came in "Our Dancing Daughters," she personally answered every fan letter, stamped and mailed them all herself. Further, she gave up Hollywood and enviros snapping pictures of marqueses on which her name twinkled brightly.

The Thirties brought film appearances opposite Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Franchot Tone—Joan's first and second husbands. Both marriages ended in heartbreak and divorce. There were also eight co-starring roles with Clark Gable, and some tart critical opinions that she was nothing but a glamorous clotheshorse. The 1938 article on "box office poison" listed Joan, along with Katharine Hepburn and others. Ironic is it that some of her best work—in "The Women," "Susan and God" and "A Woman's Face"—was done after that.

But the handwriting was plainly on the wall. In 1943, having joined Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer only a year after its formation, she left at the termination of her contract. "I left by the back gate," she remembered. "I loved M-G-M—it was home. But I longed for challenging parts and I wasn't getting them. There were top executives who thought me all washed up.

Warner Brothers signed her for two pictures, shaved her former salary by two-thirds, and gave her a bit in their all-star "Hollywood Canteen." After reading and rejecting dozens of scripts, she voluntarily went off salary. Then producer Jerry Wald came up with "Mildred Pierce"—James M. Cain's intense novel of motherhood—her roles which had thought might be right for her. Michael Curtiz was assigned to direct, and his account of the association, in the Curtiz tradition of fractured English, remains a classic.

"She was the underdog; she was downbeaten. A famous ex-star trying to fight her way back. When I start working with her, she has terrific mannerisms, thick lip rouge, big shoulder pads, and eyeshadow so thick you can't see her eye. I tell her throw away everything you have brought from other studios all these years. Even throw away the dress you wore Gable Down to Earth. She listen, she do it. Only a talented and honest actress would have listen to me." 

She listened—and got an Oscar. The fifteen films she has made since have followed a similar pattern. "Possessed" was a triumph; "Humoresque" and "Sudden Fear" were solid hits; the others were mainly average or inferior, and a few are best forgotten. Soon she will be seen opposite Rossano Brazzi in Columbia's "Golden Virgin"—a property which other top actresses eyed before Joan snagged it for hers.

None of the indestructibles achieved overnight stardom—if indeed such a thing really exists. All served rigorous apprenticeships which perhaps explains why, after having won their spurs, they fought a little harder than to most hang on to them. No better example can be found than John Wayne.

In 1940, Howard D. Morrison was John Wayne's name until ace action director Raoul Walsh spotted him on the old Fox Studios lot. He had served two seasons there in the prop department, and worked under John Ford on a couple of films—an association that was later to come in handy. At this particular time, 1930, Walsh was casting an outdoor epic entitled "The Big Trail." The director took one look at Morrison's impressive six-foot-four two hundred pound frame, plus his shaggy locks (he had intended to get a haircut that evening) and promptly cast him in the leading role.

But out went the glad news—another unknown given the chance of a lifetime. Re- 

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dubbed John Wayne, clad in western duds with a ten-gallon hat, and with hair still creeping down over his collar, he was seen electrolytically shaking up the press, prom- pub- licize the picture. John said "shucks" and "beggin' yer pardon, ma'am" in all the right places and the newspapers gave him plenty of space. Another unknown had not got into prominence—a new star had been born. Only that's not quite the way it worked out. He made two more films, in one of which the boys' basketball team was shown playing some center court for a snappy grand finale. Less than a year later, under the headline "Ex-Prop's Flash Fades," Variety printed the sad news. Fox had dropped its option on his services.

What next followed were so many quickie westerns at various studios it's almost impossible to get an accurate count over the thirty years. As he remarked that he sometimes felt as if he were "sleeping in the saddle," John Ford came to the rescue with "Stagecoach." He had a hero of his own—Joan Crawford, whom he thought he could make the hero of a western, and Crawford would play the hero, Ringo Kid, and proceeded to sell this notion to his dubious producer, Walter Wanger. Wanger agreed to make a test, and when the results were shown, got even more enthusiastic than Ford.

When "Stagecoach" was released in 1939, everyone got enthusiastic. "A new personality of the screen has been heralded several side-awake reviewers across the country. There was another well-received picture with Ford—"The Long Voyage Home." Then the Hollywood leading ladies began the "everybody gets Joan Wayne" era. There were three appearances opposite Marlene Dietrich; subsequent films cast him with Joan Crawford, her first personal love, and Claudette Colbert and several others. It was step number one on a slow, steady march to box office supremacy.

1939's "Sands of Iwo Jima" gave everyone a jolt. It was a no-holds-barred bang war drama, but it contained some unexpectedly fine acting by none other than John Wayne (he received an Oscar nomination). He had been under so many delusions about his acting ability, had repeatedly and publicly given credit to co-workers like Ford for the success of his films. Like his box office appeal, his acting has just begun. "Sands of Iwo Jima" was the third of eight Wayne films (so far) to gross over four million dollars. The next year he took over as the King of the Box Office, has remained among the top moneymakers ever since.

As robustly rugged as Wayne is Gary Cooper, with a touch of Sir Galahad—everyone's ideal hero—gorgeous, gallant and courageous. In a country where notoriety and sensationalism grab the lion's share of publicity, simple decency will wash away blankety blank. Gary Cooper's thirty-year reign at or near the top of the box office solidly backs that contention.

Gary Cooper's first years in Hollywood were not easy. You will have heard of the great gangle of arms and legs, blushed frantically during love scenes (red from the set one day), and with it self-consciousness. But he brought a singular gift—sensationalism with a touch of naturalism that made others shut up when it would do the most good. Fellow actors warned him immediately—he made such a good listener.

Next month Photoplay will bring you the sec- ond installment of this three-part article, with the end of Gary's story and another great cast of indestructibles including James Stewart, Ginger Rogers, Cary Grant, Bing Crosby, Bette Davis, Clark Gable, and other time-honored favorites.
fans even in the top sidewalk bleachers.

Gary Cooper had just begun a speech for the benefit of the prisoners when Jayne's acrobatic feat took place. From then on, Gary was left talking to himself as cam-
eras swung out to grab the more spectacu-
lar shots in the show.

When everyone from the P.T.A. to the Hollywood press criticized her next day, Jayne, a little girl with a big heart, wasutteringly bewildered. Now opinions are divided in Hollywood as to Jayne's motives for these antics. As one columnist suggests, Jayne has it made. She's already established in Hollywood. From now on, vulgarity can only react to her own disorder. And Jayne's much too nice a person to reap such a harvest.

One Hollywoodite offers the explanation that the fancy of the fan and the donor gave Jayne an objective she's been desperately trying to surpass. If not in quality at least in quantity.

Another insists Jayne has been sold an outdated bill of goods on how to take Hollywood by storm. 'Be seen constantly and spectacularly. Grab the spotlight on all occasions and hold on to it. Never give up.'

In both these theories there lingers a grain of truth. But the impelling and compell-
ing motive lies in a sort of mixed-up dream about what Jayne that Jayne has nourished through the years.

At the age of five she set her sights on movies. The exigencies of fate—such as marriage and the Hollywood—got in the way, but in those intervening years Jayne's dreams of Hollywood, fed by longing and hoping, took on a sort of Alice Through The Looking Glass perspective where people behave very oddly: odd fashion, long, long, long outmoded.

For instance her ambition to be a "star." So, as far as Jayne is concerned, let those who will pursue the methods of the Actors Studio or the glom of Dostoevski. Let others wear sweat shirts and blue jeans, Neurosis, psychosis and mental explosives. It's all just fine.

Only let her ride down Wilshire Boule-
vard in her pink Jaguar with Lord Byron, her great Dane, by her side. Let her wrap herself in snow white pelts and live in a mansion with solid gold everything. Let her lead her ocelot down Sunset Boule-
vard on a diamond-studded chain waiting "Jungle Gardenia" as she goes. Let camer-
as click and strong men "no not Mickey, my goodness" tremble with desire.

To Jayne, that's being a "star." Her dream. Her goal. And every move she makes in public. The antics are dedicated to that great and glorious day when glamorous stardom comes to Jayne Mansfield. And never mind about the logic of it all.

All that she is and all that she has is dedicated to her dream.

Nothing has been left to chance. The works of old masters have obviously been stud-
ed over and over. Such "old masters" as Marie Wilson, Zsa Zsa Gabor and Mari-
lyn Monroe, to name a few.

Her conversation drips with imaginative reflections of all she has gleaned.

Of Mickey, she says, "Don't think Mickey is only just muscles. He has plenty of muscles between the ears, too." A typical Marie Wilson observation if ever there was one.

With a low bow to Zsa Zsa Gabor she twits, "I didn't come to Hollywood to get engaged. I came out here to be a star." "I'm off to New York," Jayne says. "I'm going out with Oleg Cassini and lots of counts and dukes and princes. All shorter than I was. They don't give you many presents, either," she confided. "Well, one did offer me a string of canals. But who can exercise with a camel?"

And, of course, she's right. With Mickey nearby, who wants to?

"In my mind, Mickey tops the Latin Quarter in New York where, as Mr. Universe," he was appearing in an act with Mae West. During the performance Jayne turned to her and said, "Don't you think it's time for a steak for my dog and that one on the end for myself?" "That one on the end" was Mickey. They've been engaged ever since.

Jayne's divorce becomes final on Octo-

ber twenty-third and marriage to Mickey, Jayne says, "I'm not going to be rushed. But when I do get married it won't be any elopement like my first wedding when I was seventeen. I'm going to have a big reception. The swimming pool will be filled with pink champagne. Jayne Marie will be my flower girl. Everybody I love will be there. I will

all my cats and dogs, wearing big ribbons."

Now, Mickey and Jayne have a fine ar-

rangement. Between his movie jobs Mickey lays claim in the big butts for the pets. The new pink one for Lord Byron is almost as large as Jayne's own house.

A real beauty. It's Mickey's job, too, to bathe the seven dogs while Jayne whips up separate mink collars for each.

Pink mink, breath of spring mink.

The "pink" craze, one suspects, has to do with Kim Novak's lavender binge, so obviously does it creep into the conversation. And over a lunch table with Jayne, strangers and wonderful things do have a way of creeping in. And enough. Jayne's fanciful make-believe of "glamor-

ous stardom" includes everyone and every-

thing around her and the interviewer is greatly relieved when the talk settles back where along the line the moment has slipped a cog and we're back again with Gloria Swanson on a tiger-skin rug.

Like the detailed account of her Fri-

day-evening routine.

With no morning calling the following day, Jayne explained, she takes endless time in preparing a luxurious bath of soft pink bubble bath. "I love the little pink champagne, maintained at room tem-

peratures, naturally. After the bath pink powder is applied profusely and donning last spring's white mink coat—which is now used as a bathrobe—Jayne glides to her bed with the pink mirrored headboard made by Mickey with his own two hands ("Leaves that makes you feel like star"), and gracefully slides between jet black sheets.

"The pink powder and the black sheets."

"Now Jayne," I protested, "this is enough."

"I have pictures to prove it," she ar-

gued. "I can prove every word of it."

She has documents to prove her title of "movie star" too. The mark fluctuates from $92,000 to something "way beyond," the fact remains that through her paternal grandfather Jayne has come into a fancy sum which, she says, will be poured into her campaign for Movie Star of 1957 on the Glamour platform.

At a drop of interest, Jayne will take you on a verbal tour of her latest home—a wonderful journey across inlaid floors, through rooms enveloped in walnut, even to a built-in table, and indoor fountains. Through endless servant quarters—

where would you get so many serv-

ants? I interrupted. She paid no mind.
"And the drawing rooms, each thirty by sixty, and hung in rich red velvet draperies—"

"You don't want red velvet—"

She gave that right on. And two powder rooms. A His and a Hers. And both solid marble. "It makes you feel so starlike."

We gave up. A few minutes later Jayne had turned the dining room into a glass house with a heart-shaped swimming pool which Mickey was to build with his own two hands.

After all, she confided, "I don't want to be just the girl next door." As if anything less than Providence could effect such a miracle.

She interprets every small attention as a step upward and inward to this nebulous world of "stardom."

"They have a Jayne Mansfield salad on the studio menu now," she beamed. "It's two marbles a day."

"This is an Anne Baxter salad I'm eating now," she explained, "It's chopped cabbage."

A little later when the call came to return to work, Jayne regarded her uneaten lunch ruefully, "I just can't eat when I talk," she fretted.

Placing a napkin over her plate, she slithered across the studio dining room to her waiting car outside, holding her "Anne Baxter" far afront. In her dressing room while the hairdresser fussed, Jayne consumed her personal coconut.

Her heart is ever bubbly with gratitude. She couldn't have been more thrilled the day Mickey rushed onto the set of "The Girl Can't Help It" with the news that a new and more luxurious white mink coat was on its way.

She cautioned it would take a little time as that mink coat—"all male minks—which makes a difference"—she refused to take it off all evening long and gracefully swept the (Romanoff's, enveloped in its elegant folds while the elite of Hollywood stared in wonder at the all-white apparition.

Jayne didn't care. She thumbs better in something casual.

Those who work with Jayne at 20th Century-Fox are torn between chagrin and rousing enthusiasm. Her constant pursuit of a glamour world that no longer exists, both amuses and saddens everybody a little, for make no mistake, the overflowing goodness of her heart has made her the "adored" of one and all.

Arriving at the publicist's office with Jayne's personal publicity contact, claims fell in love with Jayne just by overhearing his co-worker's telephone conversations. "This girl has heart," he states, which with her uninhibited lads, is praise from Caesar indeed.

A studio executive, however, doesn't think much of her chances as a candidate for glamourville. Not the Lana Turner, Rita Hayworth, or Gypsy Rose Lee but an elusive Monroe type of glamour. "For one thing she's too approachable, too eager, too cooperative. She gives no indication of ever putting her foot down, though writing about her at anxiety or herself through headlines of personal tragedies," he says.

"There's no hint or whispers of 'dark doings' that often attend certain present-day glamour girls. Not with Mansfield. She's too open, too frank about herself. In fact, Jayne is the least smoky, selfish, neurotic and tantrum dyed that ever set for a studio lot who has her personal publicity contact, claims fell in love with Jayne just by overhearing his co-worker's telephone conversations. "This girl has heart," he states, which with her uninhibited lads, is praise from Caesar indeed.

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SUMMER ROMANCES

(continued from page 75)

the food and the bingo games out on the porch are the main attraction.

"It helps to know the kind of person you are, too. If you're shy and find it hard to talk to strangers, look for a place that's strong on groups and where there are such things as square dancing and folk singing at night. It might be easier for you to make friends when you're part of a group, rather than being some place where you're just one little soul if you don't have a date every minute.

"On the other hand, it would take a real courageous-type girl to pair off with another girl and head for Mexico. But some men enjoy seeing freedom in traveling on her own or with another guy, and if that sounds good to you—well, I hope you run into each other.

"But no matter where you go," Tab sums up, "remember that it's up to you to make your own fun. You can't get much out of something you don't put much into may be an overworked bit of advice, but it's still true. So put a little bit of yourself into whatever you choose to do."

But not too much, Lori Nelson seems to be saying when she cautions, "I think the important thing is to have fun and to do everything. When you knock yourself out, people realize you're trying too hard. Play it casual and easy and don't push."

There's a fine line of distinction between trying too hard and taking things as they come—but it's easy to distinguish. It's a matter of self-confidence.

At this point an interesting question is raised from the floor. "I'm going to a beach resort on my vacation. Would it be all right to talk to strangers on the beach, or would that be considered a pick-up?"

And here the stars divide into two opposing schools of thought. "I'd never act any way different on vacation than I normally do at home," says Lauren and Ann Blyth, while Nick Adams forthrightly says, "The atmosphere in most resort places is different from what it is at home. There is a kind of camaraderie, and everyone is much more friendly, and less likely to follow the rules of etiquette to the letter. If you're lucky enough to go to some place where you know everyone, you will know better, I am all for it. But just saying 'hello' isn't as important as what you say—and what you do afterwards."

Just be yourself!"

All right, you say, suppose you meet a man, and you date, and you both like each other. What about necking? "I think a girl should act exactly as she would if she were at home or at school while she's on vacation," says Piper Laurie. "Some people are inclined to think of 'fun' and 'immorality' as the same things. But a girl may be a bit more casual about vacation living—not take things as seriously as she would at home—but aside from that, there's really very little difference.

The mortality rate of summer romances is high, and probably because things happen so quickly it's too comfortable. You want your man to remember the time he spent with you as being fun with a girl he'd like to get to know better, and not just a "fling." Keep it gay, keep it light, Lori Nelson's motto might be a good one to follow . . . and saying "no" still has its advantages.

By the way of having the last word on the subject, Ann Blyth sums it up this way: "I think a girl should never do anything that she'll be ashamed of herself for—then no one need be ashamed for her."

If one could listen in on the conversations of girls as they're packing to go home after their vacation, no one could ask "Will I hear from him?"

Time, and your man, will have to answer that one. But there's the question of being able to help Cupid along a bit. But you'll get to that (for a summer romance, but who has managed to make lifelong friends on vacation) says his trusty camera is a "friendship-maker." "I usually take my camera along, my wife Judy and I take pictures of the gang, plus their names and addresses. When we get home, I'll mail the pictures back to them, with a funny note—"and after I repaired the camera, this came out," or a sentimental one like 'I look at this, and wish I were back there now.' You have no idea how many friendships have started that way.

If you can manage to take the initiative without seeming to be aggressive (an it's a neat trick!); it's occasionally a good idea. But you've got to be the judge as to whether you can pursue a boy or be frightened away by it. 'I just don't mind a girl getting in touch with me," said Tab Hunter once, "provided she has something to tell."

"I'm just not going to give a party next week. Would you like to go with me?" That's simple. But 'why don't I hear from you, and why don't you call me sometime?; that's not simple, it's aggressive. And I'd do the pursuing."

So if yours is the pursuit of fun and happiness this summer, take your tips from the stars in this story, and the tips of your fellow readers, and men will be pursuing you. The End
A LONG WAY FROM HOME

(continued from page 47)

California. There was the shock of the cablegram telling him that Phyllis needed an operation, and the comfort of that phone call to California with Phyllis assuring him that surgery had been minor, that she was improving, and that she was going to be all right.

He'd stopped spending his week-ends hunting for a villa for them to share, and had thrown himself into his work, welcoming the almost daily script changes that kept him on the set till 8 o'clock every evening. But the hour or two of silence when the sun was down, before things even got going, had all but disappeared. He felt the evening were the worst part of the day. Then his loneliness and his longing for Phyllis became so acute that he could not tolerate it, touch it, feel it.

Slowly, he walked over to his portable typewriter on a desk in a corner of the room and inserted a fresh piece of stationery. "Dear Phyllis," he started pecking out in the type writer--"And suddenly, he wasn't lonely any more.

In the years before his marriage, Rock had seen a lot of rooms. There were the rooms in his Chicago apartments, where they'd left home to school--quiet, empty, lonely, while his mother was at work. There were the rooming house rooms when he'd arrived friendless, in Hollywood. They should be a group of rooms in a strange new, busy town. But they weren't. There were the hotel rooms on the personal appearance tours, the ones he'd ambled back to when the rest of the gang had goodnight. Large rooms, small rooms, square rooms, oblong rooms, some with cracks in the ceiling that you could count. But in one respect they were all alike. They were lonely. And so, for a while, was the house he'd finally been able to buy.

He'd always wanted a home of his own. Yet he found that furniture, a stack of books, and a hi fi set didn't make a home. He'd come in from the studio, toss his tie on a door knob, rummage around in the ice box and have a solitary meal on an ice cube he ever found. He'd turn on the hi fi, sprawl in the overstuffed chair, thumb through a script, have a one-sided conversation with the walls. Then, Phyllis would say he'd get up, climb into his car and take off. No place in particular. He never seemed to know where he was going, what he was looking for. After a while and many miles, he'd go home again. Home? Well, back to the dark, empty house. And then, ever, thing changed.

He'd always shuddered at the way they put it down in books. "The light in the window, the little woman at the door, the roast in the oven, dinner by candlelight, the kiss as you stepped through the door. Someone to talk to. Someone to look up to. Someone to call mother. Someone to share things with, so you might never be lonely again. Only, somehow, letters weren't as good as the real thing. They made you miss a person more.

Very often now he'd disappear early and the click of typewriter keys could be heard coming from his room. Some days, he'd come from the studio, take his car and drive into his dressing room. Photographer Bob Willoughby found him there one day. Willoughby wanted to get some pictures of him, so he walked out for a walk around the village. "If he does ever come again be-
... the new Kotex napkin with Wondersoft covering gives you such gentle softness. There's no rubbing or chafing. And what a reassuring kind of softness... for Kotex gives instant absorbency, without fail. Moreover, this napkin fits perfectly.

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COVER: Color portrait of Tommy Sands by Barry Blum. Tommy stars in "The Singin' Idol" for 20th Century-Fox

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Rainy Tree County

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PRODUCED BY FABULOUS NEW M-G-M CAMERA 65
The Window of the World
Our Correspondents Report:

London: There's been more socializing among the Hollywood set here in London than there has been at home. Rosemary Clooney and Jose Ferrer tossed a birthday party for Tony Curtis and Janet. Tony (who's grown a beard for his role in "The Vikings") says the nicest present he received was one from his daughter Kelly; she celebrated by taking her first step . . . The following week Tony and Janet shared the Royal Box with Debbie Reynolds when Eddie Fisher opened at the Palladium in London . . . And despite the fact that Liz Taylor shouldn't be doing much flying due to her back injury, she and Mike Todd joined Debbie and Eddie at the English derby in Epsom. Liz, who expects her baby in the fall, will be back in the states by the time you read this. Welcome home, travelers!

Hollywood: The movie capital is a small town at heart. A famous star does something, and a new fad is born. A few weeks ago it was fashionable to refer to a place by combining an adjective with the suffix "ville." Common Senseville, Out of This Worldville, Nothingville. Then Fadville dropped that, and "all that jazz" became popular. It was fashionable to have a small dinner party, discuss new movies "and all that jazz." Now the latest gag is a new way of saying goodbye, such as "So long, every" or "See you later, every." So excuse me every. I have to go down to Movieville to get the news "and all that jazz." (Continued on page 6)
Introducing new young star discovery—Dolores Hart

You'll have big lovin' eyes for Elvis when he sings "Loving You"... you'll dig Elvis when he comes on strong with "Hot Dog"... you'll flip for Elvis when he rocks to "Let Me Be Your Teddy Bear"... you'll go-go-go for Elvis when he rides out on "Mean-Woman Blues"... you'll get your kicks from Elvis when he swings to "Lonesome Cowboy"... you'll say Elvis is the wildest when he belts out "Got A Lot of Livin' To Do"... and you'll know Elvis is too much when he wails up a storm to "Let's Have A Party"!

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Double-Take: An unusual accident occurred when a Navy ship firing depth charges for "The Enemy Below" accidentally set off eleven of them at once, sending a wall of water 100 feet into the air and narrowly missing director of the picture Dick Powell and June Allyson, who was on the bridge with him. Luckily, no one was hurt. Dick's press agent called Honolulu to get the facts on the accident and incidentally to report a columnist's item to the effect that Dick was living at one hotel and June in another, although they met for dinner every evening. He was able to reach Dick only at 7:15 in the morning, and reported the item. There was a long pause while Dick said, "Hold the phone a minute while I investigate." After a while he returned. "Say, you had me scared," he said. "But then I took another look at the little blonde who's been sleeping in the other twin bed while I've been here—and yup, it's June all right." They both had a laugh—at overtime charges.

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Sights to See: The heartwarming picture of Judy Garland and daughter Lorna singing a duet in Las Vegas ... Marilyn Monroe at the premiere of "The Prince and the Showgirl," looking every inch the beautiful, dutiful wife. Fans mobbed her and almost tore the clothes off her back—but didn't. ("Durn", says Earl Wilson.)

(Continued on page 8)
He bought her...she was his!

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INSIDE STUFF

continued

Loud Romance, Quiet Wedding: In June, Rex Harrison and Kay Kendall made it a very quiet wedding at the All Faiths Universal Church in New York... And there's an interesting story behind the Cliff Robertson-Cynthia Lemmon wedding bells. Six years ago Cliff knew Cynthia in New York when they were both acting in radio shows. He'd see her having lunch at Colbee's, say “Hello” and think, “Nice girl. Ought to ask her for a date some time.” But Cliff was shy and Cynthia was popular, so they never got together. Then Cynthia married Jack Lemmon, and the three of them became friendly. Cliff would visit the Lemmons and think, “Lucky guy. He has such a charming wife.” About a year and a half ago Cynthia and Jack Lemmon separated, and late last May Cynthia went to New York. Cliff heard she was in town and finally worked up enough courage to invite her to a performance of “Orpheus Descending.” She came, he saw, was conquered. In Cliff’s own words, “Boom! It happened. That was it!” After Cliff takes “Orpheus Descending” to Chicago, they'll return to California for Cliff's next film.

Chuckle of the Month: Funniest sight we've seen in a long time was Shirley MacLaine dressed up as a fat lady and wearing a heavy veil, sneaking into her own sneak preview of “Hot Spell.” She wasn't discovered, either.

It was Rex Harrison's third marriage when he said “I do” with Kay Kendall.
All the joys of naturally curly hair

And every curl is **trained** to stay with Helene Curtis Spray Net®

Lots of hair sprays promise curls. *But do they last?* Only Helene Curtis spray net, with its fabulous "control" ingredient, gives you beautiful curls—and trains those curls to stay, like naturally curly hair. Only spray net holds your hair softly in place and, at the same time, trains it to remember its place. Even in damp weather, your curls stay springy... bouncy. (When they muss—just comb them right back in place!) Back of every silky spray are years of research in the Helene Curtis laboratories. No wonder where other sprays promise, spray net performs! Never flaky, never drying, spray net gives you glorious... carefree curls—trained to stay curled.

Choose the formula that's right for your hair

 SUPER SOFT, without lacquer, for gentle control.

 REGULAR, for hair harder to manage.

 69¢ LARGE $1.25, GIANT ECONOMY $1.89 plus tax.

Be sure to ask your hairdresser to use SPRAY NET on your hair.
Please—Stories on the Older Stars!

For a very long time Photoplay has been one of my favorites. But through the passing years, the stars and featured players that I’ve grown up admiring have slipped into sort of an oblivion of total eclipse. The newer stars and featured players have captured the limelight—and the various movie magazines take little observation that there is an “older generation of movies fans” that are being grossly neglected by producers, studios, film magazines and all the powers that be of the movie industry.

Naturally, we older fans realize that new stars are bound to take the limelight—but there are always featured roles that could have been given to the older favorites.

So move over, teenagers—your mothers and fathers have some old favorites they’d like to read about once in a while.

Wendell A. Guldim
Fort Wayne, Indiana

And What About the Younger Stars?

I do hope you will publish my letter because I feel it contains the wishes of many other teenagers. I would like to request more stories on the youngest set in Hollywood. I mean stars like Tim Considine, Sherry Jackson, Ricky Nelson, Mark Damon, James Darren and Sal Mineo. I know a lot of your readers have complained about your publishing so many stories on the younger set, but I don’t think they would mind reading stories about the ones I mention above.

So, please—just one issue for us teenagers?

Incidentally, I like your magazine very much.

Joyce Cary
Bradford, Tennessee

Open Forum on Elvis

I received my July issue of Photoplay today and wish to congratulate you on your story on Elvis Presley, “God Is My Refuge.” It was one of the best—if not the best—I have ever read about the greatest star of all times. I agree with Elvis that more people should try to understand him and the things he does. He is a considerate, kind and very religious boy. There could never be another like him.

Edwina Dawson
Bolton, Mississippi

I read “God Is My Refuge” in the July issue of Photoplay, and thought it was just great! I wish everyone could read this wonderful story about Elvis Presley. I’ve always thought that Elvis was a good, God-loving person, and now, with the facts in this story, I know I was right.

I’m sure Elvis felt bad about some of the stories published about him, but as he says, everyone has the right to think as they like. Perhaps this story in Photoplay will change the opinions of the people who didn’t approve of him.

Linda Gray
Tishomingo, Mississippi

Thanks a million for the story on Elvis Presley in the July issue of Photoplay. The picture on the cover is wonderful. Please feature Elvis in your magazine more often.

Kay Fitzpatrick
Laredo, Texas

I have read many articles about Elvis Presley. Some of them make me so furious I could scream. But yours deserves a medal! It was the best article ever written, I think. I’m no Presley fan, exactly, but I do think some folks don’t yet realize what a great guy he is. Thank you very much for this story and many others I have read and will continue to read.

Vickie Bline
Vincennes, Indiana

I just read the story “God Is My Refuge” in your July issue, and I’m glad somebody finally gave Elvis Presley a chance to speak for himself. I’ve been a fan of his for a long time and I think that story did him justice.

Elvis has done nothing to harm anybody and I’m tired of nasty remarks being thrown at him. If critics who attack him for corrupting America’s youth would read that story, they might understand Elvis for what he really is—a good-hearted, God-loving, well-mannered American boy. Thanks a million for printing that story.

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Linda Parisi
Houston, Texas

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Linda Parisi
Houston, Texas

(Mrs.) Marjorie Winters
Santa Ana, California

Continued on page 12
'Persian Melon’ Revlon’s new color for fingertips (toe-tips, too!)

Delicious example of what makes Revlon the fabulous nail enamel. A luscious golden melon
with a coral flavor... in shimmering 'Frosted', so right for summer...
or elegant Cream Nail Enamel. Pick 'Persian Melon' lipstick, too!

Revlon Nail Enamel

*PERSIAN MELON* • FROSTED NAIL ENAMEL .75* CREAM NAIL ENAMEL .45* LIPSTICK IN FUTURAMA $1.35* PLUS TAX
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.

In James Dean’s Memory

I’m happy that we will be getting more stories on James Dean. I’m sure there are thousands of people who want to keep his memory alive. He is a wonderful example for the youth of America. He had high ideals and stuck to his beliefs despite the criticism he received, so we’ll be happy to read more about him again.

Katie Kimmie
Superior, Wisconsin

Look for October Photoplay!—Ed.

Daily Contact With the Stars

I work at 20th Century-Fox Film Studios and see movie stars every day. However, there’s one particular one I admire, and he is Yul Brynner. He not only is the most handsome man in the business—and the most talented—but the nicest man I know. Deborah Kerr is known around the studio as a “good guy.” She doesn’t try to show off, but acts naturally, and is so pretty.

Another star I am well acquainted with is Sophia Loren who, as you know, just arrived in this country. She’s beautiful and such fun to be with.

A girl who is not really understood is Jayne Mansfield—a very sweet girl.

Joan Collins has proven she has talent to match her beauty, and I think Marilyn Monroe would have more friends if she were not so haughty.

May I ask a favor of you—will you please publish my letter. I think it would give some Photoplay readers a better close-up of some of the stars they enjoy reading about from someone who sees the stars daily?

Madeleine Reed
Los Angeles, California

Continued on page 14

READERS INC.
continued

Reader favorite Yul Brynner appears in full color in October Photoplay
... an active life,  
a woman's life ...

then how glorious it feels to relax  
in your SweetHeart bath

Warm... welcome... wonderful,  
aren't they, those precious  
moments of privacy?  
But only in a SweetHeart bath  
can you savor all the luxury  
these leisure moments promise.  
Because SweetHeart's special  
special secret is the unique way it pampers  
your hands and face and all  
of you... soothes you with a gentle  
touch that floats weariness away  
... whispers its fragrance that  
breathes femininity.  
Only SweetHeart can relax you,  
revive you, reward you so well  
—because only SweetHeart  
adores you so.
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 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. (Newcoflatten
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)

READERS INC... continued

In Again, Out Again

I've read in several magazines that Tab Hunter was to appear in Liberace's first motion picture "Sincerely Yours." I've seen the picture three times, and looked for Tab, but was disappointed not to find him. I would appreciate it very much if you will tell me exactly in what scene he appears.

S. T. N.
Mexico, D. F.

Warner Brothers did announce Tab for this picture while it was in preparation. However, the casting was changed and Alex Nicol played the part intended for Tab.—Ed.

Look-Alikes

I'm a G.I. stationed in Germany, and will be for quite some time yet. Just recently a recruit was sent to our outfit. Jokingly we asked him if he was Burt Lancaster. I do think there is a remarkable resemblance. Don't you think so?

VITO J. PETITTI, JR.

It's Burt Lancaster below, but our correspondent's Army pal stationed in Germany bears a striking resemblance to the star. Don't you agree?

A Spankin' New Look

I came home from school today and yelled to my mother, "Did my copy of Photoplay come?" It did. I thought it rare. And you should see my new hair! I change my style to suit my movie-star mood. I don't remember having an article like this before, but I think you should.

TINA LENDHOFF
Scranton, Pennsylvania

Your last issue of Photoplay looked different. My friends think so, too. We especially liked the pictures of Tab Hunter at the recording session.

JERRY BARNES
Hackensack, New Jersey

As They Really Are

I can't tell you how much I have enjoyed the life stories you have published. I especially liked the lives of Rock Hudson and Kim Novak. Both stories were well written and showed these two famous stars as they really are.

I would like to suggest that you publish a story on Ingrid Bergman. Certainly no one has led a more colorful life than this great actress. I for one would like to know something about her childhood and how she started in the movies.

Please keep giving your readers those good stories you are noted for. In my opinion, your magazine is the best on the newsstand.

BONNIE DE CLARK
Paterson, New Jersey

Please watch for the October issue of Photoplay, on sale September 5th, for the Ingrid Bergman story.—Ed.

We're Sorry, Pat

Dear Editor, and I do consider you a friend of mine as, through the years, I have enjoyed your magazine so much. I liked (as I do everything about him) the story of Pat Boone. The story of Pat is far from new to me as many young people who were in school with Pat call me Aunt.

There was an error in the story, however, which is sure to be painful to Pat as well as to the members of the Church of Christ. Pat does not, has not, nor will he ever sing in a church choir. The Church of Christ believes that each member must sing at worship and that no selected choir can perform this act of worship for another. Therefore, we have no choir. It is congregational singing without a mechanical aid.

Wishing Photoplay as wonderful a future as it has had a past,

MRS. J. B. WALKER
Chattanooga 5, Tennessee

You're right, Mrs. Walker. It is true that Pat has never sung in a church choir. He sings in church, as the other members do, and is a song leader at present.—Ed.

Continued on page 16
Even morning sunlight says you're naturally beautiful in Sheer Velvet Film. The unchangingly lovely complexion you smooth on once—for the day—concealing blemishes and tiny lines, softening and freshening. Its secret... petal-soft, true-to-life texture. Your secret... that you wear it. Liquid film in 5 shades. $1.25. Sheer Velvet Compact (powder plus foundation) $1.25. In Canada, too.

For beauty the modern way

Dorothy Gray
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 ingredients in Halo. No greasy oils or creamy substances to interfere with cleaning action, no soap to leave dirt-catching film. Halo, even in hardest water, leaves your hair softer, brighter, whistle clean.
Exciting Newcomer
Can you tell me something about Mark Richman? I have seen him on television and I think he is so handsome and such a good actor.

Sandra Frank
Yonkers, New York

Mark Richman was born in Philadelphia April 16, 1927. He attended school there and played football for the South Philadelphia High School. He was voted the all-South Philadelphia High fullback, was offered football scholarships from Duke and Tennessee Universities, but turned them down to enlist in the Navy for two years.

During his school days Mark did radio acting and took part in school plays. He enrolled at the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy and Science because a broken leg stopped his post-Navy football career, and received a Bachelor of Science in Pharmacy in 1951.

He has many hobbies: painting, sketching, sculpting, does wood and soap carving, and is a hi-fi enthusiast.

Mark is 5' 11 1/2" tall, weighs 175 pounds, has blue eyes and light brown hair. — Ed.
LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

WITH JANET GRAVES

An Affair to Remember 20th; Cinemascope, deluxe color

VVVV Taking frank aim at the funnybone and the heartstrings, this comedy-drama scores a direct hit on both, thanks to the smoothest of handling and the deft performances of Cary Grant and Deborah Kerr. They play somewhat tarnished types, thrown together in a shipboard romance. Cary's a debonair Italian fortune-hunter, off to keep a New York rendezvous with his heiress fiancée. A former night-club singer, Deborah is now being kept in luxury by a Texas tycoon. The genuineness of their love makes both parasites decide to reform, but before they can get together Deborah is crippled in a street accident, and the film's mood shifts from light banter to strong emotion. Richard Denning is likable as her protector.

Jeanne Eagels

VVV Kim Novak shows surprising authority in an intimate, markedly feminine biography of the late actress, who achieved brilliant but tragically brief fame three decades ago. As Jeanne, Kim gets into show business by exploiting her beauty in cheap carnival routines, with the help of showman Jeff Chandler. Jeff loves her, and she relies on him as a dear friend, but her furious ambition takes her out of his range. Determined to be a great actress, she enlists the aid of dramatic coach Agnes Moorehead. Then Kim practically steals the Sadie Thompson role in "Rain" from a pathetic has-been star, who thereafter commits suicide. This disaster is the chief motive given for Kim's later addiction to drink and drugs.

Continued on page 20
NEW! Only child's home permanent with SQUEEZE-BOTTLE EASE...

gives curls that last a year!

Curls really take because comb-tip squeeze bottle saturates hair far more thoroughly than any other way.

Now, no need to take chances using Adult Permanents on your child's hard-to-curl hair. Lilt Party Curl really overcomes problems of curling young hair. And Party Curl is so much easier, faster for you to apply on a fidgeting child. "Squeeze-Bottle Ease" ends messy dip-dabs for you. Now just squeeze on lotion from comb tip on bottle. Hair is so thoroughly saturated, soft curls last even a year!
**Sweet Smell of Success**  
U. A.  
★★★★ Usually dependable good guys, Burt Lancaster and Tony Curtis have a ball as a pair of utterly nasty characters in this incisive drama of New York life. Burt is an egomaniac gossip columnist, who can make or shatter a reputation with a line. Tony is a toadyling, totally unscrupulous press agent. The only true emotion in Burt's life is his possessive love for his young sister, charmingly portrayed by newcomer Susan Harrison. Resenting her romance with a night-club musician (Marty Milner), he orders Tony to put an end to it. Smartly dialogued, handsonedly photographed, the movie has a gruesome fascination.  

**The Rising of the Moon**  
WARNERS  
★★★★ Here's another love letter to Ireland from John Ford, Irish-American director who saluted his ancestors' country in "The Quiet Man." Filmed on the old sod with Irish casts, the three separate stories are introduced by Tyrone Power. Wry comedy distinguishes the first, as an aging aristocrat is arrested for clobbering an enemy and refusing to pay the resultant fine. Boisterous comedy is the keynote of the second, picturing mad and romantic goings-on at a local railroad station. The third shifts to suspense and ardent patriotism, with a daring escape plan for a rebel condemned by the then-ruling English. All three stories are splendidly acted.  

**The Pride and The Passion**  
U. A.; VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR  
★★★★ A visually magnificent epic of war focuses on Spain's fight to free herself from Napoleon's conquering army. As a tough guerrilla leader, Frank Sinatra struggles to get a monster cannon across the miles to the fortress city that is the French headquarters. As a British naval officer and arms expert, sent to command the cannon, Cary Grant agrees to help in the project. But the two men, temperamentally at odds, are further separated by their love for luscious and courageous Sophia Loren. The actors are nearly dwarfed by the sheer spectacle of the film, set against the stark landscapes of Spain.  

**Loving You**  
WALLIS, PARAMOUNT; VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR  
★★★ In a part neatly tailored to his own personality, Elvis Presley comes off much better than in his first picture. Off-and-on lovers, press agent Lizabeth Scott and has-been handless Wendell Corey are touring small towns in the South where they meet Elvis. Liz realizes that the shy youngster could be a singing smash, so she hires him as vocalist with Corey's band—and secretly puts him under personal contract to herself. Gauzy publicity fast gets Elvis into the limelight and onto a spot that he finds uncomfortable. But even Liz's overpowering influence can't keep him from falling for sweet young singer Dolores Hart. Though the story line is strong enough, there's never too long an interlude between musical numbers, all done in lively style.  

**The Third Key**  
RANK  
★★★ In a topnotch, fast-paced English mystery, Jack Hawkins is the Scotland Yard man patiently working to break up an ingenious safe-robbing gang. John Stratton, as his bumptious but competent young assistant, and Dorothy Alison, as Jack's long-suffering wife, also turn in crisp portrayals. Convincing details, mounting suspense and flashes of humor provide steady entertainment.  

**The Midnight Story**  
U. I.; CINAMEROSCOPE  
★★★ Tony Curtis has a second good role in a whodunit with a nicely ironic twist. As a young traffic cop, whose superiors will not transfer him to Homicide, he resigns from the force to seek the murderer of a (Continued on page 22)
Was She Just an Innocent Plantation Bride...or another Scarlett O'Hara?

Beautiful Lavinia Winslow lived in two worlds, the bustling, colorful world of a Louisiana plantation, and a secret world of passion known only to herself...and one other! She had become the bride of solid, respectable Claude Villac, although she was in love—hopelessly, she thought—with Claude's wild, handsome cousin, Felix. When she was awakened one evening by Felix's ardent kisses, her carefully-built double life threatened to come crashing down! Blue Camellia, Frances Parkinson Keyes' newest, most romantic best-seller, is a thrilling story of old New Orleans and the picturesque bayou country—a story of unforgettable characters and absorbing drama! Now it's yours to choose if you wish in this amazing introductory offer to new members of the Dollar Book Club!

ANY 3 OF THESE BEST-SELLERS

VALUE UP TO $20.45 in Publishers' Editions

when you join the Dollar Book Club and agree to take as few as 6 best-selling novels out of 24 offered within a year

THIS amazing introductory offer is made to demonstrate the wonderful values you enjoy as a Dollar Book Club member. Join now and receive any 3 of the full-size, hardcover books on this page—for only $1. Think of it—a total value of up to $20.45 in publishers' editions—yours for just $1.

Save Up to 75% on New Best-Sellers! Imagine—best-seller selections costing up to $1.99 in publishers' editions come to Club members for only $1 each! Over the years the biggest hits by top authors like Daphne du Maurier, Thomas B. Costain, Frank Yerby and others have come to Club members at this low $1 price. Occasionally, extra-value selections at somewhat higher prices are offered. All are new, full-size, hardcover books. Other desirable volumes, too, are offered at special members' prices which save you up to 75%. But you buy only the books you want. You may take as few as six selections a year.

Send No Money—Mail Coupon! Receive any 3 books on this page for only $1 plus a small shipping charge. Two books are your gift for joining and one is your first selection. Thereafter you will receive the Club's Bulletin describing forthcoming selections.

No-Risk Guarantee: If not delighted with your Three-Book bargain package, return all books and membership will be cancelled. Send no money—just mail the coupon now!

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The Dollar Book Club, Dept. 9-TEG, Garden City, New York

Enroll me as a Dollar Book Club member. Send me at once as my gift books and first selection the 3 books checked below and bill me only $1 FOR ALL 3, plus a small shipping charge.

[Check boxes for selections]

- Any Vanderbilt's Everyday Encyclopedia, 1 vol.
- Blue Camellia, Frances Parkinson Keyes
- The Outline of History, H.G. Wells
- The Conqueror's Wife, Noel Flanders
- Sword and Scalpel, Frank G. Slaughter
- Dictionary, S. Flanders

Also send my first issue of the Bulletin, describing the new forthcoming one-dollar book selections and other bargains for members. I may notify you in advance if I do not wish the following month's selections. I do not have to accept any book—only $1 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.

[Address]

[State]
MOVIES continued

waterfront priest, who had supplied the affection missing from Tony's orphaned childhood. Suspecting Gilbert Roland, affable owner of a fish store, Tony goes to work for Roland and becomes a boarder in his home. The hearty Italian family makes the lonely stranger welcome; indeed, he and Marisa Pavan fall in love. Still convinced that Roland is guilty, Tony goes on gathering evidence—yet hopes with all his heart that his hunch is wrong.

**Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?**
20th: CINEMASCOPE, De Luxe Color

★★★ This rowdy, rauous comedy is at its funniest when it's ribbing TV and the ad business and when Tony Randall is doing his inspired mugging. Though Jayne Mansfield goes slightly overboard with her Monroe take-off, she's spectacular as a Hollywood glamour doll. Tony just wants to sign her for a series of lipstick ads, but she builds their association into a big romance, to make her ex-boyfriend (muscleman Mickey Hargitay) jealous. This complicates Tony's life, because he's engaged to his secretary (Betsy Drake). Pitching hard for laughs (and getting them), some of the dialogue is not in the best of taste. But Tony avoids leering.

**Island in the Sun**
20th: CINEMASCOPE, De Luxe Color

★★★ Beautiful locales and attractive as well as capable stars hold the interest throughout this study of a British-owned Caribbean island, though it skips around among too many plots. Three of its romances apparently cross the color line; political agitator Harry Belafonte and restless Joan Fontaine; government employee John Justin and lovely Dorothy Danridge; Stephen Boyd and Joan Collins, member of a supposedly white family that is found to have some Negro ancestry. The most exciting moments spring from James Mason's jealousy of wife Patricia Owens and bachelor Michael Rennie.

**Night Passage**
U-I: Technicolor, Technicolor

★★★ In their frontier garb, James Stewart and Audie Murphy show the ease of Western veterans, upping the entertainment value of this expansive action film. Once employed by the railroad to stop robberies, Jimmy lost his job when he let Audie, his outlaw kid brother, make a getaway. But executive Jay C. Flippen gives him a second chance, entrusting payroll money to his care. As leader of Audie's gang, Dan Duryea plots to grab it. Involved in the fireworks are Elaine Stewart, as Flippen's wife, Brandon de Wilde, as an orphan boy under Audie's protection, Dianne Foster, as a waitress who loves the young bandit.

**Decision Against Time**
M-G-M

★★★ After a slow start, this British film gets moving to generate plenty of tension and emotion. Jack Hawkins and Elizabeth Sellars have the familiar roles of gallant test pilot and worried wife, but their firm performances and the intelligent script make them a believable average couple. After a cargo plane crashes fire during a test flight, Jack makes his crew and passengers jump, but himself refuses to abandon the damaged craft. Trying to restore the plane's balance by using up the gas in one wing tank, he must circle for a grueling length of time, knowing that a safe landing will still be a hundred-to-one shot.

**Seawife**
20th: CINEMASCOPE, De Luxe Color

★★ The spell of the desert-island theme is asked to carry a mild story, as Joan Collins, flyer Richard Burton, businessman Basil Sydney and colored officer Cy Grant become Pacific castaways in World War II. Burton is frustrated and bewildered in his growing love for Joan; only Grant knows her secret—that she is a nun. Similar in plot, the movie lacks the force of "Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison."

**Gun Glory**
M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, Metrocolor

★★ In a Western of familiar outline, Stewart Granger's the ex-gunfighter who can't live down his reputation. His townspeople and his teenaged son (Steve Rowland) hate him, but he's defended by preacher Chill Wills and by Rhonda Fleming, comely widow hired as housekeeper on Granger's ranch. When all the local farms are threatened by a bullying cattle owner, set to drive his herd across the valley, Granger is forced to return to the ways of violence.

**Omar Khayyam**
Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor

★★ Everybody plays it straight in this action thriller of ancient Persia. Poet-warrior of the title, Cornel Wilde becomes adviser to Raymond Massey, ruler whose realm is threatened by enemies without and traitors within. Gallant John Derek and scheming Perry Lopez are rival heirs to the throne; Debra Paget is Cornel's sweetheart, snatched from him to join the shah's harem.
This is the man — Lon Chaney...

and these are his thousand faces!

This is the woman he loved...

...and this is the woman he hated!

Universal International presents

JAMES CAGNEY
as the fabulous LON CHANEY
DOROTHY MALONE

JANE GREER

MAN OF A THOUSAND FACES

CINEMA Scope

with
MARJORIE RAMBEAU • JIM BACKUS • ROGER SMITH

Screenplay by R. WRIGHT CAMPBELL, IVAN GOFF and BEN ROBERTS

Story by RALPH WHEELWRIGHT

Directed by JOSEPH PENVY • Produced by ROBERT ARTHUR

...and this is the story that lay hidden from the world behind the magic of his make-up!
a completely new wave! Even-Waving

SIMPLIFIED...NO MESS...NO GUESS!

1. WAVE right from the applicator!
Applicator holds all the lotion! Sponge top is wide as a curl. New Even-Waving Lotion spreads smoothly. Won't splash or drip!

One easy stroke wets every strand—clear thru. No combing needed. Never too much lotion—never too little. Most even waving ever!

2. NEUTRALIZE right from
Sponge comes off. See those eight spray-tips? They spray neutralizer inside each curl—where hands can't reach. No mess! No miss!
The most even wave ever!
No stragglers—no frizz!
You just can’t get missing the most even wave of your life—because New Way Toni waves more evenly, more thoroughly—without mess or guess!

way to
Toni!

...first double-easy applicator
...first even-waving lotion

the applicator!
Now, the spray-tips are inside the curl. Press! Neutralizer flows in. All waving action stops. Can’t under-wave! Can’t over-wave!

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER
$2.00 value New Way Toni... plus
$1.00 value Double-Easy Applicator
$3.00 value Now...only $2.29

Also available in Canada.
The weather's fine, the forecast's bright, the time is ripe—to get up and go where you want to go, do what you want to do! What in this wide world should hold you back from having a wonderful time, any time you choose? Surely not monthly difficulties, not when Tampax is so available.

Tampax® is the modern sanitary protection that helps you live your life without worry about "problem days." It's so comfortable, because there's nothing to chafe or bind... so cool, because it's worn internally... so sure, because nothing can show and no one can know! Not even tell tale odor can form!

Tampax is the last word in daintiness! Light as a powder puff, it's made of pure surgical cotton, compressed into smooth, easily disposable applicators—so that your hands don't ever have to touch it!

You can tuck away a whole month's supply of Tampax in the side pocket of your grip—and off you'll go on your unscheduled flight to freedom! Do it now. Try Tampax. You'll never want to use anything else! Choice of 3 absorbencies (Regular, Junior, Super) wherever drug products are sold. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

You're Our Guest!
Here on the staff, we think of you all the time. Any time we're invited to attend a party or go to a premiere you're the unseen guest who comes along with us—via the pages of this magazine. For instance, when Russ Tamblyn invited us to a beach party. Ken Cunningham, our art director (thinking of you), asked, "Can I bring a camera along?" "Sure," said Rusty. The result is that you can practically feel the sand and sun, hear the jokes and taste the watermelon when you turn to "Do Go Near the Water," on page 46, and spend a day with some of your favorites.

The Lucky Eight
Our May Travel Issue offered four lucky contestants a flight to Hollywood via American Airlines and five fun-filled days in the movie city. Our winners are: Mrs. G. B. Elliott, Memphis, Tennessee; Miss Nancy Cleaver, Houston, Texas; Miss Ann Cunningham, Chicago, Illinois; Miss Vivien B. Senise, Freeport, New York. The four runners-up (who each win a set of Samsonite Ultralite luggage) are: Miss Sherry Putney, Los Altos, California; Mrs. Earl Mauel, Dallas, Texas; Mrs. R. Bradish, Pueblo, Colorado; Miss Margaret W. Cotter, Centredale, Rhode Island.

Scoop!
A cable arrived from Bombay, India, the other day. "I can get an exclusive interview with Roberto Rossellini," it said, "which I feel would be of great interest to Photoplay's readers. This will be the first time Rossellini has ever talked for publication about his marriage to Ingrid Bergman." We were interested! The result: The warm, human, revealing story on page 50.

Tribute
It's hard to believe it's been almost two years since that fateful day when Jimmy Dean drove head-on into tragedy on a country road in Salinas. It seems like yesterday, so vivid are the memories. In tribute to Jimmy, we'd like to share with you what we believe is the best story about Jimmy Dean we've ever read, told by a girl who knew him, loved him and understood him. Look for it in the October Photoplay.

Art director Ken Cunningham lands a suntan—and a beautiful fun-packed picture layout for this issue—at a beach party given by Rusty Tamblyn.

Our fashion editor Sue Kreisman picks up a hemline and a few wardrobe stratagems from Terry Moore.
Perfect Symbol of Love

Now—and forever—the perfect symbol of love is a Keepsake, the engagement ring with the perfect center diamond. For only a diamond of this flawless quality, fine color and expert cut can reflect maximum brilliance and beauty.

To choose with confidence, look for the name "Keepsake" in the ring and on the tag. The Keepsake Certificate presented with your ring gives written proof of perfect quality. It also insures the diamonds against loss from the setting for one year, and assures exchange privilege toward a Keepsake of greater value at any time. Many exquisite styles by America's foremost ring designers. $100 to $10,000.
“Drychosis” is Lady Esther’s term for Dry Skin. She finds this modern beauty complaint affects most women today—in one form or another. Superficial signs are little scales; rough patches; pins-and-needle sensation when you smile. If you have any of these dry skin signs, then start using Lady Esther new Dry Skin Cream today.

Simply spread a thin film of this emollient-rich cream over your skin. Massage it in as you smooth it on. Wipe it off. The improvement is immediate and startling. “Drychosis” has gone! Your skin feels soft, supple. When you smile—no tightening of skin but a pliancy that says smooth, younger-looking skin. End “Drychosis” with the daily use of Lady Esther new Dry Skin Cream.

39¢, 65¢ and 89¢, PLUS TAX

(Prices slightly higher in Canada)

I saw Lana Turner sitting at a soda fountain and couldn’t help wondering if she wanted to be discovered. . . . When an actor acts big in a restaurant or at a party, I know he isn’t big. . . . Frank Sinatra and Bing Crosby are members of the Mutual Admiration Society. I wouldn’t bet on it with Elvis Presley and Pat Boone. . . . They could give an Oscar for bit players this season. There’s Carolyn Jones’ great bit in “The Bachelor Party” and Barbara Nichols’ equally fine but smaller bit in “Sweet Smell of Success.” . . . And since I mentioned Oscars, I’d like to nominate Cary Grant to m.c. the Academy Awards presentation. Cary would give the affair the class it has been lacking. . . . Zsa Zsa Gabor said it: “I want a simple traveling suit, very plain and I want it in orchid satin.” . . . And, as if not to be outdone in the quote division, Eva Gabor said: “I’m glad I’m a woman. Always be satisfied with your own sex or you’ll never be satisfied with anyone else.”

Sophia Loren’s build-up was as great as her build. . . . Miss Loren grabbed Tony Perkins during a love scene for “Desire Under the Elms” and almost broke him in two. . . . I’d like to see Tony Franciosa, Ben Gazzara or any of the latest models from the Actors Studio play Henry Higgins in “My Fair Lady.” . . . The movies are growing up, though. A married couple is now permitted to be seen sleeping in the same bed. . . . Hugh (Wyatt Earp) O’Brien remarked: “Two can live as cheap as one but it costs them twice as much.”

I wonder if Jerry Lewis ever laughed at Dean Martin. . . . Ava Gardner has that elusive element, glamour, without even trying. Ava doesn’t have to work at it by going to every premiere, opening markets, and wearing the most revealing gowns—and then winding up with much publicity and no glamour. . . . Switcheroo: Elvis Presley with a Yul Brynner haircut and Yul with Presley’s sideburns. . . . I wonder which movie actress has the most scrapbooks. I’d put my money on Joan Crawford. . . . I yearn to see (Continued on page 30)
The torn, the twisted, the tender love of Johnny Pope, husband, brother, father to be!

20th Century-Fox presents

A HATEFUL OF RAIN

CINEMASCOPE

The Motion Picture that crosses a new boundary in screen entertainment!

STARRING

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PRODUCED BY BUDDY ADLER/DIRECTED BY FRED ZINNEMANN/SCREENPLAY BY MICHAEL VINCENTE GAZZO and ALFRED HAYES

Based on the Play by Michael Vincente Gazzo • As Produced on the Broadway Stage by Jay Julien
ends dull, dry "thirsty" hair—replaces your natural beauty oils so each and every strand shines with new natural color brilliance

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Used and recommended by beauticians everywhere. Available wherever cosmetics are sold

No scandal! Shirley MacLaine's husband (off to Japan) and Ernie Kovacs' wife (in New York) okayed this date

Marlon Brando back on the waterfront or up in Stella's room. . . . The movies must have their own police department because in every picture I see the same policemen. . . . Only a few actresses can walk barefoot and have their legs appear shapely and sexy. I name Cyd Charisse and Shirley MacLaine. And who do you name? . . . "When a young actor asks me for a date," says Barbara Stanwyck, "I don't know whether it's romance or whether the young man wants to get his name in the papers." . . . My good friend Mike Curtiz said: "In the movie industry these days it takes a certain amount of optimism even to be a pessimist.

Who has the better grin, Doris Day or Mitzi Gaynor? My answer is Doris Day. . . . I don't believe Garbo likes to walk in the rain. I've met her several times just after it had stopped!

I'd say Rock Hudson appears more and more to have the look of a genuine movie star. . . . I'm in favor of the movie industry's program of "new faces" but I believe they're rushing the new faces. . . . Got to have those new faces stay around long enough so we the public can know and recognize them. The trick is for the new faces to become familiar, honest! . . . Pat Boone can throw away those white shoes, already. . . . Debra Paget is a secret romancer.

. . . While being interviewed, Gary Cooper remarked to a writer: "Let's reminisce about the future." That's Hollywood For You.

HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU
continued
I dreamed I had Tea for Two

*in my maidenform* bra

Maidenform is just my cup of tea... such a marvelous pick-me-up! Chansonette’s unique spoke-stitched cups give me the lift of a lifetime. And Chansonette* Tri-Line* adds *three-point miracle straps* for extra comfort, extra accent, extra cling! Treat yourself today to one of these *beautiful* bras! A, B, and C cups. Chansonette—

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NEW..ALL NEW CUTEX

Brilliant as diamonds—radiant as rubies—this amazing NEW FORMULA that wears longest of any nail polish at any price!

Now! An exclusive “jewel-smooth” finish that completely resists chipping, peeling. Based on a fabulous new formula made with miracle enamels, new Cutex is the longest wearing nail polish ever known!

Applies in a flash! New all-nylon brush applies smoothly, evenly. You get a perfect manicure in minutes.

Priceless protection! Exclusive Spillpruf Bottle! Only in Cutex—the wonderful safety device that prevents spilling if bottle is upset! Safeguards clothes, rugs, furniture.

Discover dazzling color clarity . . . in a variety of shades that rival the crown jewels! Try new Cutex today!

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JEANNE CRAIN 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
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Glinting with color in the lamplight . . . shining, silky-smooth; Noreen flatters your well-groomed locks with new, delicate and natural-looking color. Takes only three minutes to apply and the lovely Noreen color lasts until your next shampoo.

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BRIEF REVIEWS
continued

carne George Nader are Army newsmen; Burgess Meredith, a Japanese fixer. (F) August

JOHNNY TREMAIN—Buena Vista, Technicolor: Flavorful Disney-produced adventure, with Hal Stalmaster and Luana Patten as brave teenagers in the Boston of 1775. (F) August

LONEY MAN, THE—Paramount, VistaVision: An emotional Western pits Jack Palance against his resentful son, Tony Perkins. Both fight outlaws, love Elaine Aiken. (F) August


MAN AFRAID—U.I: Modest but effective suspense story. Minister George Nader, defending wife Phyllis Thaxter, kills a young burglar and is pursued by vengeance threats. (F) July

MAN ON FIRE—M-G-M: Touching story of a custody fight. Tycoon Bing Crosby battles to keep ex-wife Mary Fickett from taking their young son part-time. Inger Stevens is a sympathetic lady lawyer. (A) August

MONTE CARLO STORY, THE—U.A.; Technirama, Technicolor: Light-hearted and luxurious. Gamblers and fortune-hunters both, Marlene Dietrich and Vittorio De Sica go after a rich American family on the Riviera. (F) July


SAINT JOAN—U.A.: Fine version of Shaw’s noble and witty tribute to Joan of Arc, played with deep sincerity by young Jean Seberg. Richard Widmark is the weakling Dauphin; Richard Todd, a gallant soldier. (F) July


SILK STOCKINGS—M-G-M, CinemaScope, Metrocolor: Lilting Cole Porter score, lively stepping by Fred Astaire (Yank producer) and Cyd Charisse (Soviet agent). (F) August


TAMMY AND THE BACHELOR—U.I.; Cine-

somaScope, Technicolor: Debbie Reynolds is enchanting in the quaintly sentimental story of a simple but wise hayou girl who invades the stately home of Leslie Nielsen. (F) August

TEN COMMANDMENTS, THE—Para-
mount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Overwhelming DeMille epic of Biblical times, forcefully acted by Charlton Heston as Moses, Yul Brynner as Pharaoh, many other stars. (F) January
BREACKS THROUGH THE FORBIDDEN BARRIER!

Love that knows no boundaries... passion that explodes a cold war into a jet-hot battle of the sexes!

HOWARD HUGHES' JET PILOT
Starring
JOHN WAYNE • JANET LEIGH
AND THE U.S. AIR FORCE

Directed by JOSEF VON STERNBERG • Written and Produced by JULES FURTHMAN

No man can pay the price for what this woman offers!
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
Jazz is jumping. Rock 'n' roll is running riot. Calypso is king. Pops are tops. Hollywood is going mad, mad, mad about music. Why? On the following pages, in a special color presentation designed for framing by their eager fans, are six good reasons: Frank Sinatra, Elvis Presley, Pat Boone, Tab Hunter, Harry Belafonte, and Tommy Sands. They're the most sensational male stars in the country today. And everyone is a singer! What's behind this? Other stars aren't waiting to find out. From young Sal Mineo to (believe it or not) Robert Mitchum, they're all rushing to climb on the bandwagon—or should we say bandstand? And when even staid James Stewart bursts into song in his latest film, "Night Passage," (Continued on page 94)
FRANK SINATRA—
champagne at midnight . . .
golden embers

ELVIS PRESLEY—
summer lightning . . .
purple velvet

PAT BOONE—
picnic in the country . . .
strawberry ice . . .
parade on Main Street
HARRY BELAFONTE—
bongo drums . . .
blazing sun . . .
a fistful of diamonds

TAB HUNTER—
dancing in the dark . . .
cashmere sweaters . . .
polished silver

TOMMY SANDS—
autumn hayride . . .
a first romance
Hollywood 28, California

Dear Photoplay Editors,

Little did you know when you asked me to interview Tony Perkins that I'd have, to put it mildly, an experience! The end result of two interviews with the feller has left my naturally straight hair curly and my beloved old typewriter a stumbling block for my trembling fingers. It was not easy, believe me, to toss Tony nonchalantly onto my amateur analyst couch and come up with a Perkins package. So please, just this once, will you let me write it as it happened and leave the end results up to our readers? Thanks, and now to the beginning.

My first interview was a luncheon date set at Paramount by Jim Stevens, the studio magazine contact. I was on the lot at ten-thirty so I'd have a chance to read through all the articles on Tony and catch up with the whys and the hows. I certainly found out who, where, when and how, but I've never seen so many whys in my life! Every article (and there were over forty) had a different why for what made Tony tick. He was scintillating; he was shrewd. He was capricious; he was somber. He was a showoff; he was shy. Mentally whirling like a dervish, I stuck to the facts. I made notes:
age, twenty-four; brown eyes; born on Twenty-third Street in New York City, son of Osgood Perkins, a famous actor; attended Browne and Nichols Prep School, Rollins College and Columbia University. Although he always wanted to be an actor, he is proficient as a composer, singer and writer. Those were facts—to be clung to. The rest was color. My fellow journalists had had a field day in the art of creating a personality. Or, the horrible thought struck me, had Master Perkins had the field day? "Is Tony Perkins a people?" I asked Jim abruptly. With a sly grin, he suggested, "Why don't you come and see." I silently folded my tent of manuscripts and stole away to the commissary.

At the commissary, we found our table in the little side room that Paramount uses for interviews under the erroneous impression that it's quieter. I took my usual seat with my back to the wall. Jim sat to my left. Tony, I was told, always faces a writer. He would sit opposite me. Jim and I sat making small talk. Tony's new picture, "Desire Under the Elms," had just started preliminary rehearsals. Tony was on the set with Delbert Mann, the director; Sophia Loren and Burl Ives. They were also (Continued on page 113)
"What matters in life? Children matter. I didn't know how meaningful life could be until the children came. But a woman with a home and husband and children to look after can be drowned in a sea of trivial chores and worries that aren't really important. It was when I realized that this was happening to me that I knew I had to do something about it. I had to find a way to help myself. Having little Frankie and Melanie grow up to be fine human beings was too important to let myself fail, because I'd surely fail them, too."
WHAT EVERY WOMAN NEEDS

A happy home, a wonderful husband, lovely children—Deborah Kerr had them all. But she learned there is something more a woman must have to be truly content.

It was one of those days. The Paris hotel room was a tower of babble, utter bedlam. Bellhops, shouting commands at one another in excited French, rushed in and out, adding more luggage to the huge pile of steamer trunks and saddle-grain suitcases in the center of the floor. In and out and over the luggage, two happy, squealing little girls were playing a game of follow-the-leader. A phone was ringing, sharply and insistently.

“Nine—ten—eleven—” Mrs. Anthony Bartley, better known to moviegoers as Deborah Kerr, calmly finishes checking the luggage, then picks up the phone. It’s someone from Columbia Pictures. Yes, she’s quite satisfied with her wardrobe for “Bonjour Tristesse.” No, she doesn’t want anything changed. She hangs up. The phone rings again. It’s the Paris representative for 20th Century-Fox. Had Mrs. Bartley seen the reviews from the New York papers on “An Affair to Remember”? No, she hadn’t. Yes, she’d love to.

A knock on the door. Another bellhop, with a trayful of mail and telegrams.

“Mummy, are we going to the zoo?” small Francesca calls plaintively.

“Oh, Frankie, you can go to a zoo anytime. I want to go to the Louvre!” Melanie, older by three years, wiser she is sure by centuries, has her own ideas.

Their mother puts down her mail with a smile. “We’ll see,” she says. “Now be off, both of you, and get washed up for lunch. Don’t forget to comb your hair, Frankie. You can put on your new dresses. Let me see—Yes, they’re right here. And not crushed, thank goodness.”

With more happy squeals, the girls run out, and calm and collected as a duchess, Mrs. Bartley sits down in a comfortable chair and pours tea.

“Good. It’s still hot. Wonderful stuff. Keeps me going all day.”

“Is that your secret?” Photoplay’s reporter asked.

She laughed. “You want to know how I do it? How I keep my head when all about me—including readers of Kipling—are losing theirs?”

“That’s it.”

She shook her head. “I’m no woman of steel. I see the and churn inside. Especially when I hear the things they’ve been saying about me lately.”

There was an unaccustomed edge in her voice, usually so even and pleasant. The rumors she referred to came out of Hollywood. When the cordial and easy-going Miss Kerr, who has won many press awards for cooperation, announced that, for the time being, there would be no more interviews and no more family pictures, the buzzing began. She and her husband, said the needle-tongued, had had it. There’d be no more pictures with Tony Bartley because soon there’d be no more marriage to Tony Bartley. Ridiculous? You bet—and Deborah Bartley was here to say so. “It was simply that I’d reached the point where it was just too much. I had to draw the line. When we get to the Riviera, when my work is finished and we’re relaxing in the sun, then there’ll be time for pictures. But not now.

“Things like these rumors are annoying, of course. But to get back to that seething and churning inside—I think there’s much more to it than that...” She turned, and picked up a slender book, lying with her purse and gloves on a side table. “Have you read (Continued on page 102)
What is stardom doing to Kim Novak?

The dream has come true, but is the price too high? In the first interview given by her father, he tells Photoplay . . .

why I worry about Kim

The director shouted for the second time, “Quiet, all quiet,” and this time with some impatience. “Shhh,” echoed loud whispers throughout the huge, gray Columbia soundstage—vacant, except for a small section to the left where the klieg lights were focused on a fragile young blonde girl.

“You're right Sal, I—” boomed a male voice over the microphone, and suddenly, with a swift, sharp movement of her body, the girl came to life. Picking up her cue, she repeated. “You're right, Sal, I rob and I steal and I do anything in the book.”

“Cut,” came the direction and an assistant went up and patted the girl's face with a damp, cool cloth. “The lights are almost unbearable today,” she explained to the woman. “Thanks.”

The scene continued, the soundstage quiet again, and the girl picked up her cue once more. “You're right Sal, I rob and I steal and I do anything in the book. I've got to be a star!”

In a chair, to the left of the cameramen, sat a wiry, serious, middle-aged man. He hardly changed his position during the hour-long session, rarely took his eyes off the girl. Once, when she stumbled over a word, he caught his breath and bowed his head in concentration until she'd recovered and continued. Watching her play an hysterical Jeanne Eagels, he seemed caught in the misery of the mood. Only when the director broke in with, “Cut.

by MAXINE ARNOLD

Good, Jeanne Eagels,” did he relax. Sitting back in his chair, he let his hands go limp, watched the director nod approval to his assistant, and the girl, catching the nod, return it with a small, shy smile of satisfaction. I studied him for a moment, then, feeling I would not intrude, I asked the question that had been raised privately since he had arrived in Hollywood: “What do you think of your daughter, Mr. Novak?”

Almost unconsciously, he answered in a soft voice, “I'm proud of her, real proud. But I worry, too. Is the price too high for the dream?”

“We have a date for a luncheon interview,” I said.

Walking across the lot, we made our way to a little restaurant and the bright sunlight seemed to take away some of the tragedy and impact of the scene we'd just watched. Jeanne Eagels had been a beautiful, talented woman, an actress who reached the peak so swiftly that she was never able to make the adjustment. Her life was a tragedy. Although he didn't mention it, it seemed not strange that the thought could occur to Joseph Novak: ‘I hope my daughter never has to suffer personally.’

Once seated, the waiter brought the wine, and fingering the glass for a moment, Joseph Novak looked up, slightly bewildered, and began this exclusive interview for Photoplay. “You know, it's hard to believe this is all happening to Kim. It never stops surprising me that she's in the movies, a star.”

(Continued on page 106)
"It's freezing," yelped Gia as she and Rusty ran in and right out of the water. Russ lent Gia part of his "beach robe"—an overgrown beach towel.

Wanna come to a party today?" Russ Tamblyn shouted at us over the telephone. "So soon?" we asked. "Yeah. Gonna be leaving next week for 'Peyton Place' in Maine." "Be there at twelve," we answered. When we arrived, Earl Holliman, Anne Francis and Gia Scala were sprawled in the living room of Rusty's beach house. "I don't want to do a thing except fill up this bathing suit," said Gia. "I'm dead." "What a lively bunch," muttered Russ, holding his bass viol like a guitar and imitating Elvis Presley's "Hound Dog"—and the party began with a bang! It ended ten hours later. (continued)
"Let's take one for the record," grinned Earl, and we did. Earl, Anne, Gia, Russ met making "Don't Go Near the Water"
“Any truth to those romance rumors?” we asked. Earl and Gia laughed non-committally.

They chased a beach ball over the beach, ducked one another in the surf and had ravenous appetites at dinner time. “Omicats,” bellowed Rusty, “The rolls! I forgot to get the rolls.” He raced off toward the delicatessen, returning with a loaf of rye bread. “Tonight,” Rusty announced, “we have the specialty of the house.” “Hamburgers?” asked Anne. “With a wonderful sauce,” added Rusty and set the platter down with a flourish. “This is delicious,” said Gia. “May I have the recipe?” Rusty looked shocked. “Would the Brown Derby tell you how to make sauce bernaise? Would Romanoff’s tell you how to make sauce hollandaise? Would the Mocambo tell you how to make sauce anglaise? Nevertheless,” he waved his hand airily, “I will!” As they passed their plates for seconds, everyone agreed that this was the perfect way to end the day. (P.S. Rusty’s recipes are on page 109)
ow does he do it?” Gia rmured as Rusty executedazzling mid-air somersault,ding squarely on his feet
In Bombay, our reporter Pegge Parker gets Rossellini’s story

EXCLUSIVE:
ROSSELLINI TALKS

The balding, fifty-one-year-old movie director looked as though he needed a bath. He had showered and shaved less than half an hour before but—drenched in the heat that hangs like a shroud over Bombay at dusk—he was already rumpled again, and his clean white shirt stuck wetly to his chest.

“My wife. . . ?”

Roberto Rossellini lit a cigarette and began to talk about his wife, Ingrid Bergman, doe-eyed Sonali Das Gupta, and the scandal that was still erupting in bazaars, fetid back streets, chic dinner parties and air-conditioned government offices all over India.

The Bombay newspapers had called him a “villain” and a “seducer” and demanded that he be booted out of India on his plump posterior. Prime Minister Nehru had labeled him a “rascal” and allegedly suggested that Sonali’s husband have him beaten up by hoodlums. He seemed oblivious to all of this. He had been persuaded to give this one exclusive interview by Count V. Lavison, Italian Consul-General in Bombay and—after the first wary moments—he hunched forward in his chair and spoke unguardedly.

“My wife. . . ? Ingrid is a very independent woman. A strong woman. In many ways much stronger than I. I will be quite honest. (Continued on page 99)

by PEGGE PARKER
Meeting her marital troubles with quiet dignity, an unruffled Ingrid spends happy hours at the family villa near Rome with son Robertino, twins Ingrid and Isabella.
No marriage stories for us

... say Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher. Why? What has happened that made them reach this sudden, but firm, decision?

It all began when the S. S. Queen Elizabeth docked in London a short time ago. A horde of newspapermen were there to greet two of its prominent passengers, Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher. After they'd had their baggage cleared through customs and were ready to embark for their European honeymoon, a few members of the press waylaid them. "No marriage stories, please," said Eddie, and Debbie echoed, "We'll talk about anything, but not about our marriage."

There was a stunned silence.

"Just three questions, Mr. Fisher?" began a reporter. And Eddie answered, "Okay. But can we say, 'No comment,' if we don't like them?" Everybody laughed.

"What are your plans in Europe?" the reporter asked.

"I'll be singing at the Palladium in London for a week. Then we're going to Monte Carlo, Madrid, Rome—I'll be working there, too, looking for new acts for my TV show."

"And we're going to vacation," said Debbie with a smile, "just as often as we can."

The reporter asked about Eddie's new hour-long television show, and he grew enthusiastic. "It's going to be great. Lots of time to set a mood, to get a background, to really do things. I'm looking forward to it. And that's why I'm so eager to find new talent abroad."

"After we vacation," added Debbie.

Another reporter asked why Jeanette Johnson, Debbie's best friend, is accompanying them on this trip, and Eddie glanced at Debbie and said, "You get busy for two or three days and leave her alone and she gets lonesome." Debbie looked up at him and smiled and he answered her with a grin. "But we're going to spend a lot of time together and really see Europe this time. It's going to be a second honeymoon."

"They look happy," mentioned one British newspaperman in an aside as Debbie and Eddie airily waved goodbye. But an American correspondent set the Britshers thinking when she added, "I know. (Continued on page 84)"
I don't want to be anybody else. I only want to be myself.” Donald Patrick Murray means every word he says. He does not conform. Unlike most of the current crop of young actors, he’s impossible to peg. He dresses conservatively and drives a Ford convertible. Until his marriage, he owned only one suit. He does not shuffle, slouch or mumble. He’s erect and direct. He was graduated from the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in the class ahead of Grace Kelly, never went near the Actors Studio. (“When people hear I didn’t, they think I’m a rare bird.”) He has an unruly mop of dark brown hair, green eyes and a ready, broad smile. He’s six-feet-two, weighs 185 pounds (“I had to put on weight for ‘Bus Stop.’ Then I had to take it all off to play the dope addict in ‘Hatful of Rain’!). He’s a steak-and-potatoes man. He’s an all-around athlete, at school won letters for football and track. He likes to play touch football with the neighborhood boys. Growing up near the beach outside New York City, he learned to swim when he was four, loves sailing. (“Some day I want to get my own boat.”) He is a deeply religious member of the Church of the Brethren. But there is nothing stuffy or sanctimonious about him. He has a keen Irish wit, loves to tell stories in Italian or German dialect—not jokes, but clean, funny stories of experiences he had or heard about. He also has an Irish temper but keeps it well under control. He made his stage debut in “Hellzapoppin,” when his father, the stage manager Dennis Murray, had him run across the length of the stage. The part (continued)
"These photos were taken," says photographer Sandy Roth, "one afternoon when Don and I stopped by a local shop."

"Don dallied around the sports cap counter, then shyly tried a few on. 'They're real crazy,' he kept saying. 'But where would I ever wear one?' 'When you drive,' I suggested. After a good long study, Don concluded, 'Nope, I don't think I'd ever wear one.'"

lasted ten years. His mother, an ex-Ziegfeld Follies beauty, never interfered with his aspirations. He fell in love with his wife, Hope Lange, when she was a seventeen-year-old dancer and he was playing his first big stage role as the sailor in "The Rose Tattoo." She fell in love with him several years later, when he returned after two-and-a-half years of voluntary service in European D.P. camps. Both he and Hope give a portion of their earnings to the project closest to Don's heart, a resettlement program that will make the hopeless refugees of Naples self-supporting. As a pacifist, he is not afraid of danger. He simply refuses to kill another human being. Careerwise, he has two ambitions. One, to bring to films his original screenplay entitled "The Homeless." ("It's a love story that takes place in a refugee camp. Hope and I would like to play the leads.") Two, he wants to play the leading role in "Jean Christophe." He and Hope recently bought a home in Beverly Hills, near Burns and Allen. ("I expect in a few years, my son Chris will be selling lemonade at a stand in front, pointing out the home of the famous George and Gracie, to the tourists.") He expects to putter about the place, do his own carpentry and bricklaying. Being himself has not always been so easy. He knows the combination of acting and being a religious conscientious objector is an unusual one. ("It took me two years to convince the authorities. They didn't think an actor could be sincere.") That he is sincere, he continues to amply demonstrate every day, in every way he can. ("I have learned that without this purpose, any success that comes my way would have no meaning.") "Hatful of Rain" will make Don Murray a very big star. He already is a big person.
I WALKED AWAY FROM FEAR

Closed in a shell of her own making, Vera Miles was afraid of life, afraid of love—until something wonderful happened that made her the person she wanted to be.

At fourteen I was working nine hours a day in a paper box factory." This wasn't said to startle, it was a simple statement of fact made by Vera Miles as we sat in the living room of her home one warm afternoon.

Yet it was startling, in the quiet calm of the sunny room, where a cool breeze moved the curtains and the whole atmosphere was one of pleasant ease. Vera brushed back her blonde hair from her forehead. She has a fragile beauty—a look of always having been sheltered. Searching for her thoughts, she smiled and went on, "But I was a confounded idiot, you know. I worked with so much enthusiasm I was promoted to a stapling machine. One day a ten-ton anvil came barreling down when I pressed a foot lever to staple the box I was holding. Just before it hit, I yanked my fingers out of the way. If I hadn't, for real I could have said 'Look Ma, (Continued on page 110)
Gordon shocked Vera when they first met. She thought he had “an idiot streak in him.” Gordon had his problems too. Vera’s real personality lay behind what seemed an impenetrable wall. So then they were married! Together the Scotts are fixing up their new house now. Outside are a badminton court and swimming pool for sunny afternoons and inside, hi-fi, television and hundreds of books for rainy days. With Debbie, six, and Kelly, five, (Vera’s daughters by a former marriage) and a new baby almost here, the Scotts have every reason these days to stay close to home
PART II • by RICHARD GEHMAN

DON'T SELL NATALIE SHORT

Natalie Wood was discovered by director Irving Pichel when she was four years old and living in Santa Rosa, California. With the unusual talent she had for making friends, she simply wandered away from her mother while they visited the set of a movie called “Happyland,” and wound up on the lap of the director, telling him a story and singing him a song. Completely fascinated, director Pichel gave her an “extra” bit in a crowd scene and was so pleased with the work she did that he promised her mother, “I will look for a part for her in Hollywood.” Then he added, “I am sure your little girl will be a big star some day.”

Director Pichel kept the first half of his promise two years later, when he sent for Natalie and cast her in “Tomorrow Is Forever.” And now, thirteen years after Natalie captivated her first audience, Pichel’s second statement seems to be coming true.

Last summer, shortly after Natalie was awarded the starring role in “Marjorie Morningstar” by the Warner Brothers officials—the role which may very well catapult her to the stardom she has dreamed of throughout most of her nineteen years—a studio executive called her into his office and made a startling announcement.

“We’ve decided,” he said, “that you’re just a little too slender for the part of Marjorie.”

Natalie’s dark eyes grew apprehensive. She had been hoping to get the part for nearly a year, and she had won it after the studio had tested nearly every young actress on both coasts who might conceivably have been suitable for it. Now she was afraid they had made a last-minute decision against her.

“You mean,” she said, “I don’t have the part after all?”

The executive laughed. “Don’t go jumping to conclusions, Nat. We want you for the part and we’ve got a lot of confidence in you. But the fact is, you’re too thin. You’ve got to gain weight. You’ve got to gain at least ten pounds.” (Continued on page 92)
“Sure I like dates. What girl doesn’t? Tab Hunter, Nick Adams, Hugh O’Brian, Steve Rowland, Bob Vaughn, Scott Marlowe—they’re fun to be with, but what’s most important, they’re my friends. Bob Wagner? Well, he’s awfully nice!”
In his first year on his own, Jerry Lewis has had a rough press reception. But those blasts may turn to boomerangs

Jerry Lewis became a prime target for critics the moment he stepped out on his own as a solo entertainer—just one year ago. And they've let him have it, with attacks ranging from sly sniping to both-barrels blasts.

He knocks himself out filling a TV show with laughs, songs, dances, and all he gets from one critic is a weary brush-off: "His Saturday night session didn't do all that was expected of it." From another he gets the works: "A pitiful reminder of Milton Berle's early TV shows, except Uncle Miltie did them better." He puts his heart into a comic-sentimental number with his father and young son, and the routine is called "the most grievous error on the show."

He works like a demon on "The Delicate Delinquent," first film that stars him alone, and the top trade-paper review dismisses it as "uneven and undistinguished."

Thanks to the critics, the deepest disappointment of Jerry's life came on the night that should have seen his greatest triumph. He was opening at the New York Palace, where all old-time vaudevillians hoped to go before they died. For this show-business kid, the theater on Times Square was a symbol of success. "All my life I had wanted to play there," Jerry says.

Maybe he wanted it too much—because disaster struck. "I was so nervous and scared opening night that I just went through the paces. There was no spark, no life. Patti was in (Continued on page 88)
When scathing comments hurt Jerry too deeply, Patti Lewis has a motto to calm him down: You have to be somebody before people will criticize you—so forget the criticism and be grateful you're not a nobody. "That's the trouble with her," he complains. "She's always right!"
Everybody's beau ideal, Gable's virile portrayals of test pilots and dashing adventurers (with Yvonne de Carlo in "Band of Angels") enthralled fans. Even poor films couldn't touch his prestige.

Cary had a time finding his niche in Hollywood until Leo McCarey, behind piano, directed him in "The Awful Truth." Cary's matchless comedy performance in it assured his future. The lady turning music is Miss Kerr, his co-star in "An Affair to Remember".

Expert at playing vixens, tragedy-ridden heroines and just plain mixed-up girls, Bette was demurely tagged "the little brown wren" until she rebelled and bleached her hair. Here with daughter Babs.

Jimmy Stewart studied architecture at college but Princeton's "Triangle Club" musical shows lured him into show business. As Lindbergh in "The Spirit of St. Louis" he portrays, again, an American hero.
Hollywood couldn't beat

PART II. Last month, beginning his three part serial, Dick Sheppard wrote, “At one time or another, every movie personality now recognized as an all-time ‘great’ (and this included John Wayne, Ingrid Bergman, Joan Crawford, Susan Hayward, Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn and Gary Cooper) was labeled a ‘fallen star’ and box-office poison.” Despite this they've all bounced back—stronger than ever. What gives them their unique lasting power? Dick continues, in this second installment, his search for the answer to this intriguing question. The search begins with Gary Cooper.

“When Gary first came to Hollywood,” said one of Coop's early directors recently, “the critics took out after him. ‘One great gangle of arms and legs,’ they wrote. But even though Coop's fan appeal and acting ability in those early days were in question, he always had one outstanding asset. He could keep his mouth shut.”

It was a good thing. Gary's first years in Hollywood were no picnic and after three much-publicized romances and other hectic off-camera activities had left him worn and spent, he suffered a nervous breakdown, left Hollywood to recuperate. In Rome, he was alone and homesick. It was there that the late Countess (continued)
To watch Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire dance was more than a treat, it was an unforgettable experience. Later, Ginger went after serious roles, worked hard and finally won an Oscar, surprising Hollywood.

While Ginger chased the dramatic muse, Fred kept right on dancing, much to the relief of his ardent fans. His wistful singing voice, casual charm and unparalleled footwork are again exhibited in “Silk Stockings” in which he co-stars with Cyd Charisse di Frasso eventually took him under her wing, introduced him to the culture of Europe, later took him big-game hunting in Africa. She polished the rough edges, considerably widened his interests, helped mature him as a person. He returned to Hollywood to appear opposite Helen Hayes in “A Farewell to Arms”, and critics marked him as an actor to be taken seriously. His marriage the following year to socialite Veronica Balfe, and the subsequent birth of their daughter, Maria, brought him tranquility and fulfillment in his private life. Now he could really concentrate on his career.

From the outset, his close-mouthed characteristics were a decided asset. While other stars ranted, raved, climbed walls and threatened hara-kiri in career squabbles, Gary went to great lengths to avoid any head-on explosions. “I never like to hurt people’s feelings,” he once remarked. “If you say ‘no’ you can’t change your mind later on.” When there were problems to be faced or aims to be achieved, Gary meditated at length, decided on the best strategy and pursued it. (“Let’s see what happens” was one strategem (Continued on page 117)
Clothes,” said Terry Moore, “are half the fun of being a girl.” But being the busy person she is, she can’t devote half her life to shopping. Nor does she want to spend half her income. She uses all her ingenuity, therefore, to make the smallest possible wardrobe go to the greatest number of places . . . yet she always looks natural and well-groomed. It’s a look and a method you can follow. Terry thinks of her wardrobe as a whole rather than a series of parts. In planning, she asks herself: “Will this top go with taper-pants as well as with a skirt? Can I wear this Winter, Spring, Fall? Daytime, Night? By coordinating color can I avoid getting a new handbag for every dress?” Her next step is to study the fashion trends carefully, then follow the styles that are right for her.

“Wool tweed is my ticket to work or for travel. With it, the blouse of chiffon (a new duo!) looks uncommonly fragile.” Simplicity Pattern 2186, 50¢; Chiffon bow blouse, Simplicity’s No. 2193, 35¢

Sew a star wardrobe
Sew a star wardrobe  continued

“Every girl needs a black basic dress as a foil for jewelry, a scarf, change of hat with mood.”  Simplicity Pattern 2139, 50¢

“For evening separates, I favor unexpected textures like satin with wool.” Halter blouse, Simplicity 2086, 35¢; printed wool skirt, Simplicity 2006, 50¢

“Notice the new length of my taper-pants. The tops dress them up or down.” Pants, Simplicity Pattern 1818, 50¢; jersey blouse, Simplicity 1727, 35¢
"I call this dress, at right, my 'golden find.' I like its knitted fabric—and wear it with or without the self-belt." Pattern 2173, 50¢. "My coat, a soft shade of chocolate, goes beautifully over my loose-fitting suits." Simplicity Pattern 2136, 50¢.

To buy patterns, see stores on page 72.
Sew a star wardrobe continued

“I believe in the ‘Sew-It-Yourself School.’ Things fit better, can be richer in fabric. Right now I’m lucky enough to have a dressmaker and have picked up some of her trade secrets to pass on to you:
1. Use pinking shears for a finished look; keeps seams from raveling.
2. Set aside an especially sharp pair of shears for cutting thin fabrics, such as chiffon, so threads won’t pull.
3. For neat, comfortable fit, get the zipper length the pattern calls for.
4. After you’ve sewn your fine seam, press it (using steam iron if you have one). Details like this mean the difference between the homemade and the couturier look.
5. When interfacing is called for, get the best quality you can.
6. Choose thread carefully for color and weight, depending upon fabric used. (Continued on page 72)

“My turtleneck top picks up its color from my unpressed pleated skirt. It’s the same one I team with my new ski pants. A belt pulls them together.” Skirt, Pattern 2145, 35¢
Below, Teddi King, RCA Victor's young songbird also sings in smart nightclubs. "My clothes must be as individual as my song arrangements. That's why I choose Simplicity Patterns for my dressmaker to use. They're styled with wonderful drama, fashion—and Simplicity!"

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Below, MGM's lovely Finnish "find", Taina Elg, "loves to sew, hates to iron." Her enchanting figure "just fits into size 11 Simplicity Patterns"; one reason she uses them. Taina will co-star in the Sol C. Siegel Production, "Les Girls", released by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

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There are so many good reasons why... more women choose Simplicity than any other pattern!

Look for your copy of the Fall-Winter Simplicity Magazine... at newsstands and pattern counters... 35¢

(Advertisement)
Sew a star wardrobe
continued

“I’m constantly amazed at how a change in accessories can make a dress unrecognizable. I have three sets—one in each of the basic colors of my wardrobe—gold, black and shades of brown. I make sure I have a big bold handbag and a tiny clutch, a spill of beads for an unadorned dress, hats in the latest, gayest shapes. They’re wardrobe multipliers!”

“This is another of my double-duty dresses—to be worn bare or as a jumper. Here, I wear it with the soft chiffon blouse I wore with my tweed suit on page 67. I love it because I’m keen on pleats (they’re going the rounds this year). Simplicity Pattern No. 2146, 50¢


TERRY MOORE STARS IN 20TH CENTURY-FOX’S "BERNARDINE"
based on his make-up research for Color TV, Max Factor creates an entirely new kind of lipstick

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Please send me a "Try-Size" Hi-Fi Lipstick, enough for at least 60 days, plus Max Factor’s new booklet “You at Your Loveliest.” I enclose 25c to help cover postage and handling.
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TAINA ELG
co-starring in MGM's
"LES GIRLS"
A Sol Siegel Production
In CinemaScope
and Metrocolor

Escape • slim stroke of genius in broadtail leather.

Matching broadtail bag.

Hermine Cantor and Taina Elg

Party • sling-shot strap with gay button-flower jewel.

Pointer • slim sheath with square throat, stiletto heel.

Sassy • flared wing trim on an elegantly tapered toe.

Fashion Editor Photoplay Magazine
Riot • sporty sling pump in new "diamond cut" leather.

Lynn • smart button tab trim on pleated faille collar.

Fritzi • gracefully designed with soft, puff vamp.

Blair • aristocratic strap pump for smooth walking ease.

Pin Point • sleek pump with pencil heel, silver buckle.

Red Hot • airy pump with swirls of bright jet beads.

Fantasy • dramatic faille bow with smokey "pearl" button.

Present "femme fatale" fashions by Trim Tred

As fascinating as the Paris skyline... the outline of fashion for fall! Beautiful, infinite in variety, with a truly feminine charm. And Trim Tred captures this bewitching mood in its new "femme fatale" collection of shoes. Smart tailored pumps for town wear... others elegantly styled for an evening rendezvous. In luxurious leathers and textured silks... with sparkling jewels, suave buckles and bows. Many tapered along continental lines... and all skillfully designed for superb comfort. Lovely in every way, or as the French say, magnifique!

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10 ways to keep cool

Pier takes the simmer out of summer with a cooling system of her own

1. Start with the right groceries: Eat lightly, passing up heavy food for fruit and vegetables.

2. If you can’t be at the shore, cool off by wearing colors of the sea: blue, green, white.

3. Artificial flowers never wilt, perk up your outfit and you. It’s cooler than jewelry, too.

4. Cold water on the “pulses” at ankles and wrists cools the entire body. (See photo, right)

5. For a glow instead of a hot shine, freshen face often with cool, convenient cleansing pads.

6. Best cure for wilted spirits between now and your next vacation—a long, lukewarm bath.

7. Be sure tub is full. And for the nicest way to come clean, add fragrant bath salts or oil.

8. Slide in up to your chin and don’t even think of sudsing up for at least 20 lazy minutes.

9. Dust with powder so you won’t heat up all over again, tugging on clothes over damp skin.

10. For the fancy finish, spray generously with toilet water in economical aerosol bottle.
BLONDIES HAVE MORE DATES?

You’ll find out when you blonde your hair with Lady Clairol® Whipped Creme Hair Lightener. Actually *silkens* your hair as it *lightens* it...in one fast action! Lady Clairol whips instantly to a soft, rich cream...never runs or drips. Nothing like it for ease or speed...for clear, even tone. Leaves hair easy to manage...never coarse or brassy. For a glamorous change in your looks...your personality...try amazing, new Lady Clairol. The Whipped Creme makes the fabulous difference!
Exclusively Yours

Stack Takes A Stand: Too bad that Bob Stack, after his Academy nominee performance in "Written on the Wind," is now on suspension for refusing a role offered to him on his home lot, 20th. I don't quarrel with Bob's right to turn down a part that he feels is a step backward in his career, because no actor can give his best to a film in which he is unhappy. Yet, on the other hand, I have rarely found an actor, on stage or screen, who is an impersonal judge of a script. He reads it in relation to the size of his own role and how it will "stack" up against any competition! Reminds me of a young player I know, who finally won his first stage role. Eagerly, he scanned the script for his first entrance. It read: "Curtain rises. You make exit as heroine enters!"

New Femme Star: Pat Neal's screen comeback in "Face in the Crowd" should have every studio knocking at her door again. When Pat checked out of Warner Brothers five years ago, she was an unhappy girl. An unfortunate love affair with a handsome film hero had left a deep scar. She returned to New York, dispirited at heart and disinterested in her career. Then, she met the well-known British short-story writer, Roald Dahl, and suddenly, it was a great, big, beautiful world again. After the birth of their daughter, Olivia, Pat began to think of her career again, and to warm up, she started attending classes at the Actors Studio. It was here that Elia Kazan saw her doing a brilliant "improvisation" and asked her if she would like to replace Barbara Bel Geddes in his stage production of "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof." Pat took this opportunity to return to Broadway, even in a role established by another star. It proved to be a wise jump, because it was the springboard for her return to films. Kazan was so delighted with her performance, that when he and Budd Schulberg joined their "On the Waterfront" talents again for "Face in the Crowd," Pat was immediately tagged for the feminine lead opposite Andy Griffith. Now, with this new lease on her screen career, and another daughter to bless her happy marriage, all of Pat's unhappy memories have receded into a dim and forgotten past.

People You Know: Cary Grant turned down the co-starring role in "Bonjour Tristesse" because he didn't want to play a father of an eighteen-year-old daughter. And he's right. I don't know of any eighteen-year-old, whose feelings for Cary are like a daughter's! There aren't many young eligible bachelors left in Hollywood anymore, and now there is one less, since Cliff Robertson caught up with Jack Lemmon's lovely ex-wife, Cynthia Lemmon. Listen for wedding bells any day now. On second thought, from the letters I've been receiving, John Saxon should be able to take over.

Deborah Kerr's eight-year-old daughter, Melanie Bartley, went to see her mother in (Continued on page 81)
Can love come to a woman after 35?

She has so much to give—to the man who can give in return. Could it be Gil? They might know real love together. But whenever they come close to fulfillment, his jealousy tears through their happiness, destroying it. Is Kurt the answer? Kurt, so sure, so shrewd. He has the power to hurt, yet a sudden gentleness made him say, "I'm starved for all the things you are." Can she choose? You can get the whole story—even while you work—when you listen to daytime radio. Hear THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT on the CBS RADIO NETWORK. Monday through Friday. See your local paper for station and time.
“An Affair to Remember” and reported back, “I don’t see how it can fail.” Sounds as if Melanie may grow up to be a very discerning film critic!

My Own Private Crystal Ball: Ava Gardner won’t marry Walter Chiari, but if she does in an impulsive moment, it can’t possibly last. Chiari admittedly is the jealous male, Ava is admittedly the possessive female—a combination as combustible as TNT! . . . Greer Garson will score a great personal triumph in her Broadway debut, replacing Rosalind Russell as “Auntie Mame” and Hollywood will “discover” her all over again . . . Cathleen Nesbitt’s exquisite performance as Cary Grant’s grandmother in “Affair to Remember” (20th Century-Fox), will be a strong contender in the Oscar sweepstakes for the best supporting performance of the year by an actress . . . If Linda Christian can find a ghost writer who will really tell all in her planned autobiography, Linda should make Diana Barrymore look like Elsa Dinsmore! . . . Lauren Bacall will be a wise gal to move away from Hollywood where it’s “No Man’s Land” for an unattached femme and once back in her native New York, she’ll regain the Paradise she lost at Bogie’s death. . . . If Audrey Hepburn allows Mel Ferrer to direct one of her films, it might prove the handwriting on the wall. When Mel co-starred in the stage production of “Ondine” with Audrey, he objected vehemently when Lynn Fontanne interjected some of her ideas to her husband, Alfred Lunt, so what will he say to his own wife if she emulates Miss Fontanne? . . . Jayne Mansfield will never be cast in a movie entitled “The Reluctant Debutante” . . . If Tallulah Bankhead, whose favorite role is Sadie Thompson in “Rain,” ever gets around to seeing Kim Novak’s screen version, don’t ask her what she thinks of it—or she’s likely to tell you! . . . Rumors that Ty Power will marry Mai Zetterling will continue in all the gossip columns and Ty will continue to deny them . . . Deborah Kerr, who’s been a three-time loser as an Oscar nominee, has a very good chance to win it this year . . . Veronique and Greg Peck will “heir” the nursery again . . . If Marlon

The Andy Griffith that wife Barbara knows is a long way from the menace he portrayed in “Face in the Crowd”

Brando is really serious about playing Romeo (a very dull hero!), his Juliet will be Susan Strasberg . . . Red Buttons, who’s been knocking around show-business all his life, in burlesque, vaudeville and tv, will finally be accepted as a brilliant dramatic actor in his film debut in Josh Logan’s production for Warners of “Sayonara” . . . Andy Griffith, who (Continued on page 115)
I'm so afraid people will think it was a phony act."

I couldn't read Sal Mineo's expression. The upper part of his face was covered with huge dark glasses. But there was no mistaking the concern in his voice.

“But, Sal,” I said, “How could they? Why, the whole story about your operation was covered in all the newspapers. There were plenty of pictures, too.”

“I know,” he replied, “but I keep thinking that maybe some folks didn't see it. I was on tour, you know, and I just had to drop everything and come back home. Then there was the opening of ‘Dino’ in Chicago. I was supposed to be there, but I couldn't go. It was awfully hot then, and well, some people might have thought I was just finding an excuse to goof off. That's what upset me, more than anything—”

“When you almost lost an eye?”

“Yes,” he said. “In fact, that aggravated my condition. I was terribly depressed and worried about it. My doctor noticed it, and he told me, ‘You're not doing yourself any good. You've got to stop worrying.’ My family noticed it, too, and tried their best to snap me out of it.”

“That's right,” said Sal's mother, who heard part of the conversation as she came in with cold drinks—chocolate milk for Sal, to build up the weight he'd lost. “We'd tell him jokes and funny things that happened—anything we could think of to get his mind off it. But it didn't help.”

It was warm-hearted, motherly Mrs. Mineo who had answered the phone, when Photoplay called to see how Sal
was getting along. Everyone in the office had been concerned about him, hoping that his eye operation would have no serious consequences.

"Oh, he's fine now," she assured us. "He still has to wear dark glasses when the light is strong, because his eye has to be dilated for a while to keep it from becoming infected again, but otherwise, he's fine, thanks."

Could we come to see him? "Just a minute—" She called her son. "Sure!" Sal said. "I'm not doing anything but sitting here. Can't read, can't look at television. I'd be glad for company!"

Now, in the homey Mineo living room, Sal's mother, who looks remarkably young to be the mother of four grown children, looked at her son fondly, and sighed.

"Sal's the kind who keeps all his troubles to himself. He never complains. Even when we all knew he was suffering such pain, he wouldn't say anything. Sometimes," she smiled at him, "I'd like to see him get riled and blow off steam, like I do. But he never does."

Sal grinned back at her. "But, Mom, I just take it out on my drums. Or I go and talk to my dog."

"It's not enough," she shot back from the doorway.

"Maybe I did worry too much," Sal went on. "I've done a lot of thinking these past weeks. There wasn't anything else to do! I had to rest as much as possible. So I'd sit here, or lie on my bed, just thinking. Now, I believe it was a good thing. In fact, this whole experience has actually been good for me!"

"What?" I asked. The pain, the threat of losing the sight of his right eye, and possibly a brilliant career with it—how could that be good?

"I mean it," Sal said seriously. "If you want, I'll tell you what happened—right from the beginning."

"Please do," I said.

You couldn't help but notice that there was a change in Sal. Some of the carefree, boyish bounce he'd always had was gone. He seemed much more subdued and thoughtful.

"When I first walked into Dr. Hubert's office," he said, "I knew my eye was in a pretty bad way. After one look, he told me so, too, in no uncertain terms. But I guess I reacted like everybody who's been in perfect health, then suddenly is struck with a serious illness. You think, 'Oh, it can't be so bad. I'll get over it.'"

"I even tried to make a joke of it. When the doctor covered my good eye and asked me to read what I could on the chart, I couldn't see a thing. So I said, 'Made in U.S.A.' The doctor jumped and said, 'How's that?' Then he laughed.

"But after the examination was over, I got a shock. The doctor sat down with me, and told me exactly what was wrong. The eye was badly ulcerated. If it didn't respond to treatment, an operation would have to be performed. That would be a ticklish proposition, because the ulcers had formed on top of old scars from an infection I had about five years ago. Luckily, the bad area wasn't directly over the pupil—if it had been, the scars would have destroyed my sight in any case, and he would have had to do a corneal transplant—that's the operation where they cut out the damaged cornea and transplant a section from a good eye. As it was, if the new infection could be removed without cutting too deeply into the old scars, fine. If not, I would lose the sight of the eye.

"That hit me hard. Suddenly, the thought that I might have to go through life half blind, drove everything else out of my mind. When I went to bed, I couldn't sleep. I realized how foolish it is, just to take your good health for granted. 'This is the greatest thing a person can have,' I thought. 'Nothing is so important.'"

"For some people, especially those who have had any kind of illness or physical disability, I guess this is no great discovery. But for me, it was. You see, until then, I thought that nothing, absolutely nothing, was as important as my career.

"It's strange, but it was my career, in kind of a way, that caused the trouble. The doctor told me that the infection could have been caused by some little irritation, maybe only a speck of dust. But it was because I was run down from rushing around the country and trying to do too much that it took hold.

"Of course, my career is important. But now I realized it was just one part of my life—not the only big thing in it, above anything else. (Continued on page 86)"
NO MARRIAGE STORIES FOR US

Continued from page 53

But why can't they say so? Why won't they talk? What's this business about 'no marriage stories' when for almost two years every newspaper and magazine has faithfully reported how many cups they had in the cupboard and what they talked about at breakfast. What gives?

It set the reporters thinking and the thinking didn't stop when Eddie opened at the Pala-
dium. The applause that greeted his final number was thunderous, and Eddie took bow after bow while the audience shouted "Where's Debbie?" The first time Debbie had been at the Palla-
dium with Eddie she'd been the offstage voice for one of his numbers and had come onstage at the final curtain to take her bow. This time, when the audience called for Debbie, a spotlight picked her up in the Royal box, and she stood up and bowed to the audience. Someone who noticed the difference mentioned it aloud, and Debbie answered, "This is Eddie's show. I don't belong up front," and it seemed a satisfactory explanation till Debbie flew off to Paris while Eddie finished his week-long stint at the Palla-
dium. "She's off to the continent to get me a present for Father's Day," Eddie said blithely, but the people who'd been inclined to wonder, wondered.

And then in an interview with a reporter for the London Sunday Dispatch Eddie made a statement that thoroughly reflected his point of view. The reporter was speaking about Debbie and Eddie's first trip to London together and the headlines the story of the postponement of their marriage had evoked. "We should have been left alone to work things out for ourselves. When people decide to get married they believe it's for keeps, don't you agree? But everybody was at us, like drops of water dripping on the head—that sort of thing can drive you crazy," Eddie seriously explained.

Was Eddie talking about The Great Divide of 1955, when their marriage was postponed, or of the pressure they've been under recently? For lately, every minor separation and major decision was greeted with questions by the press such as "Are you two kids really getting along all right?" and "Is your marriage safe and sound?"

The English reporter didn't belabor the point. He continued, "But you seem to have survived all that. In fact you're called over here America's Ideal Couple."

"Also the Sweethearts of America," Eddie answered ruefully. "That's a tough label we don't want pinned on us. We're like ordinary people and we want to lead ordinary lives."

And that, in a neat quotation, sums up Debbie and Eddie's thinking right now.

It's difficult for Debbie and Eddie to simply stop talking for the press. For now everybody talks about the reason why they've stopped. But a friend of Debbie's speaks for them both when she says, "It's putting too much of a burden to ask any marriage to be the Typical American Ideal. It puts pressures where they don't belong—and there are enough real ones there to cope with."

"I've got a theory that if two people are together it doesn't matter if they're apart," said Eddie when the Dispatch reporter asked about Debbie's having left for Paris when Eddie was in London. But the business of separations has been a source of trouble for Debbie and Eddie, with the brief exception of when they were making "Bundle of Joy" together. Take, for instance, the matter of what happened when Eddie was in Boston and Philadelphia with his new act and Debbie remained in Hollywood with the baby. Reporters, faced with black and white facts, put them together and got charcoal gray. It had happened last March, when Eddie left on a trip across the eastern seaboard to try out his new act that was scheduled for a Las Vegas night club. Eddie left first, with plans for Debbie and Carrie Frances to follow. Carrie's belongings were duly packed, bottles for her formula set in a suitcase. As part of the routine, Debbie had her pediatrician check Carrie before she made the trip. The doctor advised her to inquire about the weather conditions on the east coast, and Debbie phoned her mother-in-law. Philadelphia was cold, she was told, and blustery, and Boston weather was even worse. Un-
daunted, Debbie continued to pack an ex-
tra set of blankets for the baby and bought a pair of warm nightgowns. But the day of departure, the baby seemed quieter than usual, and Debbie called the physician. "Only an upset stomach," said the doctor soothingly, "but no trips for the baby this time," he advised. "The baby's illness, plus the change of climate, might cause complications." Tearfully, Debbie cancelled her plans to be with Eddie.

As they had during the days when theirs was a cross-country romance, Debbie and Eddie spoke to each other on the telephone twice a day. Each time, Debbie signed off the conversation with a mean-
ingful, "How's the weather out your way?" It didn't get any better, but finally Debbie thought the separation was too much to bear, and she left Carrie Frances with her mother to fly out to Boston and join her husband on the last four days of his engagement.

The minute Eddie's personal appearance was over, Debbie and Eddie telephoned Mrs. Reynolds long distance and asked Debbie's mother to meet them at the air-
port in California with the baby. They arrived to find Mrs. Reynolds waiting inconspicuously off to one side, and the three of them had a wonderful reunion.

"I wish some of the people who've been spreading rumors about Debbie and Eddie could have been at the airport that day," says a mutual friend. "As a matter of fact, I wish I'd have had a camera with me. It's a picture I'd like to keep. From all the hugging, kissing and cuddling that was going on, you'd never have thought it was only three weeks since Eddie had seen the baby, and just three days since Debbie had left her!" The friend smiled knowingly. "I wish a couple of skepti-
cal column—(Continued on page 86)
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NOW I CAN SEE

Continued from page 84

ists I could name could have seen them." For when Debbie had left Hollywood, one of the columnists had written that she was "flying East to talk things over with Eddie." Talk things over indeed they did, as any happily married couple does, but whatever the columnist had meant with the word "East" was interpreted to mean that the Fishers were in trouble.

From that period on, the reporters have descended with questions in mind and pencil and paper in hand. Debbie and Eddie did nothing except to retreat into a shell of reserve and request, "No marriage stories for us, please." They refused to dignify such attacks by answering them.

"What could Debbie or Eddie do?" a good friend of theirs asks. "If you start to deny a rumor, it's like printing a retrac-
tion, so you do nothing. I never read the original statement reads the denial, and the whole thing seems pointless. You spread an untruth unwillingly. So it seems better to ignore the whole thing."

Debbie energetically set about moving out to Las Vegas so that they could be together when Eddie played there. She was made准备工作 to move out to the Hotel Tropicana, their "home away from home" for the duration. Three cars were piled full of their possessions as Debbie made trip after trip for their belongings—throw-rugs, pictures, furniture, toys and clothes went in along with the baby's crib—and friends helped her load the cars full of item after item. "Say, Deb- bie knowed I was going in to take everything but the wallpaper off the wall." Everybody laughed but Debbie was thoughtful for a moment. "That reminds me—メンバー should do in that is in the library. When they were all priceless antiques and Debbie ordered them sent home. "Debbie," Eddie had once said jokingly, "makes sure when she's going to something that it says 'Very Old Thing.'" Debbie stood in her living room for a while, planning to use the divan backs as headboards for her bed, and had planned to lower the four-poster bed for another room. But Eddie likes modern furniture, and after they'd "talked the whole thing over, Debbie decided there was just one thing to do: She sold them. Then she also sold their house, the third one they've lived in the two years they've been married. They hope to build a new home, one that Irma and Eddie will "call their own" and which Debbie and Eddie sighs, "I hope our next move will be our last."

About the future: Debbie and Eddie are ready to speak about careers.

This fall, Eddie faces a big challenge in his career: With a full-hour television show resting squarely on his shoulders, he will be facing the test of whether he can entertain an audience and give promise of being. It's a test he's ready for. "It's a challenge," he says.

And Debbie is facing the challenge of producing a baby. All of the tension is being attacked by innuendo and rumor. Overly, she's doing everything she can to fight it. There has been some talk she's trying to break her contract at M-G-M, but Debbie states flatly that she won't be doing "The Reluctant Debutante"—she and the studio are very happy. "I would, however, like to work out a new arrangement with the studio that would give me more free time though," she admits. More free time, for Debbie, means time with Carrie and Eddie. Marriage, a fact which has never been very priva-
tyy for Debbie and Eddie. For years they've been cooperative and gracious with the press, discussing what they've had for dinner, the furniture they'll live with, the baby's room. But this week, there were rumors of the baby when she cries at night, and how much Deb loves it when Eddie sings to her. Now, at last long, they want to enjoy it and make the baby a part of every-
body's delight. They don't want to have to live up to a public ideal, and they don't want to have to wage a constant battle against innuendo and rumor. What they'd like to do is simplify—get themselves in to everybody else that the way to have a happy marriage is to live it—not to talk about it. This, they intern to do. The Eva

"They're so nice," Sal said. "All the fans have been so good to me. You should see all the nice cards they sent me. And you were so good to the doctors. The nursery was frighted, and I began to be in-

patient. 'Why isn't anything happening?' I wanted to know.

"One day I came into the office and the doctor said, 'Sal, I've made an ap-
pointment for you to see one of the top eye specialists in the country.' Right away, I realized that he'd sensed my lack of con-
fidence in his work. He'd told me to tell him, 'That isn't necessary.'" But he said, 'No, Sal, I want you to go.' So I did.

"Well! I went to that big hospital, and in marched this specialist, very brusque and very tall. 'Why,' I said, 'you have my eye, not very gently, without saying a word. Finally, he said, 'I'll take care of this right now, if you like.' I gulped. I'm sure I was all over, and I knew it was all over, and I knew it was a success. I wouldn't lose my sight! I just can't de-
scribe how I felt. So happy, and so grateful. I was walking on air—at least, until a second doctor peeked. But that was only because of the tension."

"We're all so glad that it turned out so well," Sal said. "But how can you say yes when it's been such a miracle?"

Sal hesitated a moment before he an-
swered. Then, he said slowly, "Partly, be-
cause of what it taught me, about putting things first that are really important—life—good health, my own friends,
Like climbing right into a bouquet

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faith in God, confidence and respect for others. Partly... he hesitated again... because of what I learned about myself."

He paused again. "I haven't told this to anyone outside my close friends and my family, but I've written a play! I couldn't use my eyes, but my friend, Joe Cavallero, helped me. This is something I've always wanted to do, but I never had time.

"I've tried to put into my writing what I've been thinking about my acting, too. It's this: I feel that there's a real need to deal with the problems of young people. Oh, I don't mean more juvenile delinquency stories... I think some of the films about it have been very helpful... but I mean all the problems of young people. In talking to them, I've found out that they do have problems, and feelings, and beliefs that are very important to them, and often misunderstood by older people. Take young love, for instance. So often, their parents will laugh it off as 'puppy love.' Maybe it is, and maybe it isn't. But the thing is, it's very important to them at the time, and this is something older people should try to understand. It should be taken more seriously.

"Another thing—from the way they've been treating me, I know how very sincere young people are. And I think that kind of sincerity deserves consideration.

"That's why I've decided that in my acting parts and in my writing, if I can bring about a better understanding of young people, that's what I want to do. I think the parts I had in 'Dino' and 'The Young Don't Cry' are along that line, in a way, but the characters were very unusual. Now, I'd like to play a more typical part in a good love story.

"But what about the personal side, Sal? Did you come to any new decisions about that?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied promptly. "For one thing, I'm more determined than ever now to go to college. What I've been trying to do these past weeks, to put my thoughts into words, I'm sure that I can do much better with a college education. And I want to learn so much—to study everything I can that will help me in my work."

"What about romance?"

"I've thought about it, but there I'm stumped. I go out with lots of girls, very nice girls, too, but I just haven't the desire to go steady. Maybe I just haven't met the right girl for me. Maybe I'm not ready for it. So I think the best thing is not to do it. I don't think it would be fair to ask a girl to go steady with me, anyway. When I'm out traveling all around the country, she'd just be sitting at home. It wouldn't be right."

Sal looked out of the window. The sun was setting, casting a golden glow upon the trees and cozy suburban homes outside. "You know," he said wistfully, "there's one big thing that I've found out from all this thinking I've been doing. It's that I don't really know what I don't want most. While I'm doing something, making a picture, or a record, I'm full of enthusiasm and so excited about it. But as soon as it's finished, it doesn't mean anything any more. Right now, getting that gold record for a million sales of 'Start Movin' seems like the greatest thing that could happen to me. But I know that after I get it, that would be the end of it. Maybe... if I found the right girl... maybe that would be the answer. But I still don't know."

A lot of older and wiser people than eighteen-year-old Sal Mineo have been trying to find the answers to that. But one thing is certain: On the rough road that everyone takes to wisdom, and maturity, and understanding, his recent ordeal has taken Sal a long, long way. The End
HAS JERRY FOOL THE CRITICS?

(Continued from page 62)

the front row, but, like a fool, I didn't look at her.

Instead, he looked at the members of The Press. "All I could see were those wise guys sitting there and hoping for me to fail. I could see them with tombstones on their laps and the words written on them: "Jerry Lewis, 1926-1957."

"How I hated those creepy characters with their Charles Addams smiles! They can't stand anything that is good and clean and fresh. So they were delighted to see me fall on my nose."

He was onstage a mere fifty-four minutes, unable to warm his audience out of the Jerry Lewis chill (a chill that carried over into the next morning's reviews). After the show, as he had dreamed of this night, there should have been a happy uproar of congratulations backstage. Instead, Jerry and Patti, his wife, were left alone in his dressing room, to share their misery. He felt physically ill. She could only cry, knowing how much this night had meant to him, how long he had looked forward to it, how far back the dream went . . .

Back twenty years, when an eleven-year-old kid named Joseph Levitch stood in the midst of the bustling Saturday-night throng in Times Square and felt the pulse of the greatest entertainment street in the world—Broadway. When his mother and father were working out of town he liked to walk down Broadway and watch the crowds. He did it often.

He looked at the faces—the dame-hungry sailors on leave, the honey-mooning couples gawking at the spectacular movie signs, the well-dressed, well-heeled people hurrying to make an 8:40 curtain, the Broadway old-timers looking for a quick buck, the stony-faced cops, the theater doormen dined in admirals.

None of them looked at him as he walked around, half-memorizing the lighted signs that made Times Square brilliant and boasted names like Cary Grant, Bette Davis, Jack Benny, Gary Cooper, Joan Crawford.

"Some day I'm going to be somebody," he said to himself. "Some day I'm going to be famous, and all these people on Times Square—all those names up there, too—they'll know me."

A good dream for a lonely kid, for Jerry was a happy child. His mother and father loved each other, but they were separated most of the time. Danny Lewis sang songs and told jokes. He was a good entertainer, but he never got the breaks. Most of the time he was struggling to make a living for his family with club dates, split weeks and burlesque.

"I remember when I was twelve," Jerry recalls, "I told my mother I was going to be a big star. There was no fooling around about it; I knew that was what I would be. What's more, I told her I was going to be a star for Paramount Pictures. I liked Paramount because it had that mountain with all the lovely stars around it."

"Where did I get the drive? I guess it comes from seeing what happened to my dad. He was good—damn good. I loved the way he sang, and I thought he was real funny, too. But nothing ever happened to his career. Nothing. He had to play in burlesque to make a living.

"That wasn't going to happen to me. I was going to fight my way to the top, and then I was going to stay there."

His drive showed itself in school. He was always fighting to be elected leader, and generally he won. "And when I took over, I really ran things," he says. "I worked like hell to be a success."

The story of Jerry's rise to fame in show business has been told many times. But the story that has been largely untold is an even more dramatic one: how he found the courage to make a go of it as a single. It would make a perfect plot for a show-business movie, because a woman plays an important part. She is Jerry's wife, Patti, an amazing mixture of native wisdom and natural charm.

The last chapter in the first phase of Jerry Lewis' phenomenal career was written on the night of July 25, 1956, at the Copacabana in New York. It was closing night, and Jerry realized that from now on he couldn't always perform as a member of a team.

He went back home to California. Ahead of him were four months of rest and preparation for his debut as a single. He knew it was a challenge, perhaps the greatest of his life. For that reason, he didn't want to think about it. He would put it out of his mind for a few weeks and come to grips with it later.

Jerry and Patti went for a vacation in Las Vegas with his publicity man, Jack Keller, and Mrs. Keller. They saw the shows, played a little golf, relaxed.

At 7:15 on the night of August 6, Jerry and Patti were packing their bags and getting ready to head for home. The phone rang. It was Sid Luft, Judy Garland had laryngitis and couldn't go on that night at the New Frontier. Would Jerry go on for her?

Jerry panicked. He looked at his wife. "What'll I do?" he asked.

"Do what you want to do—go on," she said in a matter-of-fact tone.

"But I'm scared! I haven't got an act. I'm going back to L.A. to start working up an act."

"Do me a favor and just go on."

"Go on! You're supposed to protect me, not throw me into the lions' den."

"Look. You can't get out some time if you can't make a go as a single. God works in strange ways. Maybe this is His way to let you find out.

"He tried to argue, but she had already taken the seat at the back of her bed and started pressing his dark suit. He had no dark socks, so he had to borrow an undersized pair from Keller.

Patti was ready for the show, but he was still scared. "After performing one way for ten years, it isn't easy to face an entire switch," he moaned.

Ten days after the switch, Jerry stayed onstage, throwing in every piece of business and every joke he could remember. Judy, who couldn't speak a word, sat at the side of the stage. Jerry played a lot of the funny stuff off her.

The show went so well that Jerry couldn't figure how to get offstage. Then he remembered that Judy sang "Rockabye Your Baby with a Dixie Melody" in her act. He asked the orchestra to play it, and he gave it all he had.

When he went offstage, the entire audience was on its feet. They were impressed by his virtuosic performance. It was the first standing ovation he had ever received.

Harry Cohn, the tough boss of Columbia Pictures, was among those who dashed backstage to congratulate him. The mogul confessed that tears had come to his eyes when Jerry sang "Rockabye".

"You came the closest to the impact of John Garfield," Cohn added later. "I've seen Jerry do it."

Patti agreed. Jerry resisted, but she kept him for days. "Do it just for me."

So he did it for her. Unknown to him, she sent the record off to Decca. Decca flipped, signed Jerry to do an album of Jolson-type songs.

After his sub for Garland, Jerry received another phone call from Sid Luft. Judy was sick again. Would Jerry fly up to fill in for her?

"Jerry, I've got a first plane to Vegas. When he started making arrangements to go on, he said, "Naturally, Judy will be on the side of the stage again."

"She's got to have her head. This time she's in bed," he said. "The doctor won't let her get up."

Again Jerry hit the panic button. He placed a hurried call to Patti.

"I told him it was about Judy to play the gags to," he complained.

"Honey," she replied, "it's the man upstairs again. He wants you to do it alone."

Jerry went on. This time he did eighty minutes and knew he could handle it as a single, but his problems weren't over. He had more hurdles ahead of him.

The first was a big one. He had won permission to make a movie alone—not only act in it, but produce as well. And from a story he had been working on for years.

It was a big order, but Jerry jumped into it with both feet. He prepared the
script of "The Delicate Delinquent" with great care, fashioning it to his talents. It was a real gamble, taking almost sole responsibility for his success or failure as a single in movies. But he took it.

By the end of October, 1956, the picture was finished, efficiently turned out in a period of time that would have done credit to a long-experienced producer. But Jerry knew he would have to wait months, until the picture's release, to learn whether he had a smash or a flopperoo on his hands.

He didn't hide away quietly during that time. He returned to the field where he first found fame—the night clubs. This would place him in the flesh before the critics, some of whom were sharpening their stilettoes. Jerry knew he had to be great, not just good. So he drilled and rehearsed to find the right formulas.

As a breather (a Lewis-style breather), he took a swing around the country to help along the sales of his "Rockabye" record and his album "Jerry Lewis Just Sings." He totaled 290 appearances in thirteen days, and the disc and album shot up to the top-ten list.

Jerry opened at the Sands in Las Vegas November 15. His evaluation of the debut: "The first night was rough; the second night was better; the third night I was in." Mostly, the critics were kind to Jerry. But this wasn't Broadway; he wasn't up against the real sharpshooters yet.

He did SRO business right up to closing night, December 19. His salary was $25,000 a week. It is now $40,000. And one Vegas spot offered him $60,000 to switch his allegiance from the Sands. This fall, he'll set an all-time record for appearances outside Vegas, that ready-money capital of the U.S. He'll get $40,000 for his stint at Ben Maksik's Town and Country Club—in plain old Brooklyn.

After Christmas with his family, Jerry took off for the Chez Paree in Chicago. The business, he says, was SOSRO—"standing on standing room only."

He maintains he'll never forget the closing night. It was during one of the worst hail and sleet storms in Chicago history. The temperature reading was four below zero.

Jerry left the Ambassador East for the Chez, normally a six-minute ride. The taxi took an hour and forty-five minutes. When he arrived, he expected to see a handful in the audience. The joint was packed. Capacity was 750 persons, and 890 crowded in for the final show.

Next challenge: TV.

He went to New York to prepare for his first television show as a single. He had nine days to prepare.

"Was I scared? You've got to invent a better word for scared. Something like 'pathological mental destruction.' That's what I felt."

Again, Patti saved him. He asked her to stand beside the camera when he started the show. Her smiling face gave him confidence and he breezed through the show.

It was big news, the Jerry Lewis show. But as far as sales were concerned, it wasn't good news. The reviews and the columnists' comments were mostly sour.

Jerry went ahead to play another week in Vegas and six days at the Fontainebleau in Florida, for $25,000. Then he was ready for the pinnacle of the big time—the Palace. . . . Heartskick in the dressing room after that opening-night fiasco, Jerry couldn't know for sure how he'd be feeling twenty-four hours from then. But he could hope, because he believed he had an answer for the critics.

In spite of the reviews, the Palace was jammed for Jerry's next performance. Be-

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before two minutes of his first routine had gone by, he could feel the difference, though his material was the same. The people in front of him were not columnists or critics, hardened newsmen or newsmen. They were not show-folks, watching him with the expert eyes of insiders.

They were average Joes and Janes, all confident that Jerry Lewis would keep them happy. Feeling the warmth flow toward him, hearing the unself-conscious laughter, Jerry outdid himself, ad-libbing madly, throwing everything into his songs. The roar of applause at the finish was his answer for the critics.

Columnist Leonard Lyons had commented, just after the opening night: "Tough break for Jerry Lewis. Nobody likes him but the people."

Box office receipts confirmed this. Every performance saw the sale of each of the Palace's 1,735 seats, plus between 375 and 400 standees. Jerry was booked to play four weeks. He could have stayed on forever.

Jerry will never forget closing night at the Palace. The greats of show business were there, from Edsel Merman and Cyril Ritchard to Phil Silvers and the McGuire Sisters. Jerry introduced them all, along with Fernando Lamas, his wife, Arlene Dahl, and Joe DiMaggio.

He was before the footlights for two hours and ten minutes with a tight, smoothly executed show. But two events that evening were quite unscheduled — when Steve Allen strode to the stage to present him with a golden record for "Rockabye," which had joined the circle of all-time hits with over a million sales, and when, as the parting gesture of the evening, Mr. Sol Schwartz, president of RKO Theaters, called Jerry back onstage and announced: "Ladies and gentlemen, I'm happy to announce that Jerry has broken all existing records for a four-weeks' engagement at the Palace. I'd like to present him with this silver tray in tribute."

The applause was deafening, and Jerry, deeply touched, was speechless. Finally, he managed a quiet: "I thank you. I'm grateful."

Jerry's TV appearances continue to get occasional bad notices. But his ratings never falter. Surveys show that millions of average viewers, all over the country, ignoring the critics, go right on looking at him and laughing at him and loving him.

At the sneak preview of "The Delicate Dilettante," the critics got their sharpest answer from moviegoers at a New York neighborhood theater where the picture was shown. The notice outside said only "Hollywood Preview Tonight." When Jerry's face appeared in the opening scene the pleasantly surprised audience broke out into wild applause. At the end of the film they stamped their feet in a rare show—for New York audiences are tough—of appreciation.

Jerry's second solo picture, "Sad Sack," will see him reverting to the wacky character that made him famous. "It's real crazy," he says, "and I'm glad. I don't want people to forget that crazy character I did.

"On the other hand, I don't want them to think that's all I can do. I'm not just a screwball comic. I want to show all sides of my personality—some funny, some sad, some subtle, some slapstick."

"That's why I was delighted with the public's reaction to the "Sonsny Boy" number on my television show. I loved my dad for being so wonderful and seeing my boy Gary perform was one of the greatest thrills of my life. You know I bawled when I got offstage."

"It wasn't just a case of family pride.
Next Month's Cover Girl: 
LIZ TAYLOR

Plus: Mike Todd Talks About Liz
DON'T SELL

NATALIE SHORT

Continued from page 60

Natalie was around 100. She never worried about her weight—for she lives on a healthful diet. “She exists on meats and salads,” her mother says. Watching her weight is second nature to Natalie, and has been all her life—for she was trained to be a full-fledged star since she first began playing in movies as a little girl.

To the executive’s surprise, Natalie brightened at the mention. “Is that all you wanted?” she asked.

“I thought you’d be upset,” he said.

“I’m not,” Natalie said. “Now I won’t have to be careful—I can go to the Villa Cardi and eat salmon all night long, and I can go to Will Wright’s and have all the sundae I want!”

No one who knows Natalie Wood will be surprised by this story. In a real sense it expresses her real character. Although she is only nineteen, often behaves like a teenager, and is full of the doubts and uncertainties that all teenagers appear to have. Natalie is very grownup, practical and determined about her career.

Older players who have worked with her have said that she displays a maturity of her roles that makes her seem much older than her years.

Marsha Hunt, who portrays Natalie’s mother in Warners’ No Sleep Till Dawn,” tells a remarkable story. “I was waiting for her when she arrived on the set. The two were to do a short scene together, and had rehearsed all the day before. Natalie still was not satisfied. “I’m not doing that scene,” she said. “That scene is ridiculous.”

“Would you mind going over it with me again before we get to work today?”

When the director called for shooting to begin, they were still working. Natalie would not stop until she was satisfied that she knew what she was doing.

Some of Natalie’s young escorts around Hollywood—Bob Wagner, Tab Hunter, Nick Adams—say that often, when she is on the set, they are not sure at all what she is thinking or doing, or what she is rehearsing. But as they grow together and depend on each other, they are becoming more and more like each other in thought and deed. Natalie is, as they say, “just like you stuck a knife in him.”

As he was talking to me, tears came into his own eyes. He killed me, just killed me.

“Do I used to relate to in the scene? How much? It was my father,” he said. “And then he said, ‘It’s like you stuck a knife in him.”

“I was able to do the scene because I was finally able to relate it to something I felt.”

It is Natalie’s approach to her work, expressed in the way she says the above, which make most of the people who know her believe that she will take stardom in her stride when it comes.

“The girl has been a professional all her life,” said veteran George Brent on the subject of her. “She’s never known anything but how to be a professional.

But people become professionals for a variety of reasons. But especially, the desire to act, to excel in some manner, is usually the result of some unrealized emotional desire. That seems to apply to Natalie. She is the daughter of Natalie Wood and Niles Johnson. She was born in Vancouver, British Columbia, who moved to San Francisco when he was a struggling young architect and met Natalie’s mother, then Maria Kuleff, who was of Russian descent but also had some German in her background. Maria had been married before, and was the mother of a daughter ten years older than her. She was born on July 20, 1938. (The daughter, now Mrs. Olga Viripaef, was known as Teddy to the family; she now lives with her husband in San Francisco and has two small boys, who address her as: ‘I love all children,” she says.)

Maria Gurdin was, and is, a vibrantly lively woman with dark, long-lashed eyes and a quick, flashing smile. Older people who see her and Natalie together for the first time often say spontaneously, “Why, you and you look so much alike.” Of course, one does not examine them too carefully.

Mrs. Gurdin is rather quiet, almost shy; Natalie seems decisive and remarkably intelligent. The mother is 49 years old, the daughter 16. In some ways, Natalie has been an adult all her life,” a close friend has said.

“I was precious, I suppose you’d say,” Natalie says in her introspective mood. “I never really did many things that happened to me when I was about two... I remember walking down the street with my teddy bear, I remember making the model of trees, fences, places we played, everything. I know the names of kids I played with then.”

Every experience at that age left a lasting impression. Although Natalie is at a loss to explain why she behaved as she did, she does recall that she was always an outgoing, extravedtored little girl.

“I was friendly with everybody. If my mother and I were sitting on a trolley car, and somebody looked sideways at me, in the next instant I would be over sitting on the person’s lap, talking, singing, anything,” she says, “as though that was where I belonged.”

Her childhood was, as she remembers, a comparatively happy one. When she was four her parents moved to Santa Rosa, California, for a new career. For it was there that Irving Pichel, the director, happened to be shooting a picture called “Happy Land,” with Don Ameche and Marjorie Reynolds. He was using some San Rosas in crowd scenes. Mrs. Gurdin took Teddy and Natalie down to the shooting-site in the hope that they might be hired as extras. Pichel was charmed by them, and offered to arrange a future in the movies for the child. It took him two years to live up to his promise. During that time, Natalie lived for the day when she would be a star.

Every time she was able, she was able, she wrote letters to Hollywood, but all the letters went back unopened. She finally gave up and wrote to her friends in Hollywood, who were then very busy, and told them what she was doing. They gave her a check in every day at a packing-box desk, Natalie says, “I would pretend to be Sonja Henie, Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan or some other star, she came and she was a star, and I didn’t care. I had just as good a time by myself.”

Finally the long-awaited letter came from Hollywood. Pichel had come across a role he thought would be good for her—that of a little German refugee girl in “Tomorrow Is Forever,” which was to star George Brent, Claudette Colbert and a young boy, if Natalie. The boy could come to Hollywood to make a screen test.

“A large family argument arose,” Natalie said. “My father said he didn’t want me to be a star, but he had to be. When I was determined I was going to be one, and my mother was in the middle. Finally I got my way, partly because Mother and I were so close, and I probably wouldn’t get the part anyhow.”

“I got the part.

“We were going to Hollywood, Mother and I.

“My father had no choice but to go along. So he did, and pretty soon he got a job in the movies as a miniature-set
designer. He earned a lot more there than he'd earned in San Francisco.

It was from this point on, a friend said, that baby Natalie assumed command of the family, a position she has maintained ever since. Her mother and father are gentle, amiable people who appear to realize that her talent has given her a kind of certainty and authority, at least in practical matters, far beyond her years. Some might say that Natalie is "spoiled," but she is not the kind of child who is addicted to tantrums. She is firm. She is definite. And her ideas, once they are formed, are not easily dislodged from the positions they take up in her mind. "When I think of Natalie," an old friend of hers has said, "I think first of her fearless determination. It's almost as though she is out to show the world how strong she can be. But also, you know, I have the feeling that the very strength covers a kind of fear, and even a deep-set feeling of inadequacy."

Mr. Gurdin, today, still works as a designer and special-effects builder, although he was in semi-retirement most of last year because of illness. Natalie's mother still acts very much the housewife. There is a woman who cleans and helps out, but aside from that Mrs. Gurdin does everything else around the house. "We try to keep it simple and unpretentious," she says. She says, too, that she has her hands full with Lana Lisa, Natalie's eleven-year-old sister, who's already appeared in a few small movie roles and who is every bit as determined to be in the movies as Natalie was when she was that age. Lana loves going to the studio with Natalie, and insists on playing at movie-making when the two are together in the house.

When Natalie first went into pictures, she did not earn much money; she got $150 a week for her role in "Tomorrow Is Forever." But meanwhile, she had conquered the heart of another older man—George Brent, who took her by the hand to the agency known as Famous Artists. They immediately broke the $150-a-week contract and sold Natalie to Twentieth Century-Fox at $1,000 a week. She did five pictures at Fox, and eventually her salary jumped to $2,000 a week.

Natalie has not stopped working since then. She has now been in the movies an even dozen years, during which time, she says, she has made "two and a half pictures per year." She does not remember the names of them all, offhand: "They're in the records, somewhere," she says. Nevertheless, she regards them as good experience, and she is justifiably proud of having made the jump from child star to young actress without the three or four years of retirement that customarily interrupt most children's careers during their "awkward" stages.

In the beginning, thirty per cent of Natalie's income was put away in bonds which she will not be able to claim until she reaches twenty-one. "The rest of it," she says, "my family kept for me, although we did use some of it. And I was glad to be able to use some of the money to make my family comfortable." Last spring she bought another house, the family's new home. It has a swimming pool and a large, comfortable patio, and eventually there will be a separate entrance to Natalie's wing, to give her privacy—and she laughs "my parents, too."

The principal difficulty in being a movie star as a child, Natalie says today, lay in the irregularity of her school attendance. She began in the first grade on the lot during her first picture, and continued going to studio classes until she was about eight. At that time the family moved across the street from the site of a public school, and her parents decided to send her there. "I lasted a half-semester," she says. "I didn't like it at all—in those days, I didn't like children."

"I don't think of myself as a child. She and I didn't like any of the things children were interested in."

"Also, studio school had been so far advanced I was a way ahead of the kids in public school, and I was bored. So I made them send me back to studio school."

"How do you mean, you 'made them?'" a friend once asked her.

"Why, I just made them send me back."

"How?"

"She gestured. "I don't know."

"Did you always get your own way?"

"She hesitated, but only for a moment."

"Yes—usually."

"Why?"

"Because I feel deeply about things."

"Do you think it's good?"

"I don't know. I've never thought much about it—but if a girl has seriously considered the question—yes."

At twelve she went back to public school—because she wanted to. Her grades, the school reports say, were very good, and upon checking it out, she made A's in nearly every subject. "Natalie was sometimes neglectful of her homework," one of her former teachers says, "but she was very bright in class." She attended Northridge Junior High in the San Fernando Valley (the school is now called Robert Fulton Junior High) and finally graduated, at sixteen, from Van Nuys High School. Her studio biography says that she "celebrated the event by having a swimming pool installed at her home and by buying a sports car. She also persuaded her parents to let her open a checking account." This means that Nat-

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alie announced that she was opening her own checketing account, and forthwith went and opened one. The war, incidentally, is a white Thunderbird, a hardtop.

Soon after she returned to public school, Natalie had her first date. She was just about fourteen, and she chose a young man who had a college course in being a physician. "We went down the street for a Coke, and he let me drive his car," Natalie says. "I think that's about all it amounted to. I was small and skinny, but I wore quite a bit of lipstick then and tried to look much older, and I don't think the boy knew how old I really was. Otherwise, he wouldn't have allowed me to drive his car. He might not even have taken me out if he'd known—he was nineteen or twenty!"

Natalie's parents did not approve of her dating at that age. "I guess," Natalie says, "I was considered a little on the stubborn side." Teddy, the older sister, was more obedient: She did not wear lipstick until she was sixteen, and had her first date when she was twelve.

As Natalie grew older, she found that parts were not coming to her as quickly and easily as they once had. She began to understand that she would have to fight to keep her position as a star. On two occasions, other young actresses won parts she wanted badly. Her real test came when she heard that director Nick Ray was working on a picture which would be called "Rebel Without a Cause." She had just turned sixteen, and from what she had heard of the project, she felt that the part of the young girl—a rebellious seventeen-year-old—was better than anything she had played previously. She went to see Ray, who at that time did not even have a working script.

"I was dubious," Ray later said. "Her most suspect characteristic was the fact that she had been a child actress. So few of them ever turn into anything but small roles. I was one of the few I can recall who worked as a child and later became a mature actress. But I tested Natalie. There was some spark about her that told me I should.

He and I tested at least twenty other actresses. Ray will not mention their names, but it is known that Margaret O'Brien, Carroll Baker and Kathy Grant were among those who went up for the part. And Natalie got it.

"Then, one night, I had a telephone call," he recalls. "It was from a member of the 'Rebel' cast, and he started off by telling me not to worry and not to be upset. We had an accident, he said. Some of us were out riding, and our car turned over. Don't be upset, but I think Natalie got a concussion. Naturally, I went to the hospital and I visited her. Ultimately, it was two weeks after it. She said, 'Do you know what that police doctor called me, Mr. Ray?' He called me a doggone juvenile delinquent—now do I get the part? I think it was about then that I decided she would.

Natalie's performance, and the reviews she got, more than justified Ray's selection of her for the lead role. She turned in a role which marked the beginning of her career. The cast—James Dean, Dennis Hopper, Nick Adams, Jim Backus, Natalie and the rest—would go over each scene together, working it out methodically. As a result, the acting was exactly right. And their intensive work paid off in the performances they all gave. "Rebel" is still a big money-maker, and not only because of James Dean, but because of Natalie, whose acting was so spontaneous, and whose success actually has pulled another Dean picture, "East of Eden," from near-failure to imposing success.

As Natalie's name has been coming into her own as a young performer. She found herself in demand more than ever before, and she began to give more serious consideration to her future as an actress. "Before," she says, "my father just thought I was being a fling and was exacting. Now I try to pick only those parts that are personally satisfying, and in which I can grow ... not only as an actress, but as a human being."

"You know," she says, warming up, "there has to be more to what a person wants than just being a movie star. I'm just beginning to find that out."

Nevertheless, Natalie continues to go about the business of grooming herself for stardom with astonishing efficiency for one so young. She takes singing lessons, she reads books on acting (and, right now, she eats heartily, to put on weight for the Marjorie role). "It makes me tired to think of anyone going through a schedule like that," Warners executive has said. "But if willingness and ambition mean anything, the girl is going to be great."

Natalie's schedule is such that it is a wonder she has any time for social life. She has been on location for the better part of three days. At Romanoff's in Beverly Hills last March she turned up for the cocktail hour with Bob Wagner, then went on to a dinner date with Nicky Hilton. Later in the evening she closed her makeup for the first time and went to see her old standby, Nick Adams. Some say that Bob Wagner is still definitely her big heartthrob. But despite her obvious feelings, Natalie insists that "Rebel" is "nothing more than a glimpse of marriage too seriously to yield to a sudden infatuation and has seen Nicky Hilton just as much.

"Me think about marriage now?" she says, with a smile. "I'm only five years older, anyhow. Why, I've got so much to do, so much to learn ... it would be silly to get married right now."

It is that attitude that Natalie's friends feel is a great asset to her in Hollywood.

There is a law in the land in Hollywood that is referred to as "The Jinx." That is, that a child star has a hard time trying to drift into stardom, as it is hard for a male child star to do. And Natalie has an "exemption." The story is that Natalie is not "definitely" the one who wants Natalie. And if she were to apply the same courage and determination toward her personal life as she has toward her career, they insist, "the girl most likely to succeed where everyone else failed."

HOLLYWOOD'S MUSIC CRAZE

Continued from page 37

Photoplay decided it was high time to investigate: So off we went to the top singing star of them all, and we found—and feel about Hollywood's mad hag for singers, and about themselves and their music and their fans.

At the stage door of New York's Roxy Theater, until the latest single sensation, Tommy Sands, was holding forth, we had to wriggle our way through a horde of fans, who surged into the entrance hall like a千斤重 (a thousand pounds). The plump, perspiring doorman appeared to be on the verge of apoplexy. "Please," he pleaded desperately, "for the last time—stay outside! It's against the fire regulations!"

Somehow, we managed to state that we had an appointment, it was duly checked, and we were directed to Mr. Sands' dressing room. On the door, Mr. Sands ingeniously had propellor unceremoniously out of it by his cohorts. He grinned sheepishly at this strange introduction and explained, "Somebody's trying to climb in the window."

"What?" this, it developed after the furious had died down, the intruder had been gently but firmly removed from the second-story window to the sidewalk, the window closed and the blind pulled down, was an ordinary occurrence.

"Pretty scary," we remarked. But Tommy wasn't worried about his own safety.

"It's a terrible worry to me," he said anxiously. "I'm so afraid somebody will get hurt, trying to climb up there."

What about other experiences—being mobbed, having his clothes torn? "Oh sure," he grinned. "But I've become so experienced I really don't mind. I realize they're not trying to hurt me. They're doing it out of affection and friendship, and that's a wonderful thing. The fans have been so nice to me."

In the dressing room was all that theater dressing rooms—chairs shabby from use, walls scarred, clothes hung on a lead pipe screening, eaters adorning the corners. But when Tommy, wearing a battered wooden chair boy-fashion, arms resting on the back, began to talk about his music, the tired, cheerless room was magically transformed into a bright and lovely spot. Everyone felt they had a lot of fresh air and sunshine into it. But then, that's exactly the way Tommy is. Refreshing. And sunny.

"What I love most about my music," he said, "is the way I feel. If I'm really happy, I can't keep myself from expressing it. Even if I'm just in a lull, or a daze, I still feel happy, and that comes out in my music."

"The way I feel is the way I play. I feel the music. I feel the emotion. I feel it so deeply, I can't help expressing it."

When it comes to playing the songs I'm going to sing at a performance," he said, "I don't do it. The people I work with, like Cliffie Stone, I think I'm about making up in public life what I couldn't do in private life."

"I've had one big favorite," he grinned. "It's my song for 'The Jinx Story.'"

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"I've had one big favorite," he grinned. "It's my song for 'The Jinx Story.'"
a guitar. He stands still when he sings, at the most snaps his fingers or taps his foot in time to the beat. He's a good rock 'n' roll singer, true, but he's equally at ease with a dreamy ballad or a pop tune.

Which of all these types of music that he does well does Tommy prefer? "I have no favorite," he says, "I'd say it depends on the mood I'm in. If I'm feeling happy, I like a fast, bouncy number. If I'm in a serious mood, I like a ballad. As a singer, I want to do all types of music."

There was a knock on the door. "Who is it?" Tommy called. "Johnnie Ray's here to see you," was the reply. "The Johnnie Ray's asked Tommy. But with that, Mr. Emotion himself appeared.

"I've got about six appointments this afternoon, and I'm late for all of them," Johnnie grinned, "but I just had to stop in to see you for a minute, Tommy. You were nice enough to come to my show, and it's the least I can do."

"Did you have trouble getting in?" Tommy asked, anxiously.

"But Johnnie's an old hand at coping with fan crowds. He chuckled. "I just crept up on 'em, and when they recognized me, I made a run for it."

"How's it going, Tommy boy?" he asked.

"Awful big stage here—makes you feel like a midget."

Tommy nodded. "Yes, I had to get used to it. But the acoustics are great." Whereupon the two of them launched into a very professional discussion of the problems of appearing before various audiences on various stages, with all the technical know-how of two lawyers comparing cases. And kindly Johnnie, the old pro, was obviously trying to bolster newcomer Tommy's confidence from his own experience.

Johnnie glanced at his watch. "Oops! I've gotta go now. But I'll drop in to see your show, Tommy."

"Oh, no!" said Tommy, with a mock groan. "Please let me know when you'll be there."

"Sure, I was only kidding," Johnnie grinned. "I'll let you know. I wouldn't want another singer to drop in on me. So long, now."

And he was off.

"Nice guy, isn't he?" Tommy said. "Now, where were we?"

"How do you feel about the music that made you famous—rock 'n' roll?" we asked. Tommy's eyes flashed, and his reply was unexpectedly heated. "I like genuine rock 'n' roll, not commercial rock 'n' roll," he said, bringing his fist down on the back of his chair for emphasis. "There's a big difference. Genuine rock 'n' roll was originally the rhythm and blues music that started to gain popularity in the early 1950's. I'd describe it as real jazz music, expressed with vocal chords instead of instruments. Elvis Presley sings this type of American blues music, in an entirely uninhibited, genuine style. Fats Waller and Sister Rosetta Tharpe do the same thing."

"But today, I think some people have the idea that they can get record sales through the cheap imitation I call commercial rock 'n' roll. I don't believe they can do it. I think the public is too smart for that."

What about calypso? "I like calypso if it has a message," Tommy said, "Which good calypso has. But calypso just for the sake of being calypso is nothing."

"Well! Was this the callow boy his critics say hit it big through a lucky fluke? Not much! This was an artist, talking about his art with all the knowledge and wisdom of a seasoned professional.

As a parting shot, we asked Tommy to name his own favorite singers. Promptly, he did: "Tennessee Ernie Ford for spirituals and hymns; Nat 'King' Cole for ballads; Frank Sinatra for swing numbers; Elvis Presley for blues; as an all-around singer: Perry Como." Who could argue?

So on we go to take up one of Tommy's favorites: Elvis Presley.

Away from the mobs of screaming fans, Elvis sits in a recording studio. The crew around him maintains a respectful silence, as befits record royalty, which Elvis is. His last record release, "All Shook Up," passed the million mark in less than six weeks.

As far as Elvis is concerned, the crew doesn't exist. In rare concentration, he's conscious only of the records he's listening to. Sprawled in his chair, physically he's as relaxed as one of his 200 teddy bears; mentally, he's as taut as the E-string on a fiddle. As each record is played, he makes his decision, swiftly and decisively, with a shake of the head for rejection, the word "Good!" if he likes it. For, despite the rumors that have pictured him as the puppet of his shrewd manager, Colonel Tom Parker, it is Elvis, and Elvis alone, who runs his career, as far as his singing is concerned.

"Want to know why this boy's such a tremendous sensation?" says a man who's been with him at many of these recording sessions. "Just watch him work behind the scenes. Here's a boy who hasn't got a bit of formal musical education. But he's got something better. Pure instinct, I call it. Elvis doesn't have to study. He just knows. Most important, he knows exactly what's good for him."

In selecting a number, Elvis listens first to the words, then the melody. A melody, he knows, can often be built up with a special beat or a clever arrangement. But if the words aren't there, the foundation is missing.

However, Elvis admits he's puzzled by the fabulous success of some of the numbers he's recorded. "Hound Dog" is one. "It's not the lyrics as much as it is the melody," he says. "Too many songs don't

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have a beat, and I'm partial to those that do.

Elvis' favorite records run the gamut from country and western material, of the Jimmie Rodgers variety, to rock 'n' roll and jazz. Of his own numbers, he counts "Oklahoma Hills" among the best, and has an equal liking for a number of old bongo records by Machito, "Rock Around the Clock" by Bill Haley and Pat Boone's "I'm In Love Again."

Right now, Elvis is enthusiastic about the new song "Treat Me Nice," from his latest film, "Jailhouse Rock," which he's finished for M-G-M. He thinks it's as great as "Don't Be Cruel."

Elvis, like Tommy Sands, takes a hand in arranging his numbers, pecking out notes on a piano to show his musicians just what he wants. He is also a perfectionist. A Presley recording session takes all day, and when it's finished, Elvis will sit listening to the record over and over again, while the exhausted crew stands by and studio overtime costs soar. It doesn't matter to Elvis. What does matter is that the record must be right.

Does Elvis move around as much when he sings offstage? The answer is yes. Which disproves the accusation that his body movements are a calculated act. "I just can't sing without moving around," Elvis explains, "Without my left leg, I'd be dead." An interesting note: Watch him closely, and you'll see he seldom moves his right leg.

Two years of solid success, in spite of all the criticism, have proved that Elvis Presley is no passing phenomenon. He's here to stay.

Can that be said for Tab Hunter? Tab himself would like to know the answer to that! His first big record, "Young Love," was made under violent protest from Mr. Hunter, and regardless of the fact that it hit the million mark within a month, he still has grave doubts about the whole business. "Why, I never even thought I could hum very well," he says, "I'm strictly the bathtub singer type."

Among the top singing stars, Tab is in a class by himself, in the sense that he is an actor-turned-singer, not a singer-turned-actor. Consequently, he lacks the assurance of the others. In recording sessions, he dies a thousand deaths. He refers to the booth in which he sings as "the gas chamber." He worries and frets and agonizes. Hefty royalty checks notwithstanding.

One thing keeps Tab going: He feels he owes it to the fans who welcomed his vocal efforts so warmly. So he suffers through it, though he feels inadequate in his inexperience, his complete ignorance of technical musical knowledge, his undeveloped style. "I'm for the guy," one of his record technicians remarks, "He's so sincere, I suffer with him. But you know what? If he had all the technical background and savvy of a professional singer, if he knew what he was doing, plus the sincerity he puts into it, that makes him good. When they hear him, people can't help but realize, as we do, that this young fellow has come from a lot of knowledge in the head, it certainly comes from the heart."

Tab has yet to sing in a film, although he does warble the title theme for his latest Warner Brothers film, "With You in My Arms," for the sound track. With the album "Tab Hunter Sings" and his disc "Ninety-Nine Ways" going like hot cakes, so surely won't miss the good bet of starring filmgoers' favorite technical. That is, if they can talk Tab into it.

As for his own musical tastes, Tab says, "I like classical music, as well as popular. Among bands, one of my favorites is Ella Fitzgerald. I think she's great. I like to listen to music by myself, in the morning, while I'm having my coffee. It's a good way to relax and unwind."

"As far as Tab says, "As long as people want me to sing, I'll sing." All indications are that he'll be singing for a long, long time, for his type of fresh, breezy, dreamy ballad singing is as popular as ever."

As quick as you can say "calypso," another top vocalist comes to mind: Harry Belafonte. But just call him "King of Calypso" and Harry recoils in horror! "I'm first and foremost a singer," he says vehemently. "I don't want to be known as a calypso singer. I don't believe in being cultish about the success of calypso—and who would consider a residue, anyway?"

As for his records, Tab says, "A lot of people like to sing my records, and that's all I can ask."

Yet there's little doubt that Belafonte is solely responsible for the calypso craze. According to BOA charts, three of his albums currently on the market have exceeded sales of one-half million, while a fourth, "Calypso," has gone well over a million. This is no mean feat for an LP, when you consider all the other groups who try to copy the albums, "My Fair Lady" and "Oklahoma," have done as well in the history of the record business.

Harry acquired his feeling for calypso music when, at the age of eight, he moved to Jamaica. With his mother, a native Jamaican and father, from the island of Martinique, he remained there seven years. "Calypso," he explains, "isn't the sort that can be easily learned. It's one of the few art forms that must be lived with to fully grasp its meaning, to understand the pointed wit of its topical lyrics. Calypso is a healthy form of music. It treats topical events with a healthy irony."

Asked if the widespread calypso rage might destroy its popularity (some record stores are aghast at the sales), Belafonte quickly replies, "Definitely not. Calypso is basically folk music and I think all folk music will survive any cultist movement or undue popularity, because of its innate strength."

He has some apprehensions, however. "I'm afraid the same thing may happen to calypso that's happening to rock 'n' roll. Once the fast-back guys hop on it, once it has the shell of itself by crass commercialism, it's going to become a caricature of itself."

Folk material, whether it be Burl Ives, Josh White, or for that matter, a number of songs he's penned himself, is always Harry's first choice. Of his latest RCA Victor recording, "Island in the Sun," from the picture of the same name, one he's parting with is "Blue Tail Fly" by Burl Ives, the old Artie Shaw recording of "Begin the Beguine," Benny Goodman's "Sing, Sing, Sing," Fats Waller's "Honeysuckle Rose," and Glenn Miller's "Juke Box Saturday Night" are also Belafonte favorites.

At thirty, Harry's income runs to the tune of $15,000 a week and he could move much more if he would accept all the engagements he is offered. Divorced by his first wife, child psychologist Marguerite Byrd (they have two daughters, Shari, twelve, and Tabitha, eight), Harry recently married Julie Robinson, a former dancer with Katherine Dunham.

Serious as he is about music, there's no doubt that the good looks and charm that won him the title of "negro mane", "calypso idol," have played a large part in his success. Currently starring in "Island in the Sun" for 20th Century-Fox, his contract calls for two more films. A new series of Belafonte albums is in the offing, too. But Harry remains true to his first love. "In my quest for folk music," he says, "I feel I've only scratched the surface."

Yet Belafonte looks at the top singers like Perry Como, Tony Martin or Gordon MacRae. When I sing rock 'n' roll, my voice is robust, loud and clear. On ballads, I'm much softer—there's no bite and I even sound a little wistful."

I do deliberately, I just sound that way. Although I approach ballads and rock 'n' roll songs differently, I'm sure my voice can do it.

Pat is first to staunchly defend his style, declaring, "I realize that it's good to be different and I'm really glad that I don't sound like anybody else. If I did, I would suffer like so many other people who try to copy singers like Como and Sinatra. I admire them greatly, but I'm happy my voice is my own."

He frankly admits his penchant for rock 'n' roll music, though he's equally fond of ballads and moon-in-June love songs. Says Pat, "Nobody has influenced my style in singing rock 'n' roll. As a matter of fact, when I heard rock 'n' roll I realized I couldn't sing like the rock 'n' roll singer."

For the upward turn in Pat's career is quite ungrammatical for a probable Phi Beta Kappa honor student at Columbia University. His chart when he was fighting to record "Ain't That a Shame" Pat went through twenty-odd takes before the final cut was approved by Randy Wood, president of Dot Records, now a
Boone freely credits Wood as the person who started him on the road to fame and fortune. It was Wood who asked Pat to record "Two-Minute Warning," and he agreed. He thought it was a good song, and he was right. Pat, "and much to the astonishment of my wife Shirley and friends, the record climbed into the top ten lists in a surprisingly high position." Pat was right: "I have complete faith and confidence in Randy Wood," Pat vows. "I rely on him to pick my music for recording sessions. I personally would have turned down a number of songs, including 'Trutti' and 'Long Tall Sally' for example."

Asked about the choice of "Love Letters in the Sand," written more than twenty years ago, which he sings in "Bernardine," Pat says there is no difference to him, "though rhythm songs have always been lucky ones."

Of his own numbers, he says, "I don't really have any strong favorite, but I Almost Lost My Mind is one I never get tired of."

Among all records, Pat numbers Perry Como's "Prisoner of Love" and "Song of Songs" near the top of the list, followed by Frank Sinatra's "Get the World on String," Jo Stafford's "Scarlet Ribbons" and Gale Storm's "Ivy Tower."

Frank Sinatra never went to college. "Nobody helped me," he says, "I did it all myself. It is quite an accomplishment."

At the age of forty-one, he is a one-man corporation, slated to gross $4,000,000 this year, the highest income ever received by a personality in show business history. He has three big films coming out, "The Joker Is Wild" for Paramount, "The Pride and the Passion" for United Artists, and "Pal Joey" for Columbia. This fall, his "Frank Sinatra Show" will be launched in ABC-TV, to the tune of $3,000,000 a year.

He has reached this enviable state by the toughest road any singer ever had to take. First of the singin' idols in the early 1940's, Frank drifted into a state of sowning hysteria that sent editors scurrying to psychiatrists for explanations. But by the early 1950's, the hot career of Frank Sinatra was over, and he was released by his agency, Music Corporation of America.

Frank believes that poor movies contributed to his decline, but he also candidly admits he was making in those days were far below par. Besset by emotional disturbance as a result of his stormy marriage to Ava Gardner, his voice suffered. So keenly did he feel his voice at one time that he terminated some of the recordings he made for Columbia.

Oddly, it was his acting role in "From Here to Eternity" that led to the revival of his singing career. For it, he was paid a piddling $8,000. ("For nothing," says Frank.) It won him an Oscar. And the confidence to sing again.

Listen to an old Sinatra record, then play his latest Capitol release, "You've Cheatin' Yourself" and "Something Wonderful Happens in Summer." What a difference! Today's Sinatra is as mellow as old whiskey, as pure and sparkling as fine champagne, as subtle. His impeccable style and sharp arrangements have made him the singer's singer.

This is no accident. Frank is a master of his craft. He works at night—partly because he prefers it, partly because there are never enough hours in a day that, for him, begins at ten in the morning, and may last until three the next morning. At work he is quiet, thoughtful, and professional. His musicians have the greatest respect for him.

"He's a fine artist in every sense of the word," says one record executive, "but if you ask me what it is that Sinatra has that gets you, I'd sum it up with one word: intimacy. He gets close to people. Every woman feels he's making love just to her. He's always had it, but now it comes across even more."

On the other hand, the "Birth Six, only Frank and Tab Hunter can be considered purely Northern products. Belafonte, though a New Yorker, grew up in Jamaica. With Tommy Sands coming from Louisiana, Tennessee, and Pat Boone from North Carolina and Texas, the Southern influence is strong. Fast-rising Andy Griffith, star of Warner Brothers' "Face in the Crowd," hails from North Carolina. Dean Jones, sure to be heard from as a singer as well as an actor at M-G-M, was born in Alabama. Perry Como, the pride of Pennsylvania, could do nothing to win the Hollywood score for the Northerners, but Mr. Como just doesn't believe in spending the summer vacation from his TV show working, and who can blame him?

However, Hollywood is finding plenty of new singing talent to satisfy its mad craving for singers right in its own backyard. Sal Mineo's initial vocals show great promise. Robert Mitchum's and Al Pacino's vocalizing, the result of film-making in the West Indies, was a surprise. Robert Wagner is also doing well with his discs, as is Jeff Chandler. And let's not overlook Jerry Lewis, who amazed everyone by tussling up on the best-seller lists with his first record, "Rockabye."

Certain to be a future movie star is handsome young Ricky Nelson, who zoomed over to New York overnight via his discs, "I'M Walklin'" and "A Teenager's Romance."

Sal Mineo, who like Tab Hunter was already a star as an actor, says that in his case, it was also the demand of the fans that caused him to make a record. "I'd never thought of myself as a singer," says Sal, "but every time I'd talk to some young people, they'd say, 'Sal, why don't you make a record?' Then one day, someone from Columbia called me with the same suggestion. 'What!' I said. 'Are they after you?' He laughed and said, 'That's right.' So I agreed and I was surprised at the way it turned out!' No wonder—Sal's first platter, "Start Movin'" climbed fast toward the million mark in a matter of weeks.

"I like some rock 'n' roll numbers, though not all," says Sal. "I like those with a strong beat—Bill Haley's, for instance. But I like all kinds of music. In my own collection, I have albums of Benny Goodman and Glenn Miller."

"Popular" Dean Jones says his collection "includes anything from Korn to popular stuff, lots of Ella, Frank Sinatra and all of Frankie Laine's early recordings." Laine is a great favorite of his.

"I don't know if I can pinpoint the influence of the stars on me singing," says Dean. "I'm sure the church choir, recordings and local jazz bands made an impression, but the thing that I remember most about music as a kid is the spiritual music that drew me in. Those wonderful songs have influenced me to believe that songs must be sung with feeling and emotion. And this is what I think I've done with my music."

Actually, this whole Hollywood music craze is pretty simple. Music fads have swept the country since the birth of jazz in the early days of the Twentieth Century. It went in and out, like the great dance bands of Goodman, Miller and the Dorsey Brothers in the 'thirties, to today's rock 'n' roll, they have always existed, offshoots of what is regarded as America's only truly original art form: jazz. And Hollywood movie-makers who are quick to give the public what it wants, are highly attractive personalities. In short, star material. Moreover, as we've seen, they are no lucky products of the public's passing fancy. They are top performers who take their work and their responsibility to the public seriously.

Andy Griffith's earthy vocalizing to his own guitar music started him toward fame.
Test your tastes against a Hollywood expert

Joel Friedman, music and record expert of the Hollywood staff of Billboard magazine, compiled this basic record collection for Photoplay readers. How do your disc tastes stack against the expert’s?

### Calypso

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### Popular Albums

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The first years of our marriage we worked only together. If they offered Ingrid something without me, she refused even to read the script.” He hesitated, as if trying to figure out words which would express in English emotions too complicated for his command of the language. The night air—scented with jasmine and honey—suckle—was oppressively sweet and still. It seeped through the window and blanketed the room.

“Those were the happy years. The children were small. They cried for ‘Mamma,’ and Ingrid came. Now the children grow older and they are not so dependent on her and Ingrid becomes restless. So my wife and I are going our separate ways professionally. And things are as they are . . .”

He spoke in a gentle, compelling voice. After ten minutes there was the shock of realizing that Roberto Rossellini—fat, di-shueved, aging, his forehead beaded with sweat in a sweltering Bombay hotel room—unbelievably still retained the magnetism that has always attracted women to him. A magnetism had brought him Anna Magnani (“He isn’t just a man; he’s a hurricane!”); ex-Miss America Marilyn Buerd (“Roberto is the most uninhibited man I have ever known. Terrific!”); and Ingrid Bergman (“With him—for the first time in my life—I don’t feel shy or awkward or lonely. I would have sworn the ocean to be with him”).

Now this same magnetism had won twenty-seven-year-old Sonali Das Gupta. His entanglement with Sonali—mother of two children—meant perhaps that his wife, Ingrid Bergman, was to be relegated to the past that Anna Magnani, his first wife (Marcella de Marchis) and a dozen other women shared. To Ingrid, waiting in the villa she and Rossellini had built, it meant another tragedy in the series of tragedies of which her life seems to be composed. It meant another blow to be covered up by courage and dignity and her superb acting ability. It meant—perhaps—the end of her seven-year-old marriage.

The scent of jasmine grew stronger. Rossellini stood for a moment at the open window. But there was no breeze.

“Sonali . . .” Then, “I am just an ordinary man. Write anything you wish about me, but add that I am only human—perhaps too human.”

When Rossellini arrived in India last December to make a series of documentary films for the Indian government, he was a man whose pride had been bitterly hurt. When he married Ingrid Bergman, he had expected that they would make film history together. But they had only succeeded in making a series of incredibly bad—and financially unsuccessful—movies. Their talents had proven mutually destructive, as unmitigated as oil and water. Now the actress in Ingrid had finally rebelled. She had begun to work with other directors . . .

“What use to go into details? First Ingrid made a movie with a friend of ours, Jean Renoir. Why not? We were both pleased with the arrangements, and it worked out well. Then came ‘Anastasia’ . . .” He broke off abruptly, and there was a change in his charming, controlled manner. He showed his contempt for “Anastasia” by crushing his cigarette.

Had he seen the picture?

“I did,” he replied flatly. “I am sorry to say, quite frankly, I thought it was terrible. The worst thing Ingrid ever did.”

“But the critics raved! And what about the award? Her great triumph in New York?”

Ingrid Bergman’s husband shrugged in the manner of continental Italians.

Rosenblatt had not been consulted about “Anastasia.” He had sat—unnoticed—in the corner of a London hotel room while Ingrid was petted and parted and showered with attentions. For a man as masculine and egotistical as Rossellini, London was hell. If he tried to learn the role of second fiddle, he was unsuccessful at it. He left London convinced that he was no longer needed by or necessary to Ingrid Bergman. He flew to India. Ingrid and his children spent Christmas alone in Paris . . .

Why had Rossellini made no effort to join them? Surely, this is the one day when every father wants to be with his family. And for the children, it must have been disappointing not to have their father with them.

“I had certain business commitments,” was all he would say. “I had to go.” (Long painted as an adoring father, Rossellini was coldly aloof when the children were mentioned. When questioned about what he had sent the children for Christmas, he answered that “They had a very happy Christmas with their mother.”)

Waiting for Rossellini at the airport was documentary film producer Hari Das Gupta, a thirty-three-year-old Hindu who had been educated at the University of Southern California. Young, talented, and overly ambitious, Hari was eager to be of assistance to the famous director. He lent Rossellini his American station wagon. He gave dinners for Rossellini to which he invited the most influential people in Bombay society.

It was at the first of these dinner parties that Rossellini was introduced to Hari’s wife. Sonali—whose greatest charm lies in her soft, melting brown eyes and
her bell-like, English-accented speaking voice. "It's very loving as long as you don't play her as a character, but when you try to play her as a figure on a Chinese scroll. In appearance she was the greatest possible contrast to the strong and towering Swedish wife that Rossellini had in France. In India, Sonali was only a foreigner, one, by then, almost-forgotten scandal. As a schoolgirl she had fallen in love with her art teacher—a man fifty-two years old—because he could see her as a great artist. She and the man had eloped to a seaside resort. They had remained there until Sonali's family found them and dragged her back to Bombay.

Rossellini calls at the Gupta house once or twice—either by accident or design—when Hari was not at home. Sonali served him finger sandwiches and mint flavored tea (Rossellini does not drink alcoholic beverages.) She wore her most exquisite sari and twisted white jasmine into her black hair. Rossellini talked of "capturing the Indian culture" and "recapturing India." For a foreigner, he said, this would be almost impossible. (Indian officials who have seen one complete film have called it "magnificent," his best work since "Open City" and "A Special Day." He asked her for a help on his scripts. He offered to put her under contract. The salary he mentioned was large—even by Hollywood standards. (It was the height of Sonali's career ,and he was writing anything besides letters in the preceding twenty-seven years. And Rossellini has always boasted that he never uses a script but improvises as he works.

in immediate disapp

sporting. In India a wife does not entertain men when her husband is not at home. But Hari prided himself being modern. American-educated, he hated the thought of a woman's inferior place. He was flattered that the world-famous director had complimented his wife by asking her to work with him. He was angry, too, Hari accused his father-in-law of being false to her. "If she is not for Rossellini and he pays her, what is wrong? Only jealous people would criticize her." February faded into March. "Anastasia" —which had been an astonishing financial success in America—now brought Ingrid Bergman her second Academy Award. She was swamped by offers from American producers. They would make pictures with her. "Yes," she said, "but then she would return to the Paris stage in "Tea and Sympathy" was equally successful. There were roses everywhere and baskets of fruit and telegrams of congratulations..." "Tea and Sympathy!" the phone rang. Rossellini's eyes were hard and there was a thin edge of sarcasm to his voice. "Ah yes—another great triumph for Ingrid. Very good, very good. . . ." He hesitated, "I think in America they call the play "Tea and Sympathy."" He seemed to be making a determined effort to show that India's one-time most important movie actress had returned to the stage. He claimed that although it is unlikely that Ingrid Bergman will take any further direction or guidance on her career from him.

"I was asked to read the script. If I liked it, I was to direct it and interest Ingrid in starring. I agreed. The script arrived, but it was in English. I do not read English easily so I had to wait for the Indian version. When it did come, I was disappointed. I did not like the theme or the woman's involvement with the student at all. I tossed it aside. I did not know that Ingrid had read the English script and was very eager to play in it. She would have to play it in French. Her knowledge of the language is good, but she is a perfectionist. She started to have lessons to soothe her tendency toward a

Nordic accent which shows itself in any language she speaks... Although, I know—her English is far better than mine."

The room was in complete darkness now, but it was too hot to turn on a light. He hid the cigarette,单价, puffing on a cigarette, clearly thinking about the past. When he continued, he spoke with an effort, thoughtfully and deliberately, weighing every word.

"My wife is a very wonderful woman in many ways, really and truly she is. I know better than anyone else. She did not want to hurt me. She was kind. But she did want to have a life of her own. When I told her to do as she liked, I am a professional. I understand. I may not like it, but I do understand..."

"There it was. The telling words were a confession—Rossellini, badgered by reporters and hounded by photographers, had been unable to speak before. Even now, one could sense his pain. Here was the reason for his clash with Ingrid—a reason that had nothing to do with Sonali Das Gupta or any other woman. A reason as old as art itself—the need of the artist for expression at all costs. Ingrid Bergman, he explained, was as unmoveable as a porcelain figure. When her father left, she had sealed her fate with Rossellini.

As soon as the daughter had gone, Rossellini telephoned a Bombay lawyer. From then on he made no public declarations that he "loved Sonali or would marry her. She said only that he had paid her some money and that she was nothing more than a secretary. Women all over the world, he said, "I have never known anyone like Sonali." A few months later he brought Sonali to her father and left them alone together. Dr. Roy, who had been involved as unmoved as a porcelain figure. When her father left, she had sealed her fate with Rossellini.

"But you want to marry again?"

"Yes. What is the harm?" Rossellini lit a cigarette. "He did not leave the doctor's aristocratic face.

"You are inhuman," Dr. Roy turned away in disgust.

"You cannot love?"

Rossellini asked angrily. He then began to try to smooth things. He declared that he was an honorable man, that he would work things out, that he would divorce Ingrid and marry Sonali, yet he kept his promise. "Ingrid and I have lost all over the world," he said, "but I have never known anyone like Sonali." A few months later he brought Sonali to her father and left them alone together. Dr. Roy, who had been involved as unmoved as a porcelain figure. When her father left, she had sealed her fate with Rossellini.

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think of their growing up and not being there. I got a taste of what that’s like when Melanie spent the night with Bette Davis’ daughter. It was the most awful feeling. The house seemed so empty I couldn’t bear it.” She shrugged. “If the next ten years go as rapidly as the last ten though, I’d better prepare myself. I ought to be looking around for a pair of poodles right now.

“Of course, that’s running quite a bit ahead of the calendar. The house is far from empty now. In fact, it rocks so during the children’s gatherings that I’m constantly in fear it will shake loose of the foundation and topple off our lovely cliff right into the Pacific Ocean.

“I think,” she summed up, “that all of this is why my idea of a perfect evening isn’t a lavish premiere—though I love watching movies on TV. Or a gala dinner party—though I’m not one to scorn good company and good food. Or an evening of night-climbing.

“What is my idea of a perfect evening?” Deborah Kerr tilted her head languidly against the green of the chair. She brightened—as though living it.

She half-closed her sparkling aqua-marine eyes as though picturing every detail. “It’s something like this. I pour a glass of wine, downstairs. Then I take it up to my tub. There I bathe slowly and luxuriously. Melanie and Frankie will come in and jabber. I shall flip water at them, and there will be much shouting and hubbub.

“Afterwards I’ll climb into,” Deborah paused in delicate contemplation, “oh, perhaps the pale blue nightgown and peignoir. I saunter downstairs to pick up a book, or perhaps a magazine. There will be a lovely rosy fire in the hearth.

“Upstairs again, I’ll hear the girls’ prayers. We’ll play a game. I’ll tickle them. Then they’ll settle down and relate their little dramas. The latest scandal from school about Nancy. And they’ll say, very emotionally, ‘My goodness—I just don’t understand how she could do it! How Jeffrey was rude on the bus and probably as punishment must ride to school by car all next week. Then their eyes will get heavy, and I shall light-foot out.

“Then I shall have dinner, perhaps watch television at the same time.

“Not very exciting, is it?” Faces shining, Francesca and Melanie bounded back into the room in a whirl of pink organdy. And Deborah Kerr was caught up again in the hectic pace of her many tasks as wife, mother and star. She goes with you to the door and says goodbye with a warm handclasp and a smile. The smile of a woman who has found, in addition to all life’s richest joys, the inner peace and understanding of herself that gives them meaning.

That desert island of hers is something no woman should be without. The End

PHOTOGRAPHERS’ CREDITS

Color Portrait of Frank Sinatra from Paramount; Pat Boone and Tommy Sands by Barry Blum; Elvis Presley from Paramount; Tab Hunter by Beermon; Harry Belafonte by Dorothy Gunn; Kim Novak by Marshalls; Russ Tamblyn, Gia Scala, Anne Francis, Earl Holliman by Beermon; Terry Moore by Dick Litwin.
WHY I WORRY ABOUT KIM

(Continued from page 45)

"Marilyn—it's still hard to call her Kim—was so shy, always. That she would ever work in the public—nothing was farther from our minds. She never wanted to go to public places. I remember her first day at school. We couldn't get her to leave the house to go to school. She seemed afraid to leave until one of the neighborhood girls came over and coaxed her to go with her. It just wasn't natural for her to be around other people. That's why it seems strange for her to go into motion pictures. Even now, Kim doesn't like to go to a public place just to be seen. Sometimes, she still doesn't like strange crowds.

"There'd been no actors, no real artists, in the Novak family either," he added. "I play the accordion, but I never played well. Just for my own entertainment. I liked acting, but had little time to even go to a stage show. I write a little poetry, always did. But Kim's being an actress, that was all by chance.

"You know, thinking back, everything she ever got, she got by accident. Isn't that strange?" her father reflected. "She never asked for anything. She was just twelve when she got an offer to model a dress for the first time. Marilyn and her sister, Arline, had both won scholarships to the Art Institute in Chicago. Arline was in the advance class, and Marilyn was standing shyly on the sidelines that day waiting for her sister to come out of class and go home with her. A photographer was there, looking for somebody else. He had the other girl definitely in mind—until he saw Marilyn.

"Soon after, Norma Kassel, who was in charge of Teenage Promotion, discovered Marilyn standing on the sidelines at a store teens party and insisted she enter the contest that got her a scholarship to modeling school.

"That's how it all began. And she might still be modeling clothes and refrigerators, if someone else hadn't discovered her when she was in Beverly Hills," he added. "Kim was no go-getter. My wife and other daughter, Arline, are more practical." Joseph Novak added, with a whimsical smile, "But Kim—she's like me—more retiring.

"Her coloring is her mother's, though," he added, not wanting to be unfair. "She's blond—like the girl I married. Kim's got the best of both sides of the family. She's a combination of her mother, her father and her grandmother. You can trace many good, strong characteristics back to Kim's grandmother. But when it comes to temperament and emotions and moods," her father laughed, "she's her father's daughter all the way. Kim and I are pure Bohemian. And when I say Bohemian, I mean the word in its fine meaning. Its true meaning. My parents came over from the Old Country—Bohemia was a nation with a nationality all its own then.

"What about her frankness?" I kidded him, for you can't know Joseph Novak long without admiring his candidness. "Is that her father's legacy?"

"I call myself plain-spoken," Joseph Novak admitted, then with a sly smile, "My wife calls me outspoken. There's a difference, though. I'm not in the habit of pulling punches. We've brought Kim up that way, too.

"Now understand." He suddenly looked at me, serious again. "I'm very proud of Kim. She's gone a long way in just four short years.

"We've never tried to hold her back; we've tried to show our pride. For instance, when Photoplay gave her the Gold Medal as the most popular actress of the year, I was there. In fact, I stood up and took a bow—that's part of the business." Kim's father was saying now, modestly. Ordinarily, he was not a man for taking bows. "You never like to do such things because they look too professional. But when Kim asked me in front of all those people to take a bow, I knew it came from the heart. She's not in the habit of saying things she doesn't mean. I had to get up.

For Joseph Novak, this was an exciting evening, being introduced to stars, directors, producers, columnists—all the famous people in his daughter's new world. "Kim wanted me to sit close up front, where I could see the performance. But I wanted to sit in the back to be close to the dancing. I love to dance.

"I was impressed with Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher—and Vera Miles—she seems like a nice girl. And I liked that young man who sang—Pat Boone. He has so many talents and interests—singing, records, television, acting and his religion. In the movies, Victor Mature's one of my idols. I just like his type," Kim's father said, typically making up his own highly individualistic poll.

Then, coming back to Kim—"Yes, I'm proud for her, if this is what she wants. I'm proud she's a star, if this means her happiness, but—" But what—?" I asked.

The question wasn't too easy to answer. Not since he'd been spending so much time.
on the soundstage, watching the pressures Kim was under, watching the way she threw herself into performing "the most important role I've had to date"—that of Jeanne Eagels.

"Kim doesn't work that way for fame. Not for money either. Not for glory or material things. It's just to do a good job. With Kim, it's like it is with me. Material things don't mean too much. If I can't do something perfect, I don't want anything to do with it.

"Kim's a perfectionist, too. Even as a child. Isn't that strange? She was slower walking and talking than most babies are. In fact, we were concerned about this. But now, I believe it was because she was so afraid she would make a mistake, even then. And I think she was learning by observation all the time. I remember how her eyes were always watching every move I made," he recalled, somewhat surprised at not thinking about it before.

"As an actress, her powers of observation are said to be one of her most valuable assets.

"Kim's spending all her time on this picture, but hardly sees anyone. She lives on the lot. I'd been living at the beach cottage she rents at Malibu. It's too noisy—those waves lapping at the back of the house. To Kim, the ocean's soothing, she says she can relax there. I don't see how. I can't stand the repetition of the waves, slapping all the time. I'd rather stay in her town apartment—engulfed in lavender. Besides, I'm nearer to Kim."

For a few days, too, Joseph Novak had worked in Kim's world as a "dress extra." It had been producer-director George Sidney's suggestion when he first visited her. He told Novak he had an immediate opening and they plugged him in," Joseph Novak smiled, at his "discovery."

With mixed emotions and impressions, Joseph Novak turned movie actor. He put on his tuxedo from wardrobe by the dawn's early light. He sat uncomfortably while Benny Lane, a studio makeup man, made him up and put on him a very dis-tinguished-looking toupee.

He wouldn't like to be in show business permanently, he declared, regardless of Kim's tease about how quickly her dad would get into character whenever cameras turned. "It's too late in life. All I want is peace and quiet and a little peace of ground so I can grow plants and flowers. There were days when I put in six or eight hours a day. And I'm not used to wearing a hair-piece and a monkey-suit with a wing collar sixteen hours a day."

But this is the hardest part of his own performance. Portraying a first-nighter, Joseph Novak had a box-seat to Kim's performance as Jeanne Eagels, portraying Sadie Thompson in "Rain." He watched Kim Warwick him out emotionally, scene after scene. He applauded for the camera, but his was a father's thoughts and worries, watching the mounting pressure on Kim. The demands on Kim were such that she drove herself to achieve perfection in the part.

"But it's my picture—my responsibility," Kim would say. "I'm going to do this one right if it takes twenty-five or thirty hours a day. I've got to do it right if it kills me. I'm Jeanne Eagels," Kim would remind him, explaining that she personally owed it to this famous actress to be good in her life story or, as Kim would put it, Jeanne could rightfully "come back and haunt me."

"There was nobody else on the studio lot who put in as much work as Kim," her
father was saying now, solemnly, adding, "unless it was George Sidney. He's a fellow I admire very much. But then, I think this whole thing is driving hard. Even the janitor in the basement works from ten to sixteen hours a day. This drive seems to be part of the whole Hollywood pattern."

At the same time, Kim's father was wondering a little wistfully, "If there's some way Kim's job could be just a little easier for her. If the pressure could be just a little less." As for Kim pressuring herself to be so perfect in every detail, her dad felt this couldn't be entirely necessary. "Not that much," he says, feeling a father's helplessness to do much of anything about it.

"All a parent can do is desire," Joseph Novak was saying quietly. No, he hadn't discussed his concern with Kim. "It's better for an outsider to say these things. Actually, we never have told Kim too much. She's learned by observation, she would resent being told. If Kim can't figure out things for herself, she wants to work at them and struggle with them until she can," he explains, with a bit of fatherly pride in his voice.

"Sometimes it's hard to talk to Kim, she's so emotional," her father adds, speaking as to another pure Bohemian who would understand. "It particularly isn't easy to talk to her when she is so very tired." The last time Kim came home she'd just come back from Europe and the film festival and she'd gone immediately on a very tiring personal-appearance tour. That was when she began taking her career so seriously. Nothing but her career. She was so tired and weary that she would sob at some small thing.

The average person will get a lift out of a cigarette or a drink when he or she is tired or tense. But Kim doesn't smoke or drink. Kim has to resort to something else. Kim leans on her tears. It's good for her.

"If this is what Kim wants, it's what I want," he says. Then adds, "But the way I feel, if Kim wants success, I'd like to see her reach it in a hurry, then forget it."

"For I believe when Kim's career builds to success, when she is convinced she has achieved this, then she will give some time to other things. I believe she will be about ready to give up her career. Something like Gene Tunney in the boxing business. When he reached the top he was ready to retire and forget it."

"Some day I would like to see Kim settle down and do all her acting through others. I would like to see Kim go to the box-office and buy herself a ticket and sit in the audience, paying to see somebody else perform."

I know Kim has a fine future now, but I don't like to think of that future just professionally. To have a home and a family: This is the normal thing. And I'm of the generation that would like to see Kim have a husband and children. That is my desire—not my command," Joseph Novak smiles gently.

In her father's opinion, there is small likelihood this will happen as long as Kim is as involved with her career as she is now. "And of course the next thing would be whether a man would permit a girl to stay in pictures if she is married. Kim is under contract to her studio—and she has commitments. This is another thing to consider. You have to think of all these things."

"And Mac Krim?" I asked, wondering whether he would be willing to comment on Kim's long-time beau.

But he makes no secret of his high regard for Mac Krim. "Blanche and I both like Mac very much. It's remarkable, but in the four years we've known Mac, I still can't find anything wrong with him," he smiles.

"I believe Kim would be happier with a man who is older than she," her father goes on. "An older man would have more understanding for Kim's desire for a career; he would see this was her happiness too."

"Kim helped Mac design his house. She decorated most of it," Joseph Novak observes. He'd been fascinated by some of the innovations in the Cheviot Hills home. One in particular. An imported Hong Kong straw monkey that hangs down from the light chain in the den, as a touch of whimsy."

And now—Kim has her apartment and her beach house. And Krim has this big, beautiful house all idle and empty, with a straw monkey hanging on the chandelier, waiting for something to happen."

"I wonder what will happen," he asked, half to himself. Then, standing up and pushing the table away, he politely thanked the waitress and ended our talk with a firm handshake and a small smile. "You ask what I want for Kim? Happiness, I guess. But then again, a father can only desire, isn't that right? The rest is up to Providence."

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**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 by the radio program "My True Story."

And they're not answers that are born in a fiction writer's brain. For these are stories of real people—taken right from the files of True Story Magazine. They make exciting listening, so be sure to hear them.

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**TUNE IN EVERY MORNING TO MY TRUE STORY**

American Broadcasting Stations

"I followed Tom as he carried Becky's limp form into our spare bedroom." Read "Borrowed Baby" in the current issue of TRUE STORY Magazine, now at all newsstands.

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At any drugstore... No Prescription Needed!

Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Ind.
FOOD THAT'S FUN

You're packing a picnic lunch that you hope your favorite man will enjoy. What should it contain? We believe in going to the source: "If you want to know what will please a man, ask one!" we asked Rusty Tamblyn, the host of our beach party on page 46. He not only told us what to take, he gave us the recipes to make it easy for a picnic for four:

**TAMBLYN BROILED NUTBURGERS**

1 pound ground chuck
1/2 cup finely chopped English walnuts
1 egg
1/2 cup milk
1/2 cup bread crumbs
1 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon oregano

Beat egg, add meat, milk, bread crumbs, English walnuts and seasonings. Shape into four oblong patties, about the size of frankfurter rolls. Wrap each patty in aluminum foil. At the picnic, broil them over live coals, about 10 minutes on each side. You may remove the foil if you'd like the outside brown and crusty. Serve on split, toasted frankfurter rolls. Makes four servings.

**RUSTY'S GREEN ONION SAUCE**

1/2 stick of butter
1 cup minced scallions
1/4 cup chopped green peppers
1 cup sliced mushrooms
1/2 teaspoon celery seed
salt, pepper, paprika and Worcestershire sauce to taste

Mince scallions fine. Melt 1/2 stick of butter in a skillet. Add scallions, green pepper and mushrooms. Season with celery seed, salt, pepper, paprika and Worcestershire sauce to taste. Saute 10 to 15 minutes—until onions are limp. (For happy picnic packing, cut vegetables, measure, mix, season and store till you're ready to add to the melted butter at cookout time.)

As an "extra," take along a huge jar of homemade potato salad—or a package of frozen French fried onion rings or puffed potatoes to be defrosted and heated on the grill just before you make the hamburgers. To keep your groceries cold and fresh, pack them in an insulated bag and toss in some dry ice or the kind of "picnic ice" that comes in cans. For dessert, try sandwiches of graham crackers and toasted marshmallows.

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**NATIONAL BELLAS HESS FALL & WINTER CATALOG**

Bargains Galore for You and Your Family

See hundreds of smart fall fashions in glowing colors. Designed in New York and Hollywood, style capitals of the world. Select from an exciting array of dresses, coats, shoes and accessories...fine home needs...all first quality and offered to you at the lowest prices anywhere!

Shop by mail, and join the millions who save by buying regularly from the brightest colorful National Bellas Hess Catalogs. Your choice of three convenient ways to buy: CASH, COD, CREDIT. Everything in our catalog is absolutely guaranteed—your money back if you are not delighted. Our 6th year.

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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 dazzling, 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 lightener for over 50 years. Lightens arm and leg hair, too.

Never a dull moment when you're bright BLONDE

Be a gay blonde charmer—today!

**MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH**
I WALKED AWAY FROM FEAR

(Continued from page 58)

no hands." She laughed a little ruefully. "Things are awfully different now," Vera said, her eyes glistening. "When I was young I always wanted to be a nurse. I have what I always wanted." There's her career, for instance. Alfred Hitchcock firmly believes he has in her the makings of a star bigger than Grace Kelly. Paramount, too, is cluttering her mail since the release of "Beau James," in which she plays Betty Compton, the sweetheart of Mayor Walker.

Vera and her husband, Dr. Ralston, and Kelly, five—suddenly appeared. Their mother cautioned them not to play too much in the guest room even though it was a fashionable place. As it is, they're down in the trunk bottles and old newspapers, "It's being redecorated as a nursery," she explained. "We're expecting the baby in September." The baby, incidentally, has already disrupted the affairs of the movie industry. Vera and Jimmy Stewart had started work on Alfred Hitchcock's "Amongst the Dead" last winter when Ralston suffered a heart attack. The picture was temporarily shelved and a fall date planned for resuming shooting. Then Vera found out about the Scott heir.

Hitchcock is so sickness and death in Vera that they didn't tell him for six weeks for fear it would bring about a relapse. "But the baby's more important than a picture," Vera says. "And anyway, Mr. Hitchcock has a beautiful replacement in Kim Novak."

The sounds of Kelly and Debbie scuttling around drifted in to us. "Indians," summed up Vera, "so I'm going to make them to be. I have it luckier than my mother did, and I want them to profit from it. There wasn't any fancy psychological approach this morning up. Although it's tough on Mother, it is having being on our own was the best thing that could have happened to us," Vera said thoughtfully.

We kept house, dressed ourselves and made our own beds in one. We were bagging us to eat our vegetables. The only question that came up was 'Are there seconds?' Before I was school age I must have been five or six when Dad had to send our brother Tom home to say, 'Please don't mop the floor, Vera.' I understand I made a colossal mess of it and, quite naturally, expected to be punished. When I got to the kitchen I had a nice independent set-up. So I had high-water marks at the wrist (except for Saturday nights) and my hair was combed with a comb.

For Vera it wasn't always a cozy dream world. In the early 'thirties the West and Midwest were sober and serious, life was gray and thin as a hand-me-down overcoat. It was not a time for fun, for humor. Families were scratching a bare living off the earth. Existence was a day-to-day event, and there were no extra cookies, no extra soups, no extra room. For Vera, the fifth and last child of Thomas and BerniceRalston, was born on one of these little farms outside Boise City, Okla.

They had their partner through a country church, strung with both farm and city until one day life became too difficult. He bundled up his wife and children and hitched their old Ford and returned to Pratt, Kansas, where the rest of their families lived. Their problems were too great, though.

Two years later Bernice and Vera were divorced. "At twenty-three Bernice, as we called her, became father, mother and provider for us kids. These were the de-

pression years and she worked fourteen hours a day as a hotel maid. In time she was promoted to room steward. We really celebrated then. At home, all four of us—Tom, Elmer, Thelma and me—rapidly learned how to take care of ourselves.

For Vera there were many things to battle on the way up—on the way to a spacious and quiet Hollywood home, a family and career. Perhaps the greatest obstacle of all was the young I was desperately shy," Vera said. All the ingredients of fear were there early. "I remember very well the most humiliated and wretched I've ever been," she went on.

"I was halfway to school when I became aware of my tragedy: I'd forgotten to wear my panties. At six, that's a horrible decision to make. I went back for them. I'd be late and I could withhold the embarrassment of that. So I went on school. I sat rigid all day, petrified with fear. That day I couldn't get one word out. Everyone was there. The only time I was really happy was when I retreated to my dream world. There everything was exactly the way I wanted it. I let that daydreaming become one of the most serious handicaps I've ever had."

In her own private world, Vera was all this and more. She wanted to be. In reality she was hampered by a deep inferiority complex and an intensely negative approach to living. As the youngest child, she lived down not so much what was right, as what was wrong. If any of her brothers or sisters got into trouble for something, she stored that away as forbidden. And because she was growing up without a feeling of security she started distrusting people, looking for the bad in them instead of good. And slowly, the beginnings of ambition began to stir in her. "Not because I was poor," Vera says now. "I didn't know that at the time because everyone around us was poor too and I was adjusted to it. I didn't even know that there were butlers such as ham hocks, corn bread, navy bean soup and hominy were the remains of a limited budget."

But as she came to the end of grade school, she wanted to do the things her family had never done. She had no great desire for education, but she was determined to go to high school—and graduate. No one in the family had one. She had left Kansas except for the brief time her parents were in Oklahoma. She wanted to break away in search of something better, something of potential. She was tactless and inarticulate in public, Vera was very persuasive at home. She convinced her mother that it was the ideal time to move to Wichita. Her parents were in the service of employment checks helped), Thelma was married, jobs were easier to get and grandmother had a big room upstairs in Wichita. Vera's eloquence won out.

"I loved the expansive thinking of a large town. I was twelve or thirteen, I can never remember. I made friends and learned how to get along with myself with others. Mary Lou Roach was my best friend. Her home became mine. We would have bunting parties with five or six girls, run through the house like Indians, have pillow fights and water fights. Mrs. Roach and Mrs. Roach were wonderful. They seemed to enjoy our shenanigans. Mrs. Roach would just clean up after us. And Mrs. Roach was a good victim in the food department. We'd cook the most outlandish meals, enough for harvest hands. Fried chicken, cottage potatoes, two or three vegetables, salad and biscuits like lead. The first time I made gravy I got excited when it started to sizzle and dumped flour in the skillet. My gravy was like dumplings—only raw in the middle.
That man would sit down and eat his meal, whole meal if he didn't suffer through it if he killed him, and we almost did. They were the kind of people I'd never known. I guess I wallowed in their affection. They treated Mary Lou and me like sisters.

It was in the summer that Vera decided to get a job, and persuaded Mary Lou to join her. First, she filled out the application at Western Union. A few days later, she was physically mature and nonchalantly lied about her age. There was no opening at that time. Then Vera and Mary Lou applied at the RKO casting office. So quickly, it wasn't until later they realized why the Simon Legree-type owner was having trouble keeping help.

"When school started that fall, I decided to try to go to school and keep my job. The college-age thing was the most important thing. I was going to college for work. I told Mary Lou to tell him I wasn't coming in any more, and went to Western Union on the night shift.

Constantly conscious that she'd lied about her age, she found herself being brushed off by the older customers. She knew if her natural instincts prevailed, they would immediately discover her age. So, ruthlessly with herself, she created a new character. Of necessity she became sober, intense and serious.

"When school started that fall, I decided to try to go to school and keep my job. My college-age thing was the most important thing. I was going to college for work. I told Mary Lou to tell him I wasn't coming in any more, and went to Western Union on the night shift.

The third floor of the 'Y' was for girls just out of college or college-age or working. We had a ball. There were five girls to each room. As the superintendent was on the first floor, we managed to have a lively way of spending our free time. It was like being in a college dormitory, and that's where I had my real fun. I may have been old sores-at the office, but I was a zany fifteen-year-old there.

Just before my last year, Vera entered a "Girl of the Month" contest sponsored by the local bus company and Estelle Compton's charm school. She won. Her prize was a trip to the Y.W.C.A. By spending breakfast at the 'Y' I paid for my room, then I went to school and worked at Western Union at night. The third floor of the 'Y' was for girls just out of college or college-age or working. We had a ball. There were five girls to each room. As the superintendent was on the first floor, we managed to have lively ways of spending our free time. It was like being in a college dormitory.

In August, she placed third as Miss America, although she was still short and sweet. I stood there in my bathing suit and said simply, 'I don't have any talent.' She was given a twenty-five-hundred-dollar scholarship as her prize. She was also offered studio contracts. She refused them all. With no burning desire to continue her education, she decided to go to Wichita University anyway. The studio offered her $750. She didn't want to try because she thought she'd fail. To her friends she admits today that she used the excuse she didn't want to. But fear of failure held her back until RKO made another offer. With this one, Vera's pride could be salvaged. They asked her to come for the summer. Just to test and enjoy herself. If they both agreed she could sign a contract later. She couldn't stand the thought of being "big." She went out to Hollywood and flunked. This way she was merely going on a vacation. Nevertheless, she left Wichita quietly, saying goodbye. For even though she enjoyed her friends, she never allowed herself to get too close to them. She didn't want to be hurt.

"When school started that fall, I decided to try to go to school and keep my job. My college-age thing was the most important thing. I was going to college for work. I told Mary Lou to tell him I wasn't coming in any more, and went to Western Union on the night shift.

Vera loved California. RKO set up dramatic lessons for her. As she had no car, someone in the production crew drove her. The driver was consistently Bob Miles. He was a tall, good-looking, popular young man. He was the personification of Big City. Vera was lonely, frightened and young. He rushed her off her feet, and she was more married. Vera, the repressed, was impulsive. They were young and physically attracted. After the first flush of marriage, they

mind them at all. But when the hot air in the hotel lobby hit me, I was gone. Do I need to add that I don't drink? I tried it once and didn't like it.

"I finally learned how to be a fashion model. I could put my hip bones forward, slump my chest and sink with my feet on a ninety-degree angle with the best of them. With the camera that I posture and pose that way all the time, I bowed. In the first place, I'm five feet four. In the second place I had a mental picture of me strolling fashion model style down the main street of Wichita! And in the third place I had no taste in clothes at that time. My fondest possessions were my blue jeans. So I compromised. When I had a fashion show to do or when I was working at the school, I would posture . . . and only then.

Vera's schooling came in handy a place. The charm school was given a hurry up call. This seemed like a good place to be. Vera thought logically. It seemed the local talent had not turned out in bathing suits for the Miss Wichita contest. It behooved the charm school to hastily cater to at least five girls. They had. That was when the brand-new instructor was tossed into a bathing suit and told to posture. Vera won. They slapped her on a train for Kansas City.

"These contracts, I found, were not just measurement games. There was a talent division. You had to perform or spend three minutes making a speech about a talent. I didn't have to hard to write a speech. The carefully cultivated personality I'd acquired fell away from me. I was just standing there—shy, inarticulate, job too hard to write a speech. The carefully cultivated personality I'd acquired fell away from me. I was just standing there—shy, inarticulate job too hard to write a speech. The carefully cultivated personality I'd acquired fell away from me. I was just standing there—shy, inarticulate job too hard to write a speech. The carefully cultivated personality I'd acquired fell away from me. I was just standing there—shy, inarticulate job too hard to write a speech. The carefully cultivated personality I'd acquired fell away from me. I was just standing there—shy, inarticulate job too hard to write a speech. The carefully cultivated personality I'd acquired fell away from me. I was just standing there—shy, inarticulate job too hard to write a speech. The carefully cultivated personality I'd acquired fell away from me. I was just standing there—shy, inarticulate job too hard to write a speech. The carefully cultivated personality I'd acquired fell away from me. I was just standing there—shy, inarticulate job too hard to write a speech. The carefully cultivated personality I'd acquired fell away from me. I was just standing there—shy, inarticulate job too hard to write a speech. The carefully cultivated personality I'd acquired fell away from me. I was just standing there—shy, inarticulate job too hard to write a speech. The carefully cultivated personality I'd acquired fell away from me. I was just standing there—shy, inarticulate job too hard to write a speech. The carefully cultivated personality I'd acquired fell away from me. I was just standing there—shy, inarticulate job too hard to write a speech. The carefully cultivated personality I'd acquired fell away from me. I was just standing there—shy, inarticulate job too hard to write a speech. The carefully cultivated personality I'd acquired fell away from me. I was just standing there—shy, inarticulate job too hard to write a speech. The carefully cultivated personality I'd acquired fell away from me. I was just standing there—shy, inarticulate job too hard to write a speech. The carefully cultivated personality I'd acquired fell away from me. I was just standing there—shy, inarticulate job too hard to write a speech. The carefully cultivated personality I'd acquired fell away from me. I was just standing there—shy, inarticulate.Arrived in New York City. I was not by name. That was when the brand-new instructor was tossed into a bathing suit and told to posture. Vera won. They slapped her on a train for Kansas City.

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For Quick Relief Ask your Druggist for Toots Tooth Drops DENT'S Lotion JEL

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Nagging backache, headache, or muscular aches and pains may come on with over-exertion, emotional upset or day to day stress and strain. And folks who eat and drink unwisely sometime suffer mild bladder irritation...with that restless, uncomfortable feeling.

If you are miserable and worn out because of these discomforts, Don't suffer any longer. Instead, try our pain relieving action, by their soothing effect to ease bladder irritation, and by their mild direct action through the kidneys—tending to increase the output of the 16 miles of kidney tubes.

Self-nagging backache makes you feel dragged-out, miserable, with restless, sleepless nights. Don't wait, try Doan's Pills, get the same happy relief millions have enjoyed for over 60 years. Ask for new, larger economy size and save money. Get Doan's Pills today!
began realizing their many differences.  

"After we were married Bob went back to school at U.C.L.A. and I continued under contract to RKO. I didn't work again then. I got a contract with Twentieth Century-Fox—no pictures. I was dropped in six months. Then I had Debbie in the spring. I thought about retiring for good and it wasn't much to retire from. I started modeling again and that led to an agent, who led me to Paul Henreid. He was casting 'For Men Only.' I was reading for the ingenue lead. He gave me mounds of time—and the part. I did exactly what he told me. I was a kind of puppet. I felt my only talent was having the face to do what I was told. I did a small television show. Warner Brothers saw it and gave me a contract. I did 'Charge at Feather River' and retired again to have Kelly. About that time television was starting to catch on while nonprofessionals were cast in it. It was the thirty-minute dramas. I began to work hard again. It was about half-way through my TV period that I really started reading the script. I'd be sitting in on one when I'd think, 'This girl is mixed-up, unhappy—so I'll be angry in this scene.' I was thinking for myself what she might do. I was whole new world that whetted my highly active imagination. I transplanted my daydreams—but without me in them. While the camera was rolling, I could lose myself in another character. And off-camera, having found an outlet for my introverted dream world, I was thinking and living more like a normal human being. I think my temperament is, for me, more exciting. Vera said, sadly, "was zooming. But my personal life—"  

But on the home front life was stalemated. Debbie and Kelly, true, had given Vera an opportunity to love completely and in trust. "Children trust you and you can trust them. It was wonderful to have emotions and give vent to them. But everyone suffers in childhood memories of fear and self-doubt she clung to her ailing marriage. Not remembering her own father, seeing her mother's marriage fail, Vera was determined to salvage her own. I kept remembering the warning my aunt used to give me, 'If you burn your bottom you have to sit on the blister.' So I kept sitting, even though it hurt. But one thing my aunt really did was the right thing. Eventually the blister heals, and that sometimes it's better to stand up." Vera found that out for herself. She stood up to the Kean in their marriage, and did something about it. After all, she reflected, it was better to break clean than to have Debbie and Kelly growing up amidst tension, quarrels and misunderstanding.  

"I tried very hard to be a good mother after our divorce. As usual I was too determined and too grim. Again life was easier. I loved them and cared for them, and had no fun in me to offer. I was so strict with myself I was automatically strict with them. I had no understanding of things kids enjoy. A Time of the Thirties of being father and mother to my kids, I met Pete. You probably know him as Gordon Scott," she smiled.  

"I met him when I was signed to do the lead in 'I've Got to Find Out.' I don't think I liked him at first. He was such a happy exuberant extrovert, he shocked me. I admitted that he brought a new warmth and personality to Tarzan that I'd never seen before. But when he'd get the sudden urge to jump up in the air and click his heels, I thought he had an idiot streak in him. I couldn't understand how anyone could lose his dignity that way. My inflexible standards refused to accept his easygoing impulsive way of life. The first few times he came he thought I was the most insufferable snob in the world. I became a challenge to him. Little by little he started breaking down my reserve. He thought he'd run up against a stone wall. He couldn't figure out what made me tick. After he knocked down the first few layers I fell in love with him. Slowly my sense of humor started showing. But it wasn't until we'd returned to the studio two weeks after the birth of our first child he saw any warmth in me. We were back for retakes and it was like coming home. I had liked the people and I was warmer and more normal, so I decided to take him to dinner. That's when life started opening up for me and for the girls. For when Pete fell in on them, that was all. They decided he was to be their father. His quick, delightful imagination was pure joy to them—and to me. Once I started breaking out of my shell, I knew that I'd only been half alive—" Pete hesitated and then said what she felt, "Right now, I feel as though I'm the strong confident person I've always wanted to be. I've walked away from my fears and left them behind me forever."

You write the lyrics—JOHNNY GREEN (ASCAP) 5-time Academy Award Winner, will set the winning lyrics to music. See the current issue of TRUE ROMANCE Magazine for contest details and rules.
Tony Perkins

Continued from page 41

checking make-up that day. Tony was late.
I had just finished picking Jim's brain as much as possible (he's a careful man) when Tony suddenly descended. And I mean descended. I'd never met him, but I knew a school friend of one, so he was keeping it carefully under the surface. He was the color of a bronzed Indian. "Sorry I can't shake hands. I've been stained yellow by the yellow socks through his steel-rimmed glasses. I found out later that the real Jim Piersall had squeezed it a little too hard on a TV show.

Fine, I thought. How do you communicate for the first time with someone who's swung up like a tight fiddle, enraged and ready to crack at the seams? I held the menu up in front of his chest, he marked it off in four sections with a jerky finger. "I come in four parts. Which part would you like?" he asked. I'm not a pretty graying man like all the others. He stared at me for a minute and then stuck one bony forefinger over the table edge. Slowly he started tagging off the sections. "I'm what any writer wants me to be. I can be perfectly honest while I do it. Whatever the writer wants, I can give it to him because that's all true, it's just the way it's written." That, All to do with the multi-colored variation on the theme of Perkins I'd been reading. It wasn't a bad start.

Maybe he was mad enough to continue being devastatingly honest--just being colorful? Deciding to strike while his iron was hot, I asked, "Do you have self-control?"

After a lengthy pause (you can't tell whether he's probing his psyche for the truth or thinking up an answer to appease you), he looked up. With little outward acknowledgement of his anger he asked, "Why should I spend time doing it to a degree? It's a lucky thing I have as much as I have. I've been working pretty hard lately. Then, on the other hand, I don't have enough. I don't work hard enough as I should. I go off to the movies instead of studying my part."

His double order of rare ground steak, French fries and malt came. It was obvious anger did not affect this appetite. As he ate, the tension started running out of him. As if to ease the inner hostility he'd felt he said, "This pressure can kill you. Sophia Loren and Burt Ives are sitting in their dressing rooms relaxing, while I don't have a minute when I'm not working." Then quickly, "I'm sorry, it's not your fault; I know I said okay for an apprenticeship. But the pressure gets you." He started on his chocolate pie and thought about the question of stardom's personal change in him.

I adjust to almost any given situation. You take a first-class seat and earplug it back three years ago on a street corner in New York. I was the same then as I am now. I'm the same exact person as I was then. All this depends on how things feel, the same way and am impressed and depressed with the same kind of people. I just shift weight a little to encompass things.

"I'm still nervous, tense, high-keyed. Each day to me is like a track meet. When it's over, I fall in bed exhausted. I get a full night's sleep and I'm up like a shot ready to do it all over again." I recalled that at least five of the articles stated he hated to get up in the morning. "Un-huh," he grinned derisively. "I'm up like a shot, greet the dawn and all that."

Well, after that he told me he knew he was an introvert but felt he was an integrated personality. Then he set out to disprove the integrated part. I kept throwing little questions at him, trying to find something to really shock him into talking. On the subject of punctuality, he's punctual. He hates others to be late although Let's look at the other records say, "at the bottom of his class and negatively inclined." He was always late. He decided to overcome the habit and did. When I asked him about this, he really pulled my leg. Started off on a long-winded story about the parking at his new apartment and ended up with a lame but I didn't lose my temper. "I didn't tell him how he was trying to do me a favor and make up an anecdote or quietly pulling my leg. He thought for a minute and then his eyes brightened and he had a real story for me about how he releases his pent-up emotions. "Every morning," he said gleefully, "I drive down Melrose to the studio. There are two stop signs; one at Gower, and one at the studio. Each morning I drive briskly through those stop signs." When I asked for more for-instances, he quipped, "I must save some of these bons mots for my own byline." By this time he was in excellent humor. Who knows, maybe he was just hungry. And, finally, I hit on the question that tapped his inner recesses and Tony began to talk. People say it's the watchword. The declared, integrated Tony slowly started dissolving. Flotsam, jetsam and treasure trove were hauled up out of the sea of memories, actions and reactions. And, when he asked me to look at what kind of social life he had out here.

"Less and less. I've never been very social, but now don't have time at all. There's a marriage agency with a picture who asked me out to the house for dinner. I like him, but I don't want to be obligated. I don't want the reaction or repercussions whether he likes it or not. I'm just playing Scrabble. Thought maybe I'd suggest we play some night--sort of have something to do if I did go. But I haven't mentioned it, so I don't like Wolfe, I'll agree within a half hour. Look, I'm not interesting. A young married couple. What could I offer them? I don't communicate socially as I'm doing now. After all, we're here to talk about me. That's not sitting down socially in somebody's living room and chatting. I can't do the back and forth thing. I run out of things to say. What can you talk about? Movies, music, books and paintings. Those take about ten minutes each, so then what do you do? Anybody with a conviction can persuade me in a half hour. Look, I like Thomas Wolfe. I may do the play from his book 'Look Homeward, Angel' on Broadway this fall. Yet, if you have a conviction, if you don't like Wolfe, I'll agree within a half hour. So what have I got to offer people?"

"Yourself," I blurted out before I could stop. It had dawned on me that he wasn't kidding. He meant every word of it. His inability to communicate, to have natural discourse with people or his refusal of mutual interests was part and parcel of the Perkins personality. He had accepted these facts as the way he was built. He didn't know how to give of himself. The look of weary resignation on his face when I made my one-word statement told me that he had heard this song before. So I firmly tapped my maternal instinct back in. You will only listen, you will not participate, I told myself.

Seeing to sense me disapprovingly, I added, "I don't really mean something I'm missing, lacking, what have you.

Shrinks Hemorrhoids
New Way Without Surgery

Science Finds Healing Substance That Relieves Pain—Shrinks Hemorrhoids

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DRAW
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But I can wait. You couldn’t walk in with it under your arm. You can’t supply me. I’ve got to find it.

“I know I’m intolerant of other people’sfailings,” he explained, “and I know I’m not one hundred percent, but expect them to take me as I am. I’m past the restless stage. Now I’m impatient. Don’t misunderstand me. I’m not a poor, sinister person. I’m really quite alone, I don’t like to be alone. But I go to a place that’s full of people. I can hear them, I’m near them but I’m not obliged to sit at a coffee. I can talk to the guy next to me if I want to. And not, if I want to. I like to go to movies alone. I’m surrounded by people but I’m not responsible for anyone. It’s the same reason I like the New York subway. Same feeling.”

I commented that he’d been at a party a friend of mine was at last week. Seemed he’d been in the back door in blue jeans and sneakers with Venetia Stevenson and Dennis Hopper. He appeared in the living room eating jelly beans out of a bowl he was holding.

“I hadn’t seen Venetia and Dennis for ages and I didn’t know anybody at the party. The jelly beans were on the kitchen table and I picked them up as we went. As to the clothes, it was that kind of party. Sure I date. When I do I like to go to a nice place for dinner and eat slowly. That’s a treat for me. Then I like to go to a movie. There’s a singer I touch and I like Faith Williams, and I also like to watch television. Pretty dull, huh?”

Marla Cooper, Norma Moore, Eilene Aiken, and lately, Venetia Stevenson do not seem to find him dull. His taste in the distaff side is impeccable. Venetia recently divorced from Rusty Tamblyn, is a Walt Disney contractee. Shy, introspective and pretty, she makes good company for Tony.

Occasionally Tony paints. “Painting makes me nervous. When I get started I can’t. I don’t even eat. I have to eipe.

If I stop I begin to wonder, pick it apart and then I lose the whole point of what I was painting. Somebody gave the easel to me about three years ago for Christmas and I decided I should use it. So I paint. I stick to blue, gray and black mostly.”

The psychic major in me burst forth. “That’s very interesting.”

The curiosity in Tony asked, “Why?”

“Those colors are indicative of a disturbed personality. A somberness trying to be as inobscure as possible. It’s like the coloring of birds and chameleons, it’s protective coloring.” The idiot amateur Freud in me wouldn’t shut up. “What kind of paintings do you do?”

“Mostly windows and doors and trees in nature. But I’ve always been aware of the background. Does that mean something?” he asked eagerly.

Suddenly I checked my headiness in being a consulting psychiatrist. I would leave the finer points with the analytical professionals. “Basically, you’re painting exactly what you’ve been telling me. You are pushing people away from you all the time. You’re one of those I call the commissary member when it started? It had to start some time.”

Tony was interested and involved. His face took on a look of remembering. It was the same look I had over the phone with the麂tas.

“Yeah,” he said softly, “it was when I was five. When my father died. Dozens of people kept hugging me and picking me up and clucking at me. I wanted to run away and I couldn’t. I don’t know whether I really pushed them aw or not, but I wanted to.”

“At school, later, you kept pushing people away, didn’t you?” I was referring to Browne and Nichols, where he went to prep school.

“Oh, I just wasn’t interested. I had a lot of reading to do. I read a novel every day. With a novel in the school library. Tony’s defense mechanism was working perfectly again. We looked at each other for a long moment. Then he dropped his head and began to cry. “I didn’t know how to make friends. I was afraid to go. I didn’t want to go. I went off to boarding school. I didn’t get along very well, to put it mildly. Then after a couple of years it was too late. It was too impossible to do anything about it. I couldn’t make an effort. I was afraid I’d botch it up completely and that would be the end. Then in college, when I was sure that I’d made it out, I could be a ball. But even then I wrote about it as if I were watching from a distance. Because that’s the way I lived it— at a distance.”

Tony looked drained, as if he’d plumbed a few depths he hadn’t planned on. It was too late to start another subject. So I suggested he take the extra fifteen minutes and relax. We agreed to meet again. As I was leaving, he asked, “How many parts of the menu did you get?”

“About half,” I answered. “Next time comes the entreés and the a la carte.”

A week later that Jim and I walked across the lot to Tony’s dressing room. He wasn’t working that day, so we planned to have a leisurely lunch. Tony was sitting crosslegged in the middle of the floor, cleaning his telephone. He was wearing a longsleeved blue shirt, long black knit tie, sneakers and the saltiest jeans I’ve seen in a piece of time. The room contained newspapers, magazines, memos, messages and balloons. About ten inflated balloons covered the floor. The piano was literally covered. He waved happily, “Come in and find a place to sit. I think I’m finally going to buy a car.” He returned to his phone conversation. When he hung up, he exclaimed, “I’m finally going to do it. A Thunderbird—in this afternoon. I’m going to invest in the Valley. Venetia’s going along for the ride. You know I’ve been renting a car for over a year just because I couldn’t pin myself down to what make, color or model. I think it’s about time I make decisions. I lived in a place for two years because I couldn’t decide to get an apartment. If I watch ‘Studio One’ on television tonight, I’ll see it in the next week even if there’s something I’d like better. All those decisions! Sometimes I am uncertain to the point of lunacy.”

By the time he finished we were well on our way to the commissary. Clark Gable and a woman came out of his dressing room. She went to Tony and with a mocking laugh exclaimed, “I’ve just heard some-thing bad about you.” He waved and grinned. Ten steps later, his eyebrows pulled down in worry, he darted after her. He came back looking uneasy. “She says I’m joking. But I’ll bet she wasn’t.”

He was obviously concerned with what had probably been good—natured barb. He is deeply sensitive to people’s reactions. When he made an effort to pull himself back he made an effort to pull himself back.

“It’s true, you know. If I were alone I’d just tread water. I let my agents do the deciding. I tried once. My own agent was in town. I called him up over to MCA and I wanted to talk to the others. It was a toss-up between doing a play and a movie. The agents who’d read the play insisted that the ones who’d read the movie
EXCLUSIVELY YOURS

Continued from page 81

made you hate him in his screen debut in "A Face in the Crowd" because he ave such a convincing performance as he will make you love him in his second Warner film, "No Time For Sergeants," because he's so doggone lovable! If you want to see the best, go to the Kress and see "A Face in the Crowd" and "No Time For Sergeants." You won't be disappointed.

Marilyn's Reformed: The big news of the month is that Marilyn Monroe is a reformed character. She actually arrived in time for the gala charity premiere of "The Prince and the Showgirl" at Radio City Music Hall, and she was waiting to meet me, when I called on her at her New York apartment, before she and Arthur Miller took off to spend the summer at their beach home at Amagansett, Long Island. It is to her famous playwright husband that Marilyn gives full credit for changing her tarry habits. "It's because Arthur never complains when I take so long to dress that I feel guilty about keeping him waiting. It's because he is so patient and understanding, I try to hurry up for his sake—and I'm succeeding, as you can see!" she exclaimed triumphantly.

I saw other changes in Marilyn, as we sipped soft drinks and chatted away like two sorority sisters in a girls' dormitory. Here, in spite of a lawsuit with her erstwhile gentle friend, Milton Greene, and the politics he has been involved in, she was a radiantly happy Marilyn, thrilled over the critical and fan reception to her delightful comedy performance as "Showgirl" to the Dream Play at the special British theater, Sir Laurence Olivier and thrilled over the prospect of finally moving away from sublet apartments with other people's furniture and building a large rambling Connecticut farmhouse, with every detail planned by Arthur and herself, and every stick of furniture their very own. "I'll only come into town twice a week to check on the progress," she said. "Lee Strasberg at the Actors Studio," Marilyn told me. She's serious about that.
Hollywood was at 433 N. Central Ave., Glendale, Calif. — to the American Film Institute, which owns it.

Many of the stories published in the book were based on interviews with friends and acquaintances.

In the book, Bette Davis talks about her childhood, her relationships with her family, and her career in Hollywood. She also discusses her experiences with famous directors such as Alfred Hitchcock, Billy Wilder, and Orson Welles.

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that as the weeks passed, never-failingly reduced anxious bargaining opponents to shreds. This ability to think things out calmly and quietly was a decisive factor. He chose carefully, rejected scripts, sometimes accepted others and scored in a series of hits.

As a portrait of heroes, Gary has no equal. He has played them all—memorable ones like Mr. Deeds, Marco Polo, Bill Hickok, Sergeant York (which won him an Oscar), Lou Gehrig and the put-upon sheriff in "High Noon," (which brought him a second Academy Award.) The last picture of Gary Cooper's pictures would be silly since boxoffice figures through the years are ample proof that practically everyone has seen them all anyway. (In his latest, Allied Artists "Love in the Afternoon," he's teamed with Audrey Hepburn and Maurice Chevalier.)

His on-set behavior never fails to amaze some people. Gary's between-takes snoozes, of course, are famous—the times when he unravels his lanky six-foot-two-and-three-quarter-inch frame in the nearest chair and once dozed off. This is a joy for visitors with preconceived ideas of actors hamming it up all over the set. And his unspectacular camera angles were once twitted by the late Sam Wood, who directed several Cooper films.

"You're positive he's going to ruin your picture," said Wood. "I froze in my tracks the first time I met him. I thought something was wrong and I saw a million-dollar production go glimmering. I was amazed at the result on the screen. What I thought was a shallow playing just was the right approach. On the screen he's perfect, yet on the set you'd swear it's the worst job of acting in the history of motion pictures to date.

Today, as always, if Gary really feels strongly about something, he makes it known in no uncertain terms. Otherwise he's a man of few words. He still feels his job leaves little time for performances speak for themselves. They do.

Reminiscing about Gary Cooper naturally sets you to thinking about James Stewart, not only because they are great pals but because, one night nine years ago, Gary was to inadvertently change Jimmy's whole life.

Jimmy has spread his shy, fumbling brand of enormously likable manhood through fifty-four films to date. While Gable and Carney were cleaning up with the rough stuff, and Crosby was effortlessly crooning his way to the top, Jimmy cornered the market among femme moviegoers—and has kept a firm grip on it ever since. And hardly a man in the audience has ever failed to sympathize with his lanky lanky figure or sympathize with his plight, which is standard operating procedure in every Stewart film. His enduring appeal was recently paid the ultimate compliment when Leland Hayward chose forty-nine-year-old "ten-year-old" Gary Cooper among the three he could play, and Jay McInerney named him the "gutsiest" man in the picture. The elder Stewart knew that his son wanted the role, and when Hayward mentioned something about a young unknown to play the part, Mr. Stewart swung into action on behalf of young Jim.

"Unknown young actor, indeed! What's the matter with my boy Jimmy! You've been his best friend for years and now you're deserting him! You're only one man who can play Lindbergh—my son!" Critics and public alike looked askance at this casting, but when the results were revealed, they were generous with praise—both as they have been for practically everything else he has ever done.

It all began at Princeton, where Jimmy went from electrical engineering to political science to architecture before he finally settled on acting. After graduation, he joined the Falmouth Players in Massachusetts and worked with Margaret Sullivan and Henry Peers in a close-knit trio whose public and private paths were to cross many times in the following years. A Broadway break and several foothold appearances eventually led to an M-G-M contract for Jimmy.

His debut film for Metro was something called "The Murder Man," in which six-foot-three-inch Jimmy played a character named Artie Gohn. About the end of a long walk down a street and a bit of dialogue before entering a cafe. To Jimmy's horror, he discovered that by the time he reached the cafe, someone had shot out of his head. Shock Number Two was seeing himself on the screen. "I was all arms and legs, he remembers. "It was awful." His hometown, Pennsylvania, had other local ideas. The local billing for his second film read: INDIGNOUS OWN JIM STEWART in "ROSE MARIE" with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy.

A star's troubles with studio is always good for reams of publicity, but the careful handling and build-up of a valuable property (which is usually the case) rarely ever succeeds. In this example of the latter is M-G-M's supervision of Jimmy's early career. In the twenty-eight films he made during the six years prior to his entry into the studio, the cast effort to him to advantage opposite practically every glamour queen in the business—Jean Harlow, Joan Crawford, Margaret Sullavan, Carole Lombard, Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner, Paulette Goddard, Marlene Dietrich and many more. His loanout assignments were equally choice, ranging in such memorable items as "You Can't Take It with You," "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," and "Destry Rides Again."

In March of 1941, Jimmy was awarded an Oscar for his work in "The Philadelphia Story," for the next year's gross (at $13,000 per month) became Army Air Corps Private Stewart (at $21 per month) and the little golden statuette was on its way to Pennsylvania, there to reside in the family hardware store, between the kitchen knives and the can openers.

During the war, Jimmy acquired himself with honor on several bombing raids, won numerous decorations, and was promoted to the rank of full colonel. Unlike many others, Jimmy had no trouble resuming his career. His public had waited patiently for his return. When a Wonder Lake day restored him to the nation's screens, they put him right back among the Top Twenty, in which position he has remained ever since.

People—critics, columnists, co-workers and fans—have always looked themselves to be nice to Jimmy, principally because he has always managed to be nice to everyone. He has never called anyone by the name of the recording studio. He has never met anyone who has ever touched him. Even during his fourteen-year reign as "Hollywood's Number One Bachelor," his various girl friends—and Göring, Gridley, Hayworth and Olivia de Havilland were four among many—had nothing but good things to say about him. Then, at a party given by the Gary Coopers nine years ago, that title went up for grabs.

It was there that Jimmy met Gloria...
Born in 1901, Cary Grant was a talented actor with a charismatic presence on screen and off. He began his career on stage in New York City before transitioning to film. Grant's early Hollywood career was marked by a string of successful films, including his debut in 1932's "Grand Hotel." Throughout his career, Grant was known for his versatile acting ability and ability to appeal to both male and female audiences.

Grant's personal life also attracted attention. He was married three times: to actress Jane Wyman, actress Eva Marie Saint, and actress Barbara Hale. However, he was also known for his relationships with numerous other women, including actress Ginger Rogers and singer Marlene Dietrich.

Grant's Hollywood legacy is still celebrated today, with many of his films holding a special place in the hearts of cinema fans. His contributions to the industry and his enduring charm continue to inspire and delight audiences around the world.
Not a pleasant prospect," Fred answered solemnly: "Bing Crosby"—(from "Blue Skies" and "Holiday Inn"). All in all, Fred has had seventeen film partners, including Cyd Charisse in M-G-M's current "Silk Stockings," "obviously because the public remembrance of her perfection at Astaire is dead even today, none of them quite measured up to Ginger Rogers. Ginger Rogers is versatility personified, unscreened and off. Although much of her recent screen work has been devoted to her, Ginger has long been among the strongest all-round talents in Hollywood. When the directorial reins are tight, and the script is good, Ginger will deliver anything you want—song-and-dance, comedy, drama—you name it. She first hit the public eye as a teen-age Charleston champion, won her Broadway contract at 15, spurned "42nd Street." For "Flying Down to Rio," RKO was staging a spectacle that would uniquely appeal to musical tastes. As the central partners, they engaged Ginger to dance with an angular new- comer named Fred Astaire. When it comes to significance, Ginger and Fred Astaire are the wrong combination. But if they take the place right alongside of Astaire and Astaire—Stanley and livingstone. As the start of the fabulous Astaire-Rogers partnership, "Flying Down to Rio" has been referred to so often, it's impossible to write a story about Ginger Rogers without including the name of Astaire. Imperturbably Calamity Jane, Inimitable Carole Lombard, sent him a complete ballerina outfit, lovingly designed with the initials "C.G.," and practically every studio knocked at the gates of Astaire and Ginger, Universal, M-G-M, Frank Capra, Claudette Colbert, "It Happened One Night"—all won Oscars. They told him he'd have to sing and dance for "Idiot's Delight." Never to be outdone in the battle, Astaire accepted the challenge. Inimitable Carole Lombard sent him a complete ballerina outfit, lovingly designed with the initials "C.G.," and practically every studio knocked at the gates of Astaire and Ginger, Universal, M-G-M, Frank Capra, Claudette Colbert, "It Happened One Night"—all won Oscars. They told him he'd have to sing and dance for "Idiot's Delight." Never to be outdone in the battle, Astaire accepted the challenge. Inimitable Carole Lombard sent him a complete ballerina outfit, lovingly designed with the initials "C.G.," and practically every studio knocked at the gates of Astaire and Ginger, Universal, M-G-M, Frank Capra, Claudette Colbert, "It Happened One Night"—all won Oscars. They told him he'd have to sing and dance for "Idiot's Delight."

But if Ginger Rogers were the wrong partner for every man, Ginger Rogers was the wrong partner for Astaire. The situation changed abruptly. In the eight subsequent 'thirties musicals they did together, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers became the most successful dance team in show business history. The Astaire-Rogers numbers of the country—Gershwin, Kern, Cole Porter, Irving Berlin—gave them unforgettable scores. Which was just fine. Except that Ginger Rogers was several years older than her partner. Later, Ginger Rogers, as Ginger would later described as "a rag, a bone and a hand of hair"—a walking ad for vitamins. Besides, she had a yearning to try some material—something partially accomplished in the successful "Stage Door." At the conclusion of 1939's "The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle," Ginger put RKO on notice: She was hanging up costume and would have no further chance to do something besides musicals. No one was too happy about it and plenty were downright skeptical. They were all in for a surprise in film history. Ginger Rogers turned to M-G-M, and the Ginger Rogers character was a moment of stunned silence. Then a storm of cheering swept the audience and a grateful actress broke and went open-eyed. Since that time, Ginger Rogers has turned her hand to every conceivable shade of comedy and drama there is.

Recent evidence in Fox's "Oh, Men! Oh, Women!" was impressive proof that the Rogers figure is as strong as ever. Not for nothing is Clark Gable called "The King." For a long stretch, he had his dream procession of films that would have made the average career stronger than yesterday's news. But if Astaire and Ginger Rogers have had their thrones for less, but Clark has a hold on the moviking public that nothing ever disturbed or disturbed. Through the hits and the flops, marriages and divorces, personal tragedy, a wartime absence, other ups and downs--there is only one Clark Gable.

When he returned from the war, one source breathlessly reported, "Everyone wants to see Clark Gable—the picture doesn't have to be good." It wasn't. "Adventure" was its name, and for Greer Garson, it was the beginning of the end. Clark Gable was faced with inferior flicks, and then, in 1953, John Ford's "Mogambo"—a good picture, and a reminder to Clark of what he should have been doing all those years.

He thought long and hard before leaving M-G-M. It had been home for twenty-five years. Longtime pals like Spencer Tracy and Robert Taylor were there—and the studio itself, with whom Clark liked nothing better than to get together for jovial comradeship and a good bull session. As for rewards, no one.
not expand? In his previous films, there had been some evidence of a nice, comic flair—why not explore?

The result was "The Road to Singa-

pore" a comedy which triggered a six-film series that provided one of the fattest payoffs California has seen since they had all that commotion at Sutter’s Mill. Dramatic acting was next. In “Going

My Way,” Bing fused equal parts of humor and tenderness in a blend that suited everyone just fine. His performance won Bing an Oscar, and the film itself was the first of ten Crosby flicks to gross over $4,000,000, an all-time record. There were other musicals, other comedies, further proof of his dramatic talent in the poignant "Boy Meets Girl.” And then the acid test—"The Country Girl.”

For Bing, playing Frank Elgin took guts, for he was a complete switch—a pitiful, whimpering, alcoholic has-been. The reformed Bing was a real Bing, and a shrewd up-to-year Bing might well have taken home his second Academy Award. A personality that came to full flower—an actor had pushed his resources to the utmost.

As always, when the public sorts over its dough for Bing Crosby, that’s exactly who they want and get. But nowadays, they get something more, an expert combination of personality, believability, characterization and, in the case of "The Country Girl" and his latest, M-G-M’s "Man on Fire,” a great performance. Anyone who delivers goods fully that upset naturally rank high on anyone’s list.

The indestructibles are strict professionals on the set. They have been around long enough to know that tantrums and temperamental arts, in the long run the Crosby family, are equivalent to cutting their own throats. Particularly in these days when it seems every star is his own producer. But, in addition, each has shown himself ready to stand fast for artistic principle. And if you don’t know that’s a lead-in to some reminiscences about Bette Davis, you don’t know your movies.

Some years ago, the New York Film Critics were meeting to bestow their annual awards. To get the proceedings under way in a hurry, one member of that august body stood up and stated flatly, "I vote for Bette Davis—in anything!" That’s the way Bette’s fans feel—she can do no wrong. As possessor of the most brilliant female career in film history, twice Academy Award-winner Bette is perhaps the perfect indestructible. That is, she could be cited on any of the points we’ve been discussing. But in referring to her hot and heavy battle, Bing has said: "The story of my battle penetrated show business circles everywhere. Nothing I have done has brought me greater acclaim among my fellow professionals.

It all began when Bette first arrived in Hollywood, under contract to Universal. (The biggest gamble I ever sent to Holly-

wood," said the talent scout responsi-


ble.) No one met Bette at the studio, not even at the secretaries’ desk. She phoned the studio, since someone promised to meet her. “We were there,” yelled back the studio press agent, “but we didn’t see anybody by the name of actress.” That was just the beginning. "I can’t imagine anyone giving her a tumble,” grimaced Carl Laemmle Jr., an opinion apparently shared by Saphire, who had tested her previously. ("Where did you find that horrible-looking creature?" Sam wanted to know.)

Meanwhile, the wheels at Universal were busily "impending to success," whatever it was they had put under contract. This involved a series of tests, such as having Bette lie on a couch while fifteen men in a row tried a love, and while they dyed her hair, threw assorted wigs, false eyelashes and odd makeup at her to see if something similar to Jean Harlow or Clara Bow would miraculously emerge. Having given up on the fact, some hopeful soul then did a test featuring only her voices on a tape recorder. Bette's sample was played to the public relations man, who suggested everyone throw in the towel. Six films later, Universal dropped her. Warner Bros., then placed her under contract, and the turkey trot continued.

For Bing, in a burst of faith in herself and limitless perseverance, she landed the role of the despicable Mildred in RKO’s "Of Human Bondage." The omission of her name from the list of nine Oscar nominations this year caused the loudest ruckus in Academy history. Did her parts then get better? Hardly.

She was not only campaigning for better roles; she was also fighting a woman war for realism in her films. In a scene in "Bordertown," for example, she was supposed to be aroused in the middle of the night and shout, "I won’t go to bed without makeup and with her hair in curls." The director was aghast. "You can’t appear onscreen like that," he sput-

tered. "The hell I can’t," she retorted. The battle that followed waxed hot and heavy, held up production for an entire day and was finally resolved in Bette’s favor.

But the intermittent rumblings in the Davis-Warner battle grew increas-ingly louder as their mutual dissatisfaction with each other reached menacing proportions. Warner Bros. regarded her as a "hot and heavy" actress, and Bette, looking to shut her mouth and do as she was told. Bette felt that her "contrived parts" were so much hogwash, that she was capable of far better things. Being smashed with a glamorous actress ("The Ten-

nth Avenue Nurse") and proposing to the hero while hung upside-down in a ferris wheel (in "The Golden Arrow") were clearly not what she expected. After her appeal had gone unheeded, she decided to accept an offer to make two films in England and, raising the standard of open revolt, left for London. Within the week, Warner Bros. had instituted legal action. Jack Warner personally empaneled for England, and the antagonists faced each other in a London courtroom.

"I submit that this is the action of a rather naughty young lady who simply wants more money," was the way Warner’s counsel opened his case. If she’d had a dollar for every time they’d put him on the spot. Not for money had she crossed an ocean to become embroiled in a suit that might conceivably end her career then and there. She desired recognition and roles that would build her career, not run it into the ground. Eventually, though it cost her $103,000, that’s what she got.

Bette has showed itself in her willingness to junk glamour for first-rate realistic portrayals. And then there was the Academy affair. Bette was elected president of the Motion Picture Academy, a first, because she is still the only woman to be so chosen. With the war on, Bette felt that the expense associated with the annual ceremonies should be scaled down and public admission charged, for the benefit of the war effort. When the board of directors demurred, Bette resigned. Again, in two cases where Warners have erred by "name” trouble. Bette took secondary roles, lent her box-office insurance to Monty Woolley and Paul Lukas, saw "The Man Who Came to Dinner" and "Watch on the Rhine" become successes. Back in Hollywood again, she may do the controversial Diana Barrymore book "Too Much Too Soon"—un- doubtedly another success.

Along with the guest respectful of Dick Sheppard’s "Stars Hollywood Couldn’t Beat" will appear in October Photoplay.
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XCLUSIVE: Mike Todd talks about Liz

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Surprise Inside! One that means far lovelier brows for you. Slide off the cap, find a foolproof built-in crayon sharpener! Of golden metal, it won't jam, clog or break crayon. Just a twist, and you have a point like new every time.

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A—Expressive Brows in Seconds
Use soft, feathery strokes along the natural arch of your brow. (Avoid a "moon-shape" or hard straight line.) Accent the beginning of brow first: lift and taper toward end. Soften the effect with your fingertip.

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Do as the models do—line your lids. It's easy! With soft Maybelline crayon draw a line at base of your lashes. Start with a fine line near inner corner of eye, broadening it as you progress to outer corner. Finish with "up-swoop." If you wish, soften the effect with fingertip. You'll be amazed how much larger and more brilliant your eyes will appear.

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Precision Tweezers
Professional Eyelash Curler

Jewel-tone Iridescent Eye Shadow Stick
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No tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine Antiseptic does... instantly... by millions.

In fact, Listerine kills every germ found in the mouth—stops bad breath 4 times better than tooth paste.

Dances are fun for Polly now. What a difference! With Listerine, a girl gives her charm a fair break.

LISTERINE
STOPS BAD BREATH
4 TIMES BETTER THAN TOOTH PASTE

LISTERINE
...YOUR NO. 1 PROTECTION AGAINST OFFENDING
PHOTOPLAY
FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

OCTOBER, 1957
VOL. 52, NO. 4

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COVER: Color portrait of Elizabeth Taylor by Bob Willoughby. Elizabeth stars in "Raintree County" for M-G-M

Color portrait of John Saxon by Wagner-Trindl; Ava Gardner, James Mitchell; Shelley Winters and Anthony Franciosa, Bill Avery; Yul Brynner, Gaby; Doris Day, John Raitt, Carol Haney, Eddie Foy Jr., Warner Brothers

Your November issue will be on sale at your newsstand on October 3rd

MILES NERVINE
help you relax!

Such busy, busy, busy days! No wonder so many modern wives and mothers who occasionally become tense and taut welcome the help of MILES NERVINE to calm and relax! Try MILES NERVINE—youself— for the gentle action that soothes nervous tension, helps you feel your best again.

Ever too restless to sleep at night? Then see how MILES NERVINE relaxes you—lets you sleep in a healthy, normal way. Follow the label—avoid excessive use. MILES NERVINE has a long record of satisfaction in use. Sold at all drugstores in effervescent tablets and liquid.

Soothe nerves . . .
feel calm and serene with
MALINE NERVINE
At any drugstore...
No Prescription Needed!
Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Ind.
SUDDENLY A SPOTLIGHT TURNS... AND IN THE LIMELIGHT'S GLARE, THE HEART OF AN ENTERTAINER IS CANDIDLY REVEALED!

FRANK SINATRA
Now he stands alone... the most electric personality of our time slams home his most shocking and realistic performance!

MITZI GAYNOR • JEANNE CRAIN EDDIE ALBERT in The Joker Is Wild

DIRECTED BY CHARLES VIDOR • PRODUCED BY SAMUEL J. BRISKIN
SCREENPLAY BY OSCAR SAUL • FROM A BOOK BY ART COHN
BASED ON THE LIFE OF JOE E. LEWIS • A PARAMOUNT RELEASE
A motion picture event! First to be filmed in the fabulous new M-G-M Camera 65 process is the prize-winning panoramic novel “Raintree County”.

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MONTGOMERY CLIFT
as Johnny Shawnessy

ELIZABETH TAYLOR
as Susanna Drake

EVA MARIE SAINT
as Nell Gaither

in

RAINTREE COUNTY

In the great tradition of Civil War Romance
NIGEL PATRICK • LEE MARVIN
with
ROD TAYLOR • AGNES MOOREHEAD

WALTER ABEL • JARMA LEWIS • TOM DRAKE

Screen Play by MILLARD KAUFMAN
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Directed by EDWARD DMYTRYK
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Based on the Novel by Ross Lockridge, Jr.
Printed by TECHNICOLOR®
AN M-G-M PICTURE
over the Editor's shoulder...

We play hostess to Hollywood friends

and discover an offbeat story

Keeping Us Posted
We're delighted at your letters and comments on Photoplay's New Look. We're glad you're noticing our coverage of more stars and newcomers than ever before—more than forty personalities this month, and a magazine that's getting thicker all the time! Our Hollywood friends have noticed it, too. In the past few weeks, we've visited with many of them and learned their ideas and future plans, which we'll continue to bring you each month. In the meantime, keep right on letting us know what and who you'd like to read about in Photoplay—just fill in the ballot box below.

Dizzy's Story
"We'd like to see more of Jimmy Dean in your magazine." "You promised us more articles on Jimmy. We can't believe Photoplay let us down." These are some of the letters you've been writing us. Well, we haven't let you down. Elizabeth Sheridan, author of this month's special James Dean feature, is an American dancer who lives in San Juan, Puerto Rico, when not Caribbean island-hopping doing nightclub and concert work. Dizzy knew Jimmy probably better than anyone. For the two, both sensitive, struggling artists, moved and met and lived and loved in a cold circle of New York show folk. "Dizzy was hungry every hour on the hour," describes their writer friend, Bill Bast. On page 60, in answer to your requests we present "In Memory of Jimmy," and hope you'll like its slice-of-life realism as much as we did.

November Stoppers
Next month, for Photoplay, Mike Wallace cross-examines Harry Belafonte and finds out what makes him tick. Also, we visit Princess Grace at home.

Recognize this picture? It's Tony Randall, his "niece" and Photoplay in "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?"

WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITES?

Send your votes for the stars you want to see in Photoplay

In color I want to see: ACTOR: 

(1) 
(2) 

I want to read stories about: ACTRESS: 

(1) 
(2) 

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

(1) 
(2) 

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.
Why Perma-lift? Because new Magic Insets, found only in the cups of a "Perma-lift"* Bra, firmly mold your breasts into young, accentuated, yet natural lines—and guarantee this fashion-favored lift of loveliness for the full life of the bra. #133 stitched cup cotton style, $3. Try "Perma-lift" today. At nicest stores.


The Perma-lift Bra, in this unretouched photo, was worn 1 year and washed 73 times—proof that Magic Insets never lose their firm uplift and beautiful support.
New Mum Cream stops odor... without irritation

So gentle for any normal skin you can use it every day

If you've ever worried about underarm stinging or burning from using a deodorant daily—or right after shaving or a hot bath—you can set your mind at ease. New Mum Cream is so gentle for normal skin, you can use it whenever you please.

Mum Cream gives you the kind of protection you can't possibly get from any other leading deodorant—because it works a completely different way. Mum Cream is the only leading deodorant that works entirely by stopping odor... contains no astringent aluminum salts. And it keeps on working actively to stop odor 24 hours a day with M-3—Mum's wonderful hexachlorophene that destroys both odor and odor-causing bacteria! When Mum is so effective—yet so gentle—isn't it the deodorant for you? Try new Mum Cream today.

MUM* contains M-3 (bacteria-destroying hexachlorophene)
...stops odor 24 hours a day
girls who rate keep a daily date with

**SALON COLD CREAM**

used daily, its "MAGNETIC" ACTION stops skin problems before they start

Only clean skin can be clear skin. So Dorothy Gray Salon Cold Cream is whipped extra-fine to go deeper...to draw grime, oil and stale make-up right out of your skin. Remove these and there goes the cause of many skin problems. Use Salon Cold Cream every night...and whenever you change make-up...for that clear, fresh glow! $1.25. In Canada, too.
Finally! A home permanent that never needs re-setting!

it's bliss!

NEW CONDITIONING CREME WAVE IN A TUBE WITH APPLICATOR TIP!

Unwinds into soft, natural-looking curls right from the curlers! You just brush out and go out!

bliss! Smooths on from easy applicator-tip tube!

Other waves may take a dozen messy steps, but not bliss! This fabulous new fragrant creme formula eliminates forever all dab, all drip, all bowls, all bother! Just wind and rinse, that's all you do . . . when dry, brush out into glory. It's bliss!

bliss! Breaks the oil barrier . . . curls from inside out!

This wave contains never-before-used penetrants! It gets past the natural oil that resists deep curling, and curls the heart, not just the 'wall', of each strand! You get a soft, natural-looking hair-do the moment you brush out. No more re-setting—it's bliss!

bliss! Secretly conditions as it goes!

Your hair is cared for—retains a healthy balance of oil and moisture, and even on damp days stays silken-soft and manageable! The only wave especially developed to let you brush out and go out—no more frizz, no more trying to get lasting curls from temporary hair sprays—day after day it's bliss!

Self-neutralizing! Recap the handy applicator-tip tube, save for next wave, extra end-curls, too!

$2.00

Just wind and rinse...when dry, brush out—never needs resetting—it's bliss!

PHOTOGRAPH OF SUZY PARKER BY RICHARD AYLDON
I'm partial to Joan Collins. As far as I'm concerned, she's the best piece of lend-lease we've ever had from England. . . When Marlon Brando put on a tuxedo, it was the end of an era. And I wish those copy-cats in T-shirts would realize it . . . After television, the worst thing that happened to the movies is the extra-large screen. It magnifies a face, destroying glamour, revealing everything. You can have Sophia, Gina, Anita, Kim and all the rest. Give me the French doll, Brigitte Bardot. She's the sexiest female on celluloid, and it's about time some Hollywood producer got wise. . . Elvis Presley has a collection of over 200 Teddy bears. . . To let that lady (Deborah Kerr) have her say, "When my husband and I disagree, he walks around the garden a couple of times and I go to the bathroom and take a hot tub." . . . Why is it that most of the movies' new faces look like the old faces? . . . Ever since Burt Lancaster played a columnist in "The Sweet Smell of Success," he tries to behave like a columnist. . . When Barbara Nichols was asked why her tight-tight toreador pants didn't split, she answered: "They breathe with me." . . . Tom Jenks argues that movies are not an art but a product and "Hollywood is an emotional Detroit."

Peggy King is now strictly Peggy King. And not as interesting or moving as when Peggy King seemed like Judy Garland. . . . I didn't recognize Carroll Baker (she's back to brunette) at a party, until she put her thumb to her mouth. . . Yul Brynner is honest. He can't admire a "good" woman if that is the only recommendation she offers.

I'd say Jerry Lewis was funnier when he wasn't so heavy, with weight and theories about comedy. . . Don't believe those romantic items you might read about Natalie Wood and Tab Hunter. Natalie and Tab try hard to be good friends. . . I'd like Edward R. Murrow to Person to Person Mike Wallace and then have Mike Wallace interview Edward R. Murrow.

It could be, on second thought, that Elizabeth Taylor is only collecting data for a book, "Around Mike Todd in 80 Days." . . . Boy, would I like to be unseen and overhear an evening's dialogue between Shelley Winters and Tony Franciosa. I can hear you saying, "So would I!" . . . To let the lady (Monique Van Voorhe) have her say: "I like to be glamorous at home, in bed, everywhere, not just in my act." . . . The best and most beautiful music since "Funny Face" is "Les Girls." The girls are Kay Kendall, Taina Elg, Mitzi Gaynor. (Originally the girls were to be Leslie Caron, Cyd Charisse, Carol Haney.) After this movie is released nation-wide, Kay Kendall will he more than Rex Harrison's "Fair Lady." she'll be everybody's. And Taina Elg joins the selective list of actresses who have "animal sex appeal." . . . Remember when the movies had child stars like Shirley Temple, Jackie Coogan, Jackie Cooper, etc.? Now the movies have child stars who are accepted as men and women. Examples: Tommy Sands (nineteen), Natalie Wood (nineteen), Sal Mineo, Susan Harrison, Mineo, etc. . . Kathy Carlyle says a movie is reissued to give the people who missed it the first time a chance to miss it again. . . Always late, Marilyn Monroe wishes people would set their clocks by her.

Hugh O'Brien as Wyatt Earp makes me giggle. . . Isn't it almost unbelievable now to believe the fact that Ava Gardner was once Mrs. Mickey Rooney? . . . I'll always remember Ava for introducing me to "Lush Life," the Nat King Cole recording. . . The two leading exponents of "How to Be a Success in the Movies without Bosoms" are the Hepburns, Audrey and Katharine. . . Progress in Picture Making: King Vidor's "Hallelujah," the first movie with an all-Negro cast, to Darryl Zanuck's "Island in the Sun," dealing with miscegenation. . . Mamie Van Doren says she wishes she'd like the books she should read. I know Rock Hudson's method. He learned to act by acting. . . "I'd like to make an adventure movie," said Tony Perkins. "in a strange foreign land where the hand of man has never set foot." That's Hollywood for You.
you’ll find it hard to believe that anything so small and light and supple can do a big job of slimming and trimming and smoothing until you wear this marvelous little Jantzen figuremaker... Italian-knit to shape and shaped to fit like a dream. That’s the genius of Jantzen... the light touch, the sure control... in nylon and Lastex®... girdle (A36) has no seams, no hems... panty-girdle (A46) is fashioned to be super-comfortable... white, blue, yellow, pink 5.95. Jantzen “curvallure”, the instant-glamour bra (639) 5.95... at most stores. (prices in U.S.A.)

you’ll never know until you try weigh-nothing

JANTZEN AIRE by Jantzen

the small difference between girl and glamour girl
Without A Song: No sooner had Elvis finished "Jailhouse Rock" and gone back to Memphis with his entourage of five chums, than a bombshell burst back in Hollywood. Rumor had it that Elvis didn't want to sing in his next movie. He just wanted to act, like Bing Crosby. And what's more, he had a picture all picked out. It was about this prizefighter, see, and—well, anyway, the town is still down for the count of nine. By the way, it may come as a surprise to Elvis, but the latest group to adopt him as their favorite is the Roy Rogers and lollipop set. They've even invented a parlor game about him, to replace the old one of pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey. And this is the way to play it: Tack a large cut-out profile of Elvis to a sheet and hang it on the wall. (You can use the cover of our July issue if you have it handy.) Blindfold each guest and give him a large, cut-out black sideburn. The trick is to pin the sideburn where it belongs—and not on his nose, where it usually lands, they tell me.

Rock 'n Roman: Rossano Brazzi and his charming Lydia, are due in Hollywood any minute (Continued on page 16)
Love-Pat...it's pressed powder, plus foundation—never cakes, never turns orange-y!

The simple reason behind this miraculous look: 'Love-Pat' contains up to 3 times as much beautifying oil as other compact makeups—so the oils in your skin can't affect 'Love-Pat'. There can't be any streaking.

You'll find this complete makeup delightful for quick touch-ups. And it can't spill, as loose powder does. Try it!

In 9 skin-matching shades! New tortoise-shell tone compact, with 24K gold design. $1.35 plus tax.

Revlon

'LOVE-PAT'
COMPACT MAKEUP WITH LANOLITE
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 ingredients in Halo. No greasy oils or creamy substances to interfere with cleaning action, no soap to leave dirt-catching film. Halo, even in hardest water, leaves your hair softer, brighter, whistle clean.
Dye-ing For Privacy: Marlon Brando, who has never particularly liked the brilliant glare of the limelight, has been having his troubles in Paris. First he was mobbed by fans and had his clothes almost torn off him when he appeared at a benefit for veterans of World War II, and the police had to be called out to protect him. And then he made the fatal mistake of not looking well in his blond wig for “The Young Lions.” So the makeup man in the company scheduled the real thing—a dye job—and gave him the name of an elegant Paris hairdresser. When Mar got there he found that the salon—like most beauty shops in Paris—had no private booths, and he had to sit through two hours of near-riot as the women of Paris gaped and gasped, and lined up four deep to stare at him. . . . Marlon’s been a little luckier in the evenings though, spending them quietly with Liliane Montevecchi, a French dancer who was in the United States with the Roland Petit ballet group, and had a brief fling in American pictures. She plays his sweetheart on the set, and Marlon’s been giving her acting lessons off it. That’s what’s known as making a pleasure of business and business, pleasure.

$750,000 is Enough: Sophia Loren, who once made the classic comment, “Too much money is enough,” may find that

NEW! Clearasil
Lotion
Medication

Doctors’ Scientific Formula
‘STARVES’ PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED . . . hides pimples while it works

CLEARASIL is the new-type medication especially for pimples. Clinical tests prove it really works. And now you can get CLEARASIL as a smooth, soothing lotion in handy squeeze-bottle! In Tube or Lotion, CLEARASIL gives you the medications prescribed by leading skin specialists works in a way no so-called “medicated” cosmetic or skin-cream can!

How Clearasil Works Fast:

1. Penetrates pimples . . . keratolytic action softens, dissolves affected skin tissue so medications can penetrate encourages quick growth of healthy, smooth skin!

2. Stops bacteria . . . antiseptic action stops growth of the bacteria that can cause and spread pimples . . . helps prevent further pimple outbreaks!

3. ‘Starves’ pimples . . . oil absorbing action ‘starves’ pimples . . . dries up and helps remove excess oil that ‘feeds’ pimples . . . works fast to clear up pimples!

Also, the penetrating medical action you get with CLEARASIL softens and loosens blackheads so they ‘float’ out with normal washing. And CLEARASIL works at the source of the blackhead problem by drying up excess skin oil which may clog pores.

Skin-colored CLEARASIL blends with any complexion, hides pimples and blackheads amazingly while it works! It’s greaseless and stainless, pleasant to leave on day and night for uninterrupted medication.

Proved by Skin Specialists . . . Guaranteed! In clinical tests on over 300 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases of pimples were completely cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL (either Lotion or Tube). It’s guaranteed to work for you or money back! Economical, long-lasting Lotion squeeze-bottle, only $1.25 (no fed. tax) or Tube, 69¢ and 98¢. Get CLEARASIL at all drug counters.

At French Film Festival, Marlon chats with singer Juliette Greco, daughter
Maxwell Reed finally came through, and he was awarded just $5,750 for himself and $1,000 for his attorneys instead of the $1,250 a month alimony he'd originally asked for. In an earlier trial, he asked for separate maintenance and support. It was a long, long time ago that chivalry was popular in England... They say that Bing Crosby's sons have told him they approve of newly divorced Inger Stevens.

**Big Wheel with a Big Deal:** Frank Sinatra comes back to television with one of the most liberal contracts ever given a performer. Before he signed with ABC, his agents got in touch with the networks and outlined what Frankie wanted to do on TV. Being the emcee of a musical comedy or variety show would bore him, they reported, but if he could surprise people by alternating musical comedy and dramatic shows, and if he could spice the schedule up with an occasional musical show which he'd emcee, and if he had a free hand with the budget and a free reign with production, well, maybe. ABC met all the "ifs" and said "yes" to an eight million dollar show which is scheduled to run for three years. No one but Frankie could have swung such a deal, but then, "Practically no one else in the business can do the things Sinatra can do," says Bill Selz. Frank's producer. Selz may be prejudiced, but he's right!

**Patter and Chatter:** Newest and first candy item on the market hearing the name and likeness of Elvis on its wrapper is the Elvis Presley "Teddy Bar." A milk chocolate bar containing puffed wheat, crushed almond and Brazil nuts, the "Teddy Bar" is designed for the sweet tooth set—those of us who love to nibble rather than crunch popcorn in the movies—and will be sold in your neighborhood movie theaters!

**Starlet of the Month:** Presenting a young actress we predict you'll be seeing in the next month; an actress with a future: Heather Sears, Photoplay's starlet of the month. Twenty-one years old and London born, Heather will soon be seen in the title role of Columbia's "The Golden Virgin," costarring Joan Crawford and Rosanno Brazzi. We predict your excitement about her will match ours.

Heather will never forget the dramatic way in which she was chosen for her role. In a darkened Hollywood theater, a select group were viewing the screen tests of a number of youngsters. Across the screen flashed a picture of a young actress testing for the role of a blind, deaf-mute orphan. The scene continued for a few moments, ended abruptly and the lights went on. For a second there was silence, Joan Crawford was the first to speak. "Don't test any more girls," she announced. "Here is our Esther Costello."

Heather's acting career began several years ago. But her decision to become an actress was pronounced very early in life. While still little girls Heather and her sister, Ann, daughters of Dr. Gordon Sears, resident physician at London's Mile End Hospital, were evacuated from war-torn London to North Wales. There they walked away with a number of school acting prizes.

Her movie contract was handed her when a casting director spotted Heather in a school play. Since, there have been rave notices for TV performances, too.

Heather is vibrant looking with her dark hair, light brown eyes and wistful, melancholy quality that's been likened to that of actress Susan Strasberg. Away from the cameras, she is a vivacious gal who likes modern music, collects records, is a sports enthusiast and a champion swimmer. She enjoys reading and likes to write poetry. Her pet subject is history; her hero, Disraeli.

Heather speaks French fluidly and loves to paint, a hobby she acquired from her father.

What is her favorite type of movie? Heather confesses timidly. "Westerns!"
NEW! Only child’s home permanent with SQUEEZE-COMB EASE...

gives curls that last a year!

Curls really take because comb-tip squeeze bottle saturates hair far more thoroughly than any other way. Now, no need to take chances using Adult Permanents on your child’s hard-to-curl hair. Lilt Party Curl really overcomes problems of curling young hair. And Party Curl is so much easier, faster for you to apply on a fidgeting child. “Squeeze-Comb Ease” ends messy dip-dabs for you. Now just squeeze on lotion from comb tip on bottle. Hair is so thoroughly saturated, soft curls last even a year!
LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES
WITH JANET GRAVES

LET’S GO TO THE MOVIES
WITH JANET GRAVES

In a furious showdown, Joanne tells husband Cameron that she’ll go out alone, and his desperation leads to horror.

No Down Payment

Fresh backgrounds are the theme of the film month. Featuring talented young players, this outspoken drama looks through the picture windows of model ranch houses to see what underlies a supposed idyl of married life. Newcomer Jeffrey Hunter and his over-ambitious wife, Patricia Owens, soon get to know the neighbor couples. Sheree North and Tony Randall quarrel over Tony’s wild dreams of quick money. Barbara Rush and Pat Hingle, well-balanced, differ over questions of civic responsibility. The most powerful scenes focus on Cameron Mitchell and Joanne Woodward. Apparently genial, Cam is a brute—yet pathetically unsure. Flamboyant in manner, equally insecure, Joanne sorrows over an early tragedy in their life together.

The Pajama Game

Full of life and laughter, this hearty Doris Day musical bounces out of the tune-film rut, far from the glittering environs of show business or luxurious society. Its locale is, of all places, a pajama factory in the Midwest. Here Doris and her pals stitch away, happy but for the fact that they want a raise and stubborn boss Ralph Dunn won’t give it to them. When John Raitt is brought in as new superintendent, he’s eager to make good; but he has a union fight on his hands. John and Doris are attracted to each other, though she warns him that they’re fated to become a Romeo and Juliet in this industrial feud, because she speaks for the union. Carol Haney does a neat comedy job, teamed with Eddie Foy, Jr., a fellow factory worker.
A DIFFERENT KIND OF MOTION PICTURE—A THRILL TO REMEMBER!

presented by WARNER BROS

JAMES DEAN PLAYS HIMSELF IN
"THE JAMES DEAN STORY"

Rebel or Giant?

THE REAL STORY OF THE MOST TALKED-ABOUT STAR OF OUR TIME!

A DIFFERENT KIND OF MOTION PICTURE—A THRILL TO REMEMBER! presented by WARNER BROS

Hear TOMMY SANDS sing "LET ME BE LOVED"

Written by STEWART STERN
who wrote the screen play for 'Rebel Without A Cause'

Produced and Directed by
GEORGE W. GEORGE and ROBERT ALTMAN

21
The Young Don't Cry

Again showing surprising presence for his years, Sal Mineo holds his own with expert adult players in a strange story that still, in its incidents and dialogue, has an air of conviction. At an orphanage in the South, Sal maintains his individuality and protects younger kids against swaggering older boys who thirst for power. On a road gang nearby, convict James Whitmore faces a similar problem in brutal overseer J. Carrol Naish. Sal makes friends with Whitmore, but also arouses the interest of Gene Lyons, an orphanage alumnus who has become rich by unethical or possibly illegal means. Eventually, the boy must make a choice between power and personal dignity, in a tense situation.

A Town like Alice

Whimsically titled, this British film turns out to be a strong, deeply affecting tribute to victims of the Pacific war. Lovely Virginia McKenna is among a group of British women and children captured by the Japanese and herded backward and forward on the Malay Peninsula during grim occupation years. Most of the women find unexpected resources of courage; one proves a weakening. And the Japanese are shown not as monsters but as varied human beings: some brutal, some kindly, some indifferent. A love story links Virginia and Peter Finch, captive Australian soldier who tries to help the women. By sharply reflecting the Malayan atmosphere, the picture makes you share its protagonists' reactions.

The Careless Years

Newcomer Natalie Trundy and former child actor Dean Stockwell team appealingly in one of the most sensitive and understanding studies of teenagers ever shown on film. The picture does not over-dramatize; nor does it force comedy out of situations that are deadly serious to the young people concerned. Natalie and Dean have fallen in love; they want each other; decently brought up, they decide marriage is their only solution. But Natalie's parents (Barbara Billingsley, John Stephenson) and Dean's parents (Virginia Christine, John Larch), loving as they are, put up indirect or angry opposition. So the youthful sweetheart must work out their own problem, thereby moving toward true adulthood.

3:10 to Yuma

Associated in the past with top westerns, Glenn Ford and Van Heflin have an excellent vehicle in this taut, well-written movie, pitched well above the average horse opera. Outlaw and noted jailbreak artist, Glenn is captured after a stagecoach holdup. Van has been working his heart out on a drought-blighted ranch, with wife Leora Dana. For money alone, he agrees to help convey the bandit to a train bound for a secure hoosegow. But Glenn's henchmen—notably tough young Richard Jaeckel—are plotting to free him. While there's plenty of shooting, the suspense finally centers on a duel of character. Henry Jones is fine as the town drunk, unexpected hero; Felicia Farr plays a disillusioned girl who shares a romantic interlude with Glenn.

Tip on a Dead Jockey

In an absorbing melodrama of international intrigue, all the characters come across as real, endearing people. Robert Taylor, air veteran of World War II and Korea, has drifted into an aimless existence in Madrid. When Dorothy Malone, his estranged but still loving wife, joins him there, she finds that he is now terrified of flying and marital responsibilities. Martin Gabel offers him a smuggling job, but he passes it along to pal Jack Lord. Finally, Bob's fondness for Jack and Jack's wife, luscious Gia Scala, leads him to take on the hazardous task himself. The flight to Spain to Egypt and back, with stopover in Paris, presents hair-raising action still hyped by Marcel Dalio's splendid work as the idle hanger-on who becomes Bob's friend in this crisis.

Interlude

Well, "Summertime" can hit Germany, too. June Allyson is likable as the American lady overcome by Rossan Brawn's charm. She's a U. S. government worker; she's a symphony conductor. For him, June is willing to brush off the attentions of hometown boy Keith Andres, physician studying in Munich. But there is a complication. Rossano has a wife, charming Marianne Cook, who is mentally ill and utterly dependent on her husband. Dealing with familiar situations, the film handles them well.

That Night

Shrewdly underplayed, yet charged with emotion, this story of an ordinary upper-middle-class family strikes home hard. Husband, father, wage-earner, John Beal has been pouring too much of himself into his job as a writer of TV commercials. His wife Augusta Dabney and their small children expect him to come home one evening—when he does not appear, he cause he has been felled by a heart attack on the commuter train from New York. A first alone in his pain, John soon learns that his is a family problem, to be shared and therefore lightened. Shepperd Strudwick does a good job as the sort of family doctor everybody would like to have, and Joe Julian is amusing as a roaring hypochondriac, hospital roommate who unwittingly rouses John's sense of humor and speeds his convalescence.
The best fun throughout the ages and the raciest hit of the Broadway stage is

*GEORGE STANLEY
ABBOTT AND DONEN
PRODUCTION

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Heinzle -- the slacker who lost his slacks!

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You owe it to yourself to give Tampax a trial, this very month . . .

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Fill out this handy order blank. Be sure to enclose a label or a sales receipt for any size Lustre-Creme Shampoo or Lustre-Creme Lotion Shampoo or Lustre-Net. Enclose 50¢ in coin and mail to:

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A Universal-International Picture.
Technicolor and CinemaScope.

YOUR CHANCE TO TRY HOLLYWOOD'S FAVORITE SHAMPOO—and get a wonderful beauty bonus! You'll love thick, creamy, Lanolin-blessed Lustre-Creme. It needs no after-rinse. And of course, it leaves hair so easy to manage... Lustre-Creme never dries—it beautifies!

AND YOU'LL LOVE THIS MOTHER-DAUGHTER COMB AND BRUSH SET... the same set that Hollywood star June Allyson and her daughter Pamela are using. You get 2 combs and 2 brushes in crystal-clear styrene—a 7 row brush for you, a 5 row brush for daughter—both made with DuPont nylon bristles. A $2.00 value for only 50¢.

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BRIEF REVIEWS

EXCELLENT • GOOD • FAIR

A—ADULTS F—FAMILY

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for the months indicated. For reviews this month see contents page.

AFFAIR TO REMEMBER, AN—20th: CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Smoothly made, deftly acted comedy-drama. Shipboard love team fortune-hunter Cary Grant, kept woman Deborah Kerr. They decide to reform. (A) September

AROUND THE WORLD IN 30 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 bet in 1872, with Mexico's great Cantinflas as his valet, big stars in bit parts. (F) January

BERNARDO—2oth; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color; Pat Boone debuts as an endearing film personality in a tender, tune-trimmed comedy. A youthful schemer, he tries to promote Dick Sargent's romance with Terry Moore. (F) August

DECISION AGAINST TIME—M-G-M: Tense, convincing. Test pilot Jack Hawkins risks his life to avoid ditching a damaged plane. Home problems also baffle him. (F) September

DINO—A.A.: Understanding study of torn- out life, giving Sal Mineo rich acting opportunity. A reform-school parolee, bitter and potentially violent, he's helped by psychiatrist Brian Keith and by Susan Kohner. (F) August

FIRE DOWN BELOW—Columbia, CinemaScope: Strong action film hits a climax as Jack Lemmon is trapped in the hold of a burning ship. Rita Hayworth and Bob Mitchum are his treacherous sweetheart and friend. (F) August

GUN GLORY—M-G-M; Metrocolor: In a western of familiar outline, Stewart Granger's ex-gunfighter distrusted by his son and townspeople. (F) September


HATFUL OF RAIN, A—2oth, CinemaScope: Brilliant study of a family torn by Don Murray's drug addiction. Eva Marie Saint is his wife; Anthony Franciosa dominates as his brother; Lloyd Nolan is his father. (A) August


JEANNE EAGELS—Columbia: Kim Novak shows authority in an intimate, markedly feminine biography of the actress who won tragically brief fame three decades ago. Showman Jeff Chandler loves but loses her. (A) September

JOE BUTTERFLY—U.A.: CinemaScope, Technicolor: Pleading caper about GIs in Japan just after the war. Carefree Audie Murphy and earnest George Nader are Army newmen; Burgess Meredith, a Japanese fixer. (F) August

JOHNNY TREMAIN—Buena Vista, Technicolor: Flavorful Disney-produced adventure, with Hal Stalmaster and Luana Patten as brave teenagers in the Boston of 1775. (F) August


LOVING YOU—Wallis, Paramount: VistaVision, Technicolor: Effective Presley vehicle, full of song. A shy unknown, Elvis is pushed by Liz Scott to success with Wendell Corey's rockin' country band. (F) September

MAN ON FIRE—M-G-M: Touching story of a custody fight. Tycoon Bing Crosby battles to keep ex-wife Mary Pickett from taking their young son part time. Inger Stevens is a sympathetic lady lawyer. (A) August

MIDNIGHT STORY, THE—U.S.; CinemaScope: Mystery with nicely ironic twist. Tony Curtis suspects Gilbert Roland of murder—hopes his hunch is wrong when Roland's home offers welcome, love (Marisa Pavan's). (F) September

MONTE CARLO STORY, THE—U.A.; Technirama, Technicolor: Lighthearted and luxurious. Gamblers and fortune-hunters both, Marlene Dietrich and Vittorio De Sica go after a rich American family on the Riviera. (F) July

NIGHT PASSAGE—U.J.; Technirama, Technicolor: Western vets James Stewart, Audie Murphy are at ease as law man and outlaw brother in this expansive yarn. (F) September

OMAR KHAYYAM—Paramount: VistaVision, Technicolor: With John Derek's help, Cornel Wilde battles traitors, hopes to rescue Debra Paget from a royal harem. (F) September


RISING OF THE MOON, THE—Warner's: Three-part love letter to Ireland (shot there) from director John Ford. Excellently acted episodes shift from wry to boisterous comedy to suspense and patriotism. (F) September

SEAWIFE—2oth; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Mild desert-island story of War II. Richard Burton falls in love with fellow castaway Joan Collins—secretly a nun. (F) September

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. (A) January

WILL SUCCESS SPOIL ROCK HUNTER?—2oth; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Rowdy comedy, ribbing the ad and TV fields. Tony Randall's funny as an ad man roped in by film glamour doll Jayne Mansfield. (A) September
you’ll love yourself in the morning...

When you wake up without pale, faded lips!

Even when you wake up... even before you make up, you’ll love the way you look! With Coty “24”, the lipstick cleanses off at night but the color stays on. You’re never caught without “alive” color on your lips! And there’s no need to re-color your lips every hour on the hour to make them bright and shimmery; no need to blot. Coty “24” creams on—won’t cake or splotch—never dries your lips.

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Elvis Avalanche

Wow! We're still digging out from under the avalanche of mail, all favorable, we received concerning "God Is My Refuge," the Elvis Presley article in our July issue. One of the most interesting letters came from Colonel Parker, Elvis' manager.—Editor's Note.

"We were very pleased to read your story, "God Is My Refuge." It well expressed Elvis' religious attitude and was in good taste. As you know, Elvis does not want to use religion as a prop for his career. We respect the dignity of religious expression and would never wish to convey the idea that we are attempting to commercialize on it. I'm sure that you can appreciate our policy."

Colonel Parker
Hollywood, California

Foreign Stars

"What Has She Got That Hollywood Hasn't?" The answer is a flat "nothing." You're talking about the best girls in the world when you're talking about American girls. If you want to see the "girl next door" sparkle, give her some stories to portray. Give her just as big a buildup as the sexpots.

Mary Stoner
Lancaster, California

Why is it that actors who are stars in their own right in foreign countries are brought over here and doled out mediocre roles? About the only foreign actor I can think of who was given a good part is Mario Moreno (Cantinflas) who was in the film, "Around the World in Eighty Days." Yet after it had been previewed, I heard people say, "Who was the guy who played the valet?" Everyone should know Cantinflas. Why aren't the foreign male stars given a buildup?

Josephine Williams
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Can't Fill His Shoes

In regard to the late James Dean, why is it that every time some young actor appears on the Hollywood scene, he is immediately compared to Jimmy? In one month I have read at least ten articles entitled "Is So and So the Next James Dean?" This is a vacancy that no one can fill. Believe me, it's getting sickening.

Mary Swanbeck
Springfield, Minnesota

Why hasn't Hollywood been able to find a replacement for Jimmy Dean? Sure he had talent, but was he the only good actor in the United States?

Joan Blake
Edgartown, Mass.

Complaint

Nobody Asked Me But... I'd like to see a little less of Tony Perkins... a lot more of Jack Webb... Perry Como make a movie... Jayne Mansfield retire... and Jane Russell in a straight dramatic part.

Karen Greene
East Corinth, Maine

German Fan

Sometimes, my aunt, who emigrated to America many years ago, sends me the Photoplay, and I do like to hear something of American movie stars. My favorite stars are Pier Angeli, Robert Wagner, Doris Day and, of course, James Dean, but most I am fond of Jeffrey Hunter. I should like to see him in a serious character role (but without spectacles, please!)

Heidemarie Benson
Salzgitter-Bad, Germany

Dear Sidney

Now, hold on there, Mr. Skolsky! I'm downright ashamed that it had to be my favorite Hollywood writer who did it, but you did it, fella... and I'm hopping mad! "The New Look in Hollywood Men," indeed! I'll grant you this: movies are more realistic these days. Therefore, men are allowed to display some perspiration. And if a fella had been in a brawl, the technicians, in their wisdom, see to it that he has ruffled hair when he drags himself out of the alley. Apparently, this doesn't seem quite dignified to you.

Just because the Hollywood actor looks and behaves like a real person (on screen anyway) instead of like the slick-haired, sweet-smellingromeo of yesterday, it's not any cause for alarm. I feel you've done our fellows a great injustice. Don't be hard on these boys, Sidney.

Evelyn Irwin
Jacksonville, Florida

Who set you up as a judge of people? Everyone is entitled to his opinion, but why don't you stop blasting the young actors? After all, that is what people want them to be like, or they wouldn't pay to see them at the movies.

Judy Akam
Highland, California

You ask, "Why are old reliable favorites still carrying the big boxoffice burden and running away with the heroine at an age when they might well be settling down to pipe and slippers?" Now don't try and put an age limit on romance, Sidney. As long as a man is attractive and masculine, he's convincing in a romantic role.

R. M. Luollin
San Diego, California

Good work, Mr. Skolsky—and thanks for your broadminded view. Instead of blasting the guys, you have showed the people what the boys actually are. Anyone can be the sophisticated, the romantic, but how many of the stars are really themselves? Maybe these guys aren't really, either, but they're getting much closer to the human race.

Dee Parry
Biglerville, Pennsylvania

To Each His Own

Photoplay is one of the few movie magazines which doesn't "peddle gossip." Please continue your wonderful work.

Margaret Stephenson
Eureka, Montana

(Continued on page 30)
Every other leading spray-set sprays your hair with 80% to 95% alcohol. And alcohol can dry, dull, deaden hair . . . soon burn its beauty away.

New! The only spray-set with no alcohol - builds beauty as it curls!

Such silky, soft curls! Never dry-looking.
Such shiny, springy curls! Never stiff, sticky or flaky.

Real dream stuff, this fabulous new Beauty Curl. Sets beauty . . . holds beauty . . . builds beauty! And without a drop of drying, burning alcohol that can rob your hair of the natural oils that protect its precious lustre.

No sticky lacquer or gummy fixative, either. Yet you can use it to set and to hold! And every time you spray it on, you can see an added glow. That's because Beauty Curl builds beauty from within. No wonder your soft, shiny curls keep their joyous bounce even on the dampest day. Get new Beauty Curl today!
Q. and A.

Could you tell me if the title of Tab Hunter's Warner Brothers film, "C'est La Guerre," was changed to "Lafayette Escadrille"?

ANGELA SASSOE
Alhambra, California

Yes, it was—and was changed again. It's now called, "With You in My Arms."

I recently saw a wonderful picture called "The Search" starring Montgomery Clift. I'd like to know the name of the small boy who co-starred with him.

ROSANNE DE NISCA
Orange, New Jersey

That was Ivan Jandl, who won a special Oscar for his performance. "He was a brilliant kid," reminisced director Fred Zinnemann recently. "But he went back to school in Czechoslovakia. Acting was only a sideline."

Recently a friend and I made a bet. I say James Whitmore played in "Gangbusters" and he says he didn't.

SEITNATE, MASSACHUSETTS
CONNIE GOMES

You lose.

In order to settle a family feud, I need to know the identity of the young lady who played opposite Gary Cooper in "High Noon."

BETTY MANN
Monterey, California

Lay those pistols down—it was Princess Grace.

Thank You's

For many years I've joined fan clubs of my favorite stars and adhered to all the club rules to boost each star in every way. The only response I ever received, if any, was a form letter, sometimes a photo. Recently I wrote to my favorite star for information about his fan club. To my complete surprise, and supreme happiness, I received a personal letter from this star.

In addition to news about his club, he told me of his next picture and where he would be making it and also added several heartwarming lines of appreciation for my letter. Is it any wonder that I have chosen Jeff Chandler to be my very top favorite?

MILLIE MAHAN
Santa Cruz, California

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.

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.)

Leaving 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 holds 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 39c. If it isn't the finest you ever tried, we'll return your money! Fair enough?
You'll agree... new Kotex napkins are the gentlest ever. For only Kotex has Wondersoft covering... so softly spun it won't rub, won't chafe. And you're so sure of yourself with this napkin, for you know it gives you extra absorbency that's instant and complete.

For even greater comfort try the new Kotex belt. It's made of woven, non-twist elastic. What's more, it has a special kind of self-locking clasp. This new clasp molds itself comfortably to your body and holds the napkin securely.

No wonder more women choose Kotex than all other brands.

Memo to Mothers: Every year over 100,000 girls begin to menstruate before they are eleven. So it's not too soon to tell your daughter at ten. Our free booklet "You're A Young Lady Now" helps to give the facts she needs to know. Write Miss Jones, Kimberly-Clark Corp., Neenah, Wis.

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... one that's soft and smooth
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A complexion that looks prettier and prettier the more he looks—that's the kind you want. That's the kind Lux can help you have.

With its rich Cosmetic lather, its mildness and gentleness, Lux can do as much for you as it does for any Hollywood star. Then there's the Lux fragrance—the best-liked soap perfume in the world. Lever Brothers unconditionally guarantees that you'll decide Lux is absolutely wonderful for your complexion—or you can have your money back. For a complexion you'll love—and he'll love, too—use Lux, just as the stars do.

9 out of 10 Hollywood stars depend on LUX

Now Lux comes in 4 lovely pastel colors, as well as pure white
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PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

To buy fashions shown on pages 85-88, write manufacturer or nearest store listed below, mentioning Photoplay, and enclosing a clipping of the item you wish to order.

Weldon Pajamas
ATLANTA, GA...................... Rich's
BOSTON, MASS..................... Jordan Marsh
INDIANAPOLIS, IND................ H. P. Wason
KANSAS CITY, MO................ Emery, Bird, Thayer
NEW YORK, N.Y................... Stern Bros.
OMAHA, NEB....................... J. L. Brandeis
SEATTLE, WASH................... The Bon Marche

or write, Weldon Mfg. Corp.
1350 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Schrank Sleepwear
ATLANTA, GA...................... Rich's
BOSTON, MASS..................... Jordan Marsh
INDIANAPOLIS, IND................ H. P. Wason
LITTLE ROCK, ARK............. Pfeifer of Arkansas
MIAMI, FLA...................... Richard's
NEW YORK, N. Y................... Stern Bros.
OMAHA, NEB....................... J. L. Brandeis
SACRAMENTO, CALIF............ Weinstock-Lubin
SEATTLE, WASH................... The Bon Marche

or write, M. C. Schrank, Inc.
457 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

ANSWERS TO

TALENT SCOUT QUIZ

on pages 56, 57, 58, 59

James MacArthur, son of Helen Hayes and the late Charles MacArthur, did that wacky lawn-mowing sequence in U-I's "The Young Stranger."

Suzy Parker appeared at the beginning of Paramount's "Funny Face," and Audrey Hepburn advised 20th to cast Suzy in "Kiss Them for Me."

Carolyn Jones clicked big in "The Bachelor Party" (with Jack Warden, Don Murray), for U.A. She walked Frank's dog in "The Tender Trap."

Gia Scala scored with Kerwin Mathews in Columbia's "Garment Jungle." At Metro: "Tip on a Dead Jockey," "Don't Go Near the Water."

James Darren turned j.d. for his debut in "Rumble on the Docks" and is currently in another Columbia film, "The Brothers Rico."

Susan Harrison had Tony Curtis on her trail in "Sweet Smell of Success," U.A. shocker. Just nineteen, she agrees success is sweet.

Inger Stevens started at the top, winning Bing Crosby in Metro's "Man on Fire." The studio features her next in "Cry Terror."

Andy Griffith made you love to hate him in "A Face in the Crowd." In "No Time for Sergeants," also for Warners, he encore his GI role.

“There’s a new Tonette! It’s really care-free! Less work for Mommy! More fun for me!”

Look! A Double-Easy Applicator with New Care-Free Tonette! It’s made just for little girls. No skips! No drips! Tonette waves so carefully, so neatly... curls stay care-free for months and months... without pincurls every day! It’s the one children’s home permanent that’s completely care-free! Give your little girl a New Care-Free Tonette, too!

Special Introductory Offer!
$1.50 value New Care-Free Tonette
$1.00 value Double-Easy Applicator
$2.50 value... Now only $1.79

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping PARENTS' MAGAZINE
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PARCHED, dry skin not only affects mature women. Today this beauty problem, which Lady Esther calls "Drychosis", bothers young girls, too. Washing with drying soaps; hard water; "detergent" make-ups; and too much outdoors contribute to this beauty problem.

To correct DRYCHOSIS, Lady Esther has created Dry Skin Cream. As you apply this rich, velvety cream your skin seems to soak up precious emollients and moisture. When you wipe it off, you'll see and feel a thrilling improvement. Rough, scaly skin now seems silky smooth to your touch. No matter what your age, now keep your skin looking ever-soft, feeling ever-smooth with the daily use of Lady Esther new Dry Skin Cream. Only 39¢, 65¢ and 89¢.

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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.

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4762—One yard of 54-inch fabric is all you need for each of these smart separates: blouse, jerkin and skirt. Sew this smart, practical fall outfit with our printed patterns. Misses sizes 10-18


Dorothy Malone enjoys wearing separates, casual clothes
THE SUN NEVER ROSE
ON A BOLDER HEMINGWAY
LOVE STORY ...OR
A GREATER
MOTION PICTURE
ACHIEVEMENT!

Tyrone Ava Mel Errol Eddie
POWER-GARDNER-FERRER-FLYNN-ALBERT
in DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S production of ERNEST HEMINGWAY'S

The

SUN
ALSO
RISES

Cinemascope COLOR by DE LUXE
Directed by HENRY KING
Stereophonic Sound
Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK

Featuring GREGORY RATOFF • JULIETTE GRECO • MARCEL DALIO • HENRY DANIELL and ROBERT EVANS • Based on the Novel by Ernest Hemingway
Ah to be in Europe—now that Hollywood’s here! If the accent in “Exclusively Yours” is slightly Continental this month, it’s because after seeing “Around The World in Eighty Days,” “Boy on a Dolphin,” “Island in the Sun” and all the other recent films glorifying far-off locales, I decided to write my own scenery! The backgrounds in London, Paris, Munich, San Tropez, Rome and Athens are different, but you’d be amazed at how many familiar Hollywood faces are in the foregrounds!

To name only a few: Anthony Quinn for “The Hunchback of Notre Dame” (Tony’s also made “A Woman Obsessed” in Hollywood with Anna Magnani), award-winning director George Stevens in Belgium making “The Diary of Anne Frank;” Don Murray in Italy at work on his pet project to make Displaced Persons self-supporting, and the Cary Grants in London.

For the Love of Mike: When six-year-old Michael and four-year-old Christopher Wilding arrived in London with their mother, Liz Taylor, and their stepfather, Mike Todd, they looked around the elaborate suite at the Dorchester Hotel and promptly asked “Where’s the swimming pool?”

It was Mike Wilding who told me this rather terrifying story, so typical of children brought up in Hollywood. “I know it makes them seem like pretentious, spoiled brats, when actually, they are sweet darling babes,” defended Mike. “But from the time they were born, Liz and I have always had a house with a pool, and when little Mike and Chris came to the South of France with Liz and Mike Todd their villa at Cap Ferrat had a pool, too. So, according to their childish logic, they assume a pool automatically goes with their surroundings!”

It was wonderful to see Mike back in his natural sur-

What caused Magnani’s hystericis? Tony Quinn (left) knows how
She is eager • young • sensual • luminous • arrogant • vain • shimmering • drifting • unbridled • passionate • impudent...

She is icy • bewitched • defiant • glistening • childlike • brazen • breathtaking • exultant • vulgar • tender • cruel...

She is animal • impulsive • piquant • damned • loved • hated • adored...

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents
KIM NOVAK JEFF CHANDLER in GEORGE SIDNEY'S Jeanne Eagels
co-starring AGNES MOOREHEAD

with CHARLES DRAKE • LARRY GATES • VIRGINIA GREY • GENE LOCKHART • Screen Play by DANIEL FUCHS, SONYA LEVIEN and JOHN FANTE
Story by DANIEL FUCHS • Produced and Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY
roundings again, his native London, with no pool, not even a house—just an unpretentious bachelor flat. But he's happier than he has been since his split-up with Liz, because after fourteen years, he is acting on the London stage again, playing the lead in Noel Coward's new comedy hit, "Nude With Violin."

I was lucky enough to have caught his performance, and I was enchanted by it. Here was all the effortless charm and comedy talent that had lain dormant in Hollywood for so long, because Hollywood never gave Mike a chance to exercise it. Now that he's returned to his own shores, it has been like a shot in the arm to his career—and to Michael himself. Noel is hoping that when Mike winds up his limited five-month engagement here, he'll replace him in the Broadway production. But Mike, who never likes to cross a bridge until he comes to it, has no immediate plans for the future. He doesn't seem to be downhearted about Marie McDonald's reconciliation with Harry Karl. He's content, playing the field—and since there aren't many charm boys like Mike still around loose, he's not lacking for company!

Flitting with the Fairbanks: Ever since Queen Elizabeth, Prince Phillip, Princess Margaret and the Duchess of Kent mingled with 300 other guests at her debut party, Daphne Fairbanks, seventeen-year-old daughter of Mary Lee and Doug Junior, is now known around these parts as "Debutante of the Year." Daphne is now a freshman at Briarcliff Junior College, Briarcliff, N. Y. Before she sailed back to her native land for the first time in five years, I dined with Daphne at an informal family gathering at "The Boltons," lovely Fairbanks home in Kensington. Having known this eldest daughter of three since she was just a twinkle in her parents' eyes, I was anxious to hear how she felt about returning to the United States, after her school life in England and abroad and her "royal" welcome to top drawer Mayfair society.

"I am longing to go home!" Daphne answered, her dark eyes dancing with excitement at the very thought of it. "There's such a wide gap between the ages of twelve and seventeen that it will be like discovering a new world. I'm afraid though, I'll have to limit my 'exploring' in the New York shops and other forms of entertainment, because Mummy and Daddy are putting me on a very limited budget. Until now, my allowance was just for 'incidentals' but at Briarcliff, 'incidentals' will also include laundry, wardrobe, commutation tickets to New York, meals and theatres."

"Well, with your Granny Whiting and Aunt Gladys in New York, plus your Mummy and Daddy's wide circle of friends, I think you might scare up a few invitations to help curtail the expense account!" I laughingly assured her. "And, of course, there should be lots of beaus waiting on the stage line for a popular debutante."

"But I don't know many American boys; only the few that I have met in London," Daphne demurred. "Besides I won't be a debutante in New York. The only official deb appearance I'll make will be during the Christmas holidays at the Cotillion Ball, and at Wendy Vanderbilt's coming-out party. The rest of the time I'll be just an ordinary, hard-working freshman, plugging away at a secretarial course." Daphne is a charming, warm, adaptable girl who can, I know, look forward to many happy new friendships back in her homeland.

continued

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Exclusively Yours continued

With Anne and Betsy: At the Associated British studios in Elstree, I found Anne Baxter in the midst of a big dramatic scene for a suspense film called “Chase Across A Shadow,” Doug Fairbanks Jr.’s first independent film for Warner Brothers release. “This is the finest performance of Anne’s career,” Doug whispered to me from the sidelines.

“I simply adore working here,” Anne enthused during the tea break. So did Betsy Drake, when I lunched with her and her co-star, Ken More, at the Shepperton Studios in Middlesex. Ken, one of England’s top male stars, is garnering a large American public, too, through his wonderful comedy performances in “Genevieve,” the “Doctor In The House” series, “The Admirable Crichton” and his prize-winning dramatic characterization of war hero, Douglas Bader, in “Reach For The Sky.” Betsy, who knows a good actor when she sees one (she gets a lot of homework looking at Cary Grant!) considers herself very lucky to be playing opposite Ken for her British screen bow in “Next To No Time.” Betsy also recognizes a good script when she reads one, because, although it isn’t generally known, she’s a writer herself. You can guess how highly she regards this film when I tell you most of the action takes place aboard the Queen Elizabeth! After Betsy’s frightening experience as one of the passengers on the ill-fated Andrea Doria, you’d think she could never face a luxury liner again!

“I couldn’t have a few months ago,” Betsy confessed, “but now that the nightmarish memories are receding, I could even write about it—and I shall, as soon as I get back to my typewriter in Palm Springs.” However, with the resumption of her screen career (“Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?” is the film that lured her out of retirement), I suspect Betsy will be in such studio demand, that her acting will take precedence over her pen.

Chic Chat: Cary Grant joined Betsy in London just when his other “Affair to Remember”—Deborah Kerr—left for Paris. But, I hasten to assure you, this was by accident, not design. Deborah had to leave for a week of fittings for the beautiful Givenchy wardrobe created by the famous French designer for her next film, “Bonjour Tristesse.” She just hated missing one of her favorite leading men. (The other is Bill Holden.) But she did manage to arrive back in London in time to see him, before she had to take off again for location exteriors in Paris and San Tropez, while Bill stayed on in London for another assignment not hard to take: Playing opposite the spectacular Sophia Loren in “Stella.” All this and a salary too! . . . I flew from New York, via TWA’s new non-stop Jet Streamer, especially for the West End premiere of “The Prince and the Showgirl,” and having been to the Radio City Music Hall premiere, too, it was fascinating to see that the audience reaction in New York and London was precisely the same. Everybody thought that costarring two such opposite personalities as Olivier and Monroe was a provocative combination. How sad that after this triumph, Marilyn suffered such a blow in the loss of her expected baby. But happily, doctors have assured her that she can have children in the future.
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times have changed

and so has Photoplay, since 1911, when it first came out, a small newsheet devoted to the best in films. We stuck our necks out. "There's a future for movies," we predicted. It was a lone voice. There were no other movie publications then. We dedicated our issues to a new type of fan, the movie fan, and promised only the finest for the future. We had no idea how great the future would be, for movies were different then. "Super-spectacles" were breaking records by running, to the tune of a tinny piano, an unheard-of twenty minutes, and Photoplay had to wait sixteen years before hearing Al Jolson "sing in sound" and the birth of talkies. There were few movie stars. It was up to Photoplay and its readers to help build the young talents of that era—Mary Pickford, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Tom Mix and Francis X. Bushman—into the fabulous stars of the future. On Hollywood's future as the film capital, we asked: "Will movies move west from New York?" They did. And so did we. Hollywood made history and Photoplay was there to record and recognize it. In 1920, we gave to the film "Humoresque" a Photoplay Gold Medal. This was the first screen award, predating the Academy Award's Oscar by eight years. We caught the boom and ballyhoo years. Ours were the first on-the-spot photographers. Their work, today, is collected in New York's Museum of Modern Art. Our writers were among the finest: Eleanor Roosevelt; Pulitzer Prize winners Robert Sherwood and Louis Bromfield; famed novelists Mary Roberts Rinehart and Sherwood Anderson; and the dean of theater critics, Burns Mantle. Terry Ramsaye's series, for Photoplay, on the history of films, became a collector's item. Movies grew up. So did Photoplay. From a few pages in 1911, we've grown into a vital publication: the largest selling, biggest movie magazine in the world, with British, Australian and Japanese editions. Today, Hollywood is in the throes of a revolution, which, we believe—sticking our necks out once again—can open exciting new vistas. To meet these changes, Photoplay has taken on a new look—a broader outlook. You've noticed it. You've applauded it. And we're tremendously pleased. For now, as almost a half-century ago, Photoplay and you, our readers, are being called upon to make new stars and film history.

J. S. Manteiner
PUBLISHER
we made him a star

No talent scout tapped him on the shoulder. No studio has ever given him any kind of buildup. Now it can be told—the amazing story of the way only fate, the fans and Photoplay turned an unknown boy named Carmen Orrico into sensational John Saxon

by REBA and BONNIE CHURCHILL

It all began one afternoon late in September, 1953. Carmen Orrico hurried across Manhattan's traffic-jammed Forty-Second Street and headed for the editorial office of Macfadden Publications. He had a modeling appointment, the third after-school modeling job he'd gotten. "I don't mind the work," he'd told his parents. "I enjoy meeting the people and I'm getting experience. Besides, the money's good, too."

He bought the late evening newspaper, then turned into the huge building, asked the elevator operator for the seventh floor and checked his watch. "Five minutes to spare," he muttered and, getting off, found himself in the reception room.

"Where are the True Story offices?" he asked the receptionist.

"Go left," receptionist Jean Hanson told him, "and ask for the art director."

Half an hour later, slumped against an alley garbage can, his face and arms made to appear bruised and bleeding, Carmen posed for the picture on this page—the picture which was to make him a movie star.

"It was for a True Story (Continued on page 119)
Ava Gardner . . . bright and warm as the Spanish sun she loves . . . earthy as the turnip greens of her native North Carolina
THE WOMAN BEHIND THE HEADLINES

Few people have ever attracted as much news space as Ava Gardner. But if you think you know all about her—you don’t until you read this story

The folks down in Smithfield, North Carolina, still talk about the night Ava Gardner climbed the old water tower. It was on one of those occasions when their Ava, the famous movie star, had felt the urge to leave her worldly wanderings to return to her native land, an urge she gets with the regularity of a somewhat absent-minded homing pigeon.

It called for a celebration, of course, and such was indeed in progress in the community hall. North Carolina being a dry state, no liquid refreshments more potent than fruit punch were in evidence, though some of the celebrants were making suspicious forays into the dark recesses of the cellar. Be that as it may, a spirit of warmth and good cheer prevailed, with Ava, the honored guest, contributing her full share to the general hilarity.

As the evening wore on, the recollections of happy times past grew more and more mellow. “Ava,” one old codger quavered, “I can remember when you were just a little thing, and you used to climb the old water tower. Pretty much of a tomboy, you were.” He shook his head sadly, and a trace of a sentimental tear stole down his withered cheeks. “Guess you can’t do things like that no more, you bein’ such a grand lady and all.”

There was a gleam in Ava’s eye as she handed her punch cup to the nearest bystander. “Come on, pop,” she said. “I’ll show you.”

Without another word, off she marched, out of the hall and down the street, the rest of the company following in a gay, irregular procession. When she reached the water tower, looming high and awesome in the darkness, she didn’t hesitate a moment. Kicking off her dainty high-heeled slippers, she grasped the rungs with a firm hold and slowly and surely made her way up, up, up until her triumphant shout and a wave of her light scarf told the gaping onlookers she’d (Continued on page 108)
Have you ever been so deeply hurt that you've said to yourself: To heck with what others think! So much on the defensive you've figured: If they won't try to understand me, can't remain unbiased and refuse to give a guy the benefit of the doubt, then why should I care about them? Why should I bother to explain? I owe them nothing! As far as I'm concerned, you rationalize hotly, they can all go soak their heads!

I went through such a phase last January when Venetia (Stevenson) and I separated and, subsequently, were divorced. While I'm not particularly proud of my attitude, in retrospect I know that in a way it was right—right for me at the time. How else can you react when your heart and head are tied in knots, when you feel you're being pulled in a dozen different directions?

Sometimes it takes days, weeks and months before you adjust your life and regain a normal perspective. The process is painful, too, but worth it because it enables you to see yourself through the wrong end of the telescope. By this I mean that everything pertaining to you is for the first time minimized, and you no longer magnify its importance. When this happens, you start evaluating again.

It's happened to me, and that's why I'm anxious to write this open letter to you.

There have been many published and verbal "inside" versions of what happened between Venetia and me. Most of them were based on conjecture and some were out-and-out lies! Let me say right now that you will never read the true story, as we won't discuss what concerns only us and must be kept, we feel, just for ourselves.

On the other hand, there is something to say that has never been said before. Another reason for this letter.

If time would permit, how I wish (Continued on page 96)
Of all the wild stories about Anthony Franciosa,

how many can be believed? Was he really a sad, hungry

slum kid who stole? Why did he get into trouble?

Is he moody, mixed-up? To separate fact from fiction, Photoplay went
to the person who knows Tony best—his mother. Here is . . .

THE TRUTH ABOUT MY SON

Behind the big, low coffee table, in a corner of the
huge couch in her son's elegant apartment on Central
Park West, Anthony Franciosa's mother sat stiffly, her
hands clasped tightly. This was the first interview she had
given, and although she was somewhat nervous, it was
clear that she felt this was something she had to do.

"Last night, my phone rang," she said. "It was some-
one I didn't know, a perfect stranger, asking me, 'Is it
true, what I've read about your son, that he was so poor
he had nothing but rags to wear and went out and stole
things from stores to have something for Christmas?'" Her voice trembled. "It was such a terrible thing for me,
such a shock. . . . It's not true! Why do they tell these
lies?: Why do they make up these things?"

It was Tony's bride, Shelley Winters, who in her time
has suffered her own full share of distortions, half-truths
and out-and-out lies about her private life, who tried to
comfort her.

"Shelley told me the best thing to do is just ignore
these things, that you just can't let them bother you and
get you down. But it's so hard . . ." Hard indeed, for a
mother whose son, through many long difficult years, has
been the center of her whole existence and whose current
fame has brought so many problems.

Tony's youthful, very attractive aunt, Elsie Franciosa,
nodded sympathetically. "There just isn't any truth in
these stories," she said vehemently. "We weren't rich
people, of course, but all of us lived well. We always had
good clothes to wear, and plenty of good food to eat, and
a nice apartment to live in, even when times weren't so
good."

"That's right," Tony's mother said. "Oh, there were
times when I did without things. But it was always so
that Tony wouldn't have to go without anything."

Seeing these two trim, vigorous women, it would have
been difficult to picture the Franciosa clan as anything
but energetic and successful. Far from the popular con-
ception of Tony's folks as unlettered Italian immigrants,
they are second generation Americans who speak English
well and without a trace of (Continued on page 97)
by SAL MINEO

the king and me

I’ll never forget my first meeting with Yul Brynner. He was a big star. I was a thirteen-year-old kid, and I was scared to death! But that was only the beginning . . .

One hot summer night in August, 1952, I appeared backstage of the theater where the stage version of “The King and I” was playing. For more than a year I had been acting as understudy for the boy who was playing the part of the Crown Prince but I had never had a chance to go on for him. Now he was leaving for his vacation and I was taking over his role for the first time that night.

Despite the fact that this was my big opportunity— or maybe because of it—I was scared. For one thing, I was only thirteen years old and had been in only one production before. For another, I would be playing with Yul Brynner, and though I had never met him, there was something about the man that terrified me.

I had seen “The King and I” several times from the audience. I had watched Yul from the wings for over a year. He was so very stern as the King with his Oriental makeup, his broad, unrestrained gestures, his very loud voice, that I thought he must be that way off the stage too. I had heard he had a good sense of humor but I couldn’t believe it. I couldn’t see how anyone who played the King as ruthlessly as Yul Brunner, could have a sense of humor!

Looking back, I don’t know why I should have been so afraid of him, (Continued on page 100)

“By the time Yul directed me on NBC-TV’s ‘Omnibus’ I’d learned he’s really a very kind person”
Hollywood experts spotted these new faces in a single movie, a single scene. Could you pick them as star material? Can you name the films and the players?

This cut-up job was the kid's own idea—but the director promptly put it into the finished film. If you didn't know that the boy's mother is a great actress, that his father was a famous if eccentric writer, would you spot him as star material? Hollywood did. The boy began his acting career when he was eight, in summer stock. Before this movie debut, he did the same role in the TV original, first titled "Deal a Blow." The Hollywood version of the story was a triumph for youth, with producer, director and author all under thirty—and a star under twenty. But the young actor is going at his new career with caution. He leads a double life. After completing "A Light in the Forest" for Walt Disney this summer, he's returning to the routine of a Harvard scholar. Movies must wait till next summer. Like many adopted children, this boy has taken on the talents and characteristics of the parents who lovingly chose him, carefully guided him.
If you concentrate on your movies, you might have caught this topnotch fashion model introducing a top tune-film. Ironically, it was the feminine star of that movie who, without jealousy, recommended the newcomer for a lead opposite Cary Grant. The producer was skeptical. "Can she act?" Anyhow, he shot a wire to Paris. Our girl thought the screen-test offer was a gag. Money? Glamour? Who needed them? As a $120-an-hour cover girl, she enjoyed more of both than movies could give her. When she finally arrived for the test, studio people weren't enchanted. "Tall and lean as a Texas Ranger," they said. "No sex." But the camera disagreed. She got the part.

a talent scout are you?

You couldn't have missed her. The Greenwich Village girl with her crazy, lonesome chatter must have surprised you as much as she did the hero of the recent shock film. But did her temporarily dark hair fool you? The actress herself is a blonde (and another Texas girl). She made her first movie impression in Bill Holden's "The Turning Point," as a brassy, little gangland sweetie. Later, she played a non-talking dog-walker for Sinatra. Now much in demand, she's married to a writer. A chronic worrier, she goes in for yoga, studies Hindu philosophy and stands on her head "to ease her brain." (continued)
Half Italian, half Irish, tall and voluptuous, she gave glamour the go-by for her first lead, as wife (and widow) of a union organizer. From her childhood in Rome, she remembers a game her mother devised to keep her quiet. "Tomorrow," Mama would say, "we go to America." The little girl would eagerly pick up her toys and get ready. When young friends asked her what she'd do in America, she'd say confidently, "I'll be a secretary." She moved to New York at fifteen; now, six years later, she's an American citizen; U-I and Columbia share her contract; M-G-M borrowed her for two choice roles.

how good a talent scout are you?

Philadelphia-born, but also of Italian descent, this classically beautiful and firmly virile youth took on the juvenile-delinquent guise for his initial picture. Before that, his only show-business experience had been as a teenage singer in small neighborhood nightclubs—for no dough and with Papa always on hand as a chaperone for the under-age youngster. Now twenty-one, he's currently playing a brother of Richard Conte's for Columbia.

Here's another newcomer who started her career at the top—with the chief feminine role in a much-discussed exposé film. She admits she was halfway through the picture before she really knew what she was doing. Suddenly, everything clicked, and she felt assurance. She was raised in the solid family atmosphere of the Bronx, New York. Jobs as a waitress and a model came first. Modeling, the girl says, was pretty dull.
Like other movie beauties before her, she hails from Sweden, but you can't hear any trace of the Svenska in her voice. That's because she came to the U.S. with her parents when she was thirteen. She had summer-stock experience, played the nightclub show girl, sold soap and acted dramas on TV before she broke into movies. This she did in a big way—as heroine to Mr. Show Business himself.

Well, more than one guy has struck it rich with a guitar! This hulking, amiable character from North Carolina is no threat to Elvis; he's a personality all on his own—actor first, singer only incidentally. With wife Barbara, he did an off-hand vaudeville act that was applauded in the South and finally made our hero a recording star. On Broadway and TV, he scored a smash as a lovable GI, but on film you saw him first playing a thoroughgoing heel.

Look for names of players and films on page 33
At the dinner table in the Todds’ twenty-three room estate at Westport, Conn., Liz Taylor sat, smiling gaily. Suddenly, her lovely face contorted with pain. Casting one helpless, pleading look at Mike, she collapsed, dark hair tumbling on the white cloth.

Mike rushed her to the hospital... “she’ll rest until it’s safe to perform a Caesarean,” he said... two days later, at 9:00 a.m. an emergency consultation... at 12:00 noon, the operation... at 12:03 p.m., the birth of Elizabeth Frances Todd. For fourteen minutes, she did not breathe. The doctors worked feverishly, desperately, to save her mother...

During the exciting months that preceded the crisis, Mike and Liz knew it was coming. For that reason, they had gone into seclusion on the Riviera, barring all photographers. For that reason, so much about their hectic, fabulous life can be explained...

Mexico... New York... Hollywood... Palm Springs... the

Huge, sumptuous rooms of Villa Fiorentina were made for lavish entertaining, but the Todds stayed in seclusion.

Idling about the grounds, sunning herself by the sea on the Riviera, Liz lived a life of pampered luxury.
Their fabulous life of the past months, their guarded seclusion on the Riviera—only Liz and Mike knew the dreaded reason for it.
New jewels, new furs and gown bedeck Liz at each public appearance. Mike buys her diamonds as if they were bonbons

Wide-eyed Debbie Reynolds "oh'd" and "ah'd" at the Todd splendors, including sun room filled with canaries, when she visited Liz

Mike Todd showers surprises on Liz' sons, Chris and Michael Wilding, too. Sighs Liz happily, "At last I've found myself a man"

Riviera . . . Paris . . . London. Halfway round the world and back again, the Todds have traveled, with Mike scattering Yankee dollars as if he had a private mint and Liz swathed in luxury such as even she had never imagined.

Catching up with the dynamic Mr. Todd, who goes on his whirlwind way at a pace that leaves others panting, is no mean feat. So, when he finally consented to an interview, it was a very exciting prospect. Would Mike go into details about his fabulous marriage to Liz?

Seated (Continued on page 112)
Part III • by DICK SHEPPARD

STARS

Hollywood couldn't beat

Determination, perseverance and ingenuity are marks of the indestructibles. Unworned persistence and a clever use of the gray matter can often bring about that fervently desired show-business break, and further, can make the difference between a healthy career and oblivion. Such a sketch pinpoints Bill Holden.

The debut of Bill in the film world was a case of overnight stardom. And he went on to even bigger things. But his greatest fame was to begin eleven years after his career first got underway.

It was 1939. A search was on for a young actor to play the role of the violinist-prizefighter hero in “Golden Boy”—a tall order. Director Rouben Mamoulian auditioned (Continued on page 115)

Henry Fonda once wanted no part of Hollywood. Filmdom had tough time luring him from New York stage but finally won, and succession of hit movies followed. Then a slump, until immortal “Mister Roberts.” At right, Hank on “Tin Star” set with actors Ray, Perkins, Palmer

Bill Holden, handed stardom early in life, had to prove himself worthy of it, won lasting fame eleven years later
Glamorous Barbara Stanwyck, then and now. She has been many things—twice divorced, four times an Oscar nominee but never a winner. She’s known for her candor, superior talent, honest portrayals, intensity and richness of voice. Known as “The Queen,” she says she loves working

Playing a cocky little punk that audience loved and hated, Jimmy Cagney hit the top, has been boxoffice champ for thirty years. His ability to call forth both sympathy and censure at once can be achieved only by a talent such as Jimmy possesses
THE HEART HAS REASONS

What does Ingrid feel as she picks up the pieces of her past life and heads for Rome and Roberto Rossellini?

On the hottest days of the hot Italian summer, the roads from Rome are choked with dust. Dust coats the ripening wine grapes. It laces the black bread and cheese that the peasants carry and sifts into the wool of their grazing sheep. Towards evening it swirls above another flock—of sleek Maseratis, Ferraris and Alfa-Romeos.

On such an evening, Ingrid Bergman retreated from Rome to her villa at Santa Marinella. Like the dust she was swept along by an ominous eastern wind. The tires of her white Ferrari traced a single word across the miles of uneven brick road:

*Ro . ber . to. Ro . ber . to. Roberto.*

Past the shepherds. *Ro . ber . to. Past the sheep. Ro . ber . to.* Past the olive orchards. *Ro . ber . to.* Past the vineyards of muscats and tokays, spicing the twilight with all the ripe smells of summers gone and summers lost.

She drove too fast. The Ferrari lurched in protest.

Roberto had always driven too fast. This car was his “summer Ferrari,” yet four times he had raced it through the mountains (Continued on page 90)

by ALJEAN MELTSIR

Before leaving Paris for Rome, Ingrid and Jennie Ann slip away from photographers and news hounds to spend a happy interlude strolling along sun-drenched Left Bank in reunion after six years. They pause at colorful book stalls overflowing with gay watercolors, old volumes, prints...
A quiet mother-and-daughter joke, enjoyed together in Ingrid's hotel room and through her invisible veil of heartache.

Like most Paris tourists, the two window shop, browse, stop for chat with gendarme and make arrangements for La Tour Eiffel excursion.
These are “The Traveling Curtises” aboard the Ile De France. (And isn’t Tony starting to look like a Viking?)

FRIDAY, NEW YORK.

I can’t believe we’re finally going. For weeks, Tony and I have been planning this trip to Europe—to England and points south and west to make our picture, “The Vikings.” It got so that I was counting time in terms of “Two months before we leave for England,” . . . then “three weeks” . . . then “three days.” Only when we finally got around to packing and boarding the East-bound plane for New York did I finally accept it as reality, and now that we’re in New (Continued on page 106

Tony took pictures

Wish you were here

I wrote the diary
Kelly’s learning to feed herself, but we still help her with the last few spoonfuls.

Above: Kelly thinks bathtubs are for fun!

Right: She and Tony enjoy an English park.
In memory of Jimmy

To mark that day, two years ago,

when James Dean died, Photoplay pays

tribute with the stories of two girls who

knew him—one unknown, the other a star

She was a struggling dancer. He was a lonely actor. Together in the cold, hard city of New York they loved, and laughed and dreamed. This is Elizabeth Sheridan's own story:

The first time I ever knew that Jimmy Dean existed was one afternoon at the Rehearsal Club in New York. It was raining. He was sitting in the living room, and I heard him ask a lot of other girls if he could borrow an umbrella, and nobody seemed particularly interested in whether he got wet or not. So I loaned him mine and he was overly grateful. A couple of days later, he came back and returned it. One of the biggest interests that he had at the time was bullfighting. He caught my interest because I was also interested in bullfighting. That, I think, was the important reason we got together at the very beginning.

Then, I was dancing in a trio, two boys and me, and we were rehearsing about two or three blocks away, and one night these two guys came to the Rehearsal Club for a rehearsal that we were going to have, and Jimmy asked if he could come along and watch. So he did, and he was very much impressed by the whole thing. We had a habit of stopping in this place—a little neighborhood joint—to have something to eat before we went home, and Jimmy came along with us.

I remember it was a very funny incident. We liked a certain kind of beer that was out at the time called Champale. It seemed it was somebody’s birthday, but I can’t remember whose it was, and Jimmy was, more or less, my date. The waiter, when I ordered Champale, thought I said champagne, and he came back and he brought a bottle of champagne and Jimmy’s eyes almost popped out, because at that time he was living at the “Y” and he didn’t have a cent, and he was borrowing from everyone in town and, instead of saying, “You made a mistake of some kind,” he said, “Oh no, I can pay for it.” He made a big thing about that. It was funny. (Continued on page 102)
Natalie Wood reviews “The James Dean Story”

I love movies. If I didn’t, I’d be in some other business. Just the same, I dreaded going to the screening of “The James Dean Story.” I was invited to the first Hollywood showing, put on by the Screen Directors Guild. As you must know, this picture had a personal meaning for me. And it must have had the same hypnotic appeal for a lot of other people in the industry, because the theater was packed. I noticed several of Jimmy Dean’s friends there—people like Dennis Hopper, Marlon Brando.

I’m sure they felt just as I did: Can we last through the picture? Will we still be here when the title “The End” comes on and the projectionists shut off the machine? I didn’t think I would be there.

But I was. The picture held me from start to finish. I’ll tell you why we were all worried. We weren’t afraid of being overcome by emotion. We were afraid that the picture would distort and change the Jimmy that we knew. Sure, he wore a leather jacket and motorcycle boots; sure, he raced his cars. But the violence that accompanies too many of the kids who follow him was not part of his makeup. And we were afraid that this stranger Jimmy Dean would be the boy in the picture.

We all knew that this film was designed for one purpose, like most movies: to make money. But this money-making venture was based on the death of a friend of ours. I thought that Jimmy Dean’s death on September 30, 1955, would be just the basis for somebody’s financial gain. So I was ready to get up and run out of the theater. I didn’t, because I found myself looking at a picture beautifully done, in the best of taste.

The makers of “The James Dean Story” were as honest as they could be in making this film. And it could have so easily been what I feared. We’ve heard too much of the legend about Jimmy Dean. This legend would have been the practical reason for making a profitable picture about Jimmy. Instead, the picture destroys that reason. It separates the legend from the real Jimmy Dean. And, at the same time, it shows us both.

More important, it establishes—and it does this definitely—that he is dead. The pictorial reenactment and later evidence shown should stop, once and for all, the ghoulish tales that try to contradict the death certificate. These weird stories have only disgusted and saddened people who really loved him, because we know he would have accepted the fact of death just as he accepted and welcomed life. It’s something that happens to all of us.

Watching this full-length feature, running eighty minutes, I was fascinated by the amazing quality of the black and white photography. The biography-documentary is told in a most unusual fashion, combining film clips of Jimmy, his family, his friends, his acquaintances who might have become friends if there had been more time. Clips from his three movies are included, so moviegoers can compare the Jimmy they knew with the Jimmy his close friends knew.

Some of the real-life footage is truly great. And some of it looks pretty corny and amateurish. But that only makes it seem more real, because it’s like the home movies you might take in your own backyard—of people you know as well as we knew Jimmy.

The movie often uses still pictures of Jimmy and his friends. And the “Camera Eye” technique brings all these to life. On the sound track, you hear Jimmy’s voice or the voices of people who knew him or the voice of Martin Gabel, a fine actor who does the narrating. The whole story is tied together so well that it seems like any of the wonderful feature-film biographies made about famous personalities, in or out of show business.

“No matter how long I live,” you hear the voice saying at the beginning, “it won’t be long enough.” Then come the terrible noises of the crash (Continued on page 102)
Colossal spectacles—with the traditional “cast of thousands” —get most publicity in the filmmaking department. But a strong, intimate drama like Paramount’s “Desire Under the Elms,” requiring a full staff of only about fifty people, demands as grueling work from each one of them. Preparation started two and a half years before the assistant director ever shouted, “Roll ’em!”

Producer Don Hartman assigned Irwin Shaw, top dramatist in his own right, to make an acceptable shooting script from the explosive Eugene O’Neill play. When the picture was first planned, not one of the stars, not even the movie’s director was a top name. Anthony Perkins was a kid on TV. Burl Ives was a singer of ballads. Sophia Loren was a shape in Italian movies. Delbert Mann was a TV director.

All four of these people came together to tackle the hardest moviemaking job of their lives. Tony and Sophia had met in Rome, while he was making “This Bitter Earth.” They met next in producer Hartman’s office, with Ives also on hand (right). And they faced their trial.

These are all working people, but they knew they’d be (continued)
MOVIE SET

continued

together on utterly personal terms: Burl, playing the hard-bitten New England father; Tony, one of his rebellious sons; Sophia, Burl's self-assured, land-hungry third wife, who takes Tony as her lover.

And they are completely different people. Sophia is the mercurial Italian, frankly temperamental but gentle and kind. After the efficient eight weeks of shooting-time began, she found that some of her American co-workers were being just as excitable as she was. "Maybe it was my fault," she laughs. "Maybe I made all the people on the set feel emotional like Italians."

Between preparation and shooting, all three had changed. Tony had become a teenagers' idol; Sophia, an international (Continued on page 77)
Designer Jeakins checked with the New York Historical Society so that Tony's 1850 clothes would be right.

With the help of fitter, Sophia's wardrobe was a compromise: minus petticoat, plus old-time waist-cincher.

Publicity demands kept a full corps of photographers after the star and her friend from Italy, Maria Angeli.

The voluptuous Loren frame (38-23-38) picked up five pounds in one Hollywood week — sandwiches for lunch! Back to pasta dishes.
Location luxuries impressed Sophia, used to the more informal Italian style of filming. She enjoyed the no-muss chair and trailer dressing room.
With instructions from director Delbert Mann, Tony and Sophia are set for idyllic scene of hillside love

**MOVIE SET**

continued

star; Burl, a Broadway star. A few years older than Tony, Sophia looked on him as "a young boy," but she was amazed by his ability to handle any professional situation. They shared an interest in music; but Sophia goes for hop or calypso, and Tony's a ballad man. Then, too, he was used to younger girls. The atmosphere of the picture is humidly sexy, but there was no such to-do on the set.

Sophia likes jazz; Burl goes for folk songs, as always. How do you translate "The Blue-Tailed Fly" into Italian? But Sophia, Burl and Tony all pitched into dramatic scenes like the true professionals they are. After Sophia had a baby (in the film), Tony sent her a bouquet of red roses with a note reading: "To the mother of my child." ARMAND ARCHERD
"Now I lay me down to sleep
And pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.
God bless Mommy, God bless Daddy,
God bless Steve Allen,
God bless Arthur Godfrey,
God bless Rin Tin Tin . . . "
can an actor stay good?

People who think of show business as the height of worldly temptation often ask that question. Many times, Pat Boone has asked it of himself. This is his answer.

Shirley Boone greeted Photoplay's photographer at the door of the Boones' modest suburban home in Leonia, N. J., with a warm smile and a firm handclasp.

"Come in," she said. "Pat's upstairs. You can go right up."

Tiptoeing lest he disturb the baby Boones at their afternoon naps, our lensman mounted the stairs. From a room down the hall came a clear, childish treble, "... and God bless Rin Tin Tin..."

As three-year-old Cherry Boone rattled off the rest of her beloved TV favorites, he stole to the doorway and snapped the lovely picture on the opposite page.

Although taken unaware in this photo, Pat Boone, who stands firmly at the very top of the entertainment world, is one actor who is not ashamed to be pictured on his knees.

In a modest white church on Rossmore Avenue, a few blocks from Hollywood's Tin Pan Alley, or in a simple house of worship dwarfed by huge apartment houses in New York's teeming East Eighties, not far from the blare of Broadway, Pat Boone often leads the congregation of the Church of Christ in an old hymn:

"Saviour, lead me lest I stray,
Gently lead me all the way.
I am safe when by Thy side,
I will in Thy love abide."

He has known the hymn by heart since he was ten. But today, the words have a new, deeper, and very personal meaning for him, for Pat Boone's faith is being put to the test every day with ever increasing pressure, and he clearly knows it. (Continued on next page)
When you've planned a candle-light dinner-for-two (perhaps a first anniversary) and the mood is definitely romantic ... your smartest line begins with Skippies by Formfit. For this is the light-hearted slimming that conceals yet reveals the very loveliest you. Start your strategy with Skippies. At fine stores everywhere.


THE FORMFIT COMPANY • CHICAGO • NEW YORK • CANADIAN PLANT, TORONTO

Pat's faith begins at home, where he helps dress the children for church.

Following up the great success of his first movie, "Bernardine," 20th Century-Fox promptly offered Pat the starring role in another film, "April Love." Like "Bernardine," which he heartily approved because it presented teenagers with sympathetic understanding, it is a charming, wholesome story, and he accepted it. His costar is to be the equally charming and wholesome Shirley Jones. But when Pat was shown the finished script, he balked. There was a scene in it in which he was to take Shirley in his arms and kiss her.

"I just can't do that," Pat explained to the flabbergasted executives. "It's against my religion to put my arms around or kiss any woman except my wife." For Hollywood, this was unheard of! After all, it was just playing, advisers told him. Both Shirleys—Boone and Jones—would understand. Acting had to be realistic.

Pat stood his ground. The scene came out. In its place, the harried script-writers substituted one in which the kiss is merely suggested by a lipstick mark on Pat's face.

Pat can't help but realize that he was in a position to win this bout so easily because he is one of the hottest show business personalities today. With one hit record after another sweeping the country—his "Love Letters in the Sand" topped every record poll for weeks—who's going to argue with him? (Continued on page 117)
the new make-up discovery that makes you look naturally lovely in any light... day or night

And how you'll love your Hi-Fi Lipstick! It's Max Factor's new kind of lipstick—gives you everything you want, all in one lipstick: vibrant Hi-Fi color that glides on, stays on till you take it off. No blotting or waiting to set—yet it never dries your lips.

Today—buy a bottle of Max Factor's Hi-Fi Fluid Make-up. Your 75c size Hi-Fi Lipstick is absolutely free. And you pay only 1.75 for both...the price of Hi-Fi Make-up alone! But don't delay...this special offer is on sale for a limited time only.
Starry-eyed about her blooming career, teenager Natalie Trundy is down to earth about a girl’s most precious beauty asset—her skin.

It’s a rare girl who dreams of becoming a movie star—and does it. Practically overnight! Just as unusual is a seventeen-year-old who’s discovered where beauty really begins and how to develop it. Natalie Trundy is both. You’ll see her talent prominently displayed in two new U. A. releases, “The Monte Carlo Story” and “The Careless Years.” For one of her first national-magazine appearances, Photoplay brings to you Natalie’s system for turning young natural assets into the kind of fresh, scrubbed, flower-like good looks known ’round the world as “American.” Blond and blue-eyed, with flawless complexion, Natalie admits that sparkling eyes “happen when you’re doing what you want to do more than anything else in the world.” The corn-silk hair, she says, “came with the rest of my face.” About her smooth, dewy skin, Natalie firmly rules out luck. “No matter what a girl’s coloring,” she insists, “good looks start with a clear complexion. And that means inside as well as outside care.” The inside story begins with the right groceries, says Natalie, who scorns what she calls “empty calories”—foods lacking important nutrients, vitamins and minerals. She gets these skin beautifiers in meats, eggs, fresh fruits and vegetables, says a firm “No” to sweets, spices, fried foods, chocolate and rich desserts. She loves liver, with its mammoth amounts of iron, reaps extra protein benefits from cottage cheese (her favorite salad dressing), turns up her already tilted nose (Continued)
your complexion

continued

at coffee and soda fountain treats to drink, daily, four to six glasses of milk, four or five of water. Result: the kind of translucent skin tone that comes only from inside. A veteran at seventeen, Natalie became a child model at ten and played feature roles on top TV programs while attending Professional Children’s School. Always with her eye on Broadway. She made it, appeared at thirteen in “A Girl Can Tell,” and later, with Shirley Booth in “By the Beautiful Sea.” Like most models, she’s learned that enough rest is a must for a smooth, radiant complexion. “During the week,” says Natalie, “I have no dates and try for ten hours of sleep.” Part of the glow, she admits, comes from lots of tennis, swimming, riding and ice-skating. But when juggling a busy schedule leaves skimpy time for fun, she fits in the fresh air and exercise she needs by walking to and from appointments and walking her three French poodles. (Two were a surprise gift from Sam Taylor, director of “The Monte Carlo Story.”) With the creamy coloring that usually comes with freckles—she’s got those, too—her skin is remarkably free of the blemishes that plague most teens. “It’s not for nothing,” says Natalie, a soap and water fiend, who insists on treating her face to a thorough sudsing three times a day—come European location trips or endless TV rehearsal grinds. She’s learned what dermatologists confirm, that soap is mildly antiseptic, killing some of the bacteria that cause trouble and lowering the vitality of others. “A good sudsing,” she adds, “not only whisks off soil and stale make-up and helps prevent bumps, it also tones up muscles and stirs up lazy circulation.” This takes more than a fast pass with a soapy washcloth. Natalie’s “facial” begins with a mild soap, worked into a rich lather and massaged well into her skin with circular motions. Just as important is thorough rinsing with warm, then cold water until no speck of suds remains. “When I think I’ve rinsed enough—then I rinse some more—and dry with the roughest towel I can find. I guess I sound like a real-life ‘soap opera,’” laughs the shiny-eyed girl with the glowing career—and complexion to match.

“Exercise is funny stuff,” says Natalie. “If I think I’m too tired to move, I skip rope for a few minutes and I’m not tired any more”
PAJAMA GAME FASHIONS

You can wear hearts on more than your sleeve, be pretty or princely in bold “prisoner” pajamas exactly like those featured in “The Pajama Game”

In rousing finale of “The Pajama Game,” Doris Day wears the top, John Raitt sports the bottoms. Available in broadcloth or flannelette in complete sets. Men’s, A B C D, about $6; Women’s, 32-40, about $6. Or husband and wife share a pair ($10). ABOVE: Carol Haney, Eddie Foy, Jr., wear bold striped broadcloth. Men’s, A B C D, $5; Women’s, 32-40, about $5. Also for boys and girls. Weldon Pajamas, Inc.
PAJAMAS—newest party-goers

Introduce your social circle to a fun idea: how to play in pajamas... including such specifics as music, refreshments, games, atmosphere and a good old-fashioned hen session.
Pajamas don't just go to bed any more. Styled as smartly as sports clothes and with as much variety as dresses, they're intended to be seen—whether entertaining at home, loaﬁng or watching TV. And they're fun! You see all kinds now with checks, stripes, polka dots or hearts. So take a cue from Doris and Carol in "The Pajama Game" and our starlets, Neile, Sandra and Mary, partying here, and go gay in pajamas. You know, time was when a girl had to slip into the boys' department for a pair of pajamas. In fact, American girls didn't even wear them. The mere idea of them was as startling to most people as the first movie. For, as these very early movies have recorded for posterity, nighties were what a lady wore upon retiring for bed. However, just as movies have undergone tremendous changes since the days they so shyly and silently ﬂickered, so have a young lady’s pajamas and nightgowns evolved into their present-day shape. And beds have come a long way, too. Not only have their mattresses changed, so have their shapes. Look at Mary Wooden's round bed. She found it in New York City at Norman Dine's Sleep Center.

Baby Doll . . . the middy in pink or blue and white checks, S, M, L. Clown suit in white with red or blue, 32-40. The Skipper in hot pink or blue and white, 32-38. All 5.98. M. C. Schrank.

AND OH... HOW IT CLINGS!

Treat your lips to that delicious, creamy smooth comfort and beauty that only Cutex gives! Discover color that stays true and bright . . . even at night. Clings to you (stays off him) even after a kiss!

Only Cutex Lipstick has pure Sheer Lanolin! That's why there's never ever any of the dryness or irritation caused by so many ordinary lipsticks. Never a trace of greasiness or feathering. Cutex keeps your lips always silken soft . . . glowing with lasting, radiant color. No other lipstick can match it! 69¢ and 35¢.

CUTEX
sheer lanolin lipstick

Count on Cutex for all the latest, loveliest colors for lips and ﬁnger-tips. Why pay more?

For a Minute Miracle in Hand Beauty—Get New Cutex Hand Cream!
PAJAMAS — newest party-goers continued

A round bed is perfect to hold "Nights at the Round" in, but any shape bed does nicely, too, for pajama parties. They're a wonderful form of entertainment, especially to catch up on who did what over the summer vacation before getting back into the swing of school. And they're easy. Here are the necessary ingredients: People—two or more girls make a good gathering plus the hostess. Place—anywhere there's enough floor space to accommodate the number of guests you plan to invite. (Be sure to remind them to bring along pillows and blankets. You can do this in a written invitation.) Entertainment—good games and, of course, gossip—one of the main reasons for having the party! Refreshments—appetizing food that's simple to prepare, and delicious drinks, also easy to make. Music—a variety of records to match your mood and provide a pleasant background.

Mary Wooden had a perfect pajama party because she followed this foolproof formula. Her guests: Neile Adams (top center), whom you may remember from her first film, "This Could Be the Night" (incidentally, Neile wore pajamas in that movie and is now touring the play "The Pajama Game" around the country); Sandra Dee (right), a top model and cover girl before becoming a starlet. Both left Mary's party tired but happy. They'd gabbed about their past two months, movies, males and girl friends until Mary insisted they take a vow. "We heard nothing, saw nothing, said nothing that we'll tell anyone else. We're the three monkey-teers! Agreed?" Agreed. Secrets are fun! And so are games when three or more get together.

Neile explained her favorite, called "Predicaments and Remedies." "You divide up into two teams facing each other. On Team 'A' each player whispers a predicament into a teammate's ear (example: 'What would you do if Don kissed you?'). At the same time, Team 'B' members think of a remedy (example: 'Join the Army'). Then each Team 'A' player states her predicament out loud to the facing Team 'B' player and hears her remedy." Imagine the goofy results!

The girls nibbled on Mary's "Cherry Chip Dip" (made by blending 1 large package cream cheese, 1 cup sour cream, 1/2 cup chopped maraschino cherries, 2 tablespoons cherry juice, 1 teaspoon vanilla), 1 teaspoon milk; top with crumbled crisp bacon.

"We gorged ourselves till three in the morning and looked a wreck the next day," laughed Neile. "But what fun!" (And they vowed to do it again!)

FOR WHERE TO BUY PAJAMA FASHIONS TURN TO PAGE 33
because *you* are the very air he breathes...

Nothing matters but you two. Your world is all wrapped up in this one momentous moment. Don’t let *anything* spoil it. 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

*Aerosol Mist* One touch of VETO dries away perspiration worries!
PRETTY, PRACTICAL PAJAMA PARTY ACCESSORIES

Cover curlers and pins with a cap. Tote pajamas and cosmetics in a bag. Make these yourself.

A fun fringed nite cap with tassel tip is just what you need to look pretty at the party. Hides hairpins, curlers or net. It's flattering and easy to make. Use any contrasting colors or match your pajamas.

A wholehearted bag to take your pajamas to the party. Side pocket has a place for your name on the outside. Inside there's room for such basic necessities as toothbrush, toothpaste, comb, brush, hairpins, hair spray, hand lotion and skin cleanser.

Would you like directions for making curler cover-cap and pajama tote bag? Send long stamped, self-addressed envelope to Photoplay, Dept. CC, 205 E. 42nd St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.
It's crystal-clear...

the first and only crystal-clear liquid shampoo!

The difference is clear! It's new, pure, that's why it rinses twice as clean as any other leading shampoo. No thick, hard-to-rinse oils. No artificial color. Nothing but rich, crystal-clear WHITE RAIN... shining with a thousand sparkling bubbles... to leave your hair gloriously clean... freshly laced with sunshine. Try it tonight!

NEW! CRYSTAL-CLEAR WHITE RAIN LIQUID SHAMPOO
Continued from page 90

rocked in their anchorage at the foot of the village, and the smell of the day’s catch was heavy in the summer air.

She was sorry for the rage that had been flaring back in all the tormented, uncertain weeks since May—when the first rumors had drifted out of India—it was the only time she had lost the dignity and courage with which she tried to keep herself dressed in public.

But why was she always being asked to meet life with courage? How much courage must one person have? How much courage did one person have to have? She tried to laugh in answer to all the questions. "There is no truth to the rumors of trouble between my husband and myself," she had said. "Soon I am returning to Mississippi as he had suggested. My husband will join me there when he finishes the films he is making in India."

She let the Ferrari coast towards the bay, white at the edge of the way she went. She did not yet know, herself, whether she had told reporters the truth. Would he return—sunburnt from the long months of Indian sun and hungry for spaghetti and bread and kisses? Or would she wait here endlessly, looking through the window for a man who would never come? Or—the thought trembled at the edge of her mind—would she be alone, leaving this place behind her as she had left so many cities, so many countries?

H

ow many cities had she called "home"?


vet. She had lived on the ragged edge of every situation because that was how she had been. She had grown, like her hair, with each stage of life. It was strange how her thoughts wandered tonight. They were like boats drifting on currents she had no power to control.

That was the first winter she had known Roberto Rossellini. There had been no thought or talk of love between them. He had come to Hollywood to raise money for "Stromboli," and she and Peter had decided to go to New York in order to be with him. On the busy day he had borrowed $300 from her. "For expenses on the way home" he had said. Then he had spent it all on gifts—ties for Peter, an alligator travel wallet for her. And Pia—a three-foot-tall stuffed cow Pin had wanted that cow for weeks, but had cost $75 and Peter—quite reasonably—had refused to pay $75 for a toy. When the ship had left, it had looked as if everything had been so moved that she had cried.

That winter of 1949 was almost the last time she had seen Pia. In March she had left for Stromboli. There had been many delays in Sweden in 1951 and then only memories too bitter to be forgotten even yet. She had waited for Pia in the summer of 1952, but Peter had refused to take her to the theater and put her on the witness stand. And Ingrid—during the last week of the ninth month of her pregnancy—had read the clippings in the morning paper.

"Did you see your mother?"

the lawyer had asked.

"Why I just saw her last summer."

"Don’t you love your mother?"

"I like her, but I don’t love her."

"Do you always sign your letters, ‘Love, Pia’?"

"That’s only a way of signing letters."

"Don’t you want to live with her?"

"No, I want to live with my father."

T

two days later Ingrid had given birth to the twins. She had been so afraid that the baby would be a boy. She had expected a boy—a sign that the gods were on their side. With the baby girl she had felt so rich with wonder and gratitude that she had been given two girls to ease the pain of the one she had lost that she noticed little of the pain and complications and the transfigurations that followed the twins’ birth.

She had never wanted the twins—never allowed them to—replace Pia. Among the photograph albums that she kept so proudly were seven covering Rome and Santa Marinella and the years of her marriage to Rossellini. In each of these seven albums were pages that showed the lovely couple sitting together one day with pictures of Pia taken during the years of their separation.

The albums themselves had been started long before her marriage. The first one had been begun by her father. Later she kept them—filling each book with tauris and souvenirs and newspaper clippings and neat, typewritten comments to herself.

And it had been a long time since she had looked at the albums. She suddenly wanted to see them again—to trace through their dusty pages the tangled web of her life. (As though, somehow, the fading photographs could explain why she had had a child and given her life to the fullest. She remembered that someone had said of her once that: "A long time ago Ingrid crossed the line from living for security to demanding everything that life can offer. And once you have crossed that line you can never turn back.”)

Had she really crossed that line or had she been born on the wrong side of it?) She had finished the last red chair and reached forward to take the first volume from the shelf.

STOCKHOLM 1917—1949

It was her father’s favorite color. It had been his favorite color too. The first time he had taken her to the theater she had worn a red dress. There was no photograph of that day except one the she carried in her mind. She was eleven years old. And the red dress had been lent by her aunt and pinned in until it almost fitted. "Patraskelet" was the play and each page of the program was signed by the actor. The silly smell of the theater and the rustle of taffeta below and her exact seat in the box in the first balcony and—above all—the ripple. It was on that day that she decided to become an actress.

How awkward she looked in that photograph, standing there with her five cousins. She was all head and neck and feet, even though she was bending her knees to see the photographer.

There were her aunt and uncle—good people, but stern-faced and forbidding. After her father’s death she had been passed from one corn to the other, living with them. They had fed her and bought her wool leggings for the winter and put braces on her teeth when she was fifteen—but they had never called her to get names or education.

At fifteen she was too tall, with a long, thin body that seemed to her to stretch to the sky, and too shy ever to talk above a whisper unless she was pretending to be someone else. What had her father meant by her to be an actress? She had always been able to wriggle into other personalities and fit them comfortably on top of her own skin. She was never uncom-fortable or false or false to be herself.

That phonograph her cousin was leaning against was the one that belonged to her. Her uncle did not approve of acting and so she had saved all the phonograph records. She had read plays aloud in her bedroom while the music from the phonograph drowned out her voice. There was the night her uncle had come in and turned the book from her hand.

But she had forced him—had she really threatened to commit suicide?—to let her compete for the Swedish Royal Drama Theater’s annual (Continued on page 94)
The diamond that's guaranteed for permanent value

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Next Month's Cover Girl—

KIM NOVAK

November Photoplay
On Sale October 3rd

dictatorial, unresponsive, he added a steam bath to their house and made no effort to enter his wife's world.

She remembered the evening she and some friends were discussing movies, and the name of MacArthur was brought up.

"Ah..." Peter had said, "General Douglas MacArthur... but what does he have to do with films?"

"No," she had answered. "Charlie MacArthur. He asked me...

"I'm sorry," he had interrupted her.

"But I should have known you meant the wooden dummy with Edgar Bergen."

When she tried to explain that Charlie MacArthur was a playwright and husband of actress Helen Hayes, he had gotten angry and flustered and left the room. (Whenever possible, she tried to put his world before her own, but he was never even close to trying to become interested in her life.)

By the middle of 1946, three years before she met Roberto Rossellini, she had already asked Peter for a divorce. He had refused twice before. He refused again. By the time her chance for escape came, she was ready to grab at it with both hands.

She closed the album and hesitated for a moment. Was she waiting for the telephone to ring or for a key to turn in the lock of the door? She was not sure. But she could only hear the Mediterranean lapping at the shore.

She opened the albums again. She sat back in the red chair and closed her eyes and remembered each separate page and let the pictures flash through her mind.

STROMBOLI—1949

The smell of garlic in the peasant hut in which she lived. Oil lamps and candles. Tallow dripping on her pillow. The

slanderer young boy who came each morning she could wash her face. Spaghetti served on broken plates and how good it tasted. The ache in her side after a day of scrambling up the volcano. Falling once and cutting her ankle. Reefed black rock and Rossellini's desire for realism, his delight as he used that scene with real blood on her leg and real pain at the corners of her mouth. And the image of reaching for her and pulling her up. Her warmth. The wonderful feeling—for perhaps the first time in her life?—of not feeling shy or awkward or lonely. The letter begging her to divorce. Peter's refusal.

ROME—1950

The months of being a prisoner in her apartment while reporters and photographers sniffed around the doors like packer dogs. The agony of being cooped up, hemmed in to three rooms. The endless pacing. Waiting for the birth of her child and if it was a boy, would he could keep her tied to him. Was it love that Peter felt or was it hatred? Was it his wife that he wanted or revenge? Whatever he had wanted, it was revenge that he got. And the end of a Mexican divorce came too late to save her pride.

February 3, 1950. Doubled up with pain, she slipped through the kitchen door of the Villa Margherita nursing home. The smell of the bread in the kitchen and then more pain.

Robertino. Waking two hours after her son's birth to hear reporters and photographers spilling down the hall and kick at the door, she was a thick-robed nun fending them off until the police arrived. The shades had to be kept closed because of the telescopic camera aimed at the door of the room on the building next door. Pressing her nose to the shuttered window for a taste of fresh air.

The good things. The feeling of peace with Roberto Rossellini full and empty and sleepy and curled like a kitten. The traditional ceremony of the nuns hanging up a ribbon—a white satin ribbon in the center of a blue field—to signify the birth of a son. The diva of a Mexican divorce had become God's little lamb.

Then, the climax to it all. On May 24, 1950, their marriage by proxy in Mexico. She refused the new apartment, wearing a white dinner gown. When the news of their marriage was telephoned to them, they had toasted each other with champagne. Then, giggling because of the champagne on the happiness, she had said:

"Now we are legally tied for better or worse until death do us part."

There was a sudden noise, like the scratch of the telephone at the gate, and it was again seven years later—1957—and the memories faded back into the albums where they belonged. She turned towards the terrace with her arm outstretched and the silence and the noise was only the sound of the wind tugging at the eaves.

She stood up and slid open the door to the terrace. Unlike the house, the terrace of the garden went, it was washed by the restless moonlight, it hung suspended over the Mediterranean. There was a feeling of change in the air. The wind would blow from a different direction tomorrow.

Would it bring him with it? And if he did return of his own free will, could she hold him in? In holding him against his will, would she not be doing to him what Peter had done to her?

There was no answer except the barking of a dog baying at some sudden frightening shadow across the moon. Eve
Can you be too understanding for your own good?

Your heart says, this is the man you love, all that matters is your happiness together. But now he's deeply troubled. He needs time to work things out. Do you quietly put aside your yearnings and wait, knowing that "just a little while" might mean forever? When you're Wendy Warren, you can't do it any other way. Your tears are secret tears. You face tomorrow with faith. You can get the whole story—even while you work—when you listen to daytime radio. Hear **WENDY WARREN AND THE NEWS** on the **CBS RADIO NETWORK**.
I could sit down and write a personal letter to each of you who believed we failed because our marriage was a mistake. We definitely don't believe it was a mistake. Although we were in a state of shock, my wife and I sort of—well, you—a lot of love went into our divorce!

The case itself was simple. In divorce proceedings it's customary for a wife to file suit against her husband. In line of defense there was only one charge—cruel and barbarous treatment. By law you must substantiate specific charges. Unless you're ridden by bitterness (and the good Lord knows she wasn't), you have no desire to call names. When Venetia took the stand, the papers quoted her testimony. She said I swore in front of guests and refused to tell her where I was going when I left home. She couldn't say less and she wouldn't say more. She was fair about everything, and our divorce went through—uncontested.

Then the unexpected happened! I was deluged by letters—letters from people I had never heard of, from every corner of the United States. A great number were sympathetic and their good wishes most appreciated. The other kind should have been anticipated, for as we titled this column, "Do you think you've got a marriage that's working?"

Most of these letters turned into photographs torn to bits and said they'd like to throw them in my face. I must confess, that read out loud, put me in a state of shock.

To Venetia and me, marriage is so sacred and the things we gained mean so much, we don't want the whole world to know. We realize a portion of our lives must be lived in the spotlight, but we still prefer not to be involved with such people. Everyone. I just wasn't prepared to face such an outburst of resentment. The same people who had once been my friends and wished me well, now told me to drop dead. I knew many of them wrote such things.

It's generally known that I get excited about making plans and discovering new interests. As a rule Venetia doesn't, or when she does, it fills her with bitter dastardly sarcasm. In my view, it is gregarious by nature and love most people. But Venetia is shy and can't adapt herself easily on short notice. She's honest about it. When she's bored, for example, she shows it.

This business especially, politics plays an important part, and you can't always be as honest as you'd like to be. Venetia knows I write about politics; I've written about her and I. Sometimes, but she remains true to her inner feelings. I respect her tremendously. Needless to say, differences such as these don't cause a divorce, but they do add up.

The reason, as I've already established, are much more important and will never be discussed for publication. In writing this letter I hope I have made clear that I honestly believe I am better off, that you and I are better off, that a divorce will be a good thing.

One day I will write a detailed story of the trip we made. I think you will be interested. But for the moment I can say this: We are both happy and free. The past is past. We are not married and I think it is going to be a good thing, and I think you should be happy for us.

Sincerely,

Russ Tamblyn
THE TRUTH ABOUT MY SON
Continued from page 53

accident. There is also about them an air of
solid respectability and independence,
strength and pride—pride that has been
wounded by the unfavorable publicity
Tony has received, but remains unbowed.
"I know a lot of these stories started be-
cause of the trouble Tony got into," his
mother went on. "Oh, all of this has been
such a strain, such a shock.

She paused as the painful memories
came back—memories of Tony's trial on
an assault charge brought by a news pho-
tographer. But that wasn't the thing that
hurt most. Like many of Tony's friends—
and many who have no personal interest
in him at all—his family staunchly feels
that he was right in defending his future
wife. Many Hollywoodites, too, share the
opinion that the whole affair was blown up
out of all proportion—that had Tony and
Shelley not been movie stars, and their
antagonist a news photographer, it would
have passed unnoticed.

What hurt the family was Tony's pre-
vious arrest that came to light at the trial,
for taking a sewing machine to hock be-
cause he was hungry. "Tony never told me
about that—he never told any of us," his
mother said. "The first I knew about it was
when I saw it in the newspapers. You can
imagine how I felt! I didn't go out of
the house for a week."

"Yes, it was very hard on Jean," Aunt
Else looked at her sister sympathetically.
"She has high blood pressure, too." Then,
indignantly, she added, "Tony never meant
to steal that sewing machine. We knew
that! He just couldn't have done anything
like that. He borrowed it to hock because
he was desperate, but he always intended
to return it as soon as he had the money."

"But people don't understand that," said
Tony's mother. "Oh, why didn't he come
to us for help? We would have done any-
thing, given him anything. We were well
off—it was no question of money. Why
didn't he tell us?"

"There must have been a reason...
"Tony is a good boy," his mother con-
tinued. "He always was. These stories
about him running wild in the streets and
getting into fights—nothing like that ever
happened!"

She paused again as memories came
flooding back—memories upon which no
one had the right to intrude. Before Tony
was born, she had lost another child, a
little girl who died of pneumonia at the
age of seven. A year after Tony was born,
his father, Anthony Papaleo, left them,
never to return...

"I had to go to work when Tony was a
little boy," she explained, "but my par-
tents lived with us, and it was real comfort
to me to know that his grandmother was
taking care of him. I don't think I could
have stood it, to leave him with a stranger.
But nobody could have looked after him
as well as his grandma, and I never had a
minute's worry.

"I was pretty strict with him, too. I
never let him run around the street in the
evenings after supper until he was about
ten years old, and I saw to it that he got
all his homework done. And every Sun-
day, no matter what, he had to go to nine
o'clock mass."

The block of New York's East 116th
Street where Tony spent his childhood is
certainly not a slum. 116th Street is one
of those roony crosstown paths you find
every ten blocks or so, cutting across the
width of Manhattan. Tony's block has its

---

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97
T o n y’s mother smiled—a warm smile, very like her son’s “Junior—that’s what we called him then—was a happy boy, always whistling or singing up and down the streets in his pajamas. Sometimes, he’d be very quiet. He seemed to get lost in thought. I’d watch him and wonder about it. Mostly, though, he was cheerful and good-natured. He made friends with everyone. I remember, he’d ask me what I asked him to, without complaint.”

“Except about the meat,” reminded Aunt Elsie.

“Seventy cents!” exclaimed his father, and they both laughed. “Yes, that was the one thing he’d argue about. I was working at a 35th Street department store, and there was a butcher shop on Ninth Avenue at 35th Street. Mr. Jackson owned it. He had a big freezer, so I’d buy the week’s supply on Friday, and have Tony go down on Saturday morning to get it. ‘Oh, no—not again!’ he’d say. Once, he came back and said, ‘There are fifteen butcher shops in this neighborhood. I can’t see going all the way down there—it’s just not worth it. Not only do we not look bad—we’re not good—everybody, else—we look worse!’ But he still went.”

The only other thing that Jean and Elsie Franciosa can recall Tony’s trying to get around their authority brought more carefree days, ordering the boys to play three nights to catch up with his studies,” Aunt Elsie said. “Well, by the second night, he’d managed to get word out to his gang, and had them all come around and stand in our windows. On weekends there was usually a movie, and sometimes, as a special treat, his mother took him to the Italian vaudeville. Even then, young Anthony Franciosa knew the critical eye for what looked good on a stage.

“What’s she doing up there—she’s too fat!” he would announce in a sturdily stage whisper. “Shh—do you want to get us into trouble?” exasperated mother would reply. “Well, that one’s too skinny!” he would continue, undaunted. “WHO is that little boy?” huffed one prima donna, and flounced off the stage.

There were two, mother and son. One afternoon, when they went to the movies where gifts of dishes and such were being drawn on the stage, Tony’s mother told me to see him himself. “What are you doing?” she asked. “I’m praying that you get a prize, Mama,” was the reply.

“But Tony was always thoughtful and considerate,” her son says. He would never let my mother carry a thing. Just the other day, I met one of our neighbors on the street, and she said to me, ‘Jean, I can’t get over it. Tony, a famous movie star. Why, it seems like yesterday that he was running up to help me with my bundles!’

The sensitivity that is one of his great acting assets was evident, then. One day, he saw a number of white boys mercilessly beating a Negro. “He came into the house, white and shaken,” Aunt Elsie recalls. “‘How could you let another human being be like that?’ he wanted to know. He was terribly upset.”

Another time, Aunt Elsie remembers, “The whistling and the singing stopped. Tony telephoned the Department of Education, telling us that my brother Fred was wounded in action. Tony felt it very deeply—he wandered around the block, with Aunt Sue and her five children across the street, and they have always been a close-knit, devoted group. On the big holidays such as Christmas and Easter, and even every occasion, the Franciosa family was as twenty-two strong, would gather for a grand feast of all the wonderful Italian delicacies.

A n actor! The prospect filled her heart with spine. She knew what an actor’s life was like, well enough. The disappointments, the frustrations, the long, bitter periods of living on hopes and dreams. And the prize, that for the vast majority were never realized. No, she could not stand idly by, and watch that happen to her son, the person she loved best.

“Tony,” she pleaded, “There are thousands of people who fret their lives away, wanting to be actors. They never make it. Why could you be any different?”

“I don’t know, Mama,” he answered, his eyes full of misery. “I only know that this is something I have to do.”

At the time, Tony was working as a messenger boy for Pictures. He was doing well. But the dull nine-to-five routine was more than he could bear. He told his mother that he wanted to quit, to take a full-time stab at acting. She was very serious. “Don’t be like that a year,” she says. “I tried to point out to him all the advantages of a steady job. I tried so hard—but I didn’t want to see him get hurt.” But the more they argued, the more determined he became.

He was studying with Joseph Geiger, then, a man who made him aware of the immense complexities of the acting art, and instilled in him a reverence for it. He showed him that acting was more than the sheer joy of creating a part, of the thrill he felt at the challenge he faced—that of equipping himself to work in an art that was still in its infancy. He finished. But how could she comprehend it, this dedication that comes only to a chosen few?

He who had been so open and good-natured, seemed to close in on himself, spending hours on end, studying and rehearsing roles. He devoured every book on the theater he could lay his hands on. One night, when he came home from work, he said, “I just can’t be chained to an eight-hour-a-day job—I just can’t! I’m going to quit!”

Gently, his mother tried to reason with him, and he thought of the sacrifices she had made. “We’re getting along so well now. You’re doing fine. If you stick to it, in a little while you’ll be making $100 or $125 a week,” she said.

“Then?” he flung back. “In twenty or twenty-five years—that’s when!” And he burst into angry tears.

“All those months, the rest of us had known what we were going to do,” Aunt Elsie says. “But now I feel just I had to say something. When Tony had gone out, I said, ‘I know how you feel, Jean, but you can see how upset he is. You’ve got to give him a clear, a clear answer.’

Still, Tony’s mother was born to doubt, worry, and misgiving. She could not bring herself to accept. The next day, she says, “the phone must have rung about
twenty-five times. I wouldn't answer—I knew it was Tony. That night, he came home and told me he'd quit his job."

When Tony became a struggling young actor in Cherry Lane Theater in Greenwich Village, she tried to make the best of it, though she was still torn by doubt. When he won a scholarship to the Dramatic Workshop, it was heartening. There were more parts in off-Broadway shows, and then Tony had a shot to work at a summer theater in Lake Tahoe.

But when he got to Lake Tahoe, there was no theater. He was to build it from the ground up. Undeterred, he pitched in, and carried on through the season. When it was over, he decided to stay in the West, and try his luck. A succession of odd jobs led to his signing on as a steward on the S.S. President Cleveland, which sailed all over the Orient.

When the ship returned to San Francisco, Tony ran into a buddy from Lake Tahoe. The friend was down on his luck—would Tony lend him something to tide him over? "Sure," said Tony, pulling out a wad of bills which added up to about $600, and peeling off a hundred. The pal then suggested that they share a room. "Fine," said Tony. The next morning he awoke in solitude. No friend and no money. "I reached in my pocket," he told his mother later, "and all I felt was loose change."

Then began the period of disillusion and despair, of two bouts with pneumonia from which he emerged weak and penniless, of hunger that led to taking the sewing machine, of bitter loneliness.

A wire, a collect phone call to the apartment at 116th Street—it would have been so easy. He knew that from his mother and the family, there would be no reproaches, nor any "I-told-you-so's"—only warm, welcoming faces and hands eager to give him help. But how could he go to them, when he had turned against his mother's wishes? No, he couldn't do it. Somehow, he had to stick it out.

Pride, not poverty, made him choose to fight his own battles as best he could; strength, not weakness, got him into trouble . . .

At last, he made his way back to New York. There, still supporting himself in whatever way he could, he passed auditions at the famed Actors Studio.

One of the Studio projects on which he worked was the idea later expanded by Michael Gazzo into the play "A Hatful of Rain." Meanwhile, Tony had appeared in the off-Broadway production of "End as a Man," a hit that moved to Broadway, and also appeared in "Wedding Breakfast." When this play was done in stock, Tony stayed with it, and played opposite a different leading lady—Shelley Winters. When the completed script of "Hatful" was offered to Tony, Shelley read it, liked it, and accepted the part of the wife.

All concerned were covered with glory when the play opened on Broadway. For Tony, it brought not only lavish praise and awards, but so many offers from film companies that he eventually wound up with his contract split four ways. This has happened very rarely.

For Elia Kazan, he made "A Face in the Crowd," films in New York and Arkansas. Out to Hollywood to do "This Could Be the Night" for M-G-M. Back to New York to film the 20th Century-Fox version of "A Hatful of Rain." Then a return trip to Hollywood to make "Wild Is the Wind," opposite the great Anna Magnani, for Hal Wallis. He was a very busy man.

A brilliant beginning... a career of unlimited possibilities, that can't be hurt by headlines... for the only thing that can hurt a good actor is a bad performance... nothing else matters . . .

How have the huzzahs and headlines affected Tony?

"He's changed very much during the last two years," his mother says. "He's not as lighthearted as he used to be," Aunt Elsie says. "He's more preoccupied. He doesn't talk much, but you can see that he feels the pressure, and those false stories hurt. Once I suggested, "Why don't you turn to the church, Tony?" He just looked at me calmly and said, 'You think I've lost my religion, don't you? But I haven't. I carry it here.' And he indicated that he meant he carried it in his heart, and said no more."

And how does his mother feel as she watches her son on the screen?

"When I sit in the audience, I can't explain why a little chill runs over me all over, and I think, 'It can't be—it's too wonderful.'" Then she adds, wistfully, "But when I see the pressure he's under, the things he has to endure, I still wonder . . ."

No, this consuming drive of the artist to fulfill the demands of his art at any cost—this is something that a mother's heart, desiring only happiness for her child, can never understand."

There was one person who did understand. Tony was a poor, struggling unknown, many years away from fame, when his grandmother became ill. Every morning, Tony went in to say goodbye before leaving for work, but on one morning, he was unaccountably moved. Tears course down his face as he stood at the bedside, clasping the withered hand. Slowly, her eyes opened. He saw his grandmother's lips move, and bent to catch the words. "Tony," she whispered. "Tony . . . some day your name will be in lights." These were her last words. Shortly after Tony left, Paloma Franciosa went into a coma. Late that day she died. The End

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At Your Favorite Variety & Drug Store
THE KING AND ME

Continued from page 34

because there was nothing frightening in his offstage manner at all. When he came into the wings, he'd wave and nod to me just as he did to everyone else-but never spoke. It was my own fault. I was so shy of him, I was completely awed, that I never dared approach him, though I very much wanted to. But now that I had to play opposite him, I was more afraid of the man than ever.

To play the role of the Prince I had to wear Oriental makeup, and I didn't know how to apply it. I knew Don Lawson, Mr. Brynner's makeup man, and I went to him for help.

"Why don't you ask Mr. B.?" (Don always calls Mr. Brynner this.) "Since he's part Mongolian himself, he knows more about Oriental makeup than I do."

I hesitated about taking the suggestion. An important actor like Mr. Brynner wouldn't want to be bothered with such trifles as telling a thirteen-year-old kid how to put on greasepaint. But there was no one else to go to. Finally I summoned up the courage to go to Mr. Brynner's dressing room. My knees literally shook, and I couldn't help crying for a long time before I knocked at his door.

"Come in," he called. Trembling, I opened the door. When he saw me, he said, "Why, hiya, Sal. Come in, feller."

I knew my name and I was floored. I had a very polite, apologetic speech all planned but I forgot every word I was about to say.

"I hear you are going on tonight," he said.

That made it easier for me to tell him why I had come.

"I don't know how to apply Oriental makeup," I said. "Mr. Lawson told me I could ask your help since you know more about it than he does. I want my makeup to look real.

Immediately he rose from the bench where he was applying his own makeup. With the broad gestures he used as the King, he pointed to the seat he had just vacated. "I'll tell you how to put the makeup on but I won't do it for you. You must learn to do it yourself."

He put a strong hand on my shoulder (a favorite gesture of his, I learned later) and led me down to his dressing room, added teasingly, "Frankly, I don't know how makeup can help you."

He laughed and I laughed, too.

He handed me a pan-stick (a form of greasepaint) and handed me a mirror in front of me. "Put the pan-stick on and then rub it in," he instructed. He gave me a pencil and showed me how to fix my eyes. When he didn't like the result of my work, he told me to take it off and do it over again. When it came to the eyebrows, he penciled them on for me himself, demonstrating exactly how he was doing it. Then he handed me a small bottle of body paint and told me to apply it in my own dressing room, and gave me a list of the stuff I was to buy.

From now on, I was informed, I was to do what Mr. Brynner had done.

"Okay, feller," Yul said when the fine job was finished. "Have fun!"

The next time I saw Yul Brynner was on stage that night. "Relax, kid," he whispered.

All I remember of that performance was that his voice was so loud, so clear, and carried so far, that it made my own voice seem very small. After the show, he was the first to shake my hand. "Nice job," he said. That was all.

During the weeks I played the part of the Crown Prince with King Yul, I got to know him well. Every night, we would meet in the wings before we went on, and he would talk to a thirteen-year-old boy as an equal. We discussed acting for one thing. Once, he presented me with a couple of books on acting. We talked about his favorite pastimes. When he asked me if I liked it, I told him I liked it, and how to swim, but didn't know a thing about water skiing.

So he took me into his dressing room to show me some skis he had made himself. He's wonderfully skillful with his hands. When I admired them, he said, "They're yours. I was so proud of the professor, they made fine words to thank him. "Oh, beat it," he snapped good-naturedly, waving his arms.

If you've seen "The King and I" either on the screen or on the stage, you will remember the scene at the very end where the King is dying and is giving final instructions to his son. The King lies on a divan and the two keep on whispering to each other, while other stage business is going on. To make it appear that he really was giving me final instructions before his death, the King began telling jokes one night. I felt I was losing my touch. I had to be very, very careful not to make Yul laugh, because to the king he is the real Yul. Yul called him king.

I'd heard the King say, "Some of my instructions were rather unconventional-ways of teaching pose and balance. It was tough to take but I learned to laugh at it, because it proved invaluable experience.

A t one point during the play's run, I was beginning to have trouble with my part. It was getting mechanical and I wasn't very good. It was time for a good laugh. Tonight was the night. Immediately I began to laugh.

I was off-balance, which is fine for his frankness but there are some people who don't like it. I've heard him telling others who came to him for criticism exactly what he thought was wrong. It was easy to laugh at him because he is so humble and so kind.

I'd heard that he has a terrible temper, but I never saw evidences of it. Maybe he got the reputation by being so frank and direct in his criticism when he told me for it, and from the habit he has of stamping his feet and using broad gestures when he's emphasizing a point.

His bluntness takes many forms. If you tell him a joke and he likes it, he laughs uproariously. If you tell him one he doesn't like, he tells you it's awful. If he doesn't like you, he simply tries to avoid you. I've watched him when he goes to a movie. He liked all the kids in the cast. On holidays, he had lovely gifts for all of us, and presented them with as little show as possible. He remembered all of us. He was literally a call provider, even when he didn't feel like having it. I think deep down he's sentimental and his bluntness is a weapon he uses to cover it up.

One day he gave me the thrill of my life in such a direct way that I was completely floored. Out of the blue, without any hints or preparation, he said to me, "I'd like you to come up to our place in Connecticut for the weekend. You've got the skis. I'll teach you how to water-ski."

At first I thought he was joking. When I realized he meant it, I was bowled over. I was so happy. He gave me the impression when a great star of a hit show invites him to his home! "What would you rather do?" Yul asked. "Come up with me after the Saturday night performance and we can ski together. He'll come out on Sunday and have me meet you at the station?"

There was no doubt in my mind as to what I planned to do. I wanted to go up on Saturday night.

"Suppose we call your mother," Yul said, and see what she thinks about it."

My mother was as floored as I had been. "He may stay tomorrow night," he told Mr. Brynner, "if it won't put you out too much."

Yul roared. "Put me out? We've got a forty-bedroom, three-story house."

I guess there must have been six or seven.

I went around in a happy daze, grinning from ear to ear, feeling terribly important, not daring to say a word about it to my mother in the cast, who hadn't been invited yet. Their turn was coming later, I learned.

I think Yul's friends are the best proof that he never forgets a friend. After the Saturday night performance, Yul drove a carful of guests up to the Connecticut house he had rented for the summer. His friends, as varied and fascinating as the man himself, were people who were good friends because they were kind to the kind of person he is. Among those with us were Don Lawson, Mrs. Lawson, an artist friend and a private detective. They'd all known Yul for years. Being there he became Yul's friend, no matter who or what you are, the friendship lasts forever.

It was about midnight when we arrived. Mrs. Brynner had already retired for the night. Yul got to work scrambling eggs for all of us.

The next morning at six o'clock, Don wakened me by knocking at my door, and asking me to let him in. I did, he suggested, to get into my bathing trunks. "We're going skiing after breakfast," he told me.

The weather was wonderful. A huge breakfast was served out-of-doors on a patio. The guests were already assembled out there. So were the host, dressed in denims and blue shirt, and Mrs. Brynner, whom I met for the first time. She was so good-natured, with the right sense of humor, I asked, "Would you like to call your mother?"

If you want to know what Yul Brynner is really like, you have to see him on the Water-Skiing Set. It's dangerous, but it is wonderful at it. It relaxes him completely. Not only can he ski forwards, but backwards too, and he doesn't know the meaning of the word "fear." He skis barefooted. While he was skiing along, he suddenly fell into the water. One of the skis hit him across his cheekbone, making a nasty cut. Yul turned to himself and said to a doctor, got a couple of stitches in his cheek, and came right back to continue where he left off. He never even mentioned the accident, and so light did it show. "I never thought you were worried, that soon it was forgotten."
Though he loves to water-ski and spends hours at it, he took time out to teach me. Perfectionist that he is in everything he undertakes, he stayed with me, patiently coaching until he felt I had caught on to it. All the while he watched me carefully to see that I wouldn't get hurt. He was so afraid that I might get hurt that he kept the motorboat going at a very slow pace. I remember yelling to him, "Faster, faster."

Mrs. Brynner, too, is a rugged, healthy, sports-loving person with a swell sense of humor. There was no outward show of affection between them, but you had to see the way they looked at each other and laughed together, to know there's real rapport between them. I never did get to know her well but I had the feeling that she understands her husband very well. I guess she felt we were his guests and that she'd be in the way if she hung around us.

I saw a great deal of their son Rocky, who was seven years old at the time. Yul takes real delight in the boy, who is the spit and image of him. But, though his father loves him devotedly, he doesn't spoil him.

"I want him to be rough and tough," he said. Yet he wouldn't subject the boy to anything he feels he cannot do. While I was their guest, I heard Rocky say he wanted to water-ski, too. Yul wouldn't let him and said so in no uncertain terms. But he didn't want to let him down completely so he carried the little boy in his arms while he skied, to give him the feel of the skis. "He's too young to ski yet," his father said.

After dinner, we sat around the garden. Next to water-skiing, Yul loves photography, and he took what seemed like a million shots of us. Later in the week, he took pleasure in showing them to me.

We went back to New York on Monday afternoon. It was the most delightful weekend I had ever spent but I never dreamed I would be asked again. To my amazement, Yul commented, "You need another lesson in water-skiing. Come out with me again next Saturday night."

The guests were the same, but the weather wasn't. It rained practically all the time. We spent most of our time in the basement, where Yul makes and keeps his water skis. Patiently, he showed me how to make them, and how to wax them.

When the boy whose place I'd taken as the Crown Prince in "The King and I" came back from vacation, I left the east. But it was by no means the end of my association with Yul Brynner.

You probably know that he's a wonderful director as well as a fine actor. When I heard that he had been assigned to direct a television script for "Omnibus," in which I was to appear as a Mexican bullfighter, I was delighted. Yul, as a director, gives the actor a feeling of security. You just know you're going to be good if he's guiding you.

It was typical of him not to compliment an actor while he was directing him. Once, after rehearsing a scene in which I thought I had done a darned good job, he said coolly, "It's good." After the show was over, he told me I was wonderful. Thanks to his direction, I received many compliments on my performance.

Our friendship became stronger. Even my family got into the act. Once, while I was still in "The King and I," I happened to mention to Mr. Brynner that my father, who is a carpenter by profession and who now makes coffins by hand, could supply the wood for his skis. Yul immediately accepted the offer. So Dad used to deliver the wood backstage and chat with Mr. Brynner about carpentry. Yul liked to make cracks about my father's coffin-making prowess, which seemed to strike him as being very funny.

Some months after "The King and I" closed, Yul went to Hollywood, and later I, too, was signed to do a picture. We telephoned each other to try to make a date to go water-skiing together but somehow we were both so busy we could never arrange it.

Then we both happened to be in the East. My mother, who is an excellent cook and an expert on Italian dishes, thought Yul might like to sample some. He accepted her invitation with pleasure but, unfortunately, he was called back to Hollywood that very day to make another picture and he couldn't keep the date. He called to explain the situation to my mother and apologized profusely. "But I'll take a rain check," he noted.

I was thrilled to learn that Yul had won an Oscar for his role in "Anastasia." It didn't surprise me, because I always felt he would be very big some day. I sent him a telegram of congratulations. He acknowledged it by sending me an enlargement of one of the snapshots he had taken of me backstage. While he was visiting Mexico, he sent me a postal card. All he had written on it was "knock-knock." It was unsigned, but there was no doubt as to who had sent it.

Yul Brynner is my idol. I admit it unashamedly. He taught me technique; he taught me how to play comedy and how to listen. I've tried to apply what he taught me, when making my two most recent films, "Dino," for Allied Artists, and "The Young Don't Cry," for Columbia. Above all, he taught me that you can be a big star and a human being. THE END

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on the road to Salinas. And the narrator says: "James Dean died today. He lived with a great hunger."

The story then shifts to a year later.

"Giant," Jimmy's last movie, is being premiered at Grauman's Chinese Theater in Hollywood. And the crowds present aren't all at Jimmy's personal fan club. Why has Jimmy Dean become such a great star so quickly? Why is he still loved, followed with such unparallelled enthusiasm?

The story tells us why. It takes us back to Fairmount, Indiana, where Jimmy went to live on the farm of his aunt and uncle, after his mother's death. We meet the aunt, uncle, grandparents, high-school teacher, basketball coach, motorcycle-shop owner—all interviewed before the watching and listening cameras and microphones. Their recollections of Jimmy seem conflict—pro or anti-professional actor or actresses could possibly copy the way they talk. I know. I'm an actress, and I know only two kinds of people could talk like the greatest actors in the world; or real people, just saying simply what they really think.

Ironically, this movie shows how much he could have accomplished in his work if he had had more time. Jimmy Dean could have handled any type of role, beyond the single-themed parts he played in "East of Eden," "Rebel Without a Cause." And now, after Dean's death, there is certain: "The James Dean Story" will encourage more re-issues of those films. And that's good news. Here, of course, I'm prejudiced. Yes, I was a friend of Jimmy Dean. After we had one movie, no matter who's in.

NATASHA SUCCESS

I feel this very strongly, because it's what we were all trying to say in "Rebel." In that picture, Jimmy wasn't misunderstanding people. He was misunderstanding everyone and himself. He felt that to be tender requires more courage of a man than to be violent. Men are brave enough for war, but not yet brave enough for love. That's what Jimmy thought.

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We both lived right near Central Park so we used to walk there in the evenings a lot and sit on the rocks in the park and talk and during the day, if he had it free and if I had it free, we used to practice bullfighting. I would be the bull and he had a cape which was given to him by Sidney Franklin. It still had some blood on it. I remember him talking about it.

Then I made a record for Columbia with Mitch and I remember the day Jimmy and I went all over town looking for a place where we could play it. We found this record store and we went in and we listened to my record a couple of times and we criticized it to the end and he said, "I think you should dance."

Then we really got in pretty bad condition because neither one of us had any money and I remember I quit American Photograph and he came over that night and we had fights about that and I said well all my time was going to American Photograph and I didn't have any time to spend on anything. He got mad and walked out.

Fifteen minutes later the telephone rang and I went downstairs and it was Jimmy and he said wouldn't we please go around together again. He was so unhappy and I was, too, and we made a date to meet in Columbus Circle under the pigeons and we were going to go to a movie. I went up to meet him and he was sitting there. He looked as if he'd been there for hours waiting and it seemed like our first date. We were both so miserable about being poor and not getting anywhere that it was most exciting and one of the best dates that I had with Jimmy.

We went to a movie on Forty-second Street and held hands the entire time and then instead of going back to the "Y" he came over for a while. I lived in a tiny little place off Eighth Avenue and if there were two people in it it was crowded. And Jimmy and I figured out how we were going to give a party together. We wanted to give a big party, inviting all sorts of commentators and theater critics and stars.

Then I got a job with my girl friend Sue's boyfriend to start as assistant choreographer and it was in New Jersey (Ocean City), so I went down there. Jimmy was living in the Iroquois Hotel with his friend Bill Bast, and I was down there about a month, I guess, and he came down. I went up to New York for a visit to see him and talked him into coming back down with me for two or three days. He came down and he seemed pretty unhappy.

He was around a lot of stock people. He was around the theater and everything, but he wasn't doing anything and I think he was kind of depressed and in a hurry to get back to work. He went back to the city and after that I heard that he was going to go on a cruise with his producer, who was doing the play "See the Jaguar."

With the end of the summer, I went back to New York and I didn't have any place to stay. Jimmy had made arrangements for me to stay with this friend of mine, Anne Chisholm. In the meantime, he was out sailing somewhere off the Cape. For some strange reason or other I was on a bus one night. I didn't know when he was due back in the city, and I was just passing on the bus the place that we first had a couple of drinks, the place that was right around the corner from the Rehearsal Club. All of a sudden I saw him walking down the street towards Tony's Bar. I leaped off the bus and I saw him turn in this bar and I went in after him. When I got there he was in a telephone booth trying to locate me, and I rapped on the door of the telephone booth, and I had never seen him more shocked. We had a great big mad love scene right in the middle of the floor.

Then I got a job working in the Paris Theater as an usherette. That was when we decided to take this trip to Indiana. We were going to hitchhike all the way. To me it seemed like a wonderful escapade, so we induced Bill Bast to come with us and we started out of the city. I remember we went to New Jersey by bus through the tunnel, got off at the other side, and started thumbing on the highway there.

We got a ride through half a state. I think, and we made Indiana in three rides. The last ride we got was with a very, very famous baseball player. He was catcher for the Pittsburgh Pirates, but since then he has been sold, and I don't remember what club he has been sold to. He was very worried about the three of us. He didn't know exactly what we were doing on the road hitchhiking, and he knew we didn't have much money.

I remember he had a Nash Rambler. It was very comfortable and most of the time Bill sat in the front seat and Jimmy and I huddled in the back because it was freezing cold. We would sing songs and then we would ask him all about baseball players and what they were like, and Jimmy didn't say too much all the way out. We all seemed to be having very much fun.

He left us in Indiana at a crossroads where we could telephone Mark, who was Jimmy's uncle. And just before we left, this baseball player took Bill aside (we found out later) and offered him some money for us, to take care of the three of us, and Bill refused and he said if ever we were all in New York some time we could get together. I think it was the next season we were supposed to meet him at the Roosevelt Hotel, where the ball

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when we called they didn’t ask him. He was acting as if he was afraid. He started to hang on to him and he didn’t seem to want the responsibility of having anybody hang on to him because he was going up too fast. That was just extra added weight.

What happened to Jimmy after that I don’t know. In the first period of work in New York when he started getting up there he started getting television shows maybe once a month, which was a lot for him at the time. He had a lousy attitude about working. It seemed like he didn’t care about rehearsals. He didn’t care about the way he dressed. Sometimes he didn’t even care about whether he was decent to people or not, he was acting. He felt the business of show business was degrading.

The change. I wish everybody could have been with us in Indiana. The way he treated the animals. The way he treated even the dirt around the farm. That was where he was an animal. Everything, he got so used to the show business and the way he was used to the show business and the way he was used to it that he really didn’t have any respect for the work he was doing. He felt the business of show business was degrading.

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had an old lousy camel-hair coat that some girl had given him when I first met him and felt sorry for him. And he had a raincoat which I always had my eye on. I just adored that raincoat. It was three-quarter length. I made a deal with him that he could have my blue jeans if I could have his raincoat. And he finally gave it to me and I still have it. That and a picture are about the only two things that I can remember keeping.

Lots of times we used to walk along Fifth Avenue and look in the store windows. Mostly it was cars. He was fascinated by cars. He always wanted a Jaguar and I always wanted a Jaguar and there was a place on Broadway up around the Sixties, a great big store window that had all sorts of cars in it. We used to hang around and look in the window and dream about the Jaguar we were some day going to get. It turned out he got a Porsche or it got him.

My roommate and I had a great Dane, a beautiful dog. I used to take him for walks in Central Park. I remember I called Jimmy one afternoon and told him that maybe he would like to see our dog that we had just acquired, and I would be in Central Park at such and such a time and at such and such a place. So I remember I was playing with the dog in this great big field and I saw Jimmy and we must have spent a good hour there just running with the dog and throwing things for him, and having him run and bring it back to us and this is one of the few times that I saw him laugh during the last days that I ever saw him.

Two years ago, after I lived in St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, I came back to New York and my first dancing partner, Foshel, heard I was home and called me. He said he met Jimmy on the street and had a conversation with him, and told him that I was in New York and where I was. Within an hour Jimmy called me. I was over at a friend’s house and we were going to have a party, and on the phone, it was the strangest feeling I got. I could almost visualize Jimmy doing flips and stuff while he was talking to me, because it seemed like I didn’t know he had such a wonderful life out in Hollywood and so many things had happened to him. I thought he would be so terribly happy but he didn’t seem to like it at all.

He seemed like he would rather be around his old friends, and he seemed like he was glad to hear from me and went on and on about how he missed me and how much he was thinking about me, and one of the first things he said was he got a horse. He always knew that I loved horses. And this gave him a large charge. Every time he would see a horse he would go blocks out of his way to point it out to me, or pet one down around Fifth and Fifty-ninth Street, where they all park.

He wanted to know immediately where I was and if he could come up, and I said we were having a party and he said he was with Jane Dacey, his agent, and Leonard Rossman, who had written the score for “East of Eden.” They were going out to get some dinner and could they come up so I said sure. So about an hour later he called from Sardi’s and said that they were eating dinner and he had forgotten the address. What was it again?

They came up and it was a wonderful homecoming, and he was happy to the point of almost hysteria. He was leaping and jumping all around like a clown, which he did very often when he was happy and I remember wherever I went at that party—if I would go into the kitchen to get food—he would follow me out there and stand and talk. Never anything about Hollywood or what he was doing but what I was doing, or how was the old gang. It seemed that he had just been away from home, and all of a sudden he found it again and he seemed jovial on top—but very unhappy underneath, somehow.

We left together. I remember he asked me what I was going to do. If I was going to go home. I said I didn’t quite know, and he acted like he wanted to at least have a drink or talk a little bit more. So I took the train for Larchmont, but Leonard Rossman talked him out of it and talked him into going to another party. So the three of us took a cab together and I got off at Grand Central. I remember, just before I left, he squeezed my hand in the cab and asked me if I was happy. I told him that I would be as soon as I could get back to the islands and he said, “I know what you mean,” as if more or less he wished that he had found a place to go where he could be happy. Then he said, “Now that I am more or less established and can help you, I wish you would come out to Hollywood, and I’ll see if I can get you some dancing.” He was the greatest enthusiast that I had about my dancing. He thought I was the living end. And that’s the last I saw of Jimmy.

When I heard about Jimmy’s death, I was sitting in a movie house in Puerto Rico, where I live now, and I heard a newsboy shout out in the streets that James Dean had been killed in a sports car accident. A lot of thoughts raced through my mind, mostly what I’ve been telling you about. About the desperate feeling he always had in wanting to see me any time, anywhere . . . about his fascination for cars and how he always wanted a Jaguar. But how he didn’t like to drive and always made me do it.

I may forget a lot of other people, but no matter what happens, I’ll never forget Jimmy Dean.

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WISH YOU WERE HERE

Continued from page 68

York. I think I'm gradually working myself around to the point where I can stop pinching myself.

Kelly and I took the plane for New York last Tuesday, and Tony took the train in to meet us here a few days later. We've been having a ball here in the Big City (I guess we always do whenever we get here). Tonight we had dinner at Danny's, saw "New Girl In Town" and stayed in at the hotel (not the TV show). I'm tired now, but I'm so excited at the prospect of sailing for England in the morning that I don't think I'll sleep a wink tonight.

SATURDAY, THE ILE DE FRANCE

Well, I knew it! It was at 5:30, and knew I couldn't go back to sleep, so I got up and dressed, had breakfast and started doing last-minute things. Such dashing around! But I finally got the twenty-six pieces of luggage packed and tagged. We left the hotel right on time. The excitement started the minute we pulled up to the line of the Ile de France in the car. It's a beautiful ship, and the hustle and bustle and foreign language was the beginning of it all. I was a gone right from the start. When we arrived, a lot of people were already here waiting for us—newspaper people, radio, press, the Norwegian consul, and lots of presents. The steward had glasses all set up and ice for the champagne, buckets and buckets of it. Everyone sure was thirsty for 10:00 o'clock in the morning! The excitement kept rising—wires, flowers, caviar, champagne—it was better than Christmas. Afterwards, we went up to say goodbye.

We watched for "the lady" in the harbor and then went below to settle Kelly. We have a lovely suite on board ship; three big rooms and three bathrooms. We're in real class.

We spent the afternoon settling down. Tony popped out about three and slept till dinner. The baby was a little cranky—the rolling of the ship (even though our trip has been beautifully smooth so far) is enough to make her feel unsettled and I was willing her to be held. By six I was just exhausted. I guess everything finally caught up with me. So Tony decided we would stay in and not go down to dinner. We played for a while and then Kelly took a bath. It's only the second or third time she'd been in a tub, and oh, there was splashing and kicking. She had fun, and needed it so did I.

After Kelly's bedtime, Tony and I had a lovely dinner in the living room of our suite. What a nice day!

MONDAY

Poor Tony—he feels so strange with the start of a beard and the long hair that he's had to grow for his role in "The Vikings." He apologizes to everyone for his appearance, even though I don't think he looks bad at all. And Kelly has taken over the boat! She stops everyone with that smile of hers. Between the two of them, we Curtises are only coming in for our share of attention.

After just one day on a French ship, Tony is more French than the French! He's even teaching the language to Kelly. His "Oui, ma chere" makes her giggle and when we all saw our first "Punch and Judy" show today in French I could swear Kelly understood it. She was fascinated and laughed at the puppets and talked to them (well you know what I mean) and jumped up and down. I wouldn't have missed the performance (and hers) for the world. She's such a joy to have.

Tonight was the Captain's dinner, and everyone dressed. We met in the smoking room for cocktails and then went to the captain's table for the most delicious and beautifully served meal ever. There were different wines with each course, a waiter pretended to translate the menu for every person, and afterward Tony even asked me to dance—so you know it was a really gala affair! I'll be sorry when the voyage is over, but we dock on Friday. Bonne nuit.

FRIDAY, EN ROUTE

Today was "D" Day (Disembarkation Day). Tony and I had expected to have a hassle with the customs at Plymouth but it wasn't so bad after all—thanks to Jack Hirshberg (who's the publicity director on "The Vikings") and Mr. Jones (the representative of the French line). When the immigration inspectors came on board, Jack brought all the newspapermen with him and Mr. Jones, and we went right through. (There are times it pays to be a movie star!) Then came pictures and interviews. Afterward, we awakened Kelly from her nap and boarded the launch to take us into Plymouth and back into London. The English countryside is absolutely beautiful: buttercups, bluebells, old rock formations, green, green grass, little churches and lovely farmyards—it's all just lovely.

We arrived in London to find we were going to be ensconced in an elegant suite at the Dorchester Hotel. They call it a suite but it looks more like a hotel—house! when we got there, there were so many flowers waiting to welcome us. I like England. In fact, I think we'll settle down and have a spot of tea (dig that!).

MONDAY

Tony says he can't understand it. Everyone in London sounds like Cary Grant! It's London.

We both had a busy day today. Tony and I reported to Berman's in wardrobe at 10:00 o'clock for the first fittings of costumes on "The Vikings." There will be fur boots and leather sandals and wonderful breeches for the men that I think they ought to be wearing now if they have good legs (and Tony has). And the women's costumes are so sticking together. We just loved all the changes in store for us.

When we got back to the Dorchester, Kelly and I went for a walk in the park near by. Kelly loves the place and she's having fun seeing the birds and ducks and rabbits. She gets out on the grass now and she's made some little English friends. They were playing on the lawn when she suddenly stood up and took two little steps. (It won't be long now!)

After we'd given Kelly her bath, tucked her in bed and said "nitey nite," Tony and I went to the Palladium with Helen Keel, Gloria and Sammy Cahn and Jimmy Van Heusen. Howard was magnificent. I have never seen him on a stage before and a whole new quality comes out in his performance.

The audience went wild. They couldn't get enough of him and neither could we. Sammy Cahn had done some material for him that was awfully good. We fought it out but I won. And then the whole party of us went to Les Ambassadeurs. Tony and I danced every dance! Something has happened to my husband and I love it. I was in my glory because you know how I love to dance. We had such a good time! Now to bed.

TUESDAY

Two weeks—it seems like two years already! We've covered so much ground in
so many ways that I feel we've been gone for months and months. You folks back home better miss me as much as I do you or I'll be sick that I told you. I'll be in your power.

There are so many things we like about England. The language and a good many of the customs are the same, but a good many of the little things are different. Take the matter of roast beef versus steak, for instance. Tony and I have been "steak" people from way back, but we're getting to like the English roast beef and Yorkshire pudding and ale. And even though I'd never think of ordering tea at home, the other day we were invited to "high tea" in the middle of the afternoon, and I sat back, sipped and enjoyed it thoroughly.

And take the matter of going to the theater. We like it both here and at home—but here the difference is that you can smoke all during the performance if you want to. And between the acts you can have coffee and cakes or ice cream or lemonade or liquor. It's relaxing, and very pleasant. When a friend of ours took Tony and me to see "Sailor Beware," a play that's been running in London for two-and-a-half years, we were invited down to have drinks at the intermission in the Queen's retiring room. (Aren't we getting big? Joke!)

A while later, a man we'd met on the boat invited us to a cocktail party, and there were lots of lords and ladies present. It seemed that everybody had a title, and that we and the hosts were the only just plain Mr. and Mrs. there. Tony pulled a great line when he was introduced to one of the lords. He shook hands and said, "Nice to know you, Lord." Maybe it wasn't etiquette, but we were very large with the social register that evening.

Gee, I'm getting to like all this!

MONDAY

"Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you, happy birthday dear Tony, happy birthday to you!" I feel like the original singing telegram, but today was Tony's birthday and we've been celebrating all day. The baby seemed to sense which day this was, for she woke us up real early so that we wouldn't miss a minute of it. First came the telegram, then came the phone calls, and then the room clerk brought up the morning mail, well, it seemed like a national holiday! Around eleven, Tony had to go to the insurance doctor for a little while so he missed a few of the congratulations, but I took them for him. He was back in time to get a phone call from our friends Warren and Teme in New York though, and he enjoyed it.

After lunch, we were scheduled to drive out to the airport with Jerry Bresler, the producer of "The Vikings," and Ernest Borgnine (you know him!) to meet Kirk Douglas and his wife Anne when they arrived. It was the first time I'd seen Ernie with the beard he's been growing for the picture, and he looks so fierce! He looked like "Nature Boy" and I told him so. He laughed.

Tony's been on a photography kick for quite awhile (as you probably know) and this time he took a movie camera with him to take pictures of Kirk getting off the plane, us greeting him, and so on. Tony even got a photographer's pass to come out onto the field, so we were ready, set, and waiting by the time they put the gangplank down. Tony started turning the crank the minute Kirk stepped off the plane, and you should have seen Kirk's face when he recognized the "bearded photographer" who greeted him. I thought he'd fall off his feet! Tony was in his glory. He took over-the-shoulder shots, closeups, longshots, wide shots, narrow shots—and he had us smiling our heads off. Then he went to reload, and guess what? No film in the camera. If you've ever wanted to see a red face in your life you should have been there then. Tony's was a beauty!

We had a wonderful afternoon with Kirk and Anne, discussing England and the States and the picture and each other, and then we said "goodbye" (we thought) when we raced off to change for dinner and to meet Rosemary Clooney and Jose Ferrer to celebrate Tony's birthday at Claridge's in style. Didn't I tell you? Josie and Jose got here Saturday, and we'd made a date immediately to celebrate Tony's birthday together.

Tony and I dressed in a hurry, got to Claridge's, and found not only Josie and Jose Ferrer smiling up at us—but Kirk Douglas and his Anne too! We toasted Tony in champagne, and then we toasted England, and then we toasted each other. The first course for dinner was a small baked potato stuffed with caviar and butter. Need I say more? It was a wonderful celebration!

WEDNESDAY

I'm getting used to the way Kelly is stealing the show here. Everywhere we go, people make goo-goo eyes at her. No one says hello to me—only to Kelly. But I'm getting accustomed to it all.

We go through our routine for company. I'll say "Go to Daddy," and she does. And then Tony will say, "Go to Mother," and she does. She wobbles when she does it and looks like a drunken sailor, but she's learning fast. Only last week, it was all she could do to stand up straight and take two steps before she'd topple down again. But yesterday she walked ten full steps and then smiled up at me as though she was real proud of herself. I hugged her,

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and when she thought I wasn't looking, she did the whole thing over again!

Kelly's learned a couple of other tricks too. When I say, "Give me a love," she kisses me—mouth open, drool and all. Then she puts her head down on the pillow. When she does it for company, it just about breaks everyone up—including me.

The other day when I got up she put her little hand on me and kept me a-squealin', giving me "loves," and then followed me around as I was getting dressed. I was ready to say, "To heck with the movie and stay home with her but she started waving bye-bye to me, and I laughed right out loud. It seems she's learned already that "there's no business like show business."

FRIDAY, DINARD, FRANCE

Just when you think things are rolling along smoothly, along comes something that proves to you just how little you can predict, especially when you're on a picture. Tony and I embarked for Norway, right on schedule, and then flew over to Dinard, France, just as the itinerary called for.

W-we were deep in production on the picture by this time and were congratulating ourselves that things were running so smoothly when one of those unexpected accidents happened and threws everything out of kilter.

It happened last Friday, at about 1:00 o'clock in the afternoon. I wasn't in the shooting that day, as I was home with Kelly. We'd just had our lunch and were about to go out for some fresh air when the telephone rang. "Hi honey," said Tony. "I'm coming home."

"So soon?" I asked, being the dutiful but curious wife. "Is the shooting over?"

"The shooting isn't over," he continued, "but I'm through for the day." And then a story of my own was told across the wire, cutting through as clearly as Tony's voice requesting, "Could you have some cold compresses waiting?"

"Are you hurt?" I asked, and I had to grip the telephone table to keep from trembling.

"Not badly," he answered—and then, before I had a chance to ask any more questions, he said, "Be home in about three-quarters of an hour. See you."

I took off the baby's coat and leggings, put her in the play pen, and hurried to the refrigerator to take out the ice cubes and prepare some cold gauze compresses. Then, because I couldn't help it, I phoned the studio and asked for Jerry Bresler. He told me exactly what had happened. The child had been beaten up by the Viking invasion of England, and one of the arrows had caught Tony in the eye. Nobody knew how bad it was—but everybody was concerned and frightened.

I'd hardly had a chance to hang up the phone, when Tony arrived, in the company of a doctor.

"I think we'll save the eye," the doctor said reassuringly. "But Tony needs care. Give him these eye drops" (he took a small vial out of his bag) "and change the compress on his eye every half hour. Use the gauze pad to put it on. Do that the way he's been doing and make sure it's very cold. Do you think you can do that?"

I assured the doctor I could—and would. Tony smiled. "Real rugged people, those Vikings," he said with a grin. And then he grimaced, because the gesture hurt the muscles around his eye.

"Well we're rugged too," I replied, "and we'll be the ones to put the cold compress on it. It seemed like a century but it was only a few hours later when the doctor returned. "Looks better, much better," he said as he studied the eye reflectively, and my relief was so acute I could just feel every nerve in my body unwind, like an alarm clock running out.

The doctor stopped by again today to give me the news I'd been waiting for all week. "He's going to be all right. The right eye should be fine.

"This has resulted in a picture of Ava that has been painted by the press recently as a woman who has everything in the world—and nothing. A woman torn by her restless, searching for happiness she has never found, one moment miserable and self-pitying, the next madly pursuing pleasure to drown her sorrows.

"There is no question but that Ava by her own words and actions, has contributed a great deal to this picture. In fact, she seems to take delight in it, as if it were something good that's what they think of me," she says to herself, "So let them. Nobody understands me, anyway. They never have, and they never will."

This is unfortunate, because it is unfair to one of the most vital and fascinating women in the world. Not that her vitality and fascination won't survive this treat- ment. The fact is that qualities of hers that have made her every move headline material, and they will certainly continue to do so. This is Ava's private joke: She knows it.

As high as this place is, she's just as high in her desire to be free. Ava, the truth be told, the whys and wherefores of her complex character explained, and the pieces of the puzzle put in their proper place.
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No, when it came to love, Ava's heart always ruled her head. But both heart and head had taken quite a beating in both her brief marriages. She came out of it sadder, but wiser.

For a long time, she was careful not to become deeply entangled in any romance. There was an interlude with Howard Duff, whose quiet, retiring nature was balm for a girl experiening the flamboyance of Roman Polanski and pretentious Shaw. But although Howard was serious, Ava refused to be. She was afraid to become too deeply involved.

There was another Howard in her life, too, Howard Hughes, the tycoon whose name has been linked with a long list of Hollywood's loveliest. The difference with Ava, she says, is that he always wanted to make her his. And since her divorce, he has reappeared in her life regularly between marriages, obviously Ava was more than a passing fancy. Why has Ava shied away from him? Who knows. Perhaps, after the Roone-Shirakawa link-up, respect for marriage to this formidable man was more than Ava cared to face.

"I'll never marry another actor," said Ava. But that was before she met Frank Sinatra, at a New York theater party. And instantly succumbed to the Sinatra charm.

"That's what always gets me," she smiles. "That old charm. And Frank is the most charming man alive."

Their courtship was anything but charming. It was noisy, it was tempestuous, it rang out with expletives—although not always cuss words upon Ava's head. She was pictured as the villain who broke up Frank's home. Nobody noted that, in reality, Nancy and Frank had come to a parting of the ways. At least, not before.

At last, Frank settled the problem of divorce with Nancy—thereby signing away a third of his income—and the way was paved for that smashing of the civil ceremony in Philadelphia in 1951. Ava lost her footing, coming downstairs to join Frank. "I had a vision of the bride landing in a heap at the foot of the stairs," she says. She was haggard, she was gaunt—but could it have been a portent of things to come?

She plunged into the role of wife with a will. This was it, she thought. Deliberately, she took down Frank's favorite recipes from Mama Sinatra. She jumped in the morning and prepared huge breakfasts. Only to have Frank come in and growl, "I can't eat! I'm not hungry." And the fighting began.

"When I lose my temper," Ava says, "nobody can find it." The same was true of Frank. But what really broke up the marriage was that old jealousy, paranoia. "I'm jealous, and possessive," Ava admits.

So is Frank.

There was a battle royal in New York, when Ava broke in another chef, and Frank put in another. Mama Sinatra, who is much more fond of Ava than she was of Frank's first wife, Nancy, stepped in to effect a brief truce. But it was the beginning of the end. They parted.

Why didn't Ava divorce Frank at once? Through the years since, she has sometimes referred vaguely to a "property settlement" but it is true that Ava was seeking hefty alimony since Frank's return to enormous popularity and affluence, rumors that were revived again when she finally applied for the divorce. The question is: did she care? There is no truth in this. Proudly, Ava feels she is quite capable of taking care of herself. The question of a "property settlement" was a negotiation. When Ava went to Frank, he was making very little money. She was the one who paid many of the bills. She felt she was entitled to some reimbursement. Although no one knows the real story, it can be assumed that since Ava's return from Spain, and Frank were able to reach an amicable agreement on this, which, because they have been so widely separated by distance, they were not able to get together to settle before.

For Ava, the story of the alimony was another of the barbs that have caused her to withdraw into a protective cloak of silence.

Between the sessions for Ava was the story of the Negro boy who was a heartless creature who deliberately chooses to snub or ignore others, she is simply on the defensive. Outwardly, Ava pretends to care nothing about the criticism she is facing. To the Negro boy, the Negro时常 is the Negro who is the Negro who is the Negro who is the Negro who is the Negro who is the Negro.

So she carries a chip on her shoulder. That was the case, not long ago, when she went to Mexico to make "The Sun Also Rises." Ava had her heart set on a part for her friend, Walter Chimney. Instead, she learned, the part had been given to attractive young Bob Evans, unregrettably, and when she first met Bob on the set, treated him coldly. She knew from experience how these things happened. Wasn't she the fellow who worked for a Negro clothing manufacturer in New York?

Somebody'd been impressed—he had "pull." And this must be just a lure for him. What take do from people who acted to make a living?

But when she worked with Bob, she thawed immediately. She saw that he was no playboy seeking a new thrill, but a person, a human being. She had always wanted to do something that meant a lot to him, and which he was dead serious about. Soon, the two of them had their heads together, yakkling away like old pals. Long before, in New York, though she bypassed all the whoopee-do and saw no one else, she took time to have dinner with Bob.

"A lot of people don't understand Ava," says Bob Evans. "She's really a warm, grand person."

That's the way the folks back home feel about her, too. Not long ago, Ava returned aged and tired. "I was glad to see her," she says, "but I don't think any five years—I don't think even five years—ever such a long time ago that she was ever been away. As she and Walter Chimney stepped out of their private plane, Ava, in huge, laughing gesture, pulled the miniskirt up to her waist, dress. 'You couldn't contain her excitement.

"Oh, it's wonderful to be back in North Carolina,' she cried, rushing into the arms of relatives who had turned out full force. She gave them all a big hug."

Was this the cold, unhappy Ava? No—this was the real Ava, the girl who shows herself only to what she calls "real" people. She is a private child, an almost childlike person. By this, she means a person who is simple and human, not a phony, or someone seeking to use her for his own advantage. Unfortunately, in her world of stardom there are many who seek to exploit her— and Ava's protective suspicion has shut out those who do. So she looks for them in out-of-the-way places—a small night club or drive-in, where, unrehearsed, she can strike up happy conversations with strangers. A child on the street—children don't know or care that she is a star. And she has a weakness for children.

"Ava's kids will go out to meet 'The Home Folks' the papers proclaimed. Actually, the reason for Ava's visit to Smithfield was the celebration for her brother Melvin and his bride, Rosemary. A niece, Edna Mae Graves, also was to be wed.

"Everybody's getting married except me," said Ava gaily.

"We got the best companions," said the dark, handsome Chimney.

Always taking into consideration the Italian's potent charm—a weapon that Ava has always been unable to resist—it's obvious that she really wants the altar, al-
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BEN FRANKLIN STORES
LIZ TAYLOR'S FIGHT FOR LIFE

Continued from page 63

across the table at dinner in a swank restaurant, Mike minced no words. "Absolutely not," he said. "Out of the question!"

and magazine from Moscow to Tokyo has been after me for a marriage story, but I won't do it. I don't want our marriage reduced to the what-they-eat-for-breakfast level. I want the-toothpaste level. I think you can understand that."

Of course, Mike and Liz are no Average Americans, for Liz's youth, is one of the most beautiful and glamorous women in the world, with all the sophistication that goes with it. Fifty-year-old Mike is one of the most successful business moguls in the world, with all the dignity that goes with it.

But—there was another reason, about which Mike would—or could—not speak. It was the secret he and Liz had hid bravely for months under a show of the most glamorous high living the public had ever seen. An envious public, that did him so much harm, had blamed the Todds for living it up, who could blame Mike for showering Liz with costly gifts and pleasures, when their lives were constantly shadowed by the knowledge that Liz's health—even her life, were in danger?

When Liz learned that the baby they both wanted so much was on the way, they were supremely happy. And there was nothing, nothing, about unhealthiness. Although Liz still suffered some pain, the operation for a spinal condition had been a complete success, and a good recovery seemed certain.

But as the Todds went on their fabulous way, a painful pattern was repeated again and again—Liz, glowing and gay one moment, seized with shattering agony the next. The struggle, Mike, holding doctors frantically, and rushing his wife to the nearest hospital.

As the months passed, fear gripped their hearts—fear that the recurring pain would weakened Liz so much, the birth of her baby would be very difficult.

When the Todds cut short their Riviera stay and rushed back to New York, they tried to cover up the truth of the matter: An irate Mike, accusing doctors fraudulently, and rushing his wife to the nearest hospital.

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opportunity to sound him out on the question of how Liz feels about retiring. After all, her career has meant a great deal to her. Can she leave it behind so easily? Does she want to?

"Liz isn't one of those actresses with whom the career comes first," Mike said. "She has always put a home and children before that."

His eyes clouded a bit, and his face was full of concern. "Besides, right now, her health isn't as good as it should be. I want to look after her. It's a fine task, looking after her," he added softly, with feeling.

It was obvious that if it took only one of the fifty million stars that his hit film "Around the World in 80 Days" is expected to make, Mike Todd would do just that.

Then he brightened, and grinned, "I have the picture of the year, the bride of the year, and the baby of the year. What man could want more?"

And what woman could want more than Liz, for whom Mike leaves no diamond un-bought, no car in a show-window?

In April, the Todds, with Liz' two sons, Michael and Christopher Wilding, sailed for Europe on the Queen Elizabeth, one of the plushiest ships afloat. They were bound for the Riviera, where Mike had rented a villa. There, he said, the now-pregnant Liz could rest and relax and sun-bathe while he attended to his multitudinous business affairs.

The Villa Florientina is one of the most luxurious estates in the South of France. At Saint Jean Cap Ferrat, little more than a stone's throw from Monte Carlo, it has its own private dock on the blue Mediterranean, a huge swimming pool into which water from the nearby sea is perpetually pumped, acres of wooded forests dotted with stone benches along carefully manicured paths.

Along the Italian marble floors, Liz skipped happily. In the gardens, the pride and joy of the estate's owner, Lady Kenmade, she sun-bathed. Along the wooded paths she strolled with her two small sons. There was fishing, too, in the waters near the villa. There were boats of assorted sizes tied up at the Todds' pier. There was everything any girl could dream of.

Never for a moment did Todd neglect his bride in favor of the roulette wheel or the baccarat table. The slightest suggestion that Liz was tired and off they would go, with Mike driving slowly and carefully along the Grand Corniche, the winding mountain road that leads from one town to another along the Mediterranean.

From the day he took her to a New York hospital for her spinal operation, Mike has watched over Liz' health. When she became pregnant, his watchfulness was doubled. There have been doctors on call everywhere, visits to specialists, and the tiniest sign of fatigue, while they were at the villa, brought a physician post-haste from Nice.

Mike has watched, just as carefully, over her happiness. Was life at Villa Florientina getting dull? There would be a flying trip to Paris—for a party, or for shopping. And what shopping! Just a few short blocks from the George V Hotel in Paris, within walking distance even for a lady in a "delicate condition," are the salons of Dior and Balenciaga, where Liz had only to utter an enaptured "oooh" to acquire a new gown. A short ride away is the Rue de la Paix, with its shops filled with furs and jewels and perfumes. Liz bought and bought. Mike bought and bought. As one man-about-Paris quipped, "The only French phrase Liz knows is "Van Cleef and Arpels.'"

Liz and Mike flew up to Paris to attend the auctioning of Aly Khan's collection of modern French paintings. A moody self-portrait by Degas aroused Liz' interest. Mike bought it—and two other paintings—

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young men in Hollywood, New York, and, finding no one to fill the bill, back in Hollywood almost a year, he threw up his hands, announced "I'll be either Lew Ayres or Richard Carlson," and sat down in despair.

Meanwhile, a William Franklin Beeble, Jr., had graduated from Pasadena High School from O'Fallon, Ill. After graduation, he was signed by Paramount to a beginner's contract (about $50 per week then), but he gave up and returned to William Holden, and did nothing. Mamoulian was also casting for the sister in "Golden Boy" and asked to see some tests. One of them featured a girl named Margarita, who was asked a brief interview. Mamoulian had his "Golden Boy."

Cast with Barbara Stanwyck and Adolphe Menjou in his very first film, Bill had the luckiest foggiest notion of what to do or how to go about doing it. But Mamoulian worked with him night and day, and Barbara Stanwyck, giving him tips and advice, guided him into various camera positions.

At the conclusion of the picture Bill paid tribute to her, stating, "I could not have succeeded without her help." It was the kind of honest gratitude a novice has for an established star, and it sounded nice. It still does. For on the first day's shooting of every Stanwyck picture, the actress arrives with a bouquet—perhaps in memory of the days when a star helped a struggling newcomer, and perhaps made the difference between success and failure for him.

Paramount saw they had a good thing and for the next twelve years shared Holden's contract with Columbia. He was one of Hollywood's hottest new properties, and this sort of thing kept up until his enlistment in the Army.

In 1945, after four years service, Bill was discharged and eager to resume his career. "All I want to do is work," he announced, "I long to come back with more ambition than ever." The next five years certainly proved that. Bill did just about everything: comedies ("Dear Ruth" and "The Kansas City Kid"); dramas ("The Man from Colorado" and "Streets of Laredo"); dramas ("Blaze of Noon" and "The Dark Past"); comedy-dramas ("Apartment for Peggy" and "Rachel and the Stranger"). His range included a veteran, a frontiersman, a gunslinger and a psychopathic killer. And—with all of his background to draw on—when his biggest break came, he was ready.

Director Billy Wilder had a story about Hollywood in mind. He phoned Bill, asked him to come over and together they discussed the central male character: a script writer named Joe Gillis who has fallen on hard times and allows himself to be kept by a faded old has-been. "I want that part," Bill told Wilder, "if it means cutting my right arm off to get it!"

The script was "Sunset Boulevard," and it covered everyone with glory, not least of all the last gasp role from a genial leading man to first-rate actor was now complete. He lost in a close Oscar race that year, only to win three years later with "Stalag 17."


The urge to be versatile, coupled with a willingness to explore and experiment, is another mark of the indestructibles. It varies with each, but a prime example is James Cagney.

Cagney was looking a modest name for himself in Hollywood until 1931's "Public Enemy." For that picture, director William A. Wellman figured that one scene would be improved enormously if Jimmy smoked Mae Clarke in the pants with a nice, juicy grapefruit.

Things were never the same after that. Jimmy was placed in a succession of films playing more of a role—a strutting, arrogant, cocky little punk.

Warners gave Jimmy a western—"The Oklahoma Kid"—and, in flickers like "The Fighting 69th" and "Each Dawn I Die," the blood and thunder were the basic ingredients, and that's the way things stayed. Until 1942.

In that year Jimmy gave a performance as George M. Cohan in "Yankee Doodle Dandy" that was nothing short of astonishing. The cock-of-the-walk formula fitted naturally into the Cohan characterization, but with an added portion of fine acting. In addition, the actor sang and tap-danced as if he'd been doing it all his life. (Actually, he'd done a bit of hoofing as a cow boy and a female impersonator at age 19.) An Oscar was the result.

But Jimmy didn't push this success, as he might have. So by 1955, more people than ever realized how unique, versatile and fascinating an actor he really was. Jimmy had the sort of career that could've entirely been missed.

"In "Mister Roberts," a hilarious comic performance as the captain; in "Run for Cover," a cracking job on his first 111. Film based on the life of Lon Chaney. "Astonishing," noted one critic.

James Cagney and the other indestructibles are chasing Oscars—always. In a business where the cynical "You're only as good as your last picture" has been flipped around too freely for too long, it bears thinking about.

Actor Henry Fonda, unlike Cagney, once wanted no part of Hollywood. But as leading light of six films made within the past three years, it's undeniably clear there have been some changes made.

After almost ten years of starvation and disappointment incredible even for an actor "I've been in some of the dirtiest dumps in New York City," Hank once remarked, success came in "The Farmer Takes a Wife," and Hollywood was hot on the trail. Loyal pol Leland Hayward, then his agent, went out with a deal with producer Walter Wanger. But the first wire to Hank met with an abrupt refusal.

Several wires later, Hayward got Hank on the phone and told him the matter out in a long, explosive session that ended in compromise. Hank agreed to fly to Hollywood, to stay there for any amount of time, and Wanger's expense—"just to talk things over." Secretly, Hank figured he had an ace in

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Barbara Stanwyck has probably taken it
on the chin as often as anyone. Un-
fortunately, what has been referred to
breakdown on a good many occasions is
not what to look for at a person or
situation with utter frankness and honesty.
She has been many things—twice
divorced, for times of her life, no
will be a Low-
looser, and, lately, the victim of some remark-
ably poor pictures.

She was born Ruby Stevens and came up
the hard way. In the story, there
—how a woman never tried to gloss
over, not even in the days when exotic
phony studio biographies were all theage. She made a hit on Broadway in
"The Troupe" and on the arm of actor-husband Frank Fay. A run of quickie flippers was her lot, but
being Mrs. Fay was the important thing,
and they offered her a role in
"Ladies of Leisure.""The Warner version of "Mister Roberts" marked Hank’s return to film-making.
Since then, there have been the spec-
tacular "War and Peace," for which he
recently received an award at the Berlin
Film Festival; Hitchcock’s "The Wrong Man;" the excellent "12 Angry Men" and
the forthcoming "The Tin Star" and
"Stage Struck.""
CANE AN ACTOR STAY GOOD?

Continued from page 80

But there may be other problems which he cannot cope with so easily. And what of the temptations that go with stardom and mounting success? Won't they make the decisions tougher, and the challenge greater?

Pat answers honestly, "I don't know. So far I haven't been able to sit down and say I may be wrong, but as I look to the future, it seems to me that the higher you go, and the bigger position you get in, the more you can dictate your own movements. "The trouble when you're just coming up. That's when it's rough in any business. If a fellow has certain principles and ideals that would prevent him from doing certain things he's called on to do, because they might help him in his career, that's when he has to decide which is more important—a career or his faith and his conscience and his personal integrity. That's a novel approach to justice and moral standards—tricky things, and decide what his faith really means to him," Pat points out.

He admits, "There have been a few minor ones—a few major—decisions to make along the way—"

From the day he entered show business, Pat Boone has turned down any offers for television or movie personal appearances, no matter how lucrative, where the show or rehearsal would have made it impossible for him to attend church "at least once on Sunday."

And from the beginning—he's ruled out sponsorship of TV shows by any products he couldn't conscientiously sell, no matter how golden the budget or the seeming future.

"There was one in particular," Pat recalls. "I was offered my own show with a big budget immediately following 'The 86,000 Question' on the same network. You know that means there's a lot of audience left over from that show, and if you grab a tight hold, maybe you'll have a good chance to keep them with you half an hour. So I was offered a very good show. But the show was sponsored by a cigarette company and I personally didn't feel I could conscientiously advertise cigarettes—since I don't smoke myself and I don't do this for the money."

Still, this was so tempting that Pat weakened. He told the agency there was one possible way he could do the show. With restrictions. Telling view of the sponsor to the effect, "I don't smoke, and I don't think you should smoke—but if you're going to smoke—why not smoke the best?"

Thinking that over, the agency decided such a move was good for all cigarettes. Immediately, Pat saw that, for him, this was wrong. He says, "I thought, well, if it does sell cigarettes, it will be defeating all my other efforts. So I had to tell them I wouldn't do it."

He never takes a drink, although he believes he could take one in moderation and, like others, he would enjoy it. But as Pat is deeply religious and believes that smoking is a sin, he doesn't smoke at all.

When Pat first went to Hollywood, his name was being casted for a part in a drama called for his father to offer him his first drink, by way of celebrating a family event. "I wasn't just a high school senior, but a boy in the picture, and I objected to that scene," Pat says. "I thought it didn't seem right for a father to offer his teenage son a drink of whisky. The studio was nice about it. They saw my point and changed the scene."

Pat weighed another one involving a boy who drinks. He was asked to order a beer for a pal who was also underage. "I questioned this at first—just because I wouldn't do something like that myself. However, when I play a part in a movie it's something else, not Pat Boone. And in the scene it was made very plain the movie didn't condone it, that the boys were doing something they weren't supposed to do."

"If I'm going to be in movies, I've got to decide whether I won't play a character who does things I wouldn't do personally or not."

Pat goes on, "For the moment at least, I've decided that once and for all, I've decided playing a character is a lot different."

Whatever Pat Boone's decisions, his religious background makes him an unusual target for well-intentioned criticism and advice. This he appreciates, but it can be confusing, and thus make his position more difficult.

"People do consider me a religious person, interested in my own soul and my influence, and this puts me in the position of being watched carefully. Since some time ago, I've generally been bound not to be able to please everybody. I'll just try—as nearly as I can—to do the right thing—act according to my own conscience."

The faith of which Pat says, "It's the foundation for everything I do," was early inspired by the teachings and the example of Pat's parents. His deeply religious deacon, by the name of Pat Boone, a strong citizen in church strength and quiet authority. His mother, attractive, energetic Margaret Boone, of whom Pat says, "Mama is inexhaustible."

"There is the kind of influence I want to have on teenagers. You know, Pat says warily now. His father is a deacon in the Church Of Christ in Nashville. As for his mother, "From the time I was six weeks old, they carried me to church."

She went regularly, taking three babies with her then—my brother, Nick, my sister, Marge, and me. I don't know how she managed. Sometimes Shirley and I can't find a church and we have nobody to help us."

When he was twelve years old Pat was baptized, and by the time he was fifteen, he was leading the singing for a congregation at "Pegram Station—a very small place."

During the important teen years, Pat Boone's sense of religious and moral values was further inspired by Mark Craig, minister of the Church Of Christ and principal of Lipscomb High, whose accomplishments and humble Christian character was influential in making Pat vow his own life must have purpose and value that would last. There in high school he also met the pretty girl whose faith and courage throughout the future would reward and strengthen Pat's when he needed it most.

"Since I can remember—I've always tried to weigh and decide what's right," says Pat. "Not that I haven't made a lot of mistakes. And not that I occasionally do things I knew were wrong. Everybody does. But at least in making big decisions I knew would affect my future life, I've always tried to decide the right thing, and the most useful thing to do."

When Shirley and I eloped, we felt we were meant for each other. The Scripture says, "For this cause—a man shall

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Philadelphia. I don't think I could have made that decision. But then, I don't know anybody who didn't have faith in him. I know Daddy felt the same way.

It wasn't Pat's faith that was called into question. It was his desire to be a singer. When he gambled on Pat and two records turned into smash hits—there was another day of serious decision for Pat Boone. One of a pattern of many. In his world, a day was quickly segue'd into another day two years ago, before Pat Boone winged East to join Arthur Godfrey's television cast—Pat and Shirley talked.

Now there was much to be weighed. He could finish at Columbia University and still teach. But another possible future had opened up out of the sky. An unlimited future stretching from Broadway to Hollywood.

Concerned always about "the useful thing"—what he could do that would not unchained the answer. There was a touch of the thought—man giving of himself to others, influencing young minds, giving knowledge and values which might live on through them. For an entertainer with millions, if he was successful he could give materially and morally and spiritually—and live on through those. But a successful entertainer could belong in part to that privilege too. What if the demands of that world were too many? In the spotlight, every word, every deed, every decision—would be magnified millions of times.

A whole new challenging future—perhaps too challenging. "We were concerned," as Shirley says now. "It was going to be a double row to hoe—double row. Pat wanted members of the church and religious people everywhere to have confidence in him, to know he would uphold all church beliefs.

There would be many of all faiths to whom show business represented too many demands and temptations. And to whom Hollywood might mean the mecca of all that was worldly.

There would be many—to whom the world of entertainment was so foreign—who would never realize just how many Christian worlds are joined in the commonwealth of their faith—and how monumental the good they do...

There could be those among their own who would question Pat Boone's wisdom in becoming part of the world—question the strength of his own faith... Pat Boone made his decision. He flew East—and the rightness of that decision—a golden opportunity—seemed to come right out of the sky.

"Pat was scheduled to go to Philadelphia for the dedication of a new television station. He was making an appearance in Chicago. And immediately afterward for Philadelphia. In Philadelphia there was a terrible storm. The station was demolished, four people were killed and twenty-nine injured. I thought Pat was there—he had expected to be."

That first agonizing hour, she could find nothing. There was no trace of Pat. He'd left Chicago. There was no word of him in Philadelphia. When they connected "Pat was in New York with Randy West and Shirley McDonald."

"Then," says Shirley, "I felt the Lord was with Pat, that there was a place for him."

Shirley's place in that future, and how her being of his faith helps, Pat Boone says, "Shirley's just—invaluable. I don't see how it would be possible for somebody to really hang on to his faith and his family—without the cooperation of his wife—because eventually there's a wear and pull and tug on you."

The Scripture says, "Leave behind the weights that so easily beset you and press on." Pat goes on. "I think that means to leave behind you—to cut out of your life—all things that make it hard for you to love, and in whose name a Christian life. It's hard enough to do this anyway, but with a lot of hindrances—carrying extra weight—it would be much harder—without help and helps and strengthens you—makes it that much easier. Shirley feels and believes the same way I do and therefore my decisions have been that much easier."

As for any possible "weights" that beset Pat now—or in that future—Shirley's faith is with Pat's all the way. "Pat's already been challenged in many ways—and he's convinced our country needs quiet—adding. "I think whatever Pat does—he will feel is right. And if he doesn't feel it's right—he'll quit the business before he will."

"I get letters from members of all churches and all faiths who are concerned whether I will hang on to my own belief," Pat says now. "Letters from people who think I am mean and unfair. But you know I appreciate people of every faith praying for me and being interested in my spiritual welfare. This is a very humbling thing. More than that—even—it makes me want to be sure I don't disappoint point."

For Pat Boise's faith is his real future. "I figure unless I'm of use to others—then I'll be as happy as a can be. I want to make the most of the money I make or anything. You only live once and it's a short time at most. People forget about you pretty soon. Unless you've left a lasting worth while—unless you've helped people in the world—unless you've left a good influence that will live on in other people's lives—then pretty soon you're really dead. But if you're helping and teaching and lasting for other people—then you live on."

With this goal Pat Boise takes a confident view of the way ahead.

Right now he's working harder in motion pictures or the entertainment field than it would be in almost any other field except perhaps teaching or any kind of religious work. Not that there won't be a lot of temptations. There are a lot of. But he says he can handle them. He has just as many chances to neglect faith and religion in any business."

The answer is knowing where you stand and saying with complete sincerity, 'I want to use up your own mind to do something, it's half-done then. If you have certain ideals and principles and you're solid and firm about those things, as each thing comes up, you're going to make a decision—then your decision's already half-made... and it isn't too hard.'"

And if that day should come when he can't do his job in show business in accordance with his own beliefs—if he finds he can't have fame and keep his faith—that decision's made too. As Pat Boone puts it, he'll "just step aside."
novellet" John Saxon explains today...

A kind of off-beat shocker on delinquent calling itself. I didn't know what was going on in "New York," the same agent who sent Rock Hudson and Tab Hunter on to fame. Willson called me during a short vacation out of town and said he was interested in a role for me. I was expecting a part in a '50's film, but instead I got a part in "New York," directed by Fred Willson.

When Fred Willson, then editorial director of Photoplay and other Macfadden magazines, showed the color-photo transparencies of John, he says, "I realized immediately that the boy had a photographic quality which could be just as good in movies as in stills. I had the transparencies airmailed to Photoplay's coast office, then sent them off to New York, where I took over."

When Mr. Willson called from Hollywood, I was quite flustered to realize that someone was playing a gag or not. I was too sullen to realize what was happening. I hung up and told me to go out and look my friend of the family."

The atmosphere around the Orrico family dinner table that evening was a mixed one. Carmen's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Orrico, two younger sisters, Delores and Julie, overwhelmed. ( "If Carmen goes to Hollywood, maybe she can get us Marlon Brando's autograph!"

But across the country the tune was different. Suddenly, within a few days after the issue appeared on the newsstands, the offices of True Story were flooded with fan mail of a sort they had never received: stacks of letters demanding to know: "Who's the boy on page 37?"

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expression. "This change we're making immediately. You know, the name, Carmen Orrico," he insisted, "is too hard to pronounce. We want something that is easy to say and remember." Willson, noted for his singing up Rock and Roll dyads suddenly beamed. "That's it!" He snapped his fingers. "Rip Saxon. How does that sound?"

It didn't sound right. Although he was excited, he hadn't been too awed by his sudden success to speak up when he felt strongly about something. "It's not for me," he said, digging his heels deep. "I think the name is too phony, too syllabic, too phony-sounding. I remain firm," he maintained. And John Saxon was the compromise.

"I was the most eager client an agent could handle," Willson says.

"I had to be," John recalls. "I had only enough money to stay in Hollywood three weeks. If I didn't attract attention in that time, I ain't go home."

The three-week deadline worked out to the day. First, he was taken to 20th, then to U-I, where they tested him. "I did the love scene from 'Picnic,' and everyone seemed pleased. But then I was called all the last day, when my money had dwindled to a few dollars, that they offered me a seven-year contract!"

"Before I signed, I sent the pact back to my folks and asked about my name change. A few days later, they returned the papers, along with an identification bracelet with John Saxon engraved on it. 'That's where I've been letting them know they were rooting for me.'"

But the rock 'n' roll merry-go-round John had been on suddenly slowed to a waltz, and finally to a thud. For eighteen months, John had sat by the studio for a drama lesson, but never once for a movie role.

"I thought I'd go nuts," John is ready to admit. "I'd go home, eat dinner, study, and sit by the phone."

And then he met artist Mark Edens, another transplanted New Yorker.

"We didn't start out as buddies," Edens recalls. "I was working in the expressionists' wing of the studio, and John could never understand why a face I'd paint shouldn't always look like a conventional face. In fact, we hardly exchanged hellos until we got together at a party."

Regardless, the debate, I suddenly realized he wasn't being stubborn but was eager to learn.

"Many times when I'd have a group of friends over, we'd sit around and talk until the early hours of the morning, as John edged from the fringe of the conversation into the middle of it."

Frequently, at these hashing sessions, spontaneous entourage worship suddenly erupted. Occasionally, the late James Dean would act out a Midwest epic in which he played all the roles from the shy schoolboy to the crazed-barrel philosopher. Others were inspired, and John would do vignettes about his native Brooklyn and the various nationalities that lived in his neighborhood.

In the meantime, Jean Kimmel, head of talent development at U-I, was assisting John at the studio. He used a firm hand, a non-kid-glove treatment. "For eighteen months," Kimmel says, "John saw weakening. John really needed him to get role after role, while he seemingly stood still. With no part to bolster his confidence, he could never accept himself as an actor. Even after almost two years in Hollywood, John hadn't gotten past the don't call us stage. He was discouraged."

John was never self-charmed by the fact that he was under contract. "He had to be kept busy," Kimmel confided. "So, in the months that followed, I had him do everything from portraying Principal Carey as Sandy in a high-school picture, to playing a fifteen-year-old, reciting Shake-speare and portraying the sensual hero in 'The Girl on the Via Flaminia.' The only interruption in the routine took place when an offer was given a bit part in "Running Wild."

"I wanted to stretch his talent and imagination, and when the part of the wild boy in John's debut film in The Unguarded Moment came along, I saw: 'He's the one to play it.'"

But to the director, producer and star, John was an unknown quantity. They insisted on auditioning six name players. John won the role, though.

Kimmel's confidence was more than rewarded in the praise notices from the critics. "The Moment" was finally shown, the fan clubs were pouring in mail, bombarding the studio and jamming the magazine mail bags: "Please tell us about John Saxon!" The studio caught surprised, searched around for other pictures but couldn't find any! John, however, was taking all the attention in his stride, reporting to classes regularly.

"That's where I met Gia Scala."

The Italian beauty had just arrived in Hollywood as one of the finalists in the world-wide search for someone to play Mary Magdalene in The Magic of the New Testament. Gia was in town when a phone call came to John, greeted her in Italian. "It was like a touch of home," Gia says. "I'd seen Johnny the minute I entered the room. With his unruly dark hair and thick black eyebrows, I knew at first glance that he was the one who I'm looking for. Who is that good-looking boy? I asked one of the other kids."

"From then on they were friends. Every time we got a signal," Gia laughs. "At a boring party, Johnny would mumble a few romantic-sounding Italian phrases, really meaning, 'Shall we get out of here?' And they'd leave."

At this point, John and Gia are much too career-minded to take their dates seriously. And so John's name has also been linked with Susan Kohner, Vicki Thal, Helen McCormick and Luanna Patten from the dancing school. And, as John says, "I get much too over career coppia to take on marriage now."

However, he does have definite ideas on the type of girl he wants for a wife. "Not that type of gal," he says. "I'm not." Naturally, I don't expect her to agree with everything I do, but still I hope she'll be intuitive enough to understand my right."

"Your fiancé should have outside interests. When we married—" he continues, his dark eyes flashing, "then we should share a world of our own. That's the way it's been with my former."

John, whose parents are of the Catholic faith, was raised in an atmosphere of love and understanding, where there was a deep respect for the values and traditions of the family. His has had his salary proper so get a check fifty-two weeks a year instead of the usual forty. That way every pay check can be saved. If, in the future, he can eventually bring his parents, sisters and grandmother to California.

When the Orricos do come to Holly- wood, they'll find several changes in their son. He expresses delight, but few. He returns from something from Freud to treat- ies on yoga. His face has firmed from an inexperienced teenager's to a purpose- ful adult's. Emotionally, although still not demonstrative, he isn't afraid to speak up for what he admires.

"When I came to Hollywood," he tells his firms, "I had only six months of dramatic training and knew no one in show business." Now he's made it, has had his contract rewritten, receives star billing and drears he'll be the next Rock or Joe Sar- Mineo from their film "Rock, Pretty Baby," John looks forward anxiously to his next picture, "Summer Love." This breezes self-satisfaction—something his folks have always taught him.

"But he's wearing his success well," says his father. Happiness is written right on John's face these days, whether he's riding a horse, setting up a cardboard MG with its rear window sign that reads "Built it: Africa by ants," or discussing his next movie. He shows it in his big smile and friendliness and co- operation.

He's not mastered, though, the knack of feeling completely at ease with people and in situations. When upset, he still lapses into a New York gait—seven paces ahead of the leisurely Californian. He still has an un- relenting individuality, which sometimes works to his own disadvantage.

An example of one of his own blunder- ings is an embarrassing moment Johnny tells on himself: "Just before I came to Hollywood, my drama teacher suggested I see John Ford's "Stagecoach."" I didn't feel any urging, for he'd always been one of my favorites. I was standing outside the theater, waiting the marquee lights blink his name. I saw the sign for a show about amusing a minute or two that his name was mine, for when the crowd started moving in for the first act, I carelessly tossed my cigarette toward the traffic light and started looking. Just then I heard something was wrong around and saw that I'd thrown it right in the face of Jack Palance.

"On my first day in Hollywood, my first lunch in a commissary, and my first introduction to a star—you guessed it—my agent intro- duced me to Palance. I was all mumbles and fumbling when I spoke and all thumbs when I tried to shake hands. I thought sure he recognized me as the thoughtless kid who'd thrown the lighted cigarette on him. I couldn't relax, although he kept grinning. I didn't even mention the incident. Later, I learned he'd forgotten the whole thing, and hadn't even known it'd been me. I had to open my big mouth and tell him! At least my conscience was rested."

"Right after this, things looked up again. As I was leaving the commissary, a girl rushed up to me, all smiles, and said, "May I have your autograph?"

I was so startled, I didn't even react at first. When I came to, I was so pleased, I gave it to her."

"Who's he?" her girl friend asked.

"I don't know," the first girl shrugged, walking away, "he ought to be a movie star."

Today that sentiment is being echoed by Johnny Saxon's ticket-buying fans, who stand in line and pushed him to stardom. The letters concerning to know "Who?" provoked action. A motion- picture magazine editor sensed the trend and quietly channeled it to the attention of the Powers-That-Be.

Johnny's come a long way since posing for "Street-Corner Girl." The road has been conspicuously lacking in press, publicity or talent-agent influence, studies or philosophy. Other than magazines usually claiming credit for "discoveries" and pushing them hard.

Serious-minded John is working hard to stay where fans, fate and publicity may have put him himself says: "From now on, it's up to me."
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Beth knew the couple with the green sedan had been married for years. Yet he was attentive as a bridegroom. "If only George were like that," she reflected. But George was not—and there was a "why". Halitosis—bad breath.

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PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

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(rhymes with "playgirls")

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MUM*
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... stops odor 24 hours a day

Over the Editor's Shoulder

Paging Sir Stork

"Take all the pictures you want," said Marisa Pavan when we went to her shower, the only press people present. "But please—don't print them until after the baby is born!" No sooner had the prints arrived in our New York office than a wire followed: "Son born to Marisa Pavan and Jean Pierre Aumont, St. John's Hospital, Santa Monica. Eight pounds, nine ounces. Name Jean Claude." Herewith, our thanks to Sir Stork for being so considerate about deadlines!

Man-Bites-Dog Story

Photoplay's exclusive story on Hollywood's latest hearthrob, Robert Evans, turned out to be like the tale of the man biting the dog! It's not unusual for a movie star to become a millionaire. But when a wealthy young manufacturer becomes a movie actor—that's news! "Wish you all could have been there," said our fashion editor, Sue Kreisman, of her visit with Bob in his swank New York showroom. where she "oh'd" and "ah'd" at the stunning Evan-Picone fashions that you can buy, too (See page 50).

Coming Attractions

"What does Jayne Man-field's mother think of her?" "Isn't it time for a great new story on Cary Grant?" "Can we have another story on Tab Hunter?" "How about a story on Julie London?" "Is it true that Rock Hudson's marriage is shaky?" So many of you have asked us these questions. Well, we aim to please—in next month's Photoplay you'll find stories that answer every one of them. See you then!
THE TIN STAR

...the story of the ex-sheriff who'd worn it—till he'd faced one gun too many...the young sheriff he had to teach to wear it—or watch die...and the boy who lived only to wear one of his own!

THE TIN STAR

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Produced by William Perlberg and George Seaton
Directed by Anthony Mann • Screenplay by Dudley Nichols
From a Story by Barney Slater and Joel Kane • A Paramount Release
INSIDE
STUFF

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

Those Debbie and Eddie Fisher whispers circulating are for several reasons: 1. Rumors have them on-the-verge; 2. reports that they never spoke at the Dean Martin surprise party; 3. talk that Debbie’s record of “Tammy,” which sold half a million, outshone her husband unflatteringly; 4. Debbie left Eddie flat in Europe to fly home, pack up and move out, and 5. that stern edict of no more joint marriage stories.

So, here’s the inside. Like most married couples, they spar, and probably did the night of the Martin party. Only with the Fishers, everybody knows it and everybody gossips. Eddie is proud as punch over Debbie’s recording success. Eddie did stay behind in Europe for two reasons: To sing at the Monte Carlo Red Cross benefit and to fly the same evening to Casablanca for a Bob Hope TV show. Debbie, homesick for Carrie, skipped the rugged schedule and flew home. And, incidentally, Eddie was a big hit with Princess Grace and Rainier, who flew from Switzerland to Monte Carlo for the benefit. After Eddie’s special song, “Philadelphia,” he was invited to the royal table and toasted with champagne by the royal couple, who ignored Van Johnson, Joan Fontaine, Henry Fonda and other stars.

The “no joint marriage” stories edict was prompted by Eddie’s own TV sponsors, who feel his private and professional life should remain apart. Please the fans more, they feel.

Kenneth More, who wasn’t considered good-looking enough for movies for almost ten years, is today one of the most brilliant British actors. Currently seen in “Reach for the Sky,” as Douglas Bader, wartime flyer who lost both legs in an accident during World War II, Kenneth won favorable American attention in the movie comedy “Genevieve.” His first American movie commitment will be 20th’s “The Sheriff of Fractured Jaw,” an outdoor feature to be shot in Canada and Hollywood. “I’m also appearing now with one of your unusually clever American players, Betsy Drake, in ‘Next Time to No Time,’ so I feel I’m taking first steps toward Hollywood,” says Kenneth, who has been called the British Spencer Tracy. Ken has also been seen here in “The Deep Blue Sea” and “Doctor in the House.” We predict American stardom for Kenneth More.

Romances: June, 1959, is the wedding date set by Robert Wagner and Natalie Wood. After a slight tiff following their Big Announcement, Natalie and Bob appeared at producer Dave Weisbart’s party aglow with happiness, chatting away with a local furrier about a new black mist mink coat Natalie simply had to have. “I’ve always had to borrow furs from the studio,” Natalie

Exciting week for Nick Adams when his Mom visited Hollywood and the two traveled to Memphis, where they were house guests of the Presleys. Above, Nick and Mrs. A. pose for photog outside Grauman’s Chinese Theatre. Nick’s going great with “No Time for Sergeants,” “Teacher’s Pet”

Though feeling at home on New York visit, Britisher Ken More still gaped!
Helen Morgan—her songs—her sins.

"Look, I watched you tonight. You couldn't take your eyes off me. That's why I'm here."

Helen Morgan sat on a piano—and no star ever climbed higher. Helen Morgan fell in love—and no woman ever fell lower...!

Her real story—from real life—the story no one has told before!

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Musical Numbers Staged by LE ROY PRINZ - Produced by MARTIN RACKIN - Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ
complained, “Now I want my own.”... Next to movie stars themselves, glamour girls seem to prefer men of music. Two weddings in the offing prove it. Julie London and composer-arranger Bobby Troup, and Anne Francis and composer-arranger Buddy Bregman... And Lee Ann Remick, twenty-one-year-old New Yorker who turned critics’ heads in “A Face in the Crowd,” played another major role when she exchanged vows recently with TV director Arthur Col-leran... They say Rita Hayworth, who’s been linked romantically with producer Jim Hill, is on a real outdoor health kick lately. Rita and Jim meet almost daily for golf, and are on “health food” diets. Hollywood’s whispering marriage possibilities—number four for the glamorous redhead. ... Actress Tami Conner, 19, who just completed her role in “Peyton Place,” was wed to Paul O’Keeffe, Jr.... Tommy Sands and Molly Bee making Hollywood openings these nights... Jenny Lindstrom, Ingrid’s daughter, still denies engagement to Franco Rossellini.

Readin’: “The Hills of Beverly” is the most widely discussed book in Hollywood today. Authoress Libbie Block, wife of movie producer Pat Duggan, paints a quaintly dreadful picture of movietown, peopled with knavish producers, crooked agents and their wives. Miss Block states the servants in these Hills of Beverly only stay long enough in one family to learn all they can and then pass on to fresh entertainment with another family (no cover charge, of course). The book claims that most starlets only want fine clothes to wear to elegant parties, and not the careers they thought they wanted. Well, Miss Block must know a different brand of starlet. The ones we know are so ambition-ridden they fairly spit celluloid. But the town is having a wonderful time trying to identify the characters.

Writin’: Three biographies eagerly awaited are those of Jolie Gabor (mother of Eva, Magda and Zsa Zsa), Linda Christian (Ty Power’s ex), and ageless Errol Flynn. Errol’s friends say he carries a pocket recorder and makes entries as his busy schedule permits. Lucky Linda has been loaned the splendid Cannes, France, villa of Aly Khan. Aly dislikes the Riviera during the busy season, so vacationed at Deauville, leaving his Chateau de l’Horizon to longtime friend Linda for as long as she wishes, to complete her memoirs. If the would-be authors and authoresses only tell all—or even some—what reading their books will be!

Prediction: Our money is on Dolores Michaels, the ash blond, blue-eyed actress who clicked in “The Wayward Bus,” “Time Limit” and “April Love.” Kansas City born, Dolores followed her star to New York and later to Hollywood, where, with very little experience, she charmed the bosses at 20th with her talent. Even Elia Kazan, the director everyone wants to work for, summoned Dolores for a two-hour “getting to know you” interview. Weekends, she lives with her husband, Maurice Martiné, an interior designer, in Laguna Beach. Workdays, she lives with her parents in Hollywood. And seven days a week she’s climbing higher toward stardom... Two other interesting newcomers are Andra Martin and Judy Meredith. Andra has the second feminine lead in “The Lady Takes a Flyer,” and stars in “The Big Beat.” Judy stars in “Summer Love.” More about them in future issues.
Wouldn't it be heaven to have hair like this?

It's bliss!

Unwinds into soft, natural-looking curls!

Just brush out and go out—no re-setting!

Here's a non-drip creme that smooths on from its own applicator-tip tube... no mess! Just wind, rinse, and brush out! This wave breaks through the natural oil barrier to curl each strand from inside out—your wave lasts longer—it's bliss!

No more frizz! The moment you unwind, your curls brush out into a silken-soft, natural-looking hair-do that needs no resetting. Beautifully conditioned, manageable even on damp days... no more hair sprays... it's bliss!

PHOTOGRAPH OF SUZY PARKER BY RICHARD AVECDN

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Recap the handy applicator-tip tube, save for next wave, extra end-curls, too!

$2.00 PLUS TAX

Just wind and rinse...
when dry, brush out... it's bliss!
Is success tougher to live with than failure? Burt Lancaster and Sidney, in huddle, ponder question over pencil and paper.

THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU
BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

Charlie Grant is a firm believer in hypnotism, Zen Buddhism and charm... Ann Blyth finds it easier to make demands over the phone than in person... I'm always surprised when I meet Audrey Hepburn in a delicatessen... I'm so tired of flappers, the Charleston, hip flasks and everything about the roaring Twenties. I'm finding it harder to live through the real Twenties than the real Twenties. Stop already, please!... Clark Gable discarded his first name, which is William. Make a movie (“Teacher's Pet”) with an actor, and you learn plenty about him... As of this writing, I'll wager that Joanne Woodward wins an Oscar for her “Three Faces Of Eve” performance... Julie London, who is offered more work than she can work at, said, “It was not too long ago that I couldn't buy a job.”... No matter what, Frank Sinatra's greatest demands are on himself... Burt Lancaster, who knows “The Sweet Smell of Success,” will tell you that success is more difficult to cope with than failure... Orson Welles discovered that in Hollywood the best time to photograph dusk is at dawn.

Yul Brynner honestly believes he is a shy man... The Changing Years: Beverly Bayne, Clara Kimball Young, Theda Bara and other big stars of the silents used to hide the fact they were married to keep in favor with the fans... Our good friend, Mike Curtiz, was trying to describe Elvis Presley: “He's a handsome fellow, even though he doesn't look it.”

I believe Dorothy Malone is a girl who'll never admit the impossible. And she has an Oscar to prove my statement... Don't talk to John Wayne until he has had a cup of coffee... From my knowledge, Joan Crawford is the best knitter among the actresses. About the actors, I wouldn't be knowing... Bob Mitchum wins friends by being very friendly with visitors on a set... Kim Novak gets along better with men than with women, as if you didn't know... Tony Perkins dislikes aggressive women and crowds, except if the aggressive women come in crowd form to one of his movies... Susan Harrison is a deliberate non-conformist. She hates people who try to force her into a mold. “I would have been burned as a witch in the Middle Ages,” Susan admits proudly... I wonder if there would have been a Jayne Mansfield if there never had been a Marilyn Monroe. I wonder if Jayne wonders... By the way, Marilyn sleeps with her mouth closed... Description of Walt Disney: He's the guy who built a better mouse than his neighbor.

Fred Astaire doesn't like to go dancing. To him it's work and a career... To put it mildly, director Roberto Rossellini needs direction... After considering it carefully, I've come to the conclusion that all George M. Cohan and Lon Chaney have in common is Jimmy Cagney... Kirk Douglas—no Caspar Milquetoast, he... Anna Magnani is the latest who'll try for a hit record. Magnani plays the piano and guitar well, but according to her own admission: “I sing with everything but my voice.” She might be the female Elvis.

I'm surprised Alfred Hitchcock is a better actor than George Sanders, but that's how it is on TV... Cyd Charisse doesn't look the same when she acts as when she dances... Did you ever notice how people start to look like their dogs?... It's my opinion that in “The Pride and the Passion,” the love story is mainly between the camera and Sophia Loren... When they want to age Jeff Chandler, will they take the gray out of his hair and darken it?... Your buddy and mine, Mike Todd, confided for publication: “My greatest ambition is to be able to afford to live the way I do.”... What's the toughest job in Hollywood? You'll never guess. It's that of the switchboard operator at the Goldwyn studios. She has to unscramble the calls that come in for—get ready—William Wyler, Billy Wilder, Bob Wilder and Robert Wyler, all of whom are working there... Marlon Brando, with his blond hair, walking around at 20th-Fox almost unrecognized... Impossible but true combo: Tony Perkins and Gwen Davis. They were together at a performance of “Around the World in 80 Days.”... Did you see those photos of Ernest Borgnine with a beard? He's a ringer for Ernest Hemingway. But Hemingway isn't a ringer for Borgnine... Jerry Wald had a disreputable-looking tax paper and waste lumber shock built for the Lucas Cross home in “Peyton Place.” It was torn down immediately after the scene to make way for a new oil well. The fragile edifice cost the studio exactly $3,745.25 to construct... Sally Forrest is residing in the former house of Jean Harlow, which is still decorated with likenesses of John Barrymore, Garbo, John Gilbert and a few other former big M-G-M stars... Monique Van Vooren insists she wants a simple wedding: “Just me and a groom and money.”... Curvy Loretta Thomas has a dual role in “This Day Alone,” but you won't know it. Her back is featured in a scene of a girl walking out of an office, and her front is featured when she plays a sexy B-girl in a later scene. That's Hollywood For You.
you'll never know until you try

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the small difference between girl and glamour girl

you'll never know what you've been missing until you wear this instant-glamour bra that gives you a high-rounded bustline and fills you out where you need it...above the top of the bra itself. That's the genius of Jantzen...a fabulous little foam rubber insert* does it...lifts you, yourself, to natural loveliness. Have it in nylon lace and sheer Dacron...in Revlon's exciting "say it with rubies"† red, blue, pink, black, white. This "curvallure" (639) with three-way straps 5.95...daytime "curvallure" (619), white cotton broadcloth 3.95. (prices in U.S.A.)

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What's Judy Like?

Judy Garland has, for a long time, been what is known as an entertainer's entertainer. She has always been a better singer than people several times her age, and a Garland performance has always meant entertainment in its most perfect form.

Recently she played the Riviera here in Detroit and I had the honor of seeing her. She was, as always, wonderful. Prior to this evening, I had called Judy at her hotel and told her manager I had some art work for her. I was told to come backstage after the show.

After identifying myself as the fifteen-year-old fellow who called her, I was directed to Judy's dressing room. I entered the room with the little gold star on the door.

There was Judy Garland in a white bathrobe sitting at her makeup table. "Hi there!" She smiled, sort of waving her hand without lifting her arm. "What have you got here?" she said as I handed her the drawings I had done.

I was scared to death. I knew that I was going to drop dead then and there. I knew the drawings didn't look at all like Judy Garland. I knew this girl the whole world loved was going to laugh in my face.

"These are terrific, Sid!" she said to her husband, Sid Luft, who was shaking hands with me. "Sid, aren't these fabulous?"

Here was Judy Garland, just about the greatest talent in the world, telling me, a nobody, that I was talented. What a switch!

"Do you want me to sign them?" she asked.

"Miss Garland, I know they're not very good and they don't really look like you, but if you wouldn't mind, I'd like you to have them."

"Oh, I'd love to have them," she said.

We went on speaking for several minutes. Judy asked me what medium I used in the drawings and what I was inspired by. At no time during the conversation did Judy give a phony impression or act like a star. Judy had sprained her ankle the night before. I heard a rumor to the effect that she had sprained it while onstage.

I told her how great she was. "Oh, sure," she smiled. "A great performance on one leg. I'll bet you were disappointed in the show. But I guess stupid things like that have to happen once in a while."

We spoke for another minute or two. I told her that I had better be going and again told her how great an entertainer she was.

"You keep this work up," Sid Luft said and extended his hand.

"Thank you very much for the pictures. You're really very talented. They are just wonderful." She bowed her head and lifted it.

"Thanks. Next time I'll do you in oils. Goodbye."

"You do that, and come see me again," Judy turned and smiled. She suddenly looked tired.

Outside, people were lined up for a half-block, waiting to see Judy. I couldn't help thinking to myself: "Gosh, to them she's a movie star, but I know she's a person like anybody else."

ROBERT SEMAK
Detroit, Mich.

Anybody Wanna Fight? (Foreign Intrigue Department)

Dick Sheppard's article in the August issue—"What Has She Got That Hollywood Hasn't?"—caught my interest. But my interest stopped dead after the sentence "The appeal of the foreigner lies in..." My head grew greener.

Don't swallow that bolt! Start wondering why your GIs married foreign girls after 1945—and lived happily ever after. The reason is obvious to me.

The average American "grownup teenager" is deliciously egocentric and just a duplicate of "the girl next door." A row of glamorous, flavorless non-personalities is the recruiting material for new American stars.

That's where the difference is—in general.

HANS LAU
Nakskov, Denmark

In "What Has She Got That Hollywood Hasn't?" Dick Sheppard truly distorts the situation by proclaiming foreign actresses (Italian in particular) superior to our own.

First, let me say I realize there are many talented and attractive foreign stars, but our girls are by no means all "pigtails and jeans" as he says. All too often even superior American talent is constantly cast as the little pony-tailed puritan or the tight-dressed low-necklined silver blonde with poor lines (spoken, of course).

At one point Sheppard answers his own title question by naming some foreign talent that did not meet with success here. These girls, talented and attractive for the most part, were sometimes miscast. At any rate they didn't hold the public's fancy.

So what does the foreign group have that American actresses do not? I imagine the best answer is: "American film outfits squarely behind them and pushing them with the best possible roles." It's Hollywood's international search for what we have in great quantity and quality right here, under our very noses!

ROBERT NOGGLE
Yonkers, New York

Congratulations to Dick Sheppard and Photoplay for having the courage to print "What Has She Got That Hollywood Hasn't?"

American stars ought to realize they have a real fight on their hands with the foreign invaders.

There just aren't any new American actresses with the stature, the charm or the personality of old-timers like Joan Crawford, Bette Davis and Barbara Stanwyck—to name only a few. And the new actresses will never have the hold on the public these older stars have until they stop trying to be just like everyone else. I say more power to the foreign imports—they may force our girls to stop being assembly-line products!

L.W.B.
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
Noreen
that’s the beauty of it

Today, millions of women welcome the extra softness and sheen that comes from a Noreen hair rinse...the gleaming highlights and increase in the depth of natural color.

But Noreen can do so much more for those whose hair is more of a problem than a source of pride. If your hair is drab, faded or streaked with unwanted gray, a Noreen temporary color rinse will bring back its natural beauty by augmenting the natural hair color, blend in graying or faded streaks and give your hair a healthy youthful look.

And you can apply Noreen yourself at home next time you shampoo. It’s safe, simple and temporary...washes out each time you shampoo. Try Noreen soon...make your choice from fourteen glamorous shades and be proud of your hair’s new beauty.

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New Man In Town

I have just seen Jerry Lewis’ “The Delicate Delinquent” and I was overwhelmed by the acting ability of Robert Ivers. Please let us have some information about him—if possible, maybe even a picture published. I am sure many other readers feel as I do, because Robert Ivers is a very good actor. I would also like to compliment Photoplay for the help they give new actresses and actors.

Marilee Knox
Las Vegas, Nev.

“Thanks for the boost, Marilee!” said Bob when we showed him your letter. And in answer to your request and the dozens more we’ve received this month for information about Robert Ivers, hereewith are a few facts, with Bob’s assistance, about Bob:

Robert Ivers was born Robert Prestlein in Seattle, Washington. “My father was a rodeo circuit rider for a short time when I was a kid.” This was the extent of Bob’s show-business background.

When he was a teenager, he and his family moved to Tucson, Ariz., where Bob graduated from high school and later attended the University of Arizona on a scholarship, majoring in dramatic arts.

A Paramount talent scout saw him in the role of Jimmy in a campus production of “The Rainmaker” in February, 1956, and suggested he send some film of himself and a voice-recording to the studio. “This I did,” explains Bob, “but the film was unprocessed and arrived rained. The studio lost track of me.”

A few months later Bob was playing stock in Arizona. Jane Loew, daughter of M-G-M executive Arthur Loew, saw Bob, took some film of him and sent it to her father in New York. Mr. Loew liked what he saw and asked Bob to go to Hollywood for a test.

“I arrived ahead of time for the interview,” says Bob, “and dropped in to see a friend at Paramount. Before I knew what was going on, I was given a test and signed for a contract.” Bob never did get across town to M-G-M. He phoned, though, and apologized. You’ll be seeing him next as Kyle, the ruthless killer in Paramount’s “Short Cut to Hell,” directed by Jimmy Cagney.—Ed.

It’s Flattery, But We Love It!

The August issue of Photoplay was the first of its kind! It’s perfectly unique and will always be first on my list! I’m heartbroken that I didn’t discover Photoplay until now...

Donna Biewenga
La Grange, Ill.

Continued on page 16
Beautiful news! Matching make-up to give you a flawless, glowing look all day long!

Revlon creates three make-up mates, all in the same nine complexion tones. 'Touch-and-Glow'—the flattering liquid make-up. Face Powder, for the softest finish ever. And now, for touch-ups, 'Touch-and-Glow' Pressed Powder, in a beautiful, spillproof compact.
JOAN COLLINS uses Lustre-Creme Lotion Shampoo because it's a rich liquid in mild, mild form!

She says: "There's just no shampoo like it for me—I love the way it pours on, rich as cream! And it leaves my hair so soft and shining, I can do ANYTHING with it—even right after a shampoo!"

Lotion or Creme—just pour it on or cream it on. LANOLIN-BLESSED—needs no after-rinse!

Never dries... it beautifies
Dateline Europe—


During Marlon’s stay at the American Hospital, his great pal, Sam Gilman, came to visit his bedside. Sam had just bought a new camera, and he was as excited about it as a child with a new toy. Marlon, ordinarily a shy person, posed willingly enough as his first subject. Then just as Sam was all set to click the first picture, Marlon put a bedpan on his head, and popped a hard boiled egg into his mouth! Sam could have strangled him, but he couldn’t help laughing, too.

Incidentally, Marlon, with his hair dyed blonde as the German soldier of “The Young Lions,” was so unrecognizable to a great many people that a very funny incident took place on location. He was standing on the steps of Sacré Coeur when suddenly a little old French lady rushed at him and started to beat him on the chest with her purse, as she shouted in voluble French, “You German beast of a soldier! How dare you stand in front of this blessed, peaceful church, when you helped to destroy our peace here!” Fortunately, she was led quietly away before her “brandishing” sent Marlon back to the hospital.

Viva Vikings: Sitting with Kirk Douglas, his lovely wife, Anne, Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh, at dinner in the dining room of the Grand Hotel in Dinard, a charming seaside resort on the north coast of Brittany, where I was Kirk and Anne’s guest for a few days when they returned there for more location shooting on “The Vikings,” the conversation veered around to the subject of picture making away from Hollywood. “Do you realize that of the last four Academy Award films, ‘Anastasia’ was made in London, ‘On the Waterfront’ and ‘Marty’ in New York, and ‘Roman Holiday’ in Rome?” observed Kirk. “Well, let’s hope the trend continues, and the next winner is ‘The Vikings,’ shot in Norway, Dinard and Munich!” grinned Tony.

Remembering Tony, when he first arrived in Hollywood, and the trip out to New York, like a magic carpet to him, I asked him if he had ever dreamed of traveling in Europe when he was a poor youngster in the Bronx. And his answer was so typical of his candid memory of his early youth: “It never occurred to me to dream about going to Europe, because as far back as I can remember, my family was always scraping money together to bring some of our poor relations in Europe to America. And now that I am in the enviable position of being able to...”
travel abroad with Janet, the baby and a nurse, Mamma still wonders if I can afford it. ‘Tony, are you saving your money?’ is one of her favorite questions. The other is, ‘Tony, are you well? Money and fame are good, but health is better!’ ” Tony is seeing that both his mother and father are sharing health, wealth and happiness with him. He has bought an apartment building in Hollywood with a lovely terrace apartment in it for them, and his father now manages it.

**Big Scene:** I didn’t see Monty Clift before he took off for Strasbourg, but I’m told that while he was in Paris, he was his usual “lone wolf” self, secluding himself most of the time in his “Prince de Galles” suite. He and Marlon have only one scene together in “Young Lions,” which is a great blessing to director Dmytryk, since their approach to a scene couldn’t be at more variance. Can’t wait to see whose interpretation Dmytryk uses.

**Roman Holiday:** Rome was “old home week” to everyone. Jeff Chandler ran into his favorite “Female on the Beach,” Joan Crawford, and Joan ran into a sister alumna from her M-G-M days, Esther Williams. Decorating the lobby of the Grand Hotel was Rock Hudson’s new leading lady, beautiful Cyd Charisse, who is co-starring with him in the U-I film, “Twilight of the Gods.”

During Cyd and Tony Martin’s brief stopover in Rome, I lunched with them. (Wouldn’t you know that Cyd didn’t gain a pound on the spaghetti we consumed, while I—well, “Slenderella” here I come!) Tony told me a most amusing story about his wife’s winnings at the Sporting Club of Monte Carlo. “Cyd won $500, and because it immediately burned a hole in her pocket as soon as we arrived here, she and Jack Benny’s equally ‘economical’ wife, Mary Livingston, went on a shopping spree together. Cyd came back with a little ‘bijou’ she had picked up for $2,500. Better she should have lost $500. Now I’m $2,000 out!”

**My Fair Laddies:** An American composer and lyricist were writing the score for a film in Paris, and they were put out of their hotel suite because some of the guests objected to the noise of a piano at night. This would not be a unique story if the composer and the lyricist didn’t happen to be Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe, who wrote “My Fair Lady,” the fabulous musical Broadway success that most of these same guests would pay any amount of money to see when they come to New York. I hate to boast, but I have already seen it six times, so no one can accuse me of any ulterior motive when I predict that “Les Parisiennes,” Alan and Fritz’s first film together, will be the most creative and lovely musical ever to hit the screen. This isn’t just an idle prophecy on my part. Happily, Alan and Fritz finally obtained a piano at the same hotel where I was staying in Paris; and on the day of my arrival, Fritz played the whole score for me while Alan read me the book and sang all the melodies. When this delightful interlude was over, I was so stimulated and excited, I felt as if I had downed a trayful of Martinis with a stinger chaser.

Continued on page 20
The diamond that's guaranteed for permanent value

Such beautiful styles—and it's so nice to know you can be sure of your *Artcarved* diamond ring's value. For, thanks to *Artcarved*'s unusual nationwide Permanent Value Plan, you can apply your *Artcarved* ring's full current retail price toward a larger *Artcarved* at any time, as specified in the guarantee. And you can do this anywhere—at any of the thousands of *Artcarved* jewelers throughout the U.S.A. This guarantee is backed by one of the world's oldest and largest ringmakers, famous for 107 years.

Even if you never exchange your *Artcarved* ring, you'll always be so proud knowing *Artcarved* rings give you this nationwide proof of lasting value.

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*Artcarved* wedding rings are guaranteed for a lifetime. An exclusive process makes their precious gold extra-hard, extra-durable. Look for the name *Artcarved* stamped inside the ring and on the tag.
Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Louis Jourdan, Eva Gabor and Hermione Gingold are the lucky stars to be cast in this “lovely” production, an adaptation from the play “Gigi.” I lunched with Leslie, her husband Peter, and Louis. And had tea with ever-charming Maurice.

Eva Gabor, with whom I have endless phone conversations in New York and Hollywood, was another chum whom I caught up with when in Paris. She, too, was thrilled about being in “Parisiennes,” especially since Cecil Beaton, who dressed her for the theater, has designed a breathtaking wardrobe for her. Naturally, we couldn’t be in Paris without going to a fashion show, so we went to Pierre Balmain’s, where we drooled over the divine creations. Eva ordered an exquisite ball gown for $1,000. Balmain confessed that it was breaking his heart to give it to her at this special price. “Well, it may be breaking your heart,” retorted Eva, “but it is breaking my pocketbook!”

Esther’s “Eden”: Esther Williams, who doesn’t want to be a bathing beauty in films anymore, but does want to develop into a dramatic actress, has already given up swimsuits—for bikinis! She fell madly in love with this French and Italian beachwear that expose you more completely to the sun—and everyone else—while she was filming “Raw Wind in Eden,” in a tiny coastal fishing village, Castiglione della Pascia, three hours north of Rome. Esther and her two co-stars, Jeff Chandler and Carlos Thompson, really roughed it in this primitive town, where there was no heat, no electricity and the plumbing was strictly a “do it yourself” problem.

Rendezvous with Carlos and Jeff: Esther had to come all the way to Rome to meet her two co-stars, Jeff Chandler and Carlos Thompson—and Lilli Palmer. Lilli flew from Germany to Castiglione della Pascia to visit the actor who has now changed her name from Mrs. Rex Harrison to Mrs. Carlos Thompson, and if she had gone to the North Pole and the South Pole she couldn’t have come back with two more completely opposite personalities. Carlos, an Argentinian, is a brilliant linguist with a keen intellect like Lilli’s. To while away the lonely hours away from her, when she was filming in Munich, he wrote a novel. He has already had two books published in South America. Lilli is perhaps the most important dramatic star in Germany today, and Carlos, who has now mastered German like a native, is building up a following playing opposite her.

Jeff Chandler had no problems of separation from his loved ones. His wife, Marjorie, and two young daughters, were with him, living in a huge castle they leased at Castiglione—with no heat, no electricity, etc., etc.! I never knew that Jeff had a hidden talent as a singer until he confided that, immediately on his return to the States, he was making an album of show tunes, and he hoped U-I would take the hint and put him in a musical! I had a drink with Jeff at Rome’s most popular outdoor cafe, Doni’s, and the Italian movie fans swooped down on him as if they were playing “Sons of Cochise.” This is the picture they seem to have seen and like—muito bene!

Mario Magnifico: I couldn’t say “Arrivederci, Roma,” without seeing Mario Lanza who, coincidentally, is making a film called “Arrivederci, Roma.” At least that’s the Italian title. In America it will be called “Seven Hills of Rome.” We lunched together at the Titanus Studios, where I had hoped to hear him sing one of the eight numbers he introduces in the film, but Mario had already
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New Pin-Quick is guaranteed to last longer than any other pincurl permanent—or your money back.

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caught up with my dear friend, Deborah Kerr, whom I also saw in London, and Jean Seberg. Deborah, who plays Jean’s mother in “Bonjour Tristesse,” didn’t have any scenes to play until she reached location at San Tropez, so we were able to have a nice long, lingering gafflest over lunch at the Ritz. But Jean starts the picture in Paris, and so I went up to Montparnasse to watch her shoot her first scene, under the direction of Otto Preminger, who discovered her. I only wish Otto had launched her career with “Bonjour Tristesse,” because she is so much more eminently suited to this young Francoise Sagan heroine. I’m sure there won’t be any “burning” of critics this time, only praise for a matchless performance.

Acts of Todd: I’ve known Mike Todd a long time, and the longer I know him, the more fabulous he becomes. When they made him, they broke the mold, but then, as Elizabeth Taylor wisecracked, “I don’t think the world is quite ready for another Mike Todd”!

For a week before “Around the World in 80 Days” opened in London, Mike had a balloon flown over the city, like the one that flies David Niven and Cantinflas in the film. A guest coming out of Claridge’s, watching it float by, commented to the liveried doorman, “I guess that’s some more of Mike Todd’s showmanship for ‘Around the World.’” Whereupon the doorman retorted, “I wouldn’t know, m’lady, I thought it was an advertisement of some sort. But who is Mike Todd?” When this story was repeated to Mike, did he fire his army of press agents? He did not. Instead, he went around to Claridge’s, found the doorman, who was unaware of his existence, and presented him with two opening night tickets at $150 each! Needless to say, from now on, the name Mike Todd will remain evergreen in the doorman’s memory!

Bonjour, Paree: During my stay in Paris, I also recorded them in the record-breaking time of three four-hour sessions in the Pope’s personal auditorium, the first time in Papal history that any outsider has ever been allowed to enter this sancta sanctorum. Lanza is an idol in Italy. When his boat landed in Naples, it required all the police force available to restrain the uncontrolled excited mobs, who consider him the greatest singer of Neapolitan songs in the world today. To all of Italy, he is their “Great Caruso.” No wonder he has leased a villa here for two years, where he will base with his wife, Betty, and their four “bambinos,” while he makes more pictures and recordings in addition to giving concert tours all over Europe. He’s in wonderful form, literally as well as figuratively. He’s down to 190 pounds and has never looked better, or seemed happier. “And he’s a good boy,” producer Jack Welsh and director Roy Rowland told me. “Never once late on the set, and wonderfully cooperative.”

TIME FOR LIZA’S NEXT FEEDING? TODDS CONSULT BABY BOOK
I dreamed I crashed the headlines in my maidenform* bra

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Shawn Smith made for herself

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sheath for the holiday season. Print-
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tern in Junior Miss Sizes 9-17. Size
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9181—Festive outfit for Christmas.
Printed Pattern in Misses' Sizes 10-
18. Size 16 jumper takes 3 yards 39-
inch fabric; blouse, 2 yards 35-inch fabric

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133, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N.Y. Add 5¢ per pattern for first-class mailing.
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LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

WITH JANET GRAVES

Man of a Thousand Faces

In a movie biography of unusually strong emotional substance, James Cagney does a yeoman job as the late Lon Chaney, top character star of the silents and early talkies. Chaney was known as a makeup artist, yet his own eloquently lined face reflected a deep human sadness. This movie suggests reasons, as Cagney portrays the son of deaf-mute parents (Celia Lovsky, Nolan Leary). His sympathy for people called “different” leads to his eventual triumph as a portrait of grotesque characters. But his apprenticeship in movies sketches a history of Hollywood, starting as Jimmy plays target for custard pies in slapstick comedy. Dorothy Malone is effective as the brittle chorine who marries Jimmy—and recoils in horror from his parents’ disability. The marriage breaks up in bitterness, the father finally taking custody of the baby son. Show-girl Jane Greer proves more understanding than Dorothy. Roger Smith as the grown son and Robert Evans, in his first role, as producer Irving Thalberg, also come across appealingly.

A Man Escaped

A powerful French film (titles in English) focuses on the eternally fascinating theme of escape from prison. It's classic in outline, though set in the ugliest period of modern times. As a French resistance fighter, Francois Leterrier is captured by the Nazis occupying his country. Condemned to death but left in suspense for endless months, he plans his getaway and works with incredible patience to unloose his cell door.

Communications with frightened yet often courageous fellow prisoners are utterly touching. When the moment of escape is finally at hand, Leterrier finds himself stuck with a new cell-mate, a scared kid who may or may not be a Nazi spy. The story is based on fact, and it has the urgency of truth throughout.

The Last Bridge

Extra interest centers on this German film (titles in English) because it stars Maria Schell, now working in Hollywood in “The Brothers Karamazov.” A handsome, firm-featured blonde, Maria here portrays a nurse in the Nazi Army. Captured by Yugoslav partisans who seek medical care for their wounded, she is torn between loyalties: to her country and to her profession of healing. As a hearty guerrilla leader, Bernard Wicki both distrusts and respects her, perhaps even loves her. It's an honest film, exposing the damage that war does to human souls, as well as bodies; and Maria shows acting ability to match her beauty.

A Novel Affair

Brilliant performances by Britain's Margaret Leighton and Ralph Richardson highlight a sparkling story within-a-story film. Scientist crippled by polio, Richardson still manages to lead a pleasant suburban life with Margaret, his sensible wife. On the side, she writes popular romantic novels, and she gets new inspiration when Carlo Justini, a dashing young Italian, is hired as chauffeur. So she writes a book about a beautiful wife, a stern and disabled hus-
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The Three Faces of Eve

An actual case history inspired this study of a schizophrenic, and the picture has the proper solidly realistic tone. Joanne Woodward plays the woman with the split personality, a subdued housewife in a Georgia town. She doesn't realize what happens to her when one of her blinding headaches occurs. At such times, or with less notice, Eve White turns into Eve Black, hard-drinking, man-chasing, contemptuous of husband and child. Strangely, the wicked alter ego knows all about the everyday life of the body she possesses—and is out to conquer and quench it. David Wayne does an expert job as Joanne's lunkeyhead of a husband, no help at all in her desperate crisis. But Lee J. Cobb offers serenity as her psychiatrist, and Ken Scott is attractive as a young man she meets after she has undergone treatment.

The Golden Virgin

Striking in appearance as ever, Joan Crawford gives another of her self-assured performances in a bitter story of a charity racket. But the delicate young beauty of Heather Sears dominates the picture. Heather plays a piteous Irish girl, rendered deaf, blind and mute by a childhood accident. A wealthy tourist, Joan finds her maternal instincts roused by the girl's plight and devotes all her time and money to curing her. At least, she succeeds (with experienced help) in teaching Heather to speak. Willingly, the girl presents herself at rallies to raise money for others with the same affliction. And here Rossano Brazzi, as Joan's worthless estranged husband, enters the picture. He pretends love for his wife and genuine interest in her cause; actually, he just scents quick profits.

The Tin Star

A good, straightforward western gives Tony Perkins a likable role, with a minimum of soul-searching. As courageous young sheriff in a frontier town, he's confronted by gunmen with itchy trigger fingers—and citizens with too

band and an irresistible Italian Casanova. As the innocent chauffeur reads the manuscript, the movie goes into exuberant color and hilarious dead-pan parody of all such deadly triangles. Only trouble is, Carlo takes the book seriously and believes his boss's wife really loves him. Complications!
Use your good common sense!

Think! Think how you had to struggle, struggle, struggle with that miserable belt-pin-pad contraption last month and last year and all the times before that! Think how uncomfortable it was! Does it make sense to go on and on when millions of Tampax users say they almost forget about time of the month?

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MOVIES continued

ready a reach for the lynching rope. At first, Tony is convinced he can handle the situation on his own; he brushes aside advice offered by Henry Fonda, a mysterious drifter. But Tony eventually decides that the close-mouthed Fonda is an experienced law man, whose help is urgently needed. As a comely young widow, Betsy Palmer draws the attention of both men, and her small son (Michel Ray) insists on getting involved in the final fracas.

The Sun Also Rises 20th: CinemaScope, de Luxe Color

✓✓ The Ernest Hemingway classic about World War I’s “lost generation” has been well-cast, lavishly produced and adapted for the screen with commendable frankness. As an American veteran, Tyron Power has suffered combat wounds that impair his manhood. Doing newspaper work after the war, he leads an aimless existence in exile, moving from France to Spain and back. His love for fellow American Ava Gardner is doomed to frustration, and she, returning it, leads a life hazed with liquor and decorated with many men. Among these are Mel Ferrer, a moody and humble sort, and Errol Flynn, forever-broke Britisher who hopes to marry her. After all the gags about his bravery in action pictures, Flynn turns to and gives a solid character performance, fooling his critics. Eddie Albert, as a pal of Ty’s, lends a refreshing note of normality, and Bob Evans looks handsome as a matador who draws Ava’s fancy. (See page 49.) In this day of the H-bomb, the characters’ problems now seem pathetic, rather than tragic, but remain convincing.

Quantz U-I: CinemaScope, Eastman Color

✓✓ Steady, quiet suspense, rather than lots of shootin’, characterizes this efficient western. Fred MacMurray, long-time gunfighter who yearns to give up his trade, is among an outlaw group that holes up in a ghost town, eluding a posse but still haunted by threats of Apache warfare. As brutal leader of the gang, John Larch bullies Dorothy Malone, his illusionless girlfriend. Tension rises as she’s defended by Fred, the gentle-mannered John Gavin and the enigmatic Sydney Chaplin, who’s suspected of Indian sympathies, because of his upbringing as a child captive. The arrival of James Barton, as an ancient wanderer, brings on violence.

No Sleep Till Dawn Warners: Cinemascope, Warnercolor

✓✓ Though Natalie Wood grows prettier film by film, though Karl Malden is at his sympathetic best, the roaring jets of our modern Air Force dominate this service picture. Natalie’s handicapped by a sulky, generally unlovable role. A-her dad, Karl is a sergeant dedicated to his task of keeping the imposing aircraft in top flying shape. Wife Marsha Hunt is proud of him, but Natalie is ashamed because he isn’t an officer and resentful because he won’t leave the service to take a better-paying civilian job. More family problems arise when Natalie falls in love with flyer Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., who drew Karl’s hatred during an incident of the war in Korea. Eventually, both men are sent on a dangerous test flight for the Strategic Air Command.

The Joker Is Wild Paramount: VistaVision

✓✓ In the best film biography of a show-business personality since “Love Me or Leave Me,” Frank Sinatra adeptly combines his known abilities as singer and actor, to portray Joe E. Lewis. Here we have no psychiatric searching into childhood backgrounds. Frank’s problem is all too clear. In Chicago of the rowdy ’twenties, he insists on leaving a night club owned by mobster Ted DeCorsia, to go to another owned by Harold Huber. As promised. DeCorsia’s hoodlums do a thorough smashing and carving job on Frank. He survives, but his singing voice is ruined. With the help of pal Eddie Albert, his accompanist, Frank stages a comeback as a comedian.
Your greatest Thanksgiving date is Pat Boone and Shirley Jones in April Love... at your favorite motion picture theatre!

CO-Directed by ARTHUR O'CONNELL

PRODUCED BY DAVID WEISBART • HENRY LEVIN • WINSTON MILLER

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**MOVIES continued**

Ann plays the piano-perched canary who made kids of the Jazz Age cry

Socialite Jeanne Crain loves him, trails him around the country, but finally must face the truth; He loves liquor and gambling more than he could any woman. Dancer Mitzi Gaynor is willing to take the plunge as his bride — and regrets her decision. In essence a sad story, it's so wittily dialogued and so filled with fine old tunes that it's consistently entertaining.

**The Helen Morgan Story**

V V V Sweet and wholesome Ann Blyth tosses herself with abandon into a role far removed from her own personality, playing the torch singer who electrified the jazz fans of the 'twenties with her high-pitched, tremolo blues on unhappy love. The film's story takes its cues from Helen's songs, rather than from her actual life. "Just My Bill" — that's Paul Newman, an arrogant carnie man who gives Ann her first show-business job and robs her of her virtue. She goes on to triumph on the Broadway stage, but she "Can't Help Lovin' That Man," Paul becomes a successful bootlegger; Ann thinks she's found a respectable type in lawyer Richard Carlson. Slight catch: Carlson has an equally respectable wife, who won't divorce him. And Paul keeps turning up in the picture, eventually driving Ann to drink. But sentiment overrides her degradation, and the fine songs carry the picture.

**The Brothers Rico**

COLUMBIA

V V V Tough and tense, this story of organized crime presents some types not usually found in such bang-bang epics. Richard Conte looks on the sidelines as simply a business and conceals his means of livelihood from wife Dianne Foster, who hopes to adopt a child. To the audience, it's soon apparent that Dick would be far from a model father in any agency's eyes. He has blandly given his younger brothers (Paul Picerni, James Darren) jobs in the organization. As the film opens, Darren has disappeared, vowing to go straight, and the top brass is gunning for this kid who knows too much. Conte sets out to find him before the gunmen do, in a painstaking routine of detectiveting that has an added impact in the hunter's agonized brother devotion. Though Darren comes on late in the film, he creates a strongly appealing character. So does Kathryn Grant, as his terrified young wife, soon to have a child.

**Battle Hell**

**BDA**

V V V Richard Todd makes a doughty hero in a brisk, convincing action story, based on a true incident of 1949. The cold war suddenly turns mighty hot as Red Chinese guns open fire on a small British warship, peaceably sailing the Yangtze River. When rescue efforts fail, Todd is sent to take command of the stricken vessel, save as many of the men as he can, keep up the morale of the others — and bargain his ship out of its trap. For this, he must deal with Akim Tamiroff, the local Red commanding officer. The whole affair is like the present world situation in miniature, as Tamiroff keeps marking promises, breaking them and repeating illogical demands that the British admit guilt.

**Pursuit of the Graf Spee**

**RANK: VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR**

V V V The eye-filling spectacle of ships at war, rather than the human element, dominates this British film. Also based on fact, it returns to the very outset of World War II. Under the shrewd command of Peter Finch — the traditional gallant enemy — the German raider Graf Spee begins raising havoc with Allied shipping in the South Atlantic. John Gregson and Anthony Quayle are among officers on the British ships that stubbornly pursue the elusive killer; Bernard Lee is the captured commander of a British merchant ship. Navies of several nations cooperated to make the sea-battle scenes authentic; for instance, the re-doubtable Graf Spee is portrayed by a United States heavy cruiser.

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**The Helen Morgan Story**

WARNER, CINEMACOPE

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**The Helen Morgan Story**

WARNER, CINEMACOPE
The Roots

HARRISON

With no professional actors, this Mexican picture (titles in English) tells four stories of the Indian people whose ways are the deep foundation of our southern neighbor's culture. In "The Cows," a desperately poor young wife takes surprising means to help her husband and their baby. "Our Lady" exposes a naive anthropology student from the U. S. to the intimate, primitive life of Indian families deep in Yucatan. "One-Eyed" is a touching and ironic story of religious faith, centering on a little boy who is blind in one eye. And in "The Filly" a middle-aged archaeologist is overwhelmed by desire for a spirited Mexican maiden. Beautiful Alicia Del Lago, as the militant virgin, is the only member of the non-pro cast who has continued a film career. Done simply, the movie offers a fascinating picture of real people and scenes.

Johnny Trouble

WARNERS

A gentle and sweetly sentimental film stars Ethel Barrymore as an ancient widow who holds a lifetime lease on her apartment home. When the nearby college takes over the building for a men's dormitory, she remains in the apartment, becoming honorary grandmother to her youthful neighbors. She takes a special interest in ex-marine Stuart Whitman—because he has the same name as her long-missing son, and she hopes spitefully that he may be her real grandson. Sprightly Carolyn Jones, college sweetie who develops a yen for domesticity after meeting Stuart, also arouses the old lady's concern. They're all a bunch of nice people, including Cecil Kellaway, as Miss Barrymore's former chauffeur and loyal friend, and Jesse White, as a bemused agent of the college.

The Unholy Wife

U.S. TECHNICOLOR

Touted as England's top pin-up girl, Diana Dors settles down and does a neat acting job in this well-plotted suspense story. For practical reasons, she has latched on to Rod Steiger, California vineyard owner. But she's eager to get rid of her husband after she meets Tom Tryon, hard-bitten rodeo rider. Her murder scheme goes awry; she shoots an innocent bystander—then plans to get rid of Rod by pinning the killing on him. In all her maneuverings, she's checked by Rod's brother, a priest (Arthur Franz). At times, Rod seems too much the newstyle ham, Actors Studio brand. But Diana carries the picture. Naked of makeup, her pert little features are effective in framing pressing scenes.

Woman of the River

COLUMBIA, TECHNICOLOR

Real Italian backgrounds lend a note of realism to a sobby story about a peasant girl trapped in a hopeless love. Sophia Loren spurns the honest courtship of cop Gerard Oury, instead giving herself to a handsome smuggler (Rik Battaglia). About to have Rik's child, she informs on him. When he leaves jail, she goes vengefully for her, trailing her to the swamps where she works cutting cane to support her son. Though Sophia's acting is as admirable as her physical structure, the story is thin, held up by its interesting locales.

Black Patch

WARNERS

Unlike the usual, workmanlike western, this one tries hard to be offbeat, does achieve some distinction, but gets too wound up in plot and character complications. As an embittered Civil War vet, George faces problems on a frontier marshal's job. Leo Gordon, suspected of bank robbery, is a war buddy; Gordon's bride (Diane Brewster) is George's former sweetheart. Tom Pittman, as a gun-happy kid, and Sebastian Cabot, as a crooked saloonkeeper, harry the marshal further.

Town on Trial

COLUMBIA

In a generally absorbing British-made mystery, Scotland Yard despatches hardworking John Mills to solve the murder of a small-town glamour babe. Many local reputations are involved that the citizens clam up in stubborn hostility against Mills. Even Charles Coburn, as a kindly doctor, and Barbara Bates, as a pretty nurse, aren't helpful at first. Mills' quest is urgent, because wild teenager Elizabeth Seal is a likely next victim for the killer.

The Devil's Hairpin

PARAMOUNT, VISTASCREEN

The roar of racing cars promises excitement as one-time champ Cornell Wilde decides to try a comeback. His project saddens the loving Jean Wallace and infuriates his mother (strongly portrayed by Mary Astor)—for Cornell's rough tactics on the track caused the death of his kid brother. In the upcoming race, he must round the same dangerous curve where his brother died.

The Spanish Gardener

RANK, VISTASCREEN, TECHNICOLOR

A slender, too-sweet story is overshadowed by the magnificent vistas of Spain, where Dirk Bogarde goes Latin to play an impossibly noble character. He serves as gardener to Michael Hordern, a rigid-minded Englishman. Hordern's tyranny crushes the life of his young son (Jon Whiteley), until Dirk offers the boy gentle friendship. In jealousy, the father allows the gardener to be framed on a theft charge.
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Air flows from heat control unit through durable hose.

Easy-to-set heat control unit.

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**CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES**

**BATTLE HELL**—DCA. Directed by Michael Anderson; Lieut. Commander Kerens, Richard Todd; Leading Seaman Frank, William Hartnell; Colonel Peng, Akim Tamiroff; Lieut. Weston, Donald Houston; Capt. Koo Tai, Kenye Loke.

**BLACK PATCH**—Warner. Directed by Allen H. Miner; Clay Morgan, George Montgomery; Helen Danner, Diane Brewster; Flytrap, Tom Pittman; Hugh Danner, Leo Gordon; Holman, House Peters, Jr.; Kitty, Lynn Carwright; Frenchy DeVerre, Sebastian Cabot.

**BROTHERS RICO, THE**—Columbia. Directed by Phil Karlson; Eddie Rico, Richard Conte; Alice Rico, Dianne Foster; Nora, Kathyn Grant; Kid Kubitz, Larry Gates; Johnny Rico, James Darren; Mrs. Rico, Argentia Brunetti; Peter Mulkeys, Lamont Johnson; Mike Lannotta, Harry Bellerive; Gino Rico, Paul Picerni.

**DEVIL'S HAIRPIN, THE**—Paramount. Directed by Cornel Wilde; Nick, Cornel Wilde; Kelly, Jean Wallace; Rhinoceros, Arthur Franz; Mrs. Jargis, Mary Astor; Dee, Paul Fix.

**GOLDEN VIRGIN, THE**—Columbia. Directed by David Miller; Margaret Landi, Joan Crawford; Carlo Landi, Rosanno Brazzi; Esther Castello, Heather Sears; Harry Grant, Lee Patterson; Ween, Ron Randall; Mother Superior, Fay Compton; Paul Marchant, John Loder; Father Devin, Denis O'Dea.

**HELEN MORGAN STORY, THE**—Warners. Directed by Michael Curtiz; Helen Morgan, Ann Blyth; Larry, Paul Newman; Wade, Richard Carlsen; Whitty Kwan, Gene Evans; Ben, Alan King; Doby, Cesar Williams.

**JOHNNY TROUBLE, THE**—Warners. Directed by John H. Auer; Mrs. Chandler, Edith Barrymore; Tino McKay, Cecil Kellaway; Julie, Carolyn Jones; Par- rons, Jesse White; Paul, Rand Hanover; Johnny, Stuart Whitman; Eddie, Jack Larson.

**JOKER IS WILD, THE**—Paramount. Directed by Charles Vidor; Joe E. Lewis, Frank Sinatra; Lettie, Jeanne Crain; Martha, Nita Gaynor; Austin, Eddie Albert; Swifty, Jackie Coogan; Parker, Ted De Corsia; Cassie, Beverly Garland.

**MAN OF A THOUSAND FACES**—U-I. Directed by Joseph Pevney; Lou Chaney, James Cagney; Chris Chaney, Dorothy Malone; Hazel Chaney, Jane Greer; Gert, Marjorie Rambeau; Clarence Lon, Jim Backus; Creighton Chaney (4 yrs.), Dennis Rush; Creighton Chaney (4 yrs.), Rickie Sorensen; Creighton Chaney (11 yrs.), Robert Lydon; Creighton Chaney (19 yrs.), Roger Smith.

**NO SLEEP TILL DAWN**—Warners. Directed by Gordon Douglas; Lois Bennett, Natalie Wood; Sir, Chuck Bennett, Karl Malden; Edith Brencen, Marsha Hunt; Cal, Jim Herity, Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.

**NOVEL AFFAIR, A**—Eaton International. Directed by Murray Fox; Professor Rosey Winter, Sir Clement Hathaway, Sir Ralph Richardson; Judith Winter, Lennie Hathaway, Margaret Leighton; Emily, Betty, Patricia Dainton; Carlo, Mario, Carlo Justini.

**PURSUIT OF THE CRAFTSPEE**—Rank. Directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger; Captain Red, John Gregson; Commander Harwood, Anthony Quayle; Captain Langford; Peter Finch; Captain Dave, Bernard Lee; Captain Woodhouse, Ian Hunter.

**GUAANTEZ—U-I. Directed by Harry Keller; Gantry, John Coventry, Fred MacMurray; Chaney, Dorothy Malone; Minnied, James Barton; Gage, Sydney Chaplin; Tenge, John Gavin; Hefler, John Larch; Delgado, Michael Ansara.

**SPANISH GARDENER**—Rank. Directed by Philip Lenceok; Jose, Dirk Bogarde; Nicholas Brande, Jon Whiteley; Harrington Brande, Michael Horshon; Garcia, Cyril Cusack; Maria, Marisa Swanson; Robert Barton, Lyndon Brook.

**SUN ALSO RISES, THE**—20th. Directed by Henry King; Jake Barnes, Tyrone Power; Lady Brett Ashley, Ava Gardner; Robert Cohn, Mel Ferrer; Mike Campbell, Everal Flynn; Bill Gordon; Eddie Albert; Count Mippopopolo, Gregory Ratoff; Grecourt, Juliette Greco; Zizi, Marcello Bocci; Doctor, Henry Daniell; Harris, Bob Cunningham; The Girl, Danik Patissian; Jerome, Robert Evans.

**THREE FACES OF EVE, THE**—20th. Directed by William Dieter Johnson; Eve, Joanne Woodward; Ralph White, John Wayne; Dr. Luther, Lee J. Cobb; Dr. Day, Edwin Jerome; Secretary, Alfred Murray; Mrs. Black, Nancy Kulp; Mr. Black, Douglas Spencer; Brown, Emmy Ann Ross; East, Ken Scott.

**UNHOLY WIFE, THE**—U-I. Directed by John Farrow; Phyllis Hochen, Diana Dors; Paul Hochen; Rod Steiger; Sun, Tom Tryon; Emma Hochen, Boaz Bondi; Goes, Marie Windsor; Ben, Stephen Hochen, Arthur Franz, Ezra Benton, Luis Van Rooten; Ossie Davenport, Joe De Santis; Thera, Argentina Brunetti.
"I always use Lux because it's so gentle, so good to my skin. And I love all four of the new pastel colors"

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We had to bring you this story. Because, from the hundreds of letters Photoplay has received, we know that it intrigues you as much as it does us. Because it is the biggest story in Hollywood today, and nothing like it has ever happened before. Because it is the story, not of one star’s comeback, but of many stars’. Because, in drama, pathos, comedy, tragedy, thrills and surprises, it has never been equaled. (continued)
HOLLYWOOD’S BIGGEST COMEBACK

“Tell us about them!” you have begged. “What happened to them? Where are they now?” The great stars of yesterday have returned

Suddenly, they live again on your home screen: the eternally lovely face of Greta Garbo, the gay and lively charm of Carole Lombard, the dark magnetism of John Garfield. “It’s fascinating to see Hollywood’s history unrolled on your home screen,” you’ve written us, and deluged our office with queries about the old-time stars and their movie classics. As TV fans, eyeing your sets in awe, you’ve proven you’re still movie fans at heart. (In one typical week, viewers devoted 36.8 per cent of their TV time to old movies!) And, to a new generation—today’s teens—stars are nightly being born anew.

“Please tell me about Greta Garbo, please,” letters read. “I’ve asked my mother but she can’t remember much.”

“I just love Jean Arthur,” wrote a Texas high-school student. “She’s my ideal. Tell me, is she still acting?”

Photoplay staffers started tracking down the answers, became so intrigued that we ended up with this, the first of a two-part article. We enjoyed every minute we spent collecting the information—the time we called up Alice Faye; the day we talked with Cary Grant (who insists “there’s not a kid on the block who takes me seriously since they’ve seen me whooping it up on TV”); the letter we received from Ronald Colman and the day we tracked Greta Garbo to the Museum of Modern Art, star-struck as we watched her viewing (Continued on page 100)

Do you remember? If you aren’t sure, see page 108 for the names of players and films
Are the current sexpots going too far? The girl who has plenty of smart angles for the girls with the sharp curves, Jane Russell, sounds off on . . .

The shape they're in

When Jane Russell tore herself away from her happy home grounds recently to go on a rare tour in connection with her latest picture, "The Fuzzy Pink Nightgown," reporters from coast to coast turned out joyfully, in full force. To eye the famous Russell figure? Sure. But also, for a reason the public doesn't know: Jane is one gal who can handle a loaded question the way a Yankee outfielder handles a hot ball.

Right off, one of the newshawks came up with a dilly: "What do you think of the new type of sultry, busty Italian actress, Miss Russell?"

Miss Russell fixed those big brown eyes upon him, and grinned. "New?" she drawled. "Do you remember a picture called 'The Outlaw'?"

That stopped him cold. Who but Jane Russell originated the earthy, dark-skinned, disheveled sex bomb who is currently scorching the screen anew in the curvy persons of Sophia Loren, Gina Lollobrigida and company? (Continued on page 115)
The hottest new personality on television today is Mike Wallace, who steams up millions of TVViewers by putting celebrities on the hot seat on ABC-TV's "The Mike Wallace Interview." The hottest new figure in show business today is Harry Belafonte, whose performances and offstage statements are equally explosive. Photoplay is proud to bring the exclusive interview of this highly combustible combination to readers for the first time.

Now, let's get on with the fireworks:

MIKE: Harry George Belafonte, Jr. has made a million twice, although he never got through high school. He has been called "the first Negro matinee idol." He is hailed as King of Calypso, a title he claims to loathe. In the "New York Mirror" on April 6th, he stated, "I'll never pose in one of those straw hats." The March 6th issue of "Downbeat" carried a picture of him, complete with straw hat, with an article titled, "The Responsibility of the Artist." He has been accused of being pretentious. He does not allow waiters to serve while he sings. Last February 28th he was divorced by his first wife, child psychologist Frances Marguerite Byrd, mother of his two children, Adrienne and Shari. On March 8th, he secretly married Julie Robinson, formerly the only white dancer with the Katharine Dunham troupe. He has been quoted as saying, "I have a great impatience with intolerance." Would you please explain. (Continued on page 113)
...they're calling him ‘a return to the matinee idol’

A tall, impeccably dressed young man stepped out of the elevator into a plush Manhattan showroom. Crossing it, he entered his own luxurious offices. He opened the blinds on three walls, exposing a breathtaking Cinerama-view of New York’s harbor. A ringing telephone on his long, walnut desk interrupted his thoughts. Quietly, he asked if Hollywood could be phoned back later. He said good morning to the smartly dressed woman who entered, carrying a swath of brocade. “It’s too heavy, don’t you agree?” he asked the reporter just arriving to interview him. The young man was acting newcomer Bob Evans—a designer-executive who, as Pedro Romero in “The Sun Also Rises,” has critics harking back twenty years to Ty Power to find a near-romantic comparison. (Interestingly, Ty also plays in “Sun.”) In his twenties, lean, deeply tanned, (“He looks like a matador,” wrote one newshen), Bob did not plot his movie career. “Norma Shearer is responsible,” he explained. “She found me sitting at the Beverly Hills pool and coaxed me into testing and playing her late husband, Irving Thalberg, in ‘Man of 1,000 Faces.’ It was a great experience. No, I refused a contract. I had my business to get back to in New York.” Plain facts were: It would cost Bob time, and time away from a multi-million-dollar business meant money. It was Darryl F. Zanuck, who, dining one evening at New York’s El Morocco, caught a look at Bob and finally talked him into combining both careers, had him screen tested, signed (exclusively for two films a year) and reciting love to Ava Gardner in Mexico within a month. Upon release, the picture made Bob a romantic sensation overnight. Contrary to rumor, Bob is not Latin, but a New Yorker (“born, bred and matured there”), the son of a successful dentist and onetime concert pianist. He was, at 17, the youngest disc jockey in the country, had his own orchestra. Today, reputed to be a self-made millionaire, Bob politely evades the question: “A man does not discuss his bank account.” Definite in his manner and ideas, he talks with easy assuredness, in a compelling voice (“I never learned to whisper”) finely-trained by some eight years of radio experience as a child (“Every soap opera in the country, I’ve been on”). He knows what he likes: On his career: “It seemed fated—being discovered twice within months . . . It’s challenging . . . Someday I’d love to play the part of a (continued)
young hood. On women, "I like them feminine. I like American girls. Some speak of foreign women as being more intriguing. I don't agree." On marriage: "I'm definitely interested." On his social life: "You might say it's dull right now. My business dominates it, especially with films. But I'm not a social person really—one for nightclubs, country clubs. I like reading. Enjoy dancing—but at home. I've boxed since I was 15, like judo, tennis." On himself: "I'm not the All-American boy, I know that. I have no pretense. It's always best to know yourself and I know what I'm not. Yes, I'm emotional, lose my temper easily, am often too impatient." And what made Bob Evans a current heartthrob? A director recently summed it up: "Perfect timing. Girls were eager for romance and tired of getting it from the boy next door, which Bob is not."

"Our Bermuda shorts are shorter than most, more flattering because they don't accentuate knees." About $15

"I like the tapered look in slacks, vivid colored cocktail pants in rich fabrics." This tweed pair: $16.95

"Casual clothes are most becoming. I like a tailored look, nothing fancy or flowery." Above skirt about $15

You can wear these fashions, too. For store information write Merchandise Mgr., Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.
IS KIM GETTING MARRIED?

Has Kim Novak been charmed by the dashing Mario Bandini into deserting Hollywood and Mac Krim? Here's the inside story with exclusive photos by her secretary-companion, Norma Kasell
IS KIM GETTING MARRIED?

Kim was silent in the plane beside me. Saying nothing and yet saying everything—and I could feel tears that weren’t there. All of Paris, a magic carpet of gaiety and romance, sparkled below us. But not for Kim.

Somewhere down there a train was taking Mario Bandini back to Rome, and Kim and I were on a plane headed for home.

I knew that she was enveloped in a misty world of her own thoughts. Of happiness remembered, and of farewells that had been said. The same quiet reflective world she had shared with Mario before leaving, in the Church Sacré Coeur . . .

During their last hours together Kim and Mario had gone to Montmartre to see an artist, Gentilini, whose works Kim admires very much. And before going their separate ways, they’d climbed the long, beautiful flight of (Continued on page 110)

“As I watched them together when I took these offguard snapshots,” says close friend Norma Kasell, “I had the feeling that Mario was introducing Kim to a life he wanted her to share just with him . . .”

“They dined in famous, but romantic restaurants in Rome. Mario always ordered for Kim—usually canelloni. She collected recipes!”
“No sooner did Kim mention that she admired the work of the artist Gentilini than Mario took her to see him. He turned out to be the wrong Gentilini—the other lives in Paris—but Kim went away with four of his paintings.”

“At seven, Roman night life begins, and Mario was always there to pick Kim up in his car. It was wonderful, the way this man, so gentle and retiring by nature, became shy Kim’s strong protector whenever the crowds mobbed her. And she loved it so!”

“Strolling hand-in-hand, they listened to street musicians play ‘their song’—Carezzino. They went to see the site where Mario, a wealthy engineer, is building a beautiful penthouse apartment. They won’t admit it, but it could become their home.”

“Best of all, they loved just being alone together. Their talks were long and serious—and too intimate to intrude upon. Mario is very proud of Kim’s career. But is it too big an obstacle to love? They must decide this . . .”
Photoplay takes a peek inside the palace to get the answer to the question everyone is asking—

IS GRACE
GETTING BORED?

People living along the Riviera call Monaco "le bijou"—the jewel. Clinging to the rocky mountainside above the sea, it sparkles and glows with color in the clear, warm sunshine. White, gleaming buildings spot the comparatively new town of Monte Carlo; soft, time-washed pastel-colored houses outline the older part, and everywhere the rich red-tile roofs catch the sunlight, adding gaiety.

There are brilliant flowers everywhere, too. Orange trees line some of the streets, palms and plane trees others. Balconies and window sills are filled with geraniums, petunias and rarer plants. Even the traffic islands in Monte Carlo are decorated with flowers. And the country sparkles with the cleanliness and loving care of its inhabitants.

The palace itself looks like a fairy-tale castle, sometimes a gnomely bewitched one. Perched atop sheer cliffs hundreds of feet above the sea, its fortress walls enclose it on all sides except that facing the broad square in front. The palace guards, in colorful uniforms, maintain a constant vigil from the red-and-white striped sentry boxes on either side of the great entrance through which only members of the Prince's family pass.

This is the land—Monaco—for which Grace Kelly gave up her throne in Hollywood, almost a year and a half ago, bringing with her marriage and the birth of Princess Caroline continued Monegasque independence. And what has this brought to Princess Grace? Is there a longing for the glamour of the past?

At 200, in the Palace of Monaco. In her hand, she reads over and over again the question that, in her heart and in her mind, she must satisfy... a letter from the United States. Should she go back to that other life, even as briefly as the letter asks?

A discreet sound behind her and Princess Grace turns rather sharply to face one of the people, the responsibilities, she cannot escape: the majordomo asks her decision on a problem from the royal kitchen.

She turns her back on the softly closed door and to her more personal problem. People had predicted: "You will give up too much when you marry Prince Rainier. Your independence, your career, your stardom." She glanced down at the letter. Suddenly, the words loomed up at her: "Would you be interested in making a movie, if it could be filmed in Monaco?" Her mind darted back.

Just a few weeks before she was married, in April, 1956, Grace had talked enthusiastically about the possibility of doing another picture. (She had been slated for "Designing Woman"), and the proposal of a Broadway play. At almost the same time, over in Monaco and, apparently, without consulting her at all, Prince Rainier was announcing that it had (Continued on page 98)
by ALEX JOYCE

“I’d like to get married,” says Elvis. For the first time, the girls he dates reveal why it’s impossible for him to make his dream come true

In a backstage dressing room, Elvis Presley slumped wearily on a couch. For a moment he sat, lost in thought, absent-mindedly rubbing the fingers of his right hand, stiff from signing autographs. Then he looked up at his cousin, Gene Smith, and grinned ruefully.

“Ain’t I a sorry sight, Gene?” he said, fingering the big rents in his red satin shirt, the torn trouser leg.

“Man, those little ol’ gals sure go for you,” said Gene.

“They don’t mean any harm,” said Elvis. “They’re real nice kids, and they’ve been swell to me.”

“Notice that pretty blonde, and the redhead?”

“Yeah, sure I noticed . . .” Suddenly, Elvis hit a pillow with a vicious punch, sending it flying across the room.

“So what? Can I ask them for a date? Can I even get a little bit friendly?”

He put his head in his hands, and his voice trembled.

“Everybody thinks this is such a great big ball, Gene. They ought to know what it feels like, to be in my shoes. If I even talk to a girl, I’m (Continued on page 104)
If anybody handed out Academy Awards for TV-viewing, Ernest Borgnine could corral another Oscar for his mantelpiece. In Ernie's house, the big show is in front of the television set.

Where's the ample smile? Where's the imposing frontal elevation? Jayne Mansfield's forgotten the whole act during an air-borne snooze, and Gordon Scott's amused to see her caught candid.

CAUGHT! OOPS!
SNOOP SCOOPS!

Seems these movie stars are nothing but plain old people, just like us!
So say Photoplay's offguard photos.
Here's a sight-seer blandly munching a snack, playing tourist on Los Angeles' Olvera Street, Mexican section. He happens to be Paul Newman.

Takes a lot of tweed to cover a torso the size of Jeff Chandler's. The shoulder bone's connected to the tail bone by a long reach of spine.
There was a nip in the air that afternoon in late summer. A few dry leaves floated from the lacy trees along New York's East River, hinting of fall. A family of sea gulls swooped down on the water, picking up bills full of crumbs and soaring high again. It was a good day to be alive, thought Cynthia Lemmon Robertson, as she gazed across the water, and pulled her sweater closer around her. The sun felt good. She was happy—happier than she could ever remember being. She was in love, and loved.

She laughed as she watched her husband, Cliff, a few feet away, trying hard to balance himself as he walked along a bench. She watched his boyish face and lanky frame for a moment—and then suddenly rushed over to him. Jumping down, Cliff ran to meet her, gathering her in his arms for a bear hug.

"I'll bet I do a better job of bench-balancing than you!" she cried, breaking away and jumping up on the bench herself. Stealthily, and with concentration, she scaled the narrow structure, leaning to one side and then the other, half a dozen times, amid Cliff's chidings and her own gales of (Continued on page 94)
Marriage to Cynthia has brought Cliff Robertson through
the torment and heartache of a long night’s journey into day

Magic of Love
Well, we all have our little idiosyncrasies and Tony Perkins is that he can't concentrate with shoes on. It took him three hours to record his latest album, "Tony Perkins," released this month, and he was utterly miserable until he unloaded the sneakers that have become his trademark. Once off, he wiggled his toes in delighted freedom and let loose with enthusiasm on such songs as "Accidents Will Happen," "This Time the Dream's on Me," in an untrained, yet cool, after-hours jazz-style all his own.

Friends Venetia Stevenson and Tab Hunter, who'd dropped in to sit on the sidelines, silently cheered him on. Venetia admitted afterward, "I was so nervous. I could hardly sit still." Tab kidded: "You may not be a Caruso, but it sounds good to me." But Tony, still tense, simply pushed his glasses on top of his head and stared at the man in the control booth, waiting for the final playback. He literally jumped straight into the air when given the signal that meant he could go over to the booth to hear himself. All through the session he was like a little boy, looking from one person to another for approval.

"Approval"—that's an important word in Tony's scheme of things. He has been called "basically insecure" and therefore in need of approval. Saddled with a fifteen-million-dollar investment by his studio, he must have fans and critics' approval to survive. In an effort to win the approbation he both wants and needs, some say Tony's biting off more than he can chew. So far there have been seven films in a row, TV shows, a Broadway play slated for this fall and now records. But we're betting, unlike the disc he's cutting above, Tony's future is destined for much more than going around in circles.

Looking over his shoulder, Tony frowns, then falters. As his voice dies away, somebody in the orchestra whispers: "Hey, what's the matter?"
Bouncing out of the recording booth with a sheepish expression on his face, Tony asks, “Hey, fellows, can you wait a minute? No, there’s nothing wrong with my vocal cords, I’m having foot trouble.” Loping back inside again, he carefully removes first the right sneaker, then the left; piles them in one corner, and at last is able to work.
She's kicking over the traces, flabbergasting her friends, going wild on the set! All Hollywood is wondering—

You should’ve seen her on the set over at Universal the other day,” a cameraman said to a grip in the M-G-M commissary. “In a word—Wow!”

“I’ve never seen such a change in anyone,” an attractive woman whispered to a friend at Ciro’s. “I’ve known her for years, and she isn’t one bit like the girl she used to be.”

“The way she talked up to me!” a movie mogul remarked, “I had to pinch myself to believe it was really happening.”

What is this gossip all about? Jane Powell, that’s what. Yes, sweet, demure little Janie, the girl who has never been associated with anything more exciting than puppy love and spring, has been setting Hollywood on its collective ear.

There must be reasons. Of course, everybody knows that Jane, during the past few years, has put a lot of distance between herself and that sticky-sweet adolescent she used to play on the screen. Today, she is a woman of twenty-eight, mother of three and a divorcée on her second marriage. So, why all the shouting now?

To find out, you have to give it the full treatment, a real Sherlock Holmes job—the kind that works over not only the lady herself, but the people close to her.

The change in Jane hits you as soon as you walk in the door of her Pacific Palisades home. Gone are the ruffles, the chintz and Early American maple that Jane used to dote on. In their place is a living room right out of the House of Tomorrow. Not large and pretentious, mind you. But, oh, so modern.

A wall-length window looks out upon the patio. Walls and rugs are beige, and a twenty-foot contour divan overflows with red, blue and white pillows. Of course, there’s a grand piano. A beautiful turquoise seat with gold legs and a red pillow, large black coffee table, beige drapes and a black-and-white marble fireplace complete the picture.

In comes Jane. No ruffles on her, either. She (Continued on page 96)

by CARL CLEMENT
Tony Curtis not only gets a change of pace for the upcoming four-million-dollar production “The Vikings,” but a change of face too. Laid in the non-safety-razor days of Tenth Century Scandinavia and filmed almost entirely in the breathtaking fjords of Norway, the movie requires all the male leads—including Tony, Kirk Douglas and Ernest Borgnine—to wear beards.

Tony started growing his own so that eventually he could discard the fabulous fake created by Buddy Westmore. But nature takes time and, until the real thing came along, Tony had his chin thatched. Nature finally came through, saving the studio $3,600 and 35 working days.

His wife and “Viking” co-star Janet Leigh kibitzed the job shown here. In the space of thirty minutes she counted seven studio passersby who referred to Tony as “Trader Horn,” five who mistook him for Gabby Hayes and two who swore he was Monty Woolley, all of which left Janet unconcerned. Her comment: “I know who he is!”
Tony's beard was held on with spirit gum. "It stiffened my face so that I could hardly eat." Janet, who seemed to be against it at first, later said: "I couldn't see Tony wearing one, but now I really like it. It gives him a certain—maturity."
the man nobody knows

Cheers and jeers, praise and panning,
distortion and lies have obscured
Frank Sinatra beyond recognition.

Here is the unvarnished truth

He has a hair-trigger temper.
He loves chocolate bars, but
hates chocolate malts. He owns a
taxicab company in Philly and is
perpetually torn between passionate
loyalties and sudden disillusionments.

Today he is considered the most
consistent record-album seller in the
business, after nearly hitting bot-
tom in 1951.

He can’t stand ashtrays with butts
in them.

He, weighed thirteen-and-a-half
pounds at birth. During the filming
of Columbia’s “Pal Joey,” in which
Rita Hayworth and Kim Novak scrap
for his affections, he observed: “The
less clothes girls put on, the more
chance they have of losing a man.”

He is the most controversial figure
in show business today.

He has a strong aversion to dirty
money.

He’s a restless sleeper and a rest-
less liver.

He has been known to make a
transatlantic call merely to place a
bet. His generosity is as monumental
as his outbursts of anger.

His name is Francis Albert Sinatra.

He met his first wife, Nancy Bar-
bato, in 1935, when he was nineteen
and she, sixteen. He was singing for
two dollars a night at local lodge
meetings.

He has made millions and tossed
it away.

He does (Continued on page 92)
Joan Collins is battling the biggest problem of her career. After you’ve read this unusually frank interview, you’ll be rooting for her—as we are now.

Four years ago, a young, unknown British actress named Joan Collins stepped off a giant Constellation airliner at Los Angeles International Airport with a 20th-Century Fox contract in one pocket and a ticket to Hollywood in another. She had all the trimmings to make a star—so the predictions went: good looks, talent, youth, and, what’s more, a series of top productions scheduled for her.

She went immediately into a film. Her first, a colorful period piece called "The Virgin Queen," had her co-starring with pro Bette Davis. However, while it showed her as attractively feminine, it hid her acting talents behind an only fair swashbuckling plot. Her second, "The Girl on the Red Velvet Swing," was touted beforehand, and as the biography of Ziegfeld beauty Evelyn Nesbitt, it had, in talent scout lingo, the makings of swinging Joan Collins into velvet stardom. It didn’t.

But Joan was kept busy, and she was a boon to the press. Known around Hollywood as somewhat of a mystery girl, she captured columnist eyes. Quick, wisecracking, funloving, she felt happiest in torreador pants, jazzy t-shirts and sweaters. She also managed, at her swift pace, to make, in five years, almost one dozen films.

Joan’s probably one of the "most seen young personalities" on the screen today, with three of her pictures showing the past few months: "Island in the Sun," "The Wayward Bus," "Seawife," and "Stopover Tokyo" in the can, awaiting release.

Yet, after receiving three "most promising actress" awards, she raised eyebrows not too long ago by stating: "I’m afraid I’ll be a has-been before I’m finished being promising." How come? we (Continued on page 106)
Daddy Fisher's favorite photos from first-year album starring Carrie, with Mama Debbie in supporting role
Look who is one! O star-produced
Princess Carrie, you are introduced
So blithe and bonnie, good and gay,
Being born on the Sabbath day!!

Kindly fairies, your next of kin,
Charm the crib that you sleep in,
While pink as rose and white as snow
One by one your beauties show.

Wonderful was the shining noon
When you arrived (a trifle soon)
To make us millions of fan-friends glad
For your dancing mother and singing dad.

Our whole world echoes any time
Your dad lulls you with notes and rhyme;
And we are happy to know you prize
Your mother’s daily rock-a-byes.

Princess Carrie, one day you—
Now one—will toddle on to two,
First steps, new teeth, an upset tum
Making all around you hum.

(And one year, when you’re grown and free,
You’ll meet your one and, too, be three!)
So, coo to you, now, birthday baby,
We love you and don’t mean maybe!!
With cameras set to roll, assistant director Joe Rickards fixes the slate: "Misc. tests of Tommy Sands." Meantime, technicians do a routine job. At twenty, Tommy has just attained full growth, isn't sure of his exact height. (Note to Tommy: You measure five feet ten.) Makeup man Jack Hamilton has an easy task, touching up this youthful face. Then (at right) Tommy and Al Hedison, who plays his manager in the test scene, prepare for action, hear last-minute coaching from producer Henry Ephron. Love stuff with Diane Jergens looks easy, but it really takes work.
Were we there? Well, we may safely say that Photoplay has the one and only exclusive bathtub interview with Tommy Sands. Stuck with an all-week schedule of talk, photography, TV rehearsals, warm-ups for an appearance at the Hollywood Bowl, Tommy was trying to relax in the tub when Photoplay’s reporter got him on the phone, the morning of the screen test. “I’m worried,” Tommy admitted. “I’ve never done a screen test before.” It was 10:00 a.m., and that day he would try out for “The Singin’ Idol” at 20th. “By this time,” Tommy said, “I figure it’s too late to get nervous. That wouldn’t do me much good. It would only hurt me. But I couldn’t sleep all last night. I know it’s going to be my big break, my big chance. If I mess it up ...” His voice trailed off.

He managed to go on. “I signed my contract with Fox, but if I don’t pass this screen test, my contract will be torn up.” So the big day began, with a battalion of co-workers to share Tommy’s ordeal: fellow players Diane Jergens and Al Hedison; pro-
Photoplay was there!
continued

producer Henry Ephron; Ted Wick, Tommy's manager; Leon Shamroy, veteran cinematographer, Oscar-winner who rarely does so minor a chore as a newcomer's screen test. And 20th's top men, Spyros Skouras and Buddy Adler, were to judge the results. The players had spent one day reading the script (adapted from Tommy's hit TV play about a Presley-type idol); they had spent a second day rehearsing.

Part of the action in the test scene required Tommy to kiss pretty young Diane Jergens. "I get a real funny feeling about that," Tommy said. "During our rehearsals, Diane and I said, 'Here's where the kiss comes'—and we agreed to skip it. We'd say to each other, 'Let's pretend we're kissing.'"

This was the day of the test, and producer Ephron insisted that the kids really kiss as the camera focused on them. The next day, Tommy told your reporter, "He made us kiss each other nine or ten times. You know, I got to like it!" (P.S.: So did the top brass at 20th; they gave Tommy the job.)
young ideas:

BABY TALK

Time was when babies weren't mentioned in Hollywood—but all's changed!
Here's the baby section you asked us for!

Vera Miles'
NINE-MONTH BEAUTY COURSE

Several months ago, Vera Miles, mother of two and more than somewhat pregnant, instructed her agent to find her a picture that started two weeks after September 22nd—expected delivery date for her third baby!

"Why not?" asks Vera, blonde, delicately beautiful and glowing with energy. "One of the nicest things about being pregnant is that it can do as much for your good looks as a well-supervised nine-month beauty program. Even if you don't have a perfect figure to start with, you can wind up with one after the birth of your baby."

Modern obstetricians confirm Vera's experience. The routine they prescribe to assure healthy pregnancy (Continued on page 109)
Nobody can do anything about the weather but everyone can do something about giving a shower. Pier Angeli gave her sister a charming one (with Helen Sorell, an old friend, as co-hostess) to welcome her baby. And you'll no doubt have occasion to do the same thing for a friend soon. So for your future benefit and the fun of it, here's how Pier gave a party for Marisa.

We checked our pink and blue invitations, which Pier had sent out ten days in advance, for the time of the shower and were off with a pretty package in hand. The party started at three Saturday afternoon and we arrived in time to greet the guest of honor, who was sporting a short, French-style haircut and becoming white Italian lace coat, belted in back.

An hour after the guests arrived (twenty-four in all, including Zsa Zsa
Good things come in small, large and medium packages. Marisa's gifts varied in size and kind but were wrapped so beautifully that she hated opening them! Many had rattles or toys attached. This little sweater, knitted by a thoughtful and handy guest, thoroughly delighted Marisa.

The table was a treat to see with its silver service and display of tantalizing delicacies. Mrs. Casilli d'Aragona, wife of the Italian consul, had the honor of pouring for the guests (you can serve coffee or tea or both), who helped themselves to the buffet, ate in the living room.

Sir Stork, perfect baby shower motif, has his hat adjusted by Pier. One of two white paper storks (trimmed with blue, the other with pink), he stood on one side of the floral centerpiece of white stock, pink roses and blue delphiniums. Tiny dolls were hidden in the flowers on the table.
WIN THE VACATION OF YOUR LIFETIME!

YOUR JEWELER WILL GIVE YOU YOUR ENTRY BLANK FOR—

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Get your entry blank at your local jewelry store today! . . . all entries must be postmarked no later than contest closing date—December 31, 1957

EASY! Just complete this sentence in 25 words or less—
"I prefer to buy gifts at my Jeweler's because________.”

Contest subject to Federal. State and Local Regulations.

Gabor and her poodle Suzy), we gathered around, still chattering and sipping champagne while Marisa opened the presents. (Those who could not attend sent their gifts the day before.) They ranged from sheets, blankets and pillows to silver and, for herself, a bed jacket to wear in the hospital. The card read, “Everything can't be for the baby.” Husband Jean Pierre got something, too: a large bottle of tranquilizer pills with a card that said, “For the forgotten man—the father.” Marisa continually expressed her appreciation for the gifts.

And when refreshment time came, the guests voiced their delight over the little cakes decorated with baby shoes, the eclairs and fresh strawberry sandwiches (made by crushing fresh strawberries in mayonnaise). Also on the table, covered with a pale pink cloth, were pink bowls filled with nuts and trimmed with storks.

Marisa could not indulge as much as we did because she was watching her weight, but this did not dampen the good time she had seeing old friends and catching up on the news (there wasn't enough time for games!). We left at six o'clock wondering who had enjoyed the party the most—Pier, the gracious hostess. Marisa, the beaming guest of honor, or all of her many visiting friends!
Now, an **INSTANT MAKE-UP**
You'll look just the way you want to look... in 12 seconds!

'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 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, 85c. All prices plus tax.

Max Factor's **CREME PUFF**

*CREME PUFF (trademark) means Max Factor Hollywood creamy powder make-up
It's easy to be pretty while you're pregnant nowadays," says Vera Miles. "Maternity clothes are more stylish, follow the latest fashion trends and come in more varied styles than ever before." Here are three of Vera's favorite outfits. They're a far cry from the blatantly maternal-looking clothes of yesteryear, don't you agree? In fact, Vera says she wouldn't mind wearing them whether she was pregnant or not! Looking for warmth, comfort and, of course, beauty, to see her through the fall and winter days, Vera found all three in these flattering silhouettes created by the Page Boy Maternity Company.

"Attractive and especially appropriate for the wife of Gordon "Tarzan" Scott is this leopard cloth blouse.

FOR WHERE TO BUY FASHIONS SHOWN ON THIS PAGE, WRITE MERCHANDISE MGR., PHOTOPLAY, 205 E. 42ND ST., N. Y. 17, N. Y.
your golden hour... your own special time...
when you alone can know the wonder of a warm SweetHeart bath

Such a lovely interlude, your own SweetHeart Bath. The quiet luxury of a little leisure. Then the warm glow, and the fresh, lively tingle your skin adores. How SweetHeart manages to make you feel so good is SweetHeart’s own special secret. We can tell you this much though: SweetHeart’s blossom-light fragrance, graceful oval swirl and gentle, gentle softness are only part of it. The rest? Well, try SweetHeart for your hands and face or all of you and see.

See the new Perry Mason show Saturday nights on CBS-TV

because SweetHeart adores you so!
Did you and Steve plan to have Stephanie?
Sure, about a year later. It was two months before I found out I was pregnant. I had a mad craving for angel-food cake and giant Hershey bars with almonds. (They had to be giant. The little ones didn’t taste the same.) After two months of gorging on this peculiar diet, I said to myself, “Girl, sompin’s going on here.” Since we had no calendar in the house, there was no organized way to figure it out. I thought, “Maybe I’m dying,” when I began being sick every morning. Then I told me, “It’s probably the New Year’s food I ate in Japan.” You know, little delicacies like canned grasshoppers. We’d just returned after filming “Around the World in 80 Days.” I had been rocking and rolling on a fishing junk, and for days I spent most of my time (Continued on page 86)

Shirley MacLaine and her producer-director husband, Steve Parker, are the parents of a thirteen-month-old daughter, Stephanie. Shirley believes in active motherhood. Her approach included sleeping in the snow during pregnancy, driving herself to the hospital for delivery and asking her agent for a job five minutes after her baby was born. Shirley, soon to be seen in Paramount’s “Hot Spell” and “The Matchmaker,” maintains that she’d rather (1) be a good wife and mother and (2) clown and make jokes, than do anything else. She stopped her fluff and nonsense long enough recently to answer these questions for Photoplay on motherhood—or did she?
Precious possession, your many splendid charms in Lovable's Diamond-Lift bra. Here is a rare new display of the bra-maker's art... with Diamond-Lift cup insets to lift you from above... and deft stitching to curve you with luxury. A treasure in white cotton, at a glimmer of a price, $1.50. With foam-lined cups, $2.00. Longline, $3.00.

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Undercover Strategy begins with Skippies by Formfit

Even a trip to the zoo is exciting... when you know you look your loveliest. Thanks to Skippies lithe-minded styling you look and feel beautiful all day long. But see for yourself... be fitted for blissful comfort in America's most popular figure-maker... Skippies. At fine stores everywhere.


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MacLAINE METHOD continued

leaning over the rail. Then—I got a mad craving for apple pie. (There are no giant Hershey bars with almonds in Japan.) The waitress finally got my message, and served up a beautiful wedge of apple pie almost hidden by a magnificent pile of whipped cream—I thought. When I took my first bite, I sat stunned for as long as it took my stomach to send a message to my brain. Then I headed for the bathroom. My gorgeous apple pie was topped with mayonnaise! Having seen a picture in an American magazine, my waitress figured that's what the white topping was. It was after that experience I realized Stephie was on the way.

Do you believe in being active while pregnant?

Yes, in every sense of the word. Most women have morning sickness, mine lasted all day long! Other than that, I didn't stop running around. When I was six months along, Steve and I packed into the High Sierras with sleeping bags and the whole bit. We climbed mountains together until Steve got tired. Then I went on climbing by myself. I think it piqued him (Continued on page 89)
is it true

MORE BLONDES WEAR MINK?

You'll find out when you blonde your hair with Lady Clairol® Whipped Creme Hair Lightener. Actually silkens hair as it lightens it... in one fast action! Lady Clairol whips instantly to a soft, rich cream... never runs or drips. Nothing like it for ease or speed... for clear, even tone. Leaves hair easy to manage... never coarse or brassy. For a glamorous change in your looks... your personality... try amazing, new Lady Clairol. The Whipped Creme makes the fabulous difference!
Must you always be cast as an outsider when you're married to a star?

A million women envy you. You, wife of Larry Noble...actor, star, dazzling image of everything they want. But they never guess your loneliness—Larry wrapped up in a play, Larry infatuated with a leading lady, showing her the devotion that should be yours. You alone know the pain...waiting in the wings for love, for the man who is your world. Can you ever be a part of his? You can get the whole story—even while you work—when you listen to daytime radio. Hear BACKSTAGE WIFE on the CBS RADIO NETWORK. Monday through Friday. See your local paper for station and time.
a little, but sleeping out in the open in the snow was wonderful. He finally forgave me, though.

_is it true that you drove your car—a racy MG—all the time you were pregnant?_

Sure. The steering wheel was so low I didn’t have any problem—except not seeing the speedometer. I got a lot of traffic tickets. I would explain this to the cop by saying, “Officer, I’m sorry, but in my condition I couldn’t see the speedometer.” Then he’d say, “What condition?” And being shy as I am, I’d drop my eyes coyly and refuse to answer. I always got the ticket. One night I was tired and nervous, and when the cop pulled me over and looked at my driver’s license, he asked, “Do you work, Mrs. Parker?” I started to blubber, and between my self-pitying little sobs, I quavered, “Yes—I’m an actress and I work at Paramount . . .” I think the fine went up twenty-five bucks immediately. But I like to drive. I even drove (Continued on page 97)
LAST MINUTE FLASH

Bob's folks approve!

"I'm in love with Bob!" says Natalie Wood. "I'm in love with Natalie!" says Bob Wagner. And Photoplay's sleuth, after watching the two at Scaroon Manor, the New York resort where Nat was filming scenes for "Marjorie Morningstar," reports, "There's no doubt about it—this is the real thing. Bob and Natalie were together all the time when she wasn't working. When Bob left for a few days to see relatives in Pittsburgh, Nat wailed, 'Oh, I miss that big guy!' And you should have seen the bedlam that broke loose when a phone call was announced during dinner over the loud speaker! All hands dashed madly across the field. An assistant director got there first, and yelled, 'Shall I take it, Nat?' 'No siree!' she gasped, 'that call's for me!' Then, 'Guess RJ got lonesome,' she reported. 'He's coming back tomorrow instead of Sunday.' Natalie looked positively radiant!"

But the big question that no one dared to ask remained unanswered—until now. For weeks, it has been rumored that the very social and strictly upper-class parents of Bob Wagner take a very dim view of his marriage to any actress—and Natalie Wood in particular. And that Bob, a loving and respectful son, would accede to their wishes. The facts: Bob took Nat home to dinner one night, and the R. J. Wagner Srs. liked her at once!

Caught by our cameraman when they came to the studio to go to a screening with Natalie and Bob, his publicity-shy parents are really very fond of Nat. It was Bob's father who comforted her on seeing her eyes mist when Bob left on a personal appearance tour. Putting his arm around her, he said, "Don't cry, little Nat"—Bob's pet name for her, when he isn't calling her "Little Bug." Then Bob's mother drew him away, saying "I think these two should have the last few minutes for themselves!" But Bob's parents, like Natalie's, feel the wedding should be postponed for a while, so love will last, as theirs has
Once In A Lifetime Offer that can Change your Whole Appearance. Not 10, not 15, but 18 thrilling Beauty Aids at the sensational price of $1.00. Each one promising you alluring enchantment...The Expensive "Beauty Shop" Look Every Day.

Study each one of the 18 separate beauty aids in this amazing $1.00 offer. Picture the breath-taking change they'll make in your appearance the very day you receive them. Then try these 18 individual beauty essentials entirely at our risk. You must be completely delighted in every way or you receive every penny of the purchase price back.

Just look at these 18 essentials you get for only $1.00.

Beauty Essentials #1 and #2: Your choice of 2 Patricia de Paree stay-on lipsticks. You can have one for daylight excitement, one for romance-filled evenings.
1. ORANGE — A sun-kissed color charmed with excitement;
2. SCARLET — High-voltage red with electrifying appeal;
3. RASPBERRY — Luscious as sun-warmed berries;
4. PETAL — Petal pink...youthful and enchanting;
5. ROSETE — Press a rose petal to your lips;
6. MAGIC RED — Eye knows its secret;
7. CYCLAMEN — Pulsating hue with tremendous lavender impact.

The 2 lipsticks alone are worth $1.00, but they are only a small part of this sensational $1.00 offer.

Beauty Essentials #3:
Your choice of one of the 3 special Patricia de Paree Lip Lining Pencils. The type used by Hollywood make-up men on Movie Stars to make the perfect pencil outline needed for teasing lips.
1. PINK;
2. MEDIUM RED;
3. DARK RED.
The special Lip Lining Pencil is yours not for $1.00 itself, but as 1/18th of this sensational $1.00 offer.

Beauty Essentials #4: Your choice of one of the 5 Patricia de Paree professional Eye Lid Lining Pencils. Glamorous women use it to dramatize eyes, bring out every bit of the hidden excitement lurking in their depths.
1. BLUE — A beautiful blue that harmonizes with shadows;
2. GRAY — For the conservative lass who needs no color;
3. SILVER — For the girl who wants to be different;
4. BLACK — A standard color for all occasions;
5. GREEN — Dramatic, the latest fashion.

This special Eye Lid Lining Pencil is yours not for $1.00 itself but as only 1/18th of this sensational $1.00 offer.

Beauty Essentials #5:
Your choice of one of the 5 famous Patricia de Paree Hollywood Eyebrow Pencils. Choose the exciting color that blends into your personality. You'll love the natural look of your glamourous new eyebrows. Your friends will be amazed at your "Beauty Parlor" appearance.
1. LIGHT BROWN;
2. MEDIUM BROWN;
3. DARK BROWN;
4. AUBURN;
5. BLACK

This special Eyebrow Pencil is yours, not for $1.00 itself, but as only 1/18th of this sensational $1.00 offer.

Beauty Essentials #6 — #11:
You receive 6 exquisite Lip Outline Forms. The type make-up men use on Movie Stars to change their lips to fit the mood of the picture. Do you feel provocative, gay, carefree, serious? It will be easy to change your lips to match your mood. There's a Lip Outline for each. You've seen these Lip Forms advertised for $1.00 alone. Now they are yours as just one small part of this sensational $1.00 offer.

Beauty Essentials #12 — #17:
Six specially designed Eyebrow Outlines. The perfect mates to the Lip Forms. In seconds you create chic, perfect eyebrows, matching your glamorous personality. Six different Eyebrow Forms to add just the right touch for any occasion. You've seen these Eyebrow Forms advertised for $1.00 alone. Now they're yours as just one small part of this sensational $1.00 offer.

Beauty Essential #18: A Beauty Course designed by Patricia de Paree, beauty consultant to the most glamorous women in the world. Jammed with beauty hints and information showing you the professional way to determine your type of face...proper make-up and hair styling for each of the 7 basics; technique for perfect lip shaping, eye lining; adding the doe-eye dash; applying eye shadow; mascara techniques; eye shadow coloring; and creating the perfect brow outline.

Forget about expensive Beauty Parlor treatments. You'll save plenty and you'll look as beautiful as the Movie Stars. You can change thin, wide or heavy lips to luxurious perfect lips; you can change shapeless mismatched, strangely eyebrows to perfectly formed face flattering brows. Just think of it...you get beauty perfection that will last years...perhaps for a lifetime with the 18 piece Patricia de Paree Beauty Essentials Kit. A miracle value at only $1.00 plus 25c to cover postage and handling.

Try the 18 piece Beauty Essentials kit for 10 days at our expense. You must find you have a new enthralling romantic appearance, or return the kit for full refund of purchase price.

MAIL TODAY FOR IMMEDIATE BEAUTY!
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Rush to me the 18 piece Beauty Essentials Kit, I am enclosing $1.00 PLUS 25c to cover postage and handling for each set I order. Here is $_________ please send me _________ set at $1.00 plus 25c (to cover postage and handling) for each. If I am not completely satisfied I will return the kit(s) for full refund of purchase price.

Enclosed is □ check □ cash □ money order

NAME ________________________________

ADDRESS ___________________________________________________________

CITY _____________________ ZONE ___________________ STATE ________

1. I get my choice of 2 Lipsticks (order by color)
2. I get my choice of 1 Lip Lining Pencil (order by color)
3. I get my choice of 1 Eyebrow Pencil (order by color)
4. I get my choice of 1 Eyebrow Pencil (order by color)
5. I get my choice of 2 Eyebrow Outlines, #1 & #2
6. I get 6 Lip Outlines, #1 — #6
7. I get 1 Beauty Course, $1.00

And I get 6 Lip Outlines, 6 Eyebrow Outlines, and 1 Beauty Perfection course.

Your Beauty, Pat.
THE MAN
NOBODY KNOWS

Continued from page 68

not own a sports car—isn't interested.
He is completely unpredictable—a chameleon of moods which can change a
dozen times in twenty-four hours. He is an indefatigable worker for liberal causes. He possesses a superb collection of
symphonic records, which he can discuss among experts.
He is inordinately fond of Holdop's em-bellished "with the works" and downed with a Coke.
His father was born in Sicily, and his
grandfather, who came from Genoa, was
a skilled lithographer. His mother in-
sisted on dressing him "in sissy clothes"
when he was a little boy. He cherishes very fond memories of his grandmother and a family neighbor, Mrs. Gordon. When
he was a boy, she gave him a mezuzah,
Jewish religious charm. He always wears it.
He is 5'11" tall, has blue eyes and dark
brown hair, and attended Demarest High
School, Hoboken. He worked on a newspa-
paper delivery truck after school hours.
His father, Martin, was a bantamweight
prizefighter who fought under the name of
Marty O'Brien.

I wasn't long ago when all Frank had
to lean upon was a microphone. Today
he has fifty-five people working for or
with him. "Suddenly, I'm a one-man
industry."

He owns the Atlantic City race track, sponsors a string of fighters, is stricken by sudden spells of self-doubt and can ex-
press intelligently on politics, electron-
ics or literature.
He has a low opinion of rock 'n roll, owns a powerful telescope and photo-
graphs excitingly.
He is a fair amateur painter—landscapes
and clowns.
He carries a St. Genesius medal. On
the back of it is a tiny Oscar in bas-relief
and the inscription: "Dad, we'll love you
from here to eternity." A present from
Nancy, given him the evening before he
got the Academy Award for his unfor-
gottatable Maggio in "From Here to Eternity."

He'd rather eat alone than dine with "a
table-hopper, a head-twister, or an arm
waver. They're about as relaxing as a
blow to the Adam's apple, and do just as
much damage to the appetite."

* * *

His house in Beverly Hills' Coldwater
Canyon is decorated in his favorite col-
ors—black and white. His likes and dis-
likes are also black and white. There are
no grays in his attitudes.
Frank Sinatra has two dominant pas-
sions—his work and his children, Nancy,
sixteen, Frank, twelve, and Tina, eight.
He is paradoxical and impulsive and
possesses a physical stamina that fre-
quently wears out his more athletic asso-
ciates.
His aspirations recognize their limita-
tions: "I've got no hunger for a dramatic
part on Broadway or in London, with
people like Sir Laurence Olivier or John
Gielgud. I'm not in their league."
He married Nancy Barbato, his boyhood
sweetheart, on February 4, 1939. They
divorced October 30, 1951.

He is an avid reader, an impeccable
dresser and twenty-two years ago got his
first break with the late Tommy
Dorsey in a Paramount movie titled "Las
Vegas Nights," for which he was paid less
than two hundred dollars a week.
He is fanatically orderly—suites, socks
and shoes must always be in their proper
place.
He heads his own record subsidiary
company and is equally conversant with
hitmelodies and the seamer side of prizefighting.
He gets fighting mad for the underdog.
He is an expert on Puccini and Ber-
lloo. His mother Natalie, who dabbled
in politics, was for many years a leader of
the ward in which they lived. She was
also the local midwife during his child-
hood.
He was born in the Hoboken apartment
of his parents on December 12, 1915.
He visits art galleries, likes staying up
late, and is constantly finding excuses
to see his children, whom he adores.

He was one of the very few nightclub
comedian Joe E. Lewis, a friend of many
years, would okay to portray him in
Paramount's "The Joker Is Wild." He be-
comes so immersed in the role that Lewis
himself is fascinated to remark, "Frank
had better time playing my life than I had
living it."

Frank Sinatra has a keen sense of
humor and loves to send and receive gag
wires. When he recently visited his close
friend, Tony Curtis, had been hit in the
eye by a flying arrow during the filming
abroad of "The Vikings," Frank sent him
a two word cable: "Dope, duck."

His former tendency towards a flashy
wardrobe has been greatly modified; he
now is most frequently seen in a plain
dark suit with a solid-colored tie.
He was the prime influence in further-

ing the careers of Jackie Gleason, Phil
Silvers and Sam Davis, Jr.
He is violently defensive about his pri-
vat' life.

His Beverly Hills home was built for
him by famous architect Paul Williams.
It is decorated in Chinese modern. His
closest friend is his personal manager—
Hank Sanicola, whom he has known since
his earliest days.

He is involved in many businesses but
does not invest in oil. He prefers to in-
vest in things he understands.

He smokes moderately, has no desire
to own a yacht and thinks baseball and
show business are very much alike.
'Vell has been through the years on the
Hollywood lots before I blasted one (From Here to Eternity) into the bleachers and became a star.

He married Ava Gardner in Philadel-
phia on November 29, 1951, and after two
years later, and was divorced last month.
He has a penchant for giving lavish and
expensive gifts.

He bears a backbreaking schedule—
films, records, television, stage appear-
ances—but not for money or security.
Simply, he is more relaxed and happy
when he is up to his ears in self-express-
sion. He was once engaged in one case of
his career, he is constantly thinking of the
others. While doing a picture, his piano
player, Bill Miller, is always on hand to
run through a new song or a new ar-
angement whenever Sinatra has a break.

His home away from home is the Villa
Capri restaurant in Hollywood, of which
he is part owner. He visits it nearly
every day. His other favorite restaur-
ant is Romanoff's in Beverly Hills, where
he dines every chance he gets. Mike
and Gloria Romanoff are close friends.

His father was a member of the Ho-
boken fire department nineteen years.
He got his first break in show busi-
ness by appearing on Major Bowes' Ama-
teur Hour with a quartet known as the
Hoboken Four. The quartet knocked, but
Frank made good with a solo of "Night
and Day."

He was paid $8,000 for his Oscar-win-
nning performance in "From Here to Eternity." While in the same studio, Columbia paid him $150,000 for
"Pal Joey," plus unconditional ownership of
thirty percent of the film in perpetuity.
He is fond of garlic, hates sweet pickles, has no patience with odd cabbages
and abides "gabby women" and "personality
boys."

He is very proud of an Academy Award-
winning movie short, "The House I Live In," which he made as a plea for racial
tolerance.

On a Christmas Day in Las Vegas, he
once got up at seven, chartered a plane
to Los Angeles, spent the day with his
children and got back in time to do his
show.

He is bored by football, wrestling and
mystery stories. He hates short, droopy
socks.

His advice to girls: "Don't stalk a man,
or you'll wind up somewhere along the
matrimonial creek without a paddle. De-
cide how often he begins to take you for
granted. Go out with other men. Jealousy
in small doses is insurance against bore-
dom and familiarity."

Frequently he sneaks away to his desert
retreat in Palm Springs. That's where he
really relax. I don't dress. I don't shave.
I just sit. Even golf is too much work,
although my house is next to a fairway."
He cannot be induced to do a story in
which he does not believe, for any amount
of money. Contrary to what has been pub-
lished about him, he numbers many
columnists and newspapermen among his
closest friends.

What Have They Got
Against Girl Singers?

Plus

Exclusive Features about

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New Voices on Your Hit Parade

all in the November TV RADIO MIRROR at all newsstands
He is not affected by great heights, swims fairly.

He is particularly proud of the Hi-Fi set he designed for his Coldwater Canyon home.

Frank Sinatra's is probably the most sensational career in the annals of the show world. He is equally at home in tragedy, comedy, farce, or simply as a nightclub entertainer.

He has been called "the man with the golden charm," and with good reason—he holds an extraordinary fascination for women of all ages. He has never been described as handsome.

He is an indefatigable perfectionist in any work he undertakes. He frequently reads himself to sleep in the small hours of the night, and thus piles up an amazing amount of reading—all the magazines and best-sellers.

He is probably the champion telephone in the business, calling someone every time he catches his breath. When Fat Jack, a friend of his, was ill in the East two years ago, Sinatra called the hospital at least once a day for weeks.

He decided to become a singer when he heard a Bing Crosby record in 1936. Now, thirteen years after his first hit, he still evokes cries of "Oh, Frankie" whenever he essays an old-time glissando.

He recalls his beginnings: "I used to sing in all kinds of joints. A guy never knew if he had a steady job until the boss said to him: 'You're eating with me.' That phrase meant the job was yours."

He followed the Major Bowes vaudeville tour doing a lot of sustaining programs around New York, after which he became singing m.c. and headwaiter at the Rustic Cabin roadhouse.

His attorneys and accountants, agents, producers and public relations advisors all play a part in his multifarious activities, including a young lady named Gloria Lovell, who is his executive assistant and "girl Friday." She runs the Sinatra office in Beverly Hills and keeps the complex machinery well-oiled.

He still loves to make records—whether he sings on them or conducts the orchestra (as he did recently for an album of Peggy Lee songs). He personally selects the titles for his own record albums.

He collaborates with the artist in designing the covers.

His new television deal with ABC will bring him three million a year for twenty-eight shows, lifting his annual gross to more than four million dollars—possibly an all-time high.

He co-stars on the Bing Crosby—Frank Sinatra TV spectacular Sunday night, October 23. A novelty of the show is that it will be the first time Frank and Bing have appeared together on a live telecast.

His thoughts on women's clothes: "A smartly dressed girl will catch a man's eye faster than a girl in all-out bra and shorts. It isn't what the masculine eye sees, but what it thinks it sees that counts. A lot of tomatoes think that all they have to do is give a man a bird's-eye view of their assets, and he'll drop to his knees with a proposal of marriage. They couldn't be wronger."

Frank Sinatra has been way down, even out and has come back stronger than ever. He happens to love every moment of it.

"I don't work this hard for money. To me, the work is a satisfaction in itself. I am at ease when I work. I'm restless when I'm not working towards anything.

"I've got no plan, no wish for a lazy retirement. I just want to do what I can, as well as I can."

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breathless, girlish laughter at her success. They felt like children again, playing along the river after school, the chill breeze toying at their warm sweaters and tingling cheeks. There was a feeling of completeness, of fulfillment, and for the first time in years, Cynthia and Cliff forgot themselves, and thought only of each other.

Life had not always been so full for Cynthia. Nor for Cliff. Cynthia and Jack Lemmon had been divorced in December, 1956, after six and a half years of marriage, and an eight-month separation. On splitting, the couple had announced to a surprised press that the break was no sudden step. "We parted once before, before we had come to Hollywood. We're happier apart," they felt. Calmly and intelligently, Jack announced, "We just haven't been able to get along together, and we thought this would be best for our child. There is no thought of reconciliation. There is no other man in the world for either no other woman—just two people who can't get along." And film, although saddened at the breakup of one of Hollywood's seemingly happy young couples, respected Jack's forthrightness.

Cynthia was admired for obtaining a quiet divorce without hoopla, dramatics, or even a word of condemnation. "It was simply a matter of incompatibility in some personal respects," she says. "Believe me, Jack never ceased to be the sweet, simple, sincere guy he was when I married him almost seven years ago. He never 'went Hollywood' in the slightest, as some folks have unkindly hinted. I respected him throughout our marriage, and I respect him now. I know he loves our boy, and he's seen him whenever he wishes. Cliff and I consider Jack our good friend, and we hope for his happiness. He will always be welcomed in our house."

And Cliff? Thirty-two, a New Yorker from La Jolla, California, a dedicated actor strugling, angling for success, Cliff knew life and he knew himself. He was lonely—and the first to admit it. But he once said, "I think it would be fatal for me to marry just because of loneliness." He knew himself well enough to recognize that beneath a cheerful, warm, outgoing facade, he was a complex, self-absorbed individual.

Cliff, like every man, knew what his memories were. His restlessness and career drive stemmed from childhood—a lonely, unhappy childhood. This, too, a feeling for Cliff never knew his parents. He had no memory of either his mother or father; both having died when he was two. His grandparents raised him, along with two of his orphaned cousins.

"Though that home in La Jolla was a good home," he remembers, "and—Grandmother was a kind and conscientious woman who gave me affection and attention and worked to support us, I missed my mother—even though I never knew her. Other kids would talk about theirs. After school I'd sometimes be invited over to theirs and we'd always be a mother there, waiting, with cookies and milk. On Saturdays other kids would talk about baseball games with their fathers, and swim and fishing trips. I used to hate to listen. Whenever the kids came to our house, my grandmother treated us all kindly, but it wasn't the same. She felt my need, too, and it hurt her. A boy needs confidence, comfort and consolations that only she can give. The apron string to grab when tumbling off the seesaw, the hand to hold when you're frightened. At least, these are the things I longed for."

Cliff longed for a Dad, too, and this has left a void that perhaps nothing can ever fill. "A kid needs a father for the guidance, advice and emotional bolstering, the kind of assurance that only identification with a male parent can give. A Pop who pretends not to see your tears after a fight with the kids next door, but instead takes you through the ropes and shows you a few grips and defenses for next time.

"I remember how I felt as high school graduation approached. I began wondering 'Who am I?' With no father and no male role model, I felt lost. I had nowhere. Was I sixteen, but instead of beginning to feel adult, I felt like a rejected kid."

In search of a "home," Cliff joined the Merchant Marine and went to sea. He was happy in the camaraderie he discovered, the buddies with whom he shared good times and confidences. Even during the dangers of invasion landings in the Mediterranean and Pacific, the hazards were offset by the closeness and group spirit that formed. This, too, a feeling of belonging which he missed after leaving the service, and found himself wandering from one nondescript, menial job to another back into a life of aloneness.

Cliff can talk and write with calm and understanding today, half as though they belonged to someone else. "Love is a strange, fragile, illusive thing," he will explain. "I've been much too much an orphan—when I opened up. I was twenty-two..."

When I met Becky. She was young and gay and warm, and suddenly I found an entirely new world and began to understand myself. "There was no back of what I was looking for. There's something touching about a young love. It seems to hold so much purpose and meaning. Becky held all this for me. I loved her with all my heart, as only a twenty-two-year-old can. She did, too. I'm sure. We were never married, though. A few months before the wedding, she died. I felt for so long, for Cynthia—that I'd never find love again."

"I was ready for marriage—a man can't live a life without sharing. I looked, too. It wasn't that I was a girl. But, watching fate weave in and out of lives and see marriages collapse or compromise—well..."

After Becky's death, I went on to New York. I found a small apartment, a little hiding place. I was a girl, and Greenwich Village near the piers. I could listen to the lapping sound of the sea, and yet, feel the vitality of the city. New York is a magnificent city." Cliff suddenly stopped talking. "It's my luck, I've found the beginnings of myself, an identification. I learned I wanted to be an actor.

Ah, let me say in the beginning, an actor is not a great artist—Casting directors don't have hearts of gold. How can they? And office girls in casting offices! They know how to make an actor cool his heels. And don't think television is easier; 'Okay, so you're a good-looking kid,' they'd say. 'So what? Good-looking kids, in New York, are dime a dozen."

"Actors Studio helped me a lot. I was grateful to be accepted," Cliff explained. "And I don't run around in a T-shirt either! Little by little, with TV jobs and classes, I developed an understanding of acting, and what's so important, a better understanding of life. I suddenly made friends and I began to crawl out of my shell. Once an orphan, not necessarily always an orphan. I began to be recognized—superb—hand-
some, manly, modest and clear," enthused the New York Times drama critic, while the Journal-American praised Cliff as "a most prepossessing young actor, who handles the role of the migrant charmer with assurance and vigor.") The play folded after only two months on the boards.

In the meantime, fans were howling: "When are we going to see Cliff Robertson?" The cry still goes on, but unfortunately, because of distribution changes, RKO's "The Girl Most Likely" has been kept off the nation's screens for a year. Cliff had banked heavily on the film, and even though Columbia's added two more years to his contract, "these past series of events," says Cliff, "are hardly the ideal climate for proposing marriage. And on top of that I took a loss on salary to the studio in exchange for permission to do 'Orpheus Descending.'" Columbia recently broke Cliff's streak of bad luck by signing him to portray Van Heflin's son in "Gumman's Walk." "And most important," Cliff added, suddenly smiling, "I did get Cynthia.

"Those rumors aren't correct," said Cliff, "that I stole Jack Lemmon's wife. The gossip's really unfair. Jack and I had been friendly, but honest, I never knew Cynthia beyond the hello-how-are-you stage until after their breakup.

"I knew Cliff for years," Cynthia seriously explained, "but only as a good actor and one of Jack's co-workers. I never really knew Cynthia beyond the hello-how-are-you stage until after their breakup. It was early spring and I was visiting some friends in New York, just vacationing, shopping, and taking in the shows. One afternoon, I tried for a matinee performance of 'Orpheus Descending,' and luckily was able to get a ticket. I thoroughly enjoyed the play and Cliff's performance, so afterwards, I went backstage just to say hello and congratulate him."

"More out of politeness," Cliff teases, "I invited Cinnie for coffee. Somehow, in the cozy seclusion of an off-Broadway coffee shop, we found a common warmth and understanding. I asked Cinnie to have dinner with me the following night—and, you see what happened, she insisted upon doing it every night.

I'd been searching for someone like Cinnie, someone who'd put up with me. Who'd be there when I needed her, but who would also possess the intelligence—I guess you'd call it that—the subtlety and wisdom to kind of leave me alone at certain times. So I could feel I was growing on my own. I'd been running wild on the range, bucking like a bronco for almost three decades. I knew I was kind of a patience killer. I was hoping I could find someone who'd accept me as I am and let me be myself in certain ways. No reformer—you understand, don't you?"

Cynthia, a former actress herself, understands Cliff's drive. "She's right for him," said an old acting buddy of Cliff's. "Somehow, don't ask me, you think she'd known him all his life. She's on the same emotional beam and can talk to him about his career like a Dutch uncle, giving him reassurance when he needs it and recognition in ways that help him most.

"It's not so strange that Cynthia can deal successfully with a guy as complex as Cliff," a friend of Cynthia's explained during their small, intimate wedding (so quiet that the press hardly got wind of it). "She's got a good head and strong shoulders. She knows the pitfalls of marriage and is determined to avoid them on her second try. She puts a lot into what she does and you can bet she's going to give their marriage everything she has. Cynthia's one girl who can understand sorrow and loneliness and make Cliff a family."

"I've got a perfect family—a catalogue family," Cliff laughs heartily. "Just like shopping in a Sears book. A tall, blonde, beautiful wife. A lovely home, impeccably decorated. A small, impish, loving new son. All, with only a big fat down-payment of happiness. A world to share. No longer the strange one set apart from other children, struggling through adolescence and manhood to find his own private world. He once said: 'Being without parents, feeling oneself an orphan, it's like being the scissored-out center of a paper. It's just a void, a nothingness. A child's need is only fulfilled by the mirror of love and approval held up to him by his parents. The satisfaction or denial of that need is like the difference between darkness and sunlight.'"

Today, that darkness has become sunlight and that sunlight is Cynthia. Today, a brisk walk in the park, a nippy Sunday afternoon outdoors; a sly joke, a private embrace: all these are the things Cliff's world is made of, bringing warmth and happiness for they're brought by the wonderful, elusive, magic of love. Cliff Robertson never asked for more, not even as a boy, for he knew only this was worth wanting and waiting for.

Recalling a very favorite childhood story, Cliff told us recently, "Once upon a time, there were three little boys. They were good boys and the good fairy offered to each of them one wish. 'You have only one,' she cautioned, 'so consider your choice very seriously.' Without a moment's hesitation, the first little boy raised his hand. 'I want fame,' he said. The second little boy quickly raised his hand, too. 'I want money,' he answered. But the third child, shyer and more retiring than the others, hesitated long and seriously, then slowly gave to the fairy his answer. 'I want,' he said, 'to be loved.' That little boy was me."

The End

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CANDACE STARK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

She is a close friend and business associate of Pat Nerney at U-I and says a lot about this that Jane doesn't. "Jane knows exactly what she wants. She tells me what she wants," he says.

"She's had a burning desire to prove herself as an actress for a long time. She took the role in 'Female Animal' because it's meaty. Heddy Lamarr plays her mother. Indeed, in Africa Jane is a daughter again." Well, there's a difference. In this little epic, the mother and daughter are both in love with the same man and they fight over the same man. But it's a lot better than the other bait. A woman star has to go through an alcoholic binge or dampen the scenery with tears and agony to get an Oscar bid. Well, Jane gets a chance to go hog wild in the historians department because she's a daughter of a daughter of a daughter of a daughter.

A year from now the public will have forgotten all about her teenage decade. They'll think of her as a dramatic actress.

A close personal friend of hers explains objectively, "So you can open your mouth and break a glass at twenty paces. You can't keep singing 'The Bell Song' for the rest of your life. Jane's got a brain and she calls her shots pretty well. In the last few years she's established herself as a top-nightclub entertainer, she's made a lot of records and has an album out with Buddy Bremigan. She has a lot of movie commitments this year and last year, M-G-M and U-I and two back home at M-G-M. Jane has made herself a package television deal with David Niven, Charles Boyer, Jack Lemmon and Robert Ryan (notice she's the only girl). Jane's scheduled for live or six plays a year and an occasional spectacular. She's spreading herself carefully through all entertainment media. She won't saturate any one market, but her versatility will certainly be showing.

Quite a switch for Little Miss Sunshine! Or is it? Could it be that this sharp new Janie has simply been hidden under the sugar-coating of her screen roles, right along?

Says Anne Jeffreys Sterling, "Robert and I love Pat Nerney like a member of the tribe. When he was free wheeling, we always put them up in our backyard barbecues. When he up and said one day that Jane Powell was his date for that night, he took a poker face, but I laughed inside. I had a snapshot of the night. It's a picture of the backyard barbecue. A smiling that sweet, sweet smile through thousands of M-G-M musicals. I told him firmly that our bash was strictly a shorts-on, shoes-off affair. He would please remember little Miss Powell.

"When we answered the front door that night, lo and behold! Miss Jane Powell was done up in a white satin dress. B-rather, I thought, the movie-star bit, the whole nine yards. She mumbled an apology about her virtue being at benefit before she came. She was pleasant enough throughout the evening, but the feline in me simply couldn't skip that dress. But what a dress! Beechen and Jane return the honors, and said Jane insisted it be informal. I dusted off the sterling silver and crown jewels and dressed. So? Jane was informal and delightful. I thought she was going to win that rowboat for being a smart lot under that pretty lid. She's honest, straightforward, exuberant and bright. In short, my kind of person.

Robert and I were delighted when they married. We've been close friends since."

But another close friend vows that Pat Nerney is responsible for the "new" Jane Powell. "Pat has changed Jane's life," he says. "He has shown her the cosmopolitan side of New York, London, Paris and all of Europe. He has introduced her to art, music and culture in a way unknown to her before. In the last few years, Pat has led her to sophisticated, urbane and sophisticated. At the same time, she is homebody enough to enjoy cooking and caring for her home. When Pat was still in the car business, Jane would come home from work for a quick dinner for the kids. When Pat came in about ten p.m., she would have another dinner ready for him. She loves it. But the two things she gets her personality is a far cry from little Janie, girl singer."

It's true that with her marriage in 1954 to Pat Nerney, Jane seems to have found the happiness and pure joy of living she often lacked. As Jane says, she's married a kid. In 1954, Robert and Jane were married. Jane, named after her friends, Lindsey and Averill Dalitz of the Desert Inn, the gears of her life seem to mesh for the first time.

Jane herself, admits that Pat has changed her outlook on life. "We just met, fell in love and married," she says simply. "As for adjustments, naturally we had the children to think of. Pat's daughter, Mona, was three when we married. She visits us quite often. She's nine, and she talks to me like a girl friend, and I love it. She's very alert and aware, and I think she's a very lucky girl."

She's still young enough to enjoy them and she's mad for the baby. Of course, she's so busy with her social life, the Brownies, tap-dancing lessons, lunch and dinner engagements that Jane and Pat haven't seen much of her lately. As for Jay and Cissie, they were fond of Pat before we married, so there was no problem with getting very understanding adult. He was aware of their needs without any discussion. I guess he was aware of mine, too. He's opened new vistas for me. Pat is an avid art collector and his taste is good so close and I enjoy paintings. We have a little Renoir, a Lautrec, a Paul Clemen, a Utrillo and a Grandma Moses. Paul Clemens is going to do the children soon."

And how does Jane Powell explain her transformation from a naive, unsophisti-
cated youngster into the exciting, accom-
plished young woman of today?

"It happened so near a bell that no one knew she had become a mature actress had nothing to do with it! Jane feels that marriage is the answer. Being so close to another person naturally creates an instant identity. I thought it was going to be a wife—or a husband—who is truly in love will try to improve faults and shortcomings, will try to develop to the utmost, just to make the marriage work. Then the time comes, as it has to Jane, when a woman can look back and say, "How I've changed!"

And the deep satisfaction that comes with that knowledge of inner growth and change is what marriage can give. It is something, Jane knows, that a career cannot give—and something that every married woman can achieve."

"Experience makes a person," she says. "A woman must be aware of what's going on around her and change with the times. Why, children do at twelve today, what I did at fourteen. I feel I'm completely normal. I work, as most women do today. And I adjust my life to the necessity of change. As for growing, I think I have normally. As for the future, I don't make plans."

One instance of the change in marriage has wrought has been her introduction to life on the briny. "I didn't know a thing about boats, but I knew Pat loved them. With that it was easy to prefer for my birthday—a diamond necklace, a mink coat or a boat—I choose a boat. Etoile is a forty-footer. The first time we went out it was just the two of us. We have sails but not motors. There was a storm warning up which we didn't notice. We had all our sail up instead of reefing (half way up) as we should have. It got a bit scary but we were safe."

Now Etoile is a big part of our lives. The winds change and Jane, the fashion victim, goes to Balboa every weekend. It's a wonderful way for us to share fun."

Now that Pat is a writer instead of a car dealer they can plan their time to enjoy the boat more. From Pat, too, she has acquired the confidence to say what she thinks. She used to bend over backward for the one she loved. She's an individual. Now she will analyze a situation carefully and say, yes, or no, firmly. She can be persuaded to change her mind only if the reasons are stronger than her objections. She is an observed woman in many ways. With those who work with her now, it is a surprise, but the end result of her efforts leaves them with glowing words of praise.

Jane looks ahead to the future. "I'd like a couple more children. Then, I look forward to their growing up. I think your togetherness is multiplied when they're added. I want to continue combining home and career with planning. With an understanding husband, that's possible. Without one, it's impossible, no matter what the work. My husband understands me up here with me, so I have no problem there—" She was suddenly interrupted by her breathless young son, Jay, who, racing into the room shouted: "Can I have more television time."

"You can have it if you want it..."

"If my table manners are good and I take a nap," responded Jay seriously. "How's my racing along very well," Jane smiled proudly.

So is Jane.
myself to the hospital the day Stephie was born. Steve was livid, but, being an expectant father and a very nervous husband, he let me have my way.

Did you read baby books before Stephanie was born?

No. Unless you drop your baby on her head or smash her nose, I think a mother’s instinct is good enough. If the instinct isn’t there, you’ll never need a book on “How To.”

Do you think women today make too much of having a baby?

Yes, because they’ve had a lot of help in the thinking. Doctors, pediatricians and publishers are making birth a big thing. You’d think babies had just been discovered. Of course, there are exceptions in complicated birth, but for the average woman, pregnancy is a state of mind. And babies are fun.

When did you first realize she had a personality?

The day my cat, Bolo, pulled the bassinet off the night table. Bolo’s a pretty strong personality himself. I think he’s a dog. Honestly. He growls and pants and chases dogs down the beach and into the ocean. Well, that day Bolo took a flying leap and got his claws to the edge of the bassinet. He hung on for dear life and finally had to be pulled up by the handle. I felt the tension in my own body as I pulled up the bassinet from the floor. Bolo and Stephie were caught together underneath the bassinet. They were in there screaming and biting at each other. When we got them out, Bolo took one look at Stephie and disappeared ... for good. He hasn’t been back since. That’s when it dawned on me that Stephanie had a pretty strong personality if she could best Bolo.

How do you feel about raising your baby?

Strongly. I think now (I may change my mind) that raising a child is simple. Not complicated, not complex as doctors, magazine articles and people in general try to make it. Babies and young people are pure emotion. They can’t control themselves. So I have to have control. However, I plan to be myself. Sometimes I’m inward and moody; sometimes I’m happy and bubbling. I have no intention of controlling myself so that I’m always the same standard—but not for Stephanie. If I tried to hide how I felt, she’d sense it. I’m not pulling any punches with her, because nobody else will when she grows up. I want her to be able to go out and be a person. I want to let her grow up and not envelop her in a parental cocoon that will leave her helpless and indecisive. I believe in TLC (tender loving care) that is, love, affection and as much possible freedom in individual choice that’s safe for her. Even now, as a baby, those choices are available. She also as my own mother who I love and who, as she learned to crawl, she was constantly bending her head into a chair leg or lamp base. No one would run up with sympathetic courtship. She simply stopped, rubbed her sore noggin, then amiable set out to bash it on something else. When she is content to sit quietly and play along, that very aloneness is important to her. She must some day learn to enjoy herself company.

The MACLAINE METHOD

Continued from page 89

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MISCELLANEOUS

GETTING BORED?

Continued from page 53

been definitely decided she would never act again. It was not fitting, he indicated firmly, for the consort of the ruler by divine right of a European state to toll for money. Quiet and gentle as she was, the old Grace Kelly could never be pushed to do anything against her will. If it were right for her, she did what people asked willingly, happily. If not, wild horses could not make her. There were scoffers who said this girl and the scion of the royal Grimaldi would clash. There were skeptics who said she could not be able to hold the heady delights of movie stardom. The letter in the blonde girl’s hand suddenly felt heavy as she thought of those clamoring voices.

But, to date, Princess Grace has done no acting. She, who had so often refused to let others control her life, accepted her future husband’s decision submissively, and has shown that this was not hasty

 Acting and her success gave Grace an immense satisfaction for which it would seem hard, if not impossible, to find a substitute. Has she really found satisfaction in being the eternally smiling bride of the adoring people, the sheikishly dandy gossip of Monte Carlo? For a while, her good conduct of the Monte Carlo affairs, the grace with which she received foreign dignitaries, the brilliance of her entertaining, the grace of her manners, the ease with which she conversed, the beauty of her face, the grace of her carriage, the twinkle in her eye, the way in which she treated her staff, the thoroughness with which she did her work, the manner in which she entertained, she was the epitome of grace.

The Grace Kelly of two years ago moved among her equals, a woman of simple and intelligent women. Talented musicians, writers, and actors surrounded her, and many of them adored her. Her days were filled with the excitement of creative work, social occasions, and social gatherings. She herself was a leader in beauty, in artistry, in clothes. She was hailed as one of the world’s best-dressed women. Today, Princess Grace is surrounded by the world’s best-dressed women.

As for exciting company, aside from the official visits of brilliant personalities like President Coly of France and Sir Winston Churchill, the number of people Princess Grace has met in the last two years is limited. Her subjects curtsey and kiss her hand. The members of her household hang on her every word. A small number of old friends, such as the Cary Grants, the David Nivens, Jay and Judy Balaban Kanter, drop in to visit her whenever their mutual busy schedules permit it. But all that hardly compares with the social life she enjoyed in the United States.

Another old friend, Rita Gam, in a conversation just before the royal wedding, pictured Grace as hoping to spend a good part of her time in Paris, visit London and the United States. She will, of course, have an apartment in the Ritz and a home in a small house near Versailles. She will be surrounded by her family, her friends, her staff.

Another feature of life in a Monacan palace which differs sharply from that of the United States is the fact that the princess and her husband are the only ruling body. The king is not present all day and every day—and Rainier is no man to leave his presence unfelt. He does his official tasks in the palace, and his staff has been set up in the tower of the palace.

He eats breakfast, lunch and dinner at home. And, of course, he and Grace meet frequently during the day for official teas, diplomatic lunches, and dinner parties. They do not go to the theater or the opera, although they have been to both at the Opera and the Metropolitan. They go to the theater and the opera.
to such a public restaurant the two held hands like children all evening and danced almost every dance with each other. Rainier danced once with her sister Anoinette and Grace's eyes were fixed on him every moment he was away from her, following every step he took.

On Sundays, in the morning, after Mass, they generally visit the palace's private zoo. Both are lovers of animals. And, if it is not necessary for them to entertain officially, they may take a drive into the countryside or across the border into Italy. The Prince has a fully equipped garage with two mechanics and two chauffeurs who keep like new the eleven cars and three trucks at Grace's disposal. Never fond of driving herself, Princess Grace now has a chauffeur driven car at her call or she goes out alone with the Prince at the wheel. She has persuaded him to give up his old practice of speeding recklessly. At evenings, they are frequently seen walking hand in hand.

But, is Grace happy? Reports from Europe are highly conflicting. An English publication insists that, despite Rainier's denials, Grace is expecting a second child in December or January, pointing out that in that recent pictures, she appears to be expecting. But the Paris weekly, Aux Écouttes, reports, "Indiscretions leaking from the Grimaldi palace confirm that a good understanding no longer exists between the Prince and the Princess." This "chill," the paper states, is caused by jealousy on the part of the Prince and misunderstandings about money. According to Aux Écouttes, whenever Grace goes shopping Rainier has a lady in waiting and two carloads of detectives accompany her. Also, "the Princess believed her husband to be very rich, while the Prince had harbored illusions about his father-in-law's liberality." Yet some observers in Monaco deny these tales, pointing out that at a recent ball Grace and her Prince danced until 3:00 a.m., when it is customary for them to leave at 12:00.

However, there is one strong indication that Grace is planning to resume movie-making. Recently, Lew Wasserman, an executive of the huge American talent agency, MCA, went to Europe for the sole purpose of talking over such a plan with Grace. She would form her own Monacan Film Co., giving ten percent of the proceeds to the Monacan government, and having her films released through M-G-M. She is still one contact and listen as "on suspension." Some speculate that this is a move on her part to ease the tension over finances and make her marriage more secure.

And there is something else...

Grace Kelly once confessed to a reporter that she was secretly very happy about the occasional frequent absences of her husband, who is a major star in California, where she then lived. "I get a dull feeling when it's hot and sunny all the time," she said. "I feel tired. I don't want to do anything. I usually stay in the house when the sun is out, and take my walks all by myself at night."

Right now Princess Grace lives on the gleaming, sun-bombaraded Riviera, where she is continuously bathed in the glare not only of the brilliant ball in the sky but of the unrelenting limelight of a royal personage. No longer can she take lonely walks at night. It is impossible for her Serene Highness to escape from the sun, or her subjects, or the duties of her position, no matter what her secret yearnings.

Perhaps there is a deepseated ache in her heart for the fleeting, the repetitious restlessness of a cavort in the rain.

But only the tall blonde woman, standing in the middle of a vast room somewhere in the depths of an Old World palace, a crumpled letter from America in her hand, can really say. The End
made Garbo withdraw into the shell of shyness marking her personality in later years. There were to be other men in her life; her romance with co-star John Gilbert rocked silent-days Hollywood and gossip columns still refer to her as the "Blonde Venus." But in 1936, aged only thirty-seven. But Norma agreed to return for "Marie Antoinette." After the completion of "Her Cardboard Lover," in 1942, she and sidetracked his career by pointing to her big draw in foreign markets and her "prestige value." Such great hits as "Camille" and "Ninotchka" still lay ahead, though her last picture, "Co-Faced Woman," was pretty much of a disaster. Four times nominated for Academy Awards, she never won; but in 1955 she was voted an honorary Oscar for her "unforgettable screen performances."

Living in serene, well-heeled retirement, free of the publicity that she so bitterly hated, Garbo has to some extent come out of her shell. She is often seen shopping on Madison Avenue or dining with friends in plush spots like the Colony, and she talks readily and knowingly on a wide variety of subjects. But, for her, one topic remains taboo: Greta Garbo.

Among other M-G-M pictures being released on TV are dramas featuring the exquisite profile and ladylike charm of Norma Shearer, also known to the latest generation. With producer Irving Thalberg, she lived one of the great romantic chapters in the Hollywood story. Canadian-born Norma was struggling as an extra in New York when she received the offer from Hollywood almost simultaneously: from Universal, Hal Roach and M-G-M. She didn't know it, but the urging of one man had prompted all three offers. Starting as an office boy at Universal, the brilliant Thalberg had become general manager of the studio before he was twenty-one, moved to Roach, and wound up as Metro's production head.

He had seen Norma playing a bit part and scribbled her name on his shirt cuff for future reference. Years later she said, "I will never cease to be grateful that the first man who really thought I could act thought I'd make a good wife as well." Two years after Norma was signed, she became Mrs. Irving Thalberg, adopting the Jewish faith for his sake. Dazzling as her career was, through successes like "Smilin' Through" and "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," her husband always took first place in Norma's life. At one time, while Thalberg was recovering from a bout with tuberculosis, she stopped working so that they could live abroad for a year. Even so, the combination of his weak heart and the eighteen-hour day he put in at the studio finally led to tragedy. Irving died of a heart attack on December 28, 1936. After this, Norma was never to be the same. She retired permanently. Still, she has remained an active and beloved figure on the Hollywood scene. She discovered and promoted Janet Leigh. Just this year, she was the star of "Sons and Lovers," based on D. H. Lawrence's novel, one of several assignments to prove that the aging screen star still has the magic. The veteran Stiller, in his big hit of the silent era, beyond the range of today's TV revival. But the talkies have their own champ in the art of makeup, though Paul Muni is known primarily as an actor, not for his makeup talents. With Paul Muni's face, the old timers knew just how to achieve the distaste of the past and the glamour of the present. The great ingenue of her generation, Norma Shearer, has been one of the last holdovers of the silent era, appearing occasionally in beach-themed pictures. But she has retired from the screen, and the audience is left with her performances in such films as "Anna Christie," "Grand Hotel," "The Divorcee," "The Hollywood Story," "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," and "Casanova Brown."

Hollywood's BIGGEST COMEBACK
Continued from page 42

When Garbo first came to this country in 1925, she was young, naive, unworldly, completely dominated by her director, Mauritz Stiller. However, M-G-M soon took over. They decked her out in a track suit for some idiotic cheese-cake shots. They set up an interview during which Garbo, with her timidity of English, tried to grapple with intimate questions about her private life. These experiences gave her a lasting distaste for publicity, and she eventually became known as the woman "who wants to be alone" girl. A greater blow came when she was deigned to make her first American picture, "The Torrent," without Stiller.

She was learning English, but her co-workers didn't know this. They'd call a take with "Where the hell's the big flat-foot?" or "Get that squarehead on the set." Garbo understood, but said nothing. There was some trouble, too, with Ricardo Cortez, male star of the film and then a big name. He resented appearing opposite an unknown and took no pains to hide his feelings. Whenever they became too obvious, Garbo would merely mutter, "That pumpkin—he only hurts himself. There will come a day."

That day came with the release of "The Torrent," in which Garbo was a sensation. Stiller then counseled her, "You are now a great star, Greta, and in America great stars do not work for four hundred a week. Tell them that until they give you much more money, you will not return to work." Obediently, Garbo went on strike. But boss Louis B. Mayer proceeded to give her a stern talking-to, and she reported back to the studio, defying Stiller for the first time.

After two more unsuccessful years in Hollywood, Stiller went back to Sweden and died shortly thereafter. Friends believe that sorrow and remorse at his death

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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.
Born Harlean Carpenter in Kansas City, Jean became at five the victim of a broken home, and her own marital fortunes proved even more unhappy and more dramatic than those of such later sex symbols as Marilyn, Lana and Rita. At sixteen, Jean rushed into marriage with rich playboy Charles C. McGrew III. ("The radio next door was blaring the 'St. Louis Blues' as we listened to the words that made us man and wife.") They settled in Hollywood, where McGrew dared her to go into extra work. Jean took the dare, but the two were divorced by the time she flashed up from extra ranks into the man-killer role in "Hell's Angels."

Fans were agreeably shocked at her flamboyant film personality and her revealing clothes. Friends and associates knew Jean herself as a straightforward, endearingly natural person—usually laughing and vivacious—with a one-drink limit at the cocktail hour and a minimum of confidence in her own ability as an actress.

To be frank, Jean didn't show up as an accomplished actress in her early pictures. (Keep that in mind if "Public Enemy," for instance, turns up on TV.) But she became a first-rate, sparkling comedienne in such hits as "Red Dust," "Redheaded Woman" and "Dinner at Eight."

O the personal side, her bad luck continued, probably helped along by those who confused her gaudy screen self with the actual woman. "I'm so tired—I'm so tired of an empty parade," she told a friend. "Sometimes I think it would be nice if I never saw another man."

But she changed her mind when she met M-G-M executive Paul Bern, understanding friend of many stars—and apparently the first man Jean knew who wasn't mentally undressing her with every look. They were married in 1932. One terrible night two months later, Jean shot herself leaving a suicide note that began, "Dearest dear: Unfortunately this is the only way to make good the frightful wrong I have done you."

Loyally, Jean never said a word about the meaning of that cryptic note, though she realized that all the leering speculations about it might ruin her career. The case was not officially closed for two years, and during that trying time she was comforted by cinematographer Hal Rosson, with whom she eventually eloped. That marriage lasted eighteen months.

Then she met William Powell. "I had thought I was in love before, but I never knew the meaning of the word until I met Bill. I never thought it would really happen to me. I never thought I have a feeling we will never be married ...

For Jean Harlow, time was running out. With only a week's shooting to go on 1937's "Saratoga," she died of cerebral edema—at twenty-six. Now "The Jean Harlow Story" is in preparation in Hollywood, and a present-day siren faces a challenge. She must follow in the footsteps of the lady Clark Gable once saluted as "the swellest girl on earth."

Opposite Priscilla Lane in "Four Daughters" (and later hits) was a newcomer whose life was pursued with much stormier course, John Garfield. His irregular features, his rough virility, his air of honesty won him immediate attention and an ardent feminine following. For much of his career, his striking debut role typified him in similar characters: moody, rebellious, self-pitying. The closest modern parallel would be a James Dean or early Brando part.

Garfield's boyhood was widely used background for these assignments. Growing up on New York's Lower East Side, Jules Garfinkle was on the way to becoming a young with an aspiring father even placed him in a school for problem children. But there Julie discovered some-

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thing more exciting and rewarding than juvenile delinquency: acting. On the stage, Garfield finally drew great acclaim in Group Theater successes "Awake and Sing," "Golden Boy." The Group pushed plays of vigorous social comment, compelling for a man like Garfield, whose slum origin made him sympathetic to the underdog. Learning of his attitude, the Communist Party for years used his name in connection with various front organizations without consulting him. Tragic consequences were ahead.

Garfield was riding high in Hollywood. He'd signed with Warners because they allowed him time off for stage work and, said John, "because I get a kick out of working on the same lot with Paul Muni." In seven years, he made thirty-one films for Warners, mostly of the gangster-prison variety and was suspended seven times. "Parole me!" John once begged.

But his popularity continued, and his life seemed secure, with wife Roberts, daughter Katherine, son David. In 1939, there had been rumblings of political trouble to come, though few show people took them seriously.

In 1945, shadows fell over the Garfield home when their little daughter suddenly died. And in 1951 no one in Hollywood could laugh; John Garfield took the stand to testify before the House Un-American Activities Committee, accused of Red affiliations. He came as a voluntary witness to clear his name of the accusations clinging to it for years. On the one hand, he wanted to make a clean breast of the fact that he had, unknowingly, been used by the Reds. On the other hand, he had just produced as well as starred in a new film; his money was tied up in it, and he knew that any Red taint would kill its chances. So he hedged about names, dates and associations, and the Committee labeled his performance unsatisfactory.

Thus died the career of John Garfield. In the last eighteen months of his life, he made no movies. In the last few weeks, he got together with the FBI and determined to set things straight once and for all. It was too late. In strenuous preparation for boxing scenes in "Body and Soul," he had torn a heart muscle. The effects were lasting; Garfield died of a heart attack in 1952, aged thirty-nine. A friend commented sadly, "He was guilty of two things: of loving people and of being naive. For naiveté, he paid with his reputation." And, in a way, with his life. Whatever John's mistakes may have been, they died with him. But his talent did not. TV-revived, his strong and sensitive portrayals have no connection with politics. They reflect simple humanity.

A rebel of an entirely different sort was Jean Arthur. Indirectly, she ruined a whole day for quixotic Katharine Hepburn. Kaitie, it's said, ran up to a publicity man and chortled, "I'll bet you never had anyone as difficult to handle as me!"

The shattered publicist snapped, "Oh yes I have! I've just come from working with Jean Arthur." He wasn't kidding; sweet-faced, husky-voiced Jean was the press agents' despair. After battering at the doors of Hollywood, in three good tries from 1923 on, she had no innocent illusions left. But she had a firm confidence in her own ability, and critics agreed with her when she took to the New York stage. Though her five Broadway plays were all flops, Jean personally drew excellent notices, and this time Hollywood came after her.

Now you may see the happy results in charming, thoughtful light comedies like "The Talk of the Town." "My personal favorite," says Jean in the droll little voice that remains her trademark, is "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington." While her professional stature grew, so did her reputation as Hollywood's recluse, an American Garbo, a star who escaped autograph seekers and fled to her dressing room between takes.

Jean once explained her behavior this way: "The only times I'm self-conscious are when I'm Jean Arthur. In front of a camera, I lose my own identity completely, and with it, I lose my timidity. As Jean Arthur, I'm never sure just what people expect of me." Nobody would have expected what she did in 1944: throw over her career to go to college, study philosophy, live among girls half her age, and generally have a ball. She was even less concerned about her once-shining movie career after she became the wife of producer Frank Ross. That marriage broke up, and Ross married Joan Caulfield, but Jean has not remarried. On film, you saw Jean most recently in "Shane," as Van Hefflin's pioneer wife. It was a dramatic portrayal, glowing, delightfully shaded—but so had been all her movie comedy performances. She is another of Hollywood's generous gifts to TV.

In film town's eyes, Margaret Sullivan was an equally unpredictable character. Long before such conduct became fashionable, Maggie stormed around town in slacks, drove a battered old car, wore no jewelry or makeup. But before the cameras (as you can see now) she delivered the goods, making every scene count with her enormous sensitivity and warm, laryngitic voice. She was a rebel not without a cause; she traces her ancestry back to Dixie's Robert E. Lee and to fighters of the American Revolution.

For her independence, she has been respected. Two seasons ago, the play "Janus" paid off its fat investment in a fast eight weeks, largely on the strength...
of the Sullivan name. Formerly married to actor Henry Fonda, director William Wyler and agent-producer Leland Hayward, she is currently the wife of businessman Kenneth Wagall. Upon this marriage, she left films permanently (she says), and regards their new house in Connecticut as home. But in movies like “Three Comrades” Margaret Sullivan remains a personality to be reckoned with, in any medium.

So does Carole Lombard. Carole was the originator of screwball comedy and one of the most colorful characters Hollywood ever saw. She hated stuffy shirts; she loved to trip them up with crazy gags. Born plain Jane Peters, she was brought by her mother to the old Fox lot when she was a child. A casting director commanded, “Cry!” And Niagara cut loose. Grown into her teens, the future Carole began to get bit parts, and her career looked promising. Then an auto accident sent her smashing into the windshield, cutting up the left side of her face. Was she through?

“She gives her over to Sennett’s,” advised a friend of her mother’s. They don’t care about faces. They’re only interested in figures. And she’ll forget herself in the middle of that crazy bunch.”

And the future Carole Lombard served her apprenticeship in the last of the Sennett series, playing the bathing beauty, throwing pies in the face, sharpening her wits to keep up with her veteran co-workers in the comic routines. From this experience, she developed her superb comedy timing—and her personal zany streak—and into a beauty.

Even after she became a great success in deliberately handled light farces, Carole could kid about an occasional failure: “I sure jinked up that one!” She found an equally honest, forthright person, and his name was Clark Gable. After their marriage in 1939, Carole centered her life on their San Fernando Valley ranch—not on Hollywood. But she was acutely conscious of the horrors going on in Europe. To a reporter, Carole confided, “The world is in a mess. I don’t exactly know what it’s all about, but I can see and feel that we are not worthy of ourselves. There is an American destiny. We’ve got to rededicate ourselves to the spirit of our own Revolution. We’ve got to take it out and sell it.”

After Pearl Harbor, Carole did just that. In her home state of Indiana, she personally sold over $2,000,000 worth of War Bonds. Happy at the results, Carole was eager to go home to Hollywood and her husband. She conferred with her mother and with Otto O. M-G-M publicist and Gable’s best man at the wedding. “I’m strictly a train man myself,” Otto said.

“I can’t face all that time on a choo-choo,” Carole said. They flipped a coin, and Otto lost. They both lost. The plane crashed. Among the few of messages that tried to comfort Clark Gable in his dark hour were these words from the White House: “Mrs. Roosevelt and I are deeply distressed. Carole was our friend, our guest in happier days. She brought great joy to all who knew her and to the millions who knew her only as a great artist. She gave unsparingly of her time and talent to serve her government in peace and war. She loved her country. She is and always will be a star—one we shall never forget or cease to be grateful to.”

She is a star, and you may see her now—slender, laughing, forever alive. At first, old movies were just a time-filler. Today, they are an important part of television. TV has found that its shiniest new shows can’t compete on the rating charts with the block-busters of movie history.

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of them knew it could only cause them unhappiness. And now, she won’t talk about him at all. She’s in love, and engaged to be married to Robert Wagner. ... cut a half-way normal life,” says a Hollywood press agent over his coffee in Schwab’s drugstore, “but not that Elvis. I know it sounds crazy, especially since we press agents are known to be a bit paranoid. He’s famous, he’s rich, but I can’t help feeling sorry for him, knowing what he’s up against. The press will never let him alone.”

Not many women could leave him alone. Not when he dated Joan Blackman. Not when he invited Yvonne Lime to spend Easter Week in Memphis. Not when he went with Anne Neyland. Not when he asked his friends to take him along off in Memphis on her way back to Hollywood.

In the darkness of a Memphis movie theater, Yvonne sat in the hand of the lovely blonde Venetia beside him, and grinned like a kid who has just put his hand in the cookie jar.

“Isn’t this great, honey?” he whispered.

“Great,” said Venetia, smiling back at him, and nodded. It was wonderful, sitting there with Elvis. It gave her a strange, eerie feeling, though. Because, except for the manager, who had warned her that this was all over the next day, she had no idea that Elvis was going to be here. For some reason, she felt she’d be a nice girl, actresses in his own class. They’d understand.

But in Hollywood, they didn’t understand. Not right away. They eyed Elvis curiously—then backed off and kept their distance, as if he were some sort of dangerous character.

“Know so many things about him,” said Debra Paget. “How spoiled he was, how he was a moron.”

“I thought going out with Elvis would be real delight,” said Natalie Wood. “I didn’t think I’d like him,” said Anne Neyland. “I had an entirely different impression of him because of his publicity and his photographs. I didn’t see how I could like him.”

“I thought he’d be real wild,” said Venetia Stevenson.

“What am I, a leper or something?” Even on the phone, all the way from Hollywood, could feel how upset her son was. “Now, Elvis,” she said gently. “Don’t you mind. You just go out and meet those girls, and be yourself. If they’re the right kind, they’ll see all that awful publicity about you isn’t true.”

Wonder of wonders, they did see! They did understand!

On the set of his first picture, “Love Me Tender,” Elvis finally got up his courage to be introduced to his co-star, Debra Paget. “Pleased to meet you, ma’am,” he said shyly.

She was so pleasantly surprised, said Debra. “He was such a gentleman!”

Later, she laughed when someone asked her how Elvis was doing as an actor. “No, he doesn’t need help in the love scenes! But they never did get around to dating. Debbie had a very tight schedule at the time—and when she was free, Elvis had met Natalie Wood.

With Natalie, Elvis was in seventh heaven. At last, he had himself a girl, a real, down-to-earth girl, the kind he’d be proud to take home and introduce to his parents. Not that either of them was serious. They just had a lot of fun going to drive-ins for hamburgers and Cokes, listening to jukebox music. Often, their pal, Nick Adams, went along, and Cousin Gene, and the four of them had a lot of laughs. The kind of fun that Elvis’ routine for most boys. But not for Elvis.

He came back to earth with a thud after Natalie’s trip to Memphis. Both of them were so busy at the time, that they never thought of it other than the young folks would think of a bus ride to the next town. But the press didn’t take it that way. They bloomed. Elvis’ “sweet-talking” was over before it had ever begun.

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WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME?

Continued from page 71

asked her recently. Here's what she said: Right now, my career is in crisis. I can go up or I can go down. I can't stand still. I think, in a way, the times are against me. The days of star-building, as they used to be, are over. The real way to build a female star, they say, was done, to put it in a succession of pictures with big names like William Holden or Greg Peck. Naturally, I don't consider myself a star, and I feel someone on the way to some new picture needs the moral support of a boxoffice male lead. That's why Grace Kelly—not that she wasn't wonderful—was so fantastically lucky. She rarely had to carry a picture alone. I've been bothered for a long time by the variety and range of my parts. Not that variety isn't good. It is, once you're an established star. But I feel that for me there must be a more constant identification in the minds of audiences with Joan Collins, Personality. And this I haven't yet established.

"Often a nun, a respectable English girl, a broken-down nymphomaniac, a Follies girl gone astray and a thirty-five-year-old alcoholic. None was particularly sympathetic, and none was precisely me. Of all my parts, the one in 'Island in the Sun' was closest to what I'd like. I like playing girls my own age—twenty-four— and hate doing ingenues. I'd love to have the kind of role Ava Gardner did fifteen years ago, or Ava Gardner. The roles in 'East Side, West Side,' or 'The Snows of Kilimanjaro,' or 'The Hucksters.' And, of course, there's something irreplaceable about the role of a bad girl. I think most actresses feel that.

"Getting back to establishing a personality. For instance, take Hairdos. We all think dressing up is important, I've never become associated with any particular kind of role. No one would recognize me in two pictures in a row. Then, too, I'd like to get on the right foot with a personality that is part of my own, and then use that for promotion. Offhand, the closest I can think of would have been the part of Myra in 'Oh Men, Oh Women!' the one Barbara Rush played.

"It wouldn't have to necessarily be a sexy type personality. I've been identified some with sex, but I have my own definite feeling about that. Sex is something that comes from within. There have been beautiful women who have been sexless, and the plain women who have been sexy, and it has nothing to do with one's figure or one's measurements. Having a fifty-four for a grotesque example, doesn't mean you're sexy. You can be sexy with a thirty-inch bust. A bosom is a lovely and sometimes necessary adjunct to motherhood, and that's all it is. So why all the fuss about it? I also think that covered-up sex is more attractive than uncovered sex. I am indifferent to the bikini, for example.

"Glamour is another word and another thing. Glamour, I think, is an aura. I think very few women have real glamour. I think Dietrich has it, Ava Gardner, Vivian Leigh, to mention two. I don't think that slitty-bitie starlets are glamorous. I don't even think you can be glamorous until you've reached a certain age. Garbo has tremendous glamour, a worldliness, an air of sophistication which you simply can't find in young girls, no matter how pretty or sexy they are. Probably no one will agree with me, but that's the way I feel about it.

"I've been told that I look like Elizabeth Taylor. Well anyone compared to Elizabeth Taylor in looks has to be terribly flattered, but I think I'm handicapped to be considered one. In that way, especially. For better or worse, I'll go on my own. Although there's no doubt about Liz' glamour, I don't think you can make a sweeping statement what age a woman can or does become glamorous—if she ever does. It has something to do with having lived.

"I never want to stand still. I love new ideas. I know I said when I was in Japan, 'I'll never live in Hollywood again.' And I won't—for any length of time, any more than I'd have wanted to live in Japan.

"I love places, I could travel the rest of my life and always be home. I love Acapulco and Rome and Paris and New York
and London. But if it had to be one place, and I hope it wouldn't, it would be New York. New York to me is the capital of the world, the international city. London is strictly British, Paris so ver-ee French. Tokyo so Japanese. But in New York, you hear so many languages and dialects, and you see so many nationalities and viewpoints. I prefer a cosmopolitan city. I like Vegas and I like Hollywood all right, but it's no place for night life. I liked the West Indies, too.

"Heavens, look at me eat, And yet, I loathe people who stuff themselves, the obese ones. Maybe I'm jealous because of my diet. I should tell you, though, I'm depressed I pick up several magazines and seven or eight candy bars, then sit and read and eat and smoke. I like every food that's baked. Someone once said that everything he enjoys was illegal, immoral or fattening, and that's something like me, but I'm quoting and I don't really mean immoral. I hate to be on a diet—but I always am."

Joan has often been chided by the press for her I-don't-care manner of living. But icy remarks, such as these, appear to bounce right off her: "Joan Collins could never have accused of being too much time at the hairdresser's" and "Joan Collins obviously plans to be noticed when she attends the royal premiere of 'Island in the Sun' in London. In spite of her studio's disclaimer, which intends to warn an evening dress that would strike envy in the publicity-conscious little hearts of both Jayne 'frontless' Mansfield and Vicki 'beckless' fucked, Joan公众ize will be 'sideless,' featuring nude net from armhole to ankles." What ultimately happened was that Joan failed to appear at the "Island" premiere at all. But at least when she was scheduled to be presented to Princess Margaret, her absence was taken as a "snub." Meanwhile, Joan, basking on the Riviera, insisted her failure to attend was not meant as a snub, but those that her tickets were sent to the wrong address. Joan never seems disturbed by such comment. In fact, she herself told one well-known columnist quite candidly, in her part-British, part-American accent, "I love Hollywood's relaxed, casual life. I'm kind of a slob."

Does she really not care? Is she perhaps covering up for unhappiness in not having attention that she is so famous? What's Joan hiding behind that devil-may-care care? What is the real composure, self-assurance and confidence that accompanies an actress who has made more than twenty films? Could her attitude be rebellion as a result of having failed in marriage?

Married to British actor Maxwell Reed at nineteen, Joan was separated before coming to the States, and divorced last year. Has marriage failure frightened her?

"Let's put it this way, I had marriage and fell on my face. I want to get married again some day—when I'm utterly certain—because I want to have children, but not for years and years and years. Maybe now I feel it's a kind of stagnancy—and I can't be stagnant. Now it literally puts the fear of God in me, the thought of getting married again. Then I get so frightened when I see other people's marriages and what's happening to them. My friends, too. Plus that when you get married, it's for life, or that's the theory anyway—at twenty-four I have another fifty years of living to do. It's an awfully long time to spend with one person. So I'd want to be very certain, because I may not be living when I do, I really want it to be forever. If that seems a contradiction, I'm sorry, but it's all this wonderful traveling gives it to me, and marriage can wait as long as it wants, for all it matters to me. And,
Dear Lord, I hope it will never, never, never be to an actor!

"As a general rule, I don’t like actors. Especially young actors. Why? Good question. Because they’re always playing a scene, always on, as we say in the profession. I admire honesty, so I loathe this Hollywood ‘Baby-doll’ and ‘Howzit, sweetie?’ and ‘Darling-I-love-you—know—that’-dan’tcha?’ The young ones. But James Mason now is one of the sweetest men on earth, a great actor. As a man we’ve found right along that the bigger the star, the nicer a person he is.

"As for engagements, they should never be less than four months, and eight months is better. And for all I know, eight years would be best of all. How can you tell anything in less than four months? How do you know how love will last in the long run? Was it your fascination? Do you know how many times you could stand watching your light of love pull his left ear when he’s thinking, which is what he always does? How could he walk by your hair with his foot? I see weddings going to pieces because of things as trivial as this. On all sides of me! When you’re battening against forever, or mortal life, you’re bucking pretty big odds. If you’re like I am. And I am like that.

Compared to other stars, Joan Collins is unknown to her fans. Hers is a name which has appeared on movie house marquees, she is probably more beautiful than many other more popular stars, she is well-traveled, well-read and an independent woman. And yet she has not come off the screen as a definite personality. It’s a problem. Around Hollywood, Joan is known as an extremely opinionated girl. Opinionated about life because she’s lived it—as a frightened child of war-torn Britain, through the torment of the Blitz and the lean years which followed. Opinionated about love because she flapped at it. Her likes and dislikes—all of which are strong—reap her admirers and skeptics and affect everything she thinks and feels.

"Everybody hates war except those who make it. That’s a cliché, but I know it’s true. In London during the Blitz, I saw hundreds of girls that had been standing for years destroyed. Suddenly they just weren’t there any more. And there were people I knew who were killed. I’m still afraid of empty balls and sleep with the living room lights on. And all this night club going I do. The bright lights... well, never mind...

"I hate getting up in the morning and going to out early at night. I detest two-tone cars. They strike me as incredibly vulgar. I like an all black or white or pink car, and I love the styling of the Thunderbird—which is funny, because usually I dislike convertibles. They get to look cheesy after a while. But I love sports cars, particularly British and Italian ones.

"I hate rock ‘n roll but I love Latin American music and calypso. I can’t stand very fancy dancing, but the Latin kind is very much for me. And incidentally, I hate people who say they can’t dance and then do. If they can’t dance, why not stay at home and listen to jazz?

"Going to the movies every night would be a kind of Heaven on earth, but I loathe watching television. And evening of TV is the ultimate in boredom. I think TV can be like a narcotic, and that in a few generations people will be bug-eyed idiots, communicating in grunts. I have an eleven-year-old brother who watches it five hours a day. It’s alarming. Selective viewing, that’s something else again, of course. But selective viewers are getting mighty hard to find.

"Besides, I’m afraid of anything, including television, that is making life easier than it should be. All this instant coffee, cake mixes, pre-frozen foods all that. They’re weakening the fabric in some way. Then all these people who have to keep up with the Joneses.

"And I am very much anti people who are so anti—the anti-Semitism, anti-Catholics, anti-anything. They are often bigots themselves. Mention of the Ku Klux Klan does something bad to my blood pressure. Perhaps some of it is coloration from the picture I made in the West Indies, ‘Island in the Sun.’ We all got along so fine there, and my own part happened to be that of a prominent islander who thought she was part colored before she found out different.

"I hate posing for pictures, but like doing colour pictures, probably because I photograph better that way. I don’t like photographers who say ‘Smile, please,’ or at least I don’t like the instruction.

"I don’t like women drivers, especially those who never know which way they’re going, and still right through boulevard stop signs. That’s not only dangerous and illegal, it’s bad manners, and I hate bad manners, even elementary. I’m not taking bows, but I do hold doors open for older women and always remember to thank the elevator operator, and I never hear anyone doing this any more. I do it because I was taught it was the correct and courteous way to do things. On the other hand, I’d be just as rude as any one if I need to.

"I loathe all forms of domesticity, from cooking on down, and I gag at magazine articles in which the girl next door, whacking at that batter with that apron so fetching. Who is the girl next door, anyway? She sounds like a fiction. A ‘Howzit, sweety?’ character. I’ve a lot of respect for those who can cook and naturally, have a flock of favorite restaurants. Les Amassadeurs in London, La Rue here in Hollywood, Maxim’s in Paris, and I’ve got an old chemistry beaker that makes the best duck. I guess I have an international digestive system. El Morocco is my favorite nightclub.

"Look isn’t it incredibly indecent for me to sit here and roll out menus? There must be something as universal. Children, for instance. Some of my very best friends are children. But I’ve old-fashioned ideas about children. I feel they are neglected and not seen and not heard. I can’t bear precocious children and I’m sure it’s always the parents’ fault. I think the most beautiful thing in the eleven-year-old who has flawless manners. Not prissy, just nice.

"But I’m not as crotchety as I sound, really. I enjoy dressing up, and spend most of my money on clothes. Know what I brought back from Japan? Listen to this lineup: Fourteen dresses, four coats, three suits and twenty shirts, and a lot of shoes I designed myself.

"I love surprises and getting presents, but no matter what you’ve heard I don’t like any one man to the exclusion of others. I dislike lists, and also their opposite numbers, the meek, wishy-washy men. I like very much indeed, tall, thin men. In cars, I’m not comfortable when anyone else is driving unless it’s my father.

"... and I love talking about food. Being British, I was brought up on a regime of four meals a day. I liked tea best of all. We’d have thin slices of buttered bread, toast, shrimps or prawn, and scones with butter and strawberry jam, wonderful cakes and endless cups of tea. Now I’m down to two meals a day and I miss tea—time desperately. Tea itself, too. Americans don’t really know how to make tea, just as the English can’t make a decent cup of coffee.

"I love phone calls and talking on phones and writing letters. I like reading—fiction or otherwise—and right now my favorite writers are Irwin Shaw and Eric Marshall. It’s a fluid situation, though.

"I like simple clothes with bright colors, ballet-length gowns, sheath dresses and full skirts. I like the taste of liquor, and love sheen. It makes the girls in the West Indies. But actually I’m not much for drinking.

"I desperately want to catch up with what’s going on in my mind lately. A body might be enough for the public, but a girl couldn’t go through her whole life congratulating herself. I’m grateful, but I want to be able to do a play on Broadway and get some good reviews for a change.

"As long as they keep me moving in films, I’ll be happy. This is what I was made for. My job is too unstable. It would be so much to the world, so much to do and see. And not to be alone, or in the dark, ever...

Do you have any questions about Joan Collins as a personality?

The End
for both mother and baby is not unlike the health and beauty program regularly followed by actresses and models who must always look their best.

In Vera’s opinion, too many expectant mothers are depressed by secret fears about what childbirth will do to their health and good looks. “Don’t feel guilty and don’t worry!” she says. “And don’t hesitate to tell your doctor how important it is to you to look and feel attractive. He’ll understand and approve.”

For her part, Vera is the mother of two daughters by a previous marriage—Debbie, age seven, and Kelley, four and a half years old—in addition to the latest arrival.

“Good medical reasons,” she says, “why obstetricians today are as concerned about weight as beauty experts. They’ve discovered that toxemia of pregnancy, one of the commonest dangers to expectant mothers, rarely occurs unless the patient is over-weight.

“If you are inclined to start with, your doctor will put you on a diet to normalize your weight. Even if your size is right, he probably won’t permit you to gain more than three or four pounds in a month. It’s usually alloted this way: three pounds for the first three months and two and a half pounds for each succeeding month. While your doctor is watching your weight to safeguard your health,” Vera points out, “you can make it pay off in a better figure.”

“Five feet four and a half inches tall and normally weighing around 112 pounds, Vera had to diet to keep weight on. “I gained only twelve pounds carrying Debbie,” she says, and after she was born I looked like a rail! Next time I made sure to gain the full eighteen pounds. “Eating for two doesn’t mean twice as much,” warns Vera, whose diet has two objectives—controlling weight and getting the right kind of foods.” Babies know what they need for healthy development. If your diet is inadequate, they take what they need at your expense. And that’s when a woman’s health and appearance can be permanently damaged.

To protect both you and your baby, Vera recommends that your diet include daily portions of eggs, meat or fish, whole grain bread, a full glass of milk, and three portions each of fruit and vegetables. “Your doctor may also prescribe supplementary vitamin pills,” she adds, “and suggest that you cut out sweets because they tend to destroy your appetite for the foods you need.

“Milk, of course, is a big must, but because of its high fat content, your doctor will decide how much is best for you. You are a believer, but you prefer to have you drink skim milk.

“If following your diet grows irksome,” says Vera, “remind yourself that it means better health for both you and better looks for you a year from now.”

Meals for the Scotts, whether or not Vera is pregnant, usually include meat, broiled or roasted, a vegetable and a big green salad. For dessert they like tin gelatine made with orange juice or a liquidized fruit. Breakfast is often prepared in a liquidizer and is usually a combination of orange juice, two raw eggs, a little honey, a couple of envelopes of gelatine and a banana. “Tastes delicious,” says Vera, and I get plenty of nourishment without feeling overburdened.

“If it hadn’t been for Pete,” she confides, “I’d never have found out about proper nutrition. He’s a firm believer in natural foods and he certainly changed my way of thinking—and eating. I went along first just to please him. But after eating his way for a while, I suddenly began to notice how much better I looked and felt. Even skin blemishes that used to bother me occasionally have disappeared. Now I know enough about good diet to write an article on the subject—and, in a local newspaper. She admits that her doctor was impressed enough to buy a batch for his other patients.

“Don’t be surprised,” Vera cautions, “if you find yourself nodding at any and all hours. It’s one of the major signals of pregnancy and nature is telling you that you need lots of rest. Eight hours of sleep at night are always important for good health and good looks—as anyone has to face a camera knows. But because of the extra work your body is doing during pregnancy, it needs to be recharged often. Three twenty-minute rest periods during the day do more to pep me up than two additional hours of sleep at night.”

Like the right groceries and enough rest, exercise is another item the expectant mother can borrow from an actress’ normal beauty routine. “Walking in the fresh air is one of the best exercises for pregnant women,” says Vera. “It pays a beauty bonus, too, in fresher skin, sparkling eyes and improved muscle tone. I also swim a lot in our pool and get plenty of exercise painting and hanging wall paper. But don’t overdo,” she warns. “As a precaution against miscarriage, your doctor will remind you to take it easy on days when you would normally have your menstrual period—especially during the first three months.”

An old wives’ tale that Vera does heed is the one about “a tooth for every child.” Calcium metabolism is affected during pregnancy,” she says, “and extra acid in the mother’s saliva may also weaken the enamel. It’s a good idea to have beginning cavities filled early in your pregnancy. And see your dentist once again before the baby is born so that new cavities can be made much headway.”

A slave, she admits it, to a toothbrush, Vera even carries one in her handbag because she’s always had trouble keeping her teeth free of cavities. Even when she’s not pregnant, she scrubs her teeth after each meal, as well as morning and night, and has taught her daughters to do the same.

About the stretch marks that sometimes appear on abdomen, hips and breasts as the body enlarges, Vera has experienced no problem. “Dry skin may be a factor,” she cautions, “and during pregnancy it’s likely to become even drier.” She uses bath oil to keep her skin supple and enjoys a long, leisurely soak in a lukewarm tub, as much, she says, as some people enjoy eating! “I rarely take a shower because a bath fulfills two needs—it gets my neck clean and relaxes me. I take a magazine with me and can happily remain in it an hour in the tub, depending on how busy I am.”

Vera has decided ideas about how to look pretty all the time. “You can be much more feminine than when you are having a baby,” she says, “so why not look the part. Even if you’ve always been the glamorous type, this is not the time for dramatic effects with heavy make-up or complicated hair styles. I don’t mean you should go to extremes and
let your nose get shiner,” she adds, “but I do like makeup applied for a natural look and a hairdo that is simple, shining and easy to care for.

“Sometimes pregnancy tends to make the hair fall out, however, and even falling out a bit. Brushing helps and so do conditioners,” Vera finds that her hair grows faster when pregnant. “For which I’m thankful,” she says, “because Peter likes it long.

“Women who have trouble with brittle, breaking nails during pregnancy can usually strengthen them by eating plain gelatin dissolved in a juice or some other liquid,” she advises. “I don’t have this problem, probably because my normal diet is high in protein.

Vera’s maternity wardrobe features slim skirts and trousers with tops that stand away crisply. “Soft, clinging fabrics look tired,” she says, “and make you look bulky. About shoes, she admits that the added weight on her already heavy feet but prefers flats and occasionally high heels to “sensible” shoes. “I suppose if you’re really smart,” she says, “by the sixth month you’d give in and get a pair of oxfords.”

Vera thinks that too much leisure is what makes nine months seem like nine years. “I don’t get pregnant I get very ambitious,” she says. “I work as long as I can pictures. Then, when I’m no longer in shape, I do all the things I ordinarily don’t have time for. Last summer, while I was carrying the baby, I painted and papered three rooms, and made curtains, draperies and the girls’ fall school clothes. I also got a lot of exercise. I think she’ll think that pregnancy is a good time to provide for the mind as well as the body.

In Vera’s opinion, it’s a mistake to fear for your figure if you want to nurse your baby strong. “If anything, your breasts will be a little fuller,” she says, “and that’s usually all to the good. If I didn’t nurse my babies, it wouldn’t seem like I had any.”

A practical sagging, Vera points out, is another extra sure of proper support during both pregnancy and nursing. “By the month,” she says, “it’s time to call it quits with your regular bra and switch to a maternity model that will expand as you do and fit through your entire pregnancy.” Vera finds that the following exercises until your doctor gives you the go-ahead. “He’ll probably suggest that you start on the tenth day after birth,” she says, “and continue for two or three months.” The routine she recommends are primarily to strengthen the vaginal muscles and sphincter of the bladder and help the uterus return to normal position. But the health of the abdominal muscles, and help to smooth any bulges on hips and thighs.

“Nerves play a big role in how you look and feel,” says Vera. “You can let being pregnant scare you to death or you can enjoy it as a wonderful adventure.

Having a baby is a family affair in our house and the girls shared the entire experience with me. From the moment it was known that baby was no problem. They’d been begging for one for so long that it was really a matter of saying, ‘Now you’re going to have—but you’ll have to be patient for a few months.’

“I haven’t kept anything from them and Debbie has known the facts of life for quite a while. She felt that anything she’s going to do with this baby will be a little different, she’s going to be a little different now, and she can be a little different later. I’d told her the same thing, and I hope she’ll learn that it can be carried over from a nine-month project to a long-term program for good health and good looks.”

The End

IS KIM GETTING MARRIED?

Continued from page 52

steps leading up to the magnificent historic white church, the Paris landmark Sacré-Coeur. They went inside to light a candle and to spend a few quiet moments alone together.

The final hours had gone too fast, but Kim and Mario had managed to spend them away from the press, the photographers. She had been too much so enthusiastically following their every move during our month abroad.

Their last night in Paris was “the most wonderful evening we’ve ever spent together.” Kim had said so. They had dinner in the royal quarters Kim’s studio had provided for us at the Hotel Bristol on the Rue Saint Honoré. A fabulous place, two thousand years old, in the streets of Rome, with our own private elevator, with many terraces, and with a sweeping view of Paris below.

Mario and Kim dined there on a terrace . . . by candlelight . . . and alone. Mario had sent roses. They were on the table. There was music—their own music—from a lovely little music-box Mario had given Kim. In the sun-drenched room, the body playing over and over—and helping to shut out the reminder that they were destined to go in opposite directions.

Mario’s train left an hour ahead of ours, and Kim had taken him to the train. But their real goodbye had been said quietly as they left Sacré-Coeur.

And so our holiday was over—and they were going their separate ways—again. Kim to Hollywood to make a picture, and Mario Bandini to Rome to build a bridge.

“Count Bandini?” Mario had said humorously when I’d met him for the first time. “I’m not a Count—I’m an engineer. I work for the government.”

Only the future would know, I thought, whether they would be able to bridge the ocean, the miles, the months, the heritage, the lay between or in the most attractive time of a woman’s life. And I hope she’ll learn that it can be carried over from a nine-month project to a long-term program for good health and good looks.”

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count had and was 1 realize Another was part of Kim’s life for so long. Back home—there would be Mae Krim.

Still...

Because of my fondness for Mac—and because of a few opinions I’d previously formed—I hadn’t planned on liking Mario Bandini at all.

During all the past year, since Kim met him at the Cannes Film Festival, I’d been hearing about Mario Bandini from her. He wrote fairly often, and he always seemed to have more to say than I had. But he was almost an affable me—one of those titled playboys who go poaching and yatching around and living off the fat of their fathers’ land. In spite of the little things Kim would tell me, I thought him the summer romance of last year. And I’d given him no serious thought when Kim wanted to go on a month’s vacation with her when she finished “Pal Joey” at Columbia.

But as we would talk excitedly about our itinerary, the countries we’d visit, what we’d wear, what we’d buy, always end up spending much, much time in Rome. Kim kept telling me how much she loved this beautiful city the year before—how the ancient shops— and shopping with her for a red alpaca cardigan sweater to take to Mario Bandini—I began to wonder seriously if the beauty of the city was Kim’s prime interest. When our itinerary began to change so rapidly—literally in mid-air! Kim has an ear condition that bothers her when she flies, and landings are painful. Kim’s condition seemed to become worse alarmingly as the hours went by, and land neared. Soon Copenhagen was off our schedule, then Switzerland was cut. She fell so miserable she thought it better to go straight to Rome. “My ears,” she reminded me again.

We landed unannounced at night. Kim wasn’t there. “Last year I got to see just enough of Rome to love it, and I promised myself I would come back and really take time to explore this beautiful city,” she said. But her eagerness as we approached the Grand Hotel seemed to indicate that an additional fascination awaited her.

Every room of our suite was filled with beautiful gossamer drapes, an extraordinary arrangement of lovely lavender hydrangeas in the living room. Reading the card with the lavender flowers, Kim said breathlessly. “You know, I talk to him every week. I feel how happy he is. I can’t realize I’m really here—and he’s sending all these beautiful flowers!” Could I realize that we were really there? No, could I? Not the enormity of the reception. Not remembering little Marilyn Novak when I first met her, when she came to the teenage parties I arranged as part of the promotion of our magazine. Remembering the shy little fawn of a girl who stood on the sidelines watching the others so eagerly, so sure she had nothing to offer, so sure no boy would ever look at her.

Today, Kim Novak had come a long way from that Chicago department store as a teenage model. Perhaps at the moment, too far.

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through the old churches and admired the beautiful landscaping and we went to the Cathedral of St. John, stirred by the thought that it was built 310 years after Christ, the first church in which Christians worshiped in public, and we saw an outdoor painting of the last supper.

Kimi was saying how much she adored the whole city, and suddenly Mario said: “You know, Kim—I don’t think you belong here anymore—You fit into a European way of life—”

A new kind of glow seemed to come over Kim whenever she was with Mario Bandini, I was beginning to notice. For a moment I was appalled that she might never seem to have forgotten her career completely. She hadn’t mentioned the script for her new picture since we’d arrived, which was unusual. It was just then that I was thinking how far removed Kim was from all that, since we were surrounded by Columbus’s Rome executives, who were having a party there. For a moment I thought she was going to leave Kim, but a dance with Mario revived it again.

“All of a sudden this just left me completely. The studio—all of it,” Kim confided to me later. “I’d forgotten all about it. But everything is so wonderful. I haven’t felt so relaxed and happy in ages!”

Then one evening Kim and Mario were going for a drive around Rome in Mario’s little foreign car, when Kim heard American music coming from somewhere. “Oh, let’s listen!” she said suddenly, and Mario drove to the address. It turned out to be the house of the lady who made her so homesick, Kim said later, especially hearing it, and not feeling quite part of it. Kim loves Neapolitan music. Everyone who knows a little group of musicians would gather around her and serenade her, and Kim loved it. But suddenly, hearing American music, she knew how much she had missed it. As Kim described it to me, they sat and listened and “it was so frustrating—because I couldn’t get with it.” It was as though she were trying so hard to grove for something the American music represented, Kim explained, and she couldn’t get it “tuned in” any more. Thinking about it, I wondered what Kim’s reaction meant. Was she thinking of Mac when she felt this way? I was afraid of seeing her for Mario Bandini, because she could no longer feel fully American? Kim had wondered what her feeling would be. “You know,” she said, “I think of these things—that you won’t feel the same, meeting again. But it’s even better. We’re closer than we were a year ago. I love being with Mario—I enjoy being with him. He’s such a good person, and so much fun. He certainly has everything one could want in a man.”

And as Mario had said, “Last year it was such a gay-holiday kind of relationship. Now we’re much more into the friendship.”

One evening after we’d gotten back from a lovely day with Dino and Sylvana De Laurentis at their beautiful villa, Kim said: “Would you please understand why so many people want to live here.” The De Laurentises (who produced “War And Peace”) are old friends of Mario’s. They had an interesting story. They had left there and I had the feeling that Kim was looking at their home with an interested eye and wondering if perhaps she might be living there one day. “Of course,” she said.

But then, there was another evening…

We attended a very elegant dinner with a very titled gathering. Every guest was a Countess or Marquis or Princess—something. Elvis was served on the terrace of a mansion overlooking Rome. They were very wealthy people with many, many servants. All the women seemed so very elegant and different from Kim’s usual casual way of life. And their conversation seemed to be confined to two items, the tremendous balls they attended and the python they planned.

Now and then throughout the evening I would catch a serious-faced Kim absorbing the whole scene around her and the next morning I knew she must have given it much thought.

“I had the strangest dream last night,” she said slowly. “I dreamed I was having a party. One moment it was at my beach house and the next minute it was on the water.”

We were planning to go to the beach house the next day when Kim and Mario and I were discussing the different things we could do.

Mario talked about his own attitude about living—those things which meant much to him. “I enjoy being alone, too,” he said. He immediately looked at Kim and said, “I love to hunt, Mario said.”

“I’ve always wanted to learn to hunt,” Kim said quickly. Mario described the best part of hunting to him was “the thrill of getting up before dawn and sitting very, very still, watching the beauty of the animals and the fox being awakened by the sun.”

Mario’s also a building hotel, and he recommended the modern theater building in which all the seats are covered with lavender leather—a tribute to Kim. Kim listened, her eyes sparkling, as the Mario told her about the building he was sitting in and his many other enterprises. “I admire men with brilliant business careers and with such energy and enthusiasm for work,” she said. “I love to love the Mario because—well, I think people would see—how much they meant to him.”

Part of Mario’s great charm for Kim is this great drive to accomplish the “goals he sets for himself.” Mario is very good at making his own life so full without exerting any effort at all. But if he were living without working, I’m sure we wouldn’t have a thing in common. Mario loves his own business and his many other enterprises. “I understand so completely my feeling toward acting and the movie business.”

I’ve heard some comment that if Kim were to separate from Mario Bandini she shouldn’t continue her career, but I feel exactly the opposite. Mario has tremendous admiration for Kim as an actress and for her determination, the way she has been able to build her career. And she saw a private screening of “Jeanne Eagels”
together, and Mario was completely carried away. "I had no idea! She is such a brilliant actress," he kept saying.

I'm sure Mario wouldn't want Kim to give up her career if she should marry. Mario is much more interested in a woman who does interesting things and he knows this is bringing out the best of Kim—that she would be happiest having her career. However, he feels strongly that one's personal life should not interfere with his career.

One night while Kim was getting dressed to go out with him, Mario and I got on the subject of marriage—and why at thirty-seven, seven years his junior. "I go out a lot, but so many women are lazy and do nothing that I cannot admire them completely. At least, not enough to consider them seriously," Mario said. "I have so much respect for Kim because of her great desire to do well."

From things he's said, I'm sure Mario finds Kim a fascinating paradox. "Kim is a very strange, wonderful combination—that is sensational. A beautiful, glamorous creature on one hand—and then on the other, the real Kim—so down-to-earth and so gentle and lovable. It is so unusual to find this combination in a woman."

Mario Bandini has much to offer that would seem to be right for Kim. Sensitivity, understanding, tolerance when it's needed, and much, much love. He's calm and easy-going and has the needed maturity. Kim is only twenty-four and all these big things have happened so fast to her, I feel she needs the strength of someone who will help reassure her through a situation—say—like this.

They have the same faith and this is important to them. Being Catholic and not believing in divorce, I'm certain if they resolve and serious plans they'd want to be very sure.

Mario plans to come to the States as soon as his business will allow. He's coming to see Kim of course, and to meet her family. He will have the opportunity, like Kim, of experiencing a different way of life in America as she did in Rome. If Mario Bandini wins Kim's hand he will be meeting his strongest rival—the land she loves.

There is also the matter of Kim's contract with Columbia. A wonder of Mario has asked himself, "How could I force Kim to give up all she's worked for there?" Recently, however, Kim has been having studio squabbles with Columbia, including suspension for breach of contract. Kim reportedly felt her salary "too low, considering her roles and billing." And Kim has said to me, "You know it's amazing how one can find happiness outside of her work. Perhaps it's because things now are so exciting and different. And then again, perhaps not ..."

Just before we left, Kim and Mario went to a Rogers, Fountain and King blew a coin in to make sure she would return.

There would be problems ahead a toss of the coin could not decide. Only time would tell."

Tux Eco

WALLACE CROSS—EXAMINES BELAFONTE

Continued from page 46

HARRY: By that, I mean intolerance of any sort. Racial, economic, religious or artistic intolerance.

MIKE: Your last picture, "Island in the Sun," caused a great deal of controversy. How do you feel about that?

HARRY: To be truthful, it's far from the greatest picture ever made, but Darryl F. Zanuck and the other people involved deserved more. It was attempting to portray a controversial subject, on the screen. I think the sociological implications of the motion picture itself far surpass any shortcoming that the film may have.

MIKE: How do you feel about yourself as an actor?

HARRY: I feel I have a lot to learn. I'm very hopeful and anxious to learn. Speaking of "Island in the Sun," I thought my performance in that picture left a great deal to be desired.

MIKE: You have been reported that you would rather act than sing. Is that true?

HARRY: No. It's true that I wanted to become an actor before I became a singer. I like both, but I want to be a good actor. But I'll never give up singing, really love it.

MIKE: Harry, Broadway is buzzing with rumors that you have half a dozen acts up your sleeve. I think that you're returning to composing, that you're giving up nightclub appearances for making films, and so on. Now before we tackle those specific rumors, tell us all. What's wrong with your career the way it's been going?

HARRY: There's nothing wrong with the way my career's been going. As a matter of fact, I'm more than gratified at the success that has been mine in the last couple of years. It is just that I feel an artist must expand creatively in order to stay alive. I want to get into other areas of endeavor—concerts, composing, acting, etc., because a performer who keeps doing the same things year after year, becomes stagnant and anachronistic.

MIKE: But you must have some reservations about wanting to change, in any way at all, a career that earned you an estimated $350,000 last year. Is it you fear most about turning to a different path?

HARRY: I'm not really turning to a different path; I'm just expanding and broadening my scope in show business. What I fear most is mediocrity on any level. I feel when an artist does not present his audiences with something constructive and worthwhile that they can take away with them after listening to him, he should be afraid of his lack of longevity and the ability to be versatile and change with the progression of time.

MIKE: But the success of new development in your career, Harry. We hear (from your agent) that you're planning many fewer nightclub appearances, which leaves one to believe that you can make more concert appearances. Is this move based on the theory that nightclub patrons come to drink and incidentally are entertained, while concert audiences come to listen?

HARRY: Not necessarily. I feel that many nightclub audiences come to be entertained and to listen. At times one cannot be done without the other. Actually, I find that more people can be reached in the concert medium and that younger people and those of limited economic means are interested in these things. There are no high tariffs. The youth of this country is very important to any artist and traveling about the country gives you a real insight into what the people want.

MIKE: But isn't it true, Harry, that you have a strict rule that nightclub waiters are not permitted to serve while you sing? Some people have called you pretentious on that score.

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HARRY: The songs that I do vary in content and tempo so greatly, and the climate in a nightclub is such that the slightest disagreement between artists and the effect of a number. At times it's difficult enough to combat alcohol. I feel that it's only fair to the audience and to the other that in any set of my type, services should be discontinued while we are working.

MIKE: Let's talk a bit, Harry, about your singing. First of all, the production. Doesn't it bother you that he doesn't play his own guitar, but uses an accompanist? Why?

HARRY: When I first began as a folk singer, I had that notion that I had ever really done dramatic interpretations of folk music. I found that our folk music was filled with dramatic fare that was easily adaptable to dramatic presentation. The hand, face, and body. This makes a song better visually and dramatically.

MIKE: You've been accused of playing up personal emotions with the open-necked shirts and the tight fit of your costumes. What about that?

HARRY: With the kind of songs I sing, about the trappings and dress. Is it not the basic culture of the people, it would be a little pretentious and condescending of me to do these numbers wearing the usual tuxedo. I can't find anything more sincere than a pair of pants! My collar is open, of course, because it's more comfortable to sing that way. The fact that the shirt is well-cut and the trousers tailored by a comment on the need for correct costuming. I wear clothes of a better quality and fit now than I used to because I can afford them. But they're not pants!

MIKE: Speaking of costumes, Harry, how did it happen that you were quoted as saying, "I'll never wear one of those calypso straw hats," when a picture of you was published in which you were wearing one?

HARRY: The picture in a straw hat was taken two years ago, in costume in Los Angeles. That was a full year prior to the synthetic calypso craze, when everybody began to commercialize straw hats and other calypso gadgets. It was when that happened that I made that remark, and I meant it, still do.

MIKE: Why not calypso music anyway? I'm sure a lot of listeners like the tricky rhythms and tunes. But at the same time, suspect that the lyrics are loaded with just as much double entendre as another kind of music. What about that, Harry?

HARRY: Real calypso music stems from a need of the people, who live in the islands, to communicate with each other. You might say it's the similar to which current events of importance are exploited to the fullest. Ethnic calypso music has a real, honest beat and a story to tell. The songs that are loaded with double entendre... Calypso calypso that are being turned out on a mass production level by the men of Tin Pan Alley. They have no real relation to and no understanding of calypso folk music as originated in the Islands.

MIKE: While we're talking about rock 'n roll, what do you think of Elvis Presley, the man who seems to have staked your theory of dramatic action, with a vengeance?

HARRY: (Laughing) No comment.

MIKE: You gave up straight pop tune singing back in 1959 when you were making good money at it—about $350 a week. Why?

HARRY: I found no personal satisfaction in singing the June Moon Tunes. I wanted to contribute something and I just felt I wasn't doing it as a pop outfit.

MIKE: Your press agent's publicity release says you quit pop songs because you thought they were artistically shallow. Is that the way you'd characterize the singing of Crosby, Sinatra and Como?

HARRY: Definitely not. Crosby, Sinatra and Como are great artists. They can do to a pop tune what many others cannot. I certainly don't consider pop composers like Jerome Kern, Cole Porter, etc., then. Some of the pop tunes being written nowadays aren't even worth humming and will not, I think, stand the test.

MIKE: Let's talk some of the more serious things. Do you think there is any real business now for a Harry First of all, what would you think of a plan for all Negro entertainers to boycott the South until desegregation is complete?

HARRY: I'm in favor of it. I have played the South before, during which period, however, I conferred with the leaders of the NAACP, who told me the best thing I could do was not to appear. I have since then, however, refused to play the South because of their disrespect for the edict handed down by our high tribunal.

MIKE: Nat King Cole is the first Negro to get a regular network TV program. Do you think he'll become the Jackie Robinson of television, and that it is indeed a healthy sign that he is getting an opportunity to prove the only gage that an artist should be his ability to entertain.

HARRY: How do you feel about your own title—the first Negro male idol?

HARRY: I'm not sure, personally, but I think it's more of a credit to the tempo of the times rather than to the individual man, because it is a gratifying thing that a Negro today can reach the level of high and be a pop idol.

MIKE: You've often been called the most exciting male performer in show business. Who do you think are the three most exciting women in either Hollywood or Broadway?

HARRY: Marilyn Monroe, Lena Horne and Gina Lollobrigida.

MIKE: Harry, does success have any shelf life?

HARRY: I guess time to spend with your family, time to do the little things you like to do just for laughs, and the blessings of exist to do.

MIKE: If you were called upon to give a five-minute impromptu speech on something besides theater and music, what would you talk about?

HARRY: You and the opportunity afforded to most young people of this country to succeed. Of course, to be perfectly candid, this subject is not a less a question of equality on all levels.

MIKE: Some artists have strong feelings about performers participating in politics. Have you any hesitancy expressing your political opinions, verbally or musically?

HARRY: No, I haven't. Of course, I don't think my political opinions should enter into my performing as an artist, but in my function as a private citizen there's no reason why I or any other member of the entertainment industry, should express his political beliefs and participate in politics if he or she is so inclined.

MIKE: If you were endowed with some power to make three major corrections in the world, what would they be?

HARRY: 1) I would eliminate prejudice as an area of evil. 2) I would provide for equal educational facilities for all qualified youngsters regardless of their ethnic background. 3) I guess everyone would like to end war forever.

MIKE: Thank you very much, Harry Belafonte.
THE SHAPE THEY'RE IN

Continued from page 44

Every girl who has risen to fame via the paste-merged image something to Jane, "The firstest with the mostest."

And nobody is as well qualified as Jane to size up these burgeoning beauties and answer some big questions about them. Are they beautiful enough? Where should they draw the line? Can they stay on top, as she has, and if so, how?

There's one big difference between Jane and the girls of her generation. The sex buildup was something she never sought, and often fought. Today, the girls are latchng onto it and using it deliberately for all it's worth—which in terms of cold, hard cash has proved to be considerable. But such antics as Jayne Mansfield's overexposure at the Sophia Loren party, and Vikki Dougan's backtrack tackles had the most blase Hollywoodites gazing.

"You can't blame these girls who are built for it for using this type of buildup," says Jane. "They know how tough it is to get a break in this business, and it's one sure way to attract attention. But it must be done with good taste. Any girl who goes beyond that is making a mistake. It may get her a lot of publicity, but in the long run she'll lose much more than she gains."

Jane's advice is, "Watch it, girls! You've got to learn to play yourself. Nobody's going to do it for you."

To the outsider, this appears to be an easy matter, but Jane knows better. She learned that art is an innately well-meaning girl can be led astray by conniving cameramen.

"I was nineteen when I signed for The Outlaw, and I didn't know from nothing about movies. I didn't know exactly what I was told—until the day that bevy of photographers fell on me. They had me picking up paper off the ground and, piece de resistance, they had me standing over to pick up two pails of water. Dumb as I was, it finally dawned on me. The pictures they were getting were definitely not lady-like. I initally balked at it, but the director informed me that I was a big girl and I'd better start learning to take care of myself. So I did. But those pictures hit every magazine cover in the country. Occasionally one still pops up in a book."

So many girls, particularly those who haven't quite hit the top, are afraid that biting certain poses will brand them as uncooperative and scare the photographers off altogether. Since Jane wasn't seeking publicity, she never gave this a thought. She just knew how important it was simply gave him a look and wouldn't budge. It worked better than any amount of screaming, not only keeping the lenses in line, but giving one's whole posing a respect. They long ago learned not to ask Jane Russell for any questionable shot. And they're still coming back for more. Plenty of the cutaways that they've taken have taken a leaf from Jane's book on that score.

Jayne Mansfield is one girl who has learned the wisdom of Jane's words, "Look out for yourself," the hard way. Of the Sophia Loren party, she has a story to shower in gawn that exposed much too much of Jayne, she now says, "I yielded to the advice of another person, and I'll never do it again. From now on, I'll decide what I should wear and how I should act."

Even so, Jane learned that there are some things a girl can't control. The sensational advertising campaign for "The Outlaw" was one instance. It was the advertising—not the picture—that ran into heavy censor trouble. And Jane could do nothing but fume helplessly. When her dance in "The French Line" caused another hot censor controversy, she protested violently, and still insists that it was put into the picture out of context and would have been fine if preceding scenes had been left in. Again, she could do nothing, except put her foot firmly down on a too-sexy advertising campaign—after "The Outlaw" experience, she made sure she'd never be in a position where that could happen again.

Granted that the sexspots can cope with these hurdles, Jane feels there's a much bigger battle yet. Inevitably, there comes a day when the public says, "So she's beautiful. So she's sexy. So she's famous. So what?" Sure, a gorgeous girl can go in to play a swarthy villainess in the theaters—but what about the women, who come out of curiosity, to criticize and cluck their tongues? And even for men, beauty and sex appeal will pass.

"It isn't enough," says Jane flatly. "You have to prove you have something more to offer." And right there, the sex buildup that can bring a beauty so far so fast becomes a big hindrance. Jane feels, with the fact that she has to develop a lot more than a forty-inch bust. She has to develop the entire wealth of strange assets—talent and personality—and that is an ultimate test, except a quick nosedive into obscurity. This is particularly tough for these girls because their quick rise to fame has not given them time for the thorough training and experience that is necessary. And because the public ridicule their efforts.

"I admire Marilyn Monroe very much, for the way she studied acting in spite of all the attention she got," says Jane. "That took courage."

Of herself, Jane says with a grin, "I got to the point where I realized I was nothing more than a label on a can of tomatoes."

The ensuing ups and downs in her career she can now recount with wry humor. In spite of—or perhaps because of—her unique history, she can look at her career with an eye on both most stars, and even seems to relish the devastating reviews on her flops.

"After "The Outlaw" I was loaned out," says Jane. "I played three pictures in three separate techniques (and) the picture was finished—in every sense of the word. At one time, one director had me crouching in the garden—desperately trying to keep from being caught with my mouth open in front of him and kissing it passionately as I lay on my lonely pillow. Brother! A Boston critic wrote: "If the young widow had died when the husband did, the picture need never have been made." He was so right.

"After "Paleface" with Bob Hope," she continued happily, "I had a, to me, very good part. The part, I played, was dry and caustic so I did a female version of my old man (Robert Waterfield). The review said, 'This girl has one expression and that is to lay through the picture—stone face'. An acid way to planed it, I thought it very good. Then I did a western type very pale 'Paleface' with Scott Brady. No comment. Then it's only Maybelle (in 'What's My Line?').""

Robert Hope asked me back for "Son of Paleface." They even said, 'You have to do more in that and I had a characterization!" After that, unfortunately, RKO decided that Russell and Mitchum were a hot rom-ance team."

How could Jane, or any star in her position, survive? The consensus is that 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, lteness at ball of foot. The cushion, not you, absorbs shock of each step. Loops over toe—no adhesive. Flesh color. Washable. Only $1.00 per pair. At Drug, Shoe, Dept., 5-10c Stores and Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Shops. If not obtainable locally, send $1.00 direct to DR. SCHOLL'S, Dept. 778, Chicago 10, Ill.

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And her plain spunk. Jane had to prove, many a time, that she had a large portion of both.

During the filming of "Underwater," Harry Taurog, his new producer, recognized talent and instincts. He brought her into story conferences and all phases of the picture. "It was the smart thing to do," Harry recalled. "She knew what she could do. She could sense a phony bit of dialogue a mile off and wait for a good script."

I'm a good writer," Jane says thoughtfully. "I like that. I like like that. You could say I've been lucky. I like to think it's more than luck to find enough good pictures to keep going. The good ones, including "Fuzzy Pink Nightgown," I've been asked for. No one went and knocked on doors for me. Norman Taurog on this last picture seemed to think I had a good comedy talent."

"Excellent!" exclaimed director Taurog when queried, "The girl has a great flair for comedy. She has a fine talent. At first I thought she was aloof, but after a few days I was able to make her understand that Jane was shy. When she warms up's wonderful. Her depth is wonderful, as an actress and a woman. Now that I know her as well as I do, I'd love to work with her more. But I'm afraid that she could be out of this world. She's got a whole new career ahead of her. When they hung that sex tag on her, she started with two different kind of girls. And..."

Do I sound excited? I am. I'd like to see Jane do the old Eve Arden part in "Stage Door." She'd do a beautiful job.

Jane is really something special. Yet, even in this what it takes inside to hang onto her fame, even if she has the wonderful satisfaction that is Jane's in knowing that she has grown tremendously as a person and as an actress and still has great career prospects ahead, "It won't make her happy," says Jane. Happiness, Jane knows, doesn't lie in a career—it begins at home, with your family and your friends. So many ambitious young girls, given a chance at the quick sex buildup, climb on the bandwagon, and sacrifice family relationships—even at the price of dividends for the glamour, the fame and the money.

"Don't they realize," Jane explodes, "that when they get to the top, they'll have nothing?"

She knows so well the pressures they are under—the demands to go here, go there, do this, do that, that can so easily come between them and the more important things in life and heart aches for them. Jane was lucky, she feels, in having such strong family ties with her mother and four brothers at the beginning. You never know your friend," says Billie Paul, friend of nineteen years duration, "when Jane decides to be your friend—you get a friend. She descends, you know. She swoops in, fills the coffee pot, dumps kids and hot dogs in the back yard, sits, and talks. And she always has a purpose. If she decides you're in need of advice—she gives it—and you take it. Actually, Jane has an infinite capacity to give love, its just that the Queen knows no other way than sweep in and utter a proclama tion. Her attitudes are so simple, basic and sound, they're sometimes frus-
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DECEMBER, 1957

Vol. 52 No. 6

PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

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“FUNNIEST PICTURE I’VE EVER SEEN!”
Groucho Marx

At last on the screen
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made millions laugh in
LIFE Magazine and as the
nation’s No.1 best-seller.

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Casts
Of Current Pictures

ACROSS THE BRIDGE—Rank. Directed by Ken Annakin; Carl Schaffner, Rod Steiger, Johnny, David Knight, Mary, Maria Landi, Chief of Police, Noel Willman; Det.-Inspector Hadden, Bernard Lee; Pvt. Scarp, Bill Nagy; Police Sgt. Eric Pohlmann; Cooper, Alan (officer); Mrs. Scarp, Iacopelli Wells; Kay, Faith Brook; Milton, Stanley Maxwell; Anna, Marianne Deeming.

ALLIGATOR NAMED DAISY, AN—Rank. Directed by J. Lee Thompson; Peter, Donald Sinden; Virginia, Diana Dors; Moira, Joan Carroll; Sir James, James Robertson Justice; General, Stanley Holloway; Colonel Weston, Roland Culver; Prudence Conroy, Margaret Rutherford; Mrs. Weston, Avice Landone; Albert, Stephen Boyd; Hubert, Richard Wattis; Vicky, Henry Kendall.

APRIL LOVE—20th. Directed by Henry Levin; Nick Conover, Pat Boone; Liz Templeton, Shirley Jones; Ted Bruce, Arthur O’Connell; Henriette Bruce, Jeanette Nolan; Fawn Templeton, Dolores Michaels; Al Turner, Bradford Jackson; Dan Templeton, Matt Crowley; Joe, Jack Coe.

ESCAPADE IN JAPAN—U-I. Directed by Arthur Lubin; Mary, Sandra, Teresa Wright; Dick Sanders, Cameron Mitchell, Tony Saunders, Jon Provost; Hiko, Roger Nakamura; Lt. Col. Hargrave, Philip Ober; Michiko, Kuniko Miyake; Kei Tanaka, Susumu Fujita; Captain Hubbo, Katsuhiko Haida.

JET PILOT—U-I. Directed by Josef von Sternberg; Colonel Shannon, John Wayne; Anna, Janet Leigh; Major General Blach, Joy C. Flinner; Major, Paul Fix; George Rivers, Richard Robey; Colonel Sobotow, Roland Winters; Colonel Mattes, Hans Conrad; General Langford, Ivan Triesault; Major Lester Sinclair, John Bissell; Georgia Ralston, Perdita Chandler; Mrs. Simpson, Joyce Compton; Mr. Simpson, Denver Pyle.

LES GIRLS—MG-M. Directed by George Cukor; Barry Nichols, Gene Kelly; Joy Henderson, Minzi Gayerw; Lady Willow, Kay Kendall; Angeles Ducros, Tanja Hel; Pierre Ducros, Jacques Bergera; Sir Gerald Wren, Leslie Phillips; Fudge, Henry Daniell.

OPERATION MAD BALL—Columbia. Directed by Richard Quine; Pat, Hogan, Jack Lemmon; Lient. Betty Bisby, Kathryn Grant, Capt. Paul Lock, Ernie Kovacs; Colonel Rouch, Arthur O’Connell; Fanchy Stoba, Mickey Rooney; Ruhl, Bob Winkel; Dick York; Pvt. Widows, James Darren; Col. Berryman, Roger Smith; Pvt. Grimes, William Leslie; Sgt. Wilson, Sherry Damore; Donahue, L. O. Jones; Madame Lafour, Jeanne Mantel; Lt. Johnson, Bebe Allen; Lt. Schmidt, Mary LaRocque; Sgt. McClusky, Dick Crockett, Paul Hecht, Fawcett, Master Sgt. Pringle, David Mahon.

SAYONARA—Warner. Directed by Joshua Logan; Major General, Morton Brande; Eileen Webster, Patricia Owens; Mrs. Webster, Martha Scott; Bailey, James Garner; Han-no-ji, Mihoko Taka; Kalamat, Mynochi Unoki; Kelly, Red Buttons; Nakamura, Ricardo Montalban; General Webster, Kent Smith; Colonel Crawford, Douglas Watson; Fumiko-ana, Reiko Kubo; Teruko-ana, Soo Yong.

SLAUGHTER ON TENTH AVENUE—U-I. Directed by Arnold Laven; Bill Keating, Richard Egan; Madge Pitts, Jan Sterling; Masters, Dan Duryea; Dee, Julie Adams; Al Dalbie, Walter Matthau; Tony, Stanley Wall, Miss McIntyre, Howard Ryalde, Sam Levene; Sally Pitts, Mickey Shaughnessy; Benji, Harry Bellaver.

SLIM CARTER—U-I. Directed by Richard Bartlett; Matt, Jack Kelly, Dick Mahoney; Chooey Dale, Julie Adams; Les Gaffigan, Tim Hovey; Joe Bertrand, William Harper; Charlie Carroll, Joanna Moore; Frank Hanlon, Bill Williams; Allie Aumann, Barbara Hale.

STORY OF MANKIND—Warners. Directed by Irving Allen, Spirit of Man, Ronald Colman; Joan of Arc, Henry Lawlor; Peter Minnott, Grachio Marchi; Isag Newton, Harpo Marx; Moe, Chico Marx; Clopatra, Virginia Mayo; Queen Elizabeth, Agnes Moorehead; Decil, Vincent Price, Nere, Peter Lorre; Harem, Charles Coburn; High Judge, Cedric Hardwicke; Spaniel Pussy, Cesare Romeo; Khufu, John Carradine; Najadon, Dennis Hooper; Marie Antoinette, Marie Windsor; Anthony, Henry Daniele; Sir Walter Raleigh, Edward Everett Horton; Sheik, Reginald Gardiner; Josephine, Marie Winslow; Walter, George E. Stone; Early Christian Woman, Cathy O’Donnell; Margarita de Vareges, Franklin Pangborn; Major Como, Melville Cooper; Bishop of Beauvais, Henry Daniell; Moore, Francis X. Bushman; Sid, John Carradine; Bell, Jimmy Dodd; Early Christian, David Robison; Apprentice, Nick Craig; Zebedee, Fredric March; Court Attendant, Arthur Cutting; Columbus, Anthony Dexter; Wife, Toni Gerry; Lincoln, Austin Green; Laughing Water, Eden, Alan Baxter; Father, Alexander Lockwood; Early Christian Child, Mildred Mars; Clopatra’s Brother, Ray Marion; Early Man, Dan Megogam; Arizona, Marvin Miller; Hitler, Bobby Watson.

TIME LIMIT—U. Directed by Carl Madden; Colonel William Edwards, Richard Widmark; Major Harry Cargill, Richard Basehart; Corporate Joe Evans, Dolores Michaels; Mrs. Cargill, June Lockhart; General Cowans, Carl Benton Reid; Sergeant Baker, Martin Balsam; Lieutenant George Miller, Rip Torn; Mike, Alan Doster; Captain Joe Connors, Yale Wester; Lieutenant Harvey, Manning Ross.
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Co-starring

DAVID WAYNE

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sing his new song hit,
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Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL • Screenplay by EDMUND BELOIN and NATE MONASTER • Based on the Cartoon Character Created by George Baker

Acknowledgment is hereby gratefully made to the United States Army and Air Force without whose cooperation, deep understanding, and sense of humor this picture could never have been made.

P 5
CLEARASIL PERSONALITY of the MONTH
JEANMARIE LUSSIER, Graduate '57, St. Mary's High School, Albuquerque, N. M.

Meet popular Jeanmarie Lussier and a group typical of her lively teen-age friends. She's a budding artist, writer too, and is going on to drama school. When you're as much the center of activity as Jeanmarie don't face the embarrassment of pimples...

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She wanted breakfast in bed...
...but she didn't want to eat alone!!!
THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

I'll bet Sophia Loren is now regarded as a Hollywood actress in Italy. I can't imagine Tony Perkins cooking a meal, but he does. Nobody sings a torch song like Frank Sinatra. Nobody listens to a torch song like Ava Gardner. My idea of class in an actress is Gene Tierney. I wish she'd return to Hollywood and pictures. As a child, two things annoyed Kim Novak: 1. Having to go to bed early. 2. Having to get out of bed early. Burt Lancaster knew "The Sweet Smell of Success" with other pictures. I'm for a TV spectacular in which Wyatt Earp, Matt Dillon, Hopalong Cassidy and all the other western heroes shoot it out amongst themselves. Call me a liar, if Marlon Brando doesn't win the Oscar for his performance in "Sayonara." I don't get Mel Ferrer and Jose Ferrer confused. Any more than I do their wives, Audrey Hepburn and Rosemary Clooney. Do you realize that the movie colony is without a social leader? But don't let it bother you. Sal Mineo, who should know, claims the advantage of buying a rock 'n' roll record is that when it's worn out you can't tell the difference.

Yul Brynner believes that big success comes after many small failures. Tommy Sands believes differently. Whenever I see Natalie Wood or Debra Paget going to the movies alone, I wonder what gives. There isn't a better comedienne and singer of sly songs than Pearl Bailey. Ernest Hemingway's "The Sun Also Rises" concerns itself with "the lost generation." How about a novel, Ernest, about today's crowd—"the get-lost generation?" Taking the words from Anita Ekberg: "In love, nothing is as eloquent as mutual silence." I understand the thunder of silence.

Doesn't Bob Mitchum always look as if he needs a haircut? Whenever you see a person turn on a radio in a movie, you can give odds that you're going to hear an important story point. And while you're betting, place a wager that of all the new young actors, John Cassavetes is the greatest. Lana Turner is a watch, not a doer, when it comes to outdoor sports. My idea of a good time is Kim Stanley. She fascinates me—acting, talking, or merely sitting. When movie gangsters reform, they play FBI men or private detectives. I don't believe the movie "War and Peace" tempted anyone to buy the book. Jean Simmons is a good listener, among her other charms. I'm still campaigning for a musical version of "The Front Page," with Frank Sinatra as Hildy Johnson and Bing Crosby as Walter Burns. "The goal of any really decent movie actor is the stage." Know who I'm quoting? None other than Spencer Tracy. It's really a mixed-up world. Elvis Presley's hair is longer than Doris Day's. I'd like to say that I'm weary, very weary, of the word teenage. Victor Mature believes that the professional comedian is having a tough time on TV, because old movies are much funnier without even trying.

Marilyn looks good with cold cream on her face. I have yet to see E. G. Marshall or Jack Warden give a bad performance. The trouble with most characters is that they haven't any character. To me, "My Time of Day," from "Guys and Dolls," is the unofficial Broadway anthem. I defy you to name a blonde who is really a blonde! I don't mean Tab Hunter. I mean an actress. At last the Actors Studio gets its name in lights. Susan Strasberg becomes a movie star in "Stage Struck." Pat Boone insists there's no feud between him and Elvis. "We don't know each other well enough to quarrel," said the singer with the white shoes. From our good friend Mike Curtiz: "I admit there are other things besides money, but it takes money to buy them."

Whenever I see a photo of Liz Taylor, Mike Todd, Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds, I think they're a singing group, Say, The Four Merrymakers. Mamie Van Doren claims she became an actress because she wanted to be somebody; wanted to be proud of herself. Janet Leigh's a favorite with me. I heard a workman on the set of "South Pacific" say to another: "This looks like it could be a good picture, but why are they using all that old music?"

Arthur Loew Jr., with girlfriend Joan Collins, at the preview of "Stage Struck" to watch girlfriend Susan Strasberg. Memo to Susan: Your performance as Eva Lovelace, who becomes a stage star, makes you a full-fledged movie star! And speaking of Susans, have you noticed the trend in actresses named Susan? There's Susan Hayward and Susan Cabot and Susan Strasberg and Susan Harrison and Susan Kohner, and there's Susan Oliver coming up with a big movie and plenty of dates. And, to make things more complicated, what did Burt Lancaster, Tony Curtis, Marty Milner and the others call Susan Harrison in, "The Sweet Smell of Success"? Susie! That's Hollywood For You!
LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES
WITH JANET GRAVES

**** EXCELLENT
*** VERY GOOD
** GOOD
* FAIR

Is Taina about to fall for boss Gene? The idea amuses Kay and Mitzi

Sayonara
TECHNIRAMA, TECHNICOLOR

**** In a powerful, visually beautiful drama concerned with the emotion of love across racial barriers, Marlon Brando is as compelling as ever. Playing a flyer sent to Tokyo from wartime Korea, he disapproves of dates between GIs and Japanese girls. His own fiancée (Patricia Owens), just arrived from the States, is an aristocrat. But he stands loyally by pal Red Buttons when Red insists on marrying humble Miyoshi Umeki. Then Marlon sees the exquisite Miiko Taka—and his outlook abruptly changes. On Miiko’s side, too, there is a hindrance to romance; though she is a vaudeville star, she must lead an almost cloistered life with her troupe. Japanese landscapes and various aspects of the native theater add richness. Ricardo Montalban represents the Kabuki art, as a player who attracts Patricia; an unusual puppet show has tragic consequences.

Les Girls
CINEMASCOPE, METROCOLOR

**** Gene Kelly has met his musical-comedy match—in fact, three of them. And the result is a dazzling movie, sly and spectacular, sophisticated and hilarious. As star of a revue touring Europe, Gene has hired a featured trio from three countries. Mitzi Gaynor plays the saucy American among “Les Girls”; Kay Kendall, the statuesque Britisher; Taina Elg, the piquant Frenchwoman. We meet them in flashback, after the act has broken up. Now wed to Jacques Bergerac, Taina launches a libel suit at Kay, who has married a title—and written a sensational book about her revue days. In turn, Kay, Taina and Gene give wildly contradictory versions of the relationship between Gene and his beauties. Everybody’s fine, but wonderful Kendall has the edge, with her blend of dignity and crazy comic abandon.

Marlon’s love for Miiko Taka won’t give way to obstacles that face them
I dreamed I was lost in a London Fog in my *maidenform* bra

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Once just the blue-jeaned kid next door, Shirley now looks different to Pat

April Love 20th; Cinemascope, de Luxe Color

Pat Boone as a juvenile delinquent?! Don't let the casting fool you. This is an utterly happy movie, full of zestful songs and warm human feeling. In a jam in Chicago, Pat's shipped to the country to visit his aunt (Jeanette Nolan) and grumpy uncle (Arthur O'Connell). There he's supposed to straighten out. He develops a case on neighbor Dolores Michaels, spoiled rich girl. But Shirley Jones, her kid sister, is obviously the one for Pat. Shirley loves horses and trotting races; Pat goes for souped-up cars—till he sees the light.

Operation Mad Ball Columbia

Mad it is—funny from start to finish. At an Army base in France just after World War II, Jack Lemmon and his noncom friends decide to arrange a rendezvous for Roger Smith and his nurse sweetheart—a lieutenant! Their wacky, involved schemes balloon into a real project: a secret party for all the GIs and the feminine officers. (Jack's own beloved is dietitian Kathryn Grant.) As a stuffy captain, Ernie Kovacs threatens to steal the show (and queer the party). Then along comes Mickey Rooney, master sergeant and master fixer.

Private Jack has to salute lieutenant Kathy, but he has other intentions
The nation's most walked-about, most talked-about, most looked-at plastic rainboots...

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RAIN DEARS-SATIN ARE SMOOTH!
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LUCKY SALES CO., INC. LOS ANGELES • CHICAGO • NEW YORK
Slaughter on Tenth Avenue

Unpretentious but hard-hitting, this melodrama of waterfront violence is marked by good acting and an air of credibility. As an inexperienced assistant to the D. A., Richard Egan investigates the shooting of Mickey Shaughnessy, an honest stevedore boss. But all possible witnesses have been terrorized into silence, including Jan Sterling, as wife of the mortally injured man, and Harry Bellaver, as his brother. Walter Matthau makes an impressive heavy; Julie Adams is decorative in the minor role of the hero's fiancée; and Dan Duryea comes on late in the proceedings to score as a wily defense attorney.

Time Limit

It's a deadly serious subject that is tackled here: treachery in wartime prison camps. If the movie does not offer a definite, final answer to its problem, that's because in real life none has yet been found. Richard Widmark and Richard Basehart head a high-powered cast, Widmark playing a dedicated Army officer who must determine whether Basehart should be court-martialed for dealing out Red propaganda in a North Korea camp. The case is full of unexpected complications; for one thing, the accused is obviously a man of principle and strong character. Other effective performances are turned in by June Lockhart, as Basehart's wife, and Dolores Michaels, as Widmark's WAC secretary. Catch is that the story, telly by its very nature, is handled in a static manner that betrays its stage origin.

Escapade in Japan

An appealing family-style movie finds two small boys on the loose in Japan. As parents of the American half of the runaway team, Teresa Wright and Cameron Mitchell have about decided on a divorce. Cameron is on State Department duty in Tokyo, and his young son (Jon Provost) is coming there by air. But the plane is forced to ditch, and Jon is rescued from the sea by a Japanese fisherman. Through a fluke, the couple's little boy (Roger Nakagawa) decides that his American chum is wanted by the cops, and the kids escape together as soon as the boat reaches land. Their tour combines the excitement of the chase theme with the charm of varied (and authentic) Japanese locales.

Jet Pilot

The long-discussed air epic starring John Wayne and Janet Leigh turns out to have a surprising amount of entertainment values. Plot-wise, it's on the wild side, presenting Janet as a Soviet jet pilot who sets her plane down at a U. S. base in Alaska and announces that she's a refugee from Red tyranny. But she is not very cooperative, so John's bosses assign the American jet ace to find out just what his Russian opposite number is after. Well, that's enough of the plot, which even a code expert couldn't decipher. Flying scenes are beautiful, as Janet and John swoop through majestic cloud formations. The two planes look touchingly like birds courting in air, but the dialogue... never mind the dialogue, either. Much of the story is intended to be funny, and the rest is pretty funny, too.

Across the Bridge

The cryptic character strongly portrayed by Rod Steiger is the focal point of this strange melodrama. As a sinister international financier, Rod flies the U. S. when Scotland Yard puts the heat on, long-distance. Needing another man's passport to get into Mexico, he steals it—only to find that its owner is wanted for a political killing. A wistful dog plays an odd part in Rod's further misadventures. This might be an entertaining suspense yarn, if it didn't show unwarranted pretentiousness.

Slim Carter

Here's a pleasantly sentimental easy-going Hollywood story, with Jock Mahoney as a heel who has become a western hero, idol of the nation's kids. Mostly responsible for his success, publicity woman Julie Adams is horrified when she learns of his space-grabbing plan. Little Tim Hovey is to be brought from an orphanage to visit the star, as reward for winning a contest. That was the studio's idea—but Jock figures he'll improve on it with a phony adoption offer. A few days with little Tim... you take it from there.

The Story of Mankind

As the title indicates, movie-makers have bitten off quite a chunk here. Out in the heavens, there's a debate: Should humanity be allowed to blow itself up? Before the court, our history is retracted, Ronald Colman arguing persuasively that mankind is worth saving, Vincent Price (as Satan) taking the opposition. Big stars are seen in each episode, with such surprises as Groucho Marx playing Peter Minuit, buying Manhattan.

An Alligator Named Daisy

An affable British fancy finds young Donald Sinden in unwilling possession of a four-foot alligator—an affectionate pet. Animal-loving Jean Carson induces him to keep the creature—a move that disrupts his life and his engagement to wealthy Diana Dors. While Donald totes Daisy around in a sort of golf bag, bits of song crop up.
Why Perma-lift? Because new Magic Insets, found only in the cups of a “Perma-lift”* Bra, firmly mold your breasts into young, accentuated, yet natural lines, and guarantee this fashion-favored lift of loveliness for the full life of your bra. This convenient FRONT HOOK Long-Line is styled of exquisite nylon in five fascinating new colors, #59 $6.50. Try “Perma-lift” today.
Tangled Hearts: The Julie London-Bobby Troup engagement looks off again, and the reason could be a handsome guy you know well, one Richard Egan. Which leaves Pat Hardy, Dick’s long-time girl friend, dangling from the end of his short announcement. “There will be no marriage for Pat and me.” . . . Ben Gage, Esther Williams’ hubby, lived on uneasy street while Esther was in Rome making “Raw Wind in Eden.” Seems Esther was having a ball and wasn’t too eager about leaving the land of spaghetti and meatballs . . . The reason Jeff Chandler, in Rome for the same picture, flew home before wife Marjorie is a simple one: This marriage is once again as shaky as Elvis doing “Hound Dog,” and Jeff wanted to get away fast and think it over. The decision? Next issue, please.

Location News: At Gregory Peck’s invitation, I flew up to the “Big Country” location near Stockton, Cal., where nary a telephone pole or pumping oil well spoiled the 1870 view. Here, on a dusty, deserted cattle ranch, an entire western village had been constructed, replete with cowboys, saloons and “ornery” villains. And burned if we didn’t almost turn actor. “Come on,” Greg insisted. “Put on some western clothes and play ‘extra’ with my three boys over there.” And sure enough, there stood Jonathan, Stephen and Carey Peck, playing local kids all agog at their dude Dad riding into town in an ancient stagecoach. I got out of there fast. No acting for me!

Inside Stuff: That the Pat Boones are a happy couple is a well known fact. That the Pat Boones live under a shadow of fear is known to very few. Shirley’s RH blood factor, that makes child bearing a hazard, is a constant worry to Pat and his lovely wife. And yet the Boones are so eager for a family, Shirley is willing to take the risk. So far, the three Boone youngsters and Shirley have come through safely. But after the newest arrival, their medico has said “no more.” And the Boones are listening.

The Lowdown: Friends are pretty certain Johnny Stamponiato will be husband number five for Lana Turner. And for several reasons, they’re not happy about it . . . Universal Studios isn’t exactly publishing the fact that John Saxon drew more fan mail than Rock Hudson for two months in a row. In fairness to Rock, he was in Italy during that time making “A Farewell to Arms.” Nevertheless, Johnny is U-I’s big news for 1958, and until proper vehicles come along, they prefer to stay calm . . . Ted Wick is Tommy Sands’ new manager (a modified version of Elvis’ Col. Parker), but I can tell you firsthand that Mrs. Sands is the big wheel in that set-up. Tommy’s Mom wasn’t exactly happy about Tom’s ditching high school two months before graduation to take on a singing job. But now that the decision has been made, Mrs. S. will see to it her son is done right by. And who can blame her? . . . Mae West will sizzle the pages of her biography, “Queen of Sex,” with stories about Jayne M. and Mickey Hargitay. Seems Jayne stole Mickey, the former “Mr. Universe,” right out of Mac’s nightclub act. And Mae can’t forget it. Neither can Mickey’s former wife, so rumors have it . . . Speaking of Jayne, hers was the party of the month recently. The pink paint, the pink champagne and the pink swimming pool were all wet at the fling Jayne flung to christen her new pool. Mickey had only just completed “pinking” the fence and the walls around the pool before the guests arrived.

As a hostess, Jayne is strictly a glamour girl. In a white satin, blue rhinestone studded bathing suit, Jayne didn’t greet the (Continued on page 68)
Don't burn the beauty out of your hair with drying alcohol sprays

Every other leading spray-set sprays your hair with 80% to 95% alcohol. And alcohol can dry, dull, deaden hair... soon burn its beauty away.

New! The only spray-set with no alcohol — builds beauty as it curls!

Such silky, soft curls! Never dry-looking.
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Elvis: A Dangerous Threat?

According to some critics, the three most dangerous threats the world has to contend with these days are: atomic weapons, the Asian flu and Elvis Presley.

I am willing to take their word about the first two, but definitely disagree about the third.

I have watched Elvis Presley on every occasion that came my way: and lo, I have never set eyes on anything so offensive in my entire half-century of living, regardless of all the ugly criticism. I cannot recall anyone else in the limelight ever having been such a constant victim of so many abuses—most of them downright insulting if not heartbreaking, which he undoubtedly does not deserve.

I as well as many others, evidently, have discovered that his style of entertainment is no more a threat to our teenagers’ morals than that of anybody else in show business.

On the contrary, much less so than in many, many other cases. In fact we find it excellent and unique, despite the numerous unsuccessful attempts to copy him. His facial expressions are delightful. He is as handsome as they come and blessed with a rare, warm personality. Why, then, are the critics so unkind to him? Some even predicted that he would soon vanish into oblivion—that he was only a phase that would soon pass.

These critics better take another look and change their minds quickly, because those of us who strongly disagree see a completely different picture of a brilliant lad who has a huge supply of skill-hidden talent that will take over when the present ones are exhausted.

Personally, I would be honored to shake hands with Elvis Presley anytime.

MRS. A. D. AINSJIE
Orondo, Wash.

Movie producers—how about casting Elvis Presley in a modern musical comedy with the accent on comedy. He’s turning into a good actor and a picture like this could showcase another side of his talent.

L. FARNHAM
Wayne, Pa.

Brrr!

A group of friends and myself went to see “Twenty Million Miles to Earth” and now we’re having an argument on what played the part of the monster from Venus. One fellow says it was a drawing, and my girlfriend says it was a miniature puppet enlarged, and I said it was a man disguised.

G. ZAMISKE
Hellertown, Pa.

“...and we say it was pretty scary no matter how they played it. We say the people who went to see it felt calm enough to inquire, Columbia told us it was a rubberized mechanical device.”—Ed.

Academy Award Material

I think one of Hollywood’s brightest young stars is going unnoticed. He has turned in two impressive performances and as yet, I have not seen anything written about him anywhere. Why??

The young man I am talking about is Sidney Poitier. If he does not receive an Academy Award for Best Supporting Actor, I don’t know who will. In “Something of Value” he was simply tremendous. Never have I seen such an emotional characterization of a person as Sidney did of the Mau-Mau in this movie. You feel everything as he did. He had you with him all the time.

Again in “Band of Angels” Sidney gives a terrific performance. As Rau-Ru he steals the show from that wonderful man, Clark Gable. There is no denying this boy’s talent.

How about a little information about him? He certainly deserves every bit of credit he receives.

KATHY GALE
Portland, Oregon

It’s always a pleasure to talk about a fine actor like Sidney Poitier. Born in the Bahamas in 1927, he was sent to live with his brother in Florida when he was a teenager. Soon thereafter he went on his own, not wishing to burden his brother’s large family with an extra care. Between then and the time he arrived in New York he worked as a busboy, dishwasher, unskilled laborer and dock worker. He finally reached Manhattan where the American Negro Theatre had him tested and gave him a three-month scholarship. During the day he worked in New York’s garment center. At night he attended school. His first big chance came when he pinch-hit for fellow student Harry Belafonte in a walk-on part. This landed him a bit in “Lysistrata,” a Broadway play. An understudy’s role in “Anna Lucasta” followed and then movies. His first big film success was in “Blackboard Jungle.”—Ed.
Measure of the Man

You may not think this matter important enough to print, but I am hoping. My employer and I have been having a dispute about Alan Ladd’s height. He tells me Mr. Ladd is about six feet tall and I say his height is more like 5’6” or 5’7”. Please find room to answer this question.

JOYCE CONNELLY
St. Louis, Mo.

Am I right in thinking Alan Ladd is 5’4” tall? I’m sure I read this somewhere.

Alice Myers
Camden, N.J.

Einstein said everything is relative, but Alan’s still 5’9”—Ed.

Animal Corner

Could you please inform me as to whether Francis the “talking” mule really speaks on the screen? BILLY ROJOS
Key West, Fla.

P.S. Or off-screen!

We asked, but Francis hasn’t answered us yet.—Ed.

How About It, Readers?

Occasionally I have got some old copies of your magazine which I have read with great interest. The only trouble is that it is quite impossible to obtain your magazine here.

Would it not be possible that any of your readers have old numbers of Photoplay and instead of throwing them right away, send them to me? And for exchange, I will mail them some set of our stamps or pictorial postcards.

Hope you could furnish me with an address. I would be very grateful.

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Race Course Road
Tientsin, China

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READERS INC.
continued

Missing Feature

I note with regret that the October issue has no page of “Casts of Current Pictures.” I hope that you aren't leaving it out permanently.
I am a diary keeper, and paste in my casts with my comments. This comes in handy when I watch an old movie on TV. I can look back in my diary and see what I thought of it then.

Mrs. Elizabeth Herrmann
Oak Park, Ill.

No, Casts are a permanent Photoplay feature and will be back with us in the November issue. Incidentally, perhaps other fans will want to adopt Mrs. Herrmann's useful “diary” idea.—Ed.

By Popular Demand

In a recent article in your magazine you made the statement that “The mail can make an unknown into a success or can set a cinema king toppling from his throne.” Our intention is to make an unknown (Danny Dennis) into a success.
He has appeared in “Blackboard Jungle” and “Street of Sinners” (not yet released) and a long list of television shows. We would like your aid in helping Danny gain recognition.
To quote another statement from your article, “The fans are the unseen power in Hollywood.” We demand to see our favorite actor Danny Dennis in our favorite magazine, Photoplay!

Charlotte Bengels
East Meadow, L.I., N.Y.

We surrender! (We always do when we're outnumbered.) At the request of 158 Danny Dennis fan club members and fellow teenagers of East Meadow, New York, we’re glad to print a picture of good-looking D.D.
When Frank Sinatra was in the South of France, filming location exteriors for “Kings Go Forth,” a reporter from London turned up on the scene with a volley of personal questions to toss at him. But when Frankie refused to discuss his romantic life—past, present and future—the un-daunted interrogator got an idea: He decided to write his own story. And that's how a completely manufactured yarn to the effect that Frankie's next bride would be the widowed Lauren Bacall, became a "scoop" that was picked up by newscasters all over the world. Neither Betty nor Frank would dignify this “exclusive” with a denial, although the reporter, to protect himself, said they would. But all of us who know Betty know how deeply in love she was with Bogie, and that she is still recuperating from the emotional strain of the pro-longed illness that led to his untimely death. And so she isn't thinking of marrying Frankie, or anyone, as of now. True, “time heals all wounds,” and it's certainly within the realm of possibility that Betty will marry again. She's still too young and attractive to face the years ahead without a man around the house, and with two children to raise, I'm sure she'll feel their need of a father, as well as her own need of a husband. But neither I, nor any of her intimate friends think that Frankie will supply those needs. As a friend, he'll always be in Betty's life, as he was in Bogie's. He was an integral part of that small clique in which the Bogarts moved, and still is. But Betty has never dated him alone. No, romance with Frankie or anyone is far from her thoughts. And what about Frankie? Where does romance enter his scheme of things? Where it always has, I should think—playing the field as “Pal Frankie.”
These nine players are at the crossroads in their careers. Which way should they go?

You can’t find talent these days.” How many times have we heard this cry coming out of Hollywood. Yet, while talent scouts beat the hinterlands for young personalities, some of Hollywood’s most promising newcomers of a few short years ago now languish low at the casting offices. How come? We wanted the answer.

The following report was gathered by Lawrence Quirk for Photoplay from talks with people whose business it is to know what makes—or breaks—a potential star. This is the story of nine players who are at the crossroads in their careers. The right road leads to lasting fame; the wrong one to oblivion. All nine need your help. Read their stories, then tell them what you think they should do. (Continued on page 89)

For Dana Wynter, there were ominous notes from the very beginning. She has yet to overcome the curious problem caused by her early publicity in the U. S.

Off to a fast start with the screen version of his stage success “Tea and Sympathy.” Broadway’s John Kerr won nationwide critical and fan acclaim. Then his career foundered. Unfairly typecast, his many talents need broader scope to win stardom.

Pageants haven’t been the answer for Paget. Nor has Debra’s “glamour” campaign turned the trick. The solution may be less exciting but far more simple.
Australia's Victoria Shaw was a hit in "The Eddie Duchin Story" but many months away from Hollywood haven't helped much. Scintillating performances carried Sheree North far, but she ran into competition on—of all places—her home lot till recently.

Up against one of Hollywood's biggest casting bogies, John Derek has tried to overcome it. Another good try might bring the stardom and success he wants.

Dependability doesn't always win the biggest prizes. Richard Egan has sadly discovered.

"So much like Brando," everyone said when Paul Newman entered films, but the resemblance is definitely a mixed blessing.

Undeniably, Jean Simmons has plenty of talent, but whether she meets current movie-queen standards is another question.
If you think sweet, demure Ann doesn’t know enough about life to play a bad girl...

"I was an outsider. I never knew what it really meant to be a woman until I married Jim and had Maureen and Timmy"
They called the picture off so many times she was sure they’d never make it. Then she’d pick up a newspaper and read where so-and-so had been signed for the part—her part—and her heart would sink. Finally, they called her to the studio to test for it. She did three scenes and went home alternating between hope and despair. And then—

"I was seated at the desk in the study, addressing Christmas cards. The children, Maureen and Timmy, were long since in bed, and Jim had been called to the hospital to deliver a baby. The house was very quiet, the only noise being the scratching of my pen on the cards. Then the phone rang. It was Al Rockett, my agent. He could hardly keep the jubilation out of his voice. He told me that if the terms he had made with Warners’ were satisfactory to me, I had the part. I couldn’t say anything for several moments—I just sat there in a very happy daze.

"Thoughts flew through my head—I was elated, yet a bit scared. Could I do it justice? I was so stimulated I couldn’t finish my cards. I couldn’t call Jim at the hospital because, though I knew he’d be as happy as I was, I never bother him at his ‘office.’ I felt like singing, and I did—a few bars—not enough to awaken the children, but just enough to give release to my emotions. I had won my campaign for ‘Helen Morgan!’"

Actually the battle (Continued on page 78)
a handful of quarters

He was only thirteen, and he wanted those coins badly. This is the story of the strange incident that has changed Dean's life

When I was thirteen years old, something happened that I'll never forget. I believe it was the most important thing that ever happened to me. And I don't think this feeling I have about it will ever change, although I'm only twenty-one now.

It's a strange thing, hard to explain. I'm not sure yet that I completely understand it. But I can see now that life, especially for a teenager, is made of such incidents that touch us, and change and mold us.

I had gone to the Los Angeles YMCA that afternoon, and I was playing ping pong with one of the boys. I got a kick out of ping pong and tennis—tennis is still my favorite sport. I was having a great time, batting the ball back and forth, and I didn't notice at first when a boy I knew slightly came in, and walked over to the billiard table.

Suddenly, there was a lot of yelling and rushing to the table, and I turned around to see what the excitement was about. The boy was standing there, throwing quarters on the table! I ran over as fast as I could, scrambling and pushing my way in with the rest of the mob. There must have been about five dollars' worth of quarters on that table. That was a lot of money to me. Sure, I'd been working steadily as a child actor. But a lot of my earnings were kept by the court until I came of age. And my mother had quite a struggle to support me and my brother Guy ever since she and my father separated when I was five. Quarters for spending money were something special.

I reached out for a handful of those shiny quarters. Then, something made me stop. I looked up at the boy who was standing there throwing them, and I let the quarters fall back on the table. My arms fell to my side, and I drew back, just staring at the scene—the grasping, shouting boys, acting like greedy animals at the sight of the money, the boy who was throwing them expressionless, with no joy in what he was doing. There was something defiant and contemptuous about him, something very sad and very lonely, too. But no joy. If he had been a rich boy, it wouldn't have been so strange. But he wasn't. I knew he was a kid who had a very (Continued on page 84)
will success spoil my Jaynie?

She's loyal and loving—but there are things that make

Jayne Mansfield's mother say, "I don't like that one bit!"

"A luxurious car took us to the premiere. I, in the front seat, was so nervous, but for Jayne, it was a shining hour!"
I didn't know what to think when I picked up our local Dallas newspaper not long ago and read that my daughter, Jayne Mansfield, had gone to a formal Hollywood dinner party wearing a bikini bathing suit!

It was early evening and I'd just finished the supper dishes. Harry, my husband, was settled down to his favorite living-room chair and had the ball game on TV. I entered the living room to join him, ready for a nice, quiet evening of reading. As I leafed through the paper, my eye caught the story about Jayne.

"Harry!" I gasped. "Look what it says about Jayne!"

Harry looked up from the ball game and I read him—the whole thing—the item about Jayne.

"Ridiculous!" he laughed when I'd finished. "Probably some publicity stunt." And he resumed his attention to the Texas League.

"Maybe so, but I'm calling her up to make sure," I said. "Don't be silly. Jayne's a big girl now, Vera. She knows what she's doing. Besides, it probably was a costume party or something."

So I dropped the subject. But the item bothered me all evening. I couldn't help picturing (Continued on page 72)
"Why doesn't Photoplay let teenagers interview the stars?" you've written us. They did—and gave Burt "one of the toughest sessions I've ever had!"

Twenty high school students were lucky enough, recently, to interview Burt Lancaster, who is currently breaking boxoffice records as the star of his own film, "The Sweet Smell of Success." And the teens broke a record of their own. "It was one of the toughest interviews I've been put through," Burt admitted at the end. The questions ran through everything from sex and censorship to the high price of the neighborhood movie and Marilyn Monroe.

There wasn't a dull moment.

STUDENT: Sir, does the average American moviegoer's preference for films dealing with crimes, sex and violence indicate that he cannot appreciate more refined acting and drama? I've wondered about this.

MR. LANCASTER: No, I don't think that is necessarily true. I think you will find most people go to movies for purposes of relaxation, and they like to see things on the screen that cause visual excitement but that don't particularly disturb or distress them too much—or make them think too hard.

STUDENT: In other words, intellectual movies would not appeal to the average American moviegoer?

MR. LANCASTER: To the average American moviegoer, no, I would say.

STUDENT: In this light, do you feel that you are debasing yourself when you are acting, just to satisfy American moviegoers' cravings and likes?

MR. LANCASTER: No, I think you have responsibilities to the likes and dislikes of people. What we as a group have to try to do in the making of movies is to make those that will appeal to a large, mass audience. We must also try to make movies that will appeal to, shall we say, a smaller and minority group. And as long as we maintain our own standards of what we like, we will find we can make pictures that (Continued on page 94)
Outside Washington, D.C., studio, before "Youth Wants to Know" got underway, a few students cornered Burt to ask, "Do you think certain of our movies encourage juvenile delinquency?" Burt paused, thoughtfully lit a cigarette, and said, "I'd like a moment to think about that."

Moderator Steve McCormick nodded to a boy in the front row, who demanded, "Mr. Lancaster, how do actors and producers react to censorship groups?" The girl next to him wanted to know "Do Americans like foreign films and stars more than our own?"
Blinking back tears, she said to herself, "Jean Seberg, you've got to get tough!"

Jean Seberg reached for the glass of lemonade that was on the table. She sipped the drink thoughtfully and stared down the Riviera coastline that led to Nice. "You wear armored plating..." the columnist had said. She glanced across the table at the seat he had just vacated. "You wear armored plating, Jean, as a human being as well as an actress."

She'd been in Nice only two months before, alone, without armor. Completely without armor the night she'd stood at the window of her small apartment, looking out at the lights, but not really seeing them. Finally, she'd turned back into the room. It was a tiny room, not the sort of place you'd expect to house a vacationing movie star.

Star? Her thoughts tripped on the word. Her name was on theatre marquees all over the world. But was she a star? More important, was she an actress?

She walked over to the table, where her mind had been all along. She carefully picked up a bulky envelope and continued...
reached inside for a pile of press clippings. Then she spread them on the table and began to read them again.

They’d come that morning, the “Saint Joan” reviews. The first ones she’d found, those carefully placed at the top of the pile, were the ones with the praise. The good notices. But the others were the ones she’d read, re-read, set aside, and kept coming back to. They were the ones she read through large, bitter tears. They were about “the (Continued on page 69)

She’s all wet! But it’s just part of the day’s work. Those who’ve seen Jean’s acting at Point de la Fossette on the French coast, including her director and mentor, Otto Preminger (above), predict that her performance will rate raves. Part ideally suits her talent, better than “Joan”
"The ice bag helps me keep a cool head," she quipped.

Resting in her room, a pensive Jean repeats to herself, over and over, "Nothing is going to stop me... I will be a good actress, I will."
So you think you’re in love! You’re starry-eyed, you’re walking on air, and the whole world has taken on a rosy glow. It’s a wonderful, wonderful feeling. But wait a minute. Better wipe that stardust out of your eyes and come down to earth—at least, long enough to take the test on the opposite page. Probably you’ve been asking yourself: Is this it? Is this the kind of love that lasts a lifetime? This test, based on extensive study by psychologists and marriage counselors, can give you a good idea of your chances of married bliss. It can help you find the answers to three very important questions: Is my love real, or merely infatuation? Would it be wise to marry now? Should I wait a while?

Two young people who, no doubt, have pondered these very questions are Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner. And a lot of people who have watched their breathless romance blossom are pondering them, too. Both Natalie and Bob have had serious “crushes” before. Is this the real thing? And what chance would their marriage have of being a lasting success? So let’s take Natalie and Bob as a case in point, analyzing what is known about them and their romance in the light (Continued on page 96)
ARE YOU REALLY IN LOVE?

1. Do you always enjoy being together? ................................................. YES NO
2. Are there many things you like to do together? .............................. YES NO
3. Do you ever feel apologetic about the person before others? ............ YES NO
4. Do your friends and business acquaintances admire him (her)? .......... YES NO
5. Is separation, even for a short while, hard for you? ......................... YES NO
6. Have you known the person well for at least a year? ...................... YES NO
7. Do you try hard to please? .......................................................... YES NO
8. Does conversation come easily when you are together? ................... YES NO
9. Does the person’s appearance appeal to you? ................................ YES NO
10. Do you like the way he or she talks, acts, and thinks? .................. YES NO
11. Are you ever tempted to flirt with someone else? .......................... YES NO
12. Do you like each other’s friends? ............................................... YES NO
13. Do you think about the relationship in terms of home and children? YES NO
14. Do you share the person’s ideals? .............................................. YES NO
15. Are there things about the person that you don’t like? ................... YES NO
16. Could career interests come between you? ................................... YES NO
17. Are there subjects on which you strongly disagree? ...................... YES NO
18. Do you trust the person completely? ........................................... YES NO
19. Are you sure you want to marry this person? ................................ YES NO

ARE YOU READY FOR MARRIAGE?

1. Is he or she the kind of person you’ve always wanted to marry? ........ YES NO
2. Is he like your father? Is she like your mother? ............................... YES NO
3. Were your parents happy? ......................................................... YES NO
4. Are you close to your parents? ................................................... YES NO
5. Are you disturbed if the house isn’t tidy? ..................................... YES NO
6. Do you stand on your own two feet all the time? ............................ YES NO
7. Are you in good physical health? ................................................. YES NO
8. Are you twenty years old or older? ............................................. YES NO
9. By age twenty, had you finished two years’ college or two years’ work? YES NO
10. Do you have a common hobby? .................................................. YES NO
11. Do you come from the same type of home background? ................. YES NO
12. Have you the same beliefs and attitudes about religion? .............. YES NO
13. Are you interested in household matters? ................................... YES NO
14. Do you laugh at the same jokes? ................................................. YES NO
15. Have you the same taste in movies and plays? ............................... YES NO
16. Do your parents favor marrying? ................................................. YES NO
17. Do you like to talk over each other’s careers? ............................. YES NO
18. Is money an important problem to you? ..................................... YES NO
19. Do you hope the person will change? ........................................ YES NO
"Blue was just the color of his eyes
Till he said, 'goodbye love.'
Blue was just a ribbon for first prize
Till he said, 'don't cry, love.'
And blues were only torch songs
Fashioned for impulsive ingenues
But now I know...
Too well I know...
Toow well I know the meaning of the blues."*
TO SING THE BLUES
WHO WILL BE THE FAVORITES FOR 1957?

It's up to you to choose the winners of the next Photoplay Gold Medals

Strike up the band! It's election time again! On the right are the famous faces of stars who have stepped up to claim Photoplay Gold Medals in recent years. Their splendid performances made them eligible—but only the thoughtful votes of Photoplay readers made them victorious. Dating back before the Academy's Oscars, these prizes are coveted by Hollywood's top players. In 1921, announcing the results of the first voting, the magazine said: "The public has made its decision. And we think you have made a wise selection in 'Humoresque,' for it is a truly great picture, an artistic achievement as well as a popular triumph." In February, the 1957 picture that rates this classic distinction will be named. An actor and an actress will join the golden group you see on this page. And this year's most exciting newcomers will be tabbed as the best bets for 1958. But what will be the winning movie? Who will be the stars? We don't know. We rely on you, Photoplay's readers, the true judges of film quality, to call the shots. We trust you to choose a picture and stars that will be worthy of the honor. Let your voice be heard in the final verdict. Vote now!
FILMS

Abandon Ship!
Action of the Tiger
Affair to Remember, An
April Love
Baby Doll
Bachelor Party, The
Band of Angels
Barretts of Wimpole Street, The
Banle Hymn
Beau James
Bernardine
Beyond Mombasa
Big Land, The
Black Patch
Boy on a Dolphin
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Bridge on the River Kwai, The
Brothers Rico, The
Buster Keaton Story, The
Carcass 1966, The
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D.I., The
Delicate Delinquent, The
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Desk Set
Devil's Hairpin, The
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Don't Go Near the Water
Don't Knock the Rock
Drango
Edge of the City
Escape in Japan
Face in the Crowd, A
Farwell to Arms, A
Fear Strikes Out
Fire Down Below
Four Girls in Town
Full of Life
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Fuzzy Pink Nighttown, The
Garment Jungle
Girl Can't Help It, The
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Guns of Fort Petticoat
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Joe Butterfly
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Kelly and Me
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Little Hut, The
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Lonely Man, The
Long Haired, The
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Loving You
Man of a Thousand Faces
Man on Fire
Men in War
Mister Rock and Roll
Monkey on My Back
Monsignor, The
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Night Passage
Nightfall
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Paris Does Strange Things
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Saga of Satchmo, The
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Savoy Hotel
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Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?
Wings of Eagles, The
Written on the Wind
Wrong Man, The
Young Don't Cry, The
Young Stranger, The
Zarak
Zero Hour

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Elke, Taina
Evans, Robert
Franciosa, Anthony
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Grant, Kathryn
Griffith, Andy
Harrigan, Susan
Hart, Dolores
Jason, Rick
Jones, Carolyn
Keim, Betty Lou
Kendall, Kay
Kovacs, Ernie
London, Julie
Loren, Sophia
MacArthur, James
March, Hal
Minoes, Salt
Nichols, Barbara
Nielsen, Leslie
Owens, Patricia
Patten, Luana
Raitt, John
Randall, Tony
Savoy, John
Scarpa, Glia
Sears, Heather
Seberg, Joan
Stevens, Inger
Strockwell, Dean
Trudly, Natalie
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Alberghetti, Anna Maria
Albert, Edith
Allyson, June
Angel, Pier
Antares, Fred
Bacall, Lauren
Baker, Carroll
Baxter, Anne
Belafonte, Harry
Bergman, Ingrid
Blyth, Ann
Borgnine, Ernest
Brando, Marlon
Bruzzi, Rosanno
Bryner, Yul
Burton, Richard
Buttons, Red
Capone, James
Calhoun, Rory
Chandler, Jeff
Charlton, Cy
Clift, Montgomery
Collins, Joan
Conte, Richard
Cooper, Gary
Crain, Jeanne
Crawford, Joan
Crosby, Bing
Currie, Tony
Dalai, Dan
Daly, Doris
De Carlo, Yvonne
Derk, John
Dietrich, Marlene
Dors, Diana
Douglas, Kirk
Douglas, Paul
Eagan, Richard
Ekberg, Anita
Ewell, Tom
Farr, Felicia
Ferrer, Jose
Ferrer, Mel
Fleming, Rhonda
Fonda, Henry
Fontaine, Joan
Ford, Glenn
Foster, Dianne
Francis, Anne
Gable, Clark
Gardner, Ava
Gaynor, Mitzi
Granger, Stewart
Grant, Cary
Gray, Dolores
Hayward, Susan
Hayworth, Rita
Heflin, Van
Hepburn, Audrey
Hepburn, Katharine
Heston, Charlton
Holden, William
Holliday, Judy
Hope, Bob
Hudson, Rock
Hunter, Jeffrey
Hunter, Kim
Hy, Martha
Jones, Jennifer
Jones, Shirley
Johnson, Van
Kelly, Gene
Kerr, Deborah
Kerr, John
Ladd, Alan
Lancaster, Burt
Laurie, Piper
Leigh, Janet
Lemmon, Jack
Levin, Jerry
Lollobrigida, Gina
MacMurray, Fred
Madison, Gay
Magnani, Anna
Malone, Dorothy
Mansfield, Jayne
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Mathews, Kerwin
Matur, Virginia
Miles, Vera
Milland, Ray
Mitchell, Cameron
Mitchum, Robert
Monroe, Marilyn
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Murray, Donna
Nader, George
Neal, Patricia
Nelson, Lori
Newman, Paul
Niven, David
North, Sheree
Novak, Kim
O'Connor, Donald
O'Hara, Maureen
Olivier, Laurence
Paget, Debra
Palance, Jack
Parker, Eleanor
Pavane, Marisa
Peck, Gregory
Perkins, Anthony
Perou, Tyrene
Presley, Elvis
Quinn, Anthony
Ray, Aldo
Reed, Donna
Reynolds, Debbie
Rogers, Ginger
Rooney, Mickey
Rush, Barbara
Russell, John
Ryan, Robert
Saint, Eva Marie
Simmons, Jeanne
Sinatra, Frank
Stark, Robert
Stevenson, Barbara
Steiger, Rod
Stewart, James
Sullivan, Barry
Tamlyn, Russ
Taylor, Elizabeth
Taylor, Robert
Todd, Richard
Tracy, Spencer
Wagner, Robert
Wayne, John
Widmark, Richard
Wilco, Cornel
Wood, Natalie
Wynter, Dana

To vote, use the Gold Medal Ballot

on page 64

41
Everything from the study of spiders to hypnotism! Mr. Grant's new outlook makes him more fascinating than ever.

Five years ago everyone in Hollywood thought Cary Grant was about to rest on his laurels and fade away into retirement. Today, at fifty-three, he is one of film- land's hottest boxoffice personalities.

"I was an idiot, an actor and a bore until I was forty," says Cary candidly. "I've now reached the point in life where I am no longer solely concerned about myself. As a result, I feel I have finally gained self-respect. I admit to my age—fifty-three—because I want to spare people the trouble of leafing through almanacs and old magazines. They'll get nothing but the wrong information."

For Cary's boyish, debonair brand of elegance, the price is steep these days. For acting in "The Pride and the Passion," he was paid $300,000 and ten percent of the gross. This is his price and producers beg to meet it. He is also in the enviable position of being able to pick his own stories. When Cary finds what he wants, he calls a producer and says, "I've got a story here that is sure-fire. You put up the money and I'll put up my talent and we'll split the take." Producers grab the offer like a bargain.

Since "The Pride and the Passion," Cary's made "An Affair to Remember" with Deborah Kerr, the just released "Kiss Them for Me" with Jayne Mansfield and Suzy Parker, and he's currently doing "Houseboat" with Sophia Loren. (Since Sophia is the highest paid lady actress in the world, this will be a mighty expensive boat ride.) After "Houseboat," there are at least fifteen more pictures waiting for him when and if he decides he wants to do them. He also has his pick of leading ladies.

But in spite of the fact that (Continued on page 85)
Where are the stars of yesteryear? What are they doing now? Did their wealth and fame bring them happiness? These are the questions everyone is asking, for the wonderful personalities of the past are returning again to the dizzy heights of their heyday. Every night, they've been coming into your living room, through the old movies being shown on TV, to cast their spell again. Last month, we began their great story—the biggest story in Hollywood today.

Did they find happiness? For some, the answer is, “Yes.” For others, “Maybe.” And in some cases, it must be, “No.” But read on, and come to your own conclusions:

Look at Myrna Loy—green-eyed, red-haired, freckle-faced Myrna started off in films as a siren, Oriental variety. Whenever there was any fancy slithering to be done, or somebody's husband to be undone, that was Myrna's department. However, when sound came in, Myrna the Menace was on her way out. The makeup crew could make her look like evil incarnate, and Myrna's slim sleekness took care of the slinking. But her voice was strictly from Montana (Raidersburg, to be precise), as endearingly plain as her real last name (Williams).

Two studios dropped her before M-G-M took the gamble and tried her as a normal American woman. The try-out worked just fine, and the studio really hit the jackpot when William Powell joined forces with Myrna to create those zany sophisticates of Nick and Nora Charles, in “The Thin Man.” This hatched a series that eventually stretched out to six. Meanwhile, Myrna was working up a reputation as the screen's “perfect wife.” (Continued on page 91)

Do you remember? If you aren't sure, see page 92 for the names of players and films
"Tab knew what the song ought to say," Gwen says. "And whenever we'd get off the track, his musical know-how would bring us back—quick!"

How is a love song written? Well, many ways. And not always under a full moon in June. This is how Tab came to write his, which we publish here for the first time. "I never thought I could," he told us shyly. "In fact I went over to Gwen's (his collaborator) house to play tennis and, if it weren't for her insistence, we might never have gotten around to anything else."

"Seems," Gwen explained, "Tab had finished a recording session the night before. 'But don't let it get around,' he said. 'What a wonderful title,' I laughed. 'But that's not the title,' Tab answered. 'I just meant, don't let it get around about the recording session.' Then, almost together the same idea clicked with us and we yelped at each other, "Let's write one called 'Don't Let It Get Around!'" They did.

"It took an hour," Tab went on enthusiastically.

Gwen interrupted, "He has a terrific sense of rock 'n' roll rhythm."

"Gwen's not bad, either," Tab grinned. "You know, she's the head of Pan Publishing (music) and has had loads of nightclub experience."

Tab and Gwen sang and beat out their song for us, impromptu style. And here it is—for the first time in print. Hum the melody and, if you don't like your own singing, don't despair. Tab has just recorded it!
"DON'T LET IT GET AROUND"

BY

TAB HUNTER
AND

GWEN DAVIS

SPIRITED!

A harried young TV producer brushed by the desk of a chic-looking secretary and asked if he could see her boss, a VP in charge of programming. “Look at this!” He pointed painfully to a news release he had just received from the coast by wire, and read it aloud: “HOLLYWOOD, WHICH HAS BEEN TRYING TO WOO HUGH O’BRIAN BACK FOR SEVERAL SEASONS, MAY NOW HAVE SUCCEEDED, IT IS ANNOUNCED TODAY . . .” The producer’s voice trailed off.

“But what about ‘Wyatt Earp’?” the secretary wailed. Was the network to lose its hottest property to the movies?

Well, Hugh who turned to TV two years ago as star of “The Life and Legend of Wyatt Earp,” hasn’t deserted TV, but the big news around Hollywood these days is that he’s being coaxed back into movies.

A lot of Hugh’s fans don’t realize he was in movies first. He’d appeared in some thirty films before being signed up for television.

“My movie career was no (Continued on page 75)
No star is more grateful to fans than Joan (right, signing autographs in Rome). But fame means most to her because it has enabled her to give a home to four adopted children—Christina, twins Cathy and Cynthia, son Christopher—a happiness she now shares with husband Alfred N. Steele.
DEBBIE REYNOLDS: “Oops! Someone forgot I’m a little girl!”

ERNIE KOVACS: “I’m not having a fit. It just doesn’t fit.”

TONY PERKINS: I’m all choked up but don’t strangle your imagination, girls. I got an alligator once... that’s going too far!”
You know what? CHRISTMAS is sneaking up on us! Are you ready? No? Well, are you getting ready? Be smart. Start! Tony Perkins does his Christmas shopping all year long. By the time November rolls around he's about through! “The trick,” warns Tony, “is to keep from giving your gifts before Christmas and to keep people from buying what you plan on giving them.” He thinks car accessories are wonderful presents for gals to give guys and suggests boys buy earrings “because a girl can’t have too many of them.”

Another Perkins preference is a present for the kitchen, something that will make cooking easier and the food taste better. Clever boy! It’s better to give and to receive!

Another advocate of early shopping, Debbie Reynolds, says, “I plan to give my parents something practical, Eddie and baby Carrie something sentimental.” And, like many movie stars, “the gift I most want is a really good part!”

Ernie Kovacs likes gifts that go up in smoke: cigars!

Shop with the stars—now. Wrap your presents with cheer, tie them with thoughtfulness and add an occasional laugh, because the Christmas season should be merry!

continued
SNEAK PREVIEW GIFT TIPS continued

For information on these gifts and additional gift ideas, turn to page 66.
Well, it's nice work, isn't it! Cuddling with Jennifer Jones, keeping cozy in the blue shadows of the beautiful Dolomite Mountains—these were Rock Hudson's pleasant assignments for 20th Century-Fox's movie version of the Ernest Hemingway classic "A Farewell to Arms." But let's set the record straight: Movie-making is hard work. The delicate and lovely love scene that you see above may slip across the screen in a matter of thirty seconds. Yet the business of getting it on film—with every gesture, every intonation just right—may have taken a couple of full working days. Once just a hulking youngster, a horse-opera hero at his home studio, U-I, Rock Hudson has slowly developed into a highly competent actor of true stature, well qualified to portray the lead in one of the great love stories of modern times. Produced by David O. Selznick (Jennifer's husband and the impresario of such movie milestones as "Gone with the Wind"), the new "A Farewell to Arms" was filmed mostly in the Italian Alps, where the action of this bittersweet World War I idyll takes place against scenic splendor. (Continued)
Throughout shooting, Rock himself was parted from his wife of less than two years, because of her illness just before the troupe left. At work, he had to be Hemingway’s *Lieutenant Henry*, American in love with a British nurse. At his typewriter, on the phone, he was Phyllis’ husband, in every moment of spare time.

“Spare time?” says a member of the picture’s crew. “What spare time? Rock was in almost every scene. He worked like a dog, and the hours were murder. While we were in Rome, the car picked him up at nine in the morning. By the time he got back to town, it was usually nine at night. And when he walked into the lobby of the Grand Hotel, he was dragging his feet.”

On more distant locations, out in the mountains, the location stint got rugged. A sudden snowstorm (“just like Minnesota,” Rock wrote to his Minnesota-born wife) held the star and three friends stalled on the road for four hours. Quartered in a small village, Rock lived in the same sort of minute hotel room as the rest of the gang, until a Selznick assistant tried to rent the apartment of an Italian countess for him. “Out of the question,” said the aristocrat. “Who is this friend of yours?”

“Rock Hudson.”

Rock got the apartment—at a reasonable rent, because the countess-fan wanted to be able to tell her friends, after she had moved back, “Rock Hudson slept here.”
Rendezvous with a Gentleman: While visiting Maurice Chevalier at his beautiful French country home, “La Coquette” (how appropriate for this ageless boulevardier), he told me that in returning to Hollywood for interior shots of “Les Parisiennes,” he is hoping that this generation of moviegoers will welcome the “new” sixty-nine-year-old Chevalier as warmly as they did the young Chevalier of “The Smiling Lieutenant” and other memorable pictures of Paramount importance.

Rock Remembers: At the Cinecitta Studios in Rome, there was quite a reunion in the commissary when Rock Hudson, filming “A Farewell to Arms,” and Jeff Chandler, shooting “Raw Wind in Eden,” caught up with each other. Their friendship dates back to the days when they first started on the Universal lot together. Both of them, and Tony Curtis, too, began their apprenticeship by studying with the company coach, Sophie Rosenstein. Sophie, who later married Gig Young, died tragically of cancer soon afterwards. How sad that she didn’t live to see the great success of her three young proteges. How proud she would have been! “To me, Sophie will never die,” Rock said to me, as we lunched together just before we left Rome. “People who have her capacity to live for other people never die.”

Having had the privilege of knowing Sophie, too, I know what Rock means, and I also feel that wherever she is, she knows that Rock and Jeff and Tony and all the other young people she helped so unselfishly will always feel she is still with them, inspiring them always to bigger and better achievements.

Junior Set Film Debut: In Dinard, France, I watched with delight while the Kirk Douglas heir, Peter, and the Tony Curtis heiress, Kelly, made their film debuts. The call sheets had listed Peter Douglas, Kelly Curtis and their stand-ins, Kirk Douglas and Tony Curtis, for four o’clock. By 3:30, both had proved “howling successes.” “This is no stunt,” the publicity man assured me. “This scene calls for two children, so it seemed logical to use the inherited talent around!” And inherited talent it proved to be! With director Williams behind the camera, and Anne Douglas coaching from the sidelines, Peter followed instructions to “take the toy away from Kelly”—and with one quick “take!” Before either child knew (continued)
Can a wife hold her world together with her love?

You come from different worlds, you and he. Yet always in the past... your love, our faith in the future, has kept you close. Secure in each other. Now though, comes the real test. Your husband's brother is out to tear down the happiness you've built. He's ruthless... and you're afraid. This time, will the strength of our love be enough? This time, is there even a halfway chance to save your marriage? You can get the whole story—even while you work—when you listen to daytime radio. Hear OUR GAL SUNDAY on the CBS RADIO NETWORK.

Monday through Friday. See your local paper for station and time.
Tired of lipsticks that don't stay on... that dry... are priced too high?

Change to creamier, longer-lasting Cutex!

SO CREAMY, YOU'LL LOVE the way Cutex with Sheer Lanolin moisturizes and smooths your lips... never irritates like drying, "deep stain" lipsticks. The instant smoothness... feel as soft and luscious as they look... glide on creamy Cutex, lips shimmer with radiant smoothness... feel as soft and luscious as they look.

SO NON-SMEARING, HE'LL LOVE you for wearing Cutex lipstick! Color is there to stay, all day... stays on YOU, only YOU. One kiss will prove it.

694 sheer lanolin lipstick

For a minute miracle in hand beauty—try new Cutex Hand Cream

Reconciled Mickey Rooney's step out

what was happening. They were grabbed up by two women and carried off into the fields to escape the invading Vikings. Kelly didn't!
Unhappy Ava, Happy Nancy: While Frankie was filming in the south of France, his two ex-wives, Nancy Sinatra and Ava Gardner, were in London. Fortunately, they were staying at different hotels and moved in different circles, so that their paths did not cross. But seeing them separately, as I did, made me believe more than ever in the law of averages. Ava, the glamorous movie star, the tinsel wearing off a bit around the tired eyes as she flitted from night club to night club, drinking and dancing the night away. Ava, fighting openly in another jealous tiff with her equally hot-headed Italian beau, Walter Chiari, spending money with reckless extravagance on a Bentley car, a London town house, and an wardrobe, and trying to delude herself that money can compensate her for the things she hasn’t—a home bought for her, not by her; the children she never had in her marriages.

She and Frankie almost destroyed each other. They might have destroyed Nancy, too. But they didn’t. For here was Nancy on her first visit to Europe, as thrilled and excited as Ava was bored. She wasn’t dissipating her time, energy and looks, staying up until dawn, trying to escape from herself in a crowded room of strange faces. She had to get up early to see the Changing of the Guards, the Tower of London, and Windsor Castle, like any other rager tourist. She has no husband or special beau to show her around, but she did have loving friends like Mary and Jack Benny, staying at the same hotel, who saw that she didn’t have a lonely moment to herself. And as she showed me the latest snapshots of seventeen-year-old Nancy, thirteen-year-old Frankie, Jr., and nine-year-old Tina, I couldn’t help but think back to the time when Nancy lost Frank to Ava. “Poor Nancy!” all her friends exclaimed. “She’ll never get over this blow.” But with an inner reserve, strength, wisdom and religious devotion, she did. Today, anyone weighing Nancy’s life against Ava’s would exclaim, “Poor Ava!”

Les Sisters: Zsa Zsa and Eva Gabor adore each other as sisters, but the professional rivalry between them is very funny to watch. Recently, when both were in Europe—Zsa Zsa filming “The Queen and Smith” in London, and Eva shooting “Gigi” in Paris—Eva flew to London for a reunion with Zsa Zsa. I met them for lunch—Zsa Zsa be-decked in rubies and Eva in diamonds (I was wearing my last year’s gold!). Eva bent her one ear, telling me how excited she was to have three great films in a row—“My Man Godfrey” for U-I, “Don’t Go Near the Water” and “Gigi” for M-G-M—and Zsa Zsa held my other ear, telling me that she had been offered “Gigi” first, and although it was a charming little part, she had to turn it down because of her co-starring role. Then, turning to Eva, she said with real sisterly concern, “Darling, you look tired. And when you look tired, you really shouldn’t be seen in public, because it isn’t good for me! After all, everybody knows you’re my younger sister!” Amazingly enough, in spite of Zsa Zsa’s overwhelming pre-occupation with herself, she is so gay and amusing that she is delightful company. She can be very thoughtful and generous, too. After our luncheon, she sent me beautiful roses, explaining that this was for no other reason than that she was so happy to see me in London. Of course, Eva interpreted it differently. “She just wants you to like her better than me,” she said. Say what you will, a day with the Gabor is never a Ga-bore!

Presley Patter: How would you Elvis Presley fans like to see your lover boy play a straight dramatic role, minus songs and guitar? Well, producer Hal Wallis, to whom Elvis is under contract, confided to me that he made a test of Elvis in a dramatic scene from a stage play, “Girls of Summer,” and Hal was so impressed with Elvis acting that he is now looking for a strong dramatic script for him. Incidentally, “Loving You” opened while I was in London, and the British press who came to razz Elvis remained to cheer.

Lamas Son-Rise: Since the first news that Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas were expecting their first child was “Exclusively Yours” in this column several issues ago, I thought you might like to know that both Arlene and Fernando are hoping it’s a boy. “I want a son as handsome as Fernando!” Arlene assured me, as she showed me the blue and yellow nursery she has furnished in their Murray Hill town house. “We are so dead set on a boy that we won’t even discuss a girl’s name. The “heiring” is scheduled for late January.

Minutes on Mineo: Sorry to have disappointing news for you Sal Mineo fans. I called him at his home in the Bronx to ask him when he’s coming back to the screen. “I’m afraid it won’t be until after the first of the year,” he said. “I have television and recording commitments that will keep me busy until then.” Sal was too modest to tell me himself, but I know that his first Epic record, “Start Moving,” has hit the million mark, and he can also rest on the royalties of his newest release, “Lasting Love.” And Sal won’t be lonesome in New York. Susan Kohner, who played opposite him in “Dino,” will be here too, making her Broadway stage debut in “The Young Stranger.”

Scooping Around: Marilyn Monroe likes the script of “The Jean Harlow Story” for the picture she owes 20th Century-Fox this year, but she’d like it even better if Marlon Brando would play opposite her! . . . Paris, under ordinary circumstances, is the most beautiful city in the world, and when you’re in love, “c’est magnifique!” Ask Martha Hyer, who combined the business of filming the Bob Hope picture, “Holiday in Paris,” with the pleasure of falling in love with United Artists’ charming European chief, Francis Winikus. . . . Add exciting newcomers: Earl Holliman in “Don’t Go Near the Water”; Carolyn Jones and Dean Jones, who aren’t related, but have great futures . . . M-G-M financed a pre-production deal of the British stage hit, “The Reluctant Debutante,” for its Broadway bow, so their studio had first bid on the property as an ideal vehicle for Debbie Reynolds. So what happens? Now that they own it, Debbie doesn’t get the role, but seventeen-year-old Carol Lynley does!
Four lucky winners of our “Designing Woman” contest on the grand trip they’ll never forget!

What can I tell you, except that my cup indeed runneth over?” writes Vivian Senise of Freeport, Long Island, N. Y. “The stars we met were most gracious—they were real people,” writes Ann Cunningham of Chicago, Ill. “It will take me months to get back to my old routine. We had a grand time,” writes Nancy Cleaver of Houston, Texas. “The first two days were so full it seemed we’d been in Hollywood a week!” writes Mary Lois Elliott of Memphis, Tenn. From the moment they stepped out of the luxurious American Airlines DC-7 Mercury Flight that wafted them to Hollywood, the four lucky winners of our “Designing Woman” contest were in a happy whirl. They hobnobbed with all the stars at M-G-M. They attended a studio preview of the 20th film, “Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?” They got firsthand makeup tips at famed Max Factor’s. The Brown Derby, Moulin Rouge, the Ambassador Cocoanut Grove—they were there! The whole Photoplay staff says, “It was a real pleasure!”

THEIR DREAM CAME TRUE
Official greeter Alibaba welcomes Nancy, Vivian, Ann and Lois to famous Cocoanut Grove

A visit to the Academy Awards Theatre—with Nick Adams as guide, to show the giant Oscar!

“On a visit to M-G-M, we met Claire Bloom and Yul Brynner. They are charming!” says Nancy

Says Ann, “Our accommodations and stay at the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel were perfect”

“. . . and trip to Max Factor’s made me wiser about makeup tricks. How glamorous I felt!”

“At CBS Television City, we met Carol Richards, Bob Crosby,” reports Nancy. “It was great!”

“Lunch at the Brown Derby was exciting,” says Nancy. “We had such fun identifying caricatures”

Off for a tour of Hollywood on a Tanner Grayline Bus! Nancy and Lois (Mrs. G. B. Elliott) laugh at Vivian’s quip, as Ann ducks out of pic behind her. At right, before Frank Sennes’ Moulin Rouge. “A beautiful club, grand food,” was Lois’ verdict

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**Vote for Your Favorite Stars, Movie and Newcomers of 1957**

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**FIVE BEST MALE NEWCOMERS**

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**FIVE BEST FEMALE NEWCOMERS**

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Mail your ballot to: GOLD MEDAL AWARD BALLOTS, Box 1787, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. Ballots must be received no later than December 31, 1957. You may vote for eligible players and films not included in the lists on page 41, and you need not sign your name.
Here are the descriptions and prices of the gifts on pages 52, 53, 54 and above:
1) For the raccoon rage, a fur bag. $7.95. Katten.
2) Snazzy cigarette case with holder attached. $7.50. Fox Accessories.
3) Pony skin zipper wallet. $6. Katten.
4) Travelling tie holder. $1.50. Swank.
5) Ties striped for action (1 each). Printed tie $2.50. All Arrow.
6) All-in-one shoe horn and clothes brush. $6.95. Swank.
8) Roll-out-the-barrel jewel box. $9.95. Swank.
9) Leopard slipper boot. $5.95. Oomphies.
10) Leopard spots-cuff links. $2. Coro.
11) "Gondolier" slipper. $5.95. Oomphies.
12) Alligator buckle-belt. $5. Mickey.
13) "Glamourgams" Small, Med., Tall. $5.98. Haymaker.
14) Fluffy fur mittens. $3.50. Wear-Right.
15) Fur ear hug. $2. Wear-Right.
16) Snow flakest flutter down on oxford cloth blouse. Sizes 30-38. $3.98. Ship 'n Shore.
17) Two-sided stole—velvet and leopard printed rayon satin. $6.95. Baar & Beards.
18) Liven your sweater with rhinestone star pins. $6. Albert Weiss.
19) Très chic tiara. $10. Weiss.
21) Primrose patterned wallet with matching lining. $5. Rolf.
23) Collapsible brush. $4.95. Swank.
24) "The Works"—clock work cuff links. $3.50. Swank.
25) Bridge pad cover. $2.95. Fox.
26) Figure flattering pony skin belt. $5.50. Katten.
27) Royal Stewart or Black Stewart plaid gloves. $2.50. Gutman-Lann.
28) Reversible make-up cape. White or pink nylon tricot. $2.95. Kleinert's.
29) Nylon tulle night cap with rhinestone sparks. White, pink or blue. $2.50. Kleinert's.
30) Keep feet dry in clear or smoke boots. Sizes 4-10. $1.98. Rain Dears.
31) Two-tone ladies' luggage. White with red, sand, blue or green. Beauty Case $22.50, O'Nite $27.50, Wardrobe $37.50, Pullman, $39.50. Samsonite.
33) You see Tony Perkins in a red and white wool scarf by Baar & Beards. Also comes in blue, green, or orange and white. About $3. See Tony in Paramount's "Desire Under the Elms."
34) Ernie Kovacs, seen in color in his own sweater, appears in Columbia's "Operation Mad Ball."

SEE PAGE 80 FOR WHERE TO BUY GIFTS
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Inside Stuff

Continued from page 16

Guests exactly, but did grant interviews, pose for photographers and coo with Mickey. The buffet table, also soaking wet from champagne foam, was strangely bare of glasses, canapes and organization of any sort.

Guests stepped carefully, to avoid trampling the doilies, so cots, various sizes and breeds, that romped, yowled, and mewed underfoot. At the bottom of the pool reposed a lifesize mosaic portrait of Jayne, executed by Mickey, of course, when she was on the bobbing peeper two utterly out-of-sorts great Danes, the size of Metro's Leo the Lion, and twice as fierce.

The men outnumbered the women twenty-to-one, but were little missed. Like flies around a honeypot, reporters and photographers swarmed around the shapely hostess, who announced she is buying a larger house upon her return from Europe, with a larger swimming pool, which, of course, will need christening. And that means another party. I can hardly wait.

Surprise Party: Yvonne de Carlo's birthday came along while she and I were in Stockton, Cal., visiting "The Big Country" location. Yvonne's husband, Bob Morgan, who directed the throw-three party at Bruno's, the local bistro, that was a real surprise. Poor Yvonne—her foot in a cast (the foot that accidentally went through a glass door) and expecting her second child any minute—looked anything but a party girl. Seated between Yvonne and Charlton Heston, I half-expected De Mille to rush in demanding another take. And do you know, Charlton happily doodles on the tabletop? "What does your wife think of this?" I asked him. He merely moaned.

Carroll Baker brought both husband Jack Garfein and eight-month-old Blanche Joy to the party. "No baby this year," The Garfeins' second heir is due in March. The Peeks left early. When an actor turns producer, with all the attending cares and tribulations, how they do change.

People: Kay Kendall's sparkling personality enchants every male who meets her. So bright is Kay she creates the illusion of great beauty—which, off-screen, she really isn't... Greg Bautzer was so distressed at the loss of the little blonde Yorkshire he'd given his wife, Dana Winters, as a gift, he offered a reward of $1,000 for its return. Dana was in Europe for a film at the time... On "The Young Lions" set they were calling Marlon 'The Snoopers.' He liked to probe into every department of the film, wanting to know why such a set is being used, why he must say this or that; why, why, why. Which only makes him the great actor he is.

More Eddie and Debbie: When Debbie Reynolds telephoned the BIG NEWS that a second baby was on the way, I sighed with relief and genuine happiness. That the Fishers have been "tense" about things has been known to a few of us for some time. That Debbie has carefully guided her marriage over many rough waters has also been known. Now, with a sister or brother for little Carrie next spring, those of us who are devoted to the Fishers hope both Debbie and Eddie will take this time to mature and grow up to their responsibilities.

Kim: Kim Novak got everything she asked for in her battle with Columbia Studios and more. Columbia granted their "Miss Lavender Rebel" that promised raise in salary, plus a percentage of her pictures and a brand new house, limousine with chauffeur, and the privilege of taking her favorite hairdresser to Paramount for "Amongst the Dead," in which she co-stars with Jimmy Stewart. The deadlock between Kim and the studio ended when the Columbia Board of Directors in New York screamed at Hollywood heads the big question of ancient vintage: "Why are you killing the goose that... etc." And that did it... Kim's romance with Mac Kim is over about. Speculation is the Bandini affair will come to nothing. With everything she wants, why should Kim renounce it all for Mrs. Bandini of Rome, Italy? But don't bet on anything. Not anything in Hollywood, anyhow.

For Your Information: Rock Hudson has had it. Not fully recovered from the too-rich food after four months in Italy on "Farewell to Arms," facing a $1,000,000 court suit filed by director Raoul Walsh for alleged non-fulfillment of four promised films, and irritated by columnists' references to "domestic problems," Rock would like nothing better than to crawl under one—rock, that is—for a good, long rest... Friends are concerned over the persistence of Jerry Lewis in trodding the semi-serious path laid down by Chaplin. They claim Jerry ain't the type for pitiful pathetism... The town is crazy over that former tourist office clerk, Milko Taka, star of "Sayonara," but wonder about the limited possibilities of her roles. "It doesn't matter," Milko answered. "Memories of 'Sayonara' will last a lifetime"... James MacArthur started a bald-head fad at Harvard. After that ghastly topknot of a Mohawk brave for "Light in the Forest," it was either shave it off or go in hiding... Prediction: Nick Tod, handsome younger brother of Pat Boone, will have it made on records and in Hollywood in no time at all... Jean Simmons will go right on living in that Wilshire Boulevard motel while husband Stewart Granger is movie-making in Europe for nine long months.

As Hollywood Sees It: The Red Skeltons are held together only by the critical ill-
girl in chain mail bobby sox,” the teenager who’d misinterpreted, mis-read, mis-emphasized” the wonderful lines of George Bernard Shaw; the new discovery who just didn’t measure up to her first part.

The girl in the apartment in Nice put her head in her arms and clenched her fists until they were like knots on the table. “Jean Seberg, you’ve got to get tough. You’ve got to learn to be tough!”

Mr. Preminger had tried to tell her what might happen, the evening she’d been packing to go home from London. The picture was finished. They’d all worked so hard, for so long, she was certain it couldn’t miss. Before the opening, she’d have three weeks with her family in Marshalltown, a month of personal appearances, then back to Paris for one of the biggest premieres ever staged. She was all but wallowing from the closet to the suitcase when Mr. Preminger stopped by her suite to talk to her. “Sit down for a moment, Jean . . .”

She sat, but not terribly still, not very seriously. She hadn’t realized how hard it must have been for him to make the speech. As a producer-director, Otto Preminger was a recognized artist. He knew that you couldn’t always make pictures that would please everyone. He’d said before the start of the “Saint Joan”: “This is the biggest gamble of my film career.”

“Saint Joan” was more than an exceptional story, just as Joan, herself, was more than an exceptional heroine. In the theatrical world and the world at large. Joan was a legend, someone special and familiar. It was only reasonable to expect that everyone seeing the film would have his or her own personal ideas on the portrayal of Joan. Any production about the Saint would automatically be a sitting duck, and whoever played the role the first to be shot at.

Preminger knew that an experienced professional would understand if a barrage came. But he’d taken a teenager from Iowa with virtually no acting experience, given her the lead, coached her, bullied her, driven her through the filming . . . wondering all the while how much more she could stand while she was trying so hard to please.

Aside from her talent, he’d chosen her for her spirit and he was certain the combination would take her as far in the movie field as she wanted to go. He didn’t want the talent discouraged, the spirit broken by a few lines of small print. He had to make his speech long before the reviews were due, to give her time to accept the possibility of harsh, critical words, although they might never come. “Jean, you’ve got to realize that everyone may not like ‘Saint Joan’ . . . may not like you.” He took a deep breath. “In fact, maybe no one is going to like you. You’ve got to be prepared. Do you understand?”

Yes, she understood, she said. Yet, when he left, he noticed the stars were still in her eyes. He only hoped they’d stay there.

They were washed away with tears not long after when the first reviews of “Joan” began coming in. “I’ve got to be tough,” she sobbed when she read them—so many times she’d lost count. And then, the tears would start again.

“But right now,” she admits only to herself “I don’t feel very tough.”

So she donned her armor. As it turned out, she was still going to need it, on and off the set. When one scribe asked her about some of the more devastating reviews, she shrugged and said, “It’s too late to change anything now.” It was too late and she couldn’t imagine what else she could be expected to say. In print, however, it appeared that she had shrugged “a sophisticated shoulder” in a rather bored, tired-of-it-all manner, to end the interview.

The sophisticated Jean Seberg? Well, she had admitted . . . the night of the Paris premiere. Mr. Preminger had given her a Givenchy gown for the event. “I was going up the stairs, very ritzy,” she said later, “and I remember I felt awkward. I was trying very hard to be sophisticated. But people kept crowding around, stepping on the train of the gown and I had to keep jerking it out from under feet. It isn’t exactly easy to smile and be dignified while you’re pleading, ‘Please get off my train.’ Sophistication-wise, I had the distinct feeling that I was falling flat on my face!”

Jean was beginning to learn what every star must learn. That verbal slings and arrows don’t necessarily stop with reviews. There were other reports, the ones that seemed to assume that her thoughts were a million miles from Marshalltown and that she couldn’t care less about going back, except for occasional red-carpet treatment.

That particular reporter should have been with her on her return from London. He could have listened as she frantically tried to recapture her mid-western twang, after three months of being coached for a British accent. . . . read the once- thought that was uppermost in her mind: “If I get home and say can’t or been just once . . . well, then I’ve had it.”

What blow to the morale she would have gotten if he’d been along to meet her brother David, aged seven. According to her mother, when the family had been getting ready to drive to Des Moines to meet in airplane, the little lad had sighed resignedly, “Guess we got to drive all that way to get the actress again!”

The actress was at home for three weeks. She swam at the WYCA, slept late, and read. She returned her bobby sox again and went out for pizza with her friends, who’d come home from college. They still had common interests. They’d talk out their heads off, and sometimes drive to Des Moines for jazz concerts. “Of course, there were changes,” says Jean today. “And I guess you’re well aware of the fact that everyone is watching you to find out if you’ve changed. I did feel that . . . especially since so many people were dropping in and mother was suddenly doing a lot of entertaining.”

But home is home. “And one thing certain is that changes in Jean. ‘Mother was still giving me a hundred reasons why I should help with the dishes and clean up my room.”

Being in movies hasn’t made you any nearer to motherhood. And Jean, some people are coming by. Would you please go upstairs and . . .”

“And put on something presentable,” finished her blue-jeaned clag daughter.

They both smiled, remembering the many times mother had insisted she meet several years before. At that time, Jean had trudged unhappily to her room. Her reappearance made her mother gis. Hanger was nonchalantly flopping down the stairs in her new purple formal.

When she reached the living room she gracioulsy greeted the guests and then went about serving refreshments, quite shocked to find them length gowns.

“I suppose I should have realized that you were eventually going to become an actress,” her mother told her later.

Home . . . and then Nice . . . after twenty-seven days of personal appearances. According to the papers, she’d run away to Nice, being as blase about it as if every eighteen-year-old vacationed in Nice. So she was the self-sufficient Miss Seberg.

Yes, indeed. Very self-sufficient. Espe-
Carrying a “dressy” dress to work in the morning, and changing after working hours, is definitely passé, according to actress Jackie Loughery, the attractive brunette you saw cast as a salesgirl opposite Jack Webb in Warners’ “The D.I.” Jackie, who admits she’s a clothes horse (at ten she had twenty-two dolls and was busily manufacturing wardrobes for all of them), suggests a basic sheath or simple dress such as the one she wears above, for office after five.

It’s fun to step right from a business day to an evening out. And during these brisk wintry days, it’s the smart working girl who chooses an outfit that feels and is right at her desk, or out on a business appointment. Then, presto chango, with a quick change of jewelry, belt or other accessories, you’re the after-five you—in the same basic outfit!

The dress Jackie models above for Photoplay, designed by Maxwell Shief, is versatility personified, the kind made for the modern girl who wants to look chic on the job, for daytime dates, luncheons with business associates, and still chic for dinner or a show in the evening. Jackie finds her double-breasted “Majorette” dress ideal for all, since it combines a tailored sophistication with a softly feminine look attained by satin petor pan collar and cuffs. And the sunburst medallion she’s added is the perfect foil.

“All business girls’ wardrobe is enhanced by this type of dress,” advises the ex-Miss U.S.A., whose own wardrobe boasts many.

“I can’t resist new fashions,” says Jackie, but she knows she must pick from the latest styles only those that look well on her, and advises the same for you. “I feel,” she suggests, “that just as a girl likes to have a perfume that is ‘hers,’ the clothes she wears ought to do the same job—identify her and help to emphasize her personality. You’ll notice that lots of the top stars in Hollywood help make themselves memorable by the way they dress. For example, Kim Novak likes lavender and pastel shades, and Dana Wynter is the dark and fragile yet sophisticated type. But all women can look well-dressed, no matter how big or small their budgets. It’s the taste one has that counts.”

Good advice. All in favor say “aye.”
"At one midnight show in Philadelphia, she adlibbed for forty minutes with the m.c. There was only a minute's hesitation; she was never thrown by questions, never a loss for words. Her poise was remarkable, even when things weren't going so well. At the party for her in Los Angeles, some of the columnists were trying to antagonize her. 'How do you feel about starting your career by playing a part like Saint Joan?' one of them asked.

"Jean answered, 'It's very challenging.'

"After which, the columnist snapped, 'That's a cliché.' I want an honest answer.

"Jean bit her lip, but she didn't lose her temper. She just said, 'I'm trying to give you an honest answer.'"

"She's changed since Joan," says a friend who worked with her in both London and in France. "She's the same girl, but she's different, if you know what I mean. 'Bonjour Tristesse' is her second film and she is taking a different attitude. To a great extent, she's learned the ropes of the business. She's no stranger."

Still there was a certain tenseness. And a tiredness. "But such a wonderful tiredness," she says. "I'm finding out what kind of routine I have to follow when I work. I usually have dinner alone in my room at night, and then go to sleep. Once a week, I go out for dinner.

"On Sundays we drive for three hours to see rushes. I don't like to watch it. It's terrible to have to look at yourself blown up on the screen. And if you do see something you don't like, there's nothing you can do. I think there's a risk of becoming very studied and mannered.

"But on the other hand, if you're doing something wrong, like bobbing your head or adopting some sort of mannerism, you can catch them and correct them. And," she adds, "Mr. Preminger thinks it's good for me to see rushes."

She grins. "And when she says, goes. He doesn't make exorbitant demands. He's begun to let me have more of a separate life now that I'm getting the hang of the film business. He doesn't call my personal life part of work."

She goes on, "I have a lot to learn about acting, but the only way I can learn is to act. This time, I'm not in the hot, hot spotlight, and David Niven and Deborah Kerr have been wonderful.

"They're so relaxed and easy. Nothing seems to upset them. They can talk to people between scenes and still not break the spell. That's something else I'm having to learn."

Invariably before the cameras would turn, David would make the atmosphere light with a joke. Once, when he saw a brown on her forehead, he patted her on the shoulder and remarked, "Remember, it's only a movie and people are going to pay seventy-five cents for a ticket and say, 'Who was the guy with the mustache?'

"As 'Bonjour Tristesse' was ending, Jean was preparing to return to the United States. "First I'll visit my family. Then I'm going to New York. If there's no other picture right away I'd like ballet lessons and some drama lessons and I'd like to visit movie sets. I've no idea how other actors work. And I still haven't set foot in Hollywood yet. It's about the only one I've been on," she laughed.

But she was a girl certain of her future. It's as David Niven said on the set one day, "I feel so sorry for anyone who isn't an actor. Oh, sometimes I get discouraged and gripe... but then I ask myself just what I'm griping about." He shook his head and repeated, "I do feel sorry for anyone who isn't an actor."

Jean smiled. She knew what he meant. And she said softly, "And so do I."

END
my Jayne seated among Hollywood executives in one of those exposing bikini bathing suits. Had she made a complete fool of herself? I wondered. Or was it, as Harry suggested, just a contrived item for a news story?

Half an hour later, I was still worried. "I'm putting through the call," I said decisively to Harry. Harry's reaction was an exasperated sigh, but I could read beneath it and tell by his expression that he was glad I was phoning Jayne.

Moments later, I heard my daughter's soft, familiar voice. "Jaynie, honey," I said, "you didn't really wear that bikini as it says, did you? After the way you've been brought up ..."

I could hear Jayne draw in her breath. "Mama," she said, "it's not true. I wasn't even at that party. Sure, I wear a bikini. But not at a formal dinner party. Why should I? I look perfectly all right in an evening gown."

As I hung up, I was reassured, but still a little shaky. Millions of people, reading that some story I had read, would accept it as gospel truth, and that's what made me feel bad.

Ever since Jayne became the most publicized young actress in Hollywood, there have been a great many things printed about her. Some true, some not. The untrue things always manage to hurt me.

I've heard Jayne referred to as the sexiest girl in Hollywood today, but I still look upon her as my little girl. I am very proud of her success, but I worry about her, too. I pray every day that she can always remember to keep her balance in the face of all the fantastic things that are happening in her life.

And I worry about her health, too, as any mother would, because of the fast pace of her zooming career. I worry mostly, I think, about the possibility that she may be hurt some day as a result of the wrong impression some of her publicity has given her, and because of the criticism over those skin-tight gowns.

About those gowns, I still can't get used to them. I was shocked the first time I saw my girl in one of those low-cut things. You see, Jayne never did wear clothes even remotely like those before she became an actress. When she was a school girl in Dallas, it was skirts and sweaters for her—and I mean the loose-fitting, becoming, collegiate kind of sweaters.

Till I never forget the first time I saw Jayne in a clinging, low-cut gown. My husband, Harry Peers, who is Jayne's stepfather, and I had gone to New York to see her on the opening night of "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" and we planned to stay with her for a month.

After the play, we went backstage to join Jayne. We were all going to a party that was being given in her honor. When I saw what Jayne was wearing, my mouth flew open. It was a gold satin gown that clung to her like glue, and was cut so low I couldn't help but blurt out: "Jayne, I don't like that one bit!"

Jayne laughed softly and said, "Mama, please don't be alarmed. This is expected of me from now on. You must try to understand, Mama, that this is what I have to do. I'm an actress now. I have to dress in a way that the public expects a glamorous person to dress."

After that, Jayne was photographed constantly in public wearing those skin-tight, eye-catching outfits of which I'm always afraid. Although it has practically become her trade mark, Jayne herself doesn't go for the low cut gown routine one hundred percent. I know, because I remember the many times she'd return to our hotel suite in New York after the show was over and she had made a glamorous appearance for the public. The first thing she'd do was to get out of her slinky gown and high-heeled slippers and slip into blue jeans and an old, bulky T-shirt. Sometimes she'd even wear an oversize hunting shirt of Harry's. She'd scrub her face until it was bare, brush her hair back simply and then smile like a child and remark, "Now I feel like myself." She'd walk down to the delicatessen at the corner and buy cold turkey slices, and by the time she was through she'd have not only made sandwiches and coffee. She seemed most happy and relaxed at those moments. It's still that way.

But most people know only the other side of my daughter. I am constantly hurt at certain comments I have heard about Jayne. I've heard her described as a "purer blonde." When actually, Jayne is just a hairbreadth away from achieving her college degree.

One night I was with her when she made an appearance at a premiere, decked out as everyone expected her to look. She wore the molded gown, the fabulous fox furs, long, glittering earrings and her blonde hair falling to her shoulders.

It was a hit with the crowds ooh and aah, calling out her name affectionately, but then I heard one woman make a remark that cut me like a knife: "Imagine strutting around in a gown like that. It's shameless!"

I felt miserable then, and I still do when I realize that some people judge Jayne solely by the type of clothes she wears in her role as a Hollywood personage.

I remember telling a publicity man once that Jayne had studied the violin from the age of six, and was a fairly accomplished musician. "In fact," I said, "of her two teachers, the one who left the other expected her to play at Carnegie Hall some day."

"Oh, no," said the man, "I could never release that story. No one would believe it." And then, as at many other times, I was close to crying because of the way Jayne is misunderstood.

Every mother feels very deeply attached to her daughter. In some respects, I think I have been closer to my daughter than most mothers, because of the poignant circumstances of her birth.

For years, I had hungered for a baby. I'd lost my first child at birth and had almost died myself, but I wanted a baby more than anything else in the world. My husband, Herbert Palmer, was a young law student and we lived in Phillipsburg, N. J. I'd taught school there but I gave up my job so that I could build up my strength.

Herbert and I were the happiest couple in the world when the doctor told us we were going to become parents. During the months we waited, I stayed home and didn't even take an automobile drive in order to forestall any accident that might jeopardize the baby's safe arrival. The last month I stayed in bed. Then, at the last minute, I was at the emergency Caesarean operation. I came very close to losing this baby.

"She's the most beautiful baby I've ever delivered," said my obstetrician, as I emerged from my room would to look at my daughter. I remember I was struck by her delicate pink complexion, and I thought, why, she has the longest legs I've ever seen on a baby. The nurse was so taken by her beauty that she carried her all over the hospital to show her off.

We were such a happy family, and Herbert and I, surrounded by baby Vera Jayne with our heartfelt love. Herbert was practicing law by this time and was preparing to run for the Assembly. His
future was bright and our world was a snug, secure one.

Then, one night, everything changed.

H erbert took Jayne and me for a drive to see his grandparents. Jaynie, wearing a pink suede coat with a brown beaver collar, sat between us. Our hearts were full, and Herbert, patting Jaynie's hand, remarked, "Doesn't she look like a little doll?"

As we drove over a hill, suddenly Herbert slumped over the wheel. Somehow, I managed to lean across him, shut off the ignition and pull on the emergency brake. A sickening fear swept over me when I touched Herbert's cold face. Jumping out of the car, I stood out in the road and screamed for help.

That night, I had to tell two-and-a-half-year-old Jaynie that her Daddy had gone away.

I was left practically penniless. Herbert was so young—only thirty—when his heart suddenly stopped. He was just beginning a very promising law and political career and he thought he had many years in which to provide security for his family.

N ow, more than ever, my whole life revolved around my daughter. I wanted desperately to shield her—to give her a happy, untroubled childhood. I returned to teaching, and a housekeeper, Sally Rice, who loved my Jayne, took care of her during my school hours. I couldn't have left my daughter in the care of a person more loving, I would rush home from school to be with my little girl. She was a sweet, affectionate child and we were extremely devoted. I dressed her like a little doll, in ruffled organdy dresses, pretty pink coats and bonnets that framed her large brown eyes and curly, golden brown hair.

Jayne was playful and mischievous, but she had an unmistakably serious side, too. I used to feel that perhaps the serious moments came when she missed her father. I wanted to be sure that my child was not deprived of any advantages that her father would have wanted for her, so I started giving her everything I could possibly afford that would enrich her life. I saw to it that she had tap and ballet lessons, singing lessons and later, piano and violin. I wanted to do everything for her. Nothing I could possibly afford was spared.

Even when Harry Peers, a young man who was an engineer from Dallas and was visiting relatives in our town, asked me to marry him, I wouldn't agree to become his wife until I was sure he could be a real father to Jaynie. My little girl was used to tenderness and to the background of a compatible home life. If I couldn't surround her with the same good life, I wouldn't remarry.

When I saw the loving way he treated Jaynie, and her integrity she looked forward to having Harry come to the house to play with her, I decided that Harry would be a good father—and husband.

It was after we lived in Dallas for a few years that I discovered Jaynie's most predominant trait: a dedicated kind of determination.

One afternoon, Jayne came home from school and asked me if she could take up horseback riding. I was afraid to let her ride a horse, so I said no. Jaynie pleaded so hard that finally, in order to put her off, I said, "All right. If you bring home 100 in arithmetic, I'll let you have riding lessons."

That night, and every night for a month, she was at her books and wouldn't budge. One afternoon she ran into the house waving her report card. "Look, Mama, look," she cried exultantly. There was her arithmetic grade—a solid one hundred!

And she fought like a little tigeress to make the school orchestra, and did—as first violinist, no less.

I admired her determination in getting what she wanted after. I wasn't until she was sixteen that I had to bow most reluctantly to that strong will of hers.

Jayne was very popular and our house was always filled with her young friends. It was the rage to go steady, and she went steady with a boy from school named Paul Mansfield.

And one day my baby came to me and said, "Mama, I want to marry Paul."

I clutched a table to steady myself.

"But Jaynie, you're much too young. So is Paul. The most glorious part of your life is ahead of you. Surely, honey, you must realize that you don't know your own mind yet. You don't want to be tied down so young."

I had nothing against Paul. He was a very nice young man, but I was unalterably opposed to the idea of my daughter's marrying anyone at the tender age of sixteen. But no matter what arguments I put forth, I couldn't talk Jaynie out of it. She insisted that she knew what she wanted, and what she wanted was to marry Paul.

It was that familiar look of determination in Jayne's eyes—a look I'd gotten used to—and the insistence in her voice that made me finally realize that she was adamant about taking this big step. Because I didn't want to see my young daughter run off in an elopement, I planned a lovely church wedding and a large reception afterward at our home.

She looked so fresh and dewy-eyed in her white gown and veil as she walked down the aisle that all I could do was steal my tears and pray that I wouldn't be proven wrong and this marriage would work out.

But, sadly enough, I was only too right. Jayne and Paul were too young to take the responsibilities of marriage.

Jayne was so restless, her mind so lively and ever-changing, that it was only after she was married that she realized that she needed more training to become an actress. She had always shown signs of acting ability as a youngster when she appeared in school plays, and she was greatly encouraged by Paul to let her desire to act be heightened because of the humdrum routine of housework, or perhaps it was the desire for independence. At any rate, she decided to tacitly support Paul's acting career—and with everything she had.

A gain the old determination. I could recognize it. I knew that no objections on my side would sway Jayne, so I didn't even try to talk her out of this.

One summer Jayne left her baby, Jayne Marie, with me while she went to Los Angeles to major in acting.

When she returned there was a light in her eyes and a thrust to her chin that told me only too well that somehow, even with a baby, Jayne would find a way to become an actress.

She succeeded in persuading Paul to move to Hollywood. And there, in order to insure their remaining in the movie capital while she tried getting started on a career, she made and lived in a little house, with money she had received as an inheritance from her grandmother. It's the same house, incidentally, she lived in to get interested.

Not until her letters from Hollywood told me that she had taken a job selling candy in a theatre in order to earn some money while waiting for a picture break, did I begin to worry about Jayne. But I was secretly proud, too, for I realized that this girl of mine would wear her fingers down to the bone, scrubbing floors, if necessary, in order to make her way until she got her first break.

Eventually, her zeal paid off and she did several parts in TV and in pictures. But her life was like too many stitches on a knitting needle that wouldn't all fit at the end. No sooner would she pick up the front few than those at the end would drop off. No sooner had Jayne landed her first few roles than she and Paul discovered that marriage was a mistake. Jayne had to make the choice between a happy home and a career. She could not give herself to both well. She made her choice: She and Paul separated.

It was then, after she had made a dent in pictures, Jayne came home and I was shocked when I saw her. Her golden brown hair that I had loved so much was now a platinum blonde and loose. Instead of the girlish sweater and skirt, she wore a red sheath dress that accentuated her figure.

"Jaynie, you look so different," I exclaimed.

"Mama," she told me—as she was to explain to me so many times afterwards, "this is the way I'm supposed to dress now. My press agent says it's important for me to be noticed."

But although Jayne looked more theatrical, I was delighted to discover that she was the same girl underneath. She was sweet and affectionate at home and she...
BIG SCREEN REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for the months indicated. Full reviews this month are on page 10.

HELEN MORGAN STORY, THE—Warner: CinemaScope: Drama full of nostalgic music casts Ann Blyth as the torch singer of the 'twenties, driven to drink by her unhappy love for rakeeteer Paul Newman. (A) November

INTERLUDE—U-I: CinemaScope, Technicolor: Sentimental romance, handsome German locales. American June Allyson falls in love with suave Rossano Brazzi, whose wife (Marianne Cook) is mentally ill. (A) October


MAN OF A THOUSAND FACES—U-I; CinemaScope: James Cagney scores in the afflicting story of Lon Chaney, silent-era character star. Dorothy Malone and Jane Greer play the women in his life. (F) November

NO DOWN PAYMENT—20th: CinemaScope: Searching closeup of young couples living in each other's laps in a suburban housing development. Cameron Mitchell, Joanne Woodward are the most dramatic pair. (F) October

NO SLEEP TILL DAWN—Warner; CinemaScope, WarnerColor: In a brisk service picture, Karl Malden's a humble hero of the modern Air Force. Natalie Wood nobly opposes her dad's career as sergeant. (F) November

PAJAMA GAME, THE—Warner: WarnerColor: Hearty Doris Day musical, full of life and laughter. In a Midwestian pajama factory, union representative Doris falls in love with management's John Raitt. (F) October

STORY OF ESTHER COSTELLO, THE—Columbia: Bitter account of a charity racket. Rossano Brazzi scents profits as wife Joan Crawford aids lovely Heather Sears. Irish girl who is deaf, blind and mute. (A) November

SUN ALSO RISES, THE—20th: CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Local, honest film version of the Hemingway classic. Ava Gardner, Tyrone Power, Mel Ferrer, Erroll Flynn are fine as drifters in Europe—the "lost generation" of days after World War I. (A) November

THREE FACES OF EVE—20th: CinemaScope: Joanne Woodward's bravura performance highlights the case history of a woman with a split personality. (A) November

3:10 TO YUMA—Columbia: Taut, well-written, far superior to average horse operas. It's a duel of character between captured outlaw Glenn Ford and caper Van Heflin, rancher driven into poverty by drought. (F) October

UNHOLY WIFE, THE—U-I: Neatly plotted suspense story finds Diana Dors scheming to get rid of husband Rod Steiger, for love of rodeo rider Tom Tryon. (A) November

H ow does it feel to be the mother of such a talked-about girl—a girl who is known all over the country as "a sexpot"?

It is both fascinating and frightening. While I am glad that Jaynie is doing the work she loves and is achieving a measure of success in that work, I pray to God that she will not be hurt.

When I was in New York with her, while she was in the play,... I became alarmed at the fervor with which hundreds of fans waited for her outside and sometimes tore at her clothes and her furs in order to be near her. Sometimes it took us all of us to get her to walk the stairs from the dressing room door to the waiting taxi, while Jayne signed autographs and posed for the kids. I would become slightly panic-stricken when the crowds milled around us, but Jayne, flattered by the attention, was calm and smiling, displaying remarkable patience.

" Bless them," she'd say to me when we'd reach the safety of the cab. "They're all for me, and I don't want to let them down." Not a hair of hers was out of place—but I was a complete wreck! I remained with my husband in Dallas during Jayne's first few months back in Hollywood again, when she was making "The Girl Can't Help It" and "The Wayward Bus." Her star was rising high, and I was elated at the glowing predictions the studio had made. But fun here was mingled with my elation when I'd read things in the papers that made Jayne seem like anything but the girl I know as my daughter.

For instance, I was very upset when I read that she had met Mickey Hargitay when she saw him in a night clubrevue and ordered him to her table as she would order a bone for her dog. According to the stories I've read, she is supposed to have said imperiously, "I'd like a steak for my dog and that man on the right for myself. I'm a star and I'm supposed to be treated like one!"

It didn't happen that way at all. I should know. I was there, right at the Latin Quarter, with Harry and Jayne and her escort, and all the hordes. It was Rossano Brazzi who suggested it might be fun to have Mickey join us, and he introduced Mickey to all of us in a most decorous way.

Since meeting, Mickey and Jayne have become close friends and I think Mickey is very good for Jayne. He is deeply interested in everything that she does, understands her life as a busy and ambitious actress and eases many of her burdens and responsibilities. Although he is a husky, muscular young man, there is a tender, protective side to him that helps Jayne find more serenity than she ordinarily would in the hectic life she leads. He regards Jayne the way I do, as a jewels, and feels that she should be protected. Since my home is 1,500 miles away from Jayne, I find it very reassuring to know that she has someone as devoted and thoughtful as Mickey to look after her. Mickey is not a sexpot. He is a man. But I don't always feel good when I see Jayne involved in publicity that is undignified. Like the time when I saw a picture of Jayne hoisted in mid-air by Mickey during a recent Hollywood premiere. I was so startled I got on the phone to talk to her again. Jayne assured me that it was a stunt that occurred on the spur of the moment. "The fans have been so good to me," she said, "that I wanted to do something to stir things up a bit."

On one hand, it's no fun to read of these foolhardy escapades, and publicity stunts day after day. But on the other, there's Jayne reassuring me that she knows exactly what she is doing, and I realize she's a mature girl who has thought things through well enough to know where she's headed.

As disturbed as I am at these antics, which seem to be such an integral part of her publicity, I was even more disturbed to discover the lightness with which Jayne skims through the day. I spent several weeks with her recently in Hollywood.

In the morning, Jayne would breeze out of her bedroom, kiss Jayne Marie, gulp down a cup of coffee and dash off. She'd be on her way either to the studio or to the photographers or to do an interview or to a public hearing or to keep numerous other appointments that had been set up for her. She'd fly in again in the evening, play with Jayne Marie, bath and make a whirlwind change into one of her fabulous gowns and furs, rush off with Mickey to a dinner party, a film premiere, some kind of movie opening or other film function. All of this was going on the day I was there.

While I was deeply grateful that my daughter is so much in demand, like any mother, I wish she could slow down, for the sake of her health.

I have every confidence that Jayne can handle herself well, no matter what situation comes along. She has a fine, middle class background and she has proven many times in the past that she cannot be swayed from doing anything she believes is right.

When I told her recently that I wish the time would come when she didn't have to depend so much on the sexpot type role, she assured me that she wouldn't be herself, Jayne smiled, and with a twinkle in her eyes, said, "You know, Mama, some day I'll cut my hair short, let it grow in natural, wear high necked dresses and never pose in another sexy gown again.""
shoo-in," he says. It has been said that Hugh simply acted in a few little theatres, asked for a role in a picture and got it. Nothing could be farther from the truth, according to Hugh: "I keep thinking about the kids who might read a thing like that and believe it. They'd think, 'Heck if it's as easy as that, we can do it, too.'" So some nice kids could end up broke and hungry in Hollywood. I never earned a dime the first three years I was in Hollywood, and, when I got a chance at my first role, I took it without even asking what sort of part it was.

Nothing much happened to Hugh's acting career until, receiving a TV bid, he became Wyatt Earp. Then, almost overnight, he was part of an American way of life, teaching millions of youngsters how to draw a gun properly and indoctrinating hundreds of thousands of young mothers on the proper etiquette of handling and raising a wild West hero.

Even movie stars have felt the touch of Hugh's Wyatt Earp and his fabulous popularity, right in their own homes. Not long ago, Dick Powell played a sheriff in a bad-guy, good-guy saga. His children, Pam and young Richard, watched the film with great interest. Then, over a post-cinema ice cream soda, they launched into a detailed criticism of Dick's performance as a western sheriff.

"Wait a minute," Dick grinned. "What makes you kids such experts?"

With mild scorn, Pam and Richard informed their Dad that they'd seen a real sheriff, so they knew how it was done.

The real sheriff? Hugh O'Brian, of course. Shortly thereafter, Hugh received some mail from two of Hollywood's most famous stars, Dick Powell and his wife, June Allyson.

The situation in which Hugh finds himself during his third year as the hero of television's most popular western program, is practically unique—a popularity that cuts across all boundaries.

"Contrary to the popular notion, my audience is composed largely of adults, many of them women who are particularly susceptible to the Wyatt Earp brand of hero," says Hugh. "Kids are, of course, wildly adoring of him, but only thirty-five percent of his audience is composed of children. They exert a big influence on their folks, however, as is shown by an incident that happened this year at a celebrity-spangled television awards dinner.

Vice-President Richard Nixon, representing President Eisenhower, was handing out the awards, and the tall, lean cowboy star accepted his. As he shook hands with Mr. Nixon and murmured a few grateful words into the microphone, the Vice-President turned to the audience and said, "I've just returned from an extensive tour of Europe, where I have met and spoken to many great rulers and statesmen. But nothing that happened to me on that tour is going to impress my kids half as much as the fact that I shook hands with Wyatt Earp."

This extraordinary nation-wide worship prompts the question: What has Hugh O'Brian got that fascinates women of all ages, and men from the kindergarten to the Vice-Presidency? His success has been one of the most instantaneous in entertainment history. Even Hopalong Cassidy took some years to become a household word.

Examining the elements of the phenomenon known as Hugh O'Brian, one comes up with some fairly unusual qualities. Hugh is extremely tall and slender, whereas most cowboy stars have been rather big and burly. He moves with the grace of a dancer, something Hugh is very proud of; he works hard at dancing (something no cowboy of the past would ever have admitted); and, along with the fact that he plays the personification of Old-West virtue, there is a quality that Hugh projects with his glistening blue eyes and his lean jutting jaw that can only be described as menace.

A dancer's grace and an air of smoldering danger, are surely strange equipment for a cowboy hero. Yet, as personified by Hugh O'Brian, they have led to an entirely new concept of western heroes. "Strange things happen nowadays in western movies and TV," says Hugh. "Cowboys kiss girls instead of horses; they speak dialogue that's a lot more interesting and literate than 'Yup.' In fact, they generally seem like real human beings with human weaknesses, and problems, but with that extra heroic gift for the swift draw or the sudden burst of courage that induces hero-worship." And the general opinion seems to be that Hugh O'Brian and Wyatt Earp led the way.

Not many of his adoring fans are aware of the fact that Hugh's big break in the movies came from his roles as a villain! When asked about this fantastic switch Hugh grins broadly. "It's true," he says. "I was under contract to Universal for three years. And for three long years I was a heavy. Why, during the filming of the first fifteen Wyatt Earp shows, every time there was a gun battle, my instinct was to fall down at the end of the shooting. I had to keep reminding myself that I was
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you're up against and take things with a grain of salt.

"It's hard to say about two careers in a family," he continued. "It's rough, of course, but I've seen some marriages like that which are real happy," he paused a moment. "... Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh, for one. They're a great couple. Or Debbie and Eddie. These are some of the good examples. For the bad ones, you don't need me. You've got the divorce records.

"I guess I'm like any other guy," he said. "If I married a performer, I'd expect her to give up her career to make a home for us. I certainly wouldn't mind if she worked now and then (talent has to have expression), but it would have to be an avocation. You see, I think marriage should be a woman's vocation, basically.

"But to be honest with you, I really don't think, at this point, anyway, that I will ever marry a movie star. There's a girl in New York I like very much. Her name is Dorothy Bracken. She's a wonderful girl, a nonprofessional and I think she would make a wonderful wife. You know, my mother and father had a deeply happy marriage until the death of my mother, and when I marry, it will be for keeps."

Hugh adored his mother, and more than likely the girl he marries will be like her. His mother's death has been a great tragedy in Hugh's life. One Christmas, Hugh decided to go home to Rochester for a visit with his folks. He was excited for he had bought a plane ticket, which would bring him back to Hollywood with him for the premiere of his first picture, "Young Lovers." Christmas Eve, with the family all together, was wonderful. But by the following morning, Christmas Day, Hugh's mother was gone; she had died in her sleep.

As a little boy, Hugh had always been encouraged by his mother in anything creative he'd tried. "My father never wanted me to be an actor—but my mother told me that if this was what I wanted out of life she was with me. She lived just long enough to know I was launched on a career."

Hugh was silent for a long moment. He stood, unconsciously buckling the gunbelt he would need for the shooting of the next scene.

One of the biggest thrills of Hugh's career was when stars like Spencer Tracy, Bob Mitchum and Van Heflin began to come up to him at parties, strike up a conversation and ask for an autograph for their son or daughter or nephew, and express their own admiration for him.

"The first time this happened," says Hugh, "all I could think of was Spencer Tracy in some of the fabulous western roles he'd played. And Bob Mitchum as a cowboy hero in his early pictures. This was high praise from—to use a western phrase—the horse's mouth."

While there is no doubt that the time is at hand for Hugh O'Brian to take his rightful place as a movie star, he feels that the enormous exposure week after week on television will not hinder his popularity in movies.

"After all," commented Hugh, "assuming I've made a lot of friends in a lot of homes all over the country, as Wyatt Earp, I figure maybe they'll want to see me on a giant screen in a theater as well as in their living rooms. After all, if you had a friend who was a movie star, wouldn't you go to the movies to see him?"

I guess you would—especially if the friend were Hugh O'Brian. The End

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had just begun. Howls of anguish went up from Blyth fans across the country. "Don't do it, Ann," they pleaded. "Let others play the tramps and alcoholics—we don't want you in those roles." Skeptics took a different view. "Little Miss Sweetness and Light as Helen Morgan? Don't make me laugh," hooted one critic. "Keep her in the featherweight comedies and frothy musicals—that's where she belongs!"

But Ann is standing her ground. "I'm getting out of this rut once and for all. I'm an actress, and I want roles in which I'll be able to give a performance. And I'll fight for them if I have to!" To put it briefly, the little lady has her Irish up and is showing a firmness well-concealed all these years by the blanket of sweet virtue and unruffled poise which has all but smothered her, professionally.

Hollywood has always been of two minds about Ann. Reflecting the majority—those who took what they saw at face value—one top male star begged out of a co-starring assignment with Ann, excusing himself with, "I have all the respect in the world for her—don't get me wrong. It's just that she's so nice she makes me nervous." This is the "nobody raises his voice on the set because Ann's here" school of thinking. Then there is a smaller group of friends and intimates—those who have seen behind the front, who know the real Ann Blyth and who wish fervently that this popular image would just go off and die somewhere.

"Sure she's nice," replies one of them. "And that's as it should be. Let's hope the world never gets too small for simple decency. But there's a lot more to it than that.

"Ann has been happily married for almost five years now, has two children and shortly expects another. All the rich experiences of marriage and motherhood have been hers. And a tough childhood and early show business experience taught her to keep her emotions well under control. To enclose yourself in an iron discipline like that takes guts. Believe me, if Ann ever gets a role in which she can really lift the lid off and go to town—watch out!" And if ever there was such a role, Helen Morgan is it.

Tragic Helen—who perched on her piano, enthralled millions with her soulful chants and lived a life far sadder than any blues she ever sang. Her adopted baby was taken from her when its mother threatened to go to court and paint Helen as a lush with loose morals. Her five-year affair with a married movie magnate ended in heartbreak—the forerunner of a string of loves that ended badly. They brought her to trial for violating prohibition.

In and out of hospitals, she was sunk deeply into alcoholism. The lady who'd made over a million died penniless.

"Helen left a fortune," her husband remembered. "A fortune in heiresses." And this is the woman—with all her artistry, her virtues and flaws, her heart and heartfeltsc—that Ann Blyth must bring to life on the screen.

"It's a tough role for Ann—it would be tough for anyone," observes a veteran producer. "But what a lot of people forget is that Ann is a veteran with twenty-four years of show business behind her. And I don't mean a few jobs as a kid star, then fifteen years out for schooling, then a comeback. Ann and greasepaint have grown together twenty-some years. At a time when other little five-year-olds are mostly concerned with whether they'll start first grade this year or next, Ann made her debut on New York's Broadway with"...

"I remember her very well," reminisces Mrs. Peters of Peters Restaurant on Manhattan's Second Avenue. "She was a little sweetheart, just like other girls her age except for one thing: She was really crazy about spaghetti. And it was a good thing, too. For sometimes she'd want to be out playing with the other kids, but there'd be a radio performance to give, or singing and dancing lessons to go to. Ann couldn't understand why she couldn't spend more time with some of her neighborhood chums, and she'd rebel. Then spaghetti became a strategic necessity. A plate of her favorite dish somehow helped to ease the disappointments.

"A few years ago, she came in with a woman from the "Hello Dolly."

"I remember seeing her come flying in from school, tear up the stairs and fling her schoolbooks on the bed. Then her mother would dress her in a simple but clean and pretty little frock, fix those lovely dark curls back with a blue ribbon, and together they'd run out to catch a bus or a trolley. More than likely they'd be trying to be on time for a performance or an audition, and there wasn't the money for taxis.

"What money they had was partially contributed by Ann. It's amazing when you think of it, but Ann's been helping to support a household ever since she was five. A lot of us knew that her parents had dressed her as a baby, but she never mentioned it. Often a broken home can really throw a child off balance. But Ann just accepted things as they were and made the best of them. She had a serious-mindedness rare in one so young."

That's the way she's remembered at New York's Professional Children's School. "At one point, Ann got a reputation for not talking to anyone," remembers Miss Bamshaw, the School's secretary. "And I said to myself, 'I'll soon see about this.' So when I passed her in the corridor, I'd make a point of saying, 'Hello, Ann.' And she'd always reply very sweetly. We gradually came to know her as a shy,
quiet and timid girl, pretty much absorbed in her work. Besides, when she wasn't studying, her mother—a dear little woman with a lilting Irish brogue—would usually be at the school to take her to some audition or appointment. Ann was so self-effacing, however, that the principal wondered aloud, 'Whatever does she see in him?' the day director Herman Shumlin spotted her in the cafeteria and picked her to play in "Watch On The Rhine."

"I knew she wasn't very experienced," explains Mr. Shumlin. "But she had a quality of wholesomeness that the part required. The play's family had a strong filial affection for each other, and Ann reflected this beautifully. All of us loved her, and though she was shy, sometimes we'd persuade her to sing for us. That was always a treat."

Never a whiz educationally, Ann's grades really took a turn for the worse when the play went on tour and she was required to do correspondence work between performances. "Ann is failing in English," or "Ann needs to work harder in algebra" were among the reports the school sent to her mother. But, as with most aspects of a normal childhood, any scholastic honors she might have attained were likewise sacrificed to the demands of the theatre. Besides, she was getting an education of a different type, since the play toured every principal city in the country. In Washington, a thrilled and nervous fourteen-year-old curtsied low after a command performance for the Roosevelts, and later had dinner at the White House. In Los Angeles, Universal put her under contract.

It's hard to see why, after two years in mediocre musicals, Director Michael Curtiz chose Ann to play in "Mildred Pierce." Like Shumlin, he must have seen something that he was looking for—but at the opposite extreme. Ann's role was that of a despicable little creature who bed her mother for all she was worth and then seduced her own stepfather. It was a new low in nastiness, and Ann's expert portrayal turned her a nomination for a supporting Oscar, making her the youngest actress ever to be so honored. Three weeks after the film was completed, Ann went tobogganing with friends.

"It was a beautiful, crisp winter's evening," recalls a studio technician who was among the party, "and everyone was in high good spirits. We were all happy about the wonderful break for Ann, and some of us even teased her about it, with jibes like 'What a wicked woman we have here!' and 'You've been holding out on us.' She took it all in good fun, and came back with some spirited cracks to match ours.

"Then, on this particular ride, we huddled down the slope, turned a particularly sharp curve, and there was a scream. Ann had been flung out into the darkness, and when we'd managed to stop the toboggan and scramble back up the hill, we found her twisted up like a pretzel. At the hospital, the doctors gave us the bad news. A broken back. It meant seven months in bed, and seven more in a steel cast!"

It was almost a knockout punch, career-wise, but Ann gritted her teeth and, as in the past, turned for comfort and strength to a faith solidly rooted in the parochial schools of her childhood. It stood her by when, near the end of her convalescence, the mother who had been with her every step of the way was fatally stricken with cancer. And that, substantially, 'you have the story.'

"A natural if ever I saw one," exclaims a veteran writer. "All the material is there—a broken home, sacrifice of a normal childhood to a career, a near-tragic

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accident on the eve of her greatest triumph, followed by a long period in which she was either flat on her back or semideadly. The death of her mother while she was still in her teens. "Ann could have cried all over every shoulder in town, got plenty of publicity and, incidentally, had plenty of excuses for her collapse. She has accepted what life offered with faith and humility, instead of running wild like an over-age delinquent, people assumed she was incapable of having a single quality such as courage or making a fully-rounded performance. Rubbish! She has known a wide variety of emotions in her private life and she should be allowed to show her strength. This opinion is shared by the man who chose Ann for Helen Morgan. His name? Again, Michael Curtiz."

"I'll always be grateful to Mike," Ann says. From the first time he first cast me against my type in 'Mildred Pierce,' he's never lost faith in me as an actress."

"I've discovered it's impossible to please all of the people all of the time. Sitinc people feel I should cut down the 'sweetness

and light,' while others feel I should never play a shabby lady. Certainly, I don't want to go on the54

"I've always been a man who yearned for affection in her early life and later, when great professional success came to her, it was as if she sought to buy her way into people's hearts. She appeared, to the point that she would give blank checks to acquaintances in need, and she let her heart run away with her head in more important matters. She was supposed to constantly falling in love with the wrong man, but she was sincere in her love. That they weren't good for her couldn't change her feeling toward them. I don't think she had a great, deep, genuine love, but rather had a great loneliness which she tried to get rid of by surrounding herself with 'bought' friends. Although she had a magnificent talent, she felt insecure with it, and I think this insecurity led her finally down the alcoholic trail to where she literally drank herself to death.

"There was no meanness in Helen Morgan, only sadness. She wasn't a bad woman, but a good woman who lost her way. I've met many people who have had the same loneliness in their lives, particularly in Hollywood. People who have that same loneliness, that same insecurity, people without an anchor, without a faith who dream of platonic friends for ever and keep hoping for love things that money can't buy—love and friends. I feel sorry for these people, just as I felt sorry for Helen Morgan—but I don't call them bad.

"One thing that's been a great help," she confides, growing very thoughtful, "is my marriage. My new-found roles of housewife have added immeasurably to my understanding of this part of life that I'd only been able to observe as an outsider until that wonderful day. And the housework makes me laugh. And I feel better equipped to play a full-rounded woman, now that in my own life I've found the true meaning of being a woman. When I write I'm not happy about this role. For the past few years, I've decorated a lot of timeless-like musicals with characters as deep as a saucer. I hope I can bring to this new understanding of what it means to be a woman, what it means to love and be loved in return.

"We don't dwell too long or too brutally on the other aspects of Helen's life. Mike Curtiz felt, and I believe rightly so, that if it were a choice between entertainment quality or just piling on stark reality, the former should be chosen. And a motion picture can really do full justice to a personal life. How can it, when often the person doesn't do justice to himself?"

Since "good" people are popularly supposed to make "good" people, nobody expects Ann to see the funny side of life. That she has a keen Irish wit and a lively appreciation of a good joke, understandable, but it's there, always lurking behind her snapping blue eyes.

"I know everybody's going to think the divorced wife is tough, she says with a grin. "They weren't! People don't realize that, for an actress, a good drunk scene is an emotional field day. You can sort out all your spots, all your past, all your baggage out of your hair, and lo and behold, it comes out. It's up to the director to keep you from doing that. I've never been drunk in my life—but I've played the condition a few times. So I just put my imagination to work, on my observations, and I was able to do the scenes quite easily."

"I'll work for nothing for me," she says, seriously, "were at the beginning when Helen was a seventeen-year-old. It's difficult to play a convincing teenager with all the dreams, emotional ups and downs, quick changes of temper that are part of all teenagers.

"One amusing thing happened," she chuckles. "We were shooting the carnival scene, in the rain. The director was gone, and I sort of stayed on the platform continuing to dance in the rain. During several rehearsals, everything went fine, the studio-made rain falling just when and where it should. However, when we started filming the scene, a real rainstorm came up suddenly, and threw everyone into panic. Mike Curtiz yelled "Cut! Cut! We'll have to shoot our rain scene when it stops raining!""

Looking back over her Hollywood years, Ann comments: "I've felt that my profession has been in a rut—a comforatble one, mind you. But for the past several years, I think 'Helen Morgan' will take me out of that rut, and I'm very happy to leave it. An actress shouldn't be a comfortable one in her professional life—she's liable to get lazy and won't fight for the roles she wants and won't fight against those she doesn't want. I'm pleased, and I hope this will be the first time since I arrived in Hollywood. I can choose the roles I want, and if I want them badly enough, I'll fight for them further, for Helen Morgan."

I hope though that I'll be offered three-dimensional roles from now on. But I'm determined not to accept any picture in which I don't feel I'll be able to give a performance. Of course, that could be because it's the one I've just done! But seriously, I'm grateful to have the chance at last to show the world what a woman can do. I'm not just an empty goody-goody. And I hope that this role will lead my career into new and exciting channels."

We hope so, too.

CHRISTMAS COVER GIRL: DEBBIE REYNOLDS

On newstands December 5th
Several months ago, at a large party, I was drawn away from the general group by an acquaintance I hadn't seen for a long time. She had always taken an intense interest in my adopted family, and had murmured at some length about how wonderful she thought the children were. She has three daughters and a son, and how she wished that she had children.

She took one of my hands, looked anxiously and searchingly into my eyes and asked, "You've been through it, so you can help me more than anyone, can't you? Tell me: exactly what are the problems involved in adopting children?" What I ought to do to prepare myself for, and what warnings do you think I should be given so that I might avoid mistakes?"

I told her, as kindly as possible, "If you can ask questions like that, it seems to me that you must feel more apprehension than joy about becoming a mother. If you were to bear a child, I don't imagine you would start by worrying over the problems to be presented by a teenager, and I've seldom seen a natural mother preparing formula and fretting over what mistakes she may have made in her future attempts to rear her child. Unless you can enter into adoption proceedings with the same spirit of quiet confidence, reliance upon the general professional guidance available, and the hope that in the future that go with the garden variety of parenthood, you aren't ready to take a child into your home.

She uttered a small, wintry laugh and said, "But suppose, when I do get the child, I don't like it, or it doesn't like me. Suppose it's an unattractive baby?"

This rather foolish query reminded me of the day my Christina was placed in my arms. I had known for several months that she was to be mine. At the adoption agencies, I had been assured of the family backgrounds of a series of babies who were to be born and whose parents, for one reason or another, were not going to be able to keep them.

When I read the history of the baby who was to become Christina, I stopped. "This is mine," I said. "I needn't look further. I understand everything about this child."

Boy or girl, it did not matter. I had found my first-born.

The last few weeks of waiting were almost as endless as those spent by a natural mother. I had prepared the nursery far earlier than was necessary and I had bought enough clothing to swaddle a dozen children.

Finally the day came and I rushed to meet my daughter. "You have a fine little girl," I had been told. I held her in my arms, a wiggling pink organism without hair, without teeth, without much interest in anything except food.

"She's the homeliest mite I've ever seen in my life," I murmured, knowing that I was beaming upon her like a full moon. "And she's mine, all mine. My daughter, Christina Crawford."

It would have been impossible to convey the range of that moment, many years ago, to my friend in the midst of the present rather confused evening. I said, rather inadequately I knew, "Possibly you haven't given much thought to the need of adults for children, and the need of children for a home. I think we should talk about it at some other time."

For once, perhaps, the adoption situation in the picture was very unusual, but the basic feelings of the mother and the child are always the same. Playing mother to that fine young English actress, Heather Sears, I felt very close to the part, and to this lovely girl, who does such great work in the film that I've been singing her praises like a real proud mama.

I don't profess to be anything approaching an expert on the subject, but I'm always happy to add my small voice to the thunder of the experts who say that every child needs to be loved by a mother in the fullest sense of the word (not by a matron, or a superintendent, or any of the usually noble women who try to fulfill the heart demands of thirty to a hundred youngsters); that a child needs to grow up in a home in which he feels that he has a personal stake, whether that house has four rooms or forty; and that a child needs to grow up in a neighborhood where there are other children living in families, where there are adults in the neighbor category so that property rights and community cooperation can be learned—not in an institution where all experimentation is, by policy, limited.

Finally, I believe that a child needs to grow up as nearly free of fear as is possible in this world of ours; an orphanage, because of its inescapably varying conditions, is a breeding ground for all manner of fears.

Naturally, some fright is with us always in greater or lesser degree, depending upon the state of nations and our own states of mind, but the fear of "not belonging"—one of the most destructive, we are told by psychologists—should be all child. It is the fear that walks the corridors of institutions at night, and looks in through the windows on Christmas Eve. I shudder at the mother who said, "If I'd had my job; I've found that, in spite of all the criticism they have taken and all the lampooning they have suffered, psychologists have presented an excellent generalization and mixed with ordinary common sense which will apply the proper theory to the proper stage of development—and be invaluable guideposts for mothers."

It appears to be a psychological truth that a child, in order to develop a balanced mental atmosphere, must have four things: response, recognition, security, and new experiences.

The word "response" in this usage merely means the provided opportunity for the child to express his emotional nature and to experience love in return. Love, untrammeled, unqualified, untainted with duty. The compassion of even the best-intentioned head of an institution, overworked, over-pressured, and under-paid, is usually not the child's individual sense of belonging and the interchange of response that a child needs.

Sometimes this business of "response" takes an unexpected turn. When Christina was in intermediate school, her teacher one afternoon took her to the dentist's. On route she was so preoccupied that I knew something was disturbing her. When I asked if she were afraid, she seemed surprised, and said no.

"You've been taking me to the dentist for years and you've never asked me before if I don't want to be afraid, do you?"

I told her no again, and explained that, after her dental surgery (for which she was being prepared), I was going to wait until she emerged from the anesthetic. Then I would have to rush to Christopher's school to be on hand to cheer during his competition that evening. After that, I would be back at the hospital.

"I understand," Christina said. "If Christopher were the one in the hospital, and I were the one in the swimming meet, you'd leave him with you, wouldn't you? Well, that's fair." And the sun came out again.

A child must have recognition. 'You've driven yourself to the limit. Now, could you draw a house with a red door?' does more for a budding Corot than a year of art instruction. It is an easy matter for a mother, natural or adoptive, to supply this need and in so doing to help the child find himself and his aptitudes.

Yet impartiality is an essential of institutions, so each child must be praised equally. That being the case, the adopt child, being brought up in even the best-managed orphanage is likely to conclude that there is little in him to exerting himself when his tree, which he can see is quite good, is praised equally with Bobby's, although Bobby's work looks as if a tornado had blown it down. Encouragement and frustration are the lot of the child who can't be given specific, interested, personalized attention.

A great many times I've been asked me, from time to time, about Christopher's well-publicized flights from school. In every case, his trouble has stemmed from the problem of rejection. Christopher wants to excel at everything.

He is big for his age and muscular, so it has always been easy for him to play OSCAR BAII: Joanne Woodward, danc-
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.

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Self-reliance is, of course, another vital part of security. Christopher was born with a strong sense of being able to stand on his own two feet and fend for himself, but self-reliance in the feminine gender is a more nebulous quality. However, it has always seemed to me that every woman should be able to do, and do superbly, to prepare a wholesome and palatable meal and to set it up quickly and efficiently.

We live in a day of vanishing household
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Details few had gone. One day, shortly after this, Cindy and I had ventured again to our familiar haunt, the little café that was our regular meeting place. We’d gone again to the little café that was our regular meeting place. We’d gone again to the little café that was our regular meeting place. We’d gone again to the little café that was our regular meeting place. Cindy and I had ventured once more. Once more, she and I were sitting at our favorite table, lost in thought, the world passing by outside, the day going on. We were talking, enjoying each other’s company, when suddenly...
A HANDFUL OF QUARTERS
Continued from page 27

truth life. He was only about fifteen, but he looked much older. He lived alone and
made his living from a newspaper route. He sent money to his folks, too, the fellows
said.

Why did he do this crazy thing? Was he trying to buy recognition and friendship
that he didn’t have? Was it a gesture of frustration or that feeling of powerlessness at
the thing that had made his life miserable—lack of money? Was he getting some kind
of bitter satisfaction in seeing the others act like little monsters? I still don’t know.

But one thing I do know—the reason
that incident is so significant to me. That
was the day I started to think.

I know that this awareness of life and
its meaning, this beginning of finding the
answers to the questions, “Who am I?”
“What am I going to do with my life?”
“What does life mean?” is something that
comes to every teenager, in varying deg-
rees. It is not a happy state. It can be
pretty painful.

Many people say that the teenage years
are the happiest. They think of them as
being carefree, full of fun. I don’t agree.
I don’t think that any years are the best,
or the worst. Every year brings its own
problems.

I certainly wouldn’t be so presumptuous
as to set myself up as a spokesman on
teens. I don’t feel that I have the
maturity or experience for that. I’m still
trying to find the answers. All I can do is
speak from my own experience, as a
person, and of what I have learned from
study, and from some of the roles I’ve
played.

I was always a loner. Even as a baby,
my mother says, I was perfectly happy
when I was by myself. So, when I became
a child actor and got my schooling from
a studio tutor instead of in a regular
school with other children, I didn’t feel
depressed. In fact, I had some wonderful
teachers who gave me much more per-
sonal and individual than I would have had
everwhere. And I had a wonderful home
life. My mother did everything possible
to give my brother Guy and me a happy
childhood. Almost our whole life went
the way it was planned: Guy is two years
older than I, and took the place of the
playmates I didn’t have. He’s married
now, lives in Oakland and has two
children, but we’re still very close. I re-
member being a bit envious of Guy when

my mother bought him a horse, even
though he let me ride it. I realize now
that it was a wise move on her part. It
was at the time when people made a big
fuss over me because I was in movies, and
she wanted to make it up to Guy.

But the fuss that he envied was some-
thing I never liked. It made me feel un-
comfortable, like some kind of curiosity.
I never “fit in.” I never “belonged.”
I was Dean Stockwell, child movie actor.
It was like some kind of label. The boy,
Dean Stockwell, was somebody no one
knew or cared about—except my mother
and Guy.

That was the tough part. The work—
well, that I just accepted as something
that had to be done. I simply did what I
was told, and that was that.

It wasn’t until I reached my teens and
left the studio tutors to go to parochial
school for two years, then to public high
school for my last year, that I realized just
how much I didn’t “belong.” I hated it!
Oh, there were some nice girls and fellows
who accepted me as one of them, but for
the most part, my brand as a child actor
was a barrier that made it impossible for
me to be accepted. So I never took part
in any school activities. I played a little
tennis, but that was all.

And those schools! I suppose that’s a
problem that many teenagers have today.
The school was overcrowded. Many of the
teachers, possibly because of the low pay,
were indifferent to the students’ needs, and
some teachers, unqualified, even from the
stand-
point of knowledge. There wasn’t time for
any personal attention. And people won-
der why some teenagers don’t like school,
or get into trouble!

Take me, for instance. Ever since that
day when I was thirteen and walked out
of that YMCA, I had a great desire to
learn, not only of books, but about
life. But that need—which I’m sure is
shared by other young people—was never
met at the school, where it should have
been. I was lucky to have a good home life.

But what happens to all the others who
don’t?

When I got out of high school, I was
more at a loss than ever. I knew there
must be some way to end my confusion,
but help me find myself. But I didn’t
know what. I was pretty miserable.

My work was still just that—work.
When M-G-M dropped me, I didn’t feel
bad about it. And when they called me
back for another picture, shortly after
that, and I got offers from other studios,
I wasn’t overjoyed, either. At that point,
I just didn’t care.

More and more, I felt that the thing to
do was to get away, to go to some place
where I wasn’t known as Dean Stock-
well, Child Actor. I could have gone on
working, but I realized that this was no
time mean going on being miserable. So I
told my mother I was quitting, because
I wanted to go to Berkeley to college.

For a time I thought about what to
expect from college and, maybe, it’s
just as well. Because I was in possession of
a bit of knowledge about history and
politics, and a lot of knowledge about
monsters, or at least I thought I was.

I’d never dated much—back home, I had
mostly gone to socials with girls who
looked at me as an actor, not just
another guy. Besides, I never liked the
kind of dates where you go through all
the rigmarole of dressing up, calling for
him, taking him to the movies, some show
or night club just for the sake of
going somewhere, I still don’t. I didn’t
like parties, either. Something in me
didn’t want to be a part of a lot of people
sitting around making small talk that
means nothing, and I know I’m likely
to behave boorishly, so I don’t go. Ever.
I’ve certainly strengthened my feelings about
that.

There was a big formal college dance.
I didn’t have a date, there was a girl
in school, a bit older, who envied me
away. It was pretty sad. She was a
nice enough girl, and maybe under differ-
ent circumstances we might have enjoyed
ourselves, but we were both so con-
sumed in the way we’d met that it was
impossible. We tried dancing, but neither
of us was much good at it. Then, two
by two, the couples started leaving. We
four girls were all alone, in a hotel
across the street and had a lot of
liquor there. Everybody was over
there getting stoned, while the beamings
of horses and wagons didn’t seem to the
dance didn’t suspect a thing. Some party!

At the end of my first year, I decided
college was not for me. But please don’t
get me wrong against college. I simply
didn’t find what I wanted there,
possibly because I still wasn’t sure
myself what I wanted. But I did gain a
lot from the experience. The greatest
thing about college is the tremendous
feeling of freedom. For the first time, I was
able to get away from my child actor tag
and be just another fellow. I could make
my own decisions about what I did for the
first time, I got away from the sheltered
familiarity of my family and the studio and
learned something about life, by mixing
with fellows and girls whose backgrounds
were much different from my own.

I know that there are a lot of fellows,
and girls, too, who go to school, get mar-
rried and settle down, in a comfortable
grove and seem quite happy about it.
But I think they miss a lot. How much
can you feel and appreciate in your own
life, if you know nothing of the lives of
others? For the reason alone, I think a
teenager can get a great deal out of
going away to college. I know I did.

But it wasn’t enough. I was at loose
ends again—but now, there was a differ-
ence. I knew what I wanted to do.
I was going to go out in the country,
traveling, doing anything, and see what
I could find, to learn through living,
and seeing how others lived.

When I told my mother this, she wasn’t
very happy about it. I guess she was
worried about me getting away on
their own. But she was great. She un-
derstood why I had to do it, and she
never tried to stop me.

Exactly that happened during those
three years when I was away from Holly-
wood, I don’t care to say. These memories

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WHAT’S CARY UP TO?

Continued from page 42

he is a worthy man, Cary and his actress-wife Betsy Drake lead comparatively simple lives. They have a house in Beverly Hills and another in Palm Springs, but neither is pretentious by millionaire standards. Their home in Beverly is their favorite, and there they spend most of their time when they aren’t traveling. While Betsy writes, Cary plays tennis, rides horseback and hikes beside the swimming pool, “I don’t do much,” he says.

The Grants shun publicity and are looked upon as a pair of lone wolves. They rarely entertain. An old friend who has known the couple for years says, “I’ve never seen the inside of their house.” Even more rarely do they attend parties. Of Hollywood parties Cary says, “They consist of two groups of people—one set wouldn’t be found dead talking to the other, who in turn wouldn’t be found dead listening to the first.”

And Cary Grant practically wouldn’t be found dead contemplating himself. Although he’s been making movies for twenty-five years and has granted hundreds of interviews, the facts about Cary Grant are few and far between. Even his closest friends, he is an enigma. This is not due to any reticence on his part. A man of quick enthusiasms, Cary has theories on a wide range of topics and will talk about them at great length—special ways of brushing your teeth, spiders, sports cars, clothes, Buddhism, women and how to cut daisies, etc. But he is reluctant to talk about Cary Grant. As a result, he is the source of much speculation and produces varying reactions from people who know and work with him.

For instance, producer Jerry Wald tells an interesting story about Cary. Jerry hates to do cutting of film once a movie is complete. It is a costly operation and may wreck the scene. Recently studio heads swore the running time of the script “Kiss Them for Me” was too long, relates Jerry. “I disagreed and told him to read it aloud. Cary made a tape recording of the entire manuscript, and they cut it really short. He’s a very up-to-date person. He knows what audiences are thinking and what kind of picture clocks in at one forty-five! After hearing him, I stuck to my guns and refused to cut the script.”

Incidentally, in explaining the importance of detail in “Kiss Them for Me,” his fifty-sixth film, Cary said: “What actors fail to realize is that when they move a couple of inches before that camera, they jump twenty feet on the Roxy screen.”

That’s one point of view. According to columnist Earl Wilson, who spent some time with Grant while he was making “The Pride and the Passion” in Spain, Cary is one of the kindest people he’s ever met. “There was one whole time I was with him he didn’t knock a soul. In the case of a successful actor, that’s something.”

On the other hand, a former acquaintance of Cary’s remarked recently, “He’s really a terrible snob. The first thing he does when he meets somebody is check what he’s wearing. If it is not up to his own standard, he will as likely as not walk away.”

The facts are he is kind but more snob than not. He believes in living with a certain amount of grace and dash. He admires elegance and style. He is almost obsessed with neatness and order. And he respects these same virtues in other people.

For instance, Cary is particularly articulate about the influence in shaping recent Hollywood films. “Is a garbage can any more realistic than Buck-
Cary's second marriage, to Barbara Hut-

gin, lasted from 1954 to 1959. They spent a

two-year hiatus from the movies and went

around the world on a freighter with Bet-
sy. His friends say the reason partly

stemmed from what he felt was Hollywood's

compulsion to make an actor into an "ashcan" school of drama. According to

one insider, "There were a diminishing

number of screenplays that fitted Cary's

own high-minded style, and he had no

intention of changing it."

Recently, Cary made this comment on

the changing movie scene: "Actually, I'd

love to do more of those kind of things

but where can I find one? Writers take

themselves too seriously these days. Also,

really polished comic dialogue is hard to

write. It's much easier to create a 

comic, exaggerated style, and writers make

a lot of money doing it."

But Cary's self-imposed "retirement" 

ended in 1954 when friend Alfred Hitchcock persuaded me to read the script of "To Catch a 

Thief." He said, "I told me that if I would play it, he would throw in Grace Kelly for good measure. It was the kind of

bright, literate script that appealed to me, and Grace was the well-bred, well-

groomed type that I always enjoy playing opposite. I was sure Cary was as excited about it as I was, but when Cary Grant's appeal had faded, this picture completely removed it.

And Cary's brief appearance on TV a year later as a fellow passenger for Ingrid Bergman, not only enhanced his own reputation but gave the Awards a dignity which had been lacking up to that moment. As a guest, said, "It was the be-
ginning of a very good career for him."

Frank Vincent, once Cary's agent, also 
greatly admired his client's brand of debo-
nair elegance. Shortly before he died, Frank said, "Even though Cary became an American citizen in 1942, he is essentially an Englishman. His home is his castle, the last refuge of his privacy, Marriage to him is a very private affair, and he simply does not want to give the public a 

tip on his welfare. He never has and as far as I can see, he never will."

The one "progress report," made known even to his closest friends, was news that Cary would take a leave of absence for three months in 1954 to marry

friend Merle Oberon, who was also aboard and who knew Betsy. She wangled a pair of seats for them at the captain's table.

When Betsy and Cary got home, he ar-
ranged to have her play the lead opposite

him in his next picture and on Christmas

Day, 1948, they were married in Arizona, with Howard Hughes as Cary's best man.

An old friend who had made the rounds

with Cary in his carefree between-mar-
riages days said of him recently, "Cary

developed a new dimension after marry-
ing and it was a happy one. I don't think

he ever had harbored a serious thought in his life, and the only thing he read with much attention were scripts. Betsy opened up for Cary the whole new world of ideas."

Betsy is given to the same kind of im-
petuous enthusiasms as her husband, but

they are different. It might be a movie, a 

book, or a philosophical thought. Later, Cary recalls, "from friends' messages I pieced together the news that the Doria had foundered, and that Betsy had transferred to the French ship."

Cary frantically called her on the ship's phone, and a friend who was standing beside him said, "Tears streamed down his cheeks when he finally heard Betsy's voice. "At last he was safe!"

Betsy suggested that he relax and take his co-star, Sophia Loren, out to dinner. Cary said later, "Betsy is the first wife I've had who is a real friend."

But if he prefers the solemn side on occa-
sion it has certainly not dimmed his boyish good humor. In London recently to

visit Betsy who was making a movie there, Cary claimed that he gave up smoking and drinking. Now I can devote all my energy to the only vice I have left—love."

Cary might have two others—his compulsion for work (he starts work this month on "Kind Sir," in London with Ingrid Bergman, after finishing "Houseboat") and his obsession for keeping up.

"I guess every man looks the way he wants to," Cary says, "and that shapes himself like a sculptor. If you decide you are going to have hands, youthful and fit, don't bother the rest of your life you will be. It's as simple as that."

**HOLIDAY PARTY TIPS!**

**IN THE JANUARY PHOTOPLAY**
RIGHT TO SING THE BLUES

Continued from page 38

home and said, "We're moving. I just bought a house. A ten-room mansion!"

And then there were the other things you didn't want to hear about; how the house got bigger and bigger and how your marriage got lonelier and lonelier till somewhere along the line it wasn't a marriage at all.

Then one morning your husband left the house to go to the studio and didn't come home for dinner. He didn't come home the next night either—and when you called the next day that he wasn't hurt or angry or bitter, it was much worse: it was completely devoid of feeling.

"I wanted to find out if you are coming home to dinner," you said, trying to make the request sound casual, and the voice at your ear said "I don't know." Nights stretched into weeks then, and suddenly you knew that you and the children didn't matter to him any more.

So you had to escape—to escape completely from everything and everyone you knew that had any meaning in living, to pick up the pieces and try to fit them into some kind of life that would make sense to yourself and your children, and most of all to find yourself. You had to, if you were Julie London.

What Julie London did then was to take a room from a contractor that fell and file suit for divorce. The settlement was generous: eighteen thousand dollars a year alimony, a trust fund of $100,000 for Julie and $30,000 for each of the children.

That should have settled everything, but it didn't. Julie made a home for her two daughters in a big house on top of a hill, and she did things at home that seemed no place at all to get started. When day was over and dusk fell and other wives started to listen for the familiar sound of footsteps that meant their husbands were coming home to them, that was the time of day when Julie felt most lost and alone and lonely. She started searching for something to keep her busy, and that along the way, she found a new love too.

Julie London was born in Santa Rosa, California on September 26, 1926, and moved to San Bernardino with her family when she was two months old. Her parents were old-time vaudeville singers who had a radio program on a local station, and by the time she was three and a half Julie was performing professionally. She just wandered into the studio one day and started singing, and that was that! Her first paycheck, however, came from running a department store. For when Julie was fifteen, she just went to the Personnel Department, boosted her age by a few years and landed the job. It marked the end of her high-school studies.

She was still running the elevator a few years later when one day a woman came over to the elevator with the words that she'd ever thought of being in pictures. Julie said "No," she hadn't. The woman was Sue Carol, Alan Ladd's wife, and she was a talent agent. She whisked Julie around to some of the studios and under her a few bit parts in movies. "It was funny. In pictures I made fifty dollars a day, then in between, I'd go back to the store and work for nineteen dollars a week."

It was while she was working in the department store, too, that she met Jack Webb. He was a salesman there. They met, and dated and started going together steadily, and when Jack landed into the service, and when he got out, he settled in San Francisco and became a radio announcer. When he landed a role on radio's "Pat Novak For Hire," Julie would listen to him in Los Angeles. One night she dropped him a note to tell him how good she thought he was in the show.

At the time, she was about to finish her big role on radio’s "Four Sons" and had been made plans to celebrate with a girl friend, a weekend in San Francisco. She was packing for the trip when the telephone rang. It was Jack and he was asking when if ever she would be coming to San Francisco. When she announced that she and her girl friend would be there, Jack suggested they meet them at the airport. Three hours after the plane landed, Julie and Jack Webb were engaged to be married.

Julie was happy then. For the next few months they commuted between Los Angeles and San Francisco. That spring, Jack quit his job with the network and moved to Los Angeles permanently. They were married.

To Julie, it meant the start of living. For there was someone who needed her, wanted her and wanted her love. She'd give it gladly. Talking about it now, she says, "I didn't care much about a career, but things were pretty rough financially when we were married. So I kept on working till we discovered we were going to have a child. I'm sure I'll never find an idea to make some money, and that's when he created and sold "Dragnet." By the time the baby was a few months old, the show was doing so well that it was immediately on the "top ten" popularity list. Then came television, and Jack's huge success. On the twenty-ninth of November, 1952, I gave birth to a little girl, Lisa. Two years later, Jack and I were divorced.

"I don't care to talk about it too much," Julie smiled, and sat up straight. "In a way, when I discuss this part of my life, it sounds to me now as though all that happened to someone else with someone else."

However far away it all seems now, at the time the divorce left Julie pretty badly shaken. She'd never had much ego to start with, and had always been rather shy and introverted. But now she'd failed in the most important relationship of all—marriage. The failure hurt bad. Whatever security and confidence she'd managed to assemble in 26 years of living seem to lose every bit of strength with the winds of divorce. To fail in marriage seemed to fail as a human being. For she'd submerged her identity in the marriage, and when it was gone, there was nothing—just a shell of a person, with a long and lonely future in the offing. Then she met Bobby Troup, the well known composer-musician-

To Julie it was an accidental meeting in a small Hollywood restaurant where she'd met a friend for dinner. And Bobby Troup walked over to say "Hello" to her friend and was introduced. To Bobby, it wasn't quite so accidental. He tells "This was some years ago, when I was playing the Celebrity Room one night, she walked in, I was singing a song and she walked by the bandstand and I thought, that's one of the most strikingly beautiful girls I've ever seen! Fortunate was the lady that gave me the chance to show her she was with, and I thought, I can easily sit down at the table and get introduced.' So I did. And I was.

After Julie's house, someone started to play the piano, and impulsively, Julie started to sing along with it.
She gassed me. She was that good, Bobby says now.

He asked her for a date and spent the entire evening telling her she ought to be singing professionally. But to Julie, whose confidence was gone, singing in front of people she didn't know was unthinkable. For her, it meant exposing her soul to the public, for all to see and hear. If they didn't like her singing, it would mean they didn't like her. She couldn't take that chance.

The last thing Bobby Troup pleaded and cajoled and pressured, trying to convince her that she really had talent. The words fell on closed ears. One night he took her to the record executives of the house to hear her sing. Julie took one look at them, said "Hello," and then quietly disappeared into the bedroom. Why take him to the recording studio to defeat and shame? It was easier to hide while Bobby made excuses for her and the record executives said, "Well, if Miss London ever overcomes her mike fright, we'd like to hear her again.

Once Bobby did manage to get her to the studio for a recording date and she sang four tunes in front of the microphone. But she still didn't want to record. She didn't believe that the sounds that came out weren't the real Julie at all. Her timing was off, her breathing was stilted, and the words were dewy. As she listened to the mike, she could see the mike in front of her and the sound engineer taking the song onto the tracks. The company never released the records. Bobby was hugely disappointed, but Julie was relieved. Her worst fears had been realized. They'd heard her, they didn't like her, and they didn't want her. But she was still living and she could still sing, if she wanted to.

So Bobby tried another tack. It was too difficult to sing before a Mike with professional people passing judgment on her, why not sing in a night club, where people just wanted a little diversion, and to be entertained? Bobby was singing in a nightclub called the Encore then, and one evening they were having dinner across the street in a little place called Johnny Walsh's 881 Club. When Julie looked up from her steak and said, "You know, if I were in a TV show, this is the one I'd like to be in."

Bobby whooped for joy and went up to look the manager, Johnny Walsh, who was a friend of his. Somehow he talked his way into booking Julie without an audition.

For Julie, this was a big first. To the members of the audience in the nightclub she was going to be introduced as Julie London—only 21. It was a landmark. She was going to make the grade or fail because she was herself, a girl who liked to sing the blues.

Now Julie remembers, "The night I opened, I thought I'd drop dead before the end of my first number. But somehow I managed to sing without a mistake. The words came out. The customers liked it."

"Liked it? They loved it!" Bobby interjects. "Julie doesn't tell you that she was held over for several weeks and that the place every Thursday night was crowded with people? The room had never done that kind of consistent standing-room business before."

But even success didn't seem to help her much. She says she was "leaving" Bobby said, "What further proof do you need to know that you're good?" She answered, "They're just curious. They want to see what Jack Webb's ex-wife could do." Bobby looked at her and said nothing. It would take a few more good experiences and a little more applause before she'd be able to believe it herself. Yet when she was a beautiful girl with talent.

Several of Bobby's friends were about to start a new record company, Liberty Records, and casually Bobby suggested to them that Julie might be interested in making a record. They liked the idea. Together, Bobby and the record company executives worked out a plan. They'd get the studio set up, record some sound men and technicians, but as far as Julie was concerned, to all intents and purposes this was to be nothing but a practice session. They were all to pretend that she wasn't to be cut till some time next week.

They started at eight o'clock in the evening, with Julie "practicing" her songs. And about two o'clock the next morning, when Julie had unlimbered and the words going into the mike were soft and real and heart-rending, Bobby signaled the sound technician, and he dropped the needle into the groove. By five o'clock in the morning, they had the first pressing of an album by Julie London.

"Julie Is Her Name," a long-playing released by Liberty, started off with "Cry Me A River," a tune which had been written by a high-school friend of Julie's named Arthur Hamilton. When the disc jockeys got the record, a new hit and a new singer was born. "Cry Me A River" was also released as a single, and more than 800,000 copies of that first album have sold.

"The first time I heard it being played," Julie recalls now, "I was walking down Vine Street and was all wrapped up in my own thoughts when suddenly I heard my own voice coming out at me from apearances on TV. She guested with Ed Sullivan, Perry Como and a number of other shows and did a number of dramatic roles on TV. Rosemary Clooney saw her and suggested her to José Ferrer for a small role in "The Great Man."

The evening before her audition, Bobby Troup took her to a Broadway show and back to her in tears. "Honey, I can't do it," she blurted. "I feel so shaky and sick. I can't do that audition tomorrow." He put his arm around her shoulders. "They want you for the show," he said. "And if you don't do it, after they heard her read the next day.

The response of the movie critics, the public, and the executives to "The Great Man" was heart-warming. They liked her. She was a hit!

More TV followed, and then M-G-M cast her to co-star with Robert Taylor and John Cassavetes in "Saddle the Wind." So pleased were they with her performance that they signed her up for two more pictures. She was moved over to U-I for "How Lonely the Night," in which she co-stars with Richard Egan.

Even now, with movies, TV and records behind her, she still finds it hard to believe that she's a success. "I still have to prove myself," she says firmly, and you know that she means it. The difference between the girl who played the part of Julie Moon ever since Bobby Troup first heard her singing at a party at her home is still there, but the big difference is that now she can cope with them and conquer them. She hasn't left her old doubts about her ability, she says candidly. "But I must admit that I'm much better than what was a few years ago. "For example, live TV petrified me. A few years ago I was scared I wouldn't do it. I guess that's the big difference. The fear is still inside me, but at least now I try." And that every new picture was awful. It was like I'd never made a movie before. I had butterflies in my stomach and I didn't think I could go through with it. But then I remembered that I'd made two other pictures before, and that people had liked them—and it got easier.

"I don't think I'll ever get to the point where I'm completely satisfied with everything," she'd say, "but all the smiles. "But at least I'm going to try to get there," Julie London is a girl who has had to stretch and reach to find her own identity as a singer and actress. She hasn't yet achieved the belief in herself and those around her that she seeks, but she's on her way.

Today, she lives in a large, comfortable house that's full of life in early American and provides the home for her two daughters, her collection of antique silver and two dachshunds who are affectionately named "Missus" (her father's pet name for her). Her first royalty check from "Cry Me A River" went for a minc coat, and the others went for beautiful clothes for herself and her children. If she gets home to her daughters, Stacy and Lisa, she's too busy or tired to give much thought to the fact that she's raising her children alone. She's still a twosome, but it's a twosome marked by quarrels and separations. Marriage? I don't know," she says honestly. The scars were left by the left hand of her husband. She's willing to teach her that marriage can be a good thing, too.

For the girl who thought her life was over when she was 26 has discovered the success, at 31, Julie London is a woman reborn.
THEY NEED YOUR HELP

Continued from page 22

You can write to them care of Photoplay, if you want to, and we will forward your letters directly to the studios, where the stars will receive them.

JOHN KERR

This time last year the Hollywood Wisenheeters thought John Kerr would make it as a major star, if only because the intellectual, sensitive type of chap seemed to be coming into vogue. But something went wrong.

John, son of stage actress June Walker, and brought up in the traditions of the theater, had a Harvard degree, a pretty wife, twin daughters and behind him a smash hit as the sensitive schoolboy of Broadway's "Tea and Sympathy" when he made his film debut in M-G-M's "The Cobweb." In 1953 it had been thought that this M-G-M starlet was the one destined to be the next Brando, but John himself had been fated for the "prestige" rather than the "boxoffice" echelons. His publicity, showcasing him as rather docile, publicity-shy and colorless didn't help the situation either.

John's next, and last, film for M-G-M, "The Vintage," was released in early '57 and caused no lines to form around the block. A rambling affair made in France, the picture wasn't very interesting, but again the vast majority of the film public didn't know quite what to make of him. M-G-M executives decided John was a talented boy who was fated for the "prestige" rather than the "boxoffice" echelons. His publicity, showcasing him as rather docile, publicity-shy and colorless didn't help the situation either.

Verdict: The consensus is that the undeniably talented Mr. Kerr had been the victim of ill-advised casting and generally careless exploitation. A bright note was injected with the news that he had won the role of Lieutenant Cable in "South Pacific" which 20th-Fox will release in 1958. This should put him on a roll may start John's career on an upswing.

PAUL NEWMAN

Another promising personality, Paul Newman, has some strong roles coming up in Warners' "Helen Morgan Story" and "The Left-Handed Gun" and also in M-G-M's "The Silver Chalice," had one strike against him. This was his almost uncanny resemblance to Marlon Brando. There was also a strong similarity in the two men's acting styles and personality aura on screen. A close resemblance to a starring predecessor is always the bane of Hollywood performers, and Newman's case was no different. A worried Warners, undecided what to do with him, lent him to M-G-M for two pictures. The first, "Somebody Up There Likes Me," which the late James Dean was to have done, was the biography of fighter Rocky Graziano. It won him widespread public interest and critical respect to boot.

The second, "The Rack," won him more critical kudos for his portrayal of a sensitive victim of Chinese prison camp brain-washing but the public response was less than enthusiastic, possibly because of the controversial theme and subtleties of characterization. Then many months went by with no Newman appearances on screen.

Verdict: Newman can succeed, with choice variety of roles in getting out from under the "Brando-type" tag, and as he's an accomplished actor he should find good roles coming his way. He seems to have ironed out certain personal crises, including a separation from his wife that left him upset for months, his rugged good looks and rather weak personality are definite assets, he is still young (32) and with proper attention to his career on the part of studio executives, and some strong backing from his management, it's certain to start climbing upward again.

RICHARD EGAN

Richard Egan, a year ago this time, was one of the hottest actors in films. He went tobogganing for a very simple reason. He drew inferior scripts.

No one would order to prepare for an acting career than Egan. He got an M.A. in theater history and dramatic literature at Stanford, appeared in every college and little theater play he could. His big break came when a producer penciled him in at a later age than the average actor because of the four precious years of his Twenties he had spent in the Service. In 1949, and 1950, he actually got his first break in Joan Crawford's "The Damned Don't Cry," but there followed six discouraging years in a grab-bag of secondary film stunts before stardom finally caught up with him.

Typical of his bad luck during the past year was his role in Elvis Presley's debut film, "Love Me Tender" for 20th. Though the picture was stronger part, he was still expected to carry a film in which another personality was the focal point of fan interest. Today Egan is a fine, mellow fellow, and has spent a year of his life working in Hollywood. His straight-and-narrow private life may have robbed him of some color—and news space—but it would not of itself had put him on the toboggan. Weak roles in weak pict did that.

Verdict: Rich could become another Gable in the right parts. It's up to you. You can let a promising guy go down the drain, or you can send him on to fruitful decades of stardom. All he needs is major roles in major pictures.

JOHN DEREK

John Derek's face was his fortune in 1949, the year he hit it big in movies. But it would seem to be his chief liability in 1957. At thirty, he still looks like a dark-eyed cherub and when he first shot to fame under the aegis of Humphrey Bogart in Columbia's "Knock On Any Door" (eight years go by swiftly) he was hailed among other things as "the New Valentino" and Columbia, which put him under contract, was enthusiastic.

For a while John basked in his newfound security. After some five years of
struggle in small parts and a frustrating contractual involvement with 20th Century-Fox, John felt confident of the future. But a series of A parts in B movies and B parts in A movies followed, and by 1953 it was obvious to everyone, including John, that it was never going to be. Undaunted, he tried to win respect as an actor at other studios. In 1954 he banked on the small but meaty role of John Wilkes Booth in Richard Burton's starring role, "Prince of Players," to put him over. Though he turned in a competent acting job, it wasn't quite sharp enough to establish him. For Sheridan, is wrong on the Simon's career front? Here are some possible reasons for Jean's failure to hit straight-A starring status... (Jean is known as an A-minus screen personality—the kind who might fill the role of the permanent stardom.) For one thing, her marriage is all-important to her. She is sensitive to her husband's personal feelings...)

Verdict: Today, John Derek is in a serious rut. At 30 he has not shaken off the "pretty boy" tab. He gets star billing in secondary features like UA's "Fury at Shindouw," and he might have been starred in Paramount's "The Ten Commandments" and "Omar Khayyam." Today John Derek is unhappy proving a Hollywood rule: Good looks in itself are not enough. At the top but ability, personality and dramatic parts have to be of ace caliber or else the original asset becomes a great drawback. More than anything else, John wants to establish himself as a mature performer, worthy of serious consideration, good looks aside. To do this he must have intelligent help from producers and a morale boost from fans.

DEBRA PAGET

Debra Paget's career is the feminine equivalent of John Derek's—and there is more to it than the fact they both started in movies about the same time, and both have appeared in the same two movies. "Shane" and "The Big Knife," "Beverly of Broadway," "Omar Khayyam." For John, Debra has pretty, regular, symmetrical features, and these were her fortune, at least initially. Child of a show business family (her mother was an actress) Debra was signed by 20th-Fox at fifteen, after a scout saw her in little theater roles. That was in 1948. And many ineffectual parts followed, in which the Gross's pulchritude but lacked up no scores for her acting. Today, at twenty-four, she is floundering. A year or so ago, she went on a glamorous campaign during a goodwill riding around in a pink, jewel-encrusted Cadillac. She took over Connie Bennett's twenty-six-room mansion, a flamboyant role of her father's. The house was decorated in "Early Hollywood." All this glamour gloss failed to get her good roles from the studio. Her Hollywood friends looked on disapprovingly, felt it was all a big gag. At last she is being herself—shy, simple, sincere, hardworking, sensible.

Debra has never stopped believing that she will one day be a great star—one of the famous. John has given up. If she is true? It's a moot point. Once there was a girl of twenty-four—Deb's present age—who had only beauty and couldn't act for beans. Her name was Ava Gardner. Hollywood laughed at her aspirations. But as this girl made the turn into the Thirties, an expansive womanliness, an electric sex appeal, an indefinable glamour curving over her and the world at large who had branded her a pretty climber with no brains, depth or talent. Will Deb do a Gardner?

Verdict: Much depends on the roles she gets. Certainly an "Omar Khayyam" does nothing for her. While she plays in shallow costume epics, her career is slowly being snuffed out. She needs a part, no matter how small, in which she can star quality Public demand (strong after "Love Me Tender," but winding now) just might help her get it.

JEAN SIMMONS

She came to Hollywood at twenty-one, a recognized star in England, her birthplace, where she had brought film audiences to her knock with those films "Great Expectations" and "Hamlet." After two hesitant years in nondescript Hollywood parts, she hit her stride in M-G-M's "Young Bess" and followed it up with roles in such A parts as "Desiree," "Guys and Dolls," "Hilda Crane" and the current "Until They Sail" for M-G-M.

Verdict: For Sheridan, is wrong on the Simon's career front? Here are some possible reasons for Jean's failure to hit straight-A starring status... (Jean is known as an A-minus screen personality—the kind who might fill the role of the permanent stardom.) For one thing, her marriage is all-important to her. She is sensitive to her husband's personal feelings...
Hollywood's Biggest Comeback

Continued from page 44

In "Test Pilot," for instance, Clark Gable went on a whale of a bender from one end of the country to the other. Upon his return, home, chastened and bloodshot, did he find that Myrna with which he had been sharing a vehicle was still not the gentlest of good-natured. She was there with love and understanding and sympathy—well, you get the idea.

In 1931, the "perfect wife" wed her fourth husband, State Department aide Howland Sargeant, whom she met while she was a delegate to the United Nations Education, Scientific and Cultural Organization. There were two more films, and then last year she retired to become a full-time student of the world say she has retired? I was only waiting for a smart, sophisticated comedy, and I found it in The Ambassador's Daughter. The public disagreed on the film's quality. And there matters stood—until Myrna's old films showed what a fine talent had been sitting around wasted. Since, especially for TV, Myrna has filmed a series tentatively titled "Her Majesty." William Powell and Myrna Loy co-starred so frequently that periodic statements were issued to keep the public from confusing them with other private lives. Off-camera, Bill has been happily married for seventeen years to Diana Lewis, a student whom he eloped with. He had been seen in new films these past ten years, Bill has a ready explanation for Photoplay's readers.

"I realized I had to face old Father Time, so I did 'Life With Father.' That was a character role, and it turned out pretty well." (It won him the New York Critics' Prize.) "So I began to cast about for more mature roles. But movies don't come up with many parts for an actor of my age. I'm too far along to carry romantic roles. Besides, moviegoers don't want to see their mothers like me as lovers. But I'll come back for good roles if I can find them."

Hollywood, there's your cue! Nationwide statistics on TV showings of the "Thin Man" films and "The Great Ziegfeld" ("more stars than there are in heaven") indicate that the Powell charm is of the ageless sort. And, as Lonesome George would say, "You can hardly get that kind no more."

B'll's good friend Ronald Colman (Hollywood's Three Musketeers once were Powell, Colman and Richard Barthelmess) has taken her selective hitter. Unless he can do something really good, he'd rather do nothing at all. Recently recovered from a lung ailment induced by pneumonia, Colman is in Warners' current all-star spectacle "The Story of Mankind." Unlike Clark Gable, who let out a blast last year when M-G-M began releasing its film library to TV, Colman feels the video revival is a good thing.

"As long as a film has exhausted its theatrical potential, the veteran star tells us, "I see no reason why it shouldn't be shown. Besides, it keeps one's name and work before the public." Have the showings of Colman's old films affected his relations with friends and neighbors in any way? "Not except for favorable comments and then, of course, comparisons with TV pictures of today." From the always-tactful Colman, there is no elaboration on that point. And what does he miss about being a star in the old days? "Well, it was more fun perhaps—and less tension. But then, of course, one was younger."

A couple of female favorites who have been selective to the vanishing point in recent years are Claudette Colbert and Irene Dunne. Claudette, who has done three unremarkable films since 1951's dramatic "The Time of Home," was set for her own TV series not too long ago; but her husband, Dr. Joel Pressman, nixed the idea on health grounds—didn't like the sound of that. With what else can Hollywood actresses working on TV. It was about this time that Claudette let loose a blast at the skimpiness of gowns on home screens.

"I call them bathtub dresses," she said. "The girls look exactly as if they're sitting in a bathtub. A lot of times the camera cuts you off right here"—pointing to her shoulders. Then you don't see a thing but white shoulders. And a lot of those shoulders don't look good! I guess some girls don't care what they look like as long as they're on the screen."

Claudette has always been candor itself, but this particular bit of oratory has its humorous side: Claudette got her own movie start in a bathtub! C. B. DeMille was looking for someone to play the Em...
press Poppaea in “The Sign of the Cross.” The actress had to convey the idea that she revealed in taking milk baths. Claudette was tagged it. Later, she served DeMille as a memorable Cleopatra, and went on to win an Academy Award in 1934 for her portrayal of the title role in “It Happened One Night.” That was the night the Santa Fe Railroad held up the Super Chief, Claudette was all set to board the trainoky airplane, and instead of flying with her the glad news she’d won an Oscar. They held up the train, while Claudette went to collect her prize.

Many other Colbitt performance followed, and a lot more of them will be seen when Paramount and Universal, the last two holdouts, iron out their current TV feature-film deals. Meanwhile, Claudette has had walk-on appearances in TV spectaculars and other shows, summer-stock work and a stint replacing Margaret Sullivan in an Broadway play. Right now she’s out of movies so long that now, when I get into taxis, the drivers want to know why I left pictures. I never left. Will you please tell that to all the pictures?” Not that all top entertainers enjoy their work—and if honest, admit enjoying acclaim.

Irene Dunne has been seen even less often—and now has a splendid excuse for her show-biz inactivity. President Eisenhower recently appointed her one of five alternate American delegates to the United Nations. (It’s an honor that Irene has fully earned; but fans, after reviewing her wonderful work in “The Awful Truth,” “Love Affair,” “Penny Serenade” and “I Remember Mama,” will surely clamor to get her back in front of the camera. In Hollywood, when scandals break and divorce monopolizes the headlines, Irene is held up as a contrasting example of how to have both beauty and a serene private life.

Next July 16th, Irene and her physician husband, Dr. Frank Griffin, will celebrate their thirtieth anniversary. She holds the record for the most Oscar nominations without winning one, and for establishing herself as filmdom’s all-time favorites, she broke most of the rules. When Irene entered Hollywood, sex-pots ruled silver screen, and gaudy glamour was as plentiful as air. “It’s not for me,” she told a friend. “That’s one side of it. There’s another. It’s more trite—less work:—if you’re born conservative, I was. I’ll play that way, being myself.” Later, her exceptional personal qualities were to gain her a Notre Dame medal given only to outstanding Roman Catholic laity and an award from the National Council of Christians and Jews. The title of “Hollywood’s perfect lady” was repeated often enough to be embarrassing. People tell me a lady,” she once remarked. “But I do hope they’ll remember it’s important to be a woman first.”

A fellow conservative, Claude Raines is another woman who is herself scarce. He’s one of the few players able to hold their own even before a camera with Bette Davis.

Though he played some sympathetic roles, Claude is best known as a private-life American farmer. He now lives on 300 acres in Delaware County, Pennsylvania, along with chickens, pigs and bushels of corn. About forty of his films are now available for TV, and you can see him “live” shortly (as the villain, natch!) in the TV spectacular “The Pied Piper of the Ghost Town.”

The actor having probably the greatest TV revival (twice weekly in some communities) is the late Lionel Barrymore (1878–1954), an astonishingly versatile person and, while he lived, a testament to the human spirit in the face of adversity. Until twenty years ago, Lionel had distinguished himself in several plays, acted in scores of movies (he started in 1912), written a number of screenplays, directed six films and won an Oscar. Then he acted in “Saratoga,” which seems to have been bad news for his career. Star Jean Harlow died before it was finished, and a hip injury that Lionel sustained on the set confined him to a wheelchair for the rest of his life.

Far from ending his career, he spread out in new directions. Ahead of him lay the Dr. Kildare and Dr. Gillespie series, in which, as the crusty old autocrat of General Hospital, he endeared himself to millions. On the side, he was assignments to the press.

**ANSWERS TO “HOLLYWOOD’S BIGGEST COMEBACK” QUIZ on page 45**

1. Clark Gable, Claudette Colbert in “It Happened One Night”
2. William Powell, Myrna Loy in “The Thin Man”
3. Tyrone Power, Sonja Henie in “Thin Ice”
4. Fredric March, Joan Bennett in “Trade Winds”
5. Leslie Howard, Merle Oberon in “The Scarlet Pimpernel”
6. Jerome Cowan, Jon Hall, Dorothy Lamour in “The Hurricane”
7. Ralph Bellamy, Cary Grant, Irene Dunne in “The Awful Truth”
8. Lew Ayres, Lionel Barrymore in “Dr. Kildare’s Crisis”
9. Sylvia Sidney, Gabriel Dell, Joel McCrea in “Dead End”

**painter, novelist and composer of symphonic music. Lionel’s death reduced the big three of the acting Royal Family to one. Sister Ethel, like Lionel an Oscar-winner now left the stage and went recently on your theatre screens in Johnny Trouble.” **

Mention of the Barrymores brings up the Bennetts, another family of theatrical renown. At the head of it stood Richard Bennett, a magnificent actor and a flamboyant personality. Asked once if daughter Constance inherited her temperament from him, Bennett replied: “She’s not where the hell do you think she got it from?” He was intensely proud of all three daughters and their success. Barbara reared early from the game, and Connie went along her own spectacular way, at one time becoming the highest-salaried player in pictures. But it was the relatively subdued Joan who proved to have what it takes over the long haul. “You can never tell about Joan,” her father remarked during her youth. “She has all kinds of possibilities.”

Those possibilities never really came to light until producer Walter Wanger cast her as a neurotic in “Private Worlds.” He then prevailed upon her to let her blonde hair be dyed a dark brown shade. This step improved her screen image and brought out a marked resemblance to another Wanger product: Hedy Lamarr. The idea was that, given an added fillip when Gene Markey, Joan’s second husband, went on to become Hedy’s second husband.

Anyway, in 1940 Joanie elapsed with her product. They had two daughters, to add to Joan’s two daughters by her previous marriages. In films like “Woman in the Window,” “Scarlet Street” and the Mac-moments, she demonstrated her peculiar personality plus of pulchritude, and many of her hits are now in the TV treasury.

The majority of Joan’s screen work these days may be traced to the time, twenty years ago, when she submitted for a pregnant Margaret Sullivan in the road company of “Stage Door” and promised herself time out from films for footlights. In recent years, she’s been quite successfully active in theater work all over the country.

The other lady that Wanger brought to stardom was Hedy Lamarr. She was hailed as “the most beautiful woman in the world.” Oddly enough, it’s for this reason that Hedy probably won’t be watching her old films or TV fare. She’s the one that “saw” where she and her fifth husband, oil millionaire W. Howard Lee, make their home.

Hedy has always been of two minds about her famous face. A close friend once observed, “Hedy’s only one thing—the imagination of her beauty—it’s the one thing she has that is her own that she can be sure of.” But Hedy frankly blamed her beauty, which was perhaps a lonely life and a dismal marital record.

Husband number one, munitions magnate Fritz Mandl, shut her up in a castle while he made futile attempts to buy up all the world’s rubber and built a German celluloid wherein Hedy went swimming in nothing but water. The seventeen-year-old bride took her clothes off because of her fear of his threats. She then fled to America. After a dazzling debut in “Aligirs” ("Come wiz me to ze Casbah," murmured Charles Boyer), Hedy’s Hollywood auditions assured, and she soon embarked on her second marital venture. This was with Gene Markey, who, Hedy testified at the divorce, spent exactly four nights in fourteen months at home with her. Husband number three was actor John Loder. For number four, bandleader Ted Stauffer, Hedy put all her possessions on the auction block. That idol was over in seven months.

Now Hedy is at U-I making “The Female Animal.” When all is said and done, after seeing her recently, the Lamarr beauty has had of the fabulous sights of this generation.

Merle Oberon is another lovely who’s had many of the shocks of private woes. Discoverer Korda claimed she had “the most beautiful face I ever saw,” but when Merle came to America, producer Samuel Goldwyn told her to “go where the yellow grass is green.” She did, and scored in a string of hits. (Her personal favorite is “Wuthering Heights.”) A very regular gal beneath her aristocratic film image, she’s been happier entertaining troops during World War II. But private happiness eluded her.

Korda was knighted three years after their union, and Merle mixed in London society as his lady. Divorce ended that union in 1945. Then an allergy to sulfa drugs left her face scarred. (The
scars were later removed.) Merle and movie photographer Lucien Ballard were married by proxy in 1943."The marriage was over in 1949. Some months later, Merle watched her Italian admirer, Count Cini, crash his private plane into flames before her horrified eyes. "My life is finished," she wept. "There is no point in going on."

She seemed to move aimlessly in international circles. She joined Sammy "I Love TV" work and sitting pretty much on the sidelines, though she was often heard to say, "Things are calm, the calm way I've always wanted them." She was Wealthy, Mexican industrialist Bruno Pagliai, and present indications are that Merle's long battle for private happiness is finally won.

Another man on a higher level, was fought by Dorothy Lamour vs her sarong. "I've worn a sarong in only six pictures," she once confided, "but the public thinks I live in one." Dorothy's persistent efforts to part company with her Polynesian wrap-around were doomed to failure. During the war, servicemen stationed in the South Seas wrote in regularly to Dorothy. "Nothing here looks like Dorothy Lamour."

Dottie later left the film tropics, quit stooging for Hope and Crosby and appeared in pictures like Lady in Waiting with indifferent success. The payoff, however, happened at the London Palladium a few years ago.

Dottie came onstage in two yards of silver lame surrounded by 104 yards of billowy white tulle. As she went into her first number, a balcony voice inquired, "Where's your sarong?" Dottie went on singing, but her head was retracted. She motioned the orchestra to stop, and replied, "I'll see what I can do." After a ninety-second dim-out, the lights came up and the fanfare had vanished. The applause that followed must have raised the decibels around the country.

Dottie currently spends some time on her high-powered TV circuit, where often, she's home with husband Bill Howard and their two boys, Johnny and Tommy. The kids may sit up to watch Mama's early juvenile epics—but Dottie doesn't. She's had enough of that."

Sonja Henie's films are also now available for TV. Shrewd businesswoman Sonja, one-time listed among filmdom's ten femme millionaires, still goes out every year with her ice show and plays to standing-room only. In private life, she is now married to a fellow Norwegian, shipping tycoon Nino Pagliai.

She won her first Olympic championship in 1928, at the age of thirteen. ("Everybody is always wondering how old I am. Just keep telling them, 'Don't figure back.' Then in 1936, RudolphValentino died.) The gauze Down another season, Sonja was in pictures. The formula for Henie films was always a handsome leading man (Don Ameche, Ty Warner), a fetching heroine, and a few scenes. But esther Williams probably came closest. Between films, Sonja was smart enough to go out and be seen in person.

Why keep on skating? "It's good for my nerves," she confided. Professional. Will she ever make another film? "Well, I've never been under any illusions that I'm an actress. But I know I could sell a show. If I could find a story that would use my skating show as background, as The Greatest Show on Earth used the circus, then I'd do it fast. But until then, I'll skate along as I am. When I go out on the ice, I feel wonderful. I'm relaxed and I'm happy. And what else matters?"

The opposite of this picture of calm serenity was Sylvia Sidney with heart-shaped face and eyes. "I can't relax in Hollywood," she would say. "It's too closely tied up with work for me." So she'd usually hop a plane or a train for her native state. She did see some pictures. As a result, she had no close friends in Hollywood, avoided parties ("with millions of people you don't have to talk to anybody but yourself at all. But some provocative facts made the rounds: She was fond of gardening and swimming, drank about fifteen cups of coffee per day, chain-smoked alarmingly and kept her hands almost constantly in motion. On set between takes, she could usually be found working off nervous energy by knitting.

Once, she became a specialist in pathos. "Sylvia Sidney and Her Saga of Sadness" Headlined one magazine piece, for nobody, but nobody, could throw a crumpled tissue paper on "the Alfgate girl" that made Hedy Lamarr a star. What was left was effectively demolished by several poor pictures in the Forties. Sylvia never liked Hollywood, and came to have a pronounced preference for stage work.

In these reminiscences of stars who are shrinking away from the TV screen, we've concentrated mainly on personalities no longer on the Hollywood screen scene. There are many others: Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, who are proving that their wonderful partnership is not a fling; great Leslie Howard, with his peerless sensitivity; Greer Garson; Dick Powell, crooner or tough guy; the movies' most charming child, Shirley Temple; Frank Morgan; Robert Montgomery; Lew Ayres; Wallace Beery; Charles Boyer; Geraldine Fitzgerald, Robert Walker.

To all of them, we owe a debt of gratitude. They have brightened our lives immeasurably. They have entertained us, amused us, touched us, inspired us. And they were able to do this because of the high-priced personalities it employs, but in story and production costs to give these great ones the proper vehicles. For this reason, until pay-as-you-go TV becomes a reality, it will be years before today's new final shows on your television screen.

But, when that same magic can come back, to enchant us again and again when we can pay to the best of youth and charm and talent, who can complain?"
can appeal to all peoples. Not all the time, though.

STUDENT: Mr. Lancaster, as a producer, would you tell me this: When you choose a picture, do you choose one that is popular with the American public even though you personally feel that story is not too good?

MR. LANCASTER: Not always. Well, no, we would never choose a picture if we felt the story is not too good; that is, if it doesn’t have the basic ingredients of what would represent drama and entertainment to people.

STUDENT: Mr. Lancaster, do you feel that movies such as “The Man with the Golden Arm” gives Europeans the wrong impression of America?

MR. LANCASTER: I don’t think any picture gives Europeans a wrong impression of America if it is well made and made with honesty and integrity as to the subject matter.

STUDENT: Well, do you think such movies encourage juvenile delinquency here in the United States?

MR. LANCASTER: I think juvenile delinquency is not encouraged by movies specifically. I think juvenile delinquency is encouraged by unfortunate economic conditions and conditions in homes where children don’t have a proper upbringing because, very often, of those conditions.

STUDENT: Sir, we know now there are a lot of foreign actors and actresses over the United States. Do you think the American public seems to like these people much better than their own people, these they see all the time?

MR. LANCASTER: No. This brings up the question of what makes really a star performer. American people and, of course, European people and people all over the world, for that matter, like the performer who has that unique personality and quality which appeals to them personally. It has nothing to do with the fact that they are, shall we say, of foreign extraction, I don’t think.

STUDENT: Do you feel foreign films are going to make any great inroads into the habits of the American movie-going public?

MR. LANCASTER: I think time has proven at least that foreign films as such do appeal only to a limited group of Americans. Again, it goes back to the original question that was asked earlier. One of the reasons is that American people as such are more comfortable with a subject matter that pertains to things that they particularly understand. Foreign people talk with accents that are very much of their own land and we have a very grim and brutal kind of realism which a great many American people do not like to see, since they do not like to identify with the problems. These are some of the reasons foreign films are not especially successful in a broad sense in the American cinema.

STUDENT: I am interested in knowing why you think western films should be done necessarily with fun and action.

MR. LANCASTER: It isn’t that they necessarily should; and a peculiar thing happens in movies. You see, there have been pictures like “High Noon,” for instance, which have been highly successful. On the other hand, there have been pictures like the one I made with Gary Cooper called “Veracruz,” which by critical standards does not measure up to a “High Noon” but which is much more satisfying picture from the point of view of entertainment. There is also another problem: When you make a film of a special nature that will appeal to limited and not have any identification with the advance of TV, as far as Hollywood is concerned, has been a very, very healthy thing. There was a time, about this short years ago, when almost anything that came out of Hollywood could be assured of reasonable financial success. Naturally, this sort of lulled people into a sense of false security, and there was not a great deal of attempt on the part of the studios to try to do anything worthwhile and different and challenging.

Now that great inroads have been made in the whole financial structure of Hollywood, they have had to do better things, things that are more exciting, more challenging so that people will leave their television receivers and come into the theatre.

STUDENT: Sir, I have read you do not attend many Hollywood social functions. Don’t you like the type of people at these gatherings?

MR. LANCASTER: Oh, yes. It has nothing to do with the functions. It is just that I have a group of friends that I would rather spend my time with. For example, my wife and I like to play bridge. I have never been particularly comfortable or at ease in large social functions, cocktail parties and so forth.

STUDENT: Would you ever encourage your own children to go into acting if they wanted to?

MR. LANCASTER: I would certainly do. I think a child should have an opportunity to do anything he has an inclination toward.

STUDENT: Do you watch your own movies when they are released?

MR. LANCASTER: Yes, and they’re among my toughest critics. They have traveled with me all over the world while I was making movies. They have lived in the European Islands and African and Mexican City, they have lived in France for the summer and they have lived in different countries for different lengths of time. When I come there making a picture. But now they have reached the age where it is very difficult for them to go with me because they go to school. They have certain restrictions, so I don’t see any personal profit from it. So, if I am shooting on location, it occurs in the summertime so I can take them with me.

STUDENT: Mr. Lancaster, you mentioned a few minutes ago about the entertainment of movies, and that is why people go to movies, to be entertained. But it seems to me a juvenile delinquency film or a film on corruption in life, the baseness in life, would be rather not too entertaining.

MR. LANCASTER: Let me make clear what I mean by entertaining. Every movie that is made has a point of view, whether it is a good one, a bad one, a useful one or what. By entertainment, I mean that regardless of the subject matter, if it may be, it should have an entertainment quality to it. That does not mean that the subject should not be treated with great seriousness, and great depth and great definition.

STUDENT: I was wondering if the type of film such as “On the Waterfront,” where you can come out fighting mad and want to clean up the waterfront, has the purpose of reforming. Or “Baby Doll.”


STUDENT: Most of your films are hard-bitten, often violent, dramas. Do you object to your children seeing them?

MR. LANCASTER: Here is what I try to do. I let my children see the films that I am in. Some of them—for instance, “Come Back Little Sheba,” which I think is a worthwhile picture in addition to being an entertaining one—are difficult for their immature minds to understand completely. But rather than have them not see it, if they ask to see it, I make sure to see it with them so I can try to answer all the questions they might raise. Therefore, I hope I can give them some sense of

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security about it, even those matters they might not particularly understand.

I would like to cite an example of just that. My little boy asked yesterday to see "Sweet Smiling," which is also a very hard-bitten picture and not what you would normally call children's fare. I said, "Well, Jimmie, that is fine; you can see it if you don't think you will like it. Why do you want to see it?"

"Well," he said, "I'd like to see it, Daddy, because you're in it."

"The feeling," I said, "but I don't think you will understand it." And he answered, "I may not understand it, but that doesn't mean I won't like it."

STUDENT: Mr. Lancaster, what is the reason of producers to censorship groups?

MR. LANCASTER: As you probably know, there is no official censorship problem in the United States or any official censorship at all. This is not so in England, where they do have an official government censorship, and can refuse you the right it pleases them. In short, they have a police force that can stop you from showing the picture. There is the Johnson office which has its headquarters here in Washington, and I have self-imposed censorship. It is known as the MPPA—Motion Picture Producers Association. Their attitude is this: They say to the producers, "In order to succeed in exhibition as it might be affected by motion pictures, if you will let us see the scripts you are going to make, we will attempt, not to tell you what you are trying to say, but attempt to guide you in matters of how to handle these problems as best you can."

Now, of course, it always comes to the question of who are the people who are going to decide this, how knowledgeable are they, do they know better than the actual creators of the motion picture?

What has happened is that in recent years (and I think this a very healthy thing) the MPPA has been forced to recognize—perhaps not forced but has willingly recognized—the fact that censors' advances have been made in the general education of the American public and, therefore, the subjects which were considered taboo before are now permitted.

So what has happened is this: The old code has been enormously changed. The whole attitude of the so-called censor board is completely new. We now show pictures in which words like "abortion" and "prostitution" are mentioned, and in which we discuss divorce problems. The code is in matter of narcotics, which was recently brought up in several pictures. The picture "Hateful of Rain" now has been approved by the board, where before the "Man with the Golden Arm" was not approved. It looks like things are looking up in the censorship problem.

STUDENT: I would like to know, would you agree with it, say that say that Jane Mansfield and Marilyn Monroe having acting talents equal to their more obvious appeals?

MR. LANCASTER: Well, I don't know what the critics feel about it. That is their opinion. One of the things I would like to be made clear about movies—again it goes back to the business of being a star: That the thing that a motion picture actor or actress can have is an outstanding or peculiar personality of some kind. And these girls certainly have some of that quality that appeals to people visually, at least. Those are the elements most important in the making of a motion picture star. Not necessarily the acting ability, but to be a good actor, to be an exciting per-sonality on the screen, of course, is that much better.

STUDENT: Who is the most beautiful woman you have ever acted with?

MR. LANCASTER: They were all beautiful. I am just quoting my lines from "The Rainmaker." "They are all beautiful in a different way."

STUDENT: I am interested in knowing what your wife thinks about your performing in movies and having these torrid love scenes with Hollywood leading ladies.

MR. LANCASTER: The torrid love scene you have with a Hollywood leading lady is, of course, from our point of view while we are in the process of making it, "work."

You have a job. You are creating an illusion. My wife as the person to see, and the only assurance I think that my wife has is that she knows I love her, and that is about all I can say on that subject.

STUDENT: I am interested in knowing why you didn't change your name when you started acting. Most actors and actresses do.

MR. LANCASTER: As a matter of fact, I did want to change my name. They were going to give me the name of an economist, Stewart Chase. They decided by numerical lottery, that gentleman by the name of Mark Hellinger, who was, now dead, and who produced the first picture I was in, "The Killers," said to me, "Is Ethel Lancaster your real name?"

I said, "Yes." He said, "What's wrong with that?"

I said, "Nothing." He said, "Let's use it." I said, "OK."

STUDENT: Sir, because of television, do you think that the pictures now coming out might be break down some of the prices of pictures? In other words, producing prices and everything.

MR. LANCASTER: You are the prices are too high?

STUDENT: Yes.

MR. LANCASTER: I know this has been a subject of great discussion among distributors, because I have also been in that end of the business since my pictures are distributed and exhibited. The feeling is they try to keep the economic level of prices and pictures as low as possible since it is, first of all, a traditional thing and the people who generally support the pictures are not those who have a great deal of money, normally speaking.

I will gladly say this: The distribution groups would gladly put a picture up for a producer if the cost of production would permit them. There is no desire on their part to try to cheat the public. Sometimes pictures are so expensive that they have to deplete certain pictures in order to get any kind of income from them.

"This has been one of the most provocative questioning sessions I've ever gone through," said Burt as time ran out and the interview came to a close. "Anyone who says American technicians have to deplete clever in pl'ent is grateful to the National Broadcasting Company's 'Youth Wants to Know,' and the National Education Association for bringing us together today."
The test should prove interesting.

There's no doubt whatever that Natalie and Bob are really in love. Not only do they say so, but the test bears it out, overwhelmingly. They seem happy in every way. They're supremely happy when they're together. They have a wealth of common interests, and like each other's friends. They find no faults in each other. Their marriage is a business acquaintance heartily approve.

Quarrels they've had—real blow-offs. Once, Nat stormed out of a night club after an argument with Bob, and walked for half a mile to a cab stand. She went home. But she and Bob would be surprised at the experts' opinion about this. Take a look at the answer to Question 17. Of course, they like each other's looks. Who wouldn't? However, more important, each likes the way the other talks, acts and thinks, and they share the same high ideals. Most of all, both are dead serious about becoming fine artists in their work. And although Bob is somewhat more the diplomat than Natalie, both have the same outspoken honesty. This quality has also made it easy for them to acquire that very important ingredient of real love—mutual trust.

But there are a few reservations. Question six, for instance. Although Natalie and Bob are married, they're not really known each other well for a year. It might be wise for them to wait until then, to be sure about their love. Too, the question on career interest (No. 16) is still a question in their relationship. Try as they might, and determined as they may be to overcome this hazard, Bob can't always trek across the country to see Natalie, or she can't always be on "Marjorie Morningstar" in New York and vice versa. And remember those staggering phone bills they piled up when he was in the Orient working on "Stop over Tokyo." Love at long distance is a tough proposition!

Another point: On questions thirteen and nineteen, only Natalie and Bob know the answers—and they aren't talking! Reason: They're not doing this detail dragged through the glare of publicity.

As to whether they're ready for marriage, here's the prospect as seen for Natalie and Bob. Both come from happy homes, are very close to their parents, who favor the marriage, though they would prefer that they wait a while to be sure. They're both in good health, and share the same interests. Both have a wonderfully zany sense of humor and complement each other perfectly in that respect. Also, many of the same cultural tastes. Collecting records is a common hobby. On the trip to New York, they strolled through the outdoor art show in Greenwich Village, and were delighted to discover that they liked exactly the same paintings!

Is Natalie the kind of person Bob always wanted to marry, and does she feel that way about Bob? Well, as far as the qualities that he looked for in the opposite sex—intelligence, honesty, lack of affectation, a sense of humor—the answer would appear to be yes. But—neither has been the thing of number one with Nat has always said she'd wait until she was twenty-four, Bob's said he wouldn't marry till thirty. If this sounds too perfect—it is. There are a few weak points in the picture. Natalie, for instance, has not reached the age psychologists consider best for mating—she's only nineteen. But that may be quibbling, since she's very mature for her years. Bob didn't finish two years' college or two years' work by age twenty. He wasn't loafing—but he was floundering, until he found his wife. Their backgrounds differ—Natalie's folks have always been in the movie business, Bob's very social parents are foreign to it. Natalie's a New York socialite's daughter; Bob, the handsome, dashing star, is not like her movie-technician father. In household matters, both have two left hands. Neither likes to cook. Natalie's mother would be happy if her cleaning woman does the job for Bob.

Don't hold that last point against them, though, until you see how the experts feel. But in any case, with the means to hire help this should not develop into a real problem. The same applies to the question of money. Both Nat and Bob are inclined to be spendthrifts. They like nice things, particularly clothes. And both are quite openhanded and generous as they come. This could put quite a strain on a family budget. But since both have older and younger siblings, and the couples heads holding their purse-strings, they would probably continue to do so if they married.

But there's nothing that couldn't be overcome. They have a great deal of love—and that, they have, right now. Everything points to a happy marriage ahead.

And how did you score? Check the answers below and see!

ARE YOU REALLY IN LOVE?

1. If you don't want to be alone sometimes, you may be more dependent than in love. One point for each no.
2. On the other hand, if there aren't many things you don't like about your beloved, your relationship won't have much basis. One point for each yes.
3. If you're feeling apologetic, you must be ashamed of him. Love should be built on pride, not on apologies. One point for each yes.
4. If the people you are closest to, admire him, your relationship is less likely to be a fly-by-night affair. One point for each yes.
5. If you are jealous in separation probably means you can't get along by yourself more than it means you're in love. One point for each no.
6. If your feeling for your intended has been up and down, the feeling that happen to people during the course of a year, you are more likely to be accepting him for himself rather than what you want him to be. One point for each yes.
7. You ought to be willing to make some sacrifices to make the person you love happy. One point for each yes.
8. If you find it hard to talk when you're together, you are either too busy or are not in love. One point for each yes.
9. Beauty is only skin deep but love can't live if you're repulsed by your beloved's appearance. One point for each yes.
10. A person's behavior should be the basis for your feeling about him. If good looks is the only thing he's got, you're a goner when silver threads appear among the gold. One point for each no.
11. You wouldn't be human if you weren't tempted sometimes. One point for each yes.
12. Your beloved's friends are likely to be like him. If you don't like them, maybe you are not in love with him. One point for each yes.
13. As the saying goes "Marriage is a private affair." It may not mean home and children to you. One point for each yes. Two points for agreement of answers.
14. Most people are pretty tough about their ideas of ideals. A person has a pretty good indicator of what he's like. If you don't like them, you may not really love him. One point for each yes.
15. A really honest person will admit that there are some things about their beloved that they don't like. Your ability to face this squarely is good evidence that you are mature enough to be in love. One point for each yes.
16. Any marriage will find it difficult to survive conflict of career interests. One point for each no.
17. Long disagreements are bound to come up, between any two people. Your ability to admit those shows integrity and a realistic attitude. One point for each yes.
18. This is vital. Love cannot survive suspicion. Both must know they are trusted. One point for each yes.
19. There are bound to be moments of doubt. Better to face and examine them than deny them. One point for each no.

SCORE:

18-20, Excellent; 15-17, Good; 13-15, Fair; Under 13, wipe the stars out of your eyes!

ARE YOU READY FOR MARRIAGE?

1. If your mate is too different from the kind of person you've always wanted to marry, it's probably attraction, not love. Three points for each yes.
2. If you and your parent of the opposite sex and this is what you want, it probably means you have a healthy respect for both your own and your mate's sex. Three points for each yes.
3. If you find yourselves completely happy, you probably had a happy childhood and you'll tend to be a healthy person and therefore a good bet as a marriage partner. Three points for each yes.
4. The same applies if you haven't found it necessary to rebel against them. Three points for each yes.
5. If one is always cleaning up and the other is just the other, you may find nerves will get frayed. The important thing here is agreement. Give yourselves three points each if you're both Missie Bessies or both Spotless Susans, but not otherwise. One point for each yes.
6. Two independent people don't need each other, and two people who are unsure of themselves make a shaky marriage. Three points each for disagreement.
7. Deception is bad grounds for marriage. One point for each yes.
8. A sufficient degree of maturity is helpful toward hearing the strains of marriage. One point for each yes.
9. Advancing your education or facing the rigors of the business world is good preparation for the reality of marriage. One point for each yes.
10. Shared interests bind a marriage tighter. One point for each yes.
11. Similarities in background also serve this function. One point for each yes.
12. The same applies here. One point for each yes.
13. A smooth-running household makes for a smooth marriage. One point for each yes.
14. If you're married. One point for each yes.
15. If you're married. One point for each yes.
16. A law-opposition is tough to fight. One point for each yes.
17. If you're not interested in your mate's career, you're only marrying part of the person. One point for each yes.
18. If you like your mate, and like your mate. One point for each yes.
19. If one of you watches the money in the bank and the other likes to spend it. Three points each for disagreement.
20. Hoping your mate will change after you're married is too much of a long-shot when you're hoping for a permanent marriage. Three points for each no.

SCORE:

31-35, Excellent; 28-30, Good; 24-27, Fair; 23 or under, Better stay single or look for another mate!
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